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# NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

AUG.,

1870.

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# PROSPECTUS

OF THE

## NEW DOMINION MONTHLY For 1870.

Notwithstanding the addition of a picture and music to each number of the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY*, and the pre-payment of postage—none of which expenses were contemplated when the subscription was placed so low as one dollar per annum—and notwithstanding the rich and varied contents of each number, we find that its circulation does not increase and that we are actually publishing it at a loss. The difficulty, in the country, of finding bills to remit, and the proverbial dilatoriness which makes many put off the small matter of remitting a dollar, that would be readily paid at once if any one called for it, probably account for the falling off which takes place in the renewal of subscriptions; and the absence of pecuniary motives to get up clubs or canvass for this magazine, which is a necessary consequence of its low price, greatly limits the accession of new subscribers.

Taking these matters into consideration, and seeing that some change must be made to enable us to carry on the magazine, and, if possible, pay contributors, we have come to the conclusion that its price, beginning with 1870, must be advanced fifty per cent.,—not so much to give the publishers a better price as to present greater inducements for canvassers, clubs, booksellers, and news-agents, to increase its circulation. Concurrent with this advance in price, however, we propose to add some attractions to a magazine which, even without them, would, notwithstanding the advanced rate, be still the cheapest and, we think, the most attractive to Canadian readers of all the magazines published.

The additional departments will be a fashion plate, with a summary of the fashions for the month, and a literary department, giving notices and reviews of new books. We shall, also, beginning with the new year, commence serial story.

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1. A Serial Story.
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JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

MONTREAL.

November, 1869.



LT.-COL. CHAMBERLIN.

[From a Photograph by NOTMAN.]



LT.-COL. McEACHERN.

# The New Dominion Monthly,



LT.-COL. W. OSBORNE SMITH, D.A.G.

[From a Photograph by NORMAN.

AUGUST, 1870.

# NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

AUGUST, 1870.

## SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A CANADIAN PIONEER.

(Concluded.)

### CHAPTER IV.

In 1822 the navigable reach of the Ottawa, extending from the Long Sault, about sixty-five miles upwards, to Richmond Landing, was bordered by almost unbroken forests. The means of transit was by canoes or batteaux. One of the latter made weekly trips, and carried the mail to and from the rising settlement founded by the veteran pioneer, Philomen Wright, at Hull. The Grenville Canal was in progress. The now flourishing lumbering establishment of Messrs. Hamilton Brothers, at Hawkesbury, was in its infancy, and managed by the father of the present firm, aided by Mr. Low, who afterwards became a partner. Mr. Wright's spirit of enterprise was something remarkable. As early as 1797 he began his explorations in Canada. He made several visits of exploration, and carefully examined both sides of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers, from Quebec to Hull. In 1799 a thorough view of the land, front and rear, at the latter place, proving satisfactory, he decided there to make a settlement.

On the second day of February, 1800, Mr. Wright left his native town, Woburn, Massachusetts, bound for his new home in Canada. His company consisted of five families, including his own, 25 hired men, 14 horses and 8 oxen. Seven sleighs carried the human freight, besides tools and provisions required for the enterprise. This little army moved forward, and in eight days reached Montreal. After a short stay there, they proceeded westward, lodging at night with the *habitans* till they

reached the foot of the Long Sault. Here they were obliged to cut their way through the bush to the Head. The depth of the snow rendered the task more difficult, and at night they had to camp as best they could. In due time the Head was reached, after which the rest of the journey was performed on the ice, the travellers seeking the river banks only for camping purposes. On the 7th of March, the courageous little band arrived in Hull, and took possession of their future home by felling the first tree, in which all who could use the axe took part. Mr. Wright made rapid strides in clearing and building. Land was cleared yearly by the hundred acres. In farming his success was remarkable. In 1813 he harvested three thousand bushels of wheat, then worth three dollars per bushel; the cost of this crop was only \$2,000. Threshing the produce of one acre, he found the yield forty bushels. Mr. Wright built mills, manufactured lumber, cultivated flax, and aimed to build up a place which he then imagined might rival Montreal. He was the first to take timber down the Ottawa to Quebec, in doing which he had to feel his way in descending the Long Sault, and in exploring the unused waters of the North Channel, which he successfully did.

Hawkesbury and Hull were wide apart, and in 1822 the intervening space had few settlers, and these few were scarcely farmers, as lumbering was then in better favor than tilling the soil. When Mr. Edwards landed in Clarence, six families formed the population of the township.

The nearest post-office was thirty miles distant. The nearest market was Montreal. Clarence could boast of but one barn, and a single horse. One settler threshed his grain on the ice; another in the stable loft. Roads were a luxury not to be thought of. Canoes were the order of the day, and ice, in winter, the great highway. Lochaber, on the opposite shore, had but one solitary inhabitant, who could, with Selkirk, exclaim, "I am monarch of all I survey;" and of the surrounding country it might have been added:

"The sound of the church-going bell,  
These valleys and rocks never heard,  
Ne'er sighed at the sound of a knell,  
Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared."

The few settlers, scattered along what was then the Upper Ottawa, paid little regard to the day of rest, and the matter of religion gave them little concern. Parental duty, in this particular, was comprehended in having the children sprinkled, either by priest or minister who chanced first to pass, and teaching the little ones to say their prayers. The year named saw the introduction of a new order of things. In a very marked sense it might be said, "Old things passed away; behold all things have become new."

No minister had yet settled on the Upper Ottawa, below Hull. Mr. Meach, a Congregationalist preacher, a few years previously had followed Mr. Wright to Hull, and was doubtless the first minister on the Ottawa above St. Andrews. On the first Sabbath after landing in Clarence, Mr. Edwards raised the standard of the Cross, which has been borne aloft ever since, and to it multitudes have flocked, and children's children proved the truth of the Apostolic declaration, that "Godliness, with contentment is great gain." Soon after arriving in Clarence, Mr. Edwards went to Montreal to purchase land, and the supplies necessary for the approaching winter. From John Gray, Esq., a purchase of land was effected. The store of John Torrance, Esq., furnished provisions, groceries and a puncheon of rum. The latter was a cumbersome article of transport, and worse than useless; but at that time regarded as an immense blessing. The old and newly arrived settlers pronounced benedictions

on the man who had brought "Old Tom" to their aid, so needful in chopping and building in the bush. Three gallons at a time was the legal quantity to sell, and far and near parties came to purchase, so that in time "Old Tom" was emptied, and served for many years afterwards to hold the sap of the maple during sugar-making. Another purchase of the kind was never made, and to this day liquor cannot be legally sold in Clarence.

Another gentleman in Montreal, on the application of Mr. Edwards, supplied him with an article for the use of the new settlers, very different from the last mentioned. Through Wm. Lunn, Esq., he was furnished with a stock of Bibles and Testaments, in French and English. This seed of the word, proved "bread cast on the waters," to be found "after many days."

An interesting fact in illustration is as follows:—An humble French-Canadian female, born in Quebec, grew up sincerely attached to her Church, in which she had been taught the form, but nothing of the power, of religion. She had learnt to read, but knew nothing of the Bible. Circumstances led her to Montreal, where she resided some years and married. Subsequently herself and family were induced to move up the Ottawa, and finally brought up at Foxes' Point. Mr. Edwards gave her a French copy of the Bible, which she read with attention. The result was she became a new creature in Christ Jesus. For nearly fifty years she has adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour, and now, in her eighty-fourth year, rejoices in the truth which first burst upon her mind when reading the sacred volume so long ago. Shortly after reaching Foxes' Point, her husband died; but before death, desired his wife to bury him in the Protestant place of burial, and to remain herself among Protestants. Her only child was a man of a deeply religious character, but was snatched from life by the upsetting of a canoe, leaving a widow and widowed mother to mourn, but not as those who have no hope.

After completing his purchases in Montreal, Mr. Edwards returned to the bush. His first labor was to erect a house, and prepare for winter life in the forest. This house became a hallowed spot. Here the

scattered settlers assembled each Sabbath afternoon to listen to the word of eternal life. The morning of the holy day was spent in giving instruction to the young. The Sabbath School then formed proved highly beneficial, not only spiritually but temporally, as many who afterwards became useful members of society, there learned to read.

While his humble dwelling was the regular preaching place of Mr. Edwards, for many years, ministers and laymen from distant points, and of different names, proclaimed therein, occasionally, the Gospel of God. Mr. Gilmour, of Montreal; Mr. Naysmith, of Glasgow; Mr. Buchanan, of New York, two clergymen of the Church of England, and others at different times in after years, preached here to listening crowds.

Mr. Edwards applied himself diligently to clearing away the forest, and cultivating the land, through the week. The labor was severe, and the returns often slight. The school of experience is severe; and, in the absence of example to direct, the new settler acquires knowledge at a high cost. Nor is ignorance the only drawback, for the backwoodsman has to contend with endless difficulties, trials and dangers. In levelling the giant trees, life and limb are often in jeopardy. Within one year six persons were killed in Clarence by falling trees. The absence of roads is severely felt. The loneliness of isolation, incident to life in the woods, is trying to the social instincts. Many bodily comforts existing in town or village, are wanting here. Among the many battles to be fought, is the battle of wild beasts. Bears and racoons love corn and oats; and the impudence with which they invade the fields of the back settler is surprising. Wolves, too, keep him in constant dread, and often destroy large portions of his rising flock. Another hard fight is the battle of the flies—enough to try the patience of Job.

Mr. Edwards had his full share of the trials of bush life, but he met them bravely, and lived to witness the triumphs of success. For many years he continued to labor with his hands, during the week, and to teach and preach on the Sabbath, both at home and in adjoining stations. As additional settlements were formed, the

number of these stations increased; but his application aimed to keep pace with the growing demand, and made his life truly a busy one. The day of rest was his day of hardest work. Among his out stations were Cumberland, Buckingham, Lochaber, Papineauville and Plantagenet Mills. Assisted by one of his sons, he would paddle his canoe to one of these places, preach, and return the same day, the distance varying from five to fifteen miles each way. These labors were sustained only by considerable physical strength, and a heart fired with zeal in the master's work.

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#### CHAPTER V.

"None of us liveth to himself," is a declaration of holy writ, much of the spirit of which was expressed by the noble Roman: "I am a man, and interested in whatever affects mankind." The enlightened Christian will glory more in the general extension of his Master's kingdom than in the progress of his own denomination; yet denominational convictions ought to take practical form, and no soldier in the spiritual army should blush to raise aloft the colors of his corps. The subject of our story was a lover of good men of every name. In his convictions and practice he was a Baptist. When in connection with the Haldanes, congregational order was the practice of the church. The change on baptism, which after a time occurred in their history, he shared in. It was his privilege to be the first man to consecrate the Ottawa River to the purpose of baptism by immersion. Stephen Tucker, Esq., the well known and much respected lumber-merchant, was the first subject. This was in 1829. A tributary of the Ottawa had, however, precedence in point of time, in having been used for this holy rite. Mr. Meach had previously consecrated the Gatineau in a similar manner, by the baptism of Deacon Allan, a relative and follower of Mr. Wright. The good seed of the word was, during many years, sowed along the Ottawa, in much discouragement and mental and bodily toil, by the pioneer preacher of Clarence. He imbibed and, in goodly measure, testified in practice, the self-denying spirit of living for others.

Impressed with the prevailing religious destitution around, he determined on a trip to fatherland, to try to awaken in the breasts of British Christians an interest on behalf of Canada, and induce, if possible, some ministers to emigrate thither. In the fall of 1829, he bade his friends and family adieu, and started for Britain. When leaving he said: "Should I never return, bear in mind I go on behalf of the spiritual interests of Canada." Arrived in Montreal, the purpose of his trip was warmly espoused by Ebenezer Muir, Esq., who gave Mr. Edwards a letter to Mr. Gilmour of Aberdeen, and desired him to use all means to induce him to come to Canada.

Late in the season he embarked in a timber ship, and after a tedious voyage, landed at Greenock, and was soon in Edinburgh. The Messrs. Haldane strengthened his purpose with regard to Mr. Gilmour, and took a deep interest in the object of his mission. In due time Aberdeen was visited, and an immediate call paid to Mr. Gilmour. That gentleman and family had just finished breakfast, when a stranger was announced, who, on entering, made short work of his business. Handing Mr. Muir a letter, he said: "I have a message for you from Montreal, and you must go there to preach the gospel." Mr. Gilmour laughed at the proposal. No minister ever got so sudden or unceremonious a call, and he might be pardoned for treating it with apparent levity. The call, however, was soon backed by an inward irresistible conviction that duty pointed his way to Canada, and to Canada he decided to go. It was painful to part from a church gathered by his own labor, and in which he was deeply revered, to encounter the perils of a long voyage, and go forth, on his own responsibility, to an untried sphere, where nearly all were to him strangers. Mr. Gilmour was not a man to consult long with flesh and blood. Paying his own way, notwithstanding the liberal offer of Mr. Muir to provide for the expense of the voyage, he steered for the new world, and reached Montreal in safety, on the seventh of September, 1830. Twenty-two years before, this gentleman, then a sailor boy, sailed from the port of that city, but, when nearing his native land, a French

privateer made all on board prisoners, and he was forced to taste one of the bitter fruits of war, in the shape of several years of prison life. It was there, however, that the eyes of his understanding were opened, and spiritual light poured into his soul. There, too, lessons of experience were received which were helpful to him in after life, when he became the honored instrument of turning multitudes from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. Very many of his fellow prisoners shared the inward transformation he experienced, and among the officers, both of the naval and civil service, were men who preached effectively the truth they had once despised.

Released from prison, Mr. Gilmour, after a time, had the desire of his heart gratified by entering upon a course of study, preparatory to preaching the gospel. Subsequently we find him settled over a growing church in Aberdeen. From that church he separates, and begins his labors in Canada at Montreal, in Brock's school, on the 11th day of the month in which he landed. There he began a cause that has reached large and still enlarging proportions, and proved himself a blessing to many still living to testify how unblamably he behaved himself and labored, seeking not his own, but their good. The missionary spirit of Mr. Gilmour was not bounded by city limits. He passed to regions beyond; and proclaimed, through much of Canada, the gospel of the grace of God. Multitudes own him as their spiritual father, and it is not easy to estimate the extent of his usefulness both in Eastern and Western Canada. Before he removed permanently to Peterboro, the Ottawa valley enjoyed much of his labors, and many within its precincts were converted under his preaching. Clarence was especially favored, and thus the efforts used to bring Mr. Gilmour to Canada, were repaid in abundant measure.

Mr. Edwards visited much of England and Scotland, making widely known the claims of Canada. In London he was supplied with a large stock of tracts from the Religious Tract Society, for distribution in Canada. In Scotland he was successful in inducing another minister to emigrate.

namely Mr. Fraser, who became the pastor of a church in Glengarry, and was a man abundant in labors, and singularly blessed.

Early in the summer of 1830, country and kindred were bade farewell—the Atlantic crossed, and Mr. Edwards reached his forest home, and the scene of his useful labours.

Material as well as moral progress was becoming apparent in Clarence and along the Ottawa. One luxury had been enjoyed for several years, in a steam-boat passing daily along the river. In 1824 the "Union," built at Hawkesbury, first rippled the smooth sheet of water between Grenville and Hull. She was a slow coach, requiring all day to make the passage one way, but was very accommodating. She stopped for every canoe that brought her freight or passengers. On one occasion a party, presuming on this good nature, detained her in mid-stream to hand on board a letter, with a request to the captain to mail it at Hawkesbury. The captain complied, but rebuked such freedom by using an adjective that showed his dislike of being imposed upon so far.

Occasionally the method of boarding the steamer was attended with danger. Mr. Edwards had his share of escapes on bad ice, and by canoes capsizing; but all were put into the shade by his almost miraculous preservation when boarding the steamer one day.

The boat was about stopping, but the wheels were slowly revolving, when the person steering the canoe very awkwardly allowed it to pass before the wheel. In a moment the occupants of the canoe were struggling in the water. Mr. Edwards grasped one of the blades of the wheel, to which he clung while it made two revolutions, his body passing through a space so narrow that every one wondered how he escaped with life.

In 1827 Col. By passed up to commence the Rideau Canal. This costly work made no small stir on the hitherto quiet Ottawa. The embryo town, bearing the Colonel's name, grew apace. The construction and trade of the canal, the fast settling of the surrounding country, and the increasing extent of the lumber trade, united to push

Bytown rapidly forward. An interesting incident connected with the first flight of locks ascending from the Ottawa, is the fact that the renowned Sir John Franklin laid the foundation stone. Sir John, happening to pass on one of his overland trips northward, was assigned the honor. Lady Franklin, when in Ottawa, in 1861, was shown the stone her lamented husband had laid so long before.

During the progress of the canal, the demand for farm produce was great, and prices ranged high. The settlers along the river felt the benefit. Clarence improved rapidly; settlers came in fast; and those previously located improved in circumstances. The blessing of a day school was added to the Sabbath school. A church, receiving frequent additions, watched over by Mr. Edwards, was exerting a beneficial influence on the whole community.

The necessity for manual labor, on the part of Mr. Edwards, being lessened, he devoted his time more fully to ministerial work. Not having been hitherto formally designated to the charge of a church, he was, in 1831, ordained. About that time an Act was passed in Upper Canada, to enable other than Episcopal and Presbyterian ministers to marry. Mr. Edwards took advantage of the law, and supplied a want long felt. Previously, candidates for wedlock had to make long journeys, or content themselves with the services of a magistrate.

Many amusing anecdotes might be told of the doings of some J.P.s, in early days, in the back woods, both in their style of tying matrimonial knots, and administering justice. Nice points of law were not studied; in fact some of their worships were a law unto themselves. One of these, an old officer, who had served under Wellington and loved dispatch, would put up a notice on a Saturday, stating "This is the first, second and third time of calling," and marry the couple on the following Monday. Any case in the whole calendar civil or criminal, he would take hold of—breaches of promise, or cases of debt, just as readily as breaches of the peace.

Our next chapter will further record triumphs and progress along the Ottawa.

## CHAPTER VI.

"Now mark the change: Zion in glory stands;  
The pines rejoice—the maples clap their hands.  
Waste places sing—the wilderness is green,  
And fruit abounds where barrenness was seen.  
The placid river mirrors on its face,  
These scenes of beauty and results of grace.  
Lochaber's mounts reverberate the strains,  
By David sung in Juda's fair domains."

How great the joy in the breast of a general who gains a hard fought battle! With what ecstasy the explorer in search of new countries sees, like Columbus, a light in the distance, assuring him of success! Who may estimate the delight that thrills the bosom of the philosopher, in discovering some new law of nature, or planet in the immensity of space? But the happiness enjoyed by all these wanes before the lasting felicity of him who saveth a soul from death, for, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

The subject of our narrative enjoyed pleasure of no ordinary character in the growth and prosperity of Clarence. Its material progress was satisfactory, but its moral and religious advancement was, to his heart, the chief cause of exultation. To this end he long labored, and lived to realize a remarkable fulfilment of the divine promise, "They who sow in tears shall reap in joy."

Instances of individual consecration to God were of frequent occurrence. Among these his eldest two sons were numbered. His second son, John, after a course of study, entered the ministry, and proved a laborious and very successful preacher of the Gospel. He spent some years at Chatham and St. Andrews, was for a time located in Peterboro, and afterwards filled the place of his father in Clarence and surrounding settlements, where he toiled faithfully for twelve years. Subsequently he became travelling agent for the Grande Ligne Mission, in the service of which society it may be said he died "in harness," December, 1866.

Single sheaves, as we before noticed, had hitherto been garnered in the spiritual storehouse at Clarence; but a harvest of precious fruit was to be given, and "multi-

tudes fly as a cloud, and as doves to their windows." The summer of 1835 was a memorable time in the history of this portion of the Ottawa, to which many now living look back as the period when they began their journey heavenward. Untoward circumstances had much discouraged Mr. Edwards, and the future was dark before him. He solicited the aid of his friends, Messrs. Gilmour and Fraser, with the view of endeavouring to awaken among the people a deeper interest in the things of religion. These friends responded, and their pungent preaching produced a most extraordinary effect. A meeting, intended to last three days, was protracted to many more. The above named ministers left early, their places being taken by Mr. John Edwards, jun., from St. Andrews, and Mr. Silver, a student from Madison, N. Y. The spirit of preaching was poured out on the people, who obeyed in a remarkable way the injunction, "Let him that heareth say Come." For some miles, up and down the river, the interest was intense. Several townships shared in the work. Matters of the world were, for the time, disregarded, the crops left uncared for, and the language of Watts felt with unwonted power:

"Religion is the chief concern  
Of mortals here below."

The scenes which transpired on the Ottawa during the days of this meeting, are worthy of more than a passing notice. Early morn witnessed canoes in large numbers, crowded with living freight of all ages, steering for Foxes' Point, the songs of Zion rising from glad hearts, as the nimble paddle quickened their progress to the place of gathering. From day to day the arm of the Almighty was made bare, as multitudes, of various ages, were made subjects of redeeming grace. Unusual power accompanied the word, and prayer possessed the potency of faith. The fountain of many hearts was broken up; the penitential tear flowed from many eyes; the cry rose from many, "What shall we do?" About a hundred professed to start for the better land. Of this number several turned back; but a goodly number continue to this day to adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour; while some have gone

to swell the throng of the redeemed in the sanctuary above.

Other revivals of deep interest have been enjoyed along this portion of the Ottawa, but this was the first, and, considering the extent of the population, the most widespread.

Besides church privileges, Foxes' Point became noted for other means of social, moral and intellectual improvement which did much to give form and character to the township. In all these Mr. Edwards took prominence, and did all in his power to advance the interests of the people generally. The Sunday School he established has been in existence nearly half a century. The Bible Society, formed through his means, dates back over forty years. A society, founded by Mr. Naysmith, of Glasgow, called the "Young Men's Society for moral, religious and intellectual improvement," was a happy means of improvement to many at Foxes' Point; and some who enjoyed its benefits are now filling situations of honor and responsibility.

Yet another institution claims our notice, the influence of which has proved to the community of Clarence and the neighborhood around a blessing of no ordinary kind. That institution is the Temperance Society. It was not Mr. Edwards' privilege to organize the society in Clarence, as he was absent in Britain; but every member of his family signed the first pledge, and subsequently he became a warm advocate of the cause. Not only did he renounce intoxicating drinks of every kind, but, on principle, discontinued the use of tobacco, after having used the pernicious weed over a quarter of a century.

To the honor of the aged men of Clarence, it must be said, nearly all who espoused temperance principles eschewed also the use of tobacco. In April, 1830, the temperance banner was raised in the township, and it has continued to wave to the present time.

How great the influence for good of some men! The name of Mr. Christmas, to many in Canada, must be as ointment poured forth. Montreal was highly blessed in the ministrations of one who travailed for the spiritual birth of its people. Nor was his usefulness limited to the city, or

his talent confined to pulpit efforts. He labored upwards on the St. Lawrence and Ottawa, and the benefits of his labors extended farther than he himself was able to go. The Hon. Billa Flint was won to the temperance cause through the advocacy of Mr. Christmas, in a meeting at some point on the St. Lawrence. A champion was gained in this gentleman, who has done much to extend the benefits of total abstinence throughout Canada.

St. Andrews, on the Ottawa, was blessed spiritually, in no common degree, by the labors of Mr. Christmas, who also pleaded successfully with its inhabitants the claims of temperance. A solitary tract on the subject (Keteridge's Addresses), received from St. Andrews, sowed the seed in Clarence, which resulted in a rich harvest of blessing to multitudes on the Ottawa, and which shall continue to benefit generations yet unborn.

In view of the increasing religious wants of Canada, Mr. Edwards became strongly impressed with the necessity of a native educated ministry. In his own experience he felt keenly the disadvantage of limited mental culture, and how much more useful he might have been with a mind early disciplined by a liberal education. He was desirous of aiding to supply the wants of Canada in this respect, and an opportunity soon occurred enabling him to labor in this direction. Leading men in his denomination at Montreal, and along the Ottawa, holding similar views on the necessity of a native educated ministry, decided on making an energetic effort towards this end. Mr. Gilmour was selected to visit Britain to raise funds and secure the services of an instructor. Herein he was eminently successful, and ere long, Dr. Davis, a man of mark in the paths of literature, had, under training at Montreal, a goodly number of young men, preparing to become preachers of the Gospel. From this "school of the prophets" went forth men who have been blessings to Canada.

Additional means were soon required in carrying forward this new enterprise, and the contemplated project of erecting a college building. Mr. Edwards was requested to visit Britain for the purpose of awakening a deeper interest in behalf of

Canada, and to collect funds for the college. In 1839 he again crossed the Atlantic, and spent over a year and a half travelling through England and Scotland, in furtherance of the educational scheme of Montreal. The results of the mission were satisfactory; and, in the spring of 1841, Mr. Edwards again sailed for Canada. He was accompanied by Mr. Girdwood, who came to take charge of the church established by Mr. Gilmour, and by Mr. King, who became a laborious worker in the spiritual vineyard of Canada. The Montreal College, so dear to the hearts of many, and for which a few did so much, for some reason or other, was not sustained by the denomination generally. After a few years it ceased to exist, and the beautiful building passed into other hands, to be used for purposes widely different from those for which it was erected.

Mr. Edwards did not live to witness this

sad result to anxious thought and weary toil. A year more spent in the service of his master, for Canada, and his work was finished. While preaching in Lochaber, a current of air from an open window was the appointed means to produce disease, of which he died on the 29th of April, 1842, aged 63.

Six days afterwards his beloved wife, his cheerful helpmate in the toils and duties of life, without apparent disease or suffering, was called home. Both were interred at Foxes' Point, in view of the spot where, twenty years before, they landed and began life in the bush.

The foregoing sketch will attain the aim of the writer, if it should interest the reader, and tend to stimulate others to imitate the example of one who did what he could, exemplifying the Divine aphorism: "For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself."

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A F T E R .

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BY ERMINA RAYMOND.

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*Impromptu.*

RENO.—After all our joys there cometh pain,  
After all our sunshine cometh rain.

OLA.—But after every loss there comes some gain.

RENO.—After fame's bright glory cometh ill;  
All our earthly joys something will kill.

OLA.—After the finished work there cometh ease,  
And after fiercest storms the gentle breeze.

RENO.—Clouds come after sunshine all the way,  
Even as night does hasten after day.

OLA.—After all our dark days and our showers  
Come there forth in beauty tender flowers,

RENO.—After the straight path come many wiles;  
Sorrows follow joys, tears follow smiles.

OLA.—After all our sorrows and our tears  
Joys will come to chase away our fears.

RENO.—I am tired of trying to go right;  
I am longing for the day that has no night.

OLA.—After patient labor cometh pay,  
And after darkest night there cometh day;  
And after all our blessings and the best  
After our life's labor cometh rest.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SEWING-MACHINE.

BY ALICIA, AUTHORESS OF "THE CRUCIBLE," "WILLING HEARTS AND WILLING HANDS," &c.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER V.

Christmas morning dawned clear and cold, and as the sun shone out nature sparkled in her snowy robe, like some princess arrayed in diamond bedecked garments.

He was a strange fellow, this new master of mine, and yet I liked him. He came out of his room shouting "A merry Christmas!" to his canary, and when his slight breakfast was over gave Dickey his, and a lump of white sugar as a Christmas treat; then he busied himself, arranging his books, "making it look like Christmas," as he explained to Dick, all the while whistling softly, "Hark! the herald angels sing," the bird accompanying with his sweetest trills.

Mr. Reginald seemed that morning to have made his toilet a little more elaborate than I had yet seen it, and when he drew on his gloves, put a prayer-book in his pocket and went off, I concluded he had gone to church.

About one he returned and ate his lonely and not very tempting Christmas dinner. He had a happy look, and as he stood leaning against the mantle-piece, he sang, soft and low, a little song I have never forgotten. I never saw it set to music, and I don't think Reginald Leigh ever did.

"She came to the village church,  
And sat by a pillar alone;  
And once, but once, she lifted her eyes,  
And suddenly, sweetly, strangely blushed,  
To find they were met by my own;  
And suddenly, sweetly my heart beat stronger  
And thicker, until I heard no longer  
The snowy-banded dilettante,  
Delicate-handed priest intone!"

He had not forgotten *her* then, if he had forgotten me; but fears on that score were

soon ended. A knock came at the door, and he came to me, and taking me up said, softly:

"Now, little machine, be a comfort to your mistress; save her many a weary hour, many a sad headache, if you can."

Then addressing me, he delivered me into the hands of a boy who stood waiting, and bade him leave me for Miss Merton, at 82 William street.

The journey was a long and wearisome one, and I thought if Miss Merton lived at the West end, Reginald Leigh's abode must surely be at the extreme East; but on looking about me, as my bearer entered a garden gate, I concluded the two houses must be at the north and south poles, for the house we were approaching had anything but an aristocratic air.

It was a low rough-cast cottage, with a wide verandah surrounding it, and in front a little garden enclosed by an unpretentious white wooden fence; the cold glittering snow covered grass and flower, which might make the little cottage outwardly pretty in summer days, and yet the home was not without an appearance of comfort; some bright-hued flowers bloomed in pots on the low broad window seats, and through the window the glow of firelight shone warm and bright. All this I saw as I was being borne from the gate to the house, where the vibrations of a loud-toned knocker soon brought some one to the door. It was a dark-eyed girl, very young and very pretty, who answered the summons; she looked down doubtfully at the rosy-cheeked boy, as he held me up to her.

"For Miss Merton," he said, and before the young lady had time to make any enquiries he was off, and the sound of his quick footsteps had died away ere the

dark-eyed beauty closed the door. She carried me very cautiously, looking down wonderingly at me, and doubtless reading the name on my wrapper. Slowly she entered the room from whose window the firelight had shone. By the cheerful grate sat an elderly lady of, perhaps, forty-five, and at a table near the window the same Miss Merton I had seen at Mr. Harris'. As she sat sewing, the warm light falling on her face, I did not wonder Reginald Leigh loved her; I thought what a different man he would be if he could come home when his day's work was ended, and find such a woman waiting for him; he would not, could not, stay out until midnight damps were falling, or come home wretched and guilty as he had done that first night I watched him from my quiet corner.

"Mabel, Mabel, see here!" exclaimed my bearer as she entered the room, "a Christmas box for you, for 'Miss Mabel Merton with Santa Claus' best wishes." "Oh! Mabel, quick, look and see what it is!" and she placed me in Miss Merton's lap. With quick fingers Mabel untied the string and disclosed me to the view of her mother and sister (for such I supposed the other two ladies were).

"Oh! Mamma, Kate, a sewing-machine! just what I wanted so much; just look!"

"What a little darling!" exclaimed Kate, "I wonder who could have sent it to you."

For the first time the idea seemed to occur to Mabel, and she lifted her deep blue eyes to her sister's face wonderingly; then a thought seemed to strike her, and she bent over me to hide the quick color that mounted to her cheeks, and I felt her hand tremble as it rested on me. This did not escape Mrs. Merton, who had hitherto been a silent observer, and she turned away coldly as she said:

"I don't see who had the impudence to send you such an article; I consider it a perfect insult, and, for my part, would throw it into the street before I would condescend to use it."

"Oh! no, mamma, surely not. If I knew who had sent it, I might return it; but as it is I do not, cannot, think it wrong to use it, especially as I need it much."

"I should think not," said Kate, with a

toss of her head; "I would only be too glad to get it."

"Well, you must do as you please," returned her mother, "my opinion has seldom any weight with you; but I must confess I do wonder sometimes if either of you have any pride, it was always so different among any of my family."

"Perhaps they had more to keep up their pride with than we have," replied saucy Kate.

"But come, Mabel, do let us try your machine." The two girls were soon bending over me so closely, I could feel their soft breath, and Kate's curls brushed against me. One moment they were consulting the book of directions, the next, endeavoring to turn said directions to practical use. By the time twilight was creeping on, Mabel had almost mastered all difficulties, while Kate's decision was, she would leave it all to Mabel, "it was such a bother;" so off she went "to see about tea," she said, for she was bound to have something unusually nice, as it was Christmas.

Left alone with her mother, Mabel was very silent. She knew that to refer to her new possession would but provoke unpleasant remarks, and so she sat in the deepening gloom, passing her soft little hand slowly over me, with a sort of gentle caress which was very sweet to feel. I was almost sure, as I felt her soft touch, that she did guess who was the donor of her Christmas gift, and that she loved me for the giver's sake.

By and by, Kate came knocking at the door, bearing a tray loaded with good things. The lamp light seemed dazzling after the dim grey light, and Mabel shaded her eyes with her hand, and heaved a little sigh, as if regretful of the stir and light that chased her dreams away. As I watched the three seated round the little round table, Mabel so sweet, so calm; Kate so joyous and bright; Mrs. Merton so lady-like, so dignified, I thought how happy they might be if only that mother was more gentle and loving, more genial and sympathizing.

Ah! the skeleton that is hid away in every family closet was here too, even

among three. It is, indeed, sad when that skeleton is personated by the mother in a home—she who should be the very joy and sunshine, the sweetest influence of the household!

CHAPTER VI.

I had not been many weeks in the family of the Mertons before I learnt who was the stay and supporter of the little house—the supplier of its few comforts. It was the gentle, loving Mabel—she it was whose labors and self-denial accomplished all. As for Mrs. Merton, she had the name merely of mistress; she did nothing that I could see, beyond occasionally working at a little embroidery, or doing a little sewing for herself; except, indeed, keeping up a constant correspondence with some distant members of the Temples, her own family. I could never see that this letter-writing was of benefit to any one, though Mrs. Merton persisted it would result in good to herself and her daughters, if they would but be patient, and endeavor to maintain their proper position. She declared this correspondence was all that made life bearable to her—the only link between her past and present life. I doubt if it would not have been better for all parties if it had been broken.

Mrs. Merton was ever complaining of the way in which Mabel “degraded” herself, in sewing and giving music lessons; and yet she murmured at the fewness of the comforts her daughter’s labors could afford her.

Kate willingly undertook the household duties, for she was a kind, loving girl, and took her mother, whose favorite she was, under her especial care; but upon Mabel fell all anxiety, the toil and worry of providing for daily wants; to her came the landlord and the grocer, the butcher and the baker with their unwelcome bills,—odious things that Mrs. Merton would not have touched with one of her long taper fingers.

No wonder Mabel’s form was slight, her eyes sad, her brow thoughtful; so young, too, to earn daily bread for three! Twenty-one summers only had shed their sunshine

on her head,—that finely formed, well set head, with its crown of bright sunny hair!

The Mertons had few friends, and but one or two among the number the mother approved of as associates for her daughters; the only person who came to the house at all familiarly was a young Seaforth, a distant cousin of the Mertons. I saw from the first that he loved the dark-eyed Kate, and I felt glad, for I liked the warm-hearted youth. I sometimes wondered what the young lady’s feelings were towards him; I fancied she treated him too much like a brother to love him as he wanted to be loved. “Charlie” was always ready for everything or anything, always willing to go anywhere with the girls, or go any message for them. Mrs. Merton did not like him, she said his manners were plebeian, and his language commonplace; but as she seldom favored him with any attention, very seldom spoke to him in fact, her opinion affected Charlie very little. He generally came to the house two or three times a week, and seemed quite fond of me. He would often work me for hours at a time when poor Mabel’s hands were weary and her eyes dim with over-fatigue; many an hour’s rest did he give the weary girl, and felt himself fully repaid by one of her gentle smiles. Had he indeed been Mabel’s brother, as he longed to be, he could not have loved her with a brotherly affection more tender and considerate. How I loved him! for his kindness to my sweet mistress, in more points than this. I looked upon Charlie as one of nature’s noblemen.

Winter at last wore away, and bright spring days came when the flowers and shrubs began to peep out from under the fast melting snow, and a few venturesome swallows came out on a visit of inspection to see if it would be safe for the tribe to immigrate; and about this time I noticed a change in my mistress. She grew more quiet than ever, until Kate complained of her moodiness. I alone guessed the cause, and I felt that even if Mabel knew she was loved, she was not happy. From words dropped now and then, I learnt that she had met Reginald Leigh at a friend’s house; (oh! how I would have liked to be with my old master when he got home

that evening); and that she often saw him when she was out, I guessed from her burning cheeks and sparkling eyes when she would come in and sit down to her work. I think Mrs. Merton imagined there was something unusual in Mabel, for she watched her very closely. That surveillance, I knew, was unpropitious for my mistress.

Mrs. Merton and Kate were out spending the evening, one bright June day, and I was watching for Mabel, who had been gone to give a music pupil an after-tea lesson. She was late, and I was growing impatient, when I heard the gate open, and she entered, but not alone. Reginald Leigh was with her; I easily recognised him, even in the deepening twilight. I hoped he would come in, but he stopped at the door, and as he bade Mabel farewell, took both her little hands in his, and looked down earnestly into her face. Ah! I could well imagine the expression of those deep dark eyes as they gazed on the woman loved so passionately yet so truly. As I saw him walk slowly away I longed to be back in his dark dingy room, that I might see him enter it with the joy of knowing his Mabel loved him shining in his eyes, and beaming in his smile; for I knew he had read the secret in Mabel's downcast face that evening.

I felt that, joyous as Reginald's face was when he left Mabel, he would not always be so trustful and happy—that he would have moments when he would doubt everything save his love for her. Such was Reginald Leigh's nature. He needed God's grace, he needed Mabel Merton's childlike faith, to strengthen him and keep him. But I must return to my mistress,—and sad enough was she in those days. There are some people who, from their youngest days, seem to have a double share of care and sorrow; doubtless often they suffer for the sins of their parents; often, too, have added suffering from their own sensitive and nervous temperaments. As children, you see such, old and serious for their years; little fathers or mothers to younger brothers and sisters; always taking the care of others on their shoulders; always oppressed with a sense of *duty* to God and man; generally looking up to God, with a childlike faith, as to a loving Father; often taken home

very young. Such a one was Mabel Merton. Think then what a trial to her to have such a mother as she had. Gladly would she have gone to her with her griefs and fears for Reginald, and pleaded for sympathy and advice; but how could she? To meet with coldness and indifference, and even worse, when confiding such troubles—she could not; and so she told me, in sobs and tears, as she bent over me, when the house was all quiet, and Mrs. Merton and Kate had gone off to bed. Poor thing! how I sympathized with her, and longed to show my sympathy, but could not.

Well I guessed the doubts and fears that agitated my dear mistress' breast. She knew of Reginald's habits, and, I knew, would never marry him, unless he greatly changed; and yet how could she entirely desert him? If robbed of her love, would he not run into still greater excesses, and in despair sink lower and lower?

There was a young woman who used sometimes to come for Mabel's work. She was herself a seamstress, supporting a crippled father by her scant earnings. She had gained employment more than once for Mabel, and, to save her the trial of going with her work to gentlemen's houses, would often take it for her; while, in return, Mabel did her many a kind action, often sitting with the helpless father while Annie went for or with work. The friendship between the two girls, so different in birth and education, was true and warm; and, perhaps, Annie Miller knew more of Mabel's troubles than any one except herself. Much to her sorrow, her only brother was employed in a large billiard-room in the town, and she through him, knew a good deal of Reginald Leigh's habits and places of resort. Mabel found this out, and plied Annie with questions in a would-be careless manner, that yet did not deceive her informant. Thus Mabel heard constantly of Reginald, and I too, for the conversation of the friends generally took place in Mabel's own room.

Oh, Reginald Leigh! could you have seen the wretchedness you caused—could you have known how often you sent the woman you loved to rest with a sad, sad, aching heart, would you—could you, have gone on in your wild reckless ways?

CHAPTER VII.

Weeks and months sped by; but a change was coming for Mabel,—not a pleasant one truly. The first signs of the approaching storm made their appearance one morning at breakfast time. I was in my usual place at the window, for Mabel had been working a full hour before either Kate or her mother were awake. It was little wonder she had no appetite for her breakfast, but sat playing with her teaspoon and looking out of the window. Suddenly Kate said:

“Your dissipation of last night does not seem to have agreed with you, Mabel; does your head ache?”

“Not much,” returned her sister, without raising her eyes.

“Your flirtations with that Mr. Leigh were quite marked,” continued Kate, laughing. “What a handsome fellow he is! at least I think so, though some of the ladies complain of his being so horribly proud. He has a *distinguished* air I like. If I thought I had any chance, I might try and cut you out; only he’s poor, that’s the worst. It would never do for either of us to marry a poor man. We’ve had enough of that sort of thing at home. “But mercy, Mabel, you take it quite to heart!” exclaimed Kate, as she saw her sister’s crimson face she was vainly endeavoring to hide. “I knew Reginald Leigh was a great friend of yours, but I did not know there was anything serious going on.”

“Oh, Kate! please don’t talk so!” cried poor Mabel, feeling like some guilty thing, when she thought how truly serious matters were, and yet her mother knew nothing of it. Hitherto Mrs. Merton had been a silent listener to the sisters’ conversation; but now she turned sternly to Mabel, and said:

“Who is this Mr. Leigh, Mabel? and has he paid you such marked attention that all the gossips of the town are talking of it?”

“Oh, Mamma!” cried Kate, frightened at the result of her careless words, “I did not mean that; no one—

“Silence, Kate!” said her mother. “I spoke to Mabel, not to you. Now, Mabel, please answer my questions.”

Poor girl, she vainly endeavored to gain composure, and calmly reply to her mother’s enquiries, which it would have been easy enough to do if she had had time to think. As it was, her evident embarrassment served only to make Mrs. Merton think that, whatever was the connection between her daughter and this Mr. Leigh, it could not be such as she would approve.

“Mr. Leigh,” at length, began Mabel, “is a lawyer, a junior partner of Mr. Owens. I met him at Mrs. Owens’ in the spring, and, in one way or another, have grown to know him very well.”

“In one way or another?” interrupted Mrs. Merton; “please explain what you mean.”

Poor Mabel, seeing the mistake she had made, and driven to desperation, turned round quickly.

“I am not a child, Mamma. I don’t think there is any reason why I should be questioned so closely, or be forced to mention every time and place I may have met Mr. Leigh during the last six months.” She was roused now, and her eyes shone as I had never seen them shine. Her Mother did not reply, and, in a moment, Mabel felt she had not spoken as a daughter should to a mother, and she was both sorry and ashamed.

“Surely, Mamma,” she said quietly, “you can believe your daughter would not do anything improper or unladylike. I am not aware that my conduct has ever been such as to provoke remark; but you know there are always some who love to talk and gossip. I admit Mr. Leigh and I have always been intimate friends; beyond that I have nothing to tell.”

Her cheeks burnt hotter and hotter; she had spoken the truth, but not the whole truth.

“And do you intend to marry this young man,—to desert Kate and myself in our poverty?” said Mrs. Merton, after a few minutes. “I should expect nothing less.”

“Oh, mother, don’t speak so, don’t!” cried poor Mabel, tears coming now to relieve her over-wrought spirit. “I would not marry and leave you as you are now;

you know I would not. Mr. Leigh has never even spoken to me of marriage."

"Oh, indeed!" returned Mrs. Merton, in chilling tones, "has he not? That, I presume, will be the next step in this interesting affair. But Mabel, I leave you to act as you please, though I don't in the least suppose your mother's disapproval or consent would make any difference to you."

Having delivered herself of this speech, every word of which sank, like a poisoned arrow into poor Mabel's heart, Mrs. Merton left the room.

"Oh! Mab, darling, don't cry so!" said Kate, coming up gently to her sister, and kneeling beside her. "Mamma does not mean half she says—she will come round all right, I know; and don't be troubling yourself with what other people say. If Mr. Leigh is a little wild, all young men are so now-a-days, and when he is married, and has such a dear good little wife as you to take care of him, he'll settle down and be as quiet and good as can be; so don't cry, darling Mab, dont!"

You foolish Kate! How you wound where you wish to soothe. And yet her sister's sympathy did Mabel good, and she kissed her fondly as she rose to resume her work. There was no rest for her whether happy or sad.

Perhaps Kate Merton felt more sympathy for her sister in regard to her "little romance," as she called it, from the fact that she was at this time, herself, engaged in an *affaire de cœur*.

If I had not been so intent on the affairs of my own sweet mistress, I, doubtless, would have mentioned the fact that, of late, poor Charlie's visits had been growing fewer and fewer, as those of a young fellow of the name of Clitheroe had come to be looked upon as regular events in the Merton family. Much too frequent this young fashionable's visits were to my taste; for from the first I detested the creature. There was something so false in his grey, green eyes; so decidedly false in his shining teeth; so weak in his thick flaccid lips, and, in the whole appearance of the man, something so unmanly,

so conceitedly foppish—from his well-curved hair and moustache, to his tight-fitting pumps—that I hated the very sight of him. His quick "pat-pat" on the old knocker was a sound as unpleasant to me as it was gratifying to Kate, and Mrs. Merton; for *she* liked him. Oh, yes! "He was such a perfect gentleman, so polished, so polite; and then the Clitheroes were such a fine old family!" Ah, Mrs. Merton! when your bonnie Kate came to you broken-hearted and reproached you, did you not blame yourself? For, of course, Stanley Clitheroe forsook Kate, when he was sure he had won her girlish heart. What had he to stay for? He had gained his purpose; there was no money to tempt, or "egad! he might have given up his freedom for such a deucedly pretty girl." As it was, he went out of the house swinging his ivory headed cane as nonchalantly, and twirling his moustache as carelessly, as if he was coming again to-morrow; but never entered the little cottage again—never, probably, gave more than a passing thought to the sad-hearted, slighted girl he left there to watch and hope until her heart grew sick—until despair settled there, and at last love turned to bitterest scorn. But that did not come until poor Kate had heard of his perfidy elsewhere. I was glad when the change came.

The only visits Charlie Seaforth made in those days, when Kate's heart and mind were full of Stanley, was when he knew Mabel was alone; then he would come and sit beside her—not full of fun and life as he used to be, but sad and quiet, and perhaps his mood suited Mabel better. She understood him and he her, and they were content to be silent.

But when Clitheroe had gone, and his name was no longer heard in the little circle, when the evenings were dull and lonely, Charlie quietly slipped into his old ways, and nobody hindered him. Even Mrs. Merton said he was "better than nobody," and if Kate's welcome was not genial, it was at least kind, and Charlie was happy to be near her.

(To be continued.)

## EARLY SCENES IN CANADIAN LIFE.

BY REV. THOMAS WEBSTER, NEWBURY, ONT.

*(Continued.)*

## CHAPTER XXXII.

THE JOURNEY CONTINUED—ARRIVAL AT THE GENERAL ENCAMPMENT—RUNNING THE GAUNTLET—FLIGHT OF THE BOY—A COUNCIL—REBECCA ADOPTED BY A CAYUGA CHIEF—BROUGHT INTO CANADA—DESPAIR OF BEING RESTORED TO HER FAMILY—AS WELL USED AS THE DAUGHTERS OF THE TRIBE—ENDEAVORS TO ADAPT HERSELF TO HER SITUATION—GAINS THE GOODWILL OF THE INDIANS.

The fears of a similar fate caused Rebecca and the little boy to endeavor to suppress, as speedily as possible, all indications of the horror and grief that they felt at witnessing the heartless murder of the sweet little girl, who had so awakened their love and pity during the few days of their mutual captivity.

To the young prisoners the way seemed interminable. But, however weary they might be, or however painful their progress, it needed but the thought of that frightful deed to stimulate them to renewed effort; for full well they realized the imperative necessity of keeping up with the tall and sinewy men who stalked beside them, if they would escape the doom that had befallen their little companion.

The journey was continued, resting only at night, till the close of the fifth day. Then the whole company reached the general encampment, situated near where Buffalo is now built.

As soon as their approach was known, men, women and children collected to welcome the returning warriors, with the demonstrations of joy usual on such occasions.

These noisy festivities concluded, the dispirited little prisoners felt relieved at being allowed to retire from general observation, and crept to the lodging places

assigned to them with sad forebodings of the morrow.

Next morning preparations were made for disposing of the captives. The boy was to be compelled to "run the gauntlet." All the Indian boys were armed with sticks, and arranged in two long lines facing each other, with an open space between.

The white boy was placed at one end of the open space, and made to understand that he must pass between the two lines of his armed persecutors. He was then ordered to run, which he did with all his might. The young savages were fresh and vigorous, and they dealt their blows like rain, right and left, upon the poor way-worn child. Still he kept his feet and ran on, seemingly with constantly increasing speed. Nor did he pause when he had passed beyond the lines of his tormentors, but continued his flight till he completely disappeared from view. Rebecca never saw him again. Whether the Indians followed and killed him—whether he made his escape to the white settlement, or wandered about without food in the wilderness till he perished there, is unknown. He was gone, and Rebecca was again a solitary captive.

A council was now held, to decide the fate of Rebecca. After a long consultation, an old chief arose, and with a large knife in his right hand, approached the little girl. The terrified child, with the tragic events of the last few days in her mind, seeing that he was advancing towards her, became frenzied with fear, and shrieked wildly, believing that her hour had come. But she had mistaken the old warrior's purpose. He merely cut a small piece out of her dress—a proceeding probably having some significance in the ceremonial of adoption. He then took her with him to his lodge, and thenceforward she was

regarded as one of his own family. This chief was of the Cayuga tribe.

These Indians appear to have been at that time on their way into Canada, and to have encamped at the place in which they then were, to await the coming in of detached bands of their braves, who had diverged from the direct route, in different directions, for the purpose of plundering or murdering the scattered white settlers.

When all had arrived they took to their canoes, and passed over to this side. The old chief who had adopted Rebecca, erected his wigwam near the mouth of the Grand River, not far from where Dunville is now located, and that vicinity was the principal home of his family for many years.

After being brought into Canada, Rebecca seems to have abandoned all hope of ever again being restored to her father and brothers. But it is not in the nature of childhood to brood over sorrow, or to be long despondent.

In her new home she had nothing to complain of, beyond the hardships common to all the female members of the family. Being well treated among them, in a very few years she appears to have become attached to them, and reconciled to her lot. She had also won their good opinion by the cheerful alacrity with which she performed any task assigned to her, however disagreeable. With her natural quickness, she very soon acquired all the accomplishments prized in an Indian maiden, and became a general favorite with the tribe.

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#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE BEREAVED FATHER—HIS PROTRACTED ANXIETY AND REPEATED DISAPPOINTMENTS—DIES WITHOUT FINDING ANY TRACE OF HIS CHILD—THE BROTHERS HEAR TIDINGS THAT REVIVE THEIR HOPES—JOHN STYRES COMES TO CANADA—FINDS REBECCA—HOW CHANGED—ENDEAVORS TO PERSUADE HER TO RETURN WITH HIM—SHE REFUSES—HIS DISAPPOINTMENT—SATISFACTION OF THE INDIANS—REBECCA MARRIES—HER HUSBAND DIES—HER BROTHER AGAIN SOLICITS HER TO COME TO HIS HOME

—IS AGAIN REFUSED—HER CHILDREN—HER DEATH—OTHER CAPTIVES—MARRIAGE—THEIR DESCENDANTS.

Who, unless he has experienced like sorrow, can imagine the overwhelming anguish that almost paralyzed the heart of Mr. Styres, when made acquainted with the magnitude of his misfortune. But the thought that his beloved daughter might still be alive, that she might even yet be recovered, again quickened his pulsations, and stimulated him to exertion.

Long and diligently did the sorrowing father seek his child, but only to find disappointment; to return, tortured by anxiety and suspense, to the home from which the light and joy had gone out for ever; to sit beside his now cheerless hearth through all the long winter evenings, pondering upon her sad fate, if living, and questioning with himself whether there was not more reason to mourn the living than the dead; in his dreams by night to see her wasted with hunger, or perishing with cold; bending under heavy burdens, and cruelly beaten when she fainted beneath the load; again he saw her writhing in the flames, or her tender flesh quivering under the knife, and awoke in an agony of horror, to wish that he could be assured that she was really dead.

Inquiries were instituted by every means available to the unhappy father, but without any satisfactory result. If he heard of a white girl held by the Indians, here or there, when the place was reached, it was to be told that there was no white girl there; or, having found one, to make the discovery that she was not his child.

Thus, year after year passed away, and the fate of Rebecca, to her father and brothers, continued shrouded in impenetrable gloom; and the old man appears to have gone down to his grave sorrowing for his daughter.

At length the still inquiring brothers were informed that there was among the Cayuga Indians, on the banks of the Grand River in Canada, a young white woman, who in probable age—time of captivity—place from which she was taken, &c., answered to the description of their sister.

On receiving this intelligence, hope, though so often crushed by bitter disap-

pointment, again sprang up in the hearts of the brothers. John Styres, with all possible expedition, set out for Canada, to ascertain the fact. After an anxious and weary journey of many days, he reached the locality indicated, and found the Indians. There, too, was the young white woman; and brief questioning sufficed to satisfy the longing brother that in her he saw his own loved and long-lost sister.

But how sadly different the reality of that meeting from the picture imagination had so often fondly painted. He was obliged to converse with her through an interpreter. Cautious and reserved, she regarded the stranger with suspicion. And it was long before she could be brought to acknowledge him as her brother,—not till he had convinced her by reciting family incidents which she still remembered.

When he proposed that she should return with him to the home of their childhood, she peremptorily refused. His most affectionate entreaties failed to induce her to change her resolution.

She had been so long among those wild children of the forest, that she had become one with them in feeling, in habits, in modes of thought, in faith,—an Indian in everything but blood.

In reply to her brother's solicitations, she represented that she had become accustomed to the Indian manner of life, and liked it; that she would not now learn the ways of the white people, and therefore, could not expect to be respected among them; and she would not expose herself to their scorn. That she was a little twig when brought away from the settlements, and had taken root in the woods, and grown up large and strong; and if now torn up and planted again in the open country, she would droop and die.

This, then, was the result of the journey from which he had hoped so much. He had found his sister, it was true; but how? Not the abused and overtaxed menial that he had expected. She, evidently, had not been treated with the brutal cruelty that they had feared; but had experienced much rude kindness instead. He could not but be thankful that it was so; and yet, that very thing had, doubtless, contributed to her forgetfulness of her home, and the loves

and teachings of her childhood; and had made her what he found her—a pagan, preferring a home in a wigwam and the company of savages to the abodes of civilization, the companionship of her kindred and the worship of the God of her fathers.

Finding that his most earnest persuasions and assurances of an affectionate welcome among her white relatives, with promises of a home of comfort, ease, and plenty, where she would be loved and cherished as in their happy childhood, had no power to change Rebecca's determination, the deeply disappointed brother took his leave, and with a heavy heart returned to his home.

The family into which Rebecca had been adopted felt her refusal to accompany her brother as flattering to themselves. The whole band were gratified by the preference she manifested for Indian life, and she became a greater favorite than ever.

Shortly after the departure of her brother she married a young Caughnawaga Indian from Lower Canada. He had been adopted by the Cayugas, and was now one of the tribe as well as Rebecca. She became the mother of four children, two sons and two daughters. Not long after the birth of the fourth child her husband died.

When her brother John learned that her husband was dead, thinking, perhaps, that in her bereavement her heart might turn to him, or, possibly, suspecting that her attachment to the young Caughnawagian might have had something to do with her former decision, he again endeavored to persuade her to leave the Indians and come to him. He had settled in Canada; and he promised that she and her children should have a good home if she would comply with his request.

Rebecca seems to have appreciated her brother's persistent kindness, but she declined as decidedly as on the former occasion, to become dependent upon him, or to take up her residence among the whites. She was not to be prevailed upon to leave the Cayugas. The most friendly relations, however, continued to exist between the brother and sister as long as he lived.

She never married again, but devoted herself to her children, bringing them up according to the customs of their father's people. To all of them, however, she gave

English names, calling them respectively George, John, Betsy and Hannah. John died while out in the woods on a hunting expedition. George is still living.

Having renounced paganism, he became a member of the Church of England, and gave his children opportunities for education. The family are respectable, and in prosperous circumstances.

Rebecca, herself, lived to be an aged woman; and, as nearly as can be ascertained, died in the summer of 1853, near Dunville, not far from the spot where the family who had adopted her had located when the Cayugas came into Canada, at the close of the American Revolution.

The Six Nations, in their various forays upon the whites, had made many other prisoners. Those whose lives were preserved having been usually adopted, as Rebecca was, into the tribe to which their captors belonged, were brought with them into Canada. Among those thus held by the Mohawks, who settled on the Grand River, was a lad whose name was Maricle, and a young girl, name unknown, who was taken about the same time, and from near the same locality with him. The trials peculiar to the earlier period of their captivity having passed, they became gradually assimilated to the wild people among whom they dwelt, till they seemed to differ little, except in the lighter hue of their complexion, from the other members of the tribe.

When they had attained to mature years, perhaps from the remembrance of their early companionship in misfortune, or from natural affinity, they each preferred the other to any of their dusky companions, and became man and wife. They continued, however, to live among the Indians at Tayehthanageuk, and to enjoy all the rights and privileges accorded to those born in the tribe.

In process of time their children grew up and intermarried with the Indians, in whose habits and manner of life they had been reared, and with whom their descendants are now identified.

Not a few of the people in the Grand River Reservation, who are regarded by themselves and others as Indians, inherit the blood of white captives.

One of Maricle's daughters married the son of a white man by an Indian mother; and a grandson of that daughter is now a successful minister of the gospel. The pious and amiable wife is granddaughter of Rebecca Styres.

A larger proportion of this tribe (the Mohawks), than of any other, are nominally Christian—influenced thereto, probably, by the example of their great chief, Thayendanegea.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE SIX NATIONS LESS TROUBLESOME NEIGHBORS AFTER COMING TO CANADA—PROBABLE CAUSES—DUMFRIES SETTLERS GOING TO NIAGARA TO MILL—DELAY—INADEQUATE SUPPLIES AT HOME—NEIGHBORLY KINDNESS IN TIME OF SICKNESS—A SHARP TEST—TRIUMPH OF BENEVOLENCE—ADDITIONAL DIFFICULTIES—SUMPTUOUS ENTERTAINMENT FOR AN HONORED GUEST—THE BOY SENT AFTER STRAYED COWS—DOES NOT RETURN WHEN EXPECTED—ALARM OF THE MOTHER—THE SEARCH—ARRESTED BY DARKNESS—ANXIETIES OF THE NIGHT—SEARCH RESUMED IN THE MORNING.

The antecedents of the Indian tribes established in Canada after the war, and the probability that their savage propensities had been dangerously stimulated by their recent participation in that bloody contest, were not very assuring subjects of reflection. To the more peace-loving of the civilized emigrants, longing for repose and security, after the turmoil and dangers through which they had just passed, the proximity of these warlike bands, fresh from the field of carnage, was anything but tranquillizing. But, whether in consequence of having been better treated by the whites here, or because they regarded them as allied with themselves against a common foe, or from whatever reason, the early settlers in Western Canada found them much less troublesome neighbors than they had heretofore proved to the dwellers among their former haunts.

An incident illustrative of this improved feeling towards the whites, and which contrasts favorably with the foregoing narratives, occurred in the early settlement of the Township of Dumfries.

Several of the pioneer settlers in that township, requiring a supply of flour for their families, at a time when they had to go to Niagara to mill, they went together, and conveyed their grain on such primitive means of transportation as they could procure, to Burlington Bay.

There the company separated, some of them returning home with the teams, while the others embarked with their grain in a large open boat for Niagara. As was often the case on those milling expeditions, circumstances were such as to detain them much longer than they had anticipated.

Among those who had gone on to Niagara, was a man whose name was Wilson. His family had but a scant amount of flour on hand when he left home; but they had two cows, and his wife hoped, with the milk and butter derived from these, and the potatoes, of which they had plenty in the ground, to make her small store of flour suffice for the comfort of their children till her husband's return.

During the protracted absence of the milling party, a woman in the settlement was taken sick. In the state of society then existing, for any attentions required in sickness, beyond what the family were competent to give, neighbors were dependent upon the kind offices of each other, though often residing miles apart. Whoever learned of the illness of anyone in the settlement, felt it a duty to let others know of it, and to go him or herself, and as far as might be possible, to render all needed assistance. The kind friends who thus went to minister to the wants of the sick woman soon discovered that there was not in the house a morsel of bread or an ounce of flour.

What was to be done in this emergency? In the whole settlement there was scarcely a house, just then, in which either of these articles, or any substitute for them, suited to the palate of an invalid, could be procured.

Mrs. Wilson had baked up all her little store of flour, and only a part of her last loaf remained. That she had been reserving for some days in the expectation of a visit from a highly valued friend. But all other claims gave way before those of sickness, and thinking that her husband must soon return, and if he did not, that persons in health could very well subsist upon

potatoes, butter and milk, when nothing daintier was to be had, she bestowed her last bit of bread upon her suffering neighbor.

The embarrassments of her position were soon further increased by her cows straying away. Then, both milk and butter disappeared from her frugal table. At this unpropitious juncture the expected guest arrived, and was regaled by the mortified hostess with *potatoes and water*.

Next morning, after the departure of her guest, Mrs. Wilson, hearing a cow-bell, and hoping that her cows might be with the cattle bearing it, sent her little son, aged about ten years, out to the place where the bell was heard, to ascertain the fact; but strictly charging him, if, upon coming up with the cattle, he did not find their own cows, not to attempt to go farther into the woods in search of them, but to return immediately home. When a sufficient time had elapsed, and he did not return as the mother had expected, she began to feel uneasy, and running out, called to him, but there was no answering call. Advancing in the direction in which he should have gone, she continued, with only intervals of a few seconds, to call loudly and yet more loudly upon the name of her son, but only the reverberations of her own voice among the hills were heard for reply. Then the terrible thought that she had been struggling to repel established itself in her mind, that he was lost in the forest.

Overwhelmed by the startling conviction, she paused, if possible, to collect her distracted thoughts. What could she do? Her husband was still absent, and for her to penetrate the depths of the trackless wilderness in search of her lost boy, would be but bootless madness. The harassing perplexities of the previous days were quite forgotten, in view of this great calamity. The so lately distressing importunities of her remaining children for bread, were now as nothing. And, regardless of their alarm at her not returning, she hurried on to the nearest neighbors, to invoke their aid.

The case needed but to be stated, to enlist the sympathies and prompt assistance of all who heard. The few men in the vicinity, who were at home, were soon collected. All day long they traversed the woods in every possible direction, blowing

horns, and discharging guns, but failed to find the boy, or any traces of his presence. And when compelled by the gathering darkness to desist, they could bring to the disconsolate mother no tidings of her child.

In this instance there was no horseman,—as in that of the little Farris mentioned in a previous chapter—to ride hither and thither through the woods to warn out the scattered inhabitants. And if such a messenger of mercy could have been procured, there were few men who could have been reached, and fewer women who could come in to soothe or encourage the sorrowing mother by their presence and sympathetic kindness. Only those who have themselves endured similar agonies of apprehension can realize the misery of

(*To be continued.*)

the wretched mother, as the leaden-footed hours of darkness dragged their weary length along. The few women then settled about where Jerseyville is now situated, hastened to do all that could be done to console the mourning mother, and shared with her the painfully anxious watching and waiting of that sad day and night.

The sun arose next morning in all its grandeur and glory, and by its hope-inspiring light the men resumed the search. But, to the tortured heart of the fond mother, imagining all sorts of horrors as having befallen her beloved child, the cheerful light of day brought little relief. The shadow of her sorrow of spirit brooded dark enough to obscure for her the brightness of the sun at noonday.

## THE MONUMENT AT QUEENSTON.

BY ROGER CONGER CLUTE.

A right loyal greeting awaits thee, brave Britain,  
In the land of the maple leaf over the sea;  
Thy glorious deeds on her shores shall be written,  
The champion thou of her loved liberty.

No more shall fair Hope fold her wings for the  
morrow,  
Or Despair fill the land with her poisonous breath;  
No more shall fond hearts at the dark shrine of  
Sorrow,  
Baptize it with tears or crown it with death.

For Success as thine hand-maid to battle attends thee,  
And flowers of victory bloom in the way,  
And right-loving Justice approving commands thee,  
The night disappears, for thou bringest the day.

\* \* \* \*

Now Brock and his brave volunteers, by the river,  
Repose from the toils of a wearisome day:  
Hope, hovering near, smiles as brightly as ever,  
But Pity, dim-eyed, turns in sorrow away.

Say, what mean those shadows, athwart, as if blending  
With the dark-rolling waters, like ghouls of the night?  
And mark that long line on the shore, now ascending—  
Men! Soldiers! the foe is ascending the height.

Ere the sun has saluted the Autumn-clad morning,  
Or dried the night-tears of her weeping wood-land,  
Alarm wings its flight, and the fair tents adorning  
The plain, spring to life with a chivalrous band.

They care not for danger, nor honor desire;  
*Home, country, the foe desecrating her shore;*  
These thoughts fill the soul with a patriot fire  
That burns on the heart's altar bright as of yore.

Already the ruthless invaders have vaunted  
Their prowess and strength in the loud cannons'—  
The hero of Queenston, with valor undaunted, [roar,—  
Leads on our staunch yeomen to conquer once  
more.

The rush and the crash tell the battle is raging;  
Its terrible sounds roll through forest and glen,

When true British steel, a fierce conflict waging,  
Crowns the proud heights of Queenston with  
[patriot men.

The enemy wavers! in fierce exultation  
They charge, and again, the desperate foe:  
On the field die the hopes of that loud-boasting nation,  
*Or inglorious sink in the waters below.*

Bright laurels are woven, with which a free nation  
Awaits to encircle the conqueror's brow;  
The voice of a people in loud acclamation  
Proclaims him the victor; why tarries he now?

Though songs of thanksgiving and triumph are  
blending,  
A sorrow-cloud shadows the land in deep gloom;  
Her chieftain has fallen—his country defending:  
Lost, lost, and the nation weeps over his tomb.

Yes, he died where he fought, e'en as Victory sought  
him—  
'Mid the battle and strife, gently calling his name,  
And bearing a crown in her hand, which she brought  
A tribute to worth from the temple of Fame. [him];

And when the inscription by slow dissipation  
From his monument guarding the height shall have  
He shall live in the hearts of a new generation, [sworn;  
A watch-word of freedom to ages unborn.

For trumpet-tongued Fame to her golden-gate raises  
A name more enduring than time-beaten rock.  
The gate is unbarred, and the temple with praises  
Rings forth a loud welcome to brave Isaac Brock.

From border to border in mighty pulsation,  
Let the sound never cease, never die evermore;  
Let Niagara re-echo the worthy laudation—  
Honor, honor to him in its eternal roar.

[story  
Aye, while France shall remember, and England the  
Wing wide o'er the wave of well-fought Waterloo  
The victorious wreaths which Brock won with such  
glory  
Shall entwine the broad folds of the *Red, White*  
and *Blue*.

## THE "ZENIE" AND ITS CREW.

Between Alexandria and Cairo an excellent railway has been in operation for several years. We were, however, tired enough of railways and steamboats, and decided at once on proceeding to Cairo by sail-boat. Five of us, representing no less than four distinct nationalities and three distinct languages, united in chartering one for a voyage to the first cataracts and back to Cairo.

The Nile boat is an ancient institution of the country, as appears from the sculptures on some of its oldest monuments. It seems to have been devoted to every use of business and pleasure, to have been constructed of every material from papyrus to thorn-wood, and to have varied in size from the canoe carried, according to Pliny, on men's shoulders, to the war vessel of Ptolemy Philopater, which was 420 feet long, 72 feet high, and carried a crew of 400 sailors, besides 4,000 rowers, and 3,000 soldiers.

The boat of our choice—the "Zenie"—was one of the common pleasure boats built for hire. It measured about 60 feet in length, 14 in width, and contained three good rooms comfortably furnished, a bath room and, if the reader will forgive an ambitious name, a *promenade* deck on the roof of the poop, shaded in calm days by a canvas awning. It was, for speed, built sharp in the prow, and flat of keel, on account of the shoals and sand-banks that hinder navigation when the Nile is low. Three immense lateen sails, that looked when filled by a breeze like the wings of some huge bird, a stout tug-rope, and five pair of oars, were our means of locomotion. In a fair wind, the sails did duty, and that right nobly, at times lurching over the boat and gathering the foam at its prow, as it careered on at the rate of 6 or 7 knots an hour. When the wind died or became contrary, the crew leaped ashore and made two knots an hour by hard toiling at the tug-rope; but in the return voyage, the masts were taken down,

the tug-rope laid by, and everything left to the current and the oars.

This ambitious little craft was manned by a crew of ten men and a boy. These with the captain, the cook, the dragoman and his waiting-boy, constituted our sole company for eight weeks. There can be little wonder, therefore, that their images are indelibly fixed in my mind, and that a rare insight was got into their habits and characters. They showed every shade of color, from the bronze of the American Indians to the ebony of the African race. The captain, a strong, handsome man, with much of benevolence and much of wild passion in his face, a Nubian by birth, was the sole representative of the ebony hue. They stood at almost every variety of height. The first mate was a tall, majestic man, with a mien and a bearing that might grace a European Court: Ali, one of the crew, was as small, as lithe, and as volatile as the smallest Frenchman. They exhibited various degrees of devotional fervor. One whom the rest had nicknamed the *dervish*, aimed at a high standard of religion, and for a time seldom omitted the regular prayers of the Mahometan faith; others seemed, like many among ourselves, to aim after a kind of compromise between the church and the world by praying only in bad weather; others were a kind of broad churchmen who *would* not insist upon subscription to *all* in the Koran, as necessary to the true faith; while Ibrahim, the cook, constituted a class by himself. He had seen much of the world, and had mingled as cook in the best society. He was a Mahometan, and would have shed his blood, probably, for his faith; but from his intercourse with Englishmen, with whom he was in great repute for the desert routes, he had, to their shame be it spoken, learned to drink and to swear.

His knowledge of English was such that he spoke of certain troubles "breaking his *stomach*," and yet his knowledge of English

oaths was shockingly extensive. For all these sins, however, he intended, when the voyage was over, to make atonement by fasting and penance. The old man was evidently a character, and travellers had taken encouragement from this to teach him wickedness for their amusement. It was truly a sad fact that the worst man on board our boat was the only man that knew anything of our language and religion.

In many things they resembled each other. For one thing, they seemed with scarcely an exception to have been maimed in eye or finger to save their enlistment into the army. They had, in common, also wonderful powers of endurance, so that for 48 hours they could stand to their oars with short intervals for food, but none for sleep. They were all quiet and inoffensive: they were all submissive and obliging. We have read of certain travellers who could not manage their boat's crew without "a grievous crab-tree cudgel." Such was not our experience. We could have sailed round the world with these men, so brave and hardy were they in danger, so peaceable among themselves; so gentle and kind to the ladies of our party, so willing to work when there was need for it, and to dance and sing when they had nothing else to do. In managing them, we relied on two things: kind treatment and the promise of a "buck-sheesh," *i.e.* a present, when the voyage was over, should they deserve it. They did deserve it, with only one exception, and they did not receive the reward with more pleasure than our party felt in giving it.

#### A STORM ON THE MAHMOODEH CANAL.

The greater part of two days was spent in preparation for the voyage, for, as Mr. Robinson remarks, the Arabs and Egyptians reverse the good old English maxim, and never do to day what they can put off till to-morrow. At length, however, the fire-place on deck was finished; bed and table-linens of snowy whiteness were stowed away in the lockers; a supply of fruit and food, of powder, pipes and tobacco was laid in; and, on a beautiful evening, in the beginning of February, the huge sails were hoisted, and away the *Zenie* went past waving palms and orange gar-

dens, with hedge-rows of the prickly pear, till the mounds of the ancient city and the minarets of the modern were left in the distance. As night advanced the wind rose, and everything promised a speedy voyage to Cairo. Towards morning we were awoke by the howl of the storm, and the cries of the men invoking *Allah*, as they strove, up to their waists in water, to shove the boat off a sand-bank. The break of day revealed to us rather a peculiar scene. There is great variety in the stormy moods of nature; but even the same tempest is wonderfully diversified by the diverse localities over which it sweeps. The hurricane that strews our streets with fragments of chimney-pots, and sweeps with fury round the street corners, roars through the forest till the proudest pines bend, and whistle and shriek. The winds that howl and yell in discordant notes amid the lofty hills, piling up drift here, and sweeping the black earth there, rush over the Atlantic in a regular, steady march to the music of one deep bass note, piling up great waves, and crowning their tops with white foam. Thus, indeed, did the hurricane we encountered on the canal sweep the bosom of the Mediterranean, strewing the coast of Syria, as we afterwards had occasion to see, with wrecks, and filling many hearts with mourning. To us, on that canal, however, the storm was very different from what it was in city, in forest, or on the sea. Our readers are, probably, aware that Alexandria does not lie on either of the two mouths by which the Nile empties itself into the sea.

In 1820 the Mahmoodeh canal was opened, to connect Alexandria with the river, in the hopes that by this means the ancient city could again recover the trade of the East, to which it owed its former greatness. The canal took, as its course, the old canal of Fooah, in use in the time of the Venetians, and the ancient Canopic branch of the Nile. It leads through some of the dreariest regions on the face of the earth. Amid the solitude of one of these we were storm-staid, the wind having pinned us to a mud-bank, with the strength of a score of cables. Early in the morning I ventured out to take a look of our whereabouts. We were stuck fast in the middle of a vast

marsh, that seemed bounded on every side by the horizon. Neither tree, nor house, nor beast, nor bird, nor man was to be seen. It was a north wind, and came laden with rain and cold, which sent the Arab sailors crouching down into the hold for shelter and warmth. With abundance of provision on board we could, fortunately, stand a long siege; but the rain made its way into the poop. The thermometer had gone down from 80°, in the shade, to well nigh the freezing point, and we lacked fires to heat the rooms, so that, on the whole, these two nights and intervening day were spent somewhat uncomfortably for people that had begun the voyage with such bright hopes. On board the boat there were a few novels by such as Grant and James; but, luckily, there was sufficient conversational power in our little company to relieve, to a great extent, the tedium of these days, and the many other days equally tedious, incident to a voyage on the Nile.

## FROM ATFEH TO CAIRO.

On the afternoon of the second day of storm the wind abated, the sails were again raised, and towards evening we reached Atfeh, where the canal descends by a series of excellent locks, to make the connection of the Nile. The basin of the canal, where they had taken shelter from the storm, we found crowded with freight-boats, on their way with wheat, cattle, cotton, corn, sugar and pottery, to Alexandria. While the Zenie waited its turn to get through the locks we stepped ashore to view this native village. It contained a few good houses of sun-dried brick; but the great bulk of the dwellings were mere hovels of mud, without windows or chimneys, and with a low hole whereby to go in and out. I peeped into some of them, and could see they contained no article of furniture, and only a little straw in a corner that seemed to answer the purpose of beds. From this the reader must not infer that the inhabitants of Atfeh are in the same state of destitution that would be indicated by homes like these amongst us. To the Eastern the *house* is not what it is to us of the cold and rainy West. Such is his climate, that he lives in

the open air, eats, smokes, visits, and often sleeps in it, and retires to the den he calls a house, only for a few hours at night, when he cannot make a better of it.

It was painful, however, to see very young boys, and girls too, employed in the drudgery of brickmaking, and in carrying on their heads bricks for the builders up lofty scaffolds, to the music of some dull song, while the overseers, as of old, stood with rods to admonish the tardy. Notwithstanding this grinding toil, that seems the lot, till this day, of the lower classes of Egypt, boys will be boys; and so, as we passed a pool of water, left by the rain of the past storm, we espied a little urchin, probably some truant from the brickfield, busily sailing a tiny boat. It differed little from the specimens of boat architecture I have seen from the hands of boys in other countries, with the single exception of the sails, which, in this case, consisted of white feathers from the wing of a fowl.

Wearied with the slow progress we had been making, we entered into an agreement with the captain of a steamboat, that was tugging some barges to Cairo, to take us in tow. He waited till we got through the locks, threw us a stout rope, and we were fairly afloat for the first time on the bosom of the Nile. With the appearance of the ancient river I was much disappointed. The Rhine, the Rhone, the Hudson, the St. Lawrence roll to the ocean as great a body of water, and present much more interesting scenery. At the season of the year in which for the most part travellers make the acquaintance of the Nile, it has sunk so low in its channel that for days nothing is often seen but the naked mud-banks, with a straggling village here and there, and here and there the white-washed tomb of some saint. Struggling up the mud wall that shuts out the world, one sees and understands at a glance the physical aspect of Egypt. It is extremely difficult to give in few words an exhaustive description of countries like England, or Palestine, because of the endless variety of scenery that goes to constitute the whole. The same difficulty does not exist in the case of Egypt. Describe one part and you describe the whole. Let us, then, suppose a line, some eighty miles in

length, drawn along the shores of the Mediterranean, and constituting the base of a triangle. The two sides of this triangle will be the mouths by which the Nile empties itself into the sea. The ground hereby enclosed forms what is called the Delta of the Nile, and contains, including the land on each side of the rivers, some 4,500 square miles of arable land, or double all the arable land in Egypt. At the apex of the Delta, where the Nile throws out its two forks, the valley proper of the Nile begins. This valley consists of what would in Scotland be called a *strath*, extending along the banks of the river for 500 miles to Assouan, the ancient Syene, and bounded on each side by ridges of bare rock, rising to an average height of some 800 feet above the level of the plain. These ridges consist, for many miles, of limestone, such as that of which the Pyramids are built; then come ridges of red sandstone, and then comes, lastly, the Syenitic granite, out of which came the sarcophagi, the statues and the obelisks of the temples and palaces. The average breadth of arable land between these rocky walls is about seven miles. The width of the valley is some dozen miles in some places, whereas in other places, such as at Hagar Silsilis there is barely a camel road between the advancing hills and the river. The soil is a rich, black loam, twenty or thirty feet in depth, formed by successive inundations of the Nile. It is capable of the highest culture, and yields in rich abundance wheat, barley, maize, cotton, sugar, beans, leeks, onions, cucumbers, and pasture for cattle. Land, it is said, may be bought for somewhat above a pound sterling per acre; but something about the fourth of this is due as a yearly rent to the Pasha.

The Sabbath morn that first dawned on us in the land of Egypt was ushered in by no Sabbath bells, nor did we but once have any opportunity of public worship during our sojourn in that land. The Bible, now read with increased interest, and an old theological author, out of date, which had found its way into one of my boxes, supplied on many occasions, as we gathered on deck on the Sabbath evening, matter for serious thought as our boat sped by ruined cities, palaces and temples.

#### THE VIEW FROM THE GREAT PYRAMID.

Of Cairo itself I will write but little. In its motley groups, in its narrow streets, its fantastic bazaars, it is but a second edition of Alexandria. The environs, how different! Ancient Egypt has had in its long and proud history three chief cities—Memphis, Thebes and Alexandria. The site of each was skilfully chosen. Cairo is in the immediate neighborhood of the ancient Memphis. This, one could almost guess by the view from the top of the great Pyramid.

There are three stages in the feelings of almost every traveller who has been privileged to visit these monuments of ancient ambition, wealth and skill. Seen from a distance, as one sails towards them on the river, the mind is impressed with the vastness of structures that always seem near, and yet are ever eluding pursuit. We sighted them nearly a whole day before we stepped ashore at Boulak, the port of Cairo. This feeling is completely lost, and a feeling of disappointment succeeds, as the traveller emerges from the green fields on to the verge of the desert on which the Pyramids stand. They dwindle, then, into comparative insignificance, as seen against the huge wall of limestone raised by nature, as Egypt's barrier against the moving sands of the Western desert. Gradually, however, as the eye becomes acquainted with the real proportions, and as the mind contemplates the structure apart from the surrounding rocks, and in connection with the human figures that look like rats climb a cairn of stones, the truth again prevails—never more to be dislodged while memory holds a seat in the brain.

I have to confess to a kind of *penchant* for ascending hills from boyhood. To resist the temptation at the foot of the great Pyramid was therefore out of the question. To anyone that has climbed Ben Lomond or Ben Nevis, or the Righi Culm, the ascent of the Pyramid is child's play. The view from the top is equalled by only two other views in Egypt: that obtained from the caves in the rocks above the town of Osioot, and that obtained from the rocks to the west of the plain of ancient Thebes. In the rear of the spectator, looking towards Cairo,

rise the Libyan hills, the threshold of a trackless desert; in front, a wide plain thickly wooded with groves of palm and studded with villages; then the river winding its way through the fertile plain, its own trophy, won from the sunwilling desert, and across the river, Cairo with its minarets and its frowning citadel, and behind all, the grey rocks and sandy plains stretching on towards Suez and the Red Sea. To the north, the eye wanders over the boundless expanse of the Delta, till it rests on the heavy black clouds which the north-west wind is piling up over the Mediterranean. The south presents a more contracted view, but truly it is no ordinary sight to look across the site of "populous No," and along the line of Pyramids great and small, stone and brick, that stand like solitary watchmen on the verge of the Libyan Desert. Gladly would one sit and gaze there for many hours; but several things rendered this impossible: the platform on which we stood, some thirty feet square, was crowded with Arabs similar, in their boisterous ways, to the Arab boatmen that met us in the harbor of Alexandria, so that quietness was out of the question; then some of our friends, for whom the ascent was too much, were waiting us below; and lastly, though not least, there was blowing off the Mediterranean and up the Nile valley, as through an acoustic instrument, a gale of wind that threatened to carry the ladies of our party off their feet. In descending, we had time to examine the structure of the Pyramid. The only thing I can notice is the fact, not perhaps generally understood by your readers, that the sides of the great Pyramid were originally smooth surfaces, the series of steps they now present being caused by the modern Egyptians having stripped off the outer covering for material wherewith to build mosques, citadels, palaces, and private houses. What the Coliseum was as a quarry to modern Rome, that the great Pyramid has been to the City of Cairo. So great, it seems, is our dependence on these mighty ancients, that we are not content with appropriating their literature and stealing their ideas, but we must build our puny edifices of the stones they quarried.

Before we could take our departure from the neighborhood of the Pyramid, a difficult question in law or casuistry had to be settled. One of our party, a native of New England, whom we will name "Connecticut," a lithe, strong-willed, energetic man, had resolved to take no assistance whatever from the Arabs who claimed the right to drag travellers up the steep ascent. He endeavored to set out alone, but succeeded in this only very partially, for the usual number—four—accompanied him, and persisted in taking an interest in him which he repudiated. Such, however, was the height of some of the stone steps, and so alert were his Arab guard, that quite against his will and under many protests, he got bestowed on him a good many hoists before he reached the top. The question for settlement, therefore, was whether the assistance he got should be paid for or not. The Arabs took up their stand on the undoubted fact that they had delivered to him a certain quantity of force, and insisted that he should give to them a certain quantity of money. In vain he pleaded his passivity, his protests and his resistance: European logic and law was like tow before the fire in presence of a dozen powerful, half-naked Arabs, determined, with a touch of grim humor, to nip in the bud such dangerous encroachment on their privileges. They were plaintiffs, witnesses, jury, judge, executive, all in one; and the reader need not, therefore, enquire the upshot of our friend's legal contest at the foot of the great Pyramid. He conducted the suit with good humor and civility, and the Arabs attempted no personal harm or insult; but an overbearing Englishman (it is a pity our countrymen carry so much of this manner abroad) who on the following day struck at one of these fellows with his cane, received a Roland for his Oliver, by being soundly thrashed and sent to Cairo, bruised and bleeding. It is not often these Arabs strike; but, for all, they terrify many terribly with their threats and tricks. A friend, a worthy banker of Edinburgh, warned me solemnly, before setting foot in Egypt, to beware of ever ascending the Pyramid, for fear of faring as he did. "And how was that?" "Oh, dear me!" he remarked, with terror at the very

thought of what he was going to tell—"a lot of great, naked fellows dragged me up without letting me draw a breath, till they got me separated from the rest of the company, and when half-way up they placed me on a steep corner and said they would that moment pitch me down headlong if I did not give them a gold sovereign on the spot; and I can tell you I was glad enough to give it to escape with my life." The same trick they attempted on some of our party, but they laughed heartily when we showed them that we understood the joke.

#### A GLIMPSE OF THE COPTS.

The site of Memphis bears but one notable ruin—the prostrate figure of one of the Egyptian monarchs. Any one who has marked the features of the statue cannot help seeing in it a strong resemblance to a style of face that is often seen on the streets of Cairo. The leading traits of the face are a broad, placid brow, and a sensuous mouth; a striking union of the intellectual and the animal, the spiritual and the material in man. The men who bear these traits in the streets of Cairo, and, indeed, all over Egypt, and who also superadd the peculiarity of a lighter complexion than that of the Arabs, and the distinctive mark, besides, of very generally carrying a writer's ink-horn by their side, are the Copts—the descendants of the ancient Egyptians. They were converted to Christianity at an early stage in the history of the Church, and with wonderful tenacity they have clung to that faith amid bloody persecutions, regarding which we in Europe have read but little. They fell into error in regard to the *natures* of Christ; but witnessed a noble testimony on behalf of Christianity by successive martyrdoms, inferior in heroic bravery to none in the annals of the Church. In Upper Egypt there are villages inhabited exclusively by this people. While our boat lay on one occasion moored to the banks of the Nile, we were told that Coptic worship would be celebrated in a neighboring village. We asked permission to attend, which was readily granted. We rose long before daylight to get to the village in time for the service, which always begins, on account of

the heat, at sunrise. While riding some six miles over a level country, well tilled, the sun rose behind the African hills, tinging with golden glory the Nile Valley and its rocky ramparts. We were, therefore, somewhat late; but the service had not begun. The people having heard of our coming, the whole village came out to meet us, and escorted us to their humble church. After the manner of the Greek sect, the building consists of the main body of the house, devoted to worshippers, and a kind of recess or holy place, separated by screens from the main building, into which the officiating clergyman alone enters. We were accommodated with mats on which to squat like our neighbors. We composed ourselves to listen and note their manner of worship; but we found that we were about the only portion of the congregation that seemed disposed to give attention. The presence of the royal family in a country meeting-house could not produce a greater commotion than did the presence of four humble Franks in the Coptic church of that village. The worship consisted altogether of prayers in the Arabic language, and of readings in the same language from the Scriptures. After divine service the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed. Quite unexpectedly we were asked to partake of it with the congregation. The language of the service we could not understand, but the symbol of our Lord's death spoke to us, and we trust to some of our fellow-worshippers, in the universal language of signs, that we had sinned, and that the wages of sin is death, but that Jesus Christ died—the just for the unjust—that he might reconcile us to God. We, therefore, representatives ourselves of some three branches of the Protestant Church of Europe and the Far West, accepted, rightly or wrongly, the invitation of the Coptic pastor, and joined with the despised remnant of a once honorable but now lapsed Church in the communion of our Lord's death.

After service was over in the church, we, in company with the leading men of the place, adjourned to the shade of a large tree that stood not far from the village. We sat down on the grass, and the crowd gathered round to listen to our conversa-

tion with their pastor and the "elder" of his flock. From the Greek Testament I read Christ's conversation with Nicodemus, and requested our dragoman to render the English of it into Arabic, and to render the Arabic of their version back into English. Being a ready scholar in both languages he did this with ease; and the Copts on the one hand, and the Protestants on the other, were pleased to find that the Arabic agreed substantially, in its reading of that beautiful and important chapter, with the Greek. When we talked of the *new birth*, its nature, origin, efficient cause, necessity and effects, we met from the pastor and his people a response that seemed indeed to come from their hearts. As we looked out over the crowd of earnest faces that surrounded us, we were struck with the expression of sadness they bore, and we thought of their long and weary oppression by their Moslem conquerors. We then spoke of the progress of Christianity, of its rapid advance over the Continents of America and Asia, and of the certainty of its triumph over all enemies and opposition, until at the "name of Jesus every knee shall bow." This struck a chord in

their hearts, and some of them rose to their feet to press round us under the excitement produced by the thought. It was difficult, however, to decide how much of this was owing to their hatred of the Mahometans, and how much to their love for Jesus, or to what extent their motive, as with the best of us, was a mixed one. Low as the Coptic Church undoubtedly is, the hope of Egypt lies in it, just as the hope of Italy lies in its sister of Piedmont. Through the Coptic Church the leaven of a pure Christianity may yet pervade the corruptness of modern Egyptian society. After our meeting under the tree had dispersed, a young man, one of our audience, saluted us in good English. We found him intelligent and well inclined. He was the first fruit of Protestant missionary work in Cairo. We invited the Coptic pastor to visit us on board our boat. From all we could gather from this and previous interviews, the Copts, if let alone by their superior ecclesiastics, would gladly welcome Protestant missionaries, and it is cause of joy that the attempt that is now again being made is meeting with encouraging success.

(To be continued.)

## A STORY OF PLANTAGENET.

BY NORAH.

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### PART I.

Lays of the dames of lofty birth,  
And golden hair, all richly curled;  
Of knights that venture life for love,  
Suit poets of the older world.  
We will not fill our simple rhymes  
With diamond flash, or gleaming pearl;  
In singing of the by-gone times;  
We simply sing the love and faith,  
Outliving absence, strong as death,  
Of one low-bora Canadian girl.

'Twas long ago; the rapid spring  
Had scarce given place to summer yet;  
The Ottawa, with swollen flood,  
Rolled past thy banks, Plantagenet;  
Thy banks, where tall and pluméd pines  
Stood, rank on rank, in serried lines.  
Green islands, each with leafy crest,  
Lay peaceful on the river's breast:  
The trees, 'ere this, had, one by one,  
Spread out their leaflets to the sun,  
Forming a rustling, waving screen,  
While swollen waters rolled between.  
The wild deer trooped through woodland path,  
And, bounding, sought the river's strand.

Slight danger then of flashing death,  
From roving hunter's steady hand,  
For very seldom was there seen  
A hunter of the doomed red race.  
Few spots, with miles of bush between,  
Marked each a settler's dwelling place.  
No lumberer's axe, no snorting scream,  
Of fierce, though trained and harnessed steam;  
No paddle-wheel's revolving sound,  
No raftsman's cheer, no bay of hound  
Was heard to break the silent spell  
That seemed to rest o'er wood and dell.  
All seemed so new, so in its prime—  
An almost perfect solitude;  
As if had passed but little time  
Since the All-Father called it good.  
Nature, in one thanksgiving psalm,  
Gathered each sound that broke the calm.

There was a little clearing there—  
A snow-white cot—a garden fair—  
A little space, to plant and sow,  
Fenced by the pines strong hands laid low;  
And by the cottage, silent stood,  
With eyes fixed on the swollen flood,  
A slight young girl, with raven hair,

And face that was both sad and fair.  
 Oh! fair and lovely are the maids,  
 Nursed in Canadian forest shades;  
 Beauties from many an older land,  
 Moulded anew by nature's hand.  
 Fired by the free Canadian soul,  
 Join to produce a matchless whole.  
 The roses of Britannia's Isle,  
 In rosy blush and rosy smile;  
 The light of true and tender eyes,  
 As blue and pure as summer skies;  
 Light-footed maids, as matchless fair  
 As grow by Scotland's heath-fringed rills—  
 Sweet as the hawthorn scented air,  
 And true as their eternal hills.  
 We have the arch yet tender grace,  
 The power to enarm, of Erin's race;  
 The peachy cheek, the rose-bud mouth,  
 Imported from the sunny south,  
 With the dark, melting, lustrous eye,  
 Silk lashes curtain languidly.  
 As bright, as fair, as all combined,  
 Was she, the forest-born, for kind  
 Is nature, tender to her own.  
 And to this cot, so poor and lone,  
 A perfect masterpiece she brings,  
 That might have graced the halls of kings.

There was a knight of sunny France,  
 Whom fate ordained to wander here;  
 To trade, to trap, to hunt the deer,  
 To roam with free foot through the wild.  
 He chanced, at husking, in the dance,  
 To meet Marie, LePaige's child,  
 And vowed that, roaming everywhere,  
 Except the lady, fair as day,  
 That held his troth-plight, far away,  
 He ne'er saw face or form so fair;  
 From France's fair and stately queen,  
 To maiden dancing on the green,  
 From lowly bower to lordly hall,  
 This forest maid outshone them all.

So many a dashing hunter brave  
 And hardy settler, was a slave,  
 From the first moment he had met  
 With Marie of Plantagenet.  
 But one there was, whose home was near,  
 Famed as a hunter of the deer;  
 The firmest hand, the truest eye,  
 With dauntless heart and courage high.  
 He, ere the snow-wreath left the land,  
 Slew two fierce wolves with single hand;  
 Famished they followed on his tracks,  
 He armed with nothing but the axe.  
 He knew the river far and near,  
 Beyond the foaming, dread Chaudiere;  
 For far beyond that spot of fear  
 He'd been a hardy voyageur;  
 Through the white waves of many a sault  
 Had safely steered the bark canoe;  
 Knew how to pass each raging chute.  
 Though foaming like the wild Culbute,  
 With boat-song roused the lurking fox,  
 From den beside the Oiseau rocks;  
 Had seen the sun in glory set,  
 Beyond the pine-fringed Allumette—  
 The wild drake plume his glossy wing

In the far lake Temisquingue;  
 Knew every portage on the way  
 To the far posts at Hudson's Bay.  
 Comely he was, and blythe and young,  
 Had a light heart and merry tongue,  
 And soft, dark eye; you well might say,  
 He stole our wood-nymph's heart away.  
 And so it was Belle Marie's lot  
 To love Napoleon Rajotte.

Of all the sad, despairing swains,  
 Foredoomed to disappointment's pains,  
 None felt the pangs of jealous woe  
 So keenly as Antoine Vaiseau.  
 Rajotte was loved the best, the first,  
 Still he his helpless passion nursed.

At Easter time the curé came,  
 And after Easter time was gone,  
 The hunter brave and peerless dame  
 Were blessed, and made for ever one.  
 Beside the cottage white she stood,  
 And looked across the swelling flood—  
 Across the wave that rolled between  
 The islets robed in tender green.  
 Watching with eager eye, she views  
 A fleet of large, well-manned canoes.  
 The high-curved bow and stern she knew,  
 That marked each "Company canoe;"  
 And o'er the wave, both strong and clear,  
 Their boat-song floated to her ear.  
 She marked the paddles' steady dip,  
 And listened, with a quivering lip.  
 Her bridegroom, daring, gay and young,  
 With the bold heart and winning tongue,  
 Was with them upward, bound away  
 To the far posts of Hudson's Bay—  
 Gone, ere the honeymoon was past—  
 The bright, brief moon, too sweet to last—  
 Gone for two long and dreary years,  
 And she will wait, and watch at home—  
 Bear patiently her woman's fears,  
 And hope and pray until he come.  
 She stands there still, although the last  
 Canoe of all the fleet is past.  
 Of paddle's dip, of boat-song gay,  
 The last faint sound has died away;  
 She only said, in turning home,  
 "I'll wait and pray until he come."

## PART II.

Spring flung abroad her dewy charms,  
 And blushing grew to summer shine;  
 Summer sped on, with outstretched arms,  
 To meet brown Autumn crowned with vine.  
 The forest gloved in gold and green,  
 The leafy maples flamed in red,  
 With the warm, hazy, happy beam  
 Of Indian summer overhead.  
 Bright, fair, and fleet as passing dream,  
 The autumn also hurried on,  
 And, shuddering, dropped her leafy screen.  
 The king from the frozen zone,  
 In fleecy robe of ermine dressed,  
 Came stopping rivers with his hand—  
 Binding in chains of ice the land:  
 Bringing, ere early spring he met,  
 To Marie of Plantagenet,

A pearly snow-drop for her breast,  
An infant Marie to her home,  
To brighten it until he come.

Twice had the melting, nor'west snow  
Come down to flood Ottawa's wave.  
"The seasons, as they come and go,  
Bring back," she said, "the happy day  
To welcome him from far away.  
Thy father, child, my hunter brave."  
That snowdrop baby now could stand,  
And run to Marie's outstretched hand—  
Had all the charms that are alone  
To youthful nursing mothers known.

'Twas summer in the dusty street,  
'Twas summer in the busy town,  
Summer in forests waving green,  
When, at an inn in old Lachine,  
And in the room, where strangers meet,  
Sat one, bright-eyed and bold and brown.  
Soon will he joyful start for home,  
His home in fair Plantagenet.  
His wallet filled with two years' pay,  
Well won at distant Hudson's Bay,  
And the silk dress that stands alone,  
For her the darling, dark-eyed one.  
"My bride, my wife, with what regret  
I left her at Plantagenet."  
There came no whisper through the air,  
To tell him of the baby fair.  
And still he sat, with absent eye,  
And thoughts that all were homeward bound,  
And passed the glass untasted by,  
While jest and mirth, and song went round.  
There sat and jested, drank and sung,  
The captain of an Erie boat,  
With Erin's merry heart and tongue.  
A skilful captain when afloat—  
On shore, a boon companion gay;  
The foremost in a tavern brawl,  
To dance or drink the night away,  
Or make love in the servants' hall.  
The merry devil in his eye,  
Could well all passing round him spy.  
Wanting picked men to man his boat,  
Eager to be once more afloat,  
His keen eye knew the man he sought;  
At once he pitched upon Rajotte.  
The bright, brown, silent man now there,  
He knew could both endure and dare;  
He waited till he caught his eye,  
Then, raising up his glass on high,  
"Stranger, I drink your health," said he,  
"You'll sail the 'Emerald Isle'" with me.  
A smarter crew, a better boat,  
Lake Erie's waves will never float.  
I want but one to fill my crew;  
I wish no better man than you."  
"Not so," Rajotte said, with a smile,  
"Let others sail the 'Emerald Isle,'"  
For I have been two years away,  
A trapper at the Hudson's Bay:  
Two years is long enough to roam,  
I'm bound to see my wife and home."  
The captain shook his curly head:  
"Did you not hear the news?" he said,  
"Last summer came from Hudson's Bay,

A courier from York Factory;  
He brought the news that you were dead—  
Killed by a wounded grisly bear,  
When trapping all alone up there.  
Found you, himself, the fellow said;  
And your wife mourned and wept her fill,  
Refusing to be comforted.  
But grief, you know, will pass away;  
She found new love, as women will,  
And married here the other day."

Not doubting aught of what he heard,  
He sat, but neither spoke nor stirred.  
His heart gave one great throb of pain,  
And stopped—then bounded on again.  
His bronze face took an ashen hue,  
As his great woe came blanching through,  
And stormy thoughts, with stinging pain,  
Swept in wild anguish through his brain;  
But not a word he spoke.  
They only saw his lips grow pale,  
But no word questioned of the tale.  
You might have thought the captain bold,  
Had almost wished his tale untold;  
But careless he of working harm,  
When coveting that brave right arm.  
At last the silence broke:  
"He who brought news that I was dead,  
Is it to him my wife is wed?  
Was it?—I know it must be so,  
It must have been Antoine Vaiseau."  
"Yes," said the Captain, "'tis the same,  
Antoine Vaiseau's the very name."

So, ere the morrow's morn was come,  
Rajotte had turned his back from home,  
And gone for evermore—  
Gone off, alone with his despair,  
While his true wife and baby fair  
Watched for him at the door.

In the stern, rough crew of the "Emerald Isle,"  
Was one grim man without a smile.  
So prompt to do, so wild to dare,  
Reckless, and nursing his despair.  
The merry light had left his glance,  
His foot refused to join the dance,  
His heart refused to pray.  
"Oh, to forget!" he oft would cry,  
"Forget this ceaseless agony,  
To fly from thought away."  
Woe spun her white threads in his hair,  
And bitter and unblessed Despair  
Ploughed furrows in his face.  
Grief her dark shade on all things cast;  
None dared to question of the past,  
His sorrow seemed disgrace.

When rumor rose of Indian war,  
Troops must'ring for the West afar,  
That wanted them a guide,  
Rajotte said, "I'm the man to go;"  
War's din, he thought, would drown his woe;  
'Twas well the world was wide.  
The Black Hawk war began,—went on;  
(Men dare not tell what men have done—  
The white's relentless cruelty  
O'er-mast'ring Indian treachery;)  
Rajotte, a stern, determined man,

Sought death, forever in the van,  
On many a fierce-fought battle plain;  
His life seemed charmed—he sought in vain.

Spring came and went—the years went past;  
War ended, peace came round at last;  
But war might go, and peace might come.  
Rajotte ne'er thought of turning home,  
Till, failing strength, and fading eye,  
He turned him home-ward, just to die.  
Perhaps, although he felt it not,  
In his fierce wrestlings with his lot,  
There was a drawing influence  
To the dear home so far away,  
While faithful prayers had risen from thence,  
To Him who hears us when we pray,  
Who watched the lonely waiting heart,  
That nursed its love and faith apart,  
And, pitying her well borne pain,  
Ordained it should not be in vain.

Now turn we to Plantagenet:  
Through all these weary, waiting years,  
How many hopes and fears have met!  
How many prayers, how many tears!  
At first 'twas something still to say,  
"He'll surely come to us to-day."  
Pet Marie's best robe was put on,  
And the poor mother dressed with care—  
Glad that she still was young and fair—  
"To meet thy father, little one."  
Of standing on the very spot  
Where last she parted from Rajotte,  
She gazed, a patient watcher long;  
And listened eagerly to hear  
The voyageur's returning song,  
Come floating to her ear.  
But still he came not; years went by,  
Yet she could hope and pray and wait;  
His form would some day meet her eye,  
His step sound at the river gate.  
Oh! it was hard to hear them say,  
"He comes not, and he must be dead."  
Cease pining all your life away;  
'Twere better far that you should wed,  
And Antoine keeps his first love still,  
And Antoine is so well to do;  
You may be happy if you will;  
His pleading eyes ask leave to woo."  
'Twas a relief to steal away,  
And tell her ebon rosary,  
And to the Virgin Mother pray;  
Thinking that she in heaven above,  
Remembered all of earthly love  
And human sympathy,  
And having suffered human pain—  
Known what it was to grieve in vain—  
Might bend and listen to her prayer  
And make the absent one her care  
In pleading with her Son.  
She waited, and the years went by:  
Ever his step seemed sounding near,  
His voice came floating to her ear.  
Pet Marie grew up tall and fair,  
Her girlish love, her merry ways  
Kept the poor mother from despair  
Through many weary nights and days.

Spring and high water both had met  
Once more at fair Plantagenet.  
Once more the island trees were seen  
Adorned with leaves of tender green;  
All sounds of spring were in the air,  
All sights of spring were fresh and fair;  
And Lievre's roar was heard afar,  
Where waters, lashed on rocks to spray,  
Kept up a loud unceasing war.  
With silver threads among her hair  
And by her side her blooming pet,  
Like the young spring so fresh and fair,  
Awhile they both in silence stood.  
Then Marie said, "The nor'-west flood  
Again another year has come.  
You see those water-fowl at play  
Come with the flood from far away.  
No flood will bring your father home;  
'Tis seventeen years ago to-day  
Since, parting here, he went away."  
Just then young Marie glanced round:  
"Mamma, I hear a paddle's sound;  
And look, those maple branches through,  
Below us there's a bark canoe,  
'Tis stopping at our landing place;  
There's but one man, with hair so gray,  
And a worn, weather-beaten face—  
He's coming slowly up this way."  
She said, "I wonder who is he,"  
And, like a child, went down to see.  
Rajotte, who thought he did not care—  
That he had conquered e'en despair—  
Could bear to see as well as know  
That Marie was the Dame Vaiseau,  
Came to the parting spot, and there,  
As though he were not gone a day,  
As bright as when he went away,  
As beautiful as when he met  
Her first in fair Plantagenet,  
Stood Marie in the sunlight warm,  
Her glorious eyes, her midnight hair  
Shading the beauty of her face,  
The same lithe, rounded, perfect form,  
The look of true and tender grace.  
Rajotte stood spell-bound, and the past  
Seemed fading like a horrid dream.  
"Marie," he said, "I'm home at last:  
Speak, Marie, are you what you seem?"  
And the wife Marie gave a cry  
Of joy that rose to agony.  
She rushed the long-lost one to meet,  
And falling, fainted at his feet.  
He held the true wife's pallid charms,

Fainted—reviving—in his arms,  
And slowly, surely, learned to know  
A little of the grand, true heart  
That through so many years of woe  
Waited, and prayed, and watched apart,  
And kept love's light while he was gone,  
Like sacred fire, still burning on.

While hearts are bargained for and sold  
In Fashion's fortune-chasing whirl,  
We simply sing the love and faith  
Of one low-born Canadian girl.

## THE STUDY OF POLITICS.

BY CHIRON.

Some of our readers may, perhaps, be alarmed to find such a word as "politics" entering into the title of an article in this magazine. They may imagine we are going to discuss politics as the newspapers do; but, if so, all we can say is they are quite mistaken, for we have no such intention. Our subject is the *study* of politics, and no one who considers what a powerful attraction that study has had for men of the greatest minds, can pronounce the subject an uninteresting one. We speak not only of men like Burke and Bolingbroke, in England, and Turgot and Molé, in France, who have had, themselves, a close and important connection with the administration of public affairs; but of men who have had little or nothing to do with practical politics. To the latter class belong such names as Leibnitz and Montesquieu, Hobbes, Swift, Adam Smith, Sydney Smith, Auguste Comte and John Stuart Mill. In fact, all the best and most ardent spirits of every age have taken a greater or less interest, if not in the politics of their time, at least in the wider questions of general politics.

We are well aware that in many countries, practical politics have at different times fallen into great disrepute, and perhaps, without going far, we might find persons who see in them nothing but the selfish struggles of rival candidates for the honors and emoluments of office. Even in the worst of times, however, this is but a superficial view to take of things. If candidates are hollow and insincere, it is because the public allows itself to be imposed upon by hollowness and insincerity. Some weighty authority (we forget who) says that, upon a general view of things, and in the long run, every people or nation gets as good a form, and as good an administration, of government as it deserves. The proper course, then, for

those to take who complain that politics have degenerated into a mere factious strife of parties, is, not to forswear all interference with them, as many very foolishly and indolently do, but to strive, by every means in their power, to diffuse a higher spirit throughout the community, and to make men shake off that fatal indifference which permits and perpetuates so many evils.

Indifference to politics and ignorance of politics generally go together. Unfortunately, many persons are by no means ashamed to confess both their ignorance and indifference with regard to political questions. Here we have a successful merchant, whose sole conception of government is that it is something or other invested with the power of regulating tariffs; and if a tariff is passed which happens not to suit his interests exactly, he is convinced the country is going to destruction, and is ready to join any one in execrating politics and politicians. As to the general principles upon which government should be administered, he is completely in the dark, and, as his wealth gives him some degree of social importance, he thinks he can well afford to remain so.

There is an opinion abroad that no special education or study is required to make a successful politician. Of course there are different standards and measures of success in the world; and it is no doubt quite possible for a man to occupy important public positions (if that is what is meant by success) without possessing any great powers of mind or any wide range of knowledge. A man may even find himself at the head of affairs, and, by skilful strategy, may maintain himself there for a length of time, without being in any broad sense of the word a statesman. It would, however, be but a poor object of ambition if a young man were to set before him no higher aim than this. The only noble object of pursuit

in life is usefulness; and the youth who looks forward to a political career should desire first of all to be of use to his fellow-countrymen. We do not demand that all personal feelings should be excluded, or that the desire so natural to the human spirit to assert itself and make its own individual influence felt, should be silenced; that would be to demand altogether too great a degree of self-abnegation. It is not too much, however, to ask that those who aspire to be leaders in the State should calmly consider of how slight importance their own individual interests are in comparison with the vast public interests which, if their aspirations are realized, they will find entrusted to their care. Think of it: on one side the interests of a solitary individual, on the other side the interests of millions. Is it too much, then, to ask that those who approach public affairs, however much they may feel the stirrings of ambition, or however keen the competition with opponents may become, shall remember that their first duty is to the community that trusts them; and that only by faithfully endeavoring to serve their country can they earn the slightest title to respect, or derive any honor from the exalted stations they may fill.

Good intentions alone, however, do not make the statesman. A man may be full of good intentions and be wholly wanting in political ability. What is wanted, then, in addition to high character, in the legislator or statesman, is keen insight into public questions. That is to be gained chiefly by study—patient study and observation. There are men, of course, of quick intuitions, who seem to arrive at sound conclusions with very little trouble; but, as a rule, the most sagacious politician, and the safest guide, is the man who has patiently set himself to acquire the knowledge necessary to a complete understanding of the facts with which he has to deal. It makes very little matter how he has acquired the knowledge, whether from books or from actual experience; though a man can, as a general thing, handle facts learned by experience with much greater readiness and effect than he can those which he has picked up at second hand. The great thing is to have a sound basis of

fact for your arguments and theories; without that your most brilliant fancies, and most ingenious schemes are liable at any moment to be knocked about your ears by some one who possesses the practical knowledge you lack. In a certain French play, a smart youth is asked by a lady to tell her what "galimatias" means. He says he really doesn't understand the word himself, but that still, if she likes, he will explain it. "Comment," she exclaims, "comment m'expliquer ce que tu ne comprends pas?" "Oh! dame," he replies "j'ai fait mes etudes, moi." The kind of cleverness, however, which is exercised in explaining what you do not yourself understand, is not to be relied on in the political arena. A man who attempted to discuss some difficult problem, without an adequate knowledge of the facts involved, would soon find himself in a most humiliating position; the hollowness of his pretensions would quickly be exposed, and no one afterwards would care to listen to one whose chief stock-in-trade appeared to consist of mere phrases.

The knowledge which the politician, who desires to make any mark upon his generation, must possess, is vast in extent, and almost infinitely various. There is in fact no kind of knowledge which comes amiss to the politician, none of which he cannot at some time or other avail himself. This will appear natural enough when we consider what a number and variety of interests the politician is called upon at different times to consider. He has to do with the affairs of an entire nation, and, therefore, the more thoroughly he understands the whole life of the nation the more efficiently he will discharge his duties. It often happens, however, that the only key to a right understanding of the things of to-day, lies in a knowledge of an earlier order of things, and therefore the politician should add to his acquaintance with the facts of the present a certain knowledge of the events of the past. For one mind to grasp all that is required to be known in connection with every branch of political action is simply impossible; there must be division of labor here as elsewhere; but still the *statesman* must be a man of very wide general knowledge, and that knowledge

cannot be acquired without effort or application; it demands both in no ordinary degree.

The highest quality of a statesman, however, is not his knowledge of facts, or, to vary the phrase, his grasp of details. It is that clearness of vision which enables him to deduce from facts their true meaning, and shape a policy suited to the exigencies of the hour. To describe the statesman briefly, he is a man whose mind turns everything it receives, whether from reading, experience or, observation, into wisdom. He is no *doctrinaire*, yet he is far from having that contempt for ideas which is the boast of so many inferior minds. He works with ideas himself, and people who cannot grasp his ideas are perfectly astonished at his success. He is no pedant, yet he studies the thoughts of other men, and makes what use he can of the wisdom of past ages. He is no fanatic, but his faith is strong, even to enthusiasm, and little by little his faith becomes the common belief of mankind.

The highest political genius is, of course, something rare and extraordinary; but what should those do who desire, with such powers as they possess, to devote themselves to public life? Should they copy second-rate or third-rate models? Should they aim at the flashy success of the parliamentary strategist, or, lower still, at the sordid gains of the man who makes politics a trade? Should they content themselves with merely empirical knowledge and a policy of simple accommodation to the demands of the hour, taking "leaps in the dark" when stupid obstructiveness is no longer possible? Should these be the views and aims of aspiring politicians, or should they rather set before them as their model the true statesman with his wisdom, his candor, his moral earnestness, his faith? The only answer to give to such a question is: Let those who can rise to the conception of true greatness, and who can sympathize with disinterested labor, aim at the highest ideal they are capable of forming. Better to fail in realizing a noble conception than to succeed in realizing an ignoble one. In the former case, the failure is never total; there is always an approach to the ideal, and the effort is itself ennobling. The vast

and powerful sweep of a mind like Burke's is not to be gained by any study, however attentive, of the great orator's life and works; but anyone who would apply himself to such a study would assuredly increase very materially his own intellectual resources, and probably gain something of the *tone* of mind which marks the true statesman, the man of ideas. There are vast stores of strength laid up in the writings of the great men of the past and of the present, and these the patient student may make his own. We trust in future to see a freer use made by our legislators and rulers of the wisdom which great minds have accumulated, and it is in this hope we have ventured to write a few words for the readers of this magazine on "The Study of Politics." In a future number we may, perhaps, take up a few of the important and interesting questions which political science embraces, and show how they may be studied to the best advantage.

## THE ALARM-BELL OF ATRI.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

At Atri in Abruzzo, a small town,  
Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,—  
One of those little places that have run  
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,  
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,  
"I climb no farther upward, come what may";—  
The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,  
So many monarchs since have borne the name,  
Had a great bell hung in the market-place  
Beneath a roof, projecting some small space,  
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.  
Then rode he through the streets with all his train,  
And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,  
Made proclamation, that whenever wrong  
Was done to any man, he should but ring  
The great bell in the square, and he, the king,  
Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.  
Such was the proclamation of King John.

How happily the days in Atri sped,  
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.  
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,  
The hempen rope at length was worn away,  
Unravelled at the end, and, strand by strand,  
Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,  
Till one, who noted this in passing by,  
Mended the rope with braids of briony,  
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine  
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt  
A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,  
Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the woods,

Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,  
Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports  
And prodigalities of camps and courts;—  
Loved, or had loved them; for at last, grown old,  
His only passion was the love of gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,  
Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,  
Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,  
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,  
And, day by day, sat brooding in his chair,  
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said: "What is the use or need  
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,  
Eating his head off in my stables here,  
When rents are low and provender is dear?  
Let him go feed upon the public ways;  
I want him only for the holidays."  
So the old steed was turned into the heat  
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadowless street;  
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,  
Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime  
It is the custom in the summer-time,  
With bolted doors, and window-shutters closed,  
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;  
When suddenly upon their senses fell  
The loud alarm of the accusing bell!  
The Syndic started from his sweet repose,  
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose  
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace,  
Went panting forth into the market-place,  
Where the great bell upon its cross-beam swung,  
Reiterating with persistent tongue,  
In half-articulate jargon, the old song:  
"Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong!"

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade,  
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,  
No shape of human form, of woman born,  
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,  
Who with uplifted head and eager eye  
Was tugging at the vines of briony.  
"Domeneddio!" cried the Syndic straight,  
"This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state!  
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,  
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd  
Had rolled together, like a summer cloud,  
And told the story of the wretched beast  
In five-and-twenty different ways at least,  
With much gesticulation and appeal  
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.  
The Knight was called and questioned; in reply  
Did not confess the fact, did not deny;  
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,  
And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,  
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,  
That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read  
The proclamation of the King; then said:  
"Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,

But cometh back on foot, and begs its way;  
Fame is the perfume of heroic deeds,  
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds!  
These are familiar proverbs; but I fear  
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.  
What fair renown, what honor, what repute  
Can come to you from starving this poor brute?  
He who serves well and speaks not merits more  
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.  
Therefore the law decrees, that as this steed  
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed  
To comfort his old age, and to provide  
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

The Knight withdrew abashed; the people all  
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.  
The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee,  
And cried aloud: "Right well it pleaseth me!  
Church-bells at best but ring us to the door;  
But go not in to mass; my bell doth more:  
It cometh into court and pleads the cause  
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws;  
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,  
The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

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

BY SARAH M. HARTOUGH.

"Jane, I think you are a perfect slave. I would not work as hard as you do for three times what it brings you. Early and late you are at it. No time for anything but work."

"Oh! no, sister, I find time for recreation sometimes; but it is true, I work very hard, and I often wish I could find a way to live easier. When Nina gets older I shall have more help, I hope."

"Nina is by far too delicate for the rough work of a farm," said the first speaker. "But she would make a fine appearance in the city. I do wish, Jane, that you could persuade James to move to the city."

"What better off would we be there?" asked the other.

"Why, you could live easier. My husband is getting a good salary as foreman, and my family is as large as yours, and I am sure my work is not half so grudging as yours."

"I have thought about it often," sighed the farmer's wife, "and I have often told James so, too, but he will not listen to it."

"I will talk to him about it this very night," said the first speaker.

The above conversation took place in the sitting-room in James Arnold's house. He was a comfortable, well-to-do farmer. His family consisted of himself, wife, two sons, and a daughter. He had a good house, a well-stocked farm, and prided himself on his good living. His wife had been reared in the city, but had moved to the farm shortly after her marriage, and had settled

down as a thrifty farmer's wife, contented with the labors and rewards of her life. True, sometimes she felt a longing for the excited, easy life which the city affords. And these longings were always intensified after a visit from her sister, Mrs. Brown, who lived in the city. Mrs. Brown was always holding up to her the pleasures of a city life contrasted to the "drudgery," as she termed it, of a farmer's wife. She had succeeded in impregnating her sister with her own ideas; especially when she pictured to her the advantages it would bring to Nina, her daughter; how well she would appear in society there, and how she needed the refining influence of a city life. All these things had worked on Mrs. Arnold's mind, until she said—"If James would only be persuaded, they would sell everything and move to the city."

One evening, during one of Mrs. Brown's visits, as they were all sitting together on the front piazza, Mrs. Brown set the ball rolling.

"James," she began, "how tired and careworn you look. I declare, I never saw any one grow old so fast in my life as you do. You look as old now as my husband, who, I am sure, is five years your senior."

"Well," replied the farmer, "I have to work pretty hard through the summer, both Jane and I; but through the winter we take it easy."

"Yes, take it easy, and eat up all your summer's labor, and then go at it again when spring comes. I tell Jane I would not work as hard as she does for three times what it brings you. And Jane looks careworn and thin, too."

"Jane always was thin, Martha; she belongs to Pharaoh's lean kine—eh, mother?" said he, patting her upon the shoulder. But his wife did not respond to his pleasantness; she was thinking of her sister's words.

"Now," resumed Mrs. Brown, "you see how much better it would be for you to move to the city. You have a good trade, and could make one hundred dollars a month as easy as nothing, and I am certain you do not do as well as that here, do you?"

"Well, no; not in greenbacks, but I reckon it amounts to about the same in the end."

"But see how much *easier* we could live," quietly put in his wife.

"I am not sure of that, Jane," he replied.

"There are more things than money to look after. Would it be as well for the boys and Nina?"

"Better, better," said Mrs. Brown, eagerly. "William could get a situation somewhere, and James and Nina could go to such good schools. And Nina could learn music too, which she so much desires to do."

"But you would not have me sell the place?" and the farmer's tone was sad.

"Oh! no," said both women; "rent it out. The rent of the farm would pay your own rent in the city."

"Oh! it would be so nice, father," said Nina.

"So it would," said William, a lad of eighteen years, and the oldest of the children. "For my part, I hate farming, and mean to quit it soon, anyway."

"It will not be nice at all," said James, the youngest child. "I do not want to be cooped up in your dusty city, with only a yard about six feet square, and not a blade of grass or a bird to be seen, except hanging up against a window somewhere in fancy cages. I got homesick enough that time I went home with auntie."

"But you will not get homesick if father and mother are there, will you?" said Nina.

"Well, I know I shall not like it, and I do not want to go either."

The conversation was kept up by the children for awhile; but soon they, too, fell to thinking, and thus the subject was dropped. A few days after, and Mrs. Brown left, declaring that she could not bear to see Jane slaving her life away, and Nina rusting out, down there in the country, and urged her sister to keep at James until he should consent to leave the farm and remove to the city. "It will be so nice," she added. "to live near each other again."

After Mrs. Brown had gone, Mrs. Arnold was so full of the thoughts of a city life, and gave herself so completely to it, that she became perfectly miserable. Labors that had been light and pleasant before, now were looked upon as most arduous, and she made it the theme of their conversation every time they were alone.

"But Jane," he said one evening, when she had been "sermonizing," as James, the younger, had called it, "I cannot see what profit this will be to us. Surely, I must work wherever we are; and why not stay here, where we have always lived comfortably?"

"But, James," she replied, "I think the children can have more privileges and advantages in the city. William can go to a trade, and board at home; and Nina can learn music, and perhaps in time teach it, if need be. You know she is very apt at music."

"Well, but did not Julia May offer to teach her for ten dollars a quarter?"

"Yes; but Martha says that Julia is not much of a teacher; and, as long as she is to learn, why not have the best teacher? And, besides, we have no piano."

"Well, wife, we can get a piano here as well as there."

"I suppose we can," she answered; "but, really, I am tired of farming. I want rest,

too. I think we might live as easy as others when we can."

The leaven of discontent had set Mrs. Arnold's honest heart to fermenting. After a long pause, Mr. Arnold said—"But what will I do with the farm, and the stock, and everything?"

"Rent it all out. There's Abe Rawlings would take it to-morrow, and give your own price for it, too."

"But he does not want the stock; he has cows and horses enough."

Mr. Arnold said no more. He had almost come to think that reasoning with a woman about something she had set herself to accomplish, was about as hard work as beating the north wind.

"I think mother must be crazy," said James to William one night after they had gone to their room. "If I was father I would let her go to the city and try it. I'll bet she'll be as keen to come back as she is to go."

"I only hope they will go," said William. "I am tired of living on a farm, anyhow. It would be so much nicer for a fellow to go spend an evening at the theatre now and then: Cousin Ralph Brown says he goes two or three times every week."

"Well, I don't like Cousin Ralph much," said James. "He's always making fun of everything around the place, saying he would not live down here. I notice he is glad to come in fruit season, when he can make something."

"A continual dropping will wear a stone." Mrs. Arnold, following her sister's advice, kept at James until he reluctantly consented to rent his snug farm, sell off his stock, and move to the city. Mrs. Brown had been informed of this state of affairs, and had been appointed agent to hunt up city quarters for our country friends, being instructed not to engage rooms above two hundred and fifty dollars a year. Every person knows that that sum will not procure rooms any more than comfortable, even for people accustomed to the cramped living afforded by the city. What, then, must it have been to the Arnolds, accustomed to plenty of room down-stairs all their lives, besides cellar and garret? Mrs. Brown had done the best she could for them, by securing a back basement and second storey in a genteel neighborhood, where the landlord lived in the same house.

"How can I ever find room for all my furniture?" said Mrs. Arnold to her sister, as dray-load after dray-load was brought in.

"I'll tell you what to do," said Mrs. Brown. "Just unpack what you need, and stow the remainder away."

"Where will I stow it? inquired Mrs. Arnold, in dismay.

"Why, you have a nice wood-house in the back yard; put it into that, or sell it."

But Mrs. Arnold could not think of selling the things she had possessed so long, so she followed the other piece of advice, and stowed innumerable things away into a little eight-by-twelve wood-house, and left them.

It took a long time to unpack and "set to rights;" but that was finally accomplished, and city life to our country people was fairly begun.

"O dear! what shall I do with these without a cellar?" said Mrs. Arnold, as a barrel of apples was brought in. "The house is literally full, and where I shall keep these without their getting frozen I can't tell."

It was not the first time the good little woman had been perplexed by similar things. But she had resolved not to complain. She had often looked around her narrow room, filled, as it was, with various things, and contrasted it with the roomy, pleasant kitchen at the farm. And then her sitting-room was up two flights of stairs, and she had often said to herself that she would rather walk a mile than travel up those stairs so many times a day. Nor is it the pleasantest thing in the world for tenant and landlord to occupy the same house. Mrs. Arnold thought so, at least, as James was often reprimanded for noise he made, such as whistling through the halls, singing on the front steps, and various other privileges which to the country boy were free as air.

"I should like to know what harm there is in a fellow singing, no matter where it is, or whistling, either, if he likes," said he.

"But, James," said Aunt Martha, "it is not genteel to sit on the door-steps and sing. People will wonder where you were brought up."

"Well, auntie, I can tell them, with no shame, either, if they ask me," was the reply.

Mr. Arnold had been fortunate enough to procure work at his trade in the same shop where Mr. Brown was the foreman, so he found no difficulty in providing for his family.

Nina and William were delighted with their new life, but James found it not to be compared with the country.

"I wish you would let me go back to the farm," he said to his father. "I will be Mr. Rawlings's hired boy if you will let me."

"Tut, tut, James, how you do talk," said William. "I think this is much better than going out cold mornings and helping with the stock."

"Well, you may think as you please, Will; but if father will let me I will go back."

"No, James," said his father, "I want you to go to school here this winter;

perhaps in the summer, if you wish, you may go back."

James was silent for a time.

"James," said Nina, "I hope you do not want to be a *hired* boy! Why, that is being somebody's servant."

"I want to be anything rather than a *primpy* like Ralph Brown, or a bad boy like Jonas Snell. I do not like those city chaps at all. And, sis, I think you are getting some of the 'genteel airs' that auntie talks about, for you raise your eyebrows when you talk; and, I vow, you can say horse equal to a horsejockey now."

"Silence, James!" said his mother.

"Mother, you can never *refine* James, I am sure," said his father, smiling. "But, as I said before, James, go to school this winter, and in the summer you may go to Mr. Rawlings."

The winter passed rapidly away. Mrs. Arnold was not quite happy. Various things had occurred to worry her, foremost of which was a desire on William's part to be absent evenings. He at first had attended school, but that had become distasteful to him, so his father had been trying to get him into his own shop, but so far had been unsuccessful. William had fallen in with some boys his own age, who were not calculated to do much if any good to such a boy as William. His mother had seen all this, and her true mother's heart was grieved in consequence. Another source of annoyance was with Mr. Arnold himself. He was silent, and sometimes sullen. She feared he was ill, but to her anxious inquiries, he always returned a negative answer. The truth was, he missed the free-and-easy life he had always led before he removed to the city. He missed his old neighbors; in fact, he missed his entire farm, together with its surroundings, and, in turn, his family missed his sunny temper and merry words.

One afternoon Mrs. Brown came in, and found Mrs. Arnold in tears. "What is the matter, Jane?" said she. "Is anything wrong, or has anything serious happened, or have you a fit of the blues?"

"Quite a variety of questions, Martha," said Mrs. Arnold, making a feeble effort to smile, "but I believe I can answer 'yes,' to all of them. Something is the matter, and something has happened, and I have got the blues;" and the poor woman burst out again into tears.

"Now I will sit down and hear all about it, Jane."

Mrs. Arnold dried her eyes and began—"Martha, I am so worried about William. He is out every evening, sometimes until midnight. He says he goes to the theatre, sometimes some other place. He is growing rough, chews tobacco, and altogether

is very different from what he was a year ago. We have been here only four months, but four years ought not to have changed him so."

"Now, Jane," said Mrs. Brown, "I think you notice these things too much. There's my Ralph, he goes out nights, and I never think of asking him where he has been. Boys of their age do not like to give an account of all their actions."

"But, Martha, they ought to be required to give an account of themselves. I think mothers cannot be too careful about their boys. And when children arrive at that point when they consider it none of their parents' concerns where they are or what they are doing, they are not far from the gates of evil."

"People accustomed to living in the country look at these things in a different light from what city people do," said Mrs. Brown, softly.

"But why should they, sister?"

"There is no amusement or entertainment going on in the country, and boys are obliged to stay at home evenings. Now that you have moved here, William sees so much that is new and entertaining that he is carried away by it. After a time he may become satisfied and settle down."

"Yes, but perhaps at a fearful cost," said Mrs. Arnold, sadly.

The conversation was not again renewed, but Mrs. Arnold did not stop thinking, nor did her thoughts become less troubled. "What if William should get to drinking?" and the thought sent the blood to her heart in quick beats.

"I almost wish I had never come to the city," she said to Nina one day.

"Why?"

"Oh! everything seems different and strange."

"But, mother, you do not work so hard, do you?"

"I cannot see much difference as regards that," replied her mother. "It takes much more time to fix and go to market than it did to go to the cellar and get what I want for the table; and I think your father works much harder now than when on the farm."

"I have noticed father looking pale," said Nina, "but I thought it was because he was indoors all the time."

(To be continued.)

## SCARLET-FEVER.

BY AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN.

Scarlet-fever is defined to be a febrile disease, the product of a specific poison, which is reproduced during the progress of the affection. Like small-pox, it spreads by infection and contagion. The contagious

principle is exceedingly subtle. It fills the atmosphere of the rooms of the sick, and clings with desperate tenacity to clothing. A strip of flannel may remain contagious for upward of a year; and a cloak put on eighteen months after its exposure has communicated the disease. This fact shows the necessity of thorough ventilation of the rooms of the sick, and of the complete disinfection of all articles of clothing used about them. It also proves that those who visit the sick of scarlet-fever are very liable to carry the poison in their clothing, and disseminate it widely. It very often happens that it is quite impossible to trace the origin of an outbreak of scarlet-fever in a family. It may occur first in the infant who has never been out of doors. In such cases, it is undoubtedly introduced by the clothing of some person who has visited the room of one sick of this disease. Physicians undoubtedly often transport the poison from family to family; and many are so impressed with the danger that they always wash their hands, and thoroughly change or ventilate their clothing, before visiting other patients.

The period of incubation of the poison varies from a few hours to one week. The first symptom is generally vomiting; fever soon sets in; the throat is slightly sore; there is headache, thirst, restlessness, and slight delirium at night. These symptoms continue about forty-eight hours, when the rash makes its appearance over the lower part of the neck and upper part of the chest. This rash is of a bright scarlet in healthy persons, having a velvety appearance, but not raised or rough. On the second day of the rash, it spreads over the body, and on the third over the limbs. At this period it begins to fade on the chest and body, and about the third day from its appearance on the hands and feet, it disappears altogether. It returns, however, as a light blush for several days, with more or less fever. With the subsidence of the eruption, there appears over the body a dandruff like scurf, which consists of the scarf-skin or scales, loosened and thrown off by the fever in the skin. This is called the desquamative stage, and is dangerous, from the fact that the removal of this outer coating renders the patient peculiarly liable to suppression of perspiration on the slightest exposure to cold.

A careful observer can determine the onset of scarlet-fever before the eruption appears, by examining the tongue and throat. These surfaces will be found red, and that of the tongue will have the appearance of a strawberry. The disease may begin quite differently. The affection of the throat may be the principal symptom,

with swelling, and but a small amount of rash; or the patient may be suddenly overwhelmed with the poison, and die without an eruption.

No specific remedy has yet been found for scarlet-fever. Belladonna has been extensively employed; but no positive results have been obtained. Judicious nursing is far more important than medicines. The patient should be placed in a room having a uniform temperature, day and night, of about 68° to 70°, well aired, without exposure to draughts of air; in this room he should remain until thoroughly well, unless it be summer season. The clothing should be light during the rash, and increased after it, and not be changed until convalescence is thoroughly established. Cold drinks should be given very sparingly; but the body may be sponged over frequently when the skin is hot. It is well to put a light flannel scarf around the neck, and to apply camphorated oil daily freely around and under the angle of the jaw. The diet should consist of rice-water, or similar simple liquid nourishment, until the eruption subsides, when it may be solid; but must still be simple, as rice, farina, &c.

If the early stages of the fever are passed in safety, the danger will depend upon the exposure of the new tender surface to cold, and the resulting dropsy. It is surprising how sensitive the denuded body is to cold; the change of an article of clothing, the lowering of the temperature of the room at night, stepping into a room having a lower temperature, are but few of the many ways of so chilling the skin as to suppress perspiration and induce dropsy. It is for this reason that the light cases are more often followed by serious consequence; less care is taken of their clothing and surroundings than of the severely sick in the early stages.

There are two simple methods of rendering patients less liable to dropsy after scarlet-fever. The first is by rubbing them over frequently with fatty substances, as lard or oil, and thus forming a coating which supplies in part the loss of the scarf-skin. The second is, frequent warm baths during convalescence; they are very grateful, and tend to prevent internal congestions, while they increase the action of the skin. As in the bath, the old skin separates, and as this is charged with the poison of scarlet-fever, great care should be taken to remove the refuse water beyond the reach of exposure, or disinfect it.

No case of scarlet-fever, however simple, should be unattended by a competent physician.—*Hearth and Home.*

WHAT SHALL THE GIRLS READ?

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

We have received from a young friend in the Female Seminary at Steubenville the following letter:

"March 23d, 1869.

"DEAR MRS. STOWE: Some time will you not give us, through the columns of HEARTH AND HOME, a course of reading for girls after they leave school? It is a question that troubles some of us now: "What shall we read when we go home?" "We consulted a friend on this subject, and Hume's *England* was recommended to us. Asked another, and the reply was: "Read Hugh Miller's *Testimony of the Rocks*."

"We want books that we can understand and like, and are the better for; and any suggestions from your pen would be gratefully received and faithfully followed out by others, as well as by

"Yours most truly, ROSE P."

MY DEAR ROSE: I am charmed by the amiable simplicity of your letter, and by that fresh, confiding faith that you seem to have that you *will* read anything after you leave school.

What, my child, with all the awful responsibilities of young ladyhood on you? When you will be obliged to change the trimmings of your hat weekly, and the buttons of your sack will be out of fashion in a month—when dresses will need to be bought, and altered, and trimmed, and made, and made over, and only poor little *you* to attend to all this complication of necessities? Where are you going to get time to read?

And then there are the parties of all sorts and kinds! the excursions! the visits to make! and the visits to receive! and where will be the time for courses of any thing?

Suppose you had the best and most perfectly arranged course of reading, *where* will you find time to begin it, and, having begun it, how many will be the interruptions

Ah! how many courses of reading have I seen begun in my day, that ended in about a week, and were never thought of afterward!

But, my dear Rose, I am fully of opinion that this need not be so, and that if a girl, when she leaves school, will be resolute and determined, especially for the first few weeks, she may form such a habit of regular reading as will be of the greatest possible use to her.

It was said by a good judge, who spoke from experience, that a *half an hour a day*, resolutely persisted in, would be sufficient to enable a man to acquire any language.

*One hour a day*, steadily and systematically given to useful reading, would, in a year, carry you through quite a course.

It is in this hope that I am going to comply with your request, and suggest a course for you. There are a great many which might be proposed; as, for instance, courses in science, or courses in literature; but I will begin with one in history—that being one of the most difficult branches to be taught in school, and, therefore, very generally left to be picked up by reading at home.

I will recommend that you take some one particular country; and since we are of Anglo-Saxon origin, it had better be England. But, as we are also partly French in our origin, and as English history for a great many hundred years consists almost entirely in the quarrels between the French and the English, you will do well to take the French history along with it.

The best plan is to begin with some short sketch or text-book, in which the main important features of the history of each country are briefly set down. And for this purpose, I know of no books so good as Markham's *Histories of England and France*, which are divided into corresponding periods, and can very well be taken together.

Take the first period in both histories, which is the ancient Roman one, when England and France alike were parts of the great Roman Empire. If now you want something to assist you in the understanding of this period, I can think of nothing better to recommend to you than the *Pictorial History of England*, in four volumes, published by the Harpers.

It would be quite easy to get rid of the whole subject at once by recommending you to read these histories. But I know enough of girls and their ways, to predict that your courage would speedily be drowned if you were tumbled at once, without boat or compass, into such an ocean of thick fine print as this very useful pictorial history, even although it is enlivened with a great many excellent and useful engravings and illustrations. Your little history is your boat, in which you sail out into the great sea of history, and fish up curiosities at your leisure.

Examine all the pictures and the maps that relate to this period of history, and thus try to fasten it upon your mind. Then, by way of calling in imagination to help you, look about for any stories or poems that relate to the same time. I do not at this moment recollect any, except that it occurs to me that the opera of *Norma* is founded upon this period.

I do not pretend to be your guide upon this subject, but suggest to you that you should inquire of your literary friends whether there are any works of fiction that

illustrate the Roman period of England or France.

There are very fine photographs of the Roman remains in France and England—for example, of the amphitheatres at Nismes and Arles.

Now, the work of inquiring for all these will give you something to write about, think about, and talk about. It will give you something to say to intelligent people, if you should happen to be thrown into contact with them.

The questions of a thoughtful girl, whose mind is fully awake upon some literary subject, are always pleasant to cultivated men and women, and you will be surprised to find how much information you may pick up in this way.

This short sketch of how you are to treat a historic period is a specimen of how your course is to proceed.

Or, instead of taking the little Markham's history, you might, if you had courage, take the pictorial history alone.

Begin to read it by the table of contents, and proceed much in the same way we have already directed.

It is a good plan to learn to read large books by their tables of contents. These tables are like roads built in a great forest—they prevent your losing your way in a multiplicity of paths.

When you come to the period of English history from the arrival of the Saxons to the Norman Conquest, you will then be prepared to read and understand *Ivanhoe*; and *Ivanhoe* slowly and carefully read, as a study in style, and as a study in history, might properly occupy several weeks, or even months. You get more good from *one* first-class novel, well read and thoroughly understood, than from a railroad gallop through dozens.

If you have read *Ivanhoe* as carefully and wisely as you should in connection with all there is to illustrate it in the pictorial history of England; you will find, as I think, abundant employment for some two or three months. If you like it, relish it, feel its beauties, you will find that you have gained more than a knowledge of history—you will have *formed a taste for first-class writing*. Forming a taste for first-class writing is like forming the acquaintance of first-class people—it prevents your wandering into low and trivial society. It would make it impossible for you to read a great part of the trashy novels of the day, and that would be a great point gained.

You will see, my dear, I am not so much making out a course of reading for you as showing you how you may make one out for yourself.

Some other time I will continue the subject. Meanwhile, write me what you think of this so far.

## THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest in the road of life,  
If we would only stop to take it;  
And many a tone from the better land,  
If the querulous heart would make it!  
To the soul that is full of hope,  
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,  
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,  
Though the winter storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,  
And to keep the eyes still lifted;  
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through  
When the ominous cloud is rifted!  
There never was a night without a day,  
Or an evening without a morning;  
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,  
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,  
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,  
That is richer far than the jewelled crown,  
Or the miser's hoard of treasure;  
It may be the love of a little child,  
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,  
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks  
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life  
A bright and golden filling,  
And to do God's will with a ready heart,  
And hands that are ready and willing,  
Than to snap the delicate, minute threads  
Of our curious lives asunder,  
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,  
And sit and grieve and wonder.

## WEDDED LOVE

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

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

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

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

## Young Folks.



### A TRUE TALE.

BY C. B.

"Why, Constance, what is the matter with you? We have not heard your voice for a long time. Are you mourning over the departure of our visitors? You ought to try to cheer a fellow up this dreary weather. I shall begin to wish my holiday at an end."

"No, no, Frank," exclaimed his sister, affectionately, "you must not say so. I fancied you were asleep. I have been looking over one of mamma's old sketch-books. I think, mamma," continued the speaker—a bright young girl of seventeen—"you must often wish you were in England again. How pleasant it must be to roam over such beautiful places. Were you not very happy?"

"I certainly did enjoy myself very much," replied her mother, smiling; "but do you think I should be acting either well or wisely in wishing myself anywhere but in the place which has been assigned to me and in which so many blessings have been vouchsafed to me? Can you not imagine that I may be at least as happy here in the society of my children?"

Frank rose from the easy chair in which he had been lounging and threw his arm round his mother's neck.

Constance replied:—

"As happy? Well, yes—perhaps so; but I should like to see some of those grand old places. Come here, Frank, look at this gateway. It would be nice to stand there and think of the Knights and Dames who had passed under it before me. Did you ever live there, mamma?"

"I was a frequent visitor at the house, my dear, and when about your age enjoyed many a ramble in the fine old park, sometimes accompanied by one of your aunts,

and yet more frequently alone. I have spent hours under the shade of its beautiful trees, watching the numerous herds of deer, some grazing on its sunny slopes, some bounding gracefully along, startled by a sudden noise, or listening to the song of the nightingale in a neighboring thorn."

"I don't see anything to admire in that," said Frank, as his sister turned over another leaf. "Go on."

Constance paused ere she did so.

"I rather like that, too,—an old thorn tree close to a gate with a group of hay-makers."

"The scene there represented," said Mrs. Thornton, "is more vividly impressed on my mind than any of the others. I will tell you why, and, believe me, it is no fiction.

"I was walking through that meadow one sultry summer afternoon, when a number of hay-makers were at work in it. I had reached the gate, and had my hand on it as I stood for a minute or two listening to the sweet notes of a robin, when a voice, or rather a strange, inarticulate murmur, startled me, and caused me to turn quickly round. I was in those days very easily frightened, and felt far from comfortable when I saw standing close to me a tall woman, who was gesticulating vehemently and uttering sounds which were perfectly unintelligible. She held a hay-fork in her hand, and I soon perceived that she was one of the hay-makers I had lately passed. Whilst I stood irresolute and wishing myself on the other side of the gate, one of her companions came up and said: 'If you please, ma'am, she wants to know what o'clock it is.' I satisfied her as nearly as I could and walked on.

"In the course of the following evening, I mentioned my little adventure, adding that the woman was of a tall, slight figure, with bright black eyes, a good deal of color, and must have been very pretty in her youth.

"'Oh,' said an old lady, who was present, 'it was Hannah Mason. Hers is a remarkable story; but you need not have been afraid of her—she would do you no harm. Years ago, when she was a young girl, she was once accused of speaking an untruth. I forget on what occasion, but it must have been a grave one, for her asseverations to the contrary were very vehement. Nor was this all—she dared to take the high and holy name of the Almighty in vain, to witness to her falsehood, and said: "May God strike me dumb if it is not true." At that very moment she was paralyzed, and never spoke intelligibly again.'

"Is this really true, mother?" asked Frank, in a low voice.

"I have told you exactly how I happened to hear it. The lady who told me the history was the sister of my host, and had lived in the neighborhood all her life. I can even at this distance of time picture to myself the woman as she stood in her tidy, light-colored, cotton gown; a handkerchief with a bright red pattern and border, pinned down to her waist, a black silk bonnet, and a hay-fork in her hand."

"Oh, mamma, how awful! It makes me tremble to think how immediately we are in the presence of God."

"We do but too seldom realize it, my child," replied Mrs. Thornton. "But, Constance, surely the consciousness of the Awful Presence in which we live, while it should lead us to constant watchfulness over ourselves, should also inspire us with humble confidence, for His mighty arm is stretched forth to help and defend as well as to punish; and while we look up in faith to Him, He will preserve us from such fearful sin as well as from danger."

"I think, mother," said Frank, "I remember reading of something similar in an old magazine."

"I daresay," replied his mother, "you allude to the yet more awful case of the poor woman at Devizes. More awful, as she had no time for repentance; but fell

dead in one moment. The manner of her death is recorded on a stone in the marketplace on the spot where she fell—the truth of it attested by the Mayor and other authorities of the place. I need not repeat to you the circumstances of a fact so generally known. The story I have told you is no less true, though I have never seen any account of it in print."

### PINK'S CHICKEN.

Little Pink Lawton lived in New York, and her grandmother on Mount Pisgah. Pink, and Pink's mother, left New York at eight o'clock in the morning, and were standing on Grandma Lawton's front door-steps, being hugged and kissed, just as the sun went down behind the high hills.

Pink thought her grandma a funny-looking woman, with her old-fashioned cap-borders, spectacles, and apron; perhaps grandma thought Pink was a funny-looking little girl, with her plaid tunic, pale cheeks, flying hair, and wondering brown eyes, but she was too good-mannered to say so. Pink was too tired to do anything but eat a great deal of bread and butter and gingerbread, and drink two tumblers of milk,—“Clover's milk,” grandma said,—and go to bed. She did try to say “Now I lay me,” but when she got to “If I should die before”—her eyes were so nearly shut, that mamma caught her up, kissed her half a dozen times, and plumped her down into the middle of grandma's spare bed, sure that the good angels would watch over her little lamb; and if—if—she “should die before”—would carry her very softly and tenderly and lay her on the bosom of the Great Shepherd.

In about half a minute somebody kissed Pink's eyelids, and said, “Wake up, darling;” and when the brown eyes were open, sure enough, there was the sunlight dimpling through the maple leaves all over grandma's pretty pink and white bed-quilt, and Pink was out of bed in a twinkling, trotting about the room.

What pure, sparkling water there was for her bath; and how still it was; not a single sound to be heard, save a little soft rustle among the leaves, and now and then a rooster's crow, and that was so very loud, it startled her. When she went downstairs, how brightly the sun shone into grandmother's dining-room, and what pretty morning-glory vines looked into the windows, as if to say, “Good morning, Pink;” and what nice biscuits, and boiled eggs, and milk-toast, and delicious strawberries and cream there were on the table, and what a hungry Pink to eat them! Pink took another survey of Grandma Lawton,

and thought she looked quite nice by daylight, if she did wear funny cap-borders.

There was a great deal to see when Pink came down with her hat on. Out in the woodshed the water kept dripping, dripping, dripping, like tiny bits of silver, from a little spout into a wooden trough; there were lovely shining milk-pans lying out in the sunshine in slanting rows on a little shelf; and what Pink thought was prettier than all, a little mite of a house stood on the green grass, out from which tiny bits of chickens kept running and crying, "Peep-peep-peep," and then running in again.

"May I go and look at the little house, grandma?"

"Yes, indeed; but bless me, child, that isn't a house; it's a coop—a hen-coop."

"Is it?" said Pink.

She was half afraid of the mother hen with her broad, bristling breast, and sat down at a safe distance to study the family arrangements. She felt sorry for poor Mrs. Hen, who couldn't get out, let her peck and flutter and splutter as much as she would; a dish of pudding and a cup of water stood there for her breakfast, but neither of them looked very clean, and Pink hoped somebody would come pretty soon and wash her dishes and tidy up a little. The darling little balls of yellow-white down, with eyes like shiny black beads, kept running about crying "peep" so shrilly and loudly, that Pink was sure they wanted something terribly.

"Grandma, they all keep crying 'peep,' and I want to give them something."

"La, it's the natur' of 'em to say 'peep; I guess it's their way of talking to one another."

"Is it?" said Pink, and she sat down on the grass again to watch them; she would have liked to begin the study of peep language that minute, could she have found a teacher.

But water-troughs, milk-pans, and chicken-coops all faded into insignificance when, a little while afterwards, grandma led Pink into the barn, and all its glories of barn-doors, stable-doors, mangers, great beams, hay-mows, straw-lofts, pigeon-boxes, and swallows'-nests burst upon her. Of course, Pink couldn't take all these in at once,—no one expected that; the hay-mow alone was enough for one forenoon, towering up, and up, and up, almost to the sky, and smelling like a mammoth perfumery bottle, only a great deal sweeter and fresher, and more delightful than any perfume Lubin ever dreamed of.

"That's hay," said grandma, "for the cows and horses to eat when the grass is gone." And she led her to a manger where two horses were eating hay. To see their large, black, solemn eyes, and big faces and necks, so near her, frightened Pink, and she pulled her hand away.

"I don't like horse-coops, grandma."

"Dear me! that isn't a coop, child; it's a stable—a horse-stable."

"Is it?" said Pink.

"Come here, Pink, I want to show you something; but don't make a noise; 'twill scare Blackie, if you do."

On the very tips of her new gaiter-boots, Pink crept softly along, keeping tight hold of grandma's hand till they came almost to the end of the big hay-mow; and there, on the side of it, so low down that Pink could look in, was a round, deep, smooth hole, with eight white eggs lying in it! Pink dared not speak, but she gave a low chuckle of delight, and looked into grandma's face, her own all aglow; she reached out her hand and touched one of the eggs with the tip of her forefinger, and found it was quite warm. Blackie stood a little way off on the barn-floor, walking back and forth, turning her head, which had a little red ruffle on the top of it, this way and that way, picking up a hay-seed here and there, pretending, the artful little baggage, that she was only looking for something to eat, when, all at once, she darted into the hole and settled herself down comfortably, spreading out her wings over the eggs, and giving little growls, as much as to say, "Come here and disturb me, if you dare!"

"When hens are settin', they don't like folks to watch 'em," said grandma. "Blackie is settin' now; when she comes off, you shall have one of her chickens, if you want."

"For my very own, grandma?"

"Yes, Pink, and you may feed it and tame it if you choose; your ma had one when she was a little girl that would eat out of her hand, and follow her round everywhere."

A tame chicken for her very own was a vision of delight which set Pink's feet off into a series of gymnastics, and these set the hens off into another series more wonderful still, till the solemn old barn was in quite a ferment with their fluttering flying, and cackling. Grandma found three eggs in another hole in the mow, two more under a loose board, and one in a basket of straw, and Pink held up her little white apron, that would hold just two, and carried them very carefully into the pantry, and grandma laid them in a large wooden bowl, almost full of eggs already.

"There's as many as ten dozen in that bowl, I guess," said grandma; it's a laying year for hens."

"Is it?" said Pink.

Pink's little brain was quite crowded with the multitude of new images that had got into it, and her great knowledge kept her tongue still, as great knowledge always does. She found her mother up-stairs, writing a letter to Papa Lawton.

"What shall I tell Papa about you, Pink?"

"O, tell him I've seen water-pans, and milk-troughs, and Blackie-nests, and hen-coops, and horse-coops—no, horse-tables, and cow-tables, and everything; and I'm going to have a chicken of my own, when Blackie sets it out; grandma says I may; and O! tell him its a layin' year, and Blackie's setting in a funny little round hay-hole in the mow."

"Yes," said mamma, "I'll tell him."

Pink was very happy, and jumped up and down, and whisked round and round, making her hair look "like an oven-broom," as grandma said, who just then looked in at the door to ask if they'd like a strawberry short-cake for dinner; adding, "I do wonder, Susan, how you can let this child's hair stick out all over her head, like that. It makes a perfect fright of her."

"O, it's the fashion, mother!"

"The idea of havin' a fashion for a child of that age! It's bad enough for grown folks to make mops of their heads. I'd cut it off, the first thing I did. It isn't healthy to have such long hair; the strength all goes into it."

"Does it?" said Pink.

Pink knew she ought to keep quiet when her mother was writing, so she tiptoed round to the work-basket, seized the scissors, and began clipping her hair, a lock here and a lock there, as was most convenient. The snip of the scissors at length roused Mrs. Lawton, who, turning round, saw the destruction.

"Pink Lawton, what are you doing? you naughty, naughty child!"

"It's healthy—grandma says so: don't you want your little Pink to be healthy, and get the strength all into her?"

It was irresistible,—the comical look of the half shorn hair and the demure little face,—and mamma laughed heartily; then, snatching the child in her arms, she bent over the little head in a passion of sobs and tears. Those curls were her first-born's first locks, and each silky thread of them was more precious to her heart than gold. They must all be cut off now, and something of her heart's treasure would be lost, lost forever; for no other curls could ever be to her like those first golden ones, bedewed by so many showers of tears and kisses.

Never was a hen watched as Blackie was; Pink went on tiptoe to look at her on the nest, at least twenty times in a morning. Such a prying into her private affairs was enough to disgust any sensible hen; and Blackie being a very sensible hen indeed, of course was disgusted.

"What does that child want of me, I should like to know? Does she mean to get away my eggs? I'll let her know that isn't so easy a thing to do; indeed I will!" and with this determination swelling her motherly breast, Blackie spread out her

wings wider, and kept a sharp lookout on Pink whenever she came near.

"Grandma, why don't Blackie get through settin' down? I'm sure it's been long enough to 'catch.'"

"To what? O, to *hatch!*" and grandma laughed heartily. If there were anything in the world Pink hated, it was to be laughed at.

"Blackie knows all about this settin' business a great deal better than you or I do, Pink."

"Does she?" said Pink.

But when Blackie continued to sit there day after day, making no visible progress, Pink concluded she didn't know; and one day, hunting up a stick, she gave her a little poke in the side, which meant, "Hurry up there, you lazy old thing!"

What a commotion there was in the hay-mow after that little poke! Blackie, raising herself up in all the majesty of injured motherhood, her eyes flashing, her wings expanding, and every feather in her body standing up individually on end, gave vent to such a succession of screams, hisses, and squawks, as would have driven off a whole regiment of infantry. Pink, frightened out of her senses, ran screaming into the house, never stopping to breathe till she had found refuge under her grandmother's broad checked apron. Grandma, half frightened out of her senses too, tried in vain to find out what had happened. All Pink could say, amid breathless sobs, was, "O, Blackie—Blackie—she feathered up at me so!"

"O, 't was Blackie, was it? What did you do to Blackie?"

"Nothing, grandma; I only just tickled her a little, so as to make her set faster, and scratch me out my chicken."

Grandma threw herself back in her chair and laughed again; but as she took Pink into her lap, wiped away the tears, smoothed back her hair,—what was left of it,—and produced a gingerbread-man with a round, flat head, arms at right angles with his body, and very remarkable legs and feet, Pink was comforted. But she never afterwards dared to so much as step within the barn-door: Blackie's victory was complete.

Very early the next Monday morning grandma tapped softly at the door, and asked, "Is Pink awake?"

"O yes; come in," said mamma.

"I'm waked up, and washed, and dressed, grandma, all but just my petticoat and dress and shoes and stockings. Nobody doesn't tie knots in my hair now—isn't that nice, grandma?"

"Yes, and you look like a Christian child."

"And I'm so healthy, grandma."

When the last string was tied, and the last button buttoned, grandma led Pink down-stairs, through the kitchen, into the

back-yard; and there, right in the middle of the yard, on the softest green grass that ever grew, stood Blackie, with six little chickens round her!

Pink's ecstasy was indescribable; and well it might be, for there never was anything prettier than those darling dots of chickies, taking their first bath of morning sunshine; and when grandma told her she might feed them, giving her the little basin of pudding to carry with her own hands, her rapture was complete.

"O, how fast they eat, grandma; how hungry they must be!"

"Of course they are; who ever saw a hen that wasn't hungry from the time it came into the world till it went out? They do nothing but eat, eat, eat, from morning till night."

"Dont they?" said Pink.

"Which will you have for yours, Pink?"

"O, grandma, they're all so pretty, how can I tell? and they all look most alike."

"O no; two of them are black and two are white, and that one with a stripe on its back will be a speckled one, I guess."

"I dont want a black one, grandma; she'll be cross, like old Blackie; and a white one will make a great deal of washing, 'cause 'twill get dirty quicker."

"White dresses do, but I don't think white chickens have to be washed oftener than black ones."

"Don't they?" said Pink.

She reflected solemnly for some time, and then said, "I like a white one some, and a speckled one some, and I don't know which I like the most."

So grandma advised her to wait till they were larger, before deciding.

Pink waited, but spent many hours watching and feeding them, and meditating on their respective merits. When they were two weeks old, she chose the one with the stripe on its back, and named it Speckle. It had lovely yellow legs, and a yellow mouth, and cried "peep" louder, and ate pudding faster than any of them,—because she was the smartest, Pink said. Blackie was never shut into a coop, but proudly led out her pretty brood over the grass and the chip-yard, and through the barn-yard gate, just when she pleased, calling out, "Cluck-clu-ck-clu-ck," loudly, if one strayed off too far.

Pink had a good deal to do besides watch the chickens: she had to go to the mill with grandpa, to get the corn ground; to the pasture, to salt the sheep; and to the plain, to see if the grain was ripe enough to reap.

Then she and mamma had a great many visits to make, and it took all the afternoon to go out to tea on Mount Pisgah, and to come home again when the long twilight shadows lay across the hills, and the birds were singing their good-night prayers.

All this time Speckle grew in size and

wisdom; she was an amiable, conscientious chicken, who seldom ruffled her mother's breast, and Pink began her education with high hopes of her attaining to a bright and happy henhood. She taught her to come at her call, to eat from her hand, and even to hop into her lap,—no ordinary accomplishment, and one it had cost untold pulls and pecks to instill into her wings and legs. But, alas! chicken-nature is imperfect, and Speckle was only a chicken, pretty and enlightened as she was.

One evening, just after tea, when rain was pouring, lightning flashing, and thunder rolling, a shrill and piteous "peep" was heard. It was evidently from a chicken in distress, and search was made at once. Blackie was found under the waggon-shed all right, with her children tucked under her wings, all but Speckle!

It was Speckle's peep, then, that came at intervals, borne on the wind, seeming now close by, now far off; now loud and shrill, now low and faint. Pink was in tears, grandma in perplexity, and Tom, who had hunted in vain under bush and brier, fence and stone, in a towering passion.

"I'm not going to look any more for that miserable old chicken," he cried, throwing aside his dripping hat, and kicking off his muddy boots.

"It isn't no misable chicken," sobbed Pink; "it's Speckle—*my* Speckle," and the tears rolled in fuller floods down her cheeks, as she thought of her darling out in the dark storm, motherless, coopless, and supperless.

Grandpa couldn't stand that; so, putting on his boots and overcoat, and taking a lantern, he started in pursuit. O what a naughty Speckle it was to run away, and make all this trouble for herself and others! Grandpa hunted everywhere, looking into every probable and improbable place, and in all the contrary directions from which the sounds seemed to come. But not a feather or a claw was to be seen, though at intervals came the "peep-peep-pee-peeps," like signal guns at sea, inciting to fresh effort. But at last grandpa, too, turned toward the house, quite in despair; but he saw little Pink's white, tearful face, pressed against the window-pane; he must try once more—and lo! on plunging into a thicket of burdocks and thistles, behind the barn, there was Speckle, her head thrust under a burdock-leaf, half-starved, half-frozen, and half-drowned! The light frightened her, and she struggled to run away; but, after a little chase, grandpa caught her in his big hand, and bore her triumphantly into the house, peeping louder and shriller than ever.

What a light came into Pink's face, and what a bustle there was in the clean kitchen, before Speckle could be dried, warmed, and fed! The poor little thing was too frightened.

to listen to Pink's coaxing, or to eat, or do anything but try to get away. But grandma brought a little basket, and put Speckle into it, covering her all up with soft warm wool; then tying a cloth over it, to keep her in, she set it down close to the stove, and in a few minutes the sharp cry subsided into a soft moan, and then to utter silence, and they knew that Speckle was in the land of dreams.

The next morning the sun shone clear, and each spire of glass had a sparkling dew-drop on it, as Pink, with her India-rubbers on, tripped out with the basket on her arm, and Speckle in the basket. She found Blackie walking out from under the shed with her five chickens, all in excellent spirits, so far as Pink could see, in spite of their loss; but when she untied the cover, and took Speckle out and set her among them, there was a little peep of welcome, and Blackie spread out her wings for her erring and wandering child to run right under, and be brooded in her loving breast.

When Speckle was nine weeks old, the sweet September days had come; the light was more golden on the trees, the purple richer on the hills, and the golden-rods and asters nodded their pretty heads to each other in the woods, as if to say, "We are the last of all flowers but we'll part cheerily."

Pink's plan had been to finish Speckle's education by travel; but when she proposed taking her to New York, everybody opposed it.

"She can't live cooped up in a city," said grandma; "she'll die, as sure as you carry her there. If you leave her here, she'll grow plumper and handsomer every day. She can eat corn now, and I'll feed her with my own hands, and give her as much as she can swallow."

"Will you?" said Pink.

"Yes; and when you come next summer, she'll be a beauty,—a full-grown hen,—and you shall have one of her eggs cooked for your breakfast every day."

"Shall I?" said Pink.

The brown eyes were full of tears, but a ray of hope remained. Papa Lawton was so good she almost new that when he came he would let her carry Speckle home.

Papa Lawton came; but not till he had almost smothered her with kisses, and told her she looked like "the priest all shaven and shorn, who married the man all tattered and torn," and pulled her hair and pinched her cheeks, and danced her up and down, to see how heavy she was, could she find a chance to whisper, "O papa, may I carry Speckle home?"

"Speckle—who's Speckle, I should like to know?"

"Speckle's a chicken — my chicken, papa."

"Carry a chicken home! No indeed; absurd!"

And he went to talking with Mamma Lawton just as cheerily as if nothing had happened, and the heart of the little daughter on his knee had not been ready to break with grief and pain. How little he knew what it was costing her to give up Speckle! and Pink crowded the pain down in to her heart with all her might, just as she would have to keep crowding it down all her life, because no one understood it!

But when Pink got home, and found a lovely little canary-bird, in a lovely little cage, hanging right before her window, where she could see it the first thing in the morning, she was consoled, and danced about the room as merrily as if her heart had not been broken, hugging papa and then mamma, and saying over and over, in her joy, "O, how good you are to your little Pink! What a good little Pink I must try to be!" And a good little Pink she really was.

#### ROBBIE MALCOLM.

Robbie Malcolm lived in the sea. I do not mean that he was a fish, and went paddling through the water with fins; for he was a very live boy, who ran on two sturdy little feet over all the land he could find to run on,—which was not much, to be sure!

The house that Robbie lived in, of all houses in the world, was a lighthouse. There it stood on a narrow island, which was a mere heap of rocks and clay, that old Ocean beat at day and night as if he were bound to grind it to powder, and have things all his own way—for his way was a very fierce and destroying one; and the tall white tower of bricks and iron which had been built on the island, and lighted with great lamps every night to keep watch over his doings, prevented a world of the mischief he had been up to in the old days when he tossed the poor ships about in storm and darkness, so that, alas! many of them never saw harbor more.

However, thunder and rage as he might, he could not sweep away the stanch little island which, small as it rose above the water, had a firm foundation of rocks that seemed to reach down to the very heart of the world, expressly to hold up that shining white tower, where every night Robbie's father lighted the lamps, and kept them burning till the great sun came up again out of the sea.

A curious life Robbie lived compared to that of boys on shore: he could not go to see other boys at all; the lighthouse people could not make even a call without a voyage, so they dispensed with that ceremony of fashionable life altogether.

Robbie would watch his feathered companions for hours together, or gaze at the

great ocean itself. Close to his feet, where it broke on the island, you could never say what the waves would bring up next,—fragments of beautiful sea-plants, growing nobody knew how far away, or broken spars and bits of old iron. Robbie used to wonder what kind of ship these had belonged to, and whether she had gone to pieces because there was no lighthouse to warn her; then he would think that keeping a lighthouse was the most beautiful thing in the world.

The hundreds of ships, too, that sometimes came in sight in a day, gleaming for a moment away off on the horizon, or sailing so near that Robbie could count the men on the decks,—homeward-bound ships, laden deep in the water with rich cargoes from wonderful lands on the other side of the globe,—outward-going vessels, steering for the same distant ports;—all these were a kind of society to Robbie, and told him strange things across the bright dashing water.

Small as the island was, it was large enough to hold a few pets for Robbie: he had rabbits that never ran away, because they had nowhere to run but plump into the sea; and he had a dog that swam off famously for sticks in the water; and hens and chickens,—bless me! such a time the latter had before they learned to walk against the wild ocean winds! their wings would be blown over their heads, and they would tumble about in the most ridiculous manner; but they soon adapted themselves to their breezy home, and, like Robbie himself, made the best of circumstances.

So my little hero lived in the sea, and was happy and contented there until the sorrows befell of which I am going to tell you.

I ought to have remarked, perhaps, that Robbie's parents were not originally of the seafaring class that usually take such places; the lighthouse-keeper was a stranger from far away, who had suffered some great wrong or misfortune that made him glad to fly from the haunts of men, and live out in this wild ocean-home alone with his wife and little boy, amid the vast sights and sounds which seemed to breathe, with the large, calm spirit of eternity, over the troubles of time.

There was a mystery about the lighthouse-keeper's history which I do not fully know,—only that his wife so clung to him in his dark hours, and so sacrificed herself for his sake, that he thought her scarce a mortal woman.

One day when she felt weak and ill, he sent to the mainland in great haste and fear the servant-boy, who lived at the light-house, to look up a good nurse, who would come and stay till she was better.

But a few hours after this messenger had gone, such a storm arose as made it utterly

impossible for any boat to come back to the island; and the poor wife, who had endeavored in her cheerful manner to make light of her illness, was soon seen, beyond all disguise, to be very dangerously ill with a fever, which, alas! before midnight so affected her brain that she no longer knew what she said or did.

While the fever raged within the storm raged without,—such a storm as had not been known before by land or sea for twenty years. Two days and nights the terrible tempest shook the bed on which the poor sufferer lay, and filled the air with such a thunder of waves as you can have no power to imagine.

All this while, as you may well believe, the lighthouse-keeper never closed his eyes, but spent every moment, save those he was obliged to give to the care of his lamps, in watching by the sick-bed of his wife, with desperate efforts and prayers for her recovery.

Now it really does sometimes seem in this world that the old proverb must be true, that disasters never come singly; certainly to this poor family in the lighthouse came many troubles, one upon another.

It was the third night of the gale, and the lighthouse-keeper had just been up to the top of the tower, into the great lantern, to light the lamps for the night, when as he was coming down the winding iron staircase, being giddy with grief and watching, and just now oppressed with a fresh anxiety because of some extra work that must be done about the lamps, that would keep him away from his poor wife so long,—in his worry and haste his foot somehow slipped on the staircase, and he fell over the iron balusters, striking heavily on the stone floor below.

The poor lighthouse-keeper lay white and motionless as if he were dead, with the dark blood trickling from a wound in his forehead, and away in the little room his unconscious sick wife on her pillow; and saddest of all, poor Robbie yet ignorant of the half of his calamities: for the tall tower of the lighthouse was distinct from the low brick building in which the family lived; and although a passage walled and ceiled over connected the two, the noise of the waves was so tremendous that a sound far louder than that which the poor man made in falling could never have been heard by his little son in his mother's room.

Robbie, however, seeing by the reflection outside, which made all the island bright, that the lamps were lighted, wondered and wondered why his father did not come. The sick mother had ceased that pitiful moaning which had made her seem so unlike Robbie's own mamma, who never murmured at all when well; she had fallen into a deep sleep, and Robbie stole softly out just to tell his father the good news.

Not finding him in the kitchen, he ran through the passage-way into the lower part of the lighthouse, where were the great oil-vats from which the lamps were filled; there were windows in this room, too, through which the lights of the tower cast back their reflection, and there on the stone floor he saw all that had happened.

It would not have been very strange if so young a boy as Robbie had been too terrified to do anything but sit helplessly down and cry at knowing himself alone out there in the ocean, with no human being who could hear a cry or lift a hand to help either of his parents so terribly stricken; but, after a moment's bewilderment and a choking sob or two, Robbie stooped down to see if his father was yet alive, and finding that his pulse still beat, he began to think what he could do to save him.

Living where he did, this little boy had been used to sights of great daring and noble courage, and doubtless these memories nerved his young heart. He had seen shipwrecked people snatched from the boiling waves at the utter risk of the lives who saved them, and brought in to the lighthouse to be labored over for hours by his own father and mother, who now lay helpless, with none but his childish arm to aid; and the little lighthouse-lad betook himself to his work with a presence of mind born, perhaps, of these solemn experiences.

It was a severe strain and struggle for the young child to draw his father's helpless form along the passageway into the kitchen; but it was a bitterly cold night, and he knew that he must be brought where there was a fire, or what little life was left in him would surely be extinguished. And by that great strength and courage which love and faith give even to young arms, this was somehow accomplished, and Robbie soon had his poor father's silent head supported on pillows before the kitchen fire, which was burning warm and bright. Then he stanchd the blood flowing from the wound in his forehead, and brought spirits and other restoratives such as he had seen used for people who lay thus insensible; but, though after a time low moans escaped his lips, the injured man spoke no distinct word, nor ever once opened his eyes.

Thus through a long strange hour, between these two the young watcher went, — the sick mother sleeping the sleep heavy with the exhaustion of fever, and the father equally helpless and unconscious. The awful maddened ocean thundered on without; the deluge of rain and blinding snow had ceased to fall, but the waves rose higher than ever with the long fury of the gale; through the little windows they could be seen rearing their monstrous white heads in the alternate bright light and black shadow that the great lanterns made, like a crowd of horrible rushing phantoms who

were bound yet to drag down the lighthouse and all it contained into their abyss.

There came a fearful moment when Robbie thought this was verily to be; his young head swam, he could scarcely see, but surely, surely those bright streams and black shadows were not so distinctly marked over the foaming water; they grew fainter, — one long, glittering beam vanished utterly. Robbie knew the real truth in a moment, the island was not sinking, but the lights, the great lights in the tower, were going out!

Alas! it was the anticipation of this that had made Mr. Malcolm's fatal haste and hurry; there was some special work that must be done to keep the lamps burning that night.

I suppose with all our imagining we can scarcely imagine what this new fear was to the little lighthouse-boy. It was something that beat in his blood and breathed in his breath, that, whatsoever else happened, those lamps must never go out.

"Be faithful!" There are no words of all the words that are spoken that Robbie's mother had taught him more earnestly than these; that to be true to your trust, to be as sure and certain to your promise as the sun to the sky, was the one quality that above all others made a man; that human beings were necessarily so bound to each other by a thousand mutual wants and dependences that faithless and lying people were the very worst he could encounter; because in the very best and smoothest times men must constantly confide in each other's honor, and in life's rough and dangerous ways, ah, what would become of them if they failed then in their mutual trust?

What would become of them, the poor sailors, who might still be driving before the gale, if their last hope, the lighthouse lamps, should go out in blackness?

Robbie took one look at the pale, sleeping face of his sick mother, and thought how, if she could have knowledge of what happened, she would surely go up to tend the lamps, even if she went with her dying feet; and then he sprang away, resolved, if he was at last to lie down and die with his parents, to first do what he could to fill their place.

Now Robbie was a very observing boy; in the serious little life he had lived it had come to be a habit with him to note carefully whatever he saw done about him, and when he had climbed up the long, winding stairway into the great lantern at the top of the lighthouse, he knew very well what the lamps needed.

There were sixteen of them in all, set with their powerful reflectors in two rows around the circle of the lantern, which was wholly made of iron and glass, the iron-work painted white to reflect the light more

strongly, and the glass very thick and solid, as it well needed to be.

This was unharmed; although the floor of the giant lantern shook under Robbie's feet, and the whole tower sensibly rocked with the gale. The architect who built the lighthouse had so thoroughly done his work, the elements might shake but could not destroy it.

The faithless person was the oil-contractor, or the government agent who had employed him. Whichever was the guilty party, a preciously mean thing had they done.

There were two kinds of oil used at the lighthouse, called the summer-strained and the winter-strained oil, and the former congealed so readily that it would not burn at all in that exposed place when the cold reached a certain intensity.

Now, the contractor had placed some extra hogsheads of the cheap summer-strained oil in this year's allowance, making the supply of the better kind so short that Mr. Malcolm had been at his wits' end to make it last through the severe weather. And the last drop had been exhausted before this storm came on, since it was very late in the season.

Still, late as it was (the month of March had commenced), there had been great showers of snow and rain, and now that these had ceased, the thermometer rapidly fell until the cold was as severe as that of any winter night, and the oil had congealed. Seven of the sixteen lamps were already out, and the others were burning very dimly, when Robbie climbed through the trap-door into the lantern.

But one thing could be done, and that was to heat some oil in a kettle over the fire, and then refill the lamps with it one by one; and all this in the bitter cold night, with so many weary stairs to go up and down between the top of the tower and the stove in the little kitchen,—the two helpless ones still to be tenderly cared for.

Those were terrible hours for that lonely little boy, but through them all his brave young spirit watched and toiled with unceasing devotion.

All night long, fed by one childish hand, some light streamed over that raging ocean to tell where the tower yet stood; and every extinguished lamp those numb little fingers set once again bright and burning in its place was like a prayer sent up to heaven to save those in the lighthouse, even as they had tried to save those on the sea. No doubt something of that great calm and peace which comes from the consciousness of having done one's best came even in his grief and trouble to the little lighthouse-boy.

The morning dawned at last over the wild ocean waste, and on the top of the tower that had so often and often shone to

save the storm-tossed mariner, poor Robbie hoisted his little flag of distress.

I do not know exactly how many hours it was before help reached him, or how long a time passed ere that poor father and mother were strong and well again, but I know they both lived to learn the faith and courage of their little boy; and I am very glad to say that the government so far appreciated the conduct of this noble lad as to provide for his education till he should become of age.

I sincerely hope no more summer-strained oil, that must be boiled at midnight to make it burn, has been sent to worry those who have lighthouse lamps to tend, whether they are grown-up men or brave little boys like Robbie Malcolm.—*Lulu Gray Noble, in "Our Young Folks."*

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### A RIDDLE.

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My restful home, my marble hall,  
With every graceful arch and dome,  
Joyful I soon will leave them all,  
And glory in the life to come.

The limits of this little sphere  
Can ne'er my aspirations fill,  
But when I leave the darkness here  
My happy song all heaven shall thrill.

Then shod with gold, with raiment bright,  
Piercing the sky on buoyant wing,  
With all the creatures of the light,  
My Maker's praises I will sing.

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### DOLLY.

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BY CARRIE.

Dear little Dolly!  
Sweet as a rose!  
How much I love you  
Nobody knows.  
Holiday's over,  
And by the rule  
Minnie must go again  
Off to her school.

Don't cry for Minnie,  
Dolly my sweet!  
When school is over,  
Fast as her feet,  
Running and skipping  
And dancing, will bring  
Minnie, she'll come to you,  
Darlingest thing!

## WHO CAN TELL?

Words by E. RANSFORD.

Music by GEORGE B. ALLEN.

*mf*

What may to-mor-row be,  
How will to-mor-row bring,  
How will to-mor-row close,

*p*

Who can tell? Will it yield delight to me, Who can tell?  
Who can tell? Shall we mourn or shall we sing, Who can tell?  
Who can tell? Will it give us sweet repose, Who can tell?

*pp*

Will the sun-shine of to-day Shine with still a brighter ray;  
 Will our prospects now so bright, Dark-en, and be-come as night;  
 Shall we then no sor-row know, Naught to cause our tears to flow;

*mf*

Detailed description: This system contains the first two lines of the song. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. The piano part begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the first two measures of the vocal line.

Or will sweet Hope pass away, Who can tell?  
 Or will joy still meet our sight, Who can tell?  
 Or may we be fill'd with woe, Who can tell?

Detailed description: This system contains the second two lines of the song. The musical notation continues from the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the first two measures of the vocal line.

Or will sweet Hope pass a-way, Who can tell? Who can tell?  
 Or will joy still meet our sight, Who can tell? Who can tell?  
 Or may we be fill'd with woe, Who can tell? Who can tell?

Detailed description: This system contains the final two lines of the song. The musical notation continues from the second system. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the first two measures of the vocal line. The system concludes with a double bar line.

## The Fashions.

### SUMMER DRESSES.

1. **EVENING DRESS.**—Skirt in plain, light silk, covered with narrow flounces put close together of very fine muslin. The short muslin Tunic is edged with a frill of the same and rolls of the silk, also flower sprigs to fasten gracefully the draped parts at the sides. The berthe on the low top is of a muslin ruche made in contre (opposite each other,) folds, edged with silk rolls and muslin frill. Silk belt with sash bow and ends; half high boots the color of the

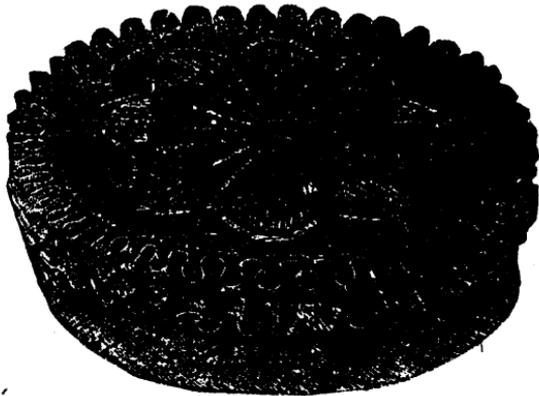
silk skirt, flowers in the hair; necklet and bracelets of pearls, or medallions painted *a la Watteau*.

2. **WALKING DRESS.**—Skirt high top and Tunic in Ecu stuff, which can, however, be of silk, fine wool or Perchal. The uncommon and fashionable trimming is of a wide insertion and border of guipure-like white embroidery, sewn on with a white braid or gimp, and raised by a stripe of black velvet. A belt of black velvet is worn around the waist with single lappets joined together in the middle. White straw hat with white guipure lace, black velvet, and flowers in a bright color.

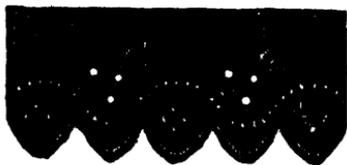
### BRUSH OF FLANNEL SELVEDGES.

For this brush roll up some flannel selvedge borders tightly in coils till you have obtained a circle measuring three and one-fifth inches across and one and a fifth inch wide (width of the flannel border). When the end has been fastened, paste a round piece of card-board on the brush at the place where the coils have been fastened together with long stitches. The card-board is then covered with a round piece of black cloth, which must overlap the former four-fifths of an inch all round; sew a round piece of red cloth on this cover, cut it out in scallops, and ornament it with long stitches of white silk; on to this piece fasten a smaller one of black leather cloth, ornamented with red wool in the manner seen in illustration. In the centre of the latter part fasten a dark, mother-of-pearl button.

The edge of the black cloth is turned down on the brush, sewn on in gathers, and covered with a ruche of red worsted braid four-fifths of an inch wide.



### EMBROIDERY PATTERNS.





SUMMER FASHIONS.



## Domestic Economy.

### SIMPLE COOKERY.

A great deal is written about the importance of training our daughters to be experienced cooks, whatever their position in life is likely to be. As that usually means, we should teach them to prepare a great many curious dishes in a most marvellous way, requiring unlimited time and patience, not to mention very generous supplies of ingredients. Now, it may be very valuable, at times to know all about these curious "made dishes," but for everyday use it would be well for us to tone down our own and our children's tastes. We should strive to give them a taste for simple dishes, prepared to perfection, rather than for elaborate, highly seasoned ones.

Skill in simple cookery is one of the finest and most useful accomplishments a young lady can have. Let her graduate in the art of bread-making, taking in the whole department. Nothing conduces more to the health of a household than good bread, and every family likes a variety in this article. She has here a wide range for her ingenuity.

Simple mashed potatoes, nicely seasoned with cream, salt and pepper, are much better and more wholesome than raw potatoes pared round and round, like shavings, and boiled in hot lard until they are brown and crisp. They may not look quite so fanciful, but I think any hungry man would prefer the mashed potatoes. Let the girls learn to cook simple food well—not to drown the peas in too much water, nor to take up the greens when they are dark and poisonous looking; nor set on potatoes which are watery and half cooked; nor beefsteak which has soaked for half an hour in lukewarm fat. Let them learn to cook all these simple things perfectly, and then it will be time enough for fancy dishes.

Oh! there is such a world of comfort around tables where simple things are done well. The children grow up with wholesome tastes that no after years of luxurious dissipation can wholly root out. They will have sounder bodies and more vigorous constitutions than the children of luxury, and will escape many temptations which highly seasoned dishes are apt to lead them into.

### BEDS AND BEDROOMS.

AS DISCUSSED BY THE HOUSEKEEPERS' CLUB.

*Mrs. Fisk.*—As we spend one-third of the twenty-four hours in our beds, the question under discussion seems to me to be a very important one; and especially so at this season of the year, when warm weather is coming on. I think we housekeepers are too anxious to have our beds made up early in the morning and our bedrooms put to rights. Now, I think it is far better for the bed to lie open and air thoroughly every morning. When I go into a chamber at nine o'clock and find the counterpane spread up, and the pillows adjusted, I think of the old adage: "A white glove often hides a dirty hand."

*Mrs. Lester.*—At least once every week the bedding should be put into the open air, where the sun can shine on it and dissipate the exhalations of the body absorbed during sleep. Matting is so much better for sleeping-rooms than ingrain or three-ply, in summer especially, that I wonder it is not more universally used. Carpets absorb unwholesome odors and exhalations, and require cleansing as much, though not so often, as bed-clothes.

*Mrs. Mac Nair.*—I think we should be careful to have our bedrooms on the sunny side of the house, if possible, and let the floods of healthful light pour into our chambers a part, at least, of every day.

*Mrs. Knox.*—If people could only be persuaded to have free ventilation in their bedrooms at night, I do not believe there would be as much sickness in summer as we generally have. Of course, I would by no means have the night air come directly upon the sleepers, but the more oxygen we breathe when our senses are locked in slumber, the better for us. Where the sleeping-room is on the first floor, it may be advisable to keep the windows closed at night, to prevent the pouring in of exhalations that settle from some higher locality adjacent. In such a case, health requires a removal to a higher apartment. Bad air settles as inevitably as mud in rivers falls to the bottom, and will enter at an opening just as water down a slope.

*Mrs. Tremaine.*—I am satisfied that the health of one of my children was restored last summer mainly by the removal of her sleeping-place from the first to the second storey, from a room where it was unsafe, for reasons already mentioned, to have the windows open, to one sunny, high, and sweet.—*Hearth and Home.*

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## PRESERVING GRASSES, FERNS, Etc.

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Grasses should be gathered early in July, if we desire them to retain their bright hues without the aid of art. Gathered then, tied up in large bunches, and hung away in a dark closet, they come forth at our bidding, fresh and green as when plucked. Now, by brook-side or in shady places, we can find graceful grasses, which will prove additions to our winter bouquets, but they will lose their coloring, and require a dip into green "Family Dye." Dry them again, and they will last green for years. Wild oats, feather-grass, and all their various species, are very ornamental in winter, and mingled with the everlasting flowers—*Acrolinium*, *Xeranthemum*, and the white, yellow, and crimson *Helichrysums*—they vie with their more perishable sisters, whose glories are on the wane. We have just arranged two small vases for the coming winter. The brilliant pink and white *Acroliniums* add much to their beauty. The white *Helichrysms* can be dyed a brilliant purple or scarlet with "Family Dyes," and exquisite bouquets can easily be manufactured. These "everlasting" flowers should be gathered as soon as the outer leaves open. Tie them up in bundles as you pick them, and hang up, flowers downward, to dry. Treated in this way, the stems are straight and more easily used. They can be hung to dry in one's chamber, not requiring a darkened place. Most of these flowers are allowed to remain too long upon the bushes, and their beauty is spoiled. As they become dusty under the frequent sweepings of carpets, we dip them in cold water their petals close entirely, but soon open again, fresh and bright. We dip the grasses also, to cleanse them, else they will acquire a dingy hue.

Many persons like crystalized grasses. These are easily made by dissolving one pound of alum in one quart of boiling water, suspending the grasses just over the steam—not to touch the water—and as it cools, the crystals gather. Grasses need not be dyed before they are crystalized. A few of them mingled with the green grasses and brilliant-hued flowers, light up well.

Ferns are much sought after for floral decorations. Their feathery plumes, pinnated leaves, and graceful forms are ever

beautiful. They differ from the grasses, for those gathered late in the autumn retain their colors better than the fresh ferns of June. The sap has hardened in their leaves. We have gathered them late in November, when they were surrounded by snow, and they have kept green all winter. The running fern is a lovely decoration for walls and pictures. Its flowers add much to its grace and beauty, but it fades quickly, and by Christmas but a faint green remains. Dip them in green "Family Dye" (following the directions given on the bottle for dyeing ribbons), and you will keep their lovely color. After they have been thoroughly pressed in heavy books, then dye them, spread on papers to dry in the shade, and then press again. Thus treated, they will last years. Maiden's Hair, the loveliest of our forest ferns, soon loses its color; but dyed, it is an addition to every collection of grasses or ferns.

Parsley fern is very beautiful; its soft, feathery leaves are always sought after. These, if gathered late in the autumn, will retain their color much better. We use large books to press our ferns, selecting the bound volumes of newspapers for our purpose. The soft paper presses them finely. Huge *Globes* serve for weights, and we improvise an excellent "press." Newspapers, can be used, placing them between heavy books or weights. We often find a lounge a good "press"—inserting one book under its legs. The male fern, with its stiff stems, if well pressed, makes most beautiful vases. We mingle it with the many-colored leaves of autumn, or we pin it to the wall-paper, around pictures, or over lace or muslin curtains, and its effects are charming.

The branches of the sumach-tree, gathered soon after the frost has appeared, or even before, press perfectly, and keep their colors finely. If varnished with map-varnish, they never fade. Branches of this tree, interspersed with the ferns, are very ornamental. We have made exceedingly pretty crosses from its leaves, sewing each one separately over the other, on a paste-board cross. Anchors and stars can also be made of its lance-shaped leaves. Thus suspended over engravings or curtains, they are very ornamental, and are easily dusted, an essential in the eyes of a good housewife.

Bunches of dyed mosses are to be purchased at all horticultural warehouses in the cities; but we dwellers in town and village, cannot avail ourselves of them if we would; but we can make them even prettier than those exposed for sale.

Gather the mosses, pick out all the *debris*, cleanse from dirt, and dry in the sun, then dip into "Family Dye," spread on papers to dry by fire or sunlight. We gathered, last year, a very finely-fibred moss, dyed

it a lovely green, and saved some of the original color to mingle its brown hues with it. Then we took the "hoops" from an old skirt, tied them together, and on the circlet tied wreaths, which city friends said "surpassed those displayed at warehouse and shop."

Winter is coming and we must gather up the rich store of beauties which Nature has garnered for us. By so doing, we rob stern winter of half its terrors. Summer's grasses, ferns, and flowers adorn our mantles, tables, and walls; coal or wood bids defiance to "King Frost." What care we for ice and snow? Secure from their attacks, we thank the bounteous Giver for all His mercies and blessings, and for the "green things of the earth."—*Hearth and Home.*

### TO CAN FRUIT.

I first prepare the fruit by picking over, peeling, or whatever is required; place it in the jars in nice layers, neatly arranged; then referring to the recipe for the particular kind of fruit I am putting up, ascertain how much sugar should be used to the quart. Dissolve the sugar in hot water, and pour it over the fruit, taking care to pour it into the centre of the jar; add hot water till the jar is full, and apply the cap or stopper lightly. Then set the jars into a boiler of warm water, on the bottom of which strips of wood are placed; bring the water to the boiling-point, and let it continue there as long as is required for that kind of fruit. Remove the jars from the boiler; loosen the caps a few minutes to let out the steam and hot air; screw them down again; set the jars in a cool place, but not in a draught, and when the fruit is nearly cold, screw the covers down tight as I can, and set away in a dry, cool place. Here is a tabular statement of the time for boiling fruits, with the quantity of sugar required to the quart:—

	TIME OF BOILING.	QUANTITY OF SUGAR TO THE QT.
Cherries,.....	5 minutes.	6 ounces.
Raspberries,.....	6 "	4 "
Blackberries,.....	6 "	6 "
Plums,.....	10 "	8 "
Whortleberries,.....	5 "	4 "
Peaches, whole,....	15 "	4 "
Peaches, halved,....	8 "	4 "
Pears, halved,.....	20 "	6 "
Pears, whole,.....	30 "	8 "
Pineapple, sliced,....	15 "	6 "
Ripe Currants,.....	6 "	8 "
Grapes,.....	10 "	8 "
Tomatoes,.....	30 "	none
Gooseberries,.....	8 "	8 "
Quinces, sliced,....	15 "	10 "

### SELECTED RECIPES.

**GREEN-PEA SOUP.**—Take some young carrots, turnips, onions, celery, cabbage-lettuces; cut them in slices, and put them into a stew-pan, with a little butter, and some lean ham, cut in pieces. Cover them closely, and let them stew for a short time. Fill up with stock sufficient for the soup required, and let it boil until the vegetables are quite soft, adding a few leaves of mint, and the crust of a roll; pound all, and having boiled a quart of peas as green as you can, strain them off and pound them also; mix them with the rest of the ingredients, and pass through a sieve. Heat it, and season with salt, pepper, and sugar; add a few young boiled peas, and use the spinach to restore it.

**ECONOMICAL SOUP.**—Put into a saucepan one-pound pieces of stale bread, three large onions, sliced, a small cabbage, cut fine, a carrot and turnip, and a small head of celery, (or the remains of any cold vegetables,) a tablespoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of pepper, a bunch of parsley, a sprig of marjoram and thyme. Put these into two quarts of any weak stock, (the liquor in which mutton has been boiled will do,) and let them boil for two hours; rub through a fine hair sieve, add a pint of new milk, boil up, and serve at once.

**TO BOIL NEW POTATOES.**—Put them in cold water, scrape off the skins, wash them, and drop into boiling water. When soft, dress with cream and melted butter.

**SALSIFY, OR OYSTER PLANT.**—Scrape the roots in milk to prevent discoloring; slice them and dip them in a thick batter made of two eggs, salt, butter and flour, and fry in hot lard.

**VEGETABLE MARROW.**—Peel the marrow, then divide down the centre, and take the seeds out; cut the marrow in pieces, boil until quite soft, then drain in a collander until all the water is out, beat well with a fork, and season with pepper, salt and a lump of butter. They are also very nice sliced and boiled, then laid upon toast, with melted butter poured over, like asparagus.

**FRITTERS OF CAKE AND PUDDING.**—Cut plain pound or rice cake into small square slices half an inch thick; trim away the crust, fry them slowly a light brown in a small quantity of fresh butter, and spread over them, when done, a layer of apricot-jam, or of any other preserve, and serve them immediately. These fritters are improved by being moistened with a little good cream before they are fried; they must then be slightly floured. Cold plum pudding sliced down as thick as the cake, and divided into portions of equal size and good form, then dipped into batter, and gently fried, will also make an agreeable variety of fritter.

**DELICATE CAKE.**—One quart of sifted flour; two large cups of white sifted sugar; half a cup of butter; whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth; two small teaspoonfuls of cream tartar mixed with flour; one small teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in a table-spoonful of milk. Flavor with fresh lemon or essence of vanilla, almond or lemon.

**CREAM CAKE.**—One and a half coffeecups full of sour cream; two coffee cups of crushed sugar; two eggs well beaten; three cups of sifted flour; one teaspoonful of saleratus stirred into the cream. Plain but delicious; a cup of raisins or currants makes it rich.

**TABLE JELLY.**—Three good-sized lemons cut in slices, half a pound of white sugar, two quarts of cold water, two ounces of isinglass or (any kind of) Cooper's gelatine, a stick of cinnamon, and a little nutmeg. Beat the whites of three or four eggs, and when the gelatine is all dissolved, stir them well with the other ingredients; boil five minutes and strain through the jelly-bag.

**FRIED PATTIES.**—Mince a little cold veal and ham, allowing one-third ham and two-thirds veal; add an egg, boiled hard and chopped, and a seasoning of pounded mace, salt, pepper, and lemon-peel; moisten with a little gravy and cream. Make a good puff-paste; roll rather thin, and cut it into round or square pieces; put the mince between two of them, pinch the edges to keep in the gravy, and fry a light brown. They may be also baked in patty-pans; in that case, they should be brushed over with the yolk of an egg before they are put in the oven. To make a variety, oysters may be substituted for the ham. Fry the patties about fifteen minutes.

**SPICED BEEF.**—A joint from the round, rump, or flank, from ten to fourteen pounds is the usual weight of the piece intended to be thus dressed. Make a mixture of the following ingredients, and let them be well amalgamated; pound finely as much mace as will quite fill a tea spoon, grind a nutmeg to powder, and add it, also two spoonfuls of cloves, one-fourth of that quantity Cayenne pepper, and half a pound of coarse, brown sugar; rub the beef well with this mixture for three days, turning it each day once; add three-quarters of a pound of salt, and then continue rubbing well each day, for ten days more; at the expiration of that time dip it into some cold, clear spring water, twice or thrice, secure it into a handsome shape; put it into a stew-pan with a quart of good beef-broth, let it come to a boil; skim as the scum rises, and, as soon as it boils, put in three carrots, cut in slices, a bundle of sweet herbs, a little parsley, and an onion; stew gently four hours. If it is intended to serve this dish cold, let it remain until it is cool in the liquor in which it was boiled, but take the precaution

to put the meat into a clean pan, and pour the liquor over it.

**RHUBARB VINEGAR.**—Twelve stalks of rhubarb, ordinary size, crushed with a pestle in the bottom of a strong firkin; add five gallons of water; let it remain twenty-four hours; strain and add nine pounds of sugar half a teacup of brewer's yeast; let it stand a month where the temperature will not fall below 60°. Strain and let it stand till it becomes vinegar.

**PRESERVED ORANGE-PEEL.**—Soak the peel in strong salt water nine days, changing the water every three days, then dry on a cloth or sieve, simmer till transparent in a syrup made by boiling together one quart of water and one pound of white sugar. Then make a rich syrup of sugar, adding just enough water to dissolve the sugar, and when it is boiling throw in the peels and stir them constantly till all the sugar is candied around them. Dry them thoroughly in a warm oven and put away for use.

**TO PRESERVE PEAS FOR WINTER USE.**—1. Peas must be chosen young and fine for preserving, and after being shelled should be thrown into boiling water with a little salt in it. Allow them to boil for five or six minutes, and then put them into a collander to drain. Place a cloth doubled four or five times upon the table, and spread the peas upon it. When well dried, put them into bottles, covering them with fried mutton fat. After this has cooled a little, fill the neck of the bottles nearly to the top with the fat, cork them down, and having tied a bladder over the tops, put them in a cool place. When they are required for use, boil the water before putting them in with a little butter sugar, and salt, and when sufficiently done, let them drain in a sieve; put them again into a saucepan, with a good piece of butter, shake them round constantly until the butter melts, and then dish them. 2. Shell the peas, put them into a kettle of boiling water, warm them up two or three times, dry them on a cloth, and bottle them securely. 3. Shell some fine peas, put them into boiling water, and heating them up two or three times, pour them into a collander to drain. When this is done, turn them out on a dresser covered with a cloth, and afterward pour them on another cloth to dry perfectly. Put them into wide-mouthed bottles, and leave room at the top for pouring in clarified mutton-suet only to the thickness of one inch, and for the cork; secure this with resin, and keep the bottles in a cellar. When used, boil them until tender with some butter, a spoonful of sugar, and a very little mint.—4. The following is a Russian method of preserving peas, and is said to be used in the Imperial kitchen: Let the peas be shelled, scalded, and dried according to the manner previously described, and then put them on tins or in earthen dishes, into a cool oven once or twice, until they harden. Keep them in bags of paper, which should be hung up in the kitchen. Before using them, let them soak in water for an hour, then put them on the fire in cold water and a little butter, and boil them until sufficiently tender, with a sprig of dried mint.

## Literary Notices.

## GOETHE'S HERMANN AND DOROTHEA.

Translated by Ellen Frothingham. With illustrations. Boston: Roberts Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

This is, for the most part, a very faithful translation of Goethe's beautiful pastoral poem. The German hexameters are not very easily transmuted into English ones; but, for the most part, the measure runs smoothly enough. The father of Hermann, the hero of the poem, a well-to-do landlord, has set his heart upon his son bettering his condition by marrying some young lady of wealth and position:

"Yet I'm resolved that some day I one will have for a daughter,  
Who shall requite me in kind, and sweeten my manifold labors;  
Who the piano shall play to me, too; so that here shall with pleasure  
All the handsomest people in town, and the finest, assemble  
As they on Sundays do now in the house of our neighbor!"

In another passage, too, the father endeavors to impress upon his son the fact that

"Only a well-dowered bride should I like to receive to my dwelling.  
She who is poor is sure in the end to be scorned by her husband,  
And will as servant be held, who as servant came in with her bundle."

The son, however, has fallen deeply in love with a beautiful maiden who has just passed by the city with a company of exiles, who have lost all their property. This fact his sympathizing mother finds out and says:—

"Therefore, I tell thee, my son, a hope yet lives in my bosom,  
So she be honest and good, thy father will let thee espouse her,  
Even though poor, and against a poor girl so decide his sentence.  
Many a thing he is wont to speak out, in his violent fashion,  
Which he yet never performs.

So, taking Hermann by the hand, she leads him before his father, and, reminding him how often they had wished for and talked over their son's marriage, she says:—

"But that day is now come, and Heaven at last has brought to him hither and shown him, and now his heart has decided.

That same maiden it is that met him this morning—the stranger.  
Say he may have her, or else, as he swears, his life shall be single."

The son adds his entreaties, and the pastor and doctor, who are present, side with him, until the landlord yields, and agrees that these two worthy men should go out with his son and visit the exiles; and if the maiden proved, on inquiry, to possess all the excellencies which his son fancied, he might bring her home and marry her. They start, and Hermann, after describing her costume, allows his friends to prosecute the search alone. The minister falls into conversation with an aged man of high position among the exiles, and listens with interest to his description of their misfortunes; but, just as he is narrating the wonderful exploits of a certain excellent and high-hearted maiden, the doctor approached,

"Twitche'd the clergyman's coat, and said in his ear, in a whisper,  
'I have discovered the maiden at last among several hundreds.'"

And, drawing him away, he pointed her out, and showed how well she answered Hermann's description.

"Mark how the stomacher's scarlet sets off the arch of her bosom,  
Prettily laced, and the bodice of black fits close to her figure;  
Neatly the edge of her kerchief is plaited into a ruffle,  
Which, with a simple grace, her chin's rounded outline encircles.  
Freely and lightly rises above it the head's dainty oval,  
And her luxuriant hair over silver bodkins is braided.  
Now she is sitting, yet still we behold her majestic stature,  
And the blue petticoat's ample plaits, that down from her bosom,  
Hangs in abundant folds about her neatly-shaped ankles.  
She, without question, it is; come, therefore, and let us discover  
Whether she, honest and virtuous be, a house-wifely maiden."

She, of course, proves to be the same maiden whom the elder extolled so highly, and they return to Hermann and congratulate him on his choice. He, however, while waiting, has become sick at heart with the thought that, perhaps, the maiden would not have him, and scarcely ventures to go and speak to her. However, at length, he ventures; but, fearing to ask the question that will decide his fate, he merely offers her a situation as assistant to his father and mother. This situation she joyfully accepts, and he leads her home, where at length all is explained, and the poem ends with the betrothal of Hermann to his Dorothea.

**FREE RUSSIA:** By William Hepworth Dixon; Author of "Free America," "Her Majesty's Tower," &c. New York: Harper Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

Mr. Dixon has recently travelled from the Polar Sea to the Ural Mountains, and from the mouth of the Vistula to the Straits of Yenikale, visiting the four holy shrines of Solovetsk, Pechersk, St. George and Troitsa. His object in writing is to depict the actual state of the country, and the condition of the people. Having visited Russia in previous years, he considers himself in a position to judge of the reforms effected by the present Emperor. His book has been severely criticised in England; but, nevertheless, it has passed through three editions there. It is said that it was hastily written to anticipate another work on the same subject, which was in press. A Russian professor, writing to a St. Petersburg paper to disclaim all responsibility for the book, is reported to have said: "My respect for the author made me endeavor to induce him to abandon all idea of writing about a country perfectly unknown to him, or at least to postpone doing so." In the States, criticism has been even more severe. The *Tribune* says: "Finding the amusing fictions which he published upon this country successful as a speculation, he has lately made a journey, *a la* Munchausen, over Russia." Whether Mr. Dixon's information is correct or not, we cannot say; but the book is undoubtedly a very readable one.

**THE ROB ROY ON THE JORDAN, NILE, Red Sea, and Gennesareth; a Canoe Cruise in Palestine and Egypt, and the Waters of Damascus.** By J. Macgregor, M.A. With maps and illustrations. New York: Harper Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

Mr. Macgregor has, by means of his canoe, been able to visit, in past years, territories inaccessible to those travelling in the ordinary way; and, consequently, until then unknown. Some parts of the Danube and large portions of the rivers in Norway, which the Rob Roy descended, were previously entirely unknown; and, in his last journey, which forms the subject of this volume, he was able to study portions of the Jordan, which had been correctly delineated in no map, for the reason that no observer had been privileged to behold them. The account of his adventures is given in most graphic style, and every description is made clear by means of maps and illustrations. It would be incorrect, however, to consider the book as a mere record of adventure. The author carefully aims at the elucidation of Scripture narrative, giving, in many cases, the passage in full to which he refers; and, as a guide in studying the geography of the Bible, we would prefer this book, as far as it goes, to any other which we have seen.

As a specimen of Mr. Macgregor's style, we give one of his adventures on the upper part of the Jordan:—

We joined the Banias River where it runs between the houses of Aksees, or Absees, or Abseyeh, as it was called by each of my instructors yesterday.

The stream was about one hundred feet wide for a little, but narrowing and expanding at every turn. The water was turbid and in flood, whirling with eddies, the banks of reddish clay, and thick reeds nestled in the bights. Nobody was aroused in the village when we noiselessly launched the Rob Roy to float on the third stream of Jordan, as it had already floated on the other two.

Slowly we numbered each article that had to be stowed away, so as to see that nothing was taken that could possibly be left behind (for lightness), and nothing left that ought to be taken for safety. Hany was now to return towards Dan, whence the mules and baggage had already gone away, and he was to press on to Mellaha, near the end of Hooleh Lake, where he was to wait for me, and by relays to watch night and day until I might arrive, "any time during the next forty-eight hours."

It was bright sunshine above us and the river-stream looked hearty and strong below, but there was more than usual pressure between our hands as the Rob Roy glided off with my dragoman's earnest "God bless you!"

Once more alone, the interest and excitement were strung up to the highest pitch. It was not like the Ateibeh morass, where my tent was on shore, and I had only to get back to it. Here, on the Jordan, the stream was far too powerful to think of returning against it; and where, indeed, could I come back to?

The interest arose from the hope of discovering the real course of the Jordan.

Suppose we had ten miles of the Thames still uncertain in our maps, would it not be a reproach to English boatmen? But Jordan was an old river before the Thames was heard of, and the Thames will be forgotten when Jordan will be remembered for ever. What an honor, then, for the Rob Roy to trace even one new bend of this ancient river!

As the Hooleh Arabs seemed to be an ill-looking set, and had but a poor certificate of character from the tales of travellers, I tried to slip by them unperceived under the high banks, and this was the first place in my voyages where the natives were to be eluded.

On the Abana the difficult parts for the canoe were in deep rocky defiles, where no man, friend or foe, could come along the banks; but here, on Jordan, the banks were level and open to the prowling robbers. Moreover, I was to meet them, if at all, without the constraining pomp and presence of a retinue, and once captured, I would be lawful prize for a ransom.

No one caught sight of the canoe as she stole past the mat houses of Absees under a few palm-trees. Then the river wound very crookedly, but with steep banks and jungle concealing me. The bends were so angular and the current so swift that in the turns it was utterly impossible not to run into the thick overhanging canes. Then it was I invented a new way of getting round sharp serpentine corners, and which I beg to commend very warmly to canoeists.

This new *pas* in the canoe I called "waltzing," the Rob Roy being my fair partner; and as we were whirling about in this dance without music, I saw a head gazing over the reeds in amazement. His eyes opened large, up went his hands, and he disappeared with a yell. Soon I heard others shouting, and soon—too soon—they all ran near to see. In a moment I noticed how very different they were in manner from any other spectators that so often had run alongside me in Europe and America. They were dancing in frantic excitement and shouting ferociously. The bounding current bore me along too fast for their running, but while I had to go round the long bends, they crossed by shorter routes, and saluted my approach with a volley of clods. All these fell harmless, and at the next bend the Hasbany River ran into the Banias; so the men were left at the point of junction, high on the steep bank, screaming until I disappeared.

The Hasbany joins the Banias in a proper orthodox way, each river yielding its tribute quietly to the united whole, and now for the first time is formed the veritable Jordan. Vandevelde marks this spot near Tell Sheikh Yusuf, "the Mount of the lord Joseph;" and he is quite right, for there was the green hill close by the shore, the junction of the geographical and the historic streams of Jordan, the wedding of the

line of largest waters with the line of largest fame. Here I intended to land and take bearings, but the banks were perfectly steep. However, in the middle there was a beautiful island of small, round, black gravel, and I ran the boat on that and got out to rest, to collect my thoughts as to the new complexion things had taken, to prepare my pistol, and settle whether it was better to lie concealed for an hour, or to push on swiftly and try to outrun the wave of excitement which had evidently arisen, and would quickly propagate itself among the Arabs in the fields. Each of the rivers here seems to be about seventy feet wide, and seven or eight feet deep. The waters of both were pale brown in color, and their united stream was about a hundred feet broad.

Launching again on the river, the current bore us on delightfully. The banks were from twelve to twenty feet high and quite vertical, with grass upon the top. Two buffaloes looked at me over this, and soon their driver too. I gave him a most polite "salaam!" but he stared as if he saw a ghost—and a most terrible ghost, too—then he ran away hallooing.

With all my might I pressed on now, but soon heard the men behind me. In a straight reach, and with a good current like this, they could not keep up with the canoe. But here these pursuers cut across the bends on shore, and so they overtook me in ten minutes. Then a dozen of them were running high above, and they speedily increased to fifty—men, women, and children.

It was of no use now to paddle fast, but better to reserve my strength and keep cool for what might come. Suddenly every one of them disappeared, but I knew I must meet them all round the next corner. There they were, screaming, with that wild hoarseness only the Arab can attain, "Al burra! al burra!" (To land! to land!) That was the chorus, and a royal salute of missiles splashed in the water. I bowed to them quietly, and answered "Ingleez;" but they ran still with me in a tumultuous rabble, and seeing some of them give their scanty garments to the others, I knew what would follow; about half a dozen jumped into the water.

They swam splendidly, and always with right and left hand alternately in front; but of course I distanced the swimmers, who murmured deep, while the others shouted and laughed. Then the naked ones got out and ran along the bank again, and all disappeared as before for another attack.

It was a crisis now; but as there was no shirking it, the Rob Roy whirled round the next point beautifully; and here the river was wide, and the rascals were waiting in the water, all in a line across, about a score of them wading to their middle.

For a moment I paused as to what was best to do, and every one was silent and stood still. Then I quietly floated near one of the swimmers, splashed him in the face with my paddle, and instantly escaped through the interval with a few vigorous strokes, while a shout of general applause came from the bank; and they all ran on except one, who took a magnificent "header" into the river, and came up exactly by the stern of the Rob Roy, with his arm over her deck. But my paddle was under his arm in an instant, and I gently levered him off, saying, in my softest accents, "Katerhayrac!" (thanks!), as if he had been rendering a service. The shout was renewed, and the best of them all retired discomfited.

At this time we must have been quite near the village of Salyeh (a name I can never forget), and the number of people on the banks was now at the least a hundred. Many of them had ox-goads, some had spears, the rest had the long clubs with huge round knobs at the end, peculiar to that northern district. Another shower of missiles came, yet, strange to say, not one hit the boat. There rose the cry, "Baroda! baroda!" (the gun! the gun!).

I let my boat float quietly, that the excitement might cool down, and, looking at the mob quite close, I saw several point their long guns at me; one kneeled to do so, yet none of them at first seemed really in earnest to shoot.

But soon on a little point in front I noticed a man posted methodically for a purpose. He trimmed his priming, he cocked his hammer, and, as I came straight up to him, every other person stopped to look, and not a voice was heard.

I could not escape this man, and he knew that well. Up went his gun to his shoulder: he was cool, and so was I. The muzzle coursed through my brain: "Will hit me in the mouth; bad to lie wounded here." "Aimed from his left shoulder; how convenient to shoot on both sides?" "No use 'bobbing' here—first time under fire—Arabs respect courage." The clear, round black of the muzzle end followed me covering as I passed. I stared right at the man's eyes, and gave one powerful stroke; at the same moment he fired—fiz, bang! and a splash of the bullet in the water behind me. Loud shouts came out of the smoke. I stopped, and said, "Not fair to use a gun!" In an instant the water was full of naked swimmers straining towards me. It was shallow here, and in vain I tried hard to avoid them. Suddenly my canoe was wrenched down behind. It was the same black giant I had elbowed off before; but now he came furiously, brandishing the white shank-bone of a buffalo. I warded off that with my paddle, but another had got hold of the boat's bow. I was captured now, and must resort to tactics. The crowd yelled louder in triumph, but I motioned my captors to take the boat to the opposite shore. The man cried "Bakshish!"—a word I had somewhere heard before? I said, "Yes; but to the sheikh." The villain answered, "I am the sheikh;" but I knew he was not. His face was black, his cheeks were deeply gashed and tattooed; he had one big earring. His topknot stood erect, and the water glistened on his delicate little paddle. My pistol lay between my knees full-cocked, and my hand stole down to it. Better thoughts came instantly. "Why should I shoot this poor savage? It will not free me. Even if it does, it would be liberty bought by blood." Still I parleyed with the man till he softened down. I pointed to his bone weapon, and said it was not fair to use it. He pointed to my paddle, and said that was not fair. Poor fellow! I felt for him; his vanity had been wounded by discomfiture before. Soon we became good friends, chiefly by my quiet smiles and patting his wet shaven pate.

I kept him yet on the far side of the river, that the others might sober a little, for the Arabs quiet into calm as suddenly as they flash into rage. All the village was out now on the banks, and many swam over to the Rob Roy. I formally appointed my captor as my protector, and he became proud instead of angry. Little as I knew of the language, I could make him understand my meaning, and he *did* understand—nay, there is scarcely any idea of facts that you cannot make intelligible without words if you are at once calm and in earnest. Then we crossed—he swimming and holding on with excruciating twists to the poor prisoner Rob Roy. How frantic the people were! Some of them in the crowd tumbled over into the water. They did not mind that a bit. I commanded silence, and all obeyed. Then was pronounced this most eloquent oration. I said, "I am English." They replied, "Sowa, sowa" (friends), and then rubbed their two forefingers together, the usual sign of amity. I said it was not fair to use the "baroda" (gun). Holding up one finger, I said, "Ingleez wahed" (one Englishman), then holding up both hands, I said, "Araby kootoo" (all the rest Arabs). At this the crowd applauded, laughing, and so did I. A little girl now took up a huge lump of red earth, and from the bank, about eight feet above me, she hurled it down with violence upon the canoe. This was a crisis, and the time to be perfectly calm. If the quick spirit had seized them then, the boat would have been smashed to pieces in three seconds. Turning, therefore, slowly round I pointed to the horrid mess the mud had made on the clean, white water-proof of the canoe, and looked up in the faces of them all with a pleasant but beseeching air. It was a turning-point this. They looked at one another for a moment silently, and then, as by a general impulse they rushed at the hapless girl, and, as the whole mob of them disappeared over the bank, I heard her screams and the thumps of discipline that caused them. In the confusion caused by this absence I had almost escaped once more, when they angrily captured me again. But they could not persuade me to get out of the boat, and for this reason: my pistol

was still open and at full cock lying on the floor-boards of the canoe. If I got out, they would see it, and surely would scramble for the prize. Every time I put my hand inside to stow the pistol away out of sight, they tried to wrench my paddle from the other hand. One hand was, therefore, needed for the paddle, but the other could not be spared from its duty of patting their wet greasy heads, which affectionate caress seemed to be an unwonted but most successful mode of propitiation.

The water mob of swimmers closed nearer and waxed larger as more crossed the river. Their curiosity was boundless, and every hand tried to undo my apron or to get somehow under the deck. Their patience was on the ebb, and while I considered what to do next, I felt the Rob Roy heaving this way and that, and then gradually, and despite all my smiling but earnest remonstrance, the canoe began to rise out of the water with all her crew inside. Loud shouts welcomed her ascent up the bank as a dozen dark-skinned bearers lifted the canoe and her captain, sitting inside, with all due dignity graciously smiling, and so they carried her fairly up the steep bank and over the smooth sward some hundred yards towards the tent of their Arab sheikh.

Having now a fair stage scene around the central figures, I came forward slowly, hat in hand, and bowed to the sheikh very low, and shook hands with him heartily, and told him I was a wandering Briton on my way to the lake, and I would rest at his tent until the sun was cooler.

The crowd was attentive and silent. Men in the rear beat off the boys, and the women went behind the tent and peered through the matting, so that a whole regiment of feminine noses was ranged over the little Rob Roy, now reclining safe on a carpet. The sheikh retired to consult with his cabinet. I asked for two men to keep order, and he gave them, and desperately tyrannical they were upon the mob. After an hour, about mid-day, the chief and his ministry came back, and ordered "silence," and said, "You cannot go to the lake." I said, "I *must*." He answered it was "imp'ossible." I said I must go to see that. He gave me the very smallest wink that could be given by a man's eye, and I answered by one a little smaller. Then I knew he could be convinced—*i. e.*, bribed, and so finally, at any rate, I would have my own way.

The tent was cleared again. About twenty women came forward in a group, and the sheikh's wife, quite refined in manner and very intelligent. I behaved to her as if she were an English lady. She was lost in amazement when I exhibited my little bed, my lamp, compass and cuisine. She looked with kind and feminine interest upon me when I said I was losing all the fine sunshine of the day, a prisoner alone among strangers. She fetched her husband by himself, and, under cover of showing him the inside of the canoe, I managed to let him see a gold Napoleon in my open hand, and with a nudge to his elbow for emphasis to the sight. He whispered, "Shwei, shwei" (softly, quietly). I knew I had bought him then. The "council of ancients" came with their final decision, "You can not go to-day, but must have a horse to-morrow. There are reeds (rab) quite impassable." I explained how the canoe went through reeds in the lake of Hijaneh. "Yes," they answered, "but there is water in Hijaneh, now here the reeds are so," and they placed a sort of hedge of sticks at the bow of my canoe to explain.

I then began to amuse them by making sketches of men and horses; next I gave a lesson in geography by placing nut-shells at various points to represent "Sham" (Damascus), Musr (Cairo), El Khuds (Jerusalem), and Bahr (the lake of Hooleh), and at last placed one little shell at the extreme end of the tent to represent England so far away. They exclaimed loudly in astonishment at my long journey to see them. At intervals several of these men kept boring me for "bakshish." One was an old deaf, cunning fellow, who whispered the word in my ear. Another, a sharp lad, who said he had seen the "Ingleez" at Beyrout, spoke incessantly to me by signs only, and

he did it admirably. I was much interested in the clever variations of his noiseless pictures, always culminating in the same subject, "bakshish." A third applicant used no such delicate coyness in the matter, but merely roared out the hateful word before all, and louder every time.

No one had as yet offered me any food. This gross neglect (never without meaning among the Arabs) I determined now to expose, and so to test their real intentions, my cuisine was soon rigged up for cooking, and I asked for cold water. In two minutes afterwards the brave little lamp was steaming away at high pressure with its merry hissing sound. Every one came to see this. I cut thin slices of the preserved beef soup, and while they were boiling, I opened my salt-cellar. This is a snuff-box, and from it I offered a pinch to the sheikh. He had never before seen salt so white, and, therefore, thinking it was sugar, he willingly took some from my hand and put it to his tongue. Instantly I ate up the rest of the salt, and, with a loud, laughing shout, I administered to the astonished, outwitted sheikh a manifest thump on the back. "What is it?" all asked from him. "Is it sukker?" He answered demurely, "La! meleh!" (No, it's salt!) Even his home secretary laughed at his chief. We had now eaten salt together, and in his own tent, and so he was bound by the strongest tie, and he knew it.

The soup was now ready and boiling hot. They all examined my little metal spoon, and my carving-knife went round (it never came back). I gave every one of them, seated in a circle about me, one spoonful of the boiling soup, which, of course, scalded each man's mouth, and made him wince bitterly, yet without telling the next victim. Now they had all partaken of food with their prisoner. How much they relished it, I don't know. All went out, and I took this opportunity to stand near the sheikh, and try to slip the Napoleon into his hand. He was quite uncertain what to do when the gold tickled his palm. It was utterly against their code of chief and people for him to take this secret personal gift from a stranger, yet he could not resist the temptation. His hand pushed mine away, but with a very gentle indignation. Soon his fingers played among mine as the yellow coin kept turning about, half held by each of us, unseen behind our backs. Two of the sheikh's fingers were pushing it away, but then the other three fingers were pulling it in. Finally I felt the coin had left me, and I knew now the sheikh was not only bought but *paid for*. Down went his countenance from that moment, and he slunk away abashed. An hour more of palaver was spent by the seniors, during which time I ate my luncheon heartily and read the *Times*. Then all came back once more except the chief, and the women were rustling behind the mat screens, and a great bustle seemed to say that the verdict was agreed upon. The "foreman" briefly told it—"You are to go to-morrow."

This will never do—but how to reverse the sentence? I was seated on the ground at the time, and I rose very slowly and gravely, until, standing on a little eminence in the tent, and drawing myself up besides as tall as could be, and stretching up my hand as high as possible (and utterly undetermined what I was going to say, and exceedingly tempted to burst into laughter), I exclaimed with my loudest voice only three words, "Bogra?—La!—Ingleez!" (To-morrow—No!—I am English!), and then the orator sung calmly down and went on reading his paper again. In five minutes more a man came to say I might leave at once. But I was not to be shoved off in this way, so I insisted that they must carry my canoe back to the river. The procession, therefore, formed again, with the Rob Roy in the centre, and her captain walking behind, while boys and girls, and especially the people who had not already seen her on the water, all rushed in a crowd to the bank with the same hoarse shouts they had given before, and which we were now more accustomed to hear. All parties pledged their friendship in deep "salaams" of adieu, and we paddled off, rejoicing.

This extract will give an idea of the interest of the book, which we warmly commend to our readers.

## Notices.

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LT.-COL. OSBORNE SMITH, D.A.G.

Lieutenant-Colonel Osborne Smith, a likeness of whom we give in this number, belongs to an Irish family, was born May, 1831, and was educated for the military profession, which, however, he did not enter until 1854. He served in H. M. 39th Regiment through the closing scenes of the Crimean War, and on peace being declared, was with his Regiment ordered to Canada.

Having married, he shortly after left the service, and settling in Montreal, entered into mercantile life.

In December 1861, at the time of threatened hostilities with the United States, he organized the since well-known Montreal Regiment of Victoria Rifles, of which he became Lieutenant-Colonel.

In December, 1864, after the excitement occasioned by the St. Alban's Raid, Lt.-Colonel Smith was suddenly ordered to assume command on the Western Frontier of Canada, of a number of companies of the Active Militia; then for the first time, since 1837, placed on duty. This service procured him the warm thanks of the general officer in command of the district, and of Lt.-Genl. Williams of Kars, then Commander-in-Chief in Canada.

In the autumn of 1865, Col. MacDougall, then Adjutant-General of Militia, offered Lt.-Col. Osborne Smith the post of Assistant-Adjutant-General, which, having accepted, he was placed in command of the Montreal force, and instructed to organize the Frontier Companies, and to raise others on the Southern Frontier.

In 1866 Lt.-Genl. Lindsay, then Major-General Commanding the District, gave Lt.-Col. Smith charge of the Frontier of Huntingdon County, during the Fenian Raid of 1866, and on leaving the country in 1867, stated, when replying to an address of the citizens of Montreal, in reference to Col. Smith, who subsequently has had charge of the entire picketing of the Southern Frontier, from St. Regis on the St. Lawrence to the boundary line of

Compton,—“ Col. Osborne Smith deserves the greatest praise; to his zeal, able management and direction on the Frontier it is probably owing that the citizens of Montreal have been so little disturbed.”

Ever since, including the alarm of 1868, Col. Smith has been continued in charge of the Southern Frontier, performing also the duties of Deputy-Adjutant-General for his district up to the present date. His last services, in which he hurried forward the men of his command to the point which he imagined was the object of attack by General O'Neil and his Fenian band, and in which, with the aid of a few men of the Home Guard of Missisquoi and of two or three companies of Militia, the Fenians were so decisively repulsed, are fresh in the memory of our readers. The energy, judgment and ability which he displayed in guarding against surprise and repelling the advance of the enemy, have inspired in the minds of the people a feeling of confidence and security which they hitherto did not possess. Col. Smith's services as an officer and a commander received a fitting acknowledgment from Lieut.-Gen. Lindsay, when reviewing the troops at Eccles Hill on the 30th May last. On that occasion, Gen. Lindsay, in the name of the Queen, who was represented in the person of H. R. H. Prince Arthur, who was present, and in the name H. E. the Governor-General, complimented Col. Smith in very high terms of praise on his thorough knowledge of the country and its capabilities and points of defence, and also “ his previous service and acquaintance with the details of military life, in addition to his great natural military abilities, which rendered him peculiarly fitted to the command of the Southern Frontier.”

It may be noted that Col. Osborne Smith is the fourth eldest son in direct descent in his family who has held commissions in the armies of the present reigning dynasty of Great Britain. After the battle of Waterloo, his father was one of the few surviving officers of the force that held the position of La Haye Sainte; his grandfather also held a commission, and his great-grandfather was presented by the Duke of Cumberland with his own pistols at the battle of Culloden.

## LT.-COL. CHAMBERLIN.

Among our engravings for this month will be found the likeness of Brown Chamberlin, Esq., M.A., D.C.L., late member of Parliament for Missisquoi, and Lieutenant-Colonel of the Battalion of Volunteer Militia in the same county, to the command of which he was appointed in 1869, on the formation of the regiment, in which capacity, during the late Fenian trouble, he took an active part in the repulse of the enemy at Eccles Hill, and was afterwards complimented by Lieut.-Gen. Lindsay for the courage and ability which he displayed at the engagement on the 25th May last.

Born at Frelighsburg, in 1827, he received the principal part of his education in this city, and graduated in honors at McGill University in 1850, and took his other degrees in 1857 and 1867. In 1850 he was admitted to the bar, but two years afterwards he abandoned this profession for the more congenial labors of a journalist, and in connection with his brother-in-law, Mr. Lowe, assumed the joint management of the *Montreal Gazette*, to which he had previously acted as law reporter. To this work he devoted himself very assiduously and successfully till his election to Parliament. During his connection with it, the *Gazette* took a high position among Canadian journals. In its politics it was conservative, and the Macdonald-Cartier party received from it a steady support. It devoted itself earnestly to the advancement of education and emigration, and from the very beginning was a strenuous advocate of Confederation.

In 1861 Mr. Chamberlin was chosen as one of the Commissioners from Canada to the London Exhibition of the following year, and on his return published an able report.

In 1867 he was elected to represent the County of Missisquoi in the first Parliament under Confederation. Here he at once took a prominent position as a Liberal-Conservative, and among other measures he gave special attention to secure amendments to the Patent and Extradition Laws. He has taken an active share in the recent revival of railway enterprise, and has urged a scheme for the better systematizing of the emigration to this country.

On the resignation of Mr. Desbarats, he received the desirable appointment of Queen's Printer, for which he resigned his seat in the House, which has lately been filled by the election of Mr. Baker.

## LIEUT.-COL. MCEACHRAN.

A likeness of this officer is also given in this number. Col. McEachran is a Canadian born, and for many years has been a resident of Durham, of which place he is Inland Revenue Officer. He was captain of the Durham company of Volunteers on active frontier service during the Fenian raid in June 1866, and, on the consolidation, in the following September, of the Durham with several other companies into a battalion, which was called the 50th, or Huntingdon Borderers, he was, on account of his zeal and ability in the service, appointed to the Majority of the regiment, and subsequently to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy in May, 1867, on the resignation of Lt.-Col. Blackwood. The services of Col. McEachran have been, on several occasions, spoken of very highly by Deputy-Adjt. General Osborne Smith. It was more especially during the late Fenian raid, in May last, that Col. McEachran and the 50th Battalion distinguished themselves, for which they were highly complimented by Lieut.-Gen. Lindsay.

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