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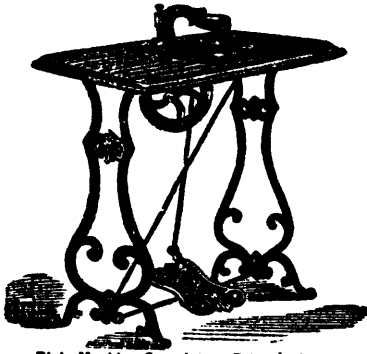
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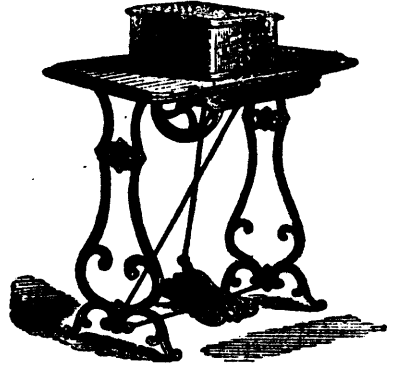
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# The New Dominion Monthly.

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*Original.*

## MY ESCAPE IN 1837.

BY THOMAS STORROW BROWN.

One brigade of troops under Col. Gore had been driven back from St. Denis ; another under Col. Wetherall had fallen back from St. Charles to Montreal ; and a third under Col. Gore, directed against St. Denis, had reached St. Ours, nine miles distant. Doctor Wolfred Nelson saw that, there being no rising elsewhere, we were drawing the whole force of Government to our district ; and that, though we might maintain ourselves in force, still we must retreat, and draw the troops after us, whereby there might be much useless sacrifice of life and property. The armed men were therefore directed to disperse quietly to their homes for the present, and be in readiness to assemble at the first signal. For our two selves a free pardon had, by a communication intercepted by us, addressed to the Rev. Mr. Demers, curé of St. Denis, been offered to all others on condition of our being delivered into the hands of the Government, and we felt no ambition to become a vicarious sacrifice for the political sins of the Richelieu district. We also rightly imagined that the representative of Royalty in Quebec might, in his desire for a nearer view of two individuals who had caused so much disquiet, offer a price for our heads that would render them a marketable commodity. From these considerations we determined on retiring to the States.

On Friday, the first of December, about thirty agreed to meet at dark at a farmhouse, about a mile in the rear ; but at the hour only seven appeared,—Nelson, myself, Dr. Kimber (of Chambly), Captain Jalbert, Rodolphe Desrivieres, Simeon Marchessault, and Doctor Duchesnois (if there was another

I have forgotten his name). Duchesnois, on horseback, went safely through by the way of Stanstead. The rest started in three carts, but had not got far when one of the horses (the same that threw me at St. Charles) overturned Jalbert and his companion into the ditch, broke the cart, and galloped back, leaving two carts for six passengers.

Passing through St. Cesaire, about daylight, we were pushing on towards the Townships, when a man on the road informed us we were rushing into "*Le gueule du Loup*" (the wolf's jaws), as guards were stationed on the road to intercept gentlemen moving on our especial business, and that it would be necessary for us to go through the woods, with the passes of which he was acquainted.

Returning to St. Cesaire, we were furnished with a glorious breakfast by the miller ; and crossing to the woods, on the right or north side of the Yamaska river, we continued walking until nightfall, when we found ourselves in a tremendous "wind-fall,"—the fallen trees crossed in every direction, through which we forced ourselves, like small fish through a salmon-net, till we arrived at a swamp, when darkness brought us to a stop. The proximity of some cabins in a clearing prevented our making a fire. To compensate for the loss of sleep during the last forty-eight hours, I had the consolation of getting my back against a tree, with my knees drawn up to keep my feet out of the water, which agreeable position was disturbed about midnight by a violent rain, that continued till morning.

At daylight our march was resumed. The outer world was fair and beautiful, but in the forest, the constant dripping of big, half-congealed drops from the branches, was like a shower-bath from an ice-house. This forest was not like an upland wood where you move among majestic trees, and tread upon dry leaves; but a level, where the cold soil throws the roots of the trees to the surface, to be overthrown by every wind, in every direction, while small brushwood grows up in every little opening thus created. Your course is a continued climbing over, or creeping under, fallen logs, or *swimming* through a quick-set hedge of brushwood, with the expedition of a fly through a saucer of honey. Underneath, the ground is spongy, leaving water in every footstep. One half the surface was covered with little pools, which, being slightly frozen over, kept one in constant terror between hope and alternate changes of joy or sorrow, as his feet sank or remained firm upon the treacherous surface. Onward we pushed; and at night, choosing a dry spot, we kindled a fire, collected hemlock branches for our beds, dried our clothes, and passed the night. For food we had found through the day a few small turnips, which the owner appeared to have left on the field for the gleaners after the precept of the Levitical law. For drink, the swamp-pools furnished abundance, that we drank after the fashion of animals,—bending down to it.

On Monday, early, we reached the skirt of the wood, when, to our horror, our guide, a little in advance, came running back, saying we were close upon a village, where he saw armed men. Like Natty Bumppo, he had lost his way in the "clearings." Retracing our steps about a mile, we came to a rapid on the north branch of the Yamaska river, where Nelson, who was of Kentuckian frame, dashed into the water; and, fording across, called us to follow. By comparing the water line on his body with a section of corresponding height upon our own, we saw that the experiment with ourselves would approach too nearly to the submarine, and, therefore, listened to our

guide's suggestion, that there was a better crossing lower down.

By moving to this place we became separated from Nelson, whom we saw not again; and on reaching it our guide, upon pretence of looking a little further, got out of sight, and deserted us for ever. My companions, tired of wandering in the woods, determined on returning to the French settlements, while I insisted on proceeding to the States. Roused by the barking of a dog, we found ourselves towards evening close to a log-house, in a small clearing. I insisted upon going to it, instead of making another of those everlasting turns in the woods, to avoid it,—such as we had practised for the last three days. My companions remonstrated,—the dog barked louder,—they hurried back into the forest, and I towards the house, and found myself alone. Nelson, after wandering about for a week, was captured in the woods near Waterloo. The others, after secreting themselves in some houses near where West Farnham now is, set out again for the States, and were captured near the lines. It was Monday night, and, except a few raw potatoes and turnips,—we had had no estables since Saturday morning.

Before leaving St. Denis, I had, in addition to old bruises, lamed one of my feet. The fall from my horse at St. Charles having nearly broken a rib, my side was much inflamed; and my companions, perhaps, did not regret separating from a slow traveller. On approaching the cabin, I found the only inmate was an Irishwoman. Her husband was, she said, away; though I suspected that having seen our armed party, he was hid under some neighboring log. She had nothing to eat but potatoes, which she charitably offered to boil; but, as she mentioned there was a "Yankee" living a mile lower down, declining her proffered hospitality, I proceeded by a beaten path to his "clearing." On approaching the house, how grateful to my ears was the Yankee voice of the wife scolding her children! On entering the log-dwelling, which was one room, without a chimney,



but with a tremendous pile of wood burning upon a hearth, from which the smoke escaped through a hole in the roof, I asked for some bread and milk. The woman, eyeing me suspiciously, "guessed" she had none,—“the children had eat it all up.” I had, however, hardly felt the grateful influence of the blazing fire, when a bowl of milk with bread was placed beside me, and at the same moment the frying-pan was hissing on the fire, with fresh pork. Oh, woman! whether in the city palace, or the log-hut of a lone forest “clearing,” in spite of your vagaries, how universally does the spontaneous impulse of compassion gild your character, wherever or whenever distress makes its appeal! Only imagine your adoration of a being, though shoeless, who, with an intuitive perception of your wants, provides you a dinner of hot pork chops, with a dessert of bread and milk, after three days' fasting!

The husband soon arrived, dark and suspicious, like one who had his own reasons for privacy in the forest, and was doubtful of the object of intruders. I professed no knowledge of Canadian affairs, but spoke knowingly of swamp-lands and pine timber, as if I was “prospecting” for saw-logs. He was incredulous; but said each could be true to the other. There were nine children in the family. A little girl remarked there were “plenty of children, but nothing to put on them.” In summer, the absence of neighbors to make uncharitable remarks, made clothing of less consequence; and in winter they could stay in the house. The squatter was, however, industrious, and may have since had a good farm. The big boys in the evening split long shingles for covering a barn, and the father shaved them. One room, with the garret, served for the dwelling and lodging of all. I slept in a bunk, among the smaller children, who knotted up like a nest of eels, quite oblivious to any impropriety of lying heads and points. The woman would take no pay, but said, when I insisted on her accepting two dollars, “I do want a pair of shoes.”

On Tuesday morning, after a hearty breakfast, I crossed the north branch of the Yamaska in a canoe. Three miles walk in the woods brought me to the south branch, up which I walked, until I found another canoe in a clearing, and I was ferried over by a Canadian woman. Proceeding until three o'clock, I reached a clear, cultivated country; and, laying down in a point of woods, slept till dark. My lameness had become extremely painful, but I hobbled along a road leading south. That was always my course,—easily followed in the woods, as the moss is on the north side of trees, and the tendency of the limbs is to the south. This was as plain as guide-boards, and I have always wondered how people can “wander,” or get lost in the woods.—Arrived at a bridge,—I think the place was Cowansville,—I waited for a man approaching to come up, and inquired the way to Dunham. He directed me to cross. Forgetful of my lameness, I did cross, and walked briskly for more than a mile, over the rough frozen ground, when I sank exhausted. There were buildings at the bridge, lighted up, and hence my diligence in passing them. I was afterwards told that a guard kept there had gone in to warm. Again walking on, fatigue at midnight compelled me to resort to a couch in the top of an old fallen hemlock tree, where the scraggy, hard branches afforded so little shelter, that I awoke at daylight fairly stiff with cold. Following the road a short distance, at the sight of farm-houses, from the chimneys of which white smoke was issuing high into the cold air, I struck into the woods, thinking to strike a road leading to Stanbridge, where I had friends. Coming to a log-house, I asked the way to Dunham (which I wished to avoid). “Why, there,” said the man; and, sure enough, it was on my left, apparently not half a mile distant. Again, I pushed back into the woods. The man went soon to the village, and, I was afterwards informed, was told he would have made his fortune had he stopped me.

For four hours I trudged in the woods,

turned one way by coming to openings, and another by the noise of wood-choppers, or ox drivers, and emerged for food to a house that appeared isolated, where I found that in the whole time I had only gained about fifty rods in direct distance. One of my legs having become useless, my supporters had performed the action of a pair of dividers,—one leg standing still, while the other walked round it. Rested and refreshed, I continued my route till near dark, when I passed through a clearing,—the place of future farms, with five log-houses. Inquiring at the last one for a wood-road leading towards Stanbridge, I again entered the forest, fired my carbine as if I was looking for game, and sunk exhausted. The leg that had been dragged all day, not only refused to be dragged any longer, but the other, which had so patiently endured the toil, refused to drag it. With such mutinous members, and a snow-storm commencing, the greatest of all dangers was remaining thus unsheltered for the night, and I turned back to the first house, determined to risk it with the best story I could devise. As I approached, I met the owner, to whom I said, quite unconcerned :

“ I was going through the woods to Truax Mills, but it looks so much like a snow-storm, that I would like to get lodgings in your house.”

He looked an instant in my face, and exclaimed :

“ Brown ! I know you ; but here you have four friends, and are safe. I have just come from the ‘ Flat ’ (Dunham village). You were seen this morning. There is ten thousand dollars offered, and they are all after you. Old Captain Smith was fixing his old gun. I told the old cuss it wouldn’t go off ; but he swore he’d shoot you if he see’d you. I daren’t take you into my house.”

All this was hurriedly uttered, almost in one breath, as he dragged me hastily by the shoulder to his barn.

A council of the four friends was called on the barn-floor. They could devise no means of escape except walking immediately across the fields or woods, ten miles, to

the lines. This I modestly informed them was impracticable, unless they provided for me a new pair of legs. A thick quilt, and a good supper were brought, and I remained two nights and one day in a hole, burrowed far into the hay mow. What a contrast with my previous night’s lodging on the snow, under an old hemlock top,—I don’t forget what a scraggy one it was,—how few the branches, and how few the leaves ! Young-hemlock furnishes capital bedding. I never enjoyed any bed-room like that nest in the hay. The swelling of my limbs diminished rapidly.

Let those who speak of “ low ” people, and “ lower classes,” think of the high honor and high mindedness of these four poor but independent men, perfect strangers, not one of whom I had ever seen or heard of before. The two thousand dollars really offered for my apprehension would have paid off the arrears on all their land, and left them a surplus ; but not one entertained the thought, while hundreds, higher up in the world’s catalogue, would have sold me like a dog, not for “ loyalty,” but for the gain,—to be wasted in frivolities.

But luxuries must have their end. The furnishing of food necessarily caused the secret of my hiding-place to be known to the women of the house, who, finding it too weighty, called on others to help them keep it. I moved for one day to another barn. My friend said it was dangerous to stop longer. He had heard a man say he would bet twenty-five cents that I was in one of the barns of that neighborhood. My boots were greased, a thick pair of stockings provided, a good supper eaten, and with a young man for guide, I set out on Friday evening, the 8th of December, to finish my journey to the States.

By the roads it was ten miles to the lines, but supposing they were guarded, we passed through the fields and woods. The snow was some inches deep ; and, through weakness, I was obliged to rest frequently. Great precaution was necessary as we approached the lines, my guide going frequently ahead to inquire our whereabouts,

at farm-houses, whose inmates were rather gruff at the rude awakening. About daylight we reached Chaffey's, the first house in Berkshire, Vermont, about one hundred rods outside of Canada, which I entered with the first feeling of security I had known for some time. I was now free. Hardly was I seated when my host brought a Montreal newspaper, and, pointing to a proclamation offering two thousand dollars reward for my apprehension, inquired if I was the man? I told him I was, and that the information might have been valuable, had he found me a few minutes earlier,—a few hundred yards farther north.

The last nine days had been long, but I cannot say they were unpleasant, for there is cheerfulness under any circumstances, if one is buoyed up with hope and determination.

NOTE.—In my last communication I named Mr. "Charland," priest of St. Benoit. It should have been written "Chartier."

*Original.*

QUESTIONS.

BY NORMAN BRONTE, ESQ.

A perfect winter night! How peacefully  
Rests on the rounded bosom of the snow,  
The pale and coldly sympathizing moon,  
Which, like a fair and loyal waiting slave,  
Devotes her beauty to set forth the Queen,  
And breaks her splendor into gems to deck  
The wealthy veil which wreathes the royal  
Earth.

So muse I, wand'ring lone along the road  
That runs by Melbourne's clustered cottages,  
More lonely here than in the growling wild,  
When coming tempests fret the chafing trees,  
Whose marshalled infantry awaits the trump  
Of battle; while the feathered, hill-born pines,  
On picket duty on the windward brow,  
Croon coronachs and snuff the coming war.  
For here, 'neath every roof there struggles forth,  
Through curtains closely drawn, that cheery ray  
Which says, "This is a home—not thine. Here  
dwell

"A love-bound family of thine own sort,  
"Who know thee not; here hearts beat time  
with thine;  
"Here thoughts that rust with thee, find voice  
and answer,

"Both meet and kind; here, too, perchance,  
abide

"Behind which jealous curtain who can tell?

"Ears unto which thy tuneless voice were  
music;

"Eyes that would tune thy joyous thought to  
song;

"Lips that would fill thy soul with melody;—

"And yet thou art without and these within."

The curling smoke hath also words for me,  
Which, like an airy spirit, bears to heaven  
The incense of the love which warms the home.  
The eaves of graceful curve, the trellised bower  
I would myself have made, all speak to me  
Impassioned words that make my breast to  
heave,

Which tingle through my veins with deeper flow  
Than when Craigneish's wild artillery

Breaks and hurls back the charge of Ocean's  
waves,

And all his serried ranks of pine howl triumph

As louder speaks the touch of one we love,

Than words of patriot or man of God;

As louder than His earthquake or His whirl-  
wind,

Elijah heard the still small voice of God.

Yea, all these well-disposed trees and shrubs,

With every branch up-pointing to a star,

And downward to the place man chose for them.

And all the harmonies with which the moon

Doth play, and which her wand calls into life,

Tell me these unknown people are my kin,

And bid me love them with a brother's love.

*What is it thus shuts out the joy of love?*

To-day I called upon a former friend,

Who had a child, that she would have me see.

I had been proud myself to show those cheeks,

Those bright black searching eyes, though

none of mine.

I looked upon the baby in her cot,

And loved her; and she, gazing in my face,

Began to cry. *What made the baby cry?*

And now I sit within the homeward car,

Alone amid a crowd of mine own people,

Whose every face is for the most like mine,

Though each one bears his several mark of sin,

And every mind thinks thoughts like those in  
me,

Some wiser in this thing and some in that,

None but hath some rich goods to inter-  
change;—

*Why speak I nought to them, they nought to me?*

*Original.*GENTLEMEN ADVENTURERS IN  
ACADIA.

BY J. G. BOURINOT.

## II.—CHARLES DE LA TOUR.

Among the adventurers whose names are intimately associated with the history of early colonization in Acadia, no one occupies a more prominent position than Charles de St. Etienne, Seigneur de la Tour. His perseverance and courage, amid the difficulties that surrounded him in the American wilderness, entitle him to a place by the side of the bravest pioneers of civilization in the Acadian land. Like many others in those days, it was the object of his ambition to win for himself and family a name in the new world, and how far he succeeded in it, will be seen in the course of the following pages. As we review the incidents of his eventful career, perhaps no feature of his character will prepossess us more strongly in his favor than the devotion which he displayed when the most resolute attempts were made to win him over to the hereditary enemy of his beloved France. Looking back to the century when he lived, we can see him often a wanderer with the savages in the depths of the forests,—anon determinedly defending the French posts on the Atlantic coast, and on the River St. John,—anon exerting all his art of diplomacy among the stern-faced Puritans of Massachusetts,—anon arraying his retainers and battling for his rights, like some bold chief of the feudal times. In the old countries of Europe, such qualities as he possessed must have gained him fame and wealth; but his patient endeavor in the Acadian wilderness was ill-requited. In those days there was little reputation of an enduring character, and but little wealth to be won by the pioneer who ventured into those countries, which are now the home of a wealthy and enterprising people. The fisherman on the banks, or the *coureur des bois*, ranging through the forest, might, in the course of years of toil, acquire a

modest competency; but for the “gentleman adventurer,” who would win an empire for France, there was too often nothing but hardship and neglect. The King and ministers only saw in Acadia a befogged, sterile country, which had neither gold nor silver mines, and would never repay them for the expense of colonization. In the course of time, they opened their eyes to the importance of the magnificent country watered by the St. Lawrence and the great lakes; but, with an unpardonable want of foresight, they never saw till it was too late that the possession of Acadia, with its noble Atlantic frontage, was indispensable to a power which would grasp a continent, and perpetuate the language and institutions of France in the western world. Had the French Government energetically seconded the efforts of those enterprising, courageous men who devoted their lives to the work of reclaiming Acadia for France and civilization, England could never have made so easy a conquest of the northern part of the continent. Three or four insignificant forts, for a long time, gave the only evidence of the French occupation of Acadia; and it was not till far into the eighteenth century that French statesmen saw the mistake they had made in not having taken a stronger position on the Atlantic coast of New France; and, at last, built up the formidable fortress of Louisbourg, at the entrance of the Gulf of the St. Lawrence. But *then* it was too late to retrieve the mistakes that had been made in the previous century. England had, long before, seen the importance of Nova Scotia; whilst the British colonies, which were rapidly growing in wealth and population, could never agree to allow the French to take a firm foothold in a country occupying so important a position in reference to the rest of the continent.

Of the boyhood of Charles de la Tour, we know little or nothing. His father belonged to a noble family of the Province of Champagne, so famous for its vine-clad hills; but to so low an ebb had his fortunes fallen by the commencement of the seventeenth cen-

ture, that he left France with his only son, Charles, then fourteen years of age, and settled at Port Royal. In the various vicissitudes of the little colony, the father and son participated; and, after it had been destroyed by Argall, they remained with Biencourt, among the friendly Indians, in sight of the ruins of the fort. It was not long before they regained their courage and commenced to rebuild on the site of the former settlement. With the assistance of some others who came out from France, they erected not only a number of buildings at Port Royal, but another fort, which they called St. Louis, in the vicinity of Cape Sable. Biencourt appears to have had much confidence in the younger La Tour, for, when he was on his death-bed, he made over to him all the rights which the Pout-rincourts possessed in Acadia. In order, however, that he should be able to enjoy this legacy, it was necessary that he should receive assistance from France; and, accordingly, in the summer of 1627, his father went across the Atlantic with a letter to Louis XIII., in which the king was asked to appoint the son his lieutenant over his possessions in Acadia. No doubt La Tour was greatly influenced in taking this step by the rumor which had come to his ears that the people of New England were becoming already jealous and fearful of the presence of the French, and were concerting measures to drive off neighbors who were likely to prove so troublesome to the British colonies.

And here we must pause for a moment, to survey the state of the several colonies that were scattered over the continent, at the time of which we are writing. The colony of Virginia,—the old Dominion,—was making steady progress, and growing in public estimation among the English. Every year witnessed a considerable influx of new settlers. All classes of the population were happy and prosperous. Jamestown, the oldest settlement in America, was rapidly increasing in size: the plantations of tobacco that surrounded it indicated the chief source of the wealth of the

inhabitants. In the present State of New York, the Dutch had made a few settlements, exhibiting the thrift and industry of old Holland. The colony of Plymouth had taken deep root, and was sending out its branches in all directions. Boston was already becoming the chief town of New England: it "was thought, by general consent, to be the fittest place for public meetings of any place in the bay." The dwellings of the citizens were, however, yet of the rudest description: the first meeting house had only mud walls and a thatched roof. The spirit of commercial enterprise was exhibited in the establishment of trading-houses on the Penobscot and Kennebec to the north-east, and on the Connecticut to the south-west. On all sides, even in these days, all classes of the people showed that indomitable spirit of independence, and that ardent desire for self-government, which led to such important results in another century.

Throughout the wide extent of territory now known as British America, the French had only a few insignificant posts. Quebec had been founded, during the first decade of the century, by the adventurous, sagacious Champlain; but it was still a place of exceedingly limited dimensions. Twenty years had passed since its foundation, and yet its total population did not exceed 105 persons,—men, women, and children,—nearly all of whom were dependent on supplies brought out from France. The chief trading-places, besides Quebec, were Trois Rivières, the Rapids of St. Louis, and, above all, Tadousac, where the ships from France generally came to an anchorage, and met the batteaux and small craft used for the purpose of transporting the cargoes to Quebec.\* Of the state of things in Acadia, we have already written,—the fort at Cape Sable, and a few Frenchmen at Port Royal, or on the sea coast, were the only evidences of French colonization in that country.

Such, briefly, was the condition of the settlements in America at the commence-

\* Parkman's Pioneers of France in the New World.

ment of the period during which occurred the events we are about to relate. Behind these adventurous settlers was the illimitable forest, with its hordes of wild Indians; before them was a wide waste of waters, only whitened at distant intervals of time by the sails of some fisherman, trader, or bold adventurer. As we glance back to those times, we see that the elements of very many years of strife on this continent were being formed in the foundation of colonies composed of two antagonistic races. But we can also see in the little settlements scattered over this continent, the germs of future empires:—

“The rudiments of empire here  
Are plastic, still, and warm;  
The chaos of a mighty world  
Is rounding into form.”

Whilst the elder La Tour was absent in France pleading his son's cause, the attention of the English was being directed to the fact that the French were attempting to establish themselves in the New World. Sir William Alexander, afterwards the Earl of Stirling, had received from James I. a grant of Acadia, which he proposed to colonize, and named Nova Scotia. When Charles I. ascended the throne he renewed the grant, and also created an order of 150 men who were to be called Baronets of Nova Scotia, provided they contributed to the aid of the settlement of the country. Sir William Alexander, however, does not appear to have succeeded in making any settlement in Nova Scotia, or to have taken any decided steps to drive out the French from the country, until about the time Claude de la Tour was engaged in obtaining assistance for his son.

Claude de la Tour arrived at an opportune time in France, and met with an amount of success that he could hardly have anticipated when he left the shores of Acadia. Cardinal Richelieu had commenced to take considerable interest in the colonization of America, and a company had been formed, with the title of the “Company of New France.” The eminent statesman was himself the head of the com-

pany, which comprised a hundred associates, among whom were many men of rank and great wealth. When we read their patent, we cannot but wonder at the audacity with which the European Princes of those days could divide a whole continent among their subjects; but they were to find that “*l'homme propose et Dieu dispose.*” New France was declared to extend from Florida to the Arctic Circle, and from Newfoundland to the headwaters of the St. Lawrence and its tributaries. The company received a perpetual monopoly of the fur-trade, and certain other commercial privileges which were to last for fifteen years. The trade of the colony was declared free, for the same period, from all duties. The company bought a number of ships, and the king himself, to give additional proof of his interest in the enterprise, presented them with two men-of-war, fully equipped. In return for the concessions they received, they were bound to send out a specified number of artisans and other emigrants in the course of several years. The very terms of the agreement showed the bigotry of the age, for the colonists had to be all of the Roman Catholic religion. In the month of April, 1628, four armed vessels and a number of transports, containing emigrants and supplies for the relief of Quebec and Port Royal, sailed from the port of Dieppe, and among the passengers was Claude de la Tour, no doubt elated at the success that had so far attended his mission.

But an adverse fate seemed to dog the footsteps of the men who were laboring to establish a French colony in Acadia. About the same time that the French fleet left Dieppe, the English were preparing for an attack on the settlements of France in the New World. The citizens of Rochelle had defied the king, the Huguenots were everywhere in arms, and Richelieu was resolved on crushing them. When Charles of England declared himself on the side of the French Protestants, many of the Calvinists took arms in his service, and among the number was David Kirk or Kertk, a native of Dieppe, who had been expelled from

France with his two brothers. With the assistance of Sir W. Alexander and others in England, he fitted out an armament with the object of driving out the French from Acadia, and other parts of the New World, where they were attempting to make a footing. He succeeded in capturing Port Royal, only defended by a handful of Frenchmen; and, it is said, he left several Scotch families at that place, as a nucleus of the colony which Sir W. Alexander proposed to establish. Kirk then sailed for Quebec, where Champlain was anxiously expecting assistance from France; and, on the way, met with the French fleet, under the command of Rognemont. A few weeks after the capture of the fleet, Kirk took the capital of Canada.

Claude de la Tour was sent to England along with the other prisoners, and as he was a Protestant he was well received. It was not long before he married one of the Queen's maids of honor, and pledged himself to the service of the king. Both he and his son were named Baronets of Nova Scotia, and the elder La Tour agreed to return to Acadia for the purpose of persuading his son to accept the honors which the King of England was desirous of conferring upon him.

In the meantime, Charles de la Tour was doing his best to strengthen himself in his little fort, and anxiously looking for assistance from across the ocean. When the news reached him of the capture of the transports which were intended to relieve him, he might well have despaired of his ability to hold the country; but he was not the man to be daunted by any difficulties however great. Suddenly, two English ships appeared off the fort, and his father presented himself as an envoy from England. Every argument that the elder La Tour could invent (the king appears to have given him *carte blanche*), was used to wile the son from his fealty to France; but no fact shows more clearly the nobility of the younger man's character than the firm resistance he made to the persuasions of one to whom he was bound by the ties of filial affection.

When Claude de la Tour returned from his fruitless mission, the British ships attempted to take the fort by force of arms; but they met with so much resistance that they abandoned the siege. Unwilling to return to England under these circumstances, the elder La Tour was forced to throw himself on his son's clemency, and was eventually allowed to live in the vicinity of the fort, where he and his wife were provided with a comfortable residence. Soon after the occurrence of these events, a vessel belonging to the new Company arrived with supplies, and a letter from a prominent associate holding out much encouragement for the future. At this time there were several Scots and other British subjects at Port Royal, who had formed the resolution of surprising and attacking Port Louis; but the design appears to have been frustrated through the elder La Tour, who was now quite desirous of keeping the English out of the country. When reinforcements had arrived from France, it was decided to build a new fort on the river St. John, which would answer the double purpose of strengthening the French in Acadia, and driving the British out of Port Royal. Whilst this work was in course of construction, another vessel arrived from France with the welcome news that the loyalty of Charles de la Tour was appreciated by the King, who had appointed him as Lieutenant-General over Acadia, Fort Louis, Port la Tour, and dependencies.

Whilst Charles de la Tour was becoming more confident that he would be able to establish himself in Acadia, matters were taking a turn somewhat adverse to the interests of the bold adventurer. By the Treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye, signed in the month of March, 1632, the French regained their possessions in America, and were able to pay more attention to the work of colonization. Richelieu sent out an expedition to take formal possession of New France, and gave its command to Isaac de Razili, a Knight of Malta, and a relative of his own, who had distin-

guished himself at Rochelle. It was but due to Charles de St. Etienne that he should have been appointed to the chief command in Acadia; but, unfortunately for him, he had little influence at the Court. De Razili was appointed Governor-in-Chief of the French colonies, and under him were placed Charles de la Tour and Charles de Menou, otherwise the Chevalier d'Aulnay Charnisy.\* All Acadia was divided between these three gentlemen. Besides a considerable grant of land in the peninsula of Nova Scotia, La Tour succeeded in obtaining letters-patent from the French King, recognizing the validity of the concessions on the St. John, which had been originally given to his father by Charles I. of England.

The younger La Tour's fortunes were apparently flourishing, and might have continued to prosper, had not the death of De Razili been followed by dissensions in the colony. By the decease of the chief, all his property fell to his brother, Claude de Razili, who subsequently made it over to M. d'Aulnay, who was one of the Lieutenant-Governors of the colony. Then occurred disputes with La Tour, who looked upon D'Aulnay as his rival. Of the exact causes of the dispute, in the first instance, we have only very confused accounts; but it is easy to see that difficulties were likely to arise in a country where there was no central authority to decide between disputants, and where the rights of the respective seigneurs were very imperfectly defined. D'Aulnay, however, had a great advantage over his opponent, for he had powerful influence at the French Court, whereas La Tour was comparatively unknown, and regarded with some suspicion on account of his Huguenot education.

The French Government attempted, at first, to decide between the claimants, and

\* Both Garneau and Hallburton fall into the error of mentioning M. Denys, instead of d'Aulnay, as one of the Lieutenants under M. de Razili. M. Denys held no such position until after the death of the Governor, when he was given large rights in the eastern part of the province, and in Cape Breton.

to settle the dispute; but it was not long before D'Aulnay made his influence predominant, and obtained an order to seize the person of his rival. La Tour refused to obey the warrant for his arrest, on the ground that it had been obtained by false representations, and retired to his fort, where with his retainers, largely made up of Indians, he set D'Aulnay at defiance. The latter did not fail to make these facts known at Court, and the result was that orders came out authorizing him to seize the forts and property held by La Tour. In this emergency La Tour resolved to obtain assistance from Boston, with which place he had considerable dealings since his residence in Acadia.

La Tour appears to have fully appreciated the commercial enterprise of his neighbors, and to have concluded that the best way to obtain their sympathy and aid was by appealing to their pockets; for he first approached them with a proposition for free trade between the New England and Acadian ports. The New Englanders gladly accepted the commercial arrangements; but when La Tour asked for assistance against his rival, they hesitated, and finally refused. Matters soon began to look very gloomy for the adventurer, for he was blockaded by D'Aulnay at St. John for some weeks, and there was every probability of his being forced to surrender to his rival; but fortune favored him, and enabled him to escape at night, and find his way to Boston. Considerable sympathy was felt for La Tour, especially as he was believed to be still a Huguenot; but nevertheless the New Englanders hesitated to meddle in the quarrel with D'Aulnay. The desire to encourage one who promised to become a good customer of their own, however, finally prevailed over their scruples, and the 'cute Puritans decided that though the colony could not directly contribute assistance, yet it was lawful for the private citizens to charter their vessels, and offer their services as volunteers in aid of La Tour. No doubt the colonists were very desirous of punishing D'Aulnay for the injury he had done



them a few years previously. When De Razili was still alive, D'Aulnay was in charge of the division west of the St. Croix, and during the month of August, 1632, he came by sea to the Plymouth House on the Penobscot (Pentagoit), helped himself to the goods there deposited, with a promise of future payment at his own valuation, warned off the Plymouth traders as trespassers, and occupied their house for his own residence. The intelligence of this proceeding, says a New England historian,\* naturally occasioned great exasperation at Plymouth. The Magistrates in vain solicited the Government of Massachusetts for aid to recapture the fort; the Bay Exchequer was too empty. The most they could obtain was permission to engage at their own cost one Girling, master of a ship then lying at Boston, to undertake the conquest. The enterprise miscarried through his lack of competency, which he refused to have supplied by the superior courage and energy of Standish, who had been sent along with him. It had cost too much to be renewed, and the Penobscot remained for some time in unfriendly hands.

The Massachusetts merchants, under these circumstances, provided La Tour with four staunch vessels and 70 men; and a few weeks after they sailed from Boston, —in the middle of August, 1642,—they came to an engagement with D'Aulnay, who was worsted, and forced to retire. Whilst La Tour was strengthening himself once more in Acadia, D'Aulnay went to France, where he made strong representations respecting the conduct of his rival. During his absence, his fort on the Penobscot was destroyed by La Tour, and his property carried off.

From his wife, then in London, La Tour received the unwelcome news that his opponent was on his return to Acadia with an overwhelming force; and, therefore, he presented himself again in Boston with an appeal for further assistance. On this occasion he brought forward evidence in

support of his claim, which had considerable weight with the Puritans. He adduced proof, says Winthrop, that the place where the fort was built had been purchased by his father from Sir William Alexander, and that he had a free grant of that part of New Scotland under the great seal of Scotland. When this fact became known to them, the Boston Magistrates seriously reflected whether it was not their duty to grant him still further aid, "both in point of charity as a distressed neighbor, and also in point of prudence, as thereby to root out or at least weaken an enemy, or a dangerous neighbor." Several meetings were held before any decision was arrived at. Their records afford a very curious insight into the character of the Puritan rulers. At one of the meetings the Governor put the case this way:—

"1. Whether it was lawful for true Christians to aid an Anti-Christian? (for La Tour had professed himself a Catholic some time previously.)

"2. Whether it was safe for us in point of prudence?"

It was finally resolved that the Council should do nothing more for the present than remonstrate with D'Aulnay, and demand satisfaction from him for his hostile behaviour and language, and the malpractices of his officers towards Massachusetts and her confederate States; but at the same time they announced their intention of continuing their commercial arrangements with La Tour. The latter was treated with the most punctilious courtesy when he left the town. He was escorted to the wharf by the Deputy-Governor and the train bands, and as he sailed out of the port the Boston ships saluted him with three pieces. No doubt he would have cheerfully dispensed with these honors in exchange for two or three vessels.

Now La Tour's wife appears for the first time on the scene. This lady proved herself throughout a fit helpmate for her husband, since she exhibited an amount of courage and determination not often found in her sex. She had gone to England some

\* John Gorham Palfrey,

time in the year 1641, to seek some assistance for La Tour, and when she had fulfilled her mission,—she met with little encouragement, it seems,—she took passage on a vessel belonging to Boston; but the master, instead of taking her to St. John within a specified time, spent nearly six months in trading on the St. Lawrence, and then carried her to Massachusetts. On her arrival at Boston, she brought an action against the master and consignee of the vessel, and after a full hearing of the cause, the Court gave her a verdict of £2,000. After considerable difficulty, she succeeded in obtaining a large portion of this sum, with which she hired three vessels, and then sailed to rejoin her husband on the St. John. But before she had left the colony she had learned that her husband could not rely any further on the friendship of the people of Massachusetts. A few days after Madame La Tour arrived in Boston, an envoy from D'Aulnay presented himself to the Massachusetts Council. He remonstrated against the course pursued in reference to La Tour, and proffered terms of peace and amity. The Council, after some consideration, agreed to a treaty of peace with Charnisay's agent, but it was not ratified by his principal until some time afterwards.

La Tour's prospects now appeared exceedingly gloomy, and his rival's star was clearly in the ascendant. Encouraged by the success of his envoy, D'Aulnay prepared to attack La Tour in the spring of 1645. On the way he met with a New England vessel carrying supplies to his enemy, and after he had seized her, he turned all the crew upon a desolate island, where they had great difficulty in preserving their lives, for the season was very inclement, and they had only a portion of their clothes allowed them by their captors. D'Aulnay soon found himself off the fort, which he expected would soon fall into his hands, as La Tour himself was absent at the time; but he calculated wrongly. Madame la Tour rallied the defenders, and conducted the defence so energetically that D'Aulnay lost a large

number of his men, and was obliged to retire with his ship exceedingly damaged. On his return home he took off the New Englanders from the island where they had been exposed, and subsequently sent them to Boston, where their story created a deep feeling of indignation against the treacherous and cruel Frenchman. D'Aulnay was evidently determined at this time to carry matters with a high hand, for he refused to ratify the agreement made by his messenger Marie: but, a few months later, he reconsidered the matter, and came to terms with the British colonies. These terms were afterwards ratified by the Commissioners of the Confederate colonies of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Haven, and Plymouth.

Having succeeded in ensuring the neutrality of the New Englanders, D'Aulnay once more turned his attention towards the fort still occupied by La Tour. The latter, in the spring of 1647, again left his fort in charge of his wife, whilst he went away on a trading voyage or for supplies. D'Aulnay, always watching for his opportunity, immediately laid siege to the fort, and was again met with the most determined resistance of the garrison, nerved and stimulated by the voice and example of the heroic lady, who was present at every vulnerable point. The besiegers were on the point of giving up the contest, when a traitor within the walls—one of those mercenary Swiss who have been ever ready to sell themselves to the highest bidder,—gave them information which determined them to renew the assault. D'Aulnay and his men again attempted to scale the walls, but were forced to retire with a considerable loss. Unable to accomplish his object by force of arms, D'Aulnay had recourse to an infamous stratagem: he offered fair terms if the garrison would capitulate. Madame La Tour, anxious to spare the lives of her brave garrison, which was rapidly thinning, agreed to the proposal, and surrendered the fort; but the sequel proved the falsehood and treachery of D'Aulnay, and gives us additional reason to sympathize with La Tour

in this contest for the mastery of Acadia. Instead of fulfilling his pledge like an honorable man, he hanged all the defenders with the exception of one person, whose life was spared on his consenting to act as executioner. Even at that moment his hard, false heart could not feel pity for the unfortunate lady, who had been so credulous as to believe in his plighted word, for he forced her to stand by, with a rope round her neck, and witness the murder,—for it was nothing else under the circumstances,—of the brave men who had so nobly assisted her in defending her husband's rights. This terrible tragedy so preyed on the poor lady's mind,—already wrecked by the excitement and trials she had undergone for many months,—that she became almost insane, and died a few weeks after the occurrence of these events we have narrated. Madame La Tour appears to have been naturally of a loving, gentle disposition; beneath her quiet exterior was the spirit of that Spanish maid whose name must ever live in the annals of her country.\*

Bereft of wife and estate, La Tour gave up the unequal contest for the present. He went to Boston, and subsequently to Newfoundland, where Sir David Kirk was the governor at that time; but in neither place could he obtain the assistance he needed. He then resolved on a trading voyage, and after some delay obtained a vessel and freight through the means of Major Gibbons, a Boston merchant, with whom he had had considerable dealings since his residence in Acadia. One account of this voyage represents him as having acted dishonorably towards his creditors; but the writer appears to have been misled by the reports of prejudiced witnesses, and we are unwilling to believe, that a man who had previously given evidence of the possession of so many

manly qualities would have descended to the level of a mere trickster.

La Tour, in the year 1648, presented himself at Quebec, where he was received with the most gratifying demonstrations of respect by his countrymen, who admired the heroic fortitude he had displayed in the Acadian struggle. Of his history for some years we are comparatively in the dark. It is stated that he visited the regions of Hudson's Bay, as a fur trader, and met with considerable success. In the meantime, however, his rival, D'Aulnay,\* died, leaving a widow and several children; and as soon as La Tour ascertained this fact, he went to France, where he met with a most satisfactory reception. The French Government acknowledged the injustice with which it had treated him in the past, and appointed him Governor and Lieutenant-General of Acadia, with enlarged privileges and powers. The next step he took was also calculated to strengthen his position, and that was his marriage with D'Aulnay's widow, Jeanne de Motin, some time in the latter part of February, 1653. This was clearly a *mariage de convenance* on both sides, but it was the best means that could be devised to save Acadia from becoming once more the scene of discord and strife; for the widow of the deceased D'Aulnay had many powerful friends in France, who were quite ready to assist her in sustaining all her rights in the new world. Peace then reigned for some months in Acadia,—many new settlers came into the country, the forts were strengthened, and the people were hoping for an era of tranquility and prosperity. But there was to be no peace or rest for the French in Acadia.

As the number of the French increased, the jealousy of the British colonies in New England was excited, until at last they ordered that any one who carried provisions to the Acadian settlements, should forfeit both vessel and cargo. La Tour, ever

\* The wives of the French commanders, in America, seem to have been very often women of more than ordinary strength of character. When Louisburg was attacked by the British for the second time, in the year 1758, Madame de Droucour, lady of the governor, fired a cannon with her own hands, and did all she could to animate the soldiery.

\* Both Garneau and Ferland agree in representing D'Aulnay as a rapacious, grasping tyrant, who did everything he could to prevent any extensive settlement in the province.

anxious to propitiate his neighbors, knowing how necessary it was to retain their friendship, approached them with amicable overtures, and finally succeeded in obtaining a partial revocation of the obnoxious order. But other dangers and difficulties soon presented themselves.

It would appear, as far as we can judge from the authorities at hand, that La Tour had still many enemies in France, who were industriously engaged in working his ruin. Among the number must be placed one La Borgne, a creditor of D'Aulnay, who had been deeply incensed at the marriage of the widow with La Tour. He determined on making an effort, not only to obtain possession of Charnisay's property, but to usurp the position he had held in Acadia. A man of large wealth, he had no difficulty in engaging the services of a large force, with which he sailed to America some time during the year 1654, and immediately commenced operations against M. Denys, who had been in the country ever since he accompanied De Razili to Acadia in 1632. He had been industriously engaged in trade, at different places on the eastern coast of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton (Isle Royale). At the time of La Borgne's expedition he was on a visit to his post at St. Anne's (Port Dauphin) on the island, but before he could make any preparations for his defence he was surprised, and sent a prisoner to Port Royal, where his enemy already held possession. M. Denys appears to have been treated with great harshness by his captor; but after some months' imprisonment he was allowed his liberty, and enabled to go to France, where he laid his case before the King, and succeeded in obtaining a recognition of his rights in Acadia.\*

Whilst La Borgne was preparing to attack La Tour, another party appeared on the scene of action. By this time the civil war had been fought in England, the king

beheaded, and Cromwell become Lord-Protector of the commonwealth. In the course of 1653 very strong representations had been made to the Protector by the New England colonies, respecting the movements of the French in America, and the necessity of immediate steps being taken to reduce the country to the dominion of Great Britain. Peace then nominally prevailed between the two countries, but we have seen in the case of Argall that such a fact made little difference in America—that there matters were carried with a high hand, and without reference to international obligations. A fleet, which had been sent out by Cromwell, to operate against the Dutch colony of Manhattan, arrived at Boston in June, 1654, but the news came a few days afterwards, that peace had been proclaimed between England and Holland. Thereupon the fleet was secretly directed against the French in Acadia; and as La Tour was not in a position to make any resistance, he soon capitulated. A few weeks later all Acadia was in the hands of the English.

We have now very little to add to this historical sketch. Both La Borgne and Denys were almost ruined by the events that followed the fall of Acadia, and obliged to retire for a time from the country; but La Tour appears to have been more fortunate than the rest of his countrymen. He was now far advanced in years, and unable to resist the evil destiny that seemed to follow all the efforts of France to establish herself in Nova Scotia. He saw the folly of resisting the English, and bowed to the inevitable logic of events. No doubt the injuries he had received from his own countrymen, together with the apathy which the French Government displayed in the affairs of Acadia, induced him to place himself under the protection of the English. The representations he made to the Protector met with a favorable response, and obtained for him letters patent, dated Aug. 9, 1656, granting to him, Sir Charles La Tour, in conjunction with Sir Thomas Temple, and William Crowne, the whole territory of Acadia—the mines and mine-

\* It was from Nicolas Denys, Sieur de Fronsac, that the Strait of Canso received its former name of Fronsac. He was of a very enterprising character.

erals being alone reserved for the use of the Government. Sir Thomas Temple subsequently bought up La Tour's share, and carried on the fisheries, the fur trade, and other undertakings, with considerable success. Acadia remained in the hands of England until the treaty of Breda, which was concluded in the July of 1667, between Charles II, of England, and Louis XIV, of France.

We have no details of the life of Charles de la Tour after Sir Thomas Temple entered on the possession of Acadia. He does not appear to have taken any active part in public affairs, or in commercial enterprises; but to have passed the remainder of his life quietly in the country in which he had suffered so many misfortunes, and led so eventful a career. He is believed to have died sometime in the year 1666, at the ripe age of 74. He left several descendants, but none of them played an important part in the future of Acadia, although their names are frequently mentioned in the history of the times in which they lived.\*

La Tour's name still clings to a little harbour, in the vicinity of Cape Sable, and it is even yet possible to trace the position of the fort in which he resisted the English so successfully in 1630, when they came, under the directions of his father, to seduce him from his allegiance to France. The story of his memorable career, however, is little known, except to a few students of the historic past of Acadia. His life, we have seen, presents a strange contrast of light and shadow. Time and again he has apparently overcome his difficulties, when suddenly misfortune overtakes him, and he, once more, is a wanderer and an exile. No obstacles, however, appear to have ever

\* During the year 1686—when a census was taken by M. de Meulles—there was living at Port Royal, Marie de St. Etienne, wife of le Sieur Alexandre le Borgne, the eldest of the five children of La Tour, by Madame D'Aulnay. At Cape Sable, Jacques La Tour, Sieur de Etienne, born in 1661; and Charles La Tour, born in 1665. At St. John, Jeanne La Tour, the wife of a gentleman, named Martin d'Apren-distigue, and supposed to be the daughter of La Tour by his first wife.—*Murdoch, Vol. I, pp. 169, 170, 261 et seq.*

daunted him—on the contrary, they only stimulated him to renewed exertions. In the peaceful close of his career he was more fortunate than the lion-hearted Poutrincourt, for he at least had the consolation of dying where he could see the foam-flecked waters that bathed the shores of Acadia, and could breathe the aromatic fragrance of the fir forests that then stretched far and wide. Poutrincourt had not even the poor reward of having his name perpetuated on some headland or bay of the country, where he laboured so earnestly to found a state in the closest connection with France.

*Original.*

L A H A V E .

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

In the forest, on the mountains,  
Welling up in joyous fountains,  
From the water-crypts below,  
Where a Naiad nymph enforces  
Fresh supplies to fill the sources,  
Whence thy silver waters flow;  
Lo! from thence unto the valley,—  
Where a thousand streamlets rally  
To increase thy laughing wave,—  
Comest thou the vale adorning,  
Charm of ev'ning, grace of morning,  
Gentle river, O LaHave.

Onward, onward, and forever,  
Halting, hesitating never,  
In thy progress to the sea;  
And the festoons, and the arches,  
Formed by elm-trees and by larches,  
Sylvan passage give to thee.  
And the wild flowers, as in duty,  
Clothe thy pathway with their beauty,—  
All the beauty thou could'st crave,—  
And with odorous balm, the essence  
Of their charming efflorescence.  
Bathe thy bosom, O LaHave.

Over rocks, upon whose shoulders  
Stand majestic whinstone boulders,  
Rolls thy current evermore;  
And the clay-slates and micaceous,  
To its ceaseless lavings gracious,  
Bare their quartz-veins on thy shore;

Offering ever to the miner,\*  
 To the crusher and refiner,  
 To the wise man and the knave,  
 Hopes of treasure, golden treasure,  
 Bounded only by hope's measure,  
 Wondrous measure, O LaHave.

Meadows open wide their bosom,  
 Seeking, too, if they may woo some  
 Graces from thy gen'rous store;  
 And the bare and barren places  
 Put on blushing, smiling faces.

At the gifts thy bounties pour;  
 And the pristine wildernesses,—  
 Which thy gentle music blesses,—  
 Looking down upon the wave,  
 Murmur on thee grace and blessing,  
 As thou to the sea art pressing  
 Onward, ever on, O LaHave.

And thou hast of lakelet daughters,  
 Fair Germania's† gentle waters,  
 Charming now and evermore,  
 And the unexampled Wentzel,‡  
 Unpourtrayed by pen or pencil,  
 With its quartzite pebbled shore;  
 Thou, too, hast thy flashing cascades,  
 Sylvan bowers and open grass glades,  
 Scenes of beauty gay or grave,  
 Worthy of the artist's leisure,  
 Or the poet's rhythmic measure,  
 Worthy, too, of thee, LaHave.

From the undulating highlands,  
 Whence I view thy guardian islands,  
 And the summer sleeping sea;  
 As I gaze, entranced in wonder,  
 Oft I vow that nought shall sunder  
 Ties that bind my heart to thee.  
 Hall, all hail, thou peerless river,  
 Bounteous gift of bounteous Giver;  
 Long may peace its banners wave,  
 O'er the rose-crowned hills above thee,  
 And the cottage homes that love thee,  
 River of my heart, LaHave.

Whether, in the years departed,  
 Vikings venturous and bold hearted,  
 As they coasted Vineland's shore,

Saw thy valley's beauty glowing,  
 Saw thy soft-voiced waters flowing,  
 None may tell us evermore;  
 But the Frank thy vale espying,  
 Home s and country's joys denying,  
 Name to thee historic gave;  
 Gave the sons upon thy border,  
 God and truth, and law and order;  
 Gave thee blessing, O LaHave.

But thou hast an untold story,  
 Of the ancient Micmac glory,  
 In thy valley long ago,  
 Ere the pale-face thither sailing,  
 Taught thy wigwams tears and wailing,  
 And exterminating woe.  
 On thy banks, when idly straying,  
 Under fir and elm-trees swaying,  
 Often from the past I crave,  
 Knowledge from the by-gone ages,  
 Of thy warriors and thy sages,  
 And thy sachems, O LaHave.

Though thou never canst reveal them,  
 Though in silence thou dost seal them,  
 Seal them from my ardent gaze,  
 Yet doth fancy, all unbidden,  
 Lift the curtain from the hidden  
 Scenes of long departed days;  
 And I love to linger sitting  
 By thy side at day-light's fitting,  
 Dreaming o'er the lonely grave  
 Of the Micmac hero sleeping,  
 Still in spirit vigil keeping  
 By thy waters O LaHave.

*Original.*

### LOST IN THE WOODS.

BY J. L. G., DANVILLE.

It is not my intention to record my own exploits or misfortunes, for, though I have been lost, at least twice in Quebec, the same in Chicago, and times past counting in Boston, I was never lost in the woods, except a few moments' bewilderment, mistaking the banks of one stream, for those of another; and so was led to wander a little from the right direction. I might in passing mention that an elderly friend of mine made the same mistake with more

\* The LaHave debouches into the Atlantic near the Lunenburg "Ovens" gold diggings.

† A pretty lake in the district of New Germany.

‡ A beautiful lake a little further down the stream and nearer to Bridgewater.

serious consequences. Discovering that he had been misled, instead of following the stream to the river, whose banks he supposed he had been treading, he undertook to cut across, and succeeded in getting lost again. The afternoon and nearly all the night were passed before he gained the welcome shelter of our lowly home. The journey was weary and perplexing enough, yet there were some incidents, as he used to tell them, that could not fail to provoke a smile from the listener.

It was during the winter, and the journey was performed on snow-shoes. As the shades of night gathered around him, he redoubled his diligence, and ere long, greatly to his satisfaction, he came across a snow-shoe track. "Some hunter ahead!" was his joyful exclamation, as he observed the track was quite fresh.

Hope lent new strength and elasticity to his wearied limbs, and he pushed on at a rate wonderful to see,—if there had been any one to see it,—and ere long he was rewarded by coming across another snow-shoe track, in the same direction as the first. It was evident that they were only a little ahead, just out of sight, as the falling snow was scarcely perceptible in the tracks. Again he hurried on, and made a fresh discovery—a third hunter's track! This looked suspicious; he looked into the matter carefully, and found he had been travelling in a circle, and of course had walked in his own tracks! In great disgust, he left the beaten path, and "made tracks" in another direction, leaving "the hunters" to take care of themselves.

But I had purposed to speak of other and sadder cases, where there was not merely "a day and a night in the deep, dark woods," but where days and nights lengthened into weeks, ere the missing ones returned, and, in one instance, where the lost one never returned.

More than thirty years since, a Mr. A. lived in Tingwick. His house was only a few rods from where the fine stone church of St. Patrick now stands. This was, at that time, the very outskirts of the settle-

ment; and, in every direction but one, the family were surrounded by a dense forest that seemed well nigh illimitable. One summer day the man went to his daily work, not far from the house, but separated from it by a small piece of woods. To save the time lost in going home to dinner, and at the same time secure something warm and comfortable, his little boy, a fine lad of six or seven years, used to bring him his noon meal. Sometimes he would remain for hours watching the falling trees, that bowed their stately heads in obedience to the woodman's heavy strokes, and when weary shut his eyes, and rest in the pleasant shade. One day, while the father was busy at his daily labor, neither the dinner nor the boy came at the usual time. An hour passed, and, though hungry and, it may be, slightly impatient, at the unusual delay, the man of toil plied his axe with his wonted energy. Another hour passed, and still no dinner,—no Johnny. And yet he was not alarmed,—no such thought as that his boy was lost once entered his mind. They had forgotten him, he reasoned; or more likely, Johnny could not well be spared, and they would look for him to come home when he became too hungry to work. With these thoughts in his mind, he toiled on till the sun was getting low, when, weary and hungry, he turned homeward. As he entered, and saw no such preparation for his early return as he had expected, nor his little boy, who was always the first to welcome him,—for the first time a terrible fear came over him.

In tones low and husky from suppressed emotion, he asked, "Where's Johnny?"

"Where's Johnny! where sure would he be but with you?" replied his wife. "I needed him badly to-day, but I was glad he stayed to keep daddy from bein' lonesome."

"Oh, Mary, what is this that's come upon us?" whispered the father striving in vain to be calm. "I've not set eyes upon him since I went to the woods this morning."

"Oh, John," persisted the poor mother,

"sure you forget! It might have been a little late, for the cattle broke into the patch of corn, and he must run and drive them out; but the darlin' boy would hurry, for he said he knew daddy must be hungry. Never a minute would he stop by the way and you waiting for your dinner."

"I tell you I've not seen the lad since morn," almost fiercely rejoined the father.

"Where then,—oh! where is my boy?" cried the now well nigh frantic mother.

"Mary, darling, God help us, the boy is lost!"

It was even so. The alarm was given to the nearest neighbors, and from them the fearful news spread as if borne on the wings of the wind. Not strong men alone, but children and women—women with little ones in their arms,—hasted to the rescue.

Day by day increasing numbers came; and through the heat of the day, and far into the night with its chill and darkness, the search went on, but it was all in vain. Some thought he must have perished from hunger and exposure; but the conviction was strong in the hearts of most that a bear—they were numerous and bold that season—had found the poor little fellow and destroyed him. The bereaved parents felt compelled to accept the woful conclusion, and from that time the home that had been so dear to them was only a place for heart-breaking memories. The little farm was sold for what it would bring, and they hastened away to find a home among strangers, and in a strange land. But I must hasten on to relate other incidents, as I had promised.

Some ten years later than the sorrowful event I have described, word was sent to the village of Danville, near which I then resided, that a man was lost in the neighboring town of Windsor. Everybody that could leave and do any good went. There was not so much to excite enthusiasm as in some cases. He was an obscure old man of whom almost no one knew anything, but it made no difference; the best feelings of the whole community—sympathy and warm commiseration for the distressed—were

aroused, and the search was promptly begun. The eager crowd were sent out in small companies to search in different directions. Never before did I feel how almost hopeless it was to search over a thousand square miles of forest to find one man; the trite old saying of "a needle in a hay mow," bears no comparison to it. Still the search was bravely pushed from day to day, the tired seekers camping on the ground whenever night overtook them. More than a week had passed when the welcome tidings came that he was found,—or rather that he had, unaided, reached the settlement,—and the weary hunters, as the word reached them, gladly sought their homes. During the search an incident occurred, so trifling and commonplace that it would be absurd to mention it, only for its connection with the event that followed. The band to which I belonged came to a little log-hut in the woods. We called to make inquiries and to rest for a few moments. A glass of water was called for, and a bright, active young girl, of about seventeen, promptly supplied the thirsty company; we left our thanks, and went on our way. Not two weeks had passed after our return, before the hearts of old and young were thrilled by the startling message that was sent far and wide,—“A girl lost in the woods!” It was she who had given the cup of cold water to the thirsty hunters a few days before. More than twenty years have passed since then,—and we can forget a great deal in twenty years,—but none except those who are past remembering anything, can forget with what eager, frenzied haste the bands of earnest, warm-hearted men began anew to explore the same forest, seeking for the lost. As the days passed by, the excitement in the community became almost uncontrollable.

A week passed, and still no tidings. Some of those who had been constantly searching had become so weary and worn that they could do no more; but there were fresh arrivals to take their places.

Another week of desperate but fruitless search, and such a week! The mild, balmy air of early autumn had passed away, and,



a rain came so violent and prolonged, that it seemed almost as though the windows of heaven were again opened. "She cannot live through it," was the unanimous conclusion; but equally well agreed were the undaunted searchers, that, living or dead, if it was in the power of mortal man, they would find and bring her home to her mother.

The third week came and went. Men had ceased to hope, but not to search, when the recal signal was given, and those who heard it knew that the lost was found! From one band to another the signal was extended, till the woods rang with the glad sounds; and as they gathered at her mother's home and saw that she was not only found, but alive, there were some heard to thank God who had never thought to do it before. She, too, had found her way out of the woods alone, and the first house she came to was her own home. How she lived for twenty-two days, without any food, except the roots and berries she gathered, and exposed to one of the most pitiless storms of our autumnal equinox,—how she *could* live under such circumstances, is not easy to understand; but there are still hundreds of witnesses who can testify that it is true. It may interest some to know that she not only lived to make a backwoodsman's home comfortable, but she still lives, a happy wife and mother.

Was there joy when the lost one came back? Will there not be *more* joy when any poor wanderer, lost in the dark mazes of sin and folly, comes to himself and finds his Father's house? There will be joy upon earth, there will be joy in heaven.

*Original.*

THE LIFEBOAT ON TYNEMOUTH BAR.

AN O'ER TRUE TALE.—BY A. J.

"God save thee, gentle sailor boy, this night upon the sea,"

A mother waketh weeping, and breathes a prayer for thee:

The good ship "Lovely Nelly" is staunch as ship may be,

But the wind is walling wildly, and land is on the lee!

O mother, trembling mother, did an angel in thy sleep,

Touch thee with spirit finger, and waken thee to weep?

Or on the black squall driving, came he along the main,

And smote with sounds foreboding upon thy lattice pane?

Hoarse moans the wrathful ocean, careering shoreward fast,

On foamy, crested coursers, rides the spirit of the blast:

Wakes with rude shock the startled crags, walls o'er the wintry lea,

And bows the gallant ship which bears thy sailor on the sea.

All night, through storm and darkness, with sails and rigging torn,

They wrestle with the tempest, and longing look for morn;

As fitful o'er the gusty gale upswells the angry roar,

Of white waves beating wildly on bleak Northumbria's shore.

O morning, blessed morning, dawn on night's troubled sleep,

Before the "Lovely Nelly" goes down amid the deep!

Before the wild, devouring floods, upswelling fast and far,

Engulf her deck—a stranded wreck, on Tynemouth's fatal bar.

High up the slack lee rigging, spray-drenched but grappling fast,

Her crew of five keep hope alive, and shoreward glances cast,

Where shrouded in the driving snow, storm-rack and surging sea,

Looms up the grand surf-beaten strand, a mile beneath the lee.

A mile beneath the lee, lads!—thank God 'tis English shore,

Or foot of thine o'er yon white line, should pass to life no more!

But hearts so brave and prompt to save, dwell not by ocean's foam,

As they who flout the flashing wave, round our dear Island home!

Now man the gallant life-boat, stout mariners  
of Tyne,  
Thy race of old in danger bold, were monarchs  
of the brine ;  
Their cunning seamanship divine, and courage  
rest with thee,  
Sons of the proud Norse Vikings, whose birth-  
right was the sea !

She springs before their lusty strokes and deftly  
feathered oars,  
And lightly cleaves the seething surf which  
round her heaves and roars ;  
And strong as fate, ere yet too late, to faith and  
promise true,  
She gathers to her safe embrace the helpless  
shipwrecked crew !

All ! All save one ! From the frozen shrouds,  
chilled by the pitiless snow,  
The sailor-boy, o'er-weary, falls to the floods  
below,  
And sinks beneath the eddying foam which  
knoweth not to spare,  
His face to Heaven uplifted, his white hands  
clasped in prayer !

O mother, trembling mother, abroad upon the  
deep,  
Thy loved eyes, sorrow-laden, may watch, and  
watching, weep ;  
But never shalt thou look on him for whom thy  
tears are shed,  
Till the winds have ceased their wailing and the  
sea gives up her dead !

*Original.*

### LONDON ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

The stranger who visits London in the  
spring, should, if possible, arrange his time  
so as not to leave the great metropolis until  
after the Queen's birthday, for one of the  
most striking and beautiful sights to be wit-  
nessed is the illumination of the city on  
the night which commemorates that auspicious  
event.

During the day an almost Sabbath still-  
ness prevails, for it is a general holiday,  
and the multitudes of business men, who  
daily throng the streets, are seeking rest or  
recreation in their neat suburban homes.

Those, however, who from business or  
pleasure have left their houses, will be seen  
as they pass along the thoroughfares, to  
glance at the huge iron frames which adorn,  
or rather, disfigure, the front of every im-  
portant building. These iron frames have,  
in most cases, been up for several days, for  
it is a busy time with the gas-fitters, and  
they have to begin their work at a very  
early period, in order that none of their  
customers shall be disappointed. As the  
shades of evening close over the city, every  
here and there a man may be seen carrying  
a ladder which he places against the houses,  
and in an incredibly short time innum-  
erable jets of gas appear, making the street-  
lamps look dim by comparison, while stars,  
crowns, wreaths and mottoes, assume their  
just proportions, and shed forth a light more  
brilliant than that of noon-day, bringing  
into bold relief the smallest object upon the  
pavement, and penetrating hitherto dark-  
ened recesses. St. James street, Pall Mall,  
Regent Street, Oxford Street, and the whole  
of the western section of London, famed for  
its opulence and aristocracy, is now bathed  
in a flood of light only here and there  
broken by the darkening shadow of some  
passer by. But the hour for the evening  
meal has passed, and the little group that  
we have just seen in the distance is grow-  
ing in strength, as it emerges from the side  
street and amalgamates itself with a dozen  
other parties, who, coming from all points of  
the compass, have reached the same spot at  
one and the same time. A merry laughing  
throng now glides along the streets, for it  
is mainly the youth of London who have  
thus early left their homes, bent on a few  
hours enjoyment. Hard work and miser-  
able fare have not yet crushed their buoy-  
ant spirits, and it does one good to look upon  
their upturned faces, so free from any shade  
of sorrow. On they go, laughing and push-  
ing their way, for the crowd is fast gather-  
ing around them, and they must not lose  
time or the principal streets will be block-  
aded before they can reach them. Police-  
men now begin to assert their authority,  
to the great annoyance of the foot pas-

sengers, who every now and then are called upon to "make way," which means to compress themselves into the smallest possible space, in order to make room for the huge conveyance, which is being led rather than driven in among them. The pedestrians, as they turn to look through the carriage windows, are heard to express the utmost compassion for the little nursery treasures inside, whose indulgent mammæ have brought them out to see the illumination, while the children themselves think the coachman might go a little faster and not keep stopping all the time. But it would be difficult to persuade the upper ten thousand that their children would be quite as safe and would enjoy themselves far more, if, with their nurses, they were permitted to mingle in the crowd. There is no chance of losing oneself in a London crowd, for the only thing to be done is to stand perfectly still, and to wait until a sudden movement in front enables you to advance a few steps. On such occasions there is no respect for persons, the only acknowledged superiority being that of sinew and muscle. The thoughtful observer, as he takes his stand at a second storey window, cannot fail to be deeply affected at the sight of the moving multitude below. Here are the powers that hold for England her place among the empires of the earth. Individually they seem to claim but little attention, yet each is a part of the great machinery which keeps in motion the mightiest nation in the world. There is no riotous mirth, no unseemly jesting, rarely an oath to be heard; but the hum of a thousand voices rises upon the air, while the speakers themselves present a rare study for the physiognomist. Looking narrowly into the crowd we find that it is now composed of people belonging to many nations, ranks and ages. There is the infant of a few weeks old, whose presence is only made known by the faint cry issuing from under its mother's shawl; the sturdy little fellow of three or four years, who views the illumination from a seat on his father's shoulders; young men and women, in the early bloom of

youth; old men and women, bowed beneath the weight of years; fair haired Germans and dark Italians,—some in broad-cloth and others in frieze. But the night is far spent and we begin to see spaces on the pavement that an hour before were covered by feet. Soon the silent tread of the multitude is exchanged for a few hurrying footsteps, and then once more the light flows uninterrupted through the length and breadth of London streets, while the wearied workers are seeking sleep, that blessed boon which an All-Wise Father gives to His children of every clime.

*Original.*

SONNET.—SUMMER.

BY J. A. BELL, HALIFAX.

Season beloved! a gladsome life is thine,  
Each morning from thy meadows pearled with dew,  
To mark the glowing concave's changeful hue,  
To feast thine eye on beauty; to incline  
Thy ravished ear to melodies divine;  
Anon—recumbent in a latticed bower  
Of honeysuckle and sweet eglantine,  
To take voluptuous ease at noontide hour;  
Or, by the shore, at eve, to watch the sea,  
While am'rous winds flit softly whispering by:  
O summer! who so born to joy as thee,  
Or who, so born, would ever wish to die!  
But thou art frail; e'en now comes autumn  
brown,  
With sickle keen, prepared to cut thee down.

*Original.*

SKETCHES IN ONTARIO.

BY C. O. Z. E.

GREAT WESTERN DAY EXPRESS.—EAST.

A great many people in coming from the Old Country to Canada—or, in fact, America—appear to expect nothing but trackless forests, wild Indians, bears, deer, and poisonous rattlesnakes. Now, although I've lived in Canada all my life, I've never seen a trackless forest, nor beheld an Indian, a bear, deer, or even a fox, in a state of native wildness, nor have I ever set eyes upon a rattlesnake.

A Canadian gentleman, while in England not long ago, was asked by an inquisitive Briton whether the English language was spoken at all in this country; another inquired whether clothes were worn. Artemus Ward says of his landlord in London, that "he was under the impression that we et hay over there, and had horns growin' out of the back part of our heads"; and also reports a speech of the same enlightened individual, in which he expresses great astonishment at the civilized manners of his guest, as follows:—

"This North American has been a inmate of my 'ouse over two weeks, yet he hasn't made no attempt to scalp any member of my family. He hasn't broke no cups or sassers, or furnitur of any kind. I find I can trust him with lited candles. He eats his wittles with a knife and fork. People of this kind should be encurridged. I propose 'is 'ealth."

It is not my intention to describe scenes among blood-thirsty savages, nor encounters with fiercer beasts of prey, but to give a few sketches of persons and things more familiar to most of the inhabitants of Ontario.

The interior of a car of a Great Western train, presents one of the most amusing scenes that can be found. The Grand Trunk cars are dirtier and more crowded, but in them we don't see the bustling Americans, who are constantly crossing and re-crossing our peninsula to save time and have a glimpse of Canada, and who are one of the chief features of the Western Express. There are tall, thin Yankees, with long beards, and short, stout ones with dyed moustaches, and many others hailing from the "other side," besides all those who are to be found on any Canadian train.

Getting on the Day Express at London, there is no difficulty in finding a seat, as most of the passengers are in the refreshment room, swallowing all manner of victuals with the most stupendous rapidity, in expectation of every minute hearing the peal of the bell, summoning them from their meal

At length the bell rings, and the "diners out" rush in with great haste; and, having taken their seats, the male portion find employment with their toothpicks, whilst the females arrange their children in their respective places, after which they find that their haste has been unnecessary, as the whistle has not yet sounded. But even as they are thinking how much more satisfactorily this time of delay might have been passed in the refreshment room, the conductor prompts the engine-driver by a whistle through his fingers, whereupon he takes the hint, and repeats it to the public with redoubled intensity; and, with a few preliminary snorts and puffs as if to make sure that his wind is all right, the engine starts, the conductor swinging himself on board by the last railing of the last car.

The town is soon left behind, and glad of it some of the passengers seem to be, as their pocket handkerchiefs slowly descend from their noses, the odors lurking about the neighborhood of the oil-refineries not being pleasant to the more sensitive.

Commencing at the end of the car, the first seat is partly occupied by a young officer from the garrison at London, who is going down to Toronto, probably to attend a ball or some such festivity. He is armed with a considerable amount of shirt collar and a cane, which *might* be of service to him were he engaged in an encounter with a moderate-sized spider. He draws himself up in his corner, and seems to intimate by the expression of his nose that reminiscences of the refineries still linger about that organ; but this movement and expression are caused by the proximity of a rough and shaggy-bearded Dutchman, holding an immense Bologna sausage in one hand, and a jack-knife in the other, who has as it were hemmed him in. The small seat under the window opposite is occupied by the Dutchman's son, a lad of about sixteen, together with a half-loaf of bread. The boy is also armed with a jack-knife, and is suffering from a touch of fever and ague. His duty seems to be to hew off large hanks of bread between "shakes,"

while his father performs the same office on the sausage. Thus they proceed, each supplying the other from his own resources, and holding out their unoccupied hands for fresh supplies with unwearied regularity, not doubting in their minds but that their fellow traveller is looking on with an eye of avidity and a mouth in a state of greedy moisture. Meanwhile the subaltern watches them, with an eye expanding with horror and a nose contracting with disgust, while his thoughts perhaps run somewhat thus :

“ My gwacious ! howible ! did any fellow eveh see such fellows ! How vewy gwoss ! Wondaw if a bawth will take away this howid effluvia ; I’ll pour in some Eau-de-Cologne. What howid boaws these wailwoods are ! They might let every fellow have a little cawaigz to himself, with a box of cigaws and a papah, and not let any Dutch fellows on board. Would be positively jolly ! Wondaw what makes that absurd beggah shake so ! Dutch fellows aren’t all *Shakahs*,—are they ? Positively not so bad ! Shall say that to-night ; make every one *shake* with laughtah ! Positively good ! Shall say that too. Wondaw if these cweatuws will get off the twain before me ; if not, how shall I get pawst them ? ”

The Dutchman and his boy, however, seem totally oblivious to all around them, save the eatables, and continue to shorten the sausage and hack the loaf. The sausage is fast approaching an untimely *end*, when suddenly the father’s jaw relaxes, and the cravings of his appetite appear to be satisfied ; and having placed the remains of the sausage on the end of his knife, he generously proffers it to the stranger beside him. He declines with much earnestness, and seizing the most favorable opportunity, retires precipitately to the wood-box, preferring the company of the brakesman and a red-hot stove to that of foreign society.

The next seat is occupied by a sentimental-looking young lady, reading a brown-paper covered novel, and having on her head a coquettish-looking hat, with a white feather and an immense waterfall. She was put on board by several relatives and

friends, who all kissed her (except one unfortunate with a moustache), and entrusted her with any quantity of love for distant friends, and wildly waved their pocket handkerchiefs until she was out of sight. She appears quite absorbed in her book ; but in a short time her eyes wander slowly from the volume, and begin a quiet survey of the car, finally resting on a good-looking young fellow opposite, who by the merest chance happens at that moment to take a glance at her, when she immediately plunges again into the novel, as if she had no intention of taking her eye from it for the remainder of the journey ; but, alas ! how often are good intentions made, how seldom kept ! While turning over a leaf her eyes again wander, and by a less circuitous route than before, arrive at the same destination, only to be met by the same confusing glance. This good-looking fellow opposite is evidently not in total ignorance as to his good looks, and gives his moustache a twirl, and then quietly awaits another glance, which, however, does not come. But by the most curious concatenation of circumstances, the sun shines in at his fair neighbor’s window in a very provoking way, causing her to attempt to pull down the blind. Now, of all provoking things this blind is without doubt the most provoking, and defies all her attempts ; but, fortunately, the young man is naturally of a gallant disposition, and only awaits the proper moment — when disappointment settles on her face—to render prompt assistance. While standing to receive her thanks, an old woman with numerous band-boxes, who has just entered, takes possession of his seat, so he quietly seats himself beside the fair one, and inquires of her her destination ; and, upon being told Hamilton, asks her whether she knows the city. Finding she does not, he offers to get her the best cab to be had, and tells her the exact distance to the house of her friends—for he seems to know everything, this good-looking fellow ! He makes himself so agreeable during the whole journey that she feels quite lonely after he has said good-bye, with a squeeze

of the hand through the cab-door, and hurries off to get on board again.

The next two seats are placed facing one another, and on these two are seated the family without which no train would be complete. It consists of the father, mother and three children—a boy and girl of about seven and five respectively, and "the baby." "The family" seems as natural to the train as the conductor or newsboy; though sometimes there may be but two children, and I have seen it, though rarely, with but one. Of the present family, however, the father is a stout, jovial-looking man, and holds a newspaper in his hand, which he continues to read, though often disturbed by pulls of the nose, hair and whiskers from the youngsters, one of whom usually sits on his knee, while the other clammers over him in every conceivable direction. But the baby is the personage of the group. The mother's weary face brightens as she looks down at it, while every now and then the father lays his paper aside, and, assisted by the children, excites it to the most inarticulate of crows, frequently followed by the most articulate of screams; but it generally reserves its energy until the train stops at a station, when, having no opposition in the rattling and rumbling of the cars, it sets up its pipes with the most undoubted success, drawing down on its young and innocent head the imprecations of many a fretful passenger. For "the baby" do the two other children clap their hands and snap their fingers in the most charming way; for "the baby" does the happy father distort his countenance and chirp himself red in the face—in fact, the baby is the centre of attraction. It is held up to the window to have a passing glimpse of the fields, woods, and rivers, and the next instant is jerked aside and kissed almost to suffocation. All this, though somewhat new to the baby, is received with the most philosophical gravity, which is preserved throughout a good part of the journey, stoppings always excepted.

And now the mother hands over to the father her precious burden, and taking

down a satchel from the rack, produces therefrom hidden stores of sandwiches, crackers, bread, butter, and many other delicacies. Then having tucked handkerchiefs under the collars of the two elder children, who have been watching the preparations with the most intense interest, the family meal begins; and certainly all the members could not seem more at home were they accustomed to live in a railway car. It is but natural that thirst should now be felt; and accordingly a child is dispatched for water, who, after bumping from side to side returns with a cup half full, the other half being left in small deposits, in the laps of all the passengers in the line of march. These expeditions for water are continued with short intervals during the whole journey, the thirst of the family being unallayable. The repast being finished, the remains are carefully put away, the crumbs brushed from the seat, and the children's hair smoothed; and then the fond mother resumes her burden.

The first thing which catches the eye of a passenger on entering, is the father holding his face over, in order that he may receive a clutch in his whiskers from the baby's fist; the last thing seen on departing is that same father chucking the same infant under the chin, and beaming upon it with a face all aglow with delight.

Behind this group sits an elderly gentleman, who, from the terrific scowls which cloud his face at the outbreaks of the baby in front, may be safely set down as a bachelor. His hat is standing on the seat beside him, holding in it several papers, while he holds the *Globe* in his outstretched hands before him. His head is bald and glistening, his shirt collar starched to a chilling stiffness, and great seals dangle from his watch-chain. His whole appearance bespeaks the man of business. He has purchased the *Globe* at a bargain from the newsboy; and, commencing at the editorials, makes himself complete master of its contents, nodding approval in one place, and frowning in disapprobation in another. As he at last holds up his paper, a fresh arrival

enters, and, awed at the sight of the hat, hesitates whether to seat himself beside our friend or not. The hat is, however, removed by its owner, and the new comer seats himself. He is a dingy-looking individual, in a somewhat threadbare suit of black, and a beaver hat, whose brightness seems rather dimmed by age. His nose is rather red, his eyes decidedly watery, and his coat is buttoned up close about his throat, baffling the curiosity of any one desiring to pry into the mysteries of his linen.

This interesting personage soon engages his fellow traveller in conversation, and displays a flow of language the most elegant. With his left hand thrust in his bosom, and his right adding a charm to his words by the most graceful gestures, he discourses eloquently on politics, and denounces in the most bitter terms the extravagance of an Attorney-General, who extorts money to build the Lieutenant-Governor a ball-room "from us, the bone and sinew of the country, sir; not to speak of the shock—positively the shock, sir! which it causes to our religious feelings!" Thus eloquently does this representative of our bone and sinew continue to converse until his station is reached, when he shakes hands affectionately with his fellow-passenger, expressing himself very glad at having met him, and departs with his lank and seedy-looking carpet-bag in his hand. Our prosperous friend sits thinking of him, and trying to reconcile his "powerful mind" with his outward appearance, while the illustrious individual himself strides off to the village tap near by.

As he moves off a young couple appear on board, whose claim to be called the "bone and sinew of the country" seems from their appearance to be more just. It is easy to guess from the "troops of friends" accompanying them, as well as from their awkwardness and blushes, that they have but very recently been made "one flesh." The blushing bride is a very buxom lass, whose decidedly auburn hair is surmounted by—oh! such a bonnet! such a love of a

bonnet, I was about to say, and certainly if roses in full bloom and roses in bud, glass drops, and pink ribbon are the necessary ingredients in the composition of a "love of a bonnet," the right of this one to be classed as one of that enchanting style of head-gear is undoubted. No pains have been spared upon it; it is the noblest effort of the female portion of the village, and the admiration of the male portion. Its very shape gives it a jaunty air, as if declaring to every one that its sole intention in springing into existence was to act as an ornament, and cautioning all against entertaining the thought of its being made for use, for even an instant. The happy bridegroom is a sturdy young yeoman, "dressed in his best, with a bran new hat," whose healthy cheek is adorned with a beard to which no razor has yet approached.

The backwoods lovers of this country are noted for the solemn and taciturn manner in which their courtships are carried on. Mr. Kennedy, the Scottish vocalist, tells of one affectionate couple, who, sitting on either side of a large table, made the following brilliant attempt at a conversation during half an hour: "Sal," said the amorous swain, "How'd you like the preachin' on Sunday night?" to which the gushing young creature replied: "Some." However this may be, the present couple seem to have totally exhausted their fund of conversation during the period of courtship, leaving them not a word to say now that that period is ended. Stiff and silent they sit, looking straight ahead and displaying no signs of that felicity which doubtless reigns within, until the newsboy approaches and proceeds to tempt the groom with a sight of his basket of peanuts—a temptation which he is unable to resist: and forthwith he purchases the contents of a tumbler, which is poured into the fair one's pocket-handkerchief. This at length breaks the ice, and they crack and swallow their peanuts in the most social manner possible. Their wedding trip is of the shortest,—only extending to a neighboring town; but it still seems of no inconsider-

able extent, when we compare it with that of the Dutchman, who, it is said, always takes his bride for a drive, on the ceremony being completed, by way of a tour.

It seems a curious circumstance, that at several of the stations along the way up to Hamilton, young men have been dropping in, sometimes singly and sometimes in twos, each carrying under his arm a book. These mysterious beings appear to recognize one another immediately by the volume, and gather in a knot at the end of the car, as if by common consent. These, be it known, are students proceeding to Toronto for examination. Their faces display considerable anxiety; though all try to make light of the coming trial; while some confess to having made the same trial unsuccessfully before, and declare that they expect the same issue again. Some open their volumes and go over difficult passages with each other, pointing out, as it were, the smooth course, the slightest deviation from which will lead them astray and involve them in certain destruction; whilst others consider it now too late for study, either thinking themselves already perfect, or that a few moments will be of no use to them, to whom months of study are in vain.

Most of the interesting characters in this car have now been described. There is, to be sure, the old lady before referred to, who has in charge a large quantity of bandboxes and parcels, of which she is continually losing track. She inquires of the passenger in front of her, the distance to her destination; and not being satisfied with his answer, seeks the same information in her rear. She lies in wait for the conductor, and, seizing him by the coat-tail when he is hurrying past, asks him whether she is on the right train for St. Catherine's; when she'll get there; whether he knows her friends there; whether they'll be likely to meet her at the station, and sundry other questions. She, of course, gets out at the very next station, bandboxes and all, and is only dragged in again as the train is about moving off; and when she does finally reach St. Catherine's, she departs in total

forgetfulness of her brown paper parcel, which is tossed out to her at the last minute by the conductor.

And then there's the news-boy, or rather the news-man; for his boyish days are quite past. How he swaggers in with his armful of books, tossing them right and left among the passengers as if to say: "There, take 'em! I can't be bothered with 'em any longer!" how he delights in taking them away from stingy passengers who won't buy, but have had time to become interested in them before he returns. With what perseverance does he continue to attack those who don't want to be bothered by him! How wholly disinterested he seems as to whether any one buys or not, until some one arrests him while passing to ask for a paper, when he shows by his alacrity that his air of independence is but assumed. His whole life seems a mystery; and how he manages to eke out an existence, it is difficult to conceive. Yet there he is with his "shiny" paper collar, apparently the most light hearted being on board.

Let us now take a peep into the "Through Passengers" car, as our time is growing short. What an hospital-like appearance it presents at first sight! What a lavish display of legs and arms! What a profuseness of tobacco-juice. Legs dangling over the sides of seats, and legs propped up against the window-sills; arms hanging over the backs of seats, and arms encircling the fair forms of the owners' wives; in fact, a freedom entirely American is here seen.

A couple near the centre of the car well represent the freedom of their country. They pay no regard to absurd conventionalities, and exhibit not the least concern at being in the presence of strangers. They are a prosperous American and his wife. The husband first, being tired of his paper and overcome by weariness, seeks repose in the bosom of his better half, and puts his head in that quarter for that purpose. She partially supports his head on her arm, and gazes down upon his features with a countenance lit up with pride. Thus he gently



slumbers for a length of time; and when at length he does awaken, he makes preparations for the repose of his spouse. Placing her head on his shoulder, he wraps his arm about her; and in this charming position she takes her turn. Thus in alternate sleep they pass the time, with intervals of refreshment and occasional glimpses of the country through the window. From appearances their nationality could not be mistaken. The husband is dressed in the finest of broadcloth; his coat being decorated with the broadest of binding. His hat is the most dainty of "plugs," and his feet are encased in close-fitting calf skin. His face is clean-shaven except the chin, on which is a large and coarse tuft, which he strokes complacently when awake. The wife is a pale, wearied-looking female, and displays a good deal of waterfall, petticoat, foot, and ankle.

Many more interesting characters are to be seen on every side. A couple of business men are leaning over the sides of their seats and conversing about the state of the market, the last election, and velocipedes. A couple of sailors, who have run out to Michigan to see their friends, and are now returning to their ship, sit near the door. One contributes all in his power to the *liquidated* fund on the floor, while the other entertains the company with lively selections on a fife, which he carries in his pocket in company with a hair-oil bottle, full of whiskey; at least full when the journey commenced, but now and then suffering an ebb in the tide of its contents, which is fast bringing it to low water mark. These worthies are doing their best to banish remembrances of home by choosing the liveliest airs for the fife, by frequent application to the bottle, and by cracking as many jokes at everyone's expense as possible. There are one or two young females, apparently travelling alone, with long green veils thrown over their heads, and novels in their hands, from which they seldom take their eyes. And lastly, there are four noisy foreigners, occupying a double-seat, and engaged in a game of

cards; one fat old Prussian's knee serving as a table. They are quiet enough for a time, until a crisis in the game seems to arrive, when they burst forth in anger or merriment, and slap their cards upon the table, with such force as to bring tears to the eyes of the owner of that piece of furniture.

My station is at length reached, and springing off, the train with a couple of "toots," rattles on.

*Original.*

"MINNEHAHA."

BY JOHN J. PROCTOR.

Oh! the happy happy laughter of the ever singing waters,  
Running races with each other, to their mother, the calm main,  
With their little ripple ripple, silver-tinkling o'er the shallows,  
And their slumbrous, dreaming music, in their deep beds on the plain.

Curtained gloomily by pine trees, cradled darkly in thick mosses,  
O'er the stones that wound their baby feet, their merry footsteps ring,  
Torn and tattered, rent and shattered in their hurry and their flurry,  
They only know of sorrow as their teacher how to sing.

So they sing in little trebles to the dancing of the pebbles,  
And they sing a joyous bass when the skies are rent asunder  
With the lightning's sudden flashing, and the rain-storm's clash and dashing,  
Till the crashing of rocks rent away re-echoes Heaven's thunder.

And their song is dear and holy to the high and to the lowly;  
For "ever, ever homewards" is still their glad refrain,  
"Though the storm and tempest vex us, though the rock and moss perplex us,  
We are ever drawing nearer to our mother, the calm main.

"So the wild birds sing above us, and the little  
wild flowers love us,  
For the happiness God gives us, to other  
hearts we bring,  
Here by deadened matter tangled, there by  
hard rocks broke and spangled,  
We are loved and we are loving, so through  
all our ways we sing."

Oh! the happy, happy music of the tender  
earnest spirit,  
Pressing onward o'er all trouble to its true  
and perfect rest,  
Ever singing, ever bringing good to everything  
around it,  
Ever sacrificing self, and in the sacrifice  
most blest.

Original.

### A GLIMPSE OF REAL LIFE; OR, THE RISE AND FALL OF DEAF JIM.

BY THOMAS WIDD (A DEAF-MUTE).

#### THE RISE.

A cloud of dust was seen to rise in the distance on the highway leading to a quiet Yorkshire town one fine July morning, and attention was directed to it. Presently, a small cart, drawn by four powerful dogs, containing a little woman, two small children, and a miscellaneous stock of domestic articles, by the side of which strode a tall, agile, and well-built man, emerged from the cloud, and entered the town.

This was at a time when dogs in Old England were used as beasts of burden by pedlars, vagabonds, and migratory families, but this has long since been prohibited by Act of Parliament, and all who infringe this Act are prosecuted by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which sprang into existence about the time of the passing of the Act.

Deaf Jim, who thus entered the quiet Yorkshire town, was one of the numerous migratory families known by the name of "Gipsies." He had just arrived from a long tour in the north, with his family and singular conveyance. He was a stalwart individual, over six feet high, of strong build, poor, and deaf as a post. When he

reached the town he rented a small three-roomed house, at 1s. 6d. a-week, and immediately set to work in pursuit of his avocation,—as a buyer of rags, bones, old iron, broken glass, &c. His honesty, civility, and obliging disposition soon won the respect of the worthy inhabitants of the town, who gave him every encouragement to settle among them, by selling to him all the articles they had in which he traded.

Deaf Jim's remarkable punctuality in his rounds to buy up all the rags, bones, etc., in every house, caused him to be expected by the housewife, who put aside what she had to dispose of, which, in many cases, was given to him out of commiseration for his "crushing calamity," and the unblemished character he was known to bear. Some ignorant village matrons wondered what earthly use such articles could be to a poor deaf man, and Deaf Jim often lost much time in endeavoring to enlighten them before the way became smooth enough to secure popularity and success.

After being thus employed a year, Deaf Jim sold his dogs and cart, and purchased a donkey and cart, and increased the number of his rounds, visited distant villages, and thereby got a wider fame. Everywhere he was known by no other name than Deaf Jim, and every Sunday he might have been seen dressed in his fantastic-colored clothes and stove-pipe hat, with a large Bible held firmly under his arm, strutting solemnly to the parish church. The peculiarity of his appearance on Sundays was his red coat—which formerly graced the back of a fox-hunter—and his polished boots, which were gifted with the power of squeaking, and which it was supposed he had bought for a trifle, of the housekeeper or cook at a Baron's mansion in the neighborhood.

Time rolled on, and Deaf Jim continued his rounds, and his neighbors were surprised and somewhat annoyed at the immense accumulation of rags, bones, old iron, and innumerable articles of which he had become owner by gift and purchase, and stored in every corner of his domicile, so they persuaded him to remove to a large warehouse,

where he could dwell in the upper story, and use the lower for his miscellaneous merchandise, which he did, and every one was satisfied.

Another year passed away, and Deaf Jim's diligence was rewarded with increased prosperity in his trade, and an increase in his family. He rented an additional building, as the large warehouse was now found to be insufficient. He next appeared with a fine horse and light wagon, newly painted and in good condition; and, soon after, he added another horse to make the team look more respectable. He now became the talk of the town, and all classes were anxious to trade with him, which they were enabled to do through the interpretation of his little son, who accompanied him in his rounds, or at home by his active little wife; for the report had gone abroad that he was an *honest man*, who avoided stolen goods by refusing to buy from suspicious characters. To do this satisfactorily to himself, he always sent for a policeman when articles were brought to him for ~~sale~~ which he supposed had been stolen. No one had seen him enter a public-house, except in the pursuit of his calling, and he always respectfully refused all offers of refreshments when they were liquor; and by so doing it became known that he was a "teetotaler." Some ridiculed him, but he did not care, for he was too *deaf* to hear their twitting remarks.

Two years more rolled away, and Deaf Jim was still at his occupation with the same diligence and enterprise. He now employed two men, and bought an additional team and two more horses. His little boy had received some schooling, and was very useful in helping his deaf parent, by telegraphing with his fingers to his father's eye what was intended for his ear. With the staff at his disposal, he was enabled to buy up all the rags, bones, etc., for many miles around. A paper-mill owner came over, and made arrangements with Deaf Jim to buy all his rags, stipulating as to the prices, and instructing him how to send them to the mill, which he agreed to

and sent off car loads of bales of rags to the paper-mill every month. Fortunately, there were two bone-crushing mills in the town, and Deaf Jim had not so much trouble with this portion of his trade. His old iron was eagerly purchased by the foundries in the town, and the enterprising deaf man was in a fair way of becoming a wealthy man. People began to wonder at his rapid rise, and the report spread abroad that he kept a bank account, and subscribed to the temperance movement, then in its infancy in that town. His wife was an industrious little body, who wisely gathered all the cast-off clothes sold for rags by the rich people; and, after cleaning them, she worked out neat garments for her children and herself, which would have done credit to any Jew in Houndsditch. Deaf Jim had long clothed himself from head to foot with the "rags" he bought; but now there was some gossip about the town that he patronised a fashionable tailor. His name appeared in the local paper as having attended a meeting and subscribed to the "Society for the Conversion of the Jews." It became known that he never refused his mite to any benevolent work, and he was respected by all classes for his industry, honesty, sobriety, and integrity. Fathers talked to their children about Deaf Jim, and the history of his "rise" was known to every school boy and to every village lad for miles around.

The rapid rise of Deaf Jim from the life of a gipsy to a wealthy and respected marine-store dealer did not occupy more than five years. His deposits in the Bank increased every month, and the interest (of which he was ignorant of the existence!) helped to increase his wealth; and at the close of the fifth year he found himself the owner of £5,790, six horses, two wagons, one cart, a comfortable home, an increasing business, and a high character for integrity.

#### THE FALL.

Poor Deaf Jim! he little dreamed that his fall could be more rapid and complete than his rise had been. A few rods from

his place of business stood a fine old corner public-house, of great antiquity and celebrity in connection with the line of stages between London and Edinburgh. The introduction of the iron-horse having driven the stage coach off the road, and the importance of the "Nags' Head," as this public-house was called, had much declined, and the death of the landlord brought the whole concern to the hammer. Some one told Deaf Jim of the intended sale, and the price for which it was to be sold—£6,000, hard cash. The temptation appeared to be too great for Deaf Jim, and no wonder, for he was not without his weakness, and that was an instinctive ambition and enterprise, inseparable in the Anglo-Saxan race. He could hardly believe he was rich enough to buy such a fine business, and, in spite of the remonstrances of his wife and faithful friends, he secretly drew out his money and made the bargain! The town was in the realms of wonder at the announcement that Deaf Jim had become the landlord of the "Nags' Head Inn." His temperance friends ridiculed the report at first, and rushed off to ascertain the fact for themselves, and sure enough, they found him moving into the new business! His rag concern passed into other hands, and he was seldom seen, except at the "Nags' Head."

It was afterwards reported that a vague rumor had been circulated that the "iron-horse" had broken down and refused to go at all, and that railways were an inglorious failure everywhere, and the old stage lines were again in use. This probably had been reported to Deaf Jim, and caused him to secure the inn, in hopes of sharing in stage coach profits; but, however, Deaf Jim was doomed to disappointment, for the "iron-horse" did go, as every one knows.

The effect of this change was immediately perceived. Deaf Jim ceased to strut to the parish church. His house was thrown open on Sunday, and his downward course commenced. In former years Deaf Jim had been accustomed to drink, and the first taste of the tempting liquor decided his fate. His unsteady step and uncivility were

noticed. Some shook their heads ominously; others sought interviews with him to persuade him to abandon his new trade and return to his rag concern, but in vain. He found too much leisure in his new undertaking, and the cheerful, happy countenance of his wife had fled. "Idleness leads to vice," and, in the case of Deaf Jim, it was illustrated too plainly. He took to hard drinking, gave credit to all who asked it, and began to gamble. His debts accumulated; and, not understanding the business, he forgot to renew his license, and was summoned before the police court. His house became the most disorderly in the town, and he himself was one of the actors in almost every drunken squabble. His creditors came for payment when he was not ready to meet their demands. Bailiffs took possession, and a sale of his goods left the house destitute of its contents! A lawyer's clerk, who possessed a large red nose, and made nightly visits to the "Nags' Head," advised Jim to mortgage his property, and recommence business. He followed this advice, and a repetition of the previous drama followed. He took drink on credit, had rent to pay, continued to drink himself, and, at the end of nine months, the final crash took place,—the poor deaf man and his family were completely ruined!

Thus stripped of his worldly possessions, Deaf Jim moved to a humble dwelling in a back street, and attempted to recommence his rag trade; but he had lost his stand in it, and his character was gone. He found it difficult to earn even a precarious subsistence for his family, and he would often sit at the chimney-corner in a very melancholy mood.

One day, when he was unusually depressed, and surrounded by his children crying for bread, he suddenly sprang to his feet, seized a large carving-knife and towel lying on the table, and rushed out of the house. His alarmed wife ran after him, shrieking and imploring him *not to do it*; but he rushed on unheeding. The report spread rapidly that Deaf Jim had gone crazy, and run out to kill himself or some-

body else with a knife. The excited neighbors gave chase, followed by the police and the reporter of the local paper. Deaf Jim did not look back, but rushed on, till he came to the gate of a large meadow field, which he cleared at a bound, and began a diligent search for—mushrooms! The pursuers were sold! They stood looking over the hedge gazing with wonder and relief at the eccentricity of the unhappy deaf man, who was unconscious of the many curious eyes directed at him till his wife came up, and joined him in gathering a mushroom-meal for their hungry children. The crowd retired, and the reporter reported the fact in sensational form, and the townspeople came to Deaf Jim's relief.

The rest is soon told. Work was got for Deaf Jim in the rag business, he saved the means to buy a donkey and cart, and disappeared for parts unknown, a wiser if not a better man.

*Original.*

THROUGH THIS LONG AND DARKSOME  
NIGHT.

BY THE REV. J. A. RICHEY.

Through this long and darksome night,  
Thou Who dost Thy presence hide,  
Father! wilt Thou guide us right—  
Us who trust no other guide.

Jesus! by thy rocky tomb,  
Riven, crumbled by Thy might;  
We, immersed in mist and gloom,  
Trembling, supplicate for light.

Holy Spirit, Comforter!  
Comfort us with this we need,  
(We, who do not wish to err)—  
Hand of Thine our hands to lead.

Holy Trinity of Light!  
One sad soul Thou would'st not spurn,  
Shall Thy Church go through this night,  
And for her no beacon burn?

One by one, and all in One,  
Thou wilt bring us safe to Thee,  
Until, doubts and trembling done,  
Truth shines out eternally!

*"Fragments and Verses," now in press.*

*Original.*

THE GREAT IRISH ELK.

BY GEO. VICTOR LE VAUX.

Many animals, and probably vegetables also, which existed in great abundance at the commencement of the human era, have long since become extinct. The colossal species of deer introduced during the Tertiary day, although exceedingly numerous during the early ages of the current period, have long since ceased to live. The last representatives of their noble race have died leaving their fossil bones in the Alluvian strata as the only record of their existence. The gigantic elk (*Megaceros Hibernicus*) that once stalked over the verdant plains and through the blooming forests of Ireland, has been extinct for many ages. Its skeleton alone remains to remind the sons of Erin of the splendors of the past,—of the scenes of other years,—ere bogs and misery had invaded the sylvan scenes of the "Emerald Isle." The pristine scenery of Hibernia has changed,—mighty revolutions have occurred,—the floods of time have altered the surface,—long, long ages have rolled away since it could afford food and shelter to the colossal denizens of its primeval forests. The great Hibernian elk, like many of its contemporaries, is now no more. Its race and memorial have perished. Vast numbers of its relics have been found in all parts of the island, which fact evidently indicates that it was indigenous, and also gregarious in its habits. Its remains have also been discovered in the Isle of Man, in the north of Scotland, and in the south of France.

In structure and habits, these animals very much resembled the moose deer of North America; but, of course, were of far more gigantic proportions. The dimensions of the skeletons we have examined evidently indicate that their average height exceeded 8 feet, whilst the moose seldom exceeds 5 feet. We have seen a skeleton of the former 10 feet 6 inches in height, and the distance between his antlers, from the tip of the one to the tip of the other,

exceeded fourteen feet. How magnificent must have been the appearance of these animals as they spread their broad antlers to the breeze, and, like the bison of the Western prairies, bounded in countless thousands over their native hills and plains!

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### CARLOTTA.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

On the 9th of January, 1814, Charlotte, the only daughter of George IV., and the heiress to the British crown, attained the age of eighteen. Leopold, second son of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, at that time aide-de-camp of the Grand Duke Constantine, accompanied the allied sovereigns in their visit to London, after the great victory of Waterloo. Leopold was then 24 years of age. Napoleon described him as one of the finest-looking men he had ever seen. In all respects he was a very noble and attractive man, richly endowed with the graces of mind and heart, as well as with personal beauty.

A strong attachment immediately sprang up between Leopold and Charlotte. The nation accepted the match. Parliament, with great unanimity, granted the happy pair an outfit of three hundred thousand dollars, and also an annual income of three hundred thousand dollars. A grant of two hundred and forty thousand dollars annually was conferred upon Leopold should he outlive Charlotte.

The marriage ceremony took place with great pomp, and amid universal national rejoicings, on the 2nd of May, 1816. The bridal couple repaired to the beautiful retreat prepared for them at Claremont. There they passed as happy a year as, perhaps, any two mortals ever enjoyed in this world. But sorrow is the inevitable doom of man. None can escape. On the 5th of November, 1817, Charlotte gave birth to a lifeless child, passed into convulsions, and died. Seldom, if ever, has death produced such widespread and universal grief.

Leopold was crushed by the blow. For a time it was feared that his mind was hopelessly wrecked. State funerals are often conducted by torch-light. The night of the burial was dark and gloomy. Funeral bells, muffled drums, wailing requiems, filled the air with notes of woe. Leopold sat in the royal carriage, the picture of despair. Tears blinded his eyes, and it

seemed impossible for him to repress heart-rending sobs and groans. At the close of the service, he was invited to pass the night at Windsor Castle. He replied, "I must return to Claremont to-night, or I shall never return."

For several years Leopold remained in his desolated home, in a state of almost entire seclusion. Seldom was a smile seen to light up his countenance.

About a year after the death of Charlotte, a sister of Leopold married the Duke of Kent, younger brother of George IV. Thus the sister of Leopold became the mother of Victoria, the present Queen of England. But sorrow soon again came to the palaces of England. Two years after the marriage of the Duke of Kent, he died, leaving Victoria a babe but eight months old. The Duchess of Kent, crushed by the sorrows of widowhood, weeping over the tomb of a husband who was in every respect worthy of her love, clung to her brother Leopold.

In 1830, the Greeks, having escaped from the thralldom of the Turks, besought Leopold to accept the crown of their little Kingdom. The courts of Europe approved of the choice; but Leopold declined the flattering offer, mainly, it is said from sympathy with his stricken sister, as he was unwilling to leave her.

After the three days' revolution in France, which dethroned Charles X, and placed the crown upon the brow of Louis Philippe, Belgium, by a popular tumult, became separated from Holland. The Belgians, with great unanimity, elected Leopold as their King. His sister yielded her consent that he should accept the honor, as Belgium was not so far distant but that she could still enjoy her brother's support and counsels. It was deemed a matter of great importance that Leopold should marry again, that the nation might not be exposed to the perils of a disputed succession.

On the 9th August, 1832, the newly-crowned King of Belgium was united in marriage to Louise Maria, second daughter of Louis Philippe, King of the French. Leopold was a Protestant—Louise Maria was a Catholic; and, if we can judge of the heart by the life she was one of the truest Christians that ever lived. The testimony is uncontradicted that she, in all the relations of life, attained a degree of perfection which has, perhaps, never been surpassed. Three children were born to them—Leopold, Duke of Brabant, now Leopold II., King of Belgium; Philippe Eugene, Count of Flanders; and Maria Charlotte Amelia, called Carlotta, the subject of this sketch.

In 1850, Louise Maria, who was known throughout her realms as the Holy Queen, died, leaving her daughter Carlotta, a very beautiful child, only ten years of age. Leopold, her father, was one of the purest and noblest of men. He has been called the Nestor of kings. Under his reign the throne was embellished with the most sacred and attractive virtues of private life. Such was the parentage of Carlotta.

The young princess inherited the virtues of both father and mother. She was tall in person, graceful in figure, beautiful in features. Her endowments of mind and attractions of heart won both admiration and love. She often appeared in the public park of Brussels, accompanied by her two brothers, her tutor, and her governess. In one of the private apartments of the palace of Brussels her portrait now hangs, exhibiting her, as she then appeared, in the rare loveliness of childhood.

Her education was conducted with the utmost care, German, French, and English, being all, as it were, her vernacular tongues. She was, of course, trained to perfect familiarity with court etiquette. Her devotion to study was such, and her association with her superiors in age so constant, that she seems never to have enjoyed the ordinary light-heartedness and playfulness of childhood. Deeply saddened by the death of her mother, whom she loved with the utmost tenderness of earthly affection, Carlotta remained for several years after that event quite in seclusion, devoting her time and energies to mental culture.

The intellectual attainments of the young princess consequently became such as few ladies ever acquire. In addition to the English, French, and German languages, she both wrote and spoke Italian and Spanish with fluency.

Her father's court, pure in its character and decorous in all its observances, was never the scene of much gaiety. When sixteen years of age, Carlotta was allowed to attend the court balls, four of which were given each year. None but her brothers were permitted to embrace her in the waltz, and she never accepted, as partners in the dance, any except those of royal blood. Naturally serious and thoughtful, and deriving from both father and mother a pensive frame of mind, she ever manifested rather a disinclination for fashionable amusements.

At an early age, her father accustomed her to be present in the Council of State, when the most important questions of foreign and domestic policy were discussed.

Thus she became quite familiar with the diplomacy of Europe, and her powers of thought and of reasoning were strengthened. She seemed to be alike adapted to charm the quiet scenes of domestic life by her amiability, and also to sway, in troubled times, the sceptre of an Elizabeth or a Maria Theresa.

In July, 1857, Carlotta, then but seventeen years of age, was married to Maximilian, the younger brother of the Emperor of Austria. The young prince who was thus fortunate in winning the heart and obtaining the hand of Carlotta, was, in all respects, worthy of the prize he had gained. In person, in mind, in heart, he was everything which a beautiful and noble woman could desire. Seldom has there been witnessed, in a court, so happy a wedding—a wedding in which congenial sympathies were more lovingly blended. The beautiful maiden, young as she was, had already gained the admiration and affection of the inhabitants of Brussels. At the time of her marriage an immense concourse thronged the park of the palace, to obtain a last look of the princess, who was enshrined in all their hearts.

As Carlotta presented herself to them upon the balcony of the palace in her bridal robes, with her tall and handsome husband, in the uniform of an admiral in the Austrian navy, by her side, regret that the princess was to leave them was mingled with the admiration which, in shouts of applause, burst from every lip.

Both Carlotta and Maximilian were deeply imbued with those religious principles without which there may be, it is true, intensity of passion, but not abiding and soul-satisfying love. They were wedded for immortality. The union was as fervent in its strength as that between her father Leopold and Charlotte had been, and alas! it proved even more deeply fraught with woe. The Archduke Maximilian had just received the appointment of Governor-General of Lombard-Venice. He was then twenty-five years of age. Spotless in his private character, liberal in his political views, and devoted to the interests of the people, he was universally beloved.

It is reported that Count Cavour said, "Archduke Maximilian is the only adversary I fear, because he represents the only principle that can forever enchain our Italian cause."

Maximilian found in Carlotta not only an amiable companion, but one abundantly able to advise him in great emergencies, and to strengthen him in those severe trials

which all must encounter who are born to command. She accompanied her husband in several of the voyages which he made. When he took a long trip to Brazil she sailed with him as far as the Island of Madeira, where she awaited his return.

For the entertainment of her numerous friends she wrote a small volume entitled "A Voyage to Madeira." The pages of this unpretending little work not only charm with their polished diction, but indicate general culture, a wide reach of intelligence, and the habit of close and accurate observation.

The beautiful palace of Miramar, situated a few miles from Trieste, upon a promontory jutting into the Adriatic Sea, from the west, became their home. We know not that Europe presents a more attractive abode. The castle, in its architecture, is both massive and grand. Its eastern windows overlook the sea, which rolls in its wide expanse, like an ocean before them, and washes the marble steps by which one descends to those tideless waters. The western front of the castle looks upon the gardens, parks, groves and lawns, ever open to the public, and presenting a favorite promenade to the inhabitants of Trieste, by whom they are thronged on every gala day. Wealth and taste had lavished their resources in decorating the grounds, in rearing the palace, and in embellishing its apartments with all the conveniences and luxuries of modern art.

The castle is built of cream-colored stone, with a tower twenty-four feet square, rising one hundred and forty feet above the water's edge. Upon the first floor of the tower, commanding an exquisite view of sea and land, was Carlotta's favorite private apartment. It opened into one of the principal saloons of the main building, and also into her sleeping and dressing-rooms. The reception saloon, richly furnished, and decorated with the choicest paintings, was forty-five feet long by twenty-six wide, and forty-five high. The library, crowded with carefully selected books, in all those languages of modern Europe, with which both Maximilian and Carlotta were familiar, was a beautiful room twenty-five feet wide and fifty feet long.

In this Eden-like abode Carlotta, with her husband, spent a few years of happiness. She took great interest in all the governmental affairs of the realm over which Maximilian was called to preside. Quite indifferent to balls and fashionable entertainments, she sought out the poor, visiting them in their humble homes, and contri-

buted, in all the ways in her power, to the relief of the sick and the suffering. Her chief enjoyment seemed to consist in doing good. Her unaffected kindness won the love of all. The Christian principles instilled into her mind by her pious mother never forsook her, and exerted a controlling influence over her thoughts and actions, through all the tragic scenes of one of the saddest of human lives.

The attention of the imperialistic party in Mexico was early directed to Maximilian and Carlotta. Upon the 3rd of October, 1863, a deputation of Mexican notables waited upon Maximilian, in the castle of Miramar, to offer him the Imperial crown. To Carlotta there was nothing extraordinary in this measure. Her father, Leopold, had declined the proffered crown of Greece, and had accepted the crown of Belgium.

Maximilian declined the sceptre of Mexican sovereignty, until he could be assured that his assumption of the crown was the wish of the nation, clearly expressed by the voice of universal suffrage. The deputation retired, and after an absence of six months returned, with the official announcement of the vote, as correctly as it could be taken in that lawless, war-scourged land. It was the 10th of April, 1864. The dignitaries of the Italian realm crowded the apartments of the palace. The citizens of Trieste thronged its gardens, parks, and avenues. The Archduke awaited the deputation in Carlotta's private apartment, which was suitably decorated for the imposing scene.

Maximilian stood in front of a table, upon whose magnificent tapestry were placed the acts of adhesion of the newly created Empire of Mexico, over which he was invited to preside. On his left hand stood the Archduchess Carlotta. The excitement of the occasion rendered her radiantly beautiful. She was attired in rose-colored silk, trimmed with Brussels lace and decorated with the black cord of the Order of Malta. Her jewelry consisted of a diadem, necklace and earrings of diamonds. Her exquisite grace and loveliness attracted all eyes.

On the 14th the Emperor and Empress took leave of their beautiful palace of Miramar, and embarked for their unknown destiny in the New World. Carlotta was very ardent in her affections, and clung to her widowed father and brothers with the utmost intensity of love. She supposed that she was leaving her European home and friends forever. We can only imagine what were her emotions as at two o'clock in the afternoon of a lovely day, she, leaning



upon the arm of her husband, descended the white marble steps to the sea, and entering a boat, was rowed out to the steam frigate which was awaiting them in the offing. The flags of Austria and of Mexico were wreathed together, and the strains of martial melody, from many bands, blended with the voices of cannon from ship and tower, which filled the air.

On the 28th of May they cast anchor in the harbor of Vera Cruz. As the *Novara*, the frigate in which they sailed, approached the coast of Mexico, Maximilian and Carlotta stood upon the deck, arm in arm, gazing with deep emotion upon the land where they hoped to regenerate a nation; but where, instead, they were destined to encounter trials such as but few mortals have ever been called upon to endure.

They were received with great honors at Vera Cruz. The people welcomed them with the ringing of bells, with salutes from ship and castle, and with all other demonstrations of public rejoicing. The Prefect of the city, accompanied by a deputation of the most distinguished personages of the newly formed Empire, having addressed the Emperor in the warmest terms of greeting, presented in the following terms to the Empress the pledge of the national homage:—

“Your Majesty will please condescend to receive the most sincere congratulation, and the most perfect homage, from the authorities and the inhabitants of this district. While I have the honor to present the committee to your Majesty, on your fortunate arrival, they are struck with admiration by the virtues and talents your noble character presents. Providence has offered Mexico the double benefit of an enlightened sovereign, united in destiny with your Majesty an object of affection and respect with all good hearts, and Mexico recognizes in you a worthy spouse of our elected Emperor. The Mexicans, madam, who expect so much from the influence of your Majesty, in favor of all that is noble and great, of all that bears relation to the elevated sentiments of religion and country, bless the moment in which your Majesty reached our soil, and proclaim, in one voice, Long live the Empress !”

Carlotta promptly and gracefully responded in Spanish, the language in which she was addressed. The journey from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico was a great ovation all the way. While on the route Carlotta chanced to be at Puebla on the 7th of June, the anniversary of her birth. As usual she celebrated the festival with deeds

of beneficence. On the day before, she had visited the hospital, and had found it in a sad state of dilapidation. She sent to the mayor of the city seven thousand dollars out of her own private funds, to be appropriated to repairs. In the letter which accompanied the gift she said:—

“It is very pleasing to me to find myself in Puebla, the first anniversary of my birthday which I have passed far from my old country. Such a day is for everybody one of reflection. And these days would be sad for me, if the care, attention, and proofs of affection, of which I have been the object in this city, did not cause me to recollect that I am in my new country among my people. Surrounded by friends, and accompanied by my dear husband, I have no time to be sad; and I give thanks to God because He has conducted me here, presenting unto Him fervent prayers for the happiness of this country which is mine. United to Mexico long ago by sympathy, I am to-day united to it by stronger bonds, and at the same time sweeter—those of gratitude. I wish, Senor Prefect, that the poor of this city may participate in the pleasure which I have experienced among you

“I send you seven thousand dollars, of my own private funds, which is to be dedicated to the rebuilding of the House of Charity, the ruinous state of which made me feel sad yesterday; so that the unfortunate ones may return to inhabit it, who found themselves deprived of shelter. Senor Prefect, assure my compatriots of Puebla that they possess, and will always possess my affections.”

The beautiful metropolis of Mexico, upon their arrival, blazed with illuminations and rang with rejoicings. In the City of Mexico there was a park, called the Paseo, which, in the troubled times through which the realm had long been struggling, had fallen utterly into decay; its flowers had wilted, its shrubbery perished; a few large trees alone shaded the uninviting square. Carlotta, whose taste had been refined by the lovely parks of Brussels, and by the exquisite landscape gardening of the palace of Miramar, converted the Paseo, with her own funds, into a tropical Eden, blooming with flowers, and sweet-scented shrubs, and luxuriant verdure. Her benevolent heart was cheered as she saw the laboring poor, at the close of their day's toil, crowding those shaded and flowery walks which her humanity and self-denial had provided for them. One intimately acquainted with her course in Mexico has said:—

“Her intellectual capacity certainly was

great; and her administrative abilities, of no mean order, added to a remarkable political sagacity. She was not surpassed by any living woman in those qualities. Had she been a man, at the head of a powerful government, she would have been considered the leading sovereign of the age. With all these qualities, usually sought for and more generally expected to be found in the other sex, she did not fail to possess that grace and refinement of manner, which, at all times and under all circumstances, are the peculiar attributes of an accomplished lady."

She was ever, even from childhood, remarkable for her sympathy with the poor and the suffering. Wherever she appeared she endeavored to dissipate sorrow by friendly smiles and kindly words and deeds of charity. She was very methodical and industrious in her habits of life. In Mexico she usually rose a little after six o'clock, and, accompanied by a lady of honor and an officer, took a horseback ride of an hour in the fresh morning air. Then she invariably attended prayers, after which came breakfast, a quiet meal, which she often took alone. She then entered her carriage, and, accompanied by some one of the ladies of the court, visited the hospitals, the schools, and often the residences of the poor, administering relief with her own hands, at the bedside of the sick, as the almoner of the Society of Charity, of which she was the President.

At half-past three she dined with the Emperor, there generally being a number of invited guests at the table. After dinner, accompanied by a few friends, she enjoyed, when the weather was pleasant, a promenade in the beautiful park of the palace. She then returned to her library, where she carefully examined the journals of Europe and America, following with the utmost care, everything which was written respecting Mexico and its Emperor. She marked with a pencil every paragraph which she deemed it important to place before the eyes of her husband. Often she amused herself with painting and drawing, in both of which arts she was a proficient. At nine o'clock she usually retired.

Her dress was very simple. The material was never showy, seldom costly, plainly made, though admirably fitted to her form. On state occasions, and at grand receptions, she was dressed with the splendor which court etiquette required. She then was robed in white satin, low-necked, trimmed with gold and brilliants. A purple velvet mantle of richest embroidery rested upon

her shoulders. A diadem of gold and diamonds encircled her brow, and the insignia of several orders of nobility were worn upon her breast.

The conduct of Carlotta was so exemplary that the breath of scandal never sullied her fame. The biographer of her husband says of her:—

"Such perfect disinterestedness, manifest in all her acts of charity, such superiority to all selfish considerations, such zeal for good, and such sanctity of life shone so conspicuous in all her behaviour, that the prejudiced, who have been inimical to her form of government and to the reign of their majesties in Mexico, have been free to credit her with the perfection ascribed to her by her friends."

One of Carlotta's maids of honor, who ever resided with her in the palace, was a beautiful Mexican young lady of twenty-two years, Josefa Varela, a descendant of Montezuma. Nearly a year and a half passed away very pleasantly in the City of Mexico. Lawlessness, however, reigned in the remote and sparsely settled provinces, and guerilla bands committed frequent atrocities upon unfrequented posts. But in all the leading cities and all the most populous regions of the Empire there was peace and prosperity. Soon, however, gloom and peril began to gather around the throne of Maximilian. The people and the Government of the United States, unwilling to see an Empire established upon this continent by the aid of foreign armies, demanded the withdrawal of the French troops, and refused to recognize the government of Maximilian; and gave their moral and proffered their physical support to the Republican party, who consequently rallied with increased strength around the banner of Juarez.

Under these circumstances it was deemed important, that a tour of inspection should be made through the distant and important province of Yucatan, to ascertain the feelings of the people and to secure their support to the Empire. The Emperor was so engrossed with the cares of state that he could not leave. The important mission was intrusted to Carlotta.

On the 6th of November, 1865, she left the capital for her long and perilous journey. The Mexicans, the majority of whom could scarcely be called half-civilized, were noted for treachery and cruelty. Savage bands, sometimes amounting to several thousands, often appeared where least expected, perpetrating outrages too horrible to be described.

Carlotta took with her her friend Josefa Varela, and an escort of officers, among whom were General José Lopez Uruga, Senor Ramirez, and the Belgian and Spanish ministers. The whole escort consisted of but twenty-four. At Vera Cruz she was greeted with as cordial a welcome as an affectionate and loyal people could give. On her arrival at Merida, the capital of Yucatan, she, as usual, first repaired to the cathedral to give thanks to God for her safe voyage. The temple and its surroundings were crowded with a rejoicing multitude. The anxiety of all to see the Empress was so great that she came out upon a balcony and thus addressed them:—

“We have long wished to visit you, in order to study your necessities and your desires. The Emperor being prevented from effecting this important object, has sent me to you to present to you his cordial greetings. I assure you, from my heart, that he deeply regrets that he cannot be here with me, to tell you how great is his affection toward you. He will regret it still more when I tell him of the enthusiastic reception you have given me. He desires, and by all means will endeavor to secure the prosperity and happiness of the people of Yucatan.”

In the following address, glowing with the imagery of ardent but uncultivated minds, the Yucatanese presented their adieus to their illustrious visitor, as she was about to leave them:—

“The daughter of a king, the wife of a monarch, beautiful and affectionate Carlotta! As the ship which brought you to our shores appeared in our horizon, we saluted you as the aurora of our happiest day. As you touched the sand of our port we received you as the sovereign benefactor who filled us with hope. On hearing your sweet and consoling words, which you addressed to us at the foot of the throne, we listened to you as the cherub of benevolence. And to-day, madam, as you give us new proof of your goodness, saving us from a great affliction, we contemplate you as the white and pure dove of the ark, the bearer of peace and of reconciliation between God and man. Blessed be thou, imperial dove! Blessed be thou, imperial Empress! Were it possible for us to cover your road with pearls and diamonds, we would do it with pleasure, in order that your feeling might palpitate the expression of our gratitude. But since that cannot be, you will comprehend, just and elevated spirit, the gratitude of our hearts. The mothers, the wives and the sons of the poor salute you as their redeemer.”

Such were the grateful parting words with which Carlotta was addressed after spending about ten days in Merida. During that time she not only visited but studied the condition of the schools and the hospital. She gave two thousand five hundred dollars for the establishment of a free school for girls; three thousand dollars to the hospital; three thousand dollars to be distributed among the poor; one thousand dollars to repair the cathedral, besides many smaller presents to individuals.

From Merida the Empress passed through Uxmal to Campeachy. A numerous escort of the young men of Merida guarded her on her journey. All classes seem to have been equally delighted with the grace, affability and beneficence of the Empress. A poor Indian woman said to her, “I like your Majesty very much, because you are very good, and because you have an Indian lady of honor, which proves that your Majesty does not dislike but rather loves the Indians.”

Early in January, 1866, she returned from her very successful tour. She had scarcely reached the City of Mexico ere her heart was rent by the tidings of the death of her dearly beloved father. In addition to this grief she found that clouds of darkness were gathering around the Empire. France could no longer with her troops protect Maximilian, but at the peril of war with the United States. Maximilian, with a treasury utterly exhausted, could not maintain his throne without some foreign aid. It soon became a matter of the utmost importance that some messenger of influential powers should visit the courts of Europe and intercede for continued support. The arduous mission devolved upon Carlotta. She had but just returned from a long absence from her husband, whom she loved almost to adoration, and now it was her painful duty to leave him again in the midst of great perils, while she placed the wide Atlantic between them. Bravely this heroic woman bowed to her destiny.

On the 8th of July, Carlotta left the City of Mexico. Maximilian accompanied her as far as Rio Frio. Here they sadly parted, never, as it proved, to meet on earth again, and each to encounter a doom so severe as ever to entitle them to the sympathies of humanity. At Orizaba, Carlotta implored the prayers of her friends, saying prophetically, “I shall need them.” Her retinue consisted of Castillo, Minister of State, Count de Valle, Grand Chamberlain, and Felip U. del Bassio, Chamberlain, Mrs. Gutierrez Estrada y Bassio, Lady of Honor,

and her physician, Doctor Bowslaveck. From Havana she wrote to Maximilian, and also wrote a very pleasing, artless, affectionate letter to Josefa Varela, whom she addressed by the pet name of "Pepita." She closed this letter to the Indian maiden with the words, "Good-bye, my dear Pepita. My heart remains in Mexico. Write to me and believe in the affection of Carlotta."

Early in August the Empress landed in France. She immediately transmitted to Napoleon the announcement of her arrival. The Emperor of the French chanced, at that time, to be sick—confined to his bed—at St. Cloud. He promptly informed her of his regret that he could not see her then, but promised to see her upon her return from her visit to her brother Leopold, the King of Belgium, at Brussels.

Carlotta, intensely anxious for the success of her mission, feared that this alleged sickness might be merely a pretext, on the part of the Emperor, to avoid seeing her. In deep depression of spirits, she passed the night at Nantes, while members of her suite were sent forward to ascertain if the Emperor were really sick. It was found that Napoleon was perfectly honest in his declaration. Carlotta continued her journey to Paris. The Emperor sent an aide-de-camp to the depot to receive Carlotta with all suitable attentions. There were two routes from Nantes, and two depots, at some distance from each other, in Paris, where the trains stopped. By a misunderstanding, the aide of the Emperor was waiting at one depot while the Empress entered the other. Carlotta thus found herself ungreeted. In the sensitive state of her mind, she was exceedingly pained, and her suspicions of intentional neglect were revived. She had, however, scarcely arrived at her apartments in the Grand Hotel, when the error was explained to her.

Very soon, Carlotta received a visit from the Empress Eugénie. The two empresses embraced each other affectionately. In the conversation which ensued there was no allusion made, on either side, to those great questions upon which the destinies of the Mexican Empire were suspended. Carlotta returned the visit of Eugénie at St. Cloud. The Emperor insisted upon seeing her, for a few moments, in his sick chamber.

It was not, however, until a subsequent visit, on the 24th of August, that they entered upon the discussion of affairs of state. Carlotta presented Napoleon with a long memorial from her husband, and earnestly entreated the continued protection of France. Napoleon was sadly constrained

to decline. He could no longer intervene in behalf of the Imperial party in Mexico, without involving France in a war with the United States.

There was but one more hope for the Empress. The cordial support of the Pope, who, through the Mexican bishops, could control the people, might yet save the Empire. But the Pope was estranged from Maximilian, because the Emperor was resolutely introducing reforms in Mexico, upon which the Papal church sternly frowned.

On the 29th of August, the Empress left Paris for Miramar, in the Imperial train which Napoleon had kindly placed at her disposal. Arriving upon the coast, she embarked for Trieste. Exhausted by travel, discouraged by want of success, and trembling for her husband, she was in a state of extreme dejection. As the ship which bore her from the shores of France to the waters of the Adriatic approached the palace of Miramar, where she had passed so many happy hours, a violent tempest arose, and the roar of the waves and the crash of thunder blended with the salutes which the cannon uttered from frigates and from forts. After the repose of a few weeks at Miramar, during which the Empress was busy, in various ways, in endeavoring to accomplish the object of her mission, she set out, with a small suite, to visit the Pope. The journey was made by land, in post carriages, through the Tyrol, until they reached Bologna, where they took a special railroad train. As the cars stopped for a moment at Botzen, the Empress alarmed her companions by saying, very deliberately,

"I do not wish to go to Rome, because I am afraid that they will poison me. I wish to go back to Miramar."

Was the mind of the Empress breaking down beneath the great burden which was laid upon it? Was this the incipient stage of insanity? Her friends conversed anxiously, among themselves, upon the subject, and with deep solicitude observed every word and gesture. But there were no other indications of a disordered intellect. A Mexican deputation awaited her at Ancona, and accompanied her through the Apennines. Military and civic bodies were assembled to honor her in all the important towns through which she passed, and she was greeted with the boom of cannon, the ringing of bells and other tokens of popular enthusiasm.

The Papal Court, at Rome, received her with marked distinction. She had given no

other indication of insanity, save the very emphatic remark she had made at Botzen. Many distinguished visitors, of different nationalities, paid their respects to her at Rome, and she charmed them all with the grace and fluency with which she addressed them in their several languages. But, suddenly, on the fourth day of her arrival, she again alarmed her friends, by informing them that three of the most distinguished members of her suite, including her physician, were hired by Napoleon to poison her. She made this statement to her friend, Mrs. Kuhachevich, whom she accused of being one of her intended assassins. She then sent for the Mexican Minister at Rome, and to Cardinal Antonelli, and requested that the suspected persons should be arrested. She would no longer allow them in her presence.

Three days after, she visited the Pope, at the Vatican, and informed him that she wished to remain under his protection in the palace, as nowhere else was she safe from being poisoned. She could not be induced to leave the Vatican, and spent the whole night upon the sofa, with three of her friends by her side. The next morning she was persuaded to return to her hotel. But the illusion that she was to be poisoned had now obtained a firm hold upon her mind. She was afraid to eat or drink of the food prepared at her hotel. Taking her carriage, she rode to the public fountain and filled a jar with water, and bought some chesnuts at one of the stands. She sent a confidential servant to the market to purchase eggs and a few other articles which she ordered to be cooked in her room.

In this condition she remained for about twenty days, when her younger brother, the Duke of Flanders, arrived, and took her to the Castle of Miramar, at Trieste. Here she was placed under the best medical care. The Queen of Belgium, with a physician eminent for his treatment of the insane, hastened to visit her stricken sister; and they took her, in their loving arms, to Belgium. They were, on their return, met upon the frontier by Leopold, her brother, the King, and by the Prince of Wales; and the Empress was conducted to the regal palace of Tervueren. This palace, elegant in all its adornments, occupies one of the most charming sites in Europe.

It was the 31st of July. In the meantime, Maximilian, betrayed by one of his officers, Lopez, had been captured by Escobedo, condemned by court-martial, and had been shot on the 19th of June. Perhaps God, in mercy, cast a shade over the mind of

Carlotta, that she might be spared some of the anguish of the dreadful blow. The Empress was cautiously informed of the death of her husband. At times she was quite frenzied with inconsolable grief. Again, in the languor of exhaustion, she would be calm, and converse sadly of her husband, believing that he died of sickness. Her physicians were led to the opinion that her insanity was caused by poison, treacherously administered to her in Mexico. It is probable that she had been cautioned there against poison. It is said that her insanity, as resulting from poisoning, had been talked about in Mexico soon after her departure, before the news of its actual occurrence could have been received from Europe. The report in Mexico was that she had eaten of fruit in which was placed some of the poisonous juice of a tree called *palo de leche*, or the milk tree.

Carlotta now remains under the care of loving friends in the home of her childhood. The dreadful tempest which has swept over her has wrecked all her earthly hopes, and she patiently awaits the hour of deliverance, when death shall come to her release and she may be permitted to join, in the better land, the loved one who has gone before her. The sympathies of every generous heart cluster around the woe-stricken Princess, and from multitudes, of churches and thousands of fireside prayers are offered, with tearful eyes, that God may support and comfort the mourner.

Her mental health so varies that at times there are trembling hopes of her recovery, and again those hopes vanish in despair. Upon some points she often seems quite rational, and there are lucid moments in her life of dreams when she recalls all the past,—and with a pathos, which almost breaks the hearts of those who love her, yields herself without a murmur to her sad destiny. She has listened calmly to all the melancholy details of the trial and execution of Maximilian, and has conferred a generous pension upon the widow of General Miramon, who was commended by Maximilian in his last hours, to her protection.—*Galaxy*.

## PICTURES FROM HAWAII.

BY T. M. COAN, M.D.

Baked dog and *poi* are the least attractive dishes to a foreigner in a Hawaiian banquet. But he may leave these untouched and still fare deliciously. Who would suppose, judging from the quality of the imported

cocoanut that this fruit is one of the delicacies of the tropics? It is a luxury and a curiosity. At an early stage of its growth, the cocoanut is food and drink, a plate and a goblet in one. The pulp of the young fruit is not thicker than an orange rind, and so tender that you scoop it out and eat it with a spoon; it is a soft, melting, luscious substance, such as one fancies the ambrosia of the ancients to have been. The milk is very nectar, an acidulous dulcet, a tippie that sparkles, champagne-like, but does not intoxicate. It occupies the entire cavity of the shell, to the amount of a quart or more, and is the source from which the tough, woody meat of the ripened nut is afterward formed. But the young cocoanut, like all of the more delicious tropical fruits, will not bear exportation. Its juices ferment within a few days after it is picked from the tree.

The cocoanut-trees often grow to the height of sixty or seventy feet, a slender, cylindrical trunk, without branch or foliage, except the single plume of immense leaves at its summit. How to climb such a tree would be a serious question for Blondin or Harry Leslie. But the Hawaiian expert binds his ankles together with a thong of twisted grass or hide, a foot in length; and thus, grasping half the circumference of the trunk between his feet, he gets as firm a hold with them as with his hands, and ascends like a monkey, or, rather, like an inch-worm going up a mullen-stalk. It is an odd sight.

But when the climber has reached the fruit, a difficulty still remains—how to throw it down from such a height without breaking it. He holds the nut with the point downward, and twirls it powerfully as he lets it fall. He employs in the most scientific manner the principle of the rifled gun, a principle which he understood at least as long ago as the time of Captain Cook. The nut rotates as it falls, and strikes upon the point, like a Parrot-shell; but, unlike the shell, it does not burst, for the point is the strongest part of the nut, and will bear the blow of a sledge-hammer without injury. Its luscious contents are saved by this manœuvre, which scientifically "accounts for the milk in the cocoanut."

Another delicious Island fruit is the *chirimoya*, or custard-apple. It is round, as large as an average orange, and full of a white lobulated pulp, interspersed with black seeds; its pulp is a little firmer than egg-custard, and it has an exquisite aromatic

flavor that is like nothing else in the world. Then there is the *ohia* (*Eugenia malaccensis*), a rosy, juicy fruit, that grows wild in the uplands; it is refreshing to the thirsty traveller, but has little flavor. The best of Hawaiian fruits is the *mango*. This, however, is a very different thing from the West Indian fruit that comes to us under the same name, in the shape of a pickle. It is a yellow, heart-shaped fruit, larger than an average-sized peach, and has a firm, yellow pulp surrounding a single flat seed. "If my friend should invite me to come a hundred miles to eat a plate of fruit," said Emerson, "I should think the invitation worth accepting." Could this philosopher eat the Hawaiian mango, he would estimate it to be worth a journey of not less than a hundred leagues.

The Islands produce a succulent berry called the *ohelo*, besides wild strawberries and Cape gooseberries, in unlimited amount; oranges, peaches, and several kinds of guavas are also abundant. The small or sour guava makes good jellies and preserves, and is eaten with cream and sugar instead of strawberries, which much resemble it in flavor. But this is a comparatively civilized and modern dish, for sugar and cream were unknown in Hawaii before the advent of foreigners; and the dairy is still in a quite primitive condition. The cattle are of inferior stock, being the descendants of a breed introduced by Vancouver eighty years ago, and left to run wild in the mountains. The cows often require to be tied up for milking, so frisky are their heels; and I have seen many a milk-pail kicked over in spite of all precautions. Men do the milking, for the Hawaiian cow is considered too dangerous a beast for women to meddle with. The average yield of a cow is not over three quarts of milk per day; a deficiency largely due to the want of proper care of the animals, and to an ignorant choice of pasturage. There is a chance for more than one skilful dairyman to make a fortune in the Hawaiian Islands.

In the savage wildness that occupies the central portions of Hawaii, roam thousands of wild cattle, the dangerous game of the Island hunter, who follows them with his rifle through the woods. Woe to him if his shot fail to reach a vital part! The infuriated animal turns madly upon his pursuer; and many a huntsman has been found trampled to death beneath the hoofs of a wounded bull. Sometimes these animals are trapped in pits lightly covered with branches, leaves, and earth. These are dug in the paths by which the wild cattle resort to the springs—

paths which lead through the forest in every direction, and which were long ago surveyed and constructed, and are still maintained by these intelligent animals for their own use. These roads prove invaluable to the explorer of the mountain solitudes. Many a mile have I travelled in climbing the gigantic dome of Mauna Loa, upon the well-worn cattle-roads.

The lamented naturalist, Douglas, lost his life in one of these pitfalls. Returning at nightfall to his camp in the mountains, after a long day spent in gathering botanical specimens, he fell into a pit in which a wild bull, the leader of the herd, had already been entrapped. The next morning his remains, terribly mangled, were found under the hoofs of the infuriated animal.

For many years the wild cattle were hunted and trapped for the sake of their hides, which were exported to California; and so zealously was this profitable sport pursued that the Island Government found it necessary to prohibit it, in order to prevent the entire extinction of the breed. They are now multiplying rapidly again.

Another product of these savage forests has also been laid under an embargo—the sandal-wood, which is an indigenous Hawaiian tree. It was exported to China by the ship-load a few years ago, where it was used for incense in the temples, and became extremely popular, it seems, with the Chinese gods, who are said to be very critical in perfumes. The sandal-wood tree was almost extirpated in consequence. It was then placed under a *tabu*, or prohibition, making it a penal offence to cut the wood—a regulation which still remains in force. I have never heard whether the idols were incensed on the stoppage of the Hawaiian supply. My own childhood was spent in Hawaii; and I well remember furtively breaking off branches of the odorous wood when alone in the forest, and looking around in fear of a constable, who was not to be found within twenty miles. The sandal-wood is a low, spreading tree, and has a leaf similar in shape to the oak-leaf, but silvered on the under surface like that of the mountain-ash. It is occasionally used in the Islands for walking-sticks, being a very fine grained wood.

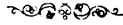
These forests yield a product that is even more precious and peculiar than sandal-wood. Here the birds are captured that supply the yellow feathers used in the manufacture of the almost priceless robes worn by the chiefs. Each bird has a very

small tuft of golden-yellow plumage under its wing; and millions of these minute feathers are required to compose one of the mantles worn by the elder Kamehamehas. The mantle-bird is rare, and difficult of capture. Large numbers of bird-catchers have sometimes been employed during a whole lifetime in collecting feathers for a single robe, of which the cost can only be estimated in hundreds of thousands of dollars. The appearance of these mantles is extremely splendid. They are preserved in the palace of the present king, as relics of the old times when silk and tinsel were unknown in the Hawaiian court. Nothing, however, can be finer than the effect of the feather-mantle upon a chief of imposing presence. The late king looked extremely well in them. He was six feet high, and of magnificent figure and bearing. I have never seen a finer form than his. His younger brother, Kamehameha V., the present king, shares many of his physical characteristics. Kamehameha III. was a shorter and more portly man. He was a model of amiability and good-fellowship—qualities, which, during the latter part of his reign, led to his careless choice of associates and to the injury of his power as a ruler. The present king has an English education, speaking and writing the English language well, and has travelled through Europe and America. He is a man of graceful yet imperious manners, and of indomitable will. Had he the disposition, however, to do so, he could not easily make himself a despot, for the Hawaiian Government is a strictly limited monarchy, with its Houses of Lords and Representatives similar to the English Houses of Parliament.

But I must not begin to describe the Hawaiian Government at the end of this discursive article.—*Hearth and Home.*

AN ASTRONOMICAL ERROR RECTIFIED.—An English astronomer has just discovered that the sun protuberances which have been observed by several *savants*, and especially by the astronomer Manvias, of Perpignan, and afterwards photographed by Mr. De La Rue, are due to local heapings up of an envelope of hydrogen, which entirely surrounds the sun. The envelope is some 8000 miles thick. It has been named chromosphere, to distinguish it from the atmosphere, on the one hand, and the photosphere on the other.

## Young Folks.



*Original.*

### PARABLE FROM NATURE:—OUT TO THE SEA.

BY F. A. N.

"Why cannot I be allowed to dwell in peace; why should I be condemned to pay tribute to the tyrannical ocean?"

So spoke a drop of water as it issued from its well-head in the mountain, and started on its journey down a brook to the sea. I wish you had seen the astonishment of the flowers growing on the bank as they heard the murmur. The heather glanced up to the heaven, and whispered softly, "We live not for ourselves;" the hare-bell shook with horror, and rang a perfect peal of flower-music over the moor-land, and her silver chime seemed to say, "God's gifts to us should be employed in his service." The tall ferns bent their heads, and said humbly, "They who live only for themselves lose half the enjoyment of life; thinkest thou that the wind which, passing over us, refreshes our whole being, and the sun's rays, which nourish our tender fronds, lose aught of their value through the blessings they impart to us? Do we lose any part of the joys of existence on account of the shelter which we afford to the ants who build their palaces beneath our friendly shade? Do not they in their turn do us good?"

But the eloquence of the bracken was lost upon the drop of water, who, weary of hearing good advice, was hurried on to the sea, still repeating his murmur, and striving to stop against some friendly bank.

Deeply did the well-head mourn over the words of the drop of water, and it was in vain that the willows on its border tried to comfort it.

"Where would the ungrateful drop have been if you had not given it birth?" asked one.

"Mourn not," whispered another; "what matter the words of an insignificant atom like that?"

"Nothing is insignificant," answered the well-head, sorrowfully; "everything has its influence for good or evil."

So it proved indeed, for as the drop, still repeating its murmur, travelled to the sea the other wavelets began to think of the subject thus brought before them, not the larger waves, for they were too fully impressed with a sense of their usefulness; and too busy with their work to listen to the drop of water; indeed, this selfish atom when in company with the larger waves was afraid to repeat his complaint, and only tried how he might most safely steer his course through them.

Now on the banks of the brook there was a quiet pool, where water-lilies reposed calmly, and opened their snowy bosoms to the balmy air, and trout swam lazily backwards and forwards, or lay basking on the sandy bottom.

"Hurrah, hurrah!" shouted the drop, as it spied this sheltered nook; "lovers of liberty and tranquillity follow me!" and in it dashed with its companions in discontent, and took up its abode under a stone on the bank. "Oh, what a pleasant life!" it murmured, and spent all its time dancing backwards and forwards. "The spring-time was made for enjoyment, not for work!"

"Yes, for enjoyment!" sang the other drops, and they joined hands, and danced backwards and forwards, singing: "Yes, for enjoyment!"

Now, though they did not know it, this pond was the very stronghold of selfishness; the banks were too selfish to stand up and shade the pond; the grass thought of nothing but shrinking in to escape from the heat, and spent its time in sleeping, so it did not grow enough to shelter the parched-up earth; the sun drank up the essence of the



water, and returned no thanks; and the trout lived from fin to mouth upon whatever they could catch without moving: so it came to pass that as the spring time passed away, and the sun grew more and more hirsty, there was soon scarcely any water left in the pond. Vainly the terrified wavelets tried to continue their journey. Between them and the river there was a wide bank of sand, warming itself in the sunshine. The drop of water begged for a passport, but the sand only laughed till it raised a cloud of dust, at the idea of moving and interrupting its enjoyment of the summer; so the despairing drop floated sobbing back to its nook, seeking vainly for shade, when a thirsty sparrow who had come down to the pool to drink, spied it, and soon ended its selfish existence.

Happier was the fate of the companions it had led astray, for the sun drew them up, and, aided by the breeze, carried them away to form a summer shower, and thus purified by the lesson they had learnt, they at length once more reached the well-head, and with greater singleness of purpose, hastened down to swell the mighty ocean.

Original.

### PUT ON THE BRAKE.

The opening of a railroad is necessarily an event of importance, and is naturally attended with interesting ceremonies. Gatherings are made, processions formed, music and various other demonstrations got up at both the starting point and terminus, in which all classes equally participate. Such the writer remembers to have particularly been the case, on the opening of the Cornwall Railroad in England, by which the "steam horse" brought a means of rapid communication from the Tweed in the extreme north, to the "Land's End," the most westerly point in England; thus giving the death stroke, to the already paralyzed stage coach which may be truly said to have ended its days in Cornwall. Amongst a people so primitive as the Cornish—which from their distance from the

metropolis, and the exclusive nature of their employments, they naturally are—it was not likely that on the opening of their railway, the usual demonstrations would be wanting; the more especially as the completion of the world-famed Albert bridge—the last triumph of Brunel—had already given them a wonderful idea of railway progress, and when, therefore, the day of opening arrived, such a multitude of people assembled as had never, probably, been brought together by a similar event since the opening of the "Lancashire and Yorkshire," the pioneer line of England.

All along the new line the people came forth to see the engine and train pass, and for the first time in their lives, to actually witness and wonder at what had already filled their minds with veneration, and which was now to revolutionize in their own country, as well their means of travelling as some of the chief features in their native industry. At no place on the line, from one end to the other, was there a more happy or more extensive gathering than at St. Germain's, where, in the splendid park belonging to the Earl of that name, a really magnificent *fête* was conducted in honor of the proceedings which had brought them out. Music, dancing, and other recreations were provided for their mirthful entertainment, while no arrangements were wanting for more substantial refreshment. To the former the young persons naturally betook themselves, while the latter, the older, and probably more sensible portion, seemed to consider more deserving of attention. Amongst this class the merits of the new undertaking, its wonderful means of locomotion, the effect it would have on the value of their produce, the yield of their mines, and the export of their fish, were extensively discussed, and all concurred in one belief that it was a proud day for their country and its welfare.

Sitting under the shade of a cluster of magnificent trees on the edge of one of the many ponds which beautify the St. Germain's domain, might be seen a group of persons eagerly listening to one who was

addressing them on the subject of the Railway. He was dressed in the uniform of the Company, and by any one conversant with its badges, would have been recognized as a guard. It was manifest that the listeners, who were of the lower grades of society, regarded as an authority one who was evidently an official, though how high or mighty he might be, were matters entirely beyond their comprehension. The position held at the moment was as new to him as it was unexpected, and unsought. He had been replying to the many questions, suggested by his presence, by those around him, as to the speed of the trains, and other simple matters connected with their running, until he gradually found himself surrounded by quite a concourse, and himself expatiating at a length, on descriptive detail which he had never contemplated. He appeared, however, quite equal to the occasion, and capable of giving all the information his audience desired, or could comprehend. He explained particularly the responsibilities devolving on those in charge of the trains, and painted vividly, if not eloquently, the terrible results which might follow neglect—how families might be plunged into mourning for the loss of relatives and friends dear to them—the usual grief aggravated by the reflection that they had been hurled into the frightful abyss of eternity unprepared. He recounted with energy an incident which he had experienced—how one stormy night, while in charge of a train he observed a temporary danger signal to be suddenly thrown up but a comparatively short distance in advance, which he judged to be the locality of a river they would soon have to cross. Instantly “putting on the brake” and applying all his power, he succeeded in bringing the train to a standstill, just on the edge where the viaduct a few moments before had stood, but which was now washed completely away by the river torrent, leaving a frightful chasm into which the train and its occupants must in another moment have been inevitably hurled. During the recital of this incident the feelings of the speaker

were evidently influenced by the serious reflections it awoke, while his listeners were eagerly devouring his interesting tale. Having thus explained to them what responsibilities attached to the class to which he belonged, he drew a nice allegorical comparison between the means of preventing accidents, and consequent misery, and the means in the hands of every one of preventing many of the evils and miseries of every day life. He dwelt on most of the delusive pleasures and passions of youth, and concluded by advising them earnestly, though good humoredly, to examine their weak points, and to check evil propensities by “putting on the brake.”

The amusements of the day were over the people retired to their homes, the railway was now an established fact, and in a few days its opening became a thing of the past. Time rolled on. Nearly eight years had elapsed when the guard, who figured so unostentatiously at the opening of the line, and who had ever since been one of its most faithful officers, received with some surprise an announcement of his being appointed station-master of an important station of a well-known line, in an adjoining county, and requesting his immediate presence at the office of the superintendent, to which he at once repaired, although perfectly unable to account for a promotion which was not only unprecedented to one of his class, but which personally he never dreamed of. On arriving in the presence of the superintendent, and receiving instructions as to his new office, that gentleman explained the cause of his promotion. It appeared he was one of those whom the guard had addressed at St. Germain's as already described; that he was struck by the advice he gave, and as he saw much to condemn in his own conduct, he resolved to “put the brake on” to his moral movements. At that time he was just entering manhood,—that stage in which habits, when once formed, are more likely than any other to influence our after life. He acted determinedly on this resolution, to which he attributed his gra-

dual advancement, from a petty clerkship to his present position; and, as a mark of gratitude to one to whom he considered he was indebted for his prosperity, he had selected him for the vacancy which it was in his power to fill. In his new position, the guard proved worthy of promotion, and became an important and highly respectable member of the powerful railway interest of Great Britain.

Reader, let us take this opportunity of conveying to you the excellent advice of the guard, by recommending you to earnestly consider the tendency of many frivolous amusements, many apparently innocent habits, to say nothing of what vices your passions or temper may often lead you to indulge in, and to give them a check before they bring you to utter ruin. Smoking drinking, gambling, with their host of concomitant allurements, are all such as can be suppressed and destroyed by determination; and in their absence your body and mind will be more fit to perform the duties and functions required of them, to enjoy the blessings of this life, and more fit to prepare yourself for that future state, a preparation for which should be the object of our present existence.

This we earnestly recommend with a confident assurance if you do so, that when that event, which is the only certainty in our ephemeral existence, shall happen to you, you will not only realize the value of, but profit by, your determination to "put on the brake."

### LITTLE LOU'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

By the Author of "Susie's Six Birthdays."

(Continued.)

#### CHAPTER V.

While Lou was enjoying his nap, his mamma took all his little frocks, and skirts, and shirts from the trunk, and arranged them in the drawers of the bureau. Aunt Fanny helped her, and admired all the pretty things.

"How beautifully you sew!" she said. "I never saw such nice stitches. I can't,

imagine when you found time to make so many things."

Lou's mamma laughed.

"Nor I, either," she said. "Herbert used to wonder why I made so many. He said he should think 'one pair of clothes' was enough for such a little baby."

"Oh, what a man!" said Aunt Fanny.

Grandmamma now came in.

"I hope you are almost ready to come and sit down, dear," said she. "The baby is sleeping sweetly, and we might be having such a nice talk."

"I think I might leave the rest of the unpacking a while," said Lou's mamma. "Oh, here are the bottles and things come to light at last. See, mother, I have brought you some of my own currant jelly. We have quantities of currants, and when I was making my jelly, it was just as easy to make enough for you. I suppose you don't mind its being in bottles?"

"No," said grandmamma, "I am glad to get it in any shape."

"The quince jelly is for Fanny, and the raspberry vinegar for the boys."

"Have you quinces and raspberries in the garden, as well as currants?"

"Yes, we have all sorts of fruit. You see we gain something by living in the country. And as to flowers,—oh, I do wish you could see my flowers! Herbert had a great many before I went there, and now we have more than we know what to do with."

By this time everything was in order. Aunt Fanny had carried all the bottles away to the store-room, grandmamma had her knitting, and all three sat down in the room where Lou was sleeping.

"Is Lou as pretty as you expected, mother?" asked mamma, while she fastened a bit of blue ribbon to a little white frock. "Do you think he looks as any of us did when we were babies? And which is he most like—his father or me?"

Grandmamma took off her spectacles, and looked long and tenderly at the little sleeper.

"He is not like any of my children," said she. "They all had hair. And I don't see that he is like his father, or like you. But he is a beautiful baby, and full of life and spirit."

"Oh, you can't imagine how full of life he is when he is quite himself. He is shy here, among so many strangers. How the boys will enjoy him when he begins to laugh and spring, as he does at home."

Perhaps you think it a little funny that Lou's mamma always spoke of her brothers

as "the boys." For they were all as tall as your papa, and had whiskers, and carried canes. But they hadn't been men always; once they were boys, and having had that name, it was hard to call them anything else.

On this day, about half an hour before dinner, they all came in, one after another.

"Why, Robert, how early you are to-day!" cried grandmamma.

"And if here isn't Tom!" said Aunt Fanny.

"Frank and Fred are in, too," said Lou's papa. "I met them on the stairs as I came down."

"I hope you have no objections to my being early, mother," said Uncle Robert; and he caught little Lou, who was now wide awake, and tossed him up to the ceiling.

"O Robert! do be careful!" said Lou's mamma.

"I wouldn't have hurried home if I had known Bob was coming," said Uncle Tom. "I thought I should have a good frolic with the baby before dinner. Look here sir! See what Uncle Tom has brought you!" and he held up an ivory rattle with silver bells, before the delighted baby.

"Pshaw! I have been getting him a rattle, too," said Uncle Frank. "Well! it's no matter. He can hold one in each hand. There you are! Rattle away, my little fellow."

Lou took a rattle in each hand, and shook them with all his might. His eyes sparkled, his face was covered with smiles.

But now it was the turn of Uncle Robert, who offered to the child a large, round orange.

Instantly Lou dropped the rattles, and seized the orange with both hands.

Uncle Robert laughed, in great triumph. But mamma and papa, and grandmamma and Aunt Fanny, all cried out, at once, that the orange must be taken away from baby, who had already found out that it was good to eat, and had made the print of his two white teeth in the skin. Baby was not at all pleased when his papa unclasped his little fingers by force, and took the orange away. It was in vain that everybody told him oranges were not good for babies; that oranges were bad, very bad, and made faces at it, and shook their heads at it. Lou thought he knew better than all of them put together, and he cried very hard and very loud for a long time.

#### CHAPTER VI.

In a few days Lou felt quite at home among his new friends. They all loved

him so dearly, and were so happy when he was pleased, and so sorry when anything troubled him, that he could not help loving them. His mamma used to say that she believed grandmamma would give him her two eyes if he wanted them; and grandmamma herself said she loved him just as well as she used to love her own little boys and girls. She would sit and watch him while he slept, her knitting in her hands, her Bible and hymn-book by her side. And as she looked at that innocent face, she prayed, in her heart, that it might never be disfigured by anger, and that those little white hands might never be busy in any evil work.

His uncles were never tired of carrying him about in their arms, or on their shoulders; every day they brought him home some little toy, or with their pen-knives made new ones for him. At nine o'clock every night, his mamma, who was not very strong, gave him a little supper, and put him back into his tiny bed, and left him to Aunt Fanny's care while she took her own first nap. Uncle Frank and Aunt Fanny always sat up until twelve, to read and to study together; every time the baby stirred they both ran to see if anything was the matter, and to cover him up, or to put more coals on the fire, lest he should not be warm enough. At twelve he always awoke and thought himself very hungry; then his young nurses took him up, fed him with a little milk and water, made him comfortable, and when he fell asleep again, carried him on tiptoe to his mamma's room, and laid him in the crib by her side. Oh what happy midnight vigils those were!

Thus, day after day, and week after week slipped by, till Lou's papa said his vacation was almost over, and that it was time for them to go home. Then there was another packing of little white frocks, and skirts, and shirts; the rattles and other toys filled the places the bottles had left empty; and the trunks declared they were so full that they could hold no more. For all that, grandmamma made them take in a big loaf of frosted cake, and a good many other little parcels, about which she said not a word to mamma. Uncle Robert had to stand on both trunks to keep the covers down while papa looked them, they were so full. Everybody felt sad at the parting except Lou. When his hat and cloak were put on, he began to laugh, and crow, and dance, for he knew that meant that he was going somewhere, and he didn't care where that was, if he could only go. When the

carriage that was to take them to the train came to the door, the four uncles made believe they were very merry, for they did not like to be seen crying, like girls. After Uncle Frank handed Lou in to his mamma, all bundled up as he was, he cried out:

"O Laura, excuse me! I believe I handed you the baby upside down!"

And then mamma's look of dismay, and then her smile when she found baby was right after all, made everybody laugh.

The uncles hurried off to their business, as the carriage drove away; grandmamma went up into her room, locked the door, and prayed the journey home might be made in safety.

The cat came softly into the deserted parlor, and Aunt Fanny took her in her arms and hid her face in her fur.

#### CHAPTER VII.

The next time little Lou went home to grandmamma's was when Aunt Fanny was married. He was a year older now, and his head was covered with short curls, his cheeks were red as roses, and he could run about everywhere, and even take long walks with his papa and mamma.

On the night of his arrival, he was so sleepy and tired, that he cared for nothing but to get to bed. He shut his eyes, and kept saying, "Bed! bed!" So his mamma undressed him and put him into his crib, and then she came down into the parlor, and they all had a long talk together. It would be hard to tell what they didn't talk about; and whether it was chiefly about the wedding, and who was invited, and what Aunt Fanny was to wear; or Lou's little sayings and doings, and what he should wear at the wedding, and how he was likely to behave. His papa said he was afraid he would talk too much, and be troublesome; and his mamma said it would excite him to sit up so late in the evening, and that he would be better off in bed. But nobody would listen to a word they said. Everybody was determined to let all the wedding guests see this beautiful little boy; they were sure he would behave well, and not talk at all; and as to his being up late just one night, what did that signify?

The next morning Lou awoke very early, as he always did, and crept into his mamma's bed, and chattered and frolicked till she was so far awake that she thought she might as well get up. She took him in her arms, and went into Aunt Fanny's room to show him to her.

Aunt Fanny was asleep, but she started

up, and held out her arms to the little fellow. But Lou drew back, and hid his face on his mamma's shoulder.

"Lou musn't be afraid of his Aunt Fanny," said mamma. "That is his own, dear Aunt Fanny."

Lou raised his head, and looked roguishly at his aunty, who still held out her arms, longing to catch the little darling, and cover him with hugs and kisses.

"Aunty 'anny, no! Aunty 'anny, no!" said Lou.

"How funny it is to hear him talk," said Aunt Fanny. "Oh, what lovely hair! O Laura! to think of your having a child with curly hair! Lou, you precious little pet, see what aunty has under her pillow."

And she drew out her watch, and held it up before him.

Lou smiled, but he was too old a bird to be caught with watches.

"Does he like to look at pictures? I have ever so many pictures to show him. Just wait till I'm dressed."

And Aunt Fanny jumped out of bed, and flew hither and thither, and was washed and dressed in a twinkling. Lou looked on with great surprise. He had never seen any lady dress but his mamma, and thought the clothes of all others grew upon them, as they were always there when he saw them. He was so interested that he did not observe that his mamma had seated him on the bed, and slipped away to her own room. When he missed her, he began to cry.

"What does Lou want? Does he want his mamma?" asked Aunt Fanny.

"Wam," said Lou.

"Wam?" repeated Aunt Fanny; "what can that be, I wonder? What is 'wam?'" she asked.

But Lou continued to cry, and to rub his eyes with both his little fists.

"Does Lou want to see some pretty pictures? See, aunty will show him ever so many pictures."

But Lou kept his fists close to his eyes, and kept crying.

"Dear me, what shall I do?" thought Aunt Fanny. "I can't take him to his mamma unless his papa is up, and who knows but he is in the midst of dressing. Does Lou know where papa is?"

"Wam," said Lou.

"What is 'wam,' I do wonder? Is it cake Lou wants?"

"Wam."

"Well, I declare! I can't make anything of him! I'll carry him in to mother. See here mother; Laura has brought Lou in to me, and he keeps crying for 'wam,'

and I don't know what 'wam' is, and what shall I do?"

"His old grandmamma will soon comfort him. Come here, blessed little darling; come to his own grandmamma."

But Lou drew back, and clung to Aunt Fanny. Yet he stopped crying, and stared hard at grandmamma, as if he would say: "If here isn't another woman without any dress on!"

"Isn't he a little beauty?" asked Aunt Fanny. "And isn't his hair just as pretty as it can be? Did any of us have such hair! O yes, I remember little Charlie had."

"Yes, said grandmamma, in a tender voice, while tears filled her eyes; "my little Charlie's hair lay on his head like rings of gold."

"Dead twenty-five years, and mother sheds tears for him still!" thought Aunt Fanny, and she sighed, and held little Lou closer, lest they might lose him too.

(To be continued.)

## PICTURES OF HOPE.

BY LOUISE V. BOYD.

- "Now, listen to me," said Katie:  
 "When I am a woman grown,  
 And go from father and mother  
 To live in a house of my own,
- "I mean to have pretty pictures  
 On the walls of every room—  
 Pictures to be like the sunshine,  
 And chase away all the gloom.
- "I will have an artist paint me,  
 If he can, our apple tree,  
 All covered over with blossoms,  
 And under it you and me.
- "And I'll have the dear old willow  
 That droops above the well,  
 And under it, holding a pitcher,  
 Sweet sister Annabel.
- "And I'll have dear mother's picture  
 (This one in my room I'll keep)  
 Just as she looks bending over  
 The baby when he's asleep.
- "And father must be painted  
 As that moment he had come  
 To the fire on a winter evening,  
 As he says 'No place like home!'
- "And Tom and Carl playing horses  
 (By that time they'll be men);  
 And Rover the dog, and my kitten  
 (You'll all be with me then).

"And with all these pictures, Alice,  
 I cannot feel sad and lone  
 When, away from father and mother,  
 I live in a house of my own."

—*Children's Hour.*

## ALUM BASKETS.

Success in these kind of baskets depends somewhat upon chance; for the crystals will sometimes form irregularly, even when the utmost care has been taken. Dissolve alum in a little more than twice as much water as will be necessary for the depth of the basket, handle and all. Put in as much alum as the water will dissolve; when it will take no more, it is then called a *saturated solution* of alum; when we say a thing is *saturated*, we mean that it is *as full as it can be*. In this state, it should be poured into a saucepan, or earthen jar (by no means put in iron), and slowly boiled until it is nearly half evaporated. The baskets should then be suspended from a little stick, laid across the top of the jar, in such a manner that both basket and handle will be covered by the solution. It must be set away in a cool place, where not the slightest motion will disturb the formation of the crystals. The *reason* the basket becomes incrustated is, that hot water will hold more alum in solution than cold water; and as it cools, the alum, which the water will not hold, rests on the basket. The frame may be made in any shape you fancy. It is usually made of small wire, woven in and out, like basket work; but many prefer a common willow basket for a frame; whether it be wire or willow, a rough surface must be produced by winding every part with thread, or worsted. Bright yellow crystals may be produced by boiling gamboge, saffron, or tumeric, in the solution; and purple ones by a similar use of logwood; of course, the color will be more or less deep, according to the quantity used. Splendid blue crystals may be obtained by preparing the sulphate of copper, commonly called blue vitriol, in the same manner that alum is prepared. Great care must be taken not to drop it upon one's clothes.

In order to have alum crystals very clean and pure, it is well to strain the solution through muslin, before it is boiled.

A group of crystals of different colors forms a very pretty ornament for a chimney. They must be made by suspending some rugged substance, such as a peach stone, a half burnt stick, &c., in the boiling solution  
 —*The Girl's Own Book.*

# COME, OH, COME, MY BROTHER!

Words and Music by J. H. McNAUGHTON.

*Moderato.*

The first system of the piano introduction consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. It begins with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, followed by a half note and a quarter note. The lower staff is in bass clef and features a steady eighth-note accompaniment pattern.

The second system of the piano introduction continues the musical themes established in the first system, maintaining the same key signature and time signature.

*With simplicity and feeling.*

The vocal line is written on a single treble clef staff. It begins with a half note, followed by a quarter note, and then a series of eighth notes. The melody is simple and expressive.

1. Come,	oh come, my broth-er,	Ten - der brave and	true,
2. 'Round	our lit - tle cot - tage,	Once the ro - ses	grew,

The piano accompaniment for the vocal part consists of two staves. The upper staff has a few rests, corresponding to the vocal line. The lower staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

Join the ranks and strike for home, There's loved ones waiting you, Oh, come, oh, come, my brother,  
Fading now they pine away, But they will bloom for you, And cheeks that once were roses,

Make us glad once more; Shun the cup and smile on us As in the days of yore.  
Now are pale with gloom, But beneath that smile of old, Once more for you they'll bloom.

**CHORUS.**

Shun the goblet brother—Down the tempter fling! Strike for home, dear brother, And  
Shun the goblet, brother—Down the tempter fling! Strike for home, dear brother, And



Join us while we sing; And like a sun - ny E - den, Home with love will shine,—

Join us while we sing; And like a sun - ny E - den, Home with love will shine,—

Home is still the sweet - est cup, And love the sweet - est wine!

Home is still the sweet - est cup, And love the sweet - est wine!

3 Birds that used to warble  
 By our cottage door,  
 Seem so mute since you are gone—  
 We hear their song no more;  
 And songs within our cottage  
 Now are sad and low,—  
 Come! your voice will wake again  
 The songs of long ago!

CHORUS.—Shun the goblet, brother,  
 Down the tempter fling!  
 Strike for home, dear brother,  
 And join us while we sing;  
 And like a sunny Eden, home with love  
 will shine—  
 Home is still the sweetest cup, and love  
 the sweetest wine!

## Domestic Economy.



### IMPROMPTU FURNITURE.

We propose to give a few simple directions for furnishing a country residence, or, if need be, a spare chamber, so as to look neat and pretty, at a small expense when compared with the high cost of cabinet furniture. With a few rough but strong packing boxes, half a dozen barrels, some boards, tacks, etc., and a good supply of bright furniture chintz, a wonderful amount of useful and really pretty articles may be produced.

To begin with a sofa or divan for the parlor: Take a long packing-box of the desired dimensions—say about six feet long, and at least three feet wide; height, about a foot and a half. If one box of this size is not to be had, two shorter ones can be fastened together. If casters are to be had, let them be put on the corners, so as to have it roll easily when required to be moved. Now tack on coarse muslin or bagging over the top, letting it be loose, so as to allow for stuffing. Or, as will be easier, perhaps, to most persons, spread evenly over the top of the box a good layer of straw; then over that a thick covering of cotton, or any other material suitable for the purpose, and over all the muslin or bagging, tacking it down tightly on all sides. Care must be taken that there are no hills and hollows, but that it is stuffed evenly all over. Next cover it with the chintz, tacking it down smoothly and firmly in the same way on to the sides and ends.

When that is done the sides may be covered either with a flounce of the chintz, or it may be put on plainly, using gimp tacks to nail it along the top, and having the bottom either hemmed or bound with binding.

Square pillows, stuffed with bran or straw and covered with the same chintz, will form the back. For a sofa six feet long, three or four pillows will be required.

Sometimes it is desirable to use the box for holding bed-clothes or linen, especially if the lounge is to be used as a bed, as the sheets, pillow-cases, etc., which are spread upon it during the night, can thus be put out of sight in the daytime. This is easily done by putting hinges to the lid. It will be best to nail a strip about ten inches wide along the side (a part of the lid itself may be sawed off for the purpose), and let the hinges be put on the edge of it, fitting the lid thereto. This will enable you to raise the lid at any time without the necessity of removing the pillow first. When covering it care must be used to let the chintz and muslin both fold over on to the

under side, so as to allow it to be raised. The inside of the box may be covered with newspapers pasted on smoothly.

Persons having old suites of damask curtains, or who may choose to go to the expense of buying more elegant materials and trimmings, can have much handsomer looking furniture; but for a summer home or temporary arrangement the chintz will be very suitable.

With the barrels are to be made the most comfortable chairs imaginable. The aid of a carpenter's saw will be required to cut them into proper shape, and with a pencil first mark the outlines on the barrel; then secure the hoops, nailing them near the mark on each side before they are cut. The back can be varied according to the taste of the workman.

Casters can now be put on the bottom, or turned balls for feet, although it will answer very well without either. Next form the seat by fastening webbing tightly across the seat, two or three strips each way, and then tack on coarse bagging or muslin all around the top and sides of the barrel, and also around the edges of the seat. The barrels used may be of various sizes, the smaller ones being cut with very low arms, for reception chairs, while the larger ones will form luxurious arm-chairs.

For a toilet table use a barrel with a few heavy stones in the bottom to make it stand steady; then place upon the top a board wide enough to extend slightly over the edge, and rather longer than wide; all that is needed to complete it is to put a flounce of the chintz around the board, letting it extend to the floor, finishing the top with a scalloped border of the same, or with anything else convenient and appropriate. A white fringed cover for the top will look pretty and be suitable and serviceable, as it can be washed when soiled. If something rather more elegant and grand is desired it can be had by adding drapery to the above. A narrow strip of board, about four feet long and six inches wide, should be nailed to the back of the top, so that it will stand perpendicularly against the wall. On the top of this nail a semicircular piece of wood; a hook may now be driven into the upright piece for a looking-glass, and it will look far better if the latter is large enough to conceal the back entirely and extend down to the table.

Now take two breadths of white wash blonde or nice mosquito netting, and cut them long enough to extend from the semi-

circular top to the floor; gather it along one end of each breadth, and hem the other; then draw it up so as to reach exactly around the top, and tack it on, letting the opening come precisely in the middle. A little strip of gilt cornice, or one formed of leather-work, will make a pretty finish; and when the light drapery is looped up on each side a very ornamental table will be the result.

A wash-stand may be made of another box without a lid, set up on its end against the wall, having the opening outward. Choose one of about the height and dimensions of an ordinary wash-stand, and it will add to the convenience of the article if a shelf be placed across the inside. Then cover it with a flounce of the chintz, letting it be open down the middle, so as to be able to set a pitcher, or stop-jar inside. Next take a planed board large enough to extend about three inches beyond the side of the box; have a smooth strip six or eight inches wide, nailed on for a back, and either paint the whole white or marble it. With this laid on for a top the wash-stand will be complete.

A work-table will be a useful article in the sitting-room, and this can be made very conveniently. Procure a nice cheese box from a grocery store, with a lid belonging to a larger sized one, that will extend one or two inches beyond the box all around; get a piece of board, either round or eight-sided, several inches smaller than the box itself, and connect them together by a stout stick, so that it will be perfectly firm, making the whole of the proper height for a table. Place casters or turned balls on the bottom circular piece. Now line the box and lid by pasting on smoothly either paper or chintz. Then cover the outside with chintz, having the edges scalloped or pointed, and extending below the lower edge of the box. The top or lid, can be covered in the same way with a pointed strip, to match the lower edge, put on so as to fall around the sides.

Next tack a piece of chintz to the board at the bottom of the table, and then plait up the other end, and tack it around the top of the centre stem, close up under the box. A piece of bordering of some kind put around the bottom will finish it off neatly, and the scalloped edge of the box will conceal the fastenings at the top.

Another variety of these is the hour-glass table, formed by joining together two round boards with a stout stick between. Then cover the top with chintz, and tack another piece to the edge of it, letting the other end be tacked in like manner to the bottom, the material being long enough to hang loosely between. A cord and tassel tied about the middle gives it the shape of an hour-glass, and a little fringe around the top, or a ruffle of the same, will finish it off. By adding pockets on the inside of the lower half it may be

improved, and some are made quite ornamental with little circular pockets drawn up like the hood of a cloak hanging down around the top.

Ottomans, footstools, etc., can easily be made from boxes of various sizes, and then, with the addition of muslin curtains to the windows, the house may be pretty comfortably furnished without calling in either cabinet-maker or upholsterer.

A set of corner hanging-shelves for books may be made by sawing three boards in a triangular shape, the largest measuring eighteen inches on the side, the next fifteen, and the smallest twelve inches. Have them made perfectly smooth, then stain them with thin black varnish or vandyke brown mixed in turpentine, using extract of logwood if a reddish tinge is wanted. Then rub them smooth with sand-paper, and ornament the edge with leather-work, cone-work, or with the burs of the sweet gum tree, which, when sawed in half, may be nailed or glued on to cover the edges.

Round auger-holes in all three corners of each shelf should then be made, and with three strong cords or sash ropes they may be strung together. Knots tied under each shelf will keep them in place, and then they must be hung so as to be entirely level, and with greater space between the two lower than the upper shelves. A strong iron staple driven into the corner of the wall near the ceiling will be best to hang them on, and they will hold a large number of books or other articles usually placed on an *etagère*.

Single brackets for a corner, also look well to hold a clock, lamps, vases, etc.

Side-wall brackets are easily made in this way: if there is a turner within reach you can have a round solid block of wood turned according to any pattern drawn on paper. An acorn shape, spreading out into a fluted, broad top, looks well. It will, of course, be entirely circular, and may then be sawn into equal halves, which when stained, varnished and hung up, will make a pair of pretty brackets. They will be much improved by the addition of leather-work grapes, leaves, and flowers around the upper edges to look like carved wood.—*Harper's Bazar*.

### HARD AND SOFT WATER.

The effects of hard and soft water in cooking different vegetables vary materially. Pease and beans cooked in hard water, containing lime or gypsum, will not boil tender, because these substances harden vegetable casein. In soft water they boil tender and lose a certain rank, raw taste which they retain in hard water. Many vegetables (as onions) boil nearly tasteless in soft water because all the flavor is dissolved out. The addition of salt often checks this (as in the

case of onions), causing the vegetables to retain the peculiar flavoring principles, besides much nutritious matter which might be lost in soft water. Thus it appears that salt hardens the water to a degree. For extracting the juice of meat to make a broth or soup, soft water, unsalted and cold at first, is best, for it much more readily penetrates the tissues; but for boiling meat, where the juices should be retained, hard water or salt water is preferable, and the meat should be put in while it is boiling, so as to seal up the pores at once.

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## SOUPS

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There is no dish, perhaps, that comes to the table which gives such general satisfaction as well prepared soup. There should always be plenty of dried herbs in the store-closet. They should be kept in labelled paper-bags. Soup should never be suffered to stand in any vessel of tin, copper, or iron, to get cold; but, if not used at once, must be poured off, while hot, into a shallow, well-glazed, earthenware pan. Lean, juicy, fresh-killed meat is best for soup; fat meat is wasteful. To extract the strength from the meat, it should first be put in cold water, gradually heated, and finally subjected to a long and slow boiling. All soups are the better for being made the day before they are to be used.

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## SAVE YOUR BREAD CRUMBS.

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Never throw away a bit of bread, if clean. Keep a shallow tin pan for the special purpose of drying stale bread. When the ovens are not in use, slip in the pan of bread scraps, leaving the oven door open, that they may not scorch.

As fast as one instalment is well dried, roll it fine, keeping one side of your bread board for that special purpose, and then sift it through a moderately coarse sieve. Put the bread crumbs into a bag and suspend it in some cool, dry place, adding to it as fast as you get more dried.

Crumbs thus saved are very useful for stuffing, or to roll chops, oysters, or scollops in, for frying, and just as good as cracker crumbs for every purpose.

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## SELECTED RECIPES.

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To **BOIL SHAD**.—Get a nice, fat shad, fresh from the water, that the skin may not crack in boiling. Add to the water in which it is to be boiled a wineglass of pale vinegar, salt, a little garlic, and a bundle of parsley. When it is done, drain all the water from the fish, lay it in

the dish, and garnish with scraped horseradish. Have a sauce-boat of nice melted butter to mix with the different catsups, as taste shall direct.

To **MAKE TOUGH BEEF TENDER**.—To those who have worn down their teeth in masticating poor, old, tough cow beef, we will say that carbonate of soda will be found a remedy for the evil. Cut the steaks, the day before using, into slices about two inches thick, rub over them a small quantity of soda, wash off next morning, cut it into suitable thickness, and cook. The same process will answer for fowls, legs of mutton, etc. Try it, all who love delicious, tender dishes of meat.

**SAUCE FOR FOWLS**.—An excellent white sauce for fowls may be made of two ounces of butter, two small onions, one carrot, half a small teacupful of flour, one pint of new milk, salt and pepper to taste. Cut up the onions and carrots very small, and put them into a stew-pan with the butter; simmer them till the butter is nearly dried up; then stir in the flour, and add all the milk; boil the whole gently until it thickens; strain it, season it with salt and Cayenne, and it will be ready to serve.

**BREAD PUDDING**.—One quart fine bread crumbs, one cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, half pound suet, chopped fine, one coffee-cup raisins, half a rind of preserved orange-peel or citron, cut thin and fine, a very little nutmeg and cinnamon, two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, one small teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful of salt. Stir in milk enough to make it thick as pound cake; beating all thoroughly together; put it into a buttered pudding-mould, and boil three hours. Be careful to keep the water boiling all the time.

**RICH RICE-PUDDING**.—Put half a pound of rice, well picked and washed, to boil until it bursts, in a little milk boiled with a flavor of lemon. After allowing it to cool, add a pinch of fine salt, half a pound of sugar, four whole eggs, and four others without the whites, which should be set aside. This done, butter a sauce-pan, strew it with crumbs of bread, beat the whites, and stir them gradually into the rice; turn all into the sauce-pan, and let it bake in an oven, or Dutch-oven, for a full hour and a half. When it is done, pile up the pudding, and serve.

**EGGS, CONVENT FASHION**.—Boil four eggs for ten minutes, put them in cold water: peel and slice thin one onion, put into a frying-pan one ounce of butter; when melted, add the onion, and fry white, then add a teaspoonful of flour, mix it well; add about half a pint of milk, till forming a nice white sauce, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a quarter ditto of pepper; when nicely done, add the eggs, cut into six pieces each, crossways; toss them up; when hot through, serve on toast.

**DRIED APPLES.**—Dried apples may be made of an excellent 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.

**RICE WAFFLES.**—Boil two gills of rice quite soft, mix with it three gills of flour, a little salt, two ounces of melted butter, two eggs beaten well, and as much milk as will make it a thick batter; beat it till very light, and bake it in waffle-irons.

**BALLOONS.**—One pint of milk, three eggs, one pint of flour. Beat the eggs light, and mix with the milk, and stir into the flour gradually. Beat it well, with one saltspoonful of salt; then butter small cups, fill them half full of the mixture, and bake in a quick oven. When done, turn them out of the cups, place them on a dish, and send to table hot.

**CEMENT FOR BROKEN CROCKERY.**—Crockery-ware will get broken by accident or careless handling, and often in such a way that it may be mended to be nearly as good as new. Ground white lead paint in oil, with a little drying varnish or lacquer, makes a good cement for broken crockery ware. The white of an egg mixed with fine flour of fresh air-slacked lime makes a first-rate cement, and one that can readily be had by any housekeeper.

**THE FOOD AND CARE OF CANARIES.**—Canary seed is the favorite food of the Canary, to which a little rape and hemp-seed may be occasionally added; they should have light, fresh air, plenty of water to drink and bathe in, and free access to sand or gravel, or the cuttle-fish bone; a sprig of chickweed, or leaf of lettuce is highly relished by them. When breeding, the yolk of a hard boiled egg should be given them. Their diseases are principally due to improper or too much food. Cleanliness and attention to sifting their seed will generally protect them from parasitic insects.

**A BEEF-PIE.**—Take cold roast-beef or steak; cut into thin slices, and put a layer into a pie-dish; shake in a little flour, pepper, and salt; cut up a tomato, or onion, chopped very fine; then another layer of beef and seasoning, and so on until the dish is filled. If you have any beef-gravy, put it in; if not, a little beef dripping, and water enough to make sufficient gravy. Have ready one dozen potatoes, well boiled and mashed, half a cup of milk or cream, and a little butter and salt; spread it over the pie, as a crust, an inch thick; brush it over with egg, and bake it about twenty-five minutes.

**CREAKING DOORS.**—The noise is remedied by rubbing yellow soap on the hinges. This is better than oil.

**RICE GLUE.**—Mix together rice-flour and cold water to a thick paste, pressing out all the lumps with a spoon, and making it very smooth. Then dilute it with a little more water; altogether you may allow a gill of water to a tablespoonful of rice-flour, and boil it slowly, as long as you would boil starch, stirring it frequently. When done, set it to cool. Use it for pasting fine paper, and for any little ornamental articles made of pasteboard. It is a very nice and durable cement.

The water in which rice has been boiled for the table will afford a cement for slight purposes.

**TO CLEAN ERMINE, OR WHITE FURS.**—Dust the furs well with a soft flannel, then rub into them with the flannel fine wheat flour, shake out the flour, and rub with a clean flannel till you have removed it all; rub the fur always against the grain.

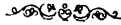
**TO WASH GOOD THREAD LACE.**—Having ripped the lace from the article to which it was attached, and carefully picked out the loose bits of thread, roll the lace very smoothly and securely round a clean black bottle, which has been covered with new white linen sewed on tightly. Tack each end of the lace with a needle and thread, to keep it smooth; and in wrapping it round the bottle, take care not to crumple or fold in any of the scollops or pearl-lings. Pour into a saucer a very little of the best sweet-oil, and, dipping in your finger, touch it lightly on the lace while proceeding to wind it on the bottle. Too much oil will make it greasy.

Have ready in a wash-kettle, a strong cold lather made of very clear water, and white Castile soap. Having filled the bottle with cold water set it upright in the suds, and tie a string round the neck, securing it to the ears or handle of the kettle, to prevent its knocking about and breaking while over the fire. Let it boil in the suds for an hour or more, or till the lace is clean and white all through. Then take it out, drain off the suds, and set the bottle in the sun, for the lace to dry on it. When it is quite dry, remove the lace from the bottle, and roll it round a wide ribbon-block, if you have one; otherwise lay it in long folds, place it within a sheet of smooth white paper, and press it in a large book for a day or two.

By this simple process, in which there is neither rinsing, starching, nor ironing, the lace will acquire the same consistence, transparency, and tint that it had when new, and the scollops at the edge will come out perfectly even. We can safely recommend this as the best possible method of doing up thread lace, and as the only one which gives it a truly new appearance.

**SUNSHINE IN SLEEPING ROOMS.**—Sunshine is as necessary to the health of animals as plants, and we should contrive, if possible, to have our sleeping rooms upon the east and south sides of the house.

## Editorial and Correspondence.



FRONTISPIECE.—In the *Hearth and Home*, a pictorial weekly, of which Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is one of the editors, there is a series of grotesque designs illustrative of cruelty to animals. They just turn the tables upon man, and are, for the most part, remarkably well done. We give one of them, copied by the Leggo-type process, as an illustration this month, in which the agonies of the men who are driven to market by a hard-hearted calf, are well pourtrayed. The heads of the poor victims of calf-cruelty are hanging over the sides of the cart, and bumping on the wheels; and a couple of men are being urged with the whip to drag the load at their utmost speed. There is, however, at least one merciful animal, namely, an ass (we suppose intended for Mr. Bergh, the New York friend of animals), who is remonstrating loudly against the calf's cruelty, and who has his handbill stuck up on the fence. The "upper ten" of calfdom are walking past in the back ground, perfectly indifferent to human sufferings.

### PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

BACK NUMBERS GRATIS.—There remain about 700 back numbers of the *DOMINION MONTHLY* to distribute gratis, with a view to making it more generally known in country places. Parties who are willing to send us the Postage, which we have to pre-pay—viz: one cent per copy, will be supplied with parcels, containing as many copies assorted as they send cents. School teachers could give them as an encouragement to their scholars.

PREMIUM VOLUME.—We offered a bound volume of the *DOMINION MONTHLY*, for the half year ending March, '68, to any one who would send us the names of three new subscribers, with \$3. We have still about 20 volumes on hand to be sent, post paid as above, to the first applicants. At the very low price of the *DOMINION MONTHLY* and with its now established reputation, its circulation should, we think, rapidly increase.

Hereafter we will only print as many copies of each number as we have orders for, and will not be able in future to furnish back numbers to new subscribers, though we can still supply

the April and May numbers, so that new subscribers may begin with April, which is the beginning of a new volume.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

(To the Editor of the *New Dominion Monthly*.)

The following lines are by the late James Montgomery, Esq., the Sheffield Poet, and as they have not, I believe, appeared in any edition of his works, they may prove new and interesting to many of your readers.

The subject of these lines was my daughter,—a child that feared the Lord, and gave many delightful proofs of early piety. She had been spending the Christmas with a lady in the parish of Norton, near Sheffield, and in the parish church had heard a sermon on the Ministry of Angels, based upon the song of the angels at the Saviour's birth. The sermon had produced such a happy and powerful effect upon the feelings of the child that it was the general subject of her conversation with her relatives and friends till she died.

Yours &c.,  
Granby, Province of } JAMES JONES.  
Quebec, March, 1869. }

### LINES,

On the death of ELIZABETH ESTHER JONES, who died at Sheffield, on the 18th day of January, 1828, Aged 11 Years.

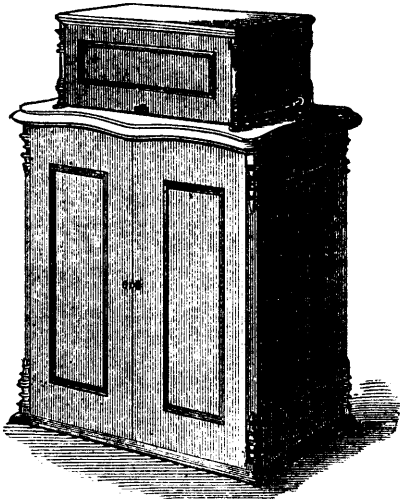
Visions of angels beautiful and kind,  
Turned to a paradise thy saintly mind;  
Although at home within so pure a breast,  
They vanished soon, for here was not their rest.  
Nor *thine*; like those in Jacob's dream they trod  
A ladder leading to the throne of God;  
And taught thy little steps that easier way,  
From night on earth to heaven's eternal day.  
Angels ere long, but not in visions, spread  
Their dazzling pinions round thy dying bed,  
And in their arms thy ransomed spirit bore  
With songs of joy, where death shall be no more.  
Dwell there sweet saint, in bliss with Him above  
Who loves thee with an everlasting love;  
And wait the answer to thy parting prayer,  
Yet unfulfilled,—that we may meet thee there.

J. M.

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JUNE, 1869.

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