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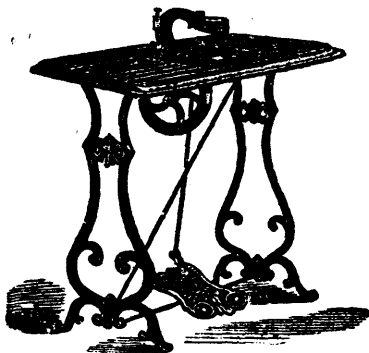
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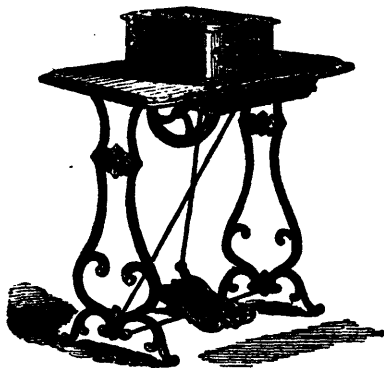
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# The New Dominion Monthly.

VOL. IV.

MAY, 1869.

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*Original.*

## PROTO-COCCUS ; OR, A REVELATION OF THE MICROSCOPE.

BY REV. ALEX. F. KEMP, M.A., OF WINDSOR, ONT.

What a world of wonder and beauty lies concealed from the naked eye in all the departments of physical nature ! It is, in fact, only "the rough of things" that the natural eye can see at all. The interior refinements and secret springs of creation it can only discover by the powerful aid of that most scientific and beautiful of instruments, the Microscope. Not that we would disparage the value or interest of the things which the eye itself can see ; these certainly are not wanting in beauty, sublimity, or practical importance. The eye can see, and that truly, the magnificent elevation of the vast Temple of Nature,—its perfect proportions, harmonious details, and gorgeous decorations ; and these are certainly more than enough to awaken, in reflecting minds, the liveliest satisfaction and delight. But it is only where the eye enters into the interior chambers, crypts, and recesses of Nature, through the open gates of Science, that it can discover the infinite variety, beauty, and use of the things which they contain. The outward things allure the inquirer to the knowledge of things that are within. The wise are not satisfied with that which is apparent to the eye or to sense ; they want, besides, to see their foundations, and to discover, as far as may be, the hidden causes of their outward forms, and the inner processes of their manifest life.

Every one is familiar with the outward forms of vegetable life. All know, and more or less love, the trees, the shrubs, the herbs, and the flowers of the forest, garden, and field. The love of the vegetable world seems to be inherent in human nature.

The shady retreat is pleasant to the weary and the feeble. Children and youth delight to gambol in the green fields. We call that place a wilderness in which there is little vegetation, and that a paradise which is rich with the bosage of trees and the sweet odor of flowers. But how few there are who care to penetrate into the interior of this magnificent verdure ! yet there is no finer field of research than this. Much that is wonderful is revealed at every step of the inquiry. The student soon becomes sensible of two remarkable features running through the whole kingdom of life, namely, the manifest relations of the individuals to one another, and the gradations in their forms from the complex to the simple,—from the greatest to the least. Beginning with the gigantic Douglas pine of the Rocky Mountains, he can descend by easy steps to the almost invisible Diatoms that inhabit the ponds and the brooks. Yet in all he will likewise see a similar life and organic structure, and like processes of absorption, assimilation, reproduction, growth, and decay. He will further discover that the best way to know the character of the great and the complex is by research into that of the little and the simple. The great are generally hard and opaque, and cannot be readily got into, while the little are generally soft, pliant, and clear as crystal. There are thus advantages in beginning the study of vegetable forms and processes, by selecting the lowest in the kingdom as the subject of observation and from them rising up to the highest.

We purpose in this paper to introduce the reader to one of the tiny forms of vegetation ;

and, in as plain and simple a way as possible, to look back at its outward form, and into its very heart.

For our subject, we will go to the water pools, which abound everywhere, especially in spring. Here we find whole forests of remarkable plants, the character and habits of each one a study in itself. From the crowd let us select one, and subject it to a rigorous examination.

In the neighborhood of the city of Montreal, and in the fields which lie on the eastern slope of its beautiful mountain, there are found many holes dug out of the rock,—ancient quarries from which the stones were taken to build the older parts of the city. These holes are in mid-summer, for the most part, quite dry, but in spring they are full of water. In them we have often found, about the beginning of June or the end of May, a red substance covering the stones and blades of grass. In appearance, it was like the rust of iron. At first it attracted no particular notice; but, by and by, from its intrusion among other plants, it excited curiosity and attention.

The first question of science was accordingly put regarding it: What is it? We stripped it from the leaves and the stones on which it clustered, and depositing it in a bottle by itself, resolved to subject it to the crucial method of scientific inquiry:—1. What is it? 2. What does it do? 3. What was it, and how from what it was it came to be what it is?

I. From the bottle our red, rusty-looking friend was soon transferred to the study-table; and, after proper manipulation, to the microscope. Now we are prepared to find the answer to our first question,—What is it?

To the outward appearance, it is red; to the touch, it is soft and gelatinous; to the taste, it is insipid. This is all we can know about it, without the use of the magnifying lens. Under a low power of the microscope, lo! it turns out to be a mass of tiny globules, each a perfect ball, red and rosy like a ripe cherry, and clear as the purest glass; the whole mass being imbedded or set in a

common matrix of clear gelatine, of the color of ordinary mucilage.

But we want to get nearer to it, and accordingly change our object-glass for one of a higher power. Now, this round globule is seen to have two or three distinct coats, or cell-walls, of the same light buff color as the matrix. They are apparently tough, not easily ruptured, and water-proof. We now discover that the color of the plant is due, not to the coat it has on, but to the innumerable particles of red pigment which float within, like the blood globules of animals. We ask, now, what are these red specks? Are they blood? Not exactly. They are, what we believe to be particles of oil become red by oxidation. They were not always red. In young plants they are glassy white, and only in the most mature plants do they become red. They conduct themselves like oil, and we call them oil because we do not know what else they can be. This is certainly a strange place for oil to be struck; but so it is, and it forms the beautiful coloring matter of our plant, and doubtless has besides something to do with its vital functions. When, by rupture, they escape from the cell, the coats then become of a pale glaucous color.

Other particles are seen floating within the mature plant: what are they? They sparkle like gems “of purest ray serene,”—glisten like pearls with a pale lustre. These are granules of starch. The young naturalist may ask,—How do you know? We answer by saying that if we put a weak solution of iodine on starch, it is immediately changed into a purple color: so when we applied iodine to these sparkling specks, they too became purple; hence we conclude that they are starch.

But still other things are seen floating in this little plant. They are globules of a very small and light green color, and we call them sporules, or the primordial seeds of new plants. They seem lively, all compact of life, and happy, like little children on a holiday. They, too, are clothed like their mother, with two or three coats, and

contain within them chlorophyll, a green coloring matter; and that, in particles so minute, as scarcely to be resolved by the highest power of the microscope. Of these we shall have something more to say when we come to another point of inquiry. We have thus described what this plant is; or, in the language of science, have given its Morphology, or a description of the *forms* which it presents to careful observation.

II. We now would inquire, What does it? It has a work of its own to do. Life and work go together. It lives, therefore it works. When it ceases to work, it ceases to live. This is the law of plant life,—the condition of its being. This plant can scarcely be said to have organs. It is one organ in itself. In the one cell of which it consists, all its work is done. Whatever vital force it possesses works all the varied operations of vegetation in this one chamber. Life is here a maid-of-all-work, and has no help; now doing this, now doing that: and, contrary to the wise proverb, it does several things at once.

One thing this plant does: it absorbs the elements which it finds in the water, and on which it feeds. How it does this we cannot tell; but the fact we see and know. It especially absorbs carbon, which it finds in the form of carbonic acid gas. This it decomposes, and setting the oxygen, one of its elements, free, it keeps the carbon to itself. It does this for its own growth and increase; but while it does so, we see the beautiful economy of nature, in that, as it thus lives, it also acts as a purifier of the water in which it dwells. It is well known to chemists that the decomposition of animal and vegetable substances produces, among other compounds, this carbonic acid gas,—a substance injurious and often destructive to animals. An illustration of carbon, we have in the fumes of charcoal. These combine with and absorb the oxygen, the healthy part of the atmosphere for animals, and so poison the air or the water as to render life impossible. See, then, the effect which our plants have on this poison! They absorb the injurious carbon, and set

free the healthy oxygen. They feed on the carbon which would kill animals, and release from its prison-house the oxygen, without which animals could not live. All this, too, they do by the direct action of light and heat. These quicken them into activity. When the sun goes down, the plant sleeps; by rest it consolidates its own acquisitions, and repairs its waste. When the sun rises it too awakes, and works “while it is day,” and its work is proportionate to the gift and grace of light which it receives. While thus our plants live, they work not only for their own increase, but also as beneficent purifiers of the water, that it may be a fit element for animals to live in. In doing this work they, besides, make themselves beautiful. Look at them when the sun shines, and you see them, even with the naked eye, covered with innumerable globules that sparkle like the purest brilliants. These are particles of pure oxygen which have been set free, and, as they acquire volume, rise to the surface and escape into the atmosphere.

Our plants further assimilate the food which they find in the inorganic water, into their own organic substance. By a chemistry secret and wonderful, in a laboratory infinitely little, and destitute of the complicated apparatus of the modern chemist, they convert what they find in the water into mucilage, which may be called the “jelly of water,” into dextrine, starch, chlorophyll, oil, and vegetable tissue,—all that they may be suitable food for the little animals, whose house is in the waters. Our plants are their cooks; and admirable cooks they are. They neither go to market nor spend money. With the aid of the sun alone, they compound dishes of delicious food for their voracious guests; and besides go on propagating cooks for the use of their fast-increasing offspring. In thus describing what this plant does, we have been showing what science calls its physiology.

III. We now come to answer the further question: What was it, and how from what it was it came to be what it is? To make



out this inquiry, we must go back to what we saw within the plant in the form of little round globules. We called these sporules, or primordial seeds of new plants. In color they are light green. On watching these we find that by and by they become enlarged, and the green substance within them assumes the form of sporules. This enlargement goes on until the mother cell is filled up with a larger or smaller number of what we now call spores, or gonidia; that is, secondary reproductive granules. Sometimes, too, these spores will divide into two, three, and four parts, each forming an independent spore. In these we see a dense spot or nucleus, as if it were the yoke of a little egg. Thus they go on growing and multiplying, until they burst the walls that confine them. Then they rush out into the water, a merry group, like children rushing tumultuously out of school. Forsaking utterly the old mother cell as no longer of any use, they begin an independent existence. They are now found to develop a new set of organs, namely, cilia, or hair-like arms, which vibrate with great rapidity, with an involuntary motion, and carry the spores hither and thither through the water. These spores, too, assume in course of time a great variety of transformations of form and color. They have been observed to pass through about sixty different aspects at this stage of their growth, with the cilia variously arranged in groups. Finally, after spending the sportive time of youth in various guises and travels, they settle down on some leaf, or blade of grass, or stone, or bit of wood; and rounded into perfect form, smiling, ripe and rosy, they go on their course of life and work rejoicing. Thus further have we described the development of our plant, and how it reproduces generations of its own kind.

The position of our plant in the great vegetable kingdom is very low, nearly the bottom of the scale. It is placed by botanists in the sub-kingdom of the Algæ, the order Globuliferæ, the family Protoceceæ, the genus Protococcus, and the

species *P. pluniatilis* or *P. Nivalis*. It is a northern plant, found generally over Canada; but in greatest profusion in the Province of Quebec. As the *red snow* plant, it has been frequently seen among the Alps of Switzerland, the Pyrenees, and the Apennines. In 1808, it covered a whole section of country in the mountains of Italy, to the depth of about six inches. *Red snow* was also discovered by Captain Ross in Baffin's Bay, covering tracts of some miles in extent, and in some places to the depth of 10 or 12 feet. Our plant is also nearly allied to that one which covers the waters of the Red Sea, frequently as far as the eye can reach, and has given to that storied sea its peculiar name. For its origin we may go back to the very dawn of creation, when life in its lowest forms was first introduced into the universal waters, and long before the fish of the sea, the fowls of the air, the beasts of the land, or man, the lord of all, had emerged out of the eternal ideal in the divine mind.

What a curious, ancient little piece of living mechanism it is! How wonderfully it is formed! How beneficently it works! What beauty it possesses! These be thy handy works, O Lord, and they all praise thy wisdom, skill, and power! If thou carest for these little specks of life, how much more for immortal man, who is the chief and crown of thy glorious creation!

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Original.

"NOT THE RIGHTEOUS, BUT SINNERS."

BY JOHN J. PROCTER.

Comrades, that fight in life's desperate battle,  
 Marching in mud and mire, laden with care;  
 Hearing the cries that rise over war's rattle,  
 Blind with the smoke, and confused with its glare;

Though ye be stricken sore, lo! where the  
 standards soar,

Faith, Hope, and Charity, Duty and Right,  
 Close round each precious flag; though it be but  
 a rag,

Tattered and rent, bear it on in the fight;

Stumble and rise again, let the blood fall like rain,

Wounds in the battle have no time to smart ;  
Flight is but folly,—give volley for volley !  
God helps the soul that does bravely its part.

Ay ! and His love raises up e'en the dying ;  
Puts in the timid a heart that wont quail,  
Cheers the despairing, and calls back the flying,  
Comforts us, strengthens us, knows not to fall.  
Comrades ! with such a guide, say, shall we  
turn aside,—

Lay down our arms and submit to be slaves ;  
After our heavy pains, put on still heavier  
chains,—  
Chains that shall bind us when cold in our  
graves ?

No ! step out lighter, boys ; grasp the sword  
tighter, boys ;  
Shoulder to shoulder press on for the prize !  
Help one another ; and should some poor brother  
Fall, though we totter, let's aid him to rise.

What ! shall a wound, a false step, or fall daunt  
us,—

Things that are common to one and to all ;  
Give to the foeman fresh reason to taunt us,  
As cowards that fly at the very first call ?  
No, we live and we die for our Leader on  
high,

Trusting His mercy and pity and love ;  
Welcoming sorrow, foreknowing to-morrow  
Changes our pangs for the gladness above.  
On to the thickest fray ! ' stout men and strong  
make way,—

Way for the charge of the halt and the maim !  
Not unto us, O Lord, though we bear conqu'ring  
sword,—  
Not unto us, Lord, but unto Thy Name.

Ah ! who can tell of His might but the weakest ?  
Who knows His life if not those who were  
dead ?

Who boast in Him if not those that are meekest ?  
Who trust in Him if not those whom Hope  
fed ?

Water from out of the stones, flesh on the dry  
dead bones,—

These are His works,—our Redeemer and  
God.

On to the battle-field, He is our sword and  
shield !

On though our life's blood ensanguine the sod !

On o'er remorse and pain ! On, for our way is  
plain ;

We, who were last, must be first in the fight.  
Courage ! our sinning was but the beginning ;  
God bless our ending for Him and for Right !

*Original.*

## ADRIFT ON THE NORTH SEA.

BY THOMAS WHITE, WARWICK, ONTARIO.

In the year 1813, might have been seen shooting out from the Shetland Islands, a small fishing craft, manned by six hardy fishermen. The morning is beautiful ; the sun has just risen, throwing a gladsome stream of light athwart the world of waters. From the prow of the little bark starts up the glittering spray, shining like drops of pearl ; then, falling, mingle again with their mother element. The beauty of the morning appears to be in unison with the feelings of the heroes of our story : they look up to the sky, and see it betokens fine weather for the day ; then, bending themselves to their oars, express their hopes of returning to their homes well-laden with fish.

No mean specimens of humanity were those six Islanders ; about the middle size, with well-knit muscular frames, enclosing hearts which beat with a tender regard for their families and for each other. The nature of their calling awakened feelings of affection seldom experienced by those who follow less dangerous occupations. But let us follow our friends to their fishing-grounds, where they have just arrived, which lies about forty miles from shore. Every one applies himself to his respective task. The lines are "set," and, while waiting to secure a number of their unwary victims below, the time is occupied in "crackin' jokes," or discussing the merits of the parish minister, and his last sermon ; or, mayhap, the conversation turns on the cruelty of the press-gang, and the misery occasioned by the late French war. "But," says one, "it's time tae pit on the denner."

Did the reader ever see the interior of a Shetlander's fishing-boat? If not, just follow me in imagination, while I give you a description of it,—at least, that part connected with the cooking department. The sum total of culinary utensils is a "three-legged pot." Master cook has just commenced operations. Yonder, in the bow of the boat, lies a "bing o' stanes," with a hollow in the centre, in which lies a live peat-coal covered with ashes. The ashes the cook soon scrapes off with his hands, more dexterously than you could have done with a fire-shovel; then breaking up some dry peat, he piles the fragments on the "bing o' stones"; next calling into use a powerful pair of lungs,—an excellent substitute for a bellows. There is soon a fire "that'll mak' the pot bile." He then "gangs and gets some tauties," half filling the pot with them; he fills the other half with fish, covering the whole with a draught from the "ocean wave." By the influence "o' a guid fire," the contents of the pot are soon boiling and spluttering away, much to the satisfaction of both the cook and his companions. But I must have done with this. Suffice it to say, that the whole crew are soon doing ample justice to the fish and "tauties," and quenching their thirst from the bung-hole of a keg of watered butter-milk. This mode of drinking approaches something near the ludicrous. Imagine a good stout fellow, with legs stretched from side to side of the boat, so that he may be well braced in one direction, and swaying to and fro to balance himself the other way, with face upturned, and mouth covering the bung-hole of the butter-milk keg, drinking with all the eagerness of a thirsty man, and the picture is complete.

The day wears on; night falls, and our friends the fishermen are still busy at their task; for they intend to continue their labors until to-morrow's dawn. There is no foreboding of danger. True, the sky begins to be overcast with clouds, and a brisk breeze has sprung up from the north-east; but the like they have often seen before. Ah! little they dream of what is before

them. Night passes on, the "mornin' hale" (a quantity of lines) is set; and as the first gray streaks of dawn spring up in the east, the breeze increases to a gale. The little crew, looking uneasily around, commence hauling the lines into the boat, preparatory to a start for home. Before the last of the lines are drawn in, the gale has increased to a hurricane; wildly it whistled through the shrouds of the tiny bark, sending her like a thing of air over the wide, wide sea! Sad thought! It is driving them further and further from their native shore. Fiercer howls the fearful blast! higher rise the surging waves, until the fishing-boat looks like a miracle on the turmoil of waters. Storms the crew have seen before,—one like this?—never! In their manly breasts Hope struggled for the mastery, against the odds of wind and wave, until two mighty billows rise in awful majesty above each gunwale. Up, up piles the fearful wall of waters! Hope flees from these terror-stricken sons of the ocean, as they gaze on the yawning gulf into which they have run. Oh, who can tell the agony of that moment! Confronted by the King of Terrors, they think of the loved ones at home,—of that lone mother bowed down with grief for the loss of that faithful son,—that tender wife wringing her hands in despair, as she lists to the wail of the little ones calling for their father.

They all stand aghast, as they behold the expression of awe depicted on each other's countenance, and the despairing cry of one is heard:

"Ah, boys, we'll soon be gone!"

But the eye of a kind Providence was watching over the tempest-tossed. An Almighty hand appeared to grasp those mighty waves, and stay their natural course until the frail bark had sprung up from the fearful valley, high on the crest of another wave, freed once more from the jaws of destruction.

Hope revives again; and, O joyous sight! there's "land a-head!" On, on they dash over the warring waters. At last, they near the land. Again dismay seizes them; for,

as far along the coast as the eye can reach, rise frowning, jagged rocks, against which the billows lash and roar with redoubled fury. Oh, how their hearts sank within them! but, lo! high on the top of yonder rock, form after form appears, and, above the din of the storm, sounds the voice of welcome. By a signal given by the crowd on the shore, our storm-driven friends are directed to round a point of rock, when—oh, joy of joys!—they behold an inlet. Soon, their noble little bark is gliding along a smooth harbor in the Faroe Island; for such is its name. Towards the shore many are gathered to meet them, whose hearts beat with warmest sympathy for the weary fishermen.

The boat has scarcely touched the beach, when a crowd of willing hands hoist her ashore, far up on the sand. Our friends are soon welcomed to the warm hearths and hospitable boards of the Faroe Islanders. I doubt not but that many a prayer of thankfulness went up that night to the King Eternal for His sparing mercies.

Before we close our sketch, we will turn for a short time to the scene on the Shetland Islands. See, on yonder crag, that female form,—see those two little ones clinging to her skirt, while she is straining her tear-blinded eyes across the wildering waters. She hopes and looks, but never can behold the object of her love. See yon other group, with anxious, tearful faces, wandering along the shingly beach, hoping to descry the well known sail; and, anon, tremblingly casting their eyes downward to see if they can discover any of the fragments of the casket, which contained their greatest earthly jewels. Have any of my readers ever seen the friends of the shipwrecked wandering disconsolately along the sea shore, looking anxiously for some relic, to remind them of those who are sleeping their last long sleep beneath the dark, dark sea? Methinks whoever has must have had their pity excited; for surely such a scene would melt the hardest hearts.

We will now return to our storm-staid friends on the Faroe Isle. In a day or two

the storm subsides. On a Sabbath morn, and ere the sun's round ruddy face had shown itself above the horizon of a clear blue sky, the little vessel and her crew are away over the waters, homeward bound. I will leave the reader to imagine the joy of the meeting on the Shetland Islands.

A relation of the foregoing incidents I have heard from the lips of one who was an occupant of the fishing boat on that memorable occasion. He still lives, and now resides in the western part of Ontario; his frail bark is now coasting along the shores of Eternity, soon to enter the haven of everlasting rest.

(For the Dominion Monthly.)

JACOB AND ESAU:—A DRAMATIC POEM.

SCENE I.—HOUSE OF ISAAC AND REBECCA.

*Isaac and Rebecca.*

ISAAC.—How much we owe to Him whom I have feared!

Feared to offend, yet loved as much as feared:  
How hath he multiplied my flocks and herds,  
And from the teeming earth vouchsafed return  
Of all that I had sowed, a hundred fold!  
I thank the Lord, who gives us rest at last,  
And safety to enjoy his benefits,  
After my days of strife and wandering.

REBECCA.—True, we have tasted blessings manifold;

But yet, alas! how mixed our cup has been  
Since that sweet eventide, when first I saw  
My future master musing in the field,  
And hasted from my camel's back to light,  
And kneel before thee. Then thy handmaid felt  
That she did well to leave her father's house,  
And trust her all of happiness in life  
To thee, my husband. Well indeed hast thou,  
Since first thou tookst me to thy mother's tent,  
Repaid my trust, with constant love and care;  
And I have striven to merit all thy love.  
Yet we have had the bitter with the sweet:  
Remember thee how long we pined for sons,  
To heir thy wealth, perpetuate thy name,  
And keep Jehovah's Promise in thy line.  
Remember, too, how often we were driven  
By envious Hittites from our pastures fair,  
And wells that thou hadst dug but durst not use  
The danger, also, that we feared so long,  
That what was deemed my beauty, might inflame

The passions of Philistia's godless King,  
 And thus thy spotless wife might be defiled,  
 And all our wedded bliss for ever lost.  
 Remember, too, that in the sons vouchsafed,  
 We, from the first, have marked strange wayward-  
     ness,  
 One to deceive, the other to o'erbear.

ISAAC.—Nay, say not so, Rebecca: Esau is  
 A goodly youth, though somewhat rough and wild;  
 Indeed, to be a hunter is his trade.  
 But, hast thou marked, he never fails to bring,  
 With filial care, the choicest of his game  
 To me, who—never cunning in the chase—  
 Am now, at any rate, too old to hunt.  
 And, not content with bringing meat I love,  
 He spares no pains to cook it daintily.  
 He's a good lad is Esau; and I trust  
 His smooth-skinned brother, smooth alike in tongue  
 May ne'er beguile his blunt and honest nature.

REBECCA.—Why shouldst thou fear it? Jacob is our  
 hope;

His strength of body may not be so great,  
 But, after all, the world is ruled by mind;  
 And 'tis to Jacob we must look to bear  
 Our name and fame, when we are laid in dust.

ISAAC.—Well, well, my wife, we love them both alike,  
 And never cease to pray that both may live,  
 Before Jehovah—Abraham's God and mine.

SCENE II.—JACOB'S TENT.

*Jacob—Esau.*

JACOB.—How now, my brother, thou seemest sore  
 bested;  
 Has wandering Ishmaelite, or son of Heth  
 Pursued thee, that thou art so worn and faint?

ESAU.—I fear none such. No enemy but hunger  
 Hath brought me to this helpless, dying state;  
 Three days I sought my quarry in the wilds,  
 But God delivered none into my hands.  
 I'm faint for food. Oh, Jacob, give me meat!

JACOB.—Alas! what have I but this single mess  
 Of pottage for myself prepared, and one  
 Or other of us cannot choose but lack.

ESAU.—Thou hast not wanted half so long as I.  
 Jacob, I perish! give the mess to me.

JACOB.—Well, I will do it, but on one condition:  
 Thou oft hast heard, that in the womb we strove,  
 But thou obtainedst the birthright, which even then  
 I struggled, all unconscious, to secure,

And which I still believe should have been mine!  
 Now, sell thy birthright for my savory mess.

ESAU.—What good will birthright do me, if I die?  
 Give me the pottage, quickly, ere I faint!

JACOB.—Swear then, that thou dost sell thy birthright  
 to me,  
 And eat thy fill.

ESAU.—I swear! Give me the mess.

SCENE III.—HOUSE OF ISAAC AND REBECCA.

*Isaac—Rebecca.*

REBECCA.—Alas! alas! here is a stunning blow!  
 Our Esau hath his lineage high forgot  
 As son of Abraham, and heir of grace,  
 And mingled with the doomed idolaters,  
 Who now encumber this, our promised land.  
 What pleasure can I henceforth find in life?  
 These daughters of the Hittite, whom, alas!  
 I now must call my daughters, are a grief  
 Of mind to me, and this hath Esau done.

ISAAC.—My wife, remember in thy bitter grief,  
 In which I share, and in thy keen reproach,  
 In which I share not, that our Esau's life  
 Had been already blighted by his brother;  
 Who, with a selfishness before unknown,  
 Took him at disadvantage, and procured  
 Of him, when at the point to die with hunger,  
 A transfer of his birthright, for a mess  
 Of pottage, made of lentiles. Since that day  
 Thou must have seen, as well as I, the change  
 That passed o'er Esau. Ever rude and wild,  
 He grew more rude, and sneered at all profession  
 Of love to God, or honor among men.  
 The animal was ever strong in him;  
 But since his wily brother used him thus,  
 He laid the reins upon his passion's neck.  
 No wonder, then, he took those heathen maids;  
 For, like their race, they goodly are and fair.  
 But who can tell that God will not adopt,  
 His servant's wives into his family?

REBECCA.—More likely they will drag our Esau down  
 To their idolatrous and shameless rites;  
 As once the sons of God, before the flood,  
 Were ruined by the daughters lewd of men.

ISAAC.—With thee I mourn his choice; but Esau is  
 One you can draw by love, but never drive.  
 Show kindness to him, and he may repent;  
 And more than all, let truth and justice rule  
 Our conduct towards him, and Jacob's too,  
 For with thy younger son thy word is law.

SCENE IV.—THE SAME.

*Isaac—Esau.*

ISAAC—(*Prays, leaning on the top of his staff*)—  
O, God, who hast been with me all my life,  
To whom I look for every perfect gift,  
The promise thou madest sure to Abraham,  
And once again repeated to thy servant,  
Transfer it now, I pray Thee, to his seed:  
That promise is our richest heritage,—  
That through our line the Saviour of the world—  
The great Messiah, should at length arise.

(*To Esau*)—

Behold, now, I am old, and do not know  
The day that I must die. I can no more  
Behold the face of nature, or of friends.  
But yet I have a trust to execute,  
In that I have a blessing to bestow;  
A blessing rich in every earthly good,  
And richer still in God's great promises.  
This blessing doth by right belong to thee,  
For thine the birthright, though by thee despised.  
I would bestow it now, but that my soul  
Must be in tune for such a solemn act.  
It is not mine to give, but as the Lord  
Shall breathe it through my feeble human lips.  
Go, then, my son; procure thee venison,  
And make me savory meat, such as thou canst  
So well prepare, and knowst my soul doth love;  
That I may eat and bless thee, ere I die.

ESAU.—I go with haste, and may my father's God  
Deliver soon the quarry to my bow.

SCENE V.—REBECCA'S APARTMENT.

*Rebecca—Jacob.*

REBECCA.—My son, draw near and listen to my voice!  
Know that thy father hath this moment sent  
Thy brother to the field for venison,  
That he may eat his savoury meat, and bless,  
Before he dies, his son before the Lord.  
Now, then, my son, obey thy mother's voice—  
The counsel which I feel constrained to give:  
(For have I not the promise firm and sure  
In favor of my darling younger son!)  
Run, Jacob, to thy flock of goats, which are  
Almost as wild as antelopes, and feed  
Upon the self-same food; and fetch me thence  
Two kids,—the best and tenderest thou hast,—  
And I will make the meat thy father loves;  
Which thou shalt bring to him ere Esau comes,  
And get the blessing from his grateful heart.

JACOB.—How can this be, my mother? Well thou  
know'st

That Esau is a rough and hairy man,  
Whilst I am smooth of skin; and should my sire  
Feel me, as in his blindness is most like,  
Then shall I seem unto his honest soul  
A doubly-dyed deceiver; and instead  
Of blessing I should fall beneath his curse.

REBECCA.—Obey my voice! the curse be on my head;  
No time is to be lost! go fetch the kids.  
I have some goodly raiment in the house,  
Of Esau's, to put on thee, and the kids  
Will lend their skins for bands upon thy hands,  
And round thy neck, so shalt thou pass for him.

JACOB.—I will obey; but much my mind misgives.

SCENE VI.—ISAAC'S APARTMENT.

*Isaac—Jacob.*

JACOB.—My father.

ISAAC.—Here am I; but who art thou?

JACOB.—Esau, thy first-born; I have done thy bidding;  
And now sit up, and eat my venison,  
That thou may'st bless me with a willing heart.

ISAAC.—How is it that thou found'st the prey so soon?

JACOB.—Because Jehovah brought it to my hand.

ISAAC.—Come near, I pray, my son, and let me feel  
thee,

Whether or not thou art my eldest son.

(*Isaac feels Jacob's hands, and speaks to himself:*)

Methought the voice was Jacob's, but the hands  
Are Esau's.

(*To Jacob:*)—

Art thou truly my son Esau?

JACOB.—I am.

ISAAC.—Bring me the venison that I may eat,  
And that my soul may bless thee.

(*Jacob brings savory meat, bread, and wine, and  
Isaac eats and drinks.*)

ISAAC.—It is enough. Draw near, my son, and kiss  
me.

(*Isaac kisses him, and perceives the raiment to be  
Esau's.*)

Behold the smell of this, my son, is like  
The smell of fruitful field the Lord hath blessed!  
May God bestow on thee the dew of heaven,  
And fatness of the earth; and may thy fields  
And vineyards yield thee store of corn and wine!

Let people serve thee, and the nations bow  
Themselves to thee,—yea, even thy mother's sons!  
Cursed be every one that curseth thee;  
And blessed be every one that blesses thee.

(*Jacob goes out, and shortly after Esau enters.*)

ESAU.—Let now my father raise himself and eat  
Of his son's venison.

ISAAC.—What! and who art thou?

ESAU.—I am thy son—thy Esau—thy firstborn.

ISAAC.—(*Trembling exceeding*)—Who!—where is he  
who brought me venison?

And I have eaten of all before thou camest,  
And blessed him!—yea, and he shall be blessed.

ESAU.—(*Crying bitterly*)—Oh! father, bless me also;  
yea, even me!

ISAAC.—Thy brother hath, with subtlety and guile,  
Deceived me, and ta'en away thy blessing.

ESAU.—Is he not rightly named supplanter? Twice  
He hath supplanted me. He took away  
My birthright first, and now my father's blessing.  
But hast thou not a blessing still for me?

ISAAC.—Behold, I've made him lord of thee and thine,  
And all his brethren have I given for servants,  
With corn and wine I have sustained him.  
What can I do for thee?

ESAU.—Oh! father, father!  
Hast thou no blessing left,—hast thou but one?  
Oh! me also, even me, my father!  
(*Esau lifts up his voice and weeps.*)

ISAAC.—Behold thy dwelling place shall be amid  
The fatness of the earth and dew of heaven.  
Thy sword and spear and bow shall be thy portion;  
And though thy family shall serve thy brother's,  
The time shall come when thou shalt break his yoke  
From off thy neck.

ESAU.—(*Aside*)—The days of mourning for my father  
come,  
When I shall slay my brother, the supplanter.

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SCENE VII.—REBECCA'S APARTMENT.

*Rebecca—Jacob.*

REBECCA.—My son, thy dark forebodings were not  
vain;

Esau, thy brother, comforteth himself

With purposes to kill thee; and thou standst  
In danger of his wrath from day to day.  
Now do this thing, my son: Arise and flee  
To Haran, where my brother Laban dwells;  
And tarry there for a few days with him,  
Till Esau's fury from thee turn away;  
And I may send a nd fetch thee thence again.  
Why should I be bereaved of both at once?

(*They embrace and part, never to meet again.*)

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SCENE VIII.—BETHEL.

*Jacob.*

JACOB.—Oh, weary, weary! travelling to no home,  
Foot-sore, and travel stained, and all alone  
In this wild place, where I must pass the night.  
What have I gained by all my crafty schemes?  
From all my pottage purchased birth-right wealth  
I now must flee; perhaps shut out for aye.  
Of all the blessings from my father filched,  
Where have I one, except the dew of Heaven?  
They call me a supplanter, but I see  
No one supplanted by me, but myself.  
I flee my father's frown, my brother's sword.  
And of the attendance which should grace a chief—  
All that I have is this my staff alone!  
But wherefore murmur? As I sowed I reap.  
This stone must be my pillow for the night.

(*Sleeps—dreams—awakes.*)

How terrible this place! it surely is  
The very gate of Heaven, and house of God.  
I saw a stair that reached from earth to Heaven,—  
On which were angels flitting up and down;  
And high above it stood my father's God—  
Who called me by my name, and blessed me:  
And graciously renewed the promises  
Made heretofore to Abraham, his friend.  
He promised me a seed like stars of Heaven.  
Or sand on the sea shore for multitude;  
And all this land for an inheritance,—  
And said all nations should be blest through me.  
Now, therefore, in His strength will I go forth,  
To do and dare whate'er He shall direct.  
But first, this stone, on which my head reposed  
When I received such glorious promises,  
Shall be erected for a monument,  
And consecrated as the House of God,—  
To be completed when I come again.  
And of whatever good the Lord bestows  
I solemnly devote the tenth to Him.

*Original.*

## A CHAPTER ON CANADIAN CRESTS.

BY J. H. M<sup>C</sup>N.

I have recently, for want of better occupation, been very much interested in sundry pursuits of a somewhat trivial character, the collection of curiosities to wit; and although the contrast between these and the employments of my younger and more robust years, is very striking, I cannot altogether admit that my time is being absolutely squandered. An upstart of a nephew, who was not born until my hair had turned gray, and who is himself a busy worker in the hive, I know regards my collections with a sort of contempt and myself with a sort of pity. Still, I cannot think that, after having borne the heat and burden of the day, a man should be the less thought of because he leaves his spade and mattock in the porch, and passes the evening in rest and quiet with his family, thinking more of the innocent prattle and gambols of his children, than of the labors he has honorably finished. No, no, young man, when you have come to my years you will not care either to give or take hard knocks; you will not be looking forward to inheriting great estates, but, I hope, to an incorruptible inheritance; not to a great name known to all men, but to a name written on a white stone, which only yourself and the Giver shall know.

I had thought to write a chapter on Canadian Crests, but, with an old man's garrulity, am likely to talk of everything else in the universe instead. My reader, if versed in heraldry will before this, no doubt, have taken exception to the expression Canadian Crest, and have mentally challenged me to produce my authority for the term. How very absurd. Can there be no crests but those which Mr. Fairbairn pictures? and have there not been crusades in this country, of more or less magnitude, during which such deeds of high emprise have been wrought, that no Garter King-at-arms would hesitate a moment to write down, for the gallant knight by whom they

have been done, an imposing pedigree or emblazon on their shields a brilliant coat-of-arms, and allow them to bear any kind of crest from a Saracen's head to a boar salient? Speaking of Garter kings, suggests the idea that one be appointed for Canada; I would have said for America, but I learn on good authority, that of late the demand for those unchallengeable proofs of good birth,—crests to wit,—have been so great at the Herald's office from Americans, that the duties would require to be divided.

Enough, however, of preface. I will now begin, in earnest, my chapter on Canadian Crests; and these may be divided into many different classes, covering all the ground between the few scions of the old crusading stock, and that exuberant sprig, the son and heir of Billy Dip, who, so far from being, as his father had fondly hoped he would have become, a careful dyer, who would continue the business for which a number of generations of Dips had become famous, has taken to elaborate toilets, an affected pronunciation, a massive ring bearing his crest, and an alteration of the family name to Dype,—which, indeed, Billy junior contends was originally Dieppe,—and that his ancestors were famous men by flood and field, a certain La Marche De Dieppe, from whom his descent is easily traced, having led the forlorn hope at the siege of Acre in the year 1191. Billy junior's crest is a turret; and the motto underneath, "I die for my king," are supposed to have been the last words of his illustrious progenitor, who fell in the charge he had undertaken by command of his sovereign. Billy was greatly disgusted not long since, at finding in his father's desk a plan of a sign which the old man had made, having still a lingering hope that his son would some day modify his aspirations and dye. The sign was an ingenious combination of the old one over the door, with young Billy's crest: a turret had been roughly drawn at the top of the paper, to which substantial handles had been added, making the aristocratic turret an unromantic dye-tub, and underneath the words, "Wm. Dip, estab-



lished 1801," were placed,—poor Billy's motto, slightly altered, "I dye for my king." The old man had purposely left the paper where his son would see it, fondly hoping that his graceful accommodation to these newfangled ideas would heal the breach which, it was too painfully evident, was daily more and more separating the Dip father from the Dip son.

I have said that Canadian Crests may be divided into several classes, none of which, however, do I intend particularly to treat of; but, by giving a hasty sketch here and there, leave the reader to gather any inference or make any division his good nature or cynicism may suggest.

I remember, not long since, walking up King street, Toronto; and while crossing Yonge street, I was nearly run over by a spirited horse, which was being driven somewhat wildly, it seemed to me, by an imposing-looking young man. As his trap grazed past me, I caught the words "Ald Buffer," and also caught a glimpse of a coat-of-arms on the vehicle. Some days after, I saw the same man and the same turn out, and was told by a young friend that he was from London, of good family, and his father a wealthy commoner, had lived in considerable style and kept his carriage. It subsequently transpired that the latter of the good points claimed was at least true, as I myself could avouch, he having often driven me in it. And this incident will illustrate the Canadian manner of an easy and off-hand assumption of heraldic honors. I knew, not long since, a young man, the son of an honest and moderately successful shop-keeper, whose wedding tour extended to England. His name is not an unusual one in any English speaking community, and is the family name of a peer of the realm, which, when known to our hero, suggested the happy thought of an adoption of the crest and coat-of-arms of his distinguished namesake; and many of our crests have no more satisfactory an origin. In my youth, I remember an industrious man, whose occupation was to protect the understandings of his neighbors by encasing them

for a consideration in "beef moccasins." He was a cheery old man, who whistled at his work, and knew no care nor trouble. Of his forefathers he knew naught and cared less, his name suggesting a continental extraction. Still, from such an unpromising field, his descendants, who appear to be all in a learned profession, have reaped fame and honors, a sovereign's smiles, and a coat of many quarterings, in the dim and distant past. In looking over Canadian Crests, one cannot help remarking a certain similarity of design; and it is not at all unusual to see the same crest adopted by families whose origin is as diverse as the antipodes. A very safe crest for young men of uncertain pedigree has always been a lion, issuant or jessant, as also the raised arm grasping a dagger. Of the former, an adoption of this crest recurs to my mind; the adopter being a professional man, of lofty and dignified bearing, who, from "a high hill of purse and power and fame," looks down with cold disdain upon the pretensions of a well-to-do tradesman's family in the vicinity, who sport a griffin. It appears, however, that the family name of the former has more than once been slightly altered of late years; while it is not so clear that the progenitors of the latter did not, as they claim, follow him of the lion-heart in his efforts to conquer the Saracen, and possess the holy city.

Before continuing further this smoothly running and continuous paper, I think it necessary that I should make some personal explanations as to my position with regard to the subject matter. It must not be thought that the writer wishes to hold up armorial emblazonments to ridicule; on the contrary, nothing can be more elevating, indeed, in some instances, more absolutely necessary to a family,—indeed, nothing can compensate for the lack of a crest. How many worthy families of moderate means are languishing in the shades of social ostracism for want of a crest; how many, lacking many other but less important qualifications, are happily and smoothly borne along the social tide, when they are

able to hang their banners on the outward wall. I have frequently been very much entertained by observing the complacent and patronizing manner which crested people assume towards their less fortunate fellow-beings, in hearing an interesting account of the manner in which the illustrious founder of their house had won his honors, together with a commiseration for the unfortunate auditor, whose ensign was only a monogram.

There are said to be in heraldry ten classes of arms, and it has frequently been a study with me under which of these classes the greater number of Canadian Crests would come, or under which they are claimed. My own impression is, that they are mostly "arms of assumption;" and I look forward with fear and trembling to a possible event, to wit, the examination into the origin and application of our crests; to which, if there should be coupled the right of proscribing improper or wrongly used crests, how alarming and wide-spread would be the distress occasioned. How many men, who are now thought to be the lineal descendants of well-known houses would be proven imposters, and sink with merited obloquy into oblivion. What a social upheaving would ensue! The very foundations of the social fabric would be shaken; life long friendships sundered; the tenderest attachments broken; and a most unhappy feeling of distrust and uncertainty be engendered. The result of this social chaos would, undoubtedly, be a political and commercial distrust, the end of which no man could foresee. I have said that the effect of armorial blazonry is elevating in tendency; still, this assertion must be received with some qualifications. I have known men who have not been elevated or refined by the contemplation of these devices, either from the unsatisfactory or too satisfactory thoughts engendered; the former leading to moroseness and hypochondria, the latter to a debasement of the intellect by the constant contemplation of one subject, which has obtained a prominence and importance not elevating. And this recalls to my mind

the mania of a young man I once knew, whose every thought ran in this one groove, and who, from a signet ring and emblazoned scarf pin, eventually became so completely crested, that all his belongings bore the proud device which his gallant grandfather had fairly won from an unwilling sovereign by the skilful management of a commissariat store-waggon, during our last war.

I have often been highly entertained at observing young men assuming a tone and manner of fancied superiority, receiving the advances of men of uncertain social position, with a *hauteur* and frigidity quite overpowering, whose families I have known, mayhap, for half a century, and whose founders, although now demonstrated beyond a doubt to have been of noble extraction, lived and died in happy ignorance of it all, as well as of its important corollary of fields azure, gules, or or; lions, issuant, jessant, or passant; whose occupations, requiring subservient attentions to the wants of customers to the exclusion of genealogical thought, superinduced a subdued and compliant tone and manner in great contrast to the descendants above mentioned. Still both, no doubt, in their day and generation, are satisfied with themselves and their surroundings,—the father with services rendered, the son with services exacted. And, after all, what boots it? We all revolve in little spheres, however great they may appear to us; and if my neighbor can in time bring himself to believe that he is descended from a race of kings, although I may know him to be the offspring of a line of beggars, as long as his idiosyncrasy is non-combative, why should I more than smile thereat; and although he should become wedded to extraordinary vagaries which might crest out, it is not necessary that I should in advance forbid the banners. No; let us quietly and good naturedly observe those foibles of our neighbors, which they insist on bringing under our observation, while not looking for faults; and thus, by noting the absurdities of others, avoid them ourselves, at the same time that they afford us not a little recreation. There are very

few things in which there appears to me to be a wider field for the exercise of this feeling, than in that of the manufacture or appropriation of what may be called Canadian Crests.

*Original.*

M E M O R Y .

BY D. LOWREY.

Behold the pictured past!  
The countless scenes of life,—the light and shade  
Athwart our pathways cast;  
On Memory's walls, each living act portrayed,—  
The smile, the tear,  
The hope, the fear,  
The thousand humours that the fickle heart obeyed.  
We lay aside the reins  
Of worldly care, and, in the twilight hour,  
We hear the old refrains  
Swelling as erst from many a lovely bower,  
The songs that gushed  
From lips long hushed  
Beneath the cypress tree o'er which the grief-  
clouds lower.  
We meet again the friends  
Of youth and prime, that death has called  
away;  
The happy laugh ascends,  
And chat goes round as in a far past day.  
Tho' years have flown,  
We catch each tone,—  
The tale of love,—the glee of childhood at its  
play.  
O fairy childhood land!  
An Eden from which Memory is not driven;  
Since last I touched thy strand,  
My bark with many adverse winds has striven.  
It seems to me  
That, wrapt in thee,  
Lie all the deepest joys to changeful mortals  
given.  
Love had its treasure-trove  
In thy bright realm, but hid in fading bowers;  
And Peace was wont to rove  
Through thy fair gardens, plucking virgin  
flowers.  
Care kept aloof;  
Doubt asked not proof;  
Pure Faith accepted all, and Hope adorned the  
hours.

I stand, and through the mists  
Of intervening years, I bend my gaze  
On all that memory lists  
To lay before me : thus when all my days  
Are numbered here,  
And Death draws near,  
Memory will trace again life's labyrinthine  
maze.

When I before my Judge  
Shall disembodied stand, in His "Great Day,"  
She will be there; nor grudge  
In panoramic clearness to display  
Each word and thought,  
Each deed forgot,—  
The messengers of joy, of terror, and dismay.  
To those accounted meet  
Around the heavenly board to rest and sup,  
She bears remembrance sweet  
Of hours when prayer like incense mounted up;  
But to the last,  
In anguish tost,  
She brings remorse, and adds it to their bitter  
cup.

*Original.*

B E G G I N G .

BY MRS A. CAMPBELL.

"Lucy, I wish you would take the collecting branch of our Refuge Society," said the minister's wife to a fresh, bright-looking young lady, who was paying her a visit.

"Don't ask me, dear Mrs. E. I will do anything but that. I will visit the Institute, read to the inmates, sew for it,—in fact, do anything but beg for it."

"To beg you are ashamed, I suppose; but, Lucy, pardon me if I say I don't think you are right. As Christians, we cannot always choose our work for the Lord, and ought to take what is given us, be it ever so displeasing to self; besides, I do not understand you, as I know you are no novice at this work."

"That is the very reason why I will do no more of it. My experiences have been too unpleasant,—too uncomfortable. It is evidently not my vocation. Now, don't look shocked, Mrs. E.; you know we should not take work not suited to us. Last year,

Annie D. and I were appointed to collect for the Bible Society, in a fashionable part of the town, and really you would hardly believe the rudeness we met with. Polite people,—at least, I mean those in polite society,—stared at us, scarcely asked us to sit down, and made us feel as if we were actually begging for ourselves."

"You speak rather warmly," said her friend, laughing. "Your lines could not have fallen in pleasant places."

"No, they did not, indeed. Listen to what happened in one or two instances; and then judge if I would care to try begging again. Annie and I called at the house of a rich merchant in L. Street, and were told by the servant to go upstairs to the drawing-room. The lady of the house happened to be just before us, and she actually turned round, and closed the child's gate at the top of the stairs, between her and ourselves, and, leaning over, asked what we wanted! Presenting our book, which we carried openly to tell our errand, we stood, stopped short, half way up, feeling very like a pair of naughty children, asking for what we'd be sure not to get.

"'We have too many calls,' was the blunt reply, 'and cannot give to everything. Dear me! this is the second thing of the sort this week; one may never shut one's purse.'

"Saying this, she deliberately walked off, and left us to find our way out as we could. At another house, a few doors further up, we were left standing in the passage with a ragged beggar man, who had gained admittance with us. The gentleman, a Canadian M.P.P., came out of his dining-room, and, handing back the book empty, politely opened the hall door for us, saying: 'There are too many beggars! too many beggars!' so, with this significant hint, all three of us,—young ladies and beggar-man,—were bowed out together. I was so perfectly disgusted that, I am ashamed to say, I left poor Annie to finish the district by herself; she, being more meek and gentle, was better able to stand rebuffs."

"How did she fare alone?" was the interested inquiry.

"Not much better, and sometimes a little worse; as, for instance, an officer's wife, with a very high sounding title, to whom she had applied for a contribution for the "Home," which she was collecting for at the same time, asked her, coolly, 'If she were one of the inmates!' Annie is pretty meek, but her cheek flushed at such an insult. One would have supposed she ought to have known a lady when she saw one; at least, if she did not, her handsome clothes and rich furs should have told her she was no inmate of a pauper asylum. She evidently did it on purpose. What do you think of that?"

"Oh, surely these are extreme cases," was the concerned reply of the minister's wife. "I hope, for the honor of human nature, there are not many such; at least, I have not met any."

"Fiddle for human nature! excuse me, dear Mrs. E.; but you make me almost angry. Of course not, *you* have not had any, because you go among your own people, and they know you as their minister's wife, and are on their best behaviour to you; but go where you are not known, and see how quickly you would find the difference. There was Mrs. H., the wife of one of the highest dignitaries of our church, so rudely treated when begging for one of these very objects, at the house of a lady very well off, that she told me she wished the floor would open and let her through. There were several visitors present, and we heard the lady was greatly mortified when she found who Mrs. H. was. She had given 2s. 6d. with a great amount of *hauteur*, and some patronizing remarks, and the next day she sent a note of apology and \$5. I don't call that charity; do you?"

"No! it was not from a right motive, certainly; yet what can be done? One is almost glad to get the money sometimes without scrutinizing too closely the people's motives in giving it. I really don't know what is to become of this Refuge. Our sewing circle pays badly, and all the work falls upon a few, and those the most hard-

worked members of the congregation, who help in every good work."

"Have a bazaar," suggested Lucy.

"That is more easily said than done, particularly as Mr. E. is setting his face against bazaars on account of the raffling, or, as he calls it, gambling, going on at them; besides, he says it is not a good school for young ladies, as it makes them bold and free in their manners, to be running about the room asking all the gentlemen they meet—whether they know them or not—to take tickets in lotteries, &c. I think he is right, and I wish we could do without them," said Mrs. E., with a sigh; "but I am puzzled where to turn for help sometimes. The congregation hate too many begging sermons, and yet if any of the institutions are falling back, they say it is want of energy on the part of the minister; and, poor man, his energy and strength are pretty well taxed in his regular work of preaching the Gospel, visiting, sick calls, &c., without wearing him out as a money collector. We really are at our wit's end sometimes."

"Well, Mrs. E.," said Lucy, laughing, "you are in a bad case. Surely I would not be a minister's wife for something. I shall give the Rev. Mr. W. his *congé* the moment he proposes, and tell him to take a vow of perpetual celibacy. They are more fashionable now. Give me the Refuge list, however; I shall try for this once, and face it out. I may as well crucify the flesh, since it is lent; but if I don't get better treated it will be the last time, I promise you. *Au revoir.*"

### A VISION.

BY ESTELLE.

I beheld a darksome river, flowing grandly,  
flowing ever,  
And on one shore silent never was the solemn  
passing bell,  
While the voice of ceaseless weeping, never  
lulling, neversleeping,  
Filled with its mournful minor all the  
pauses of the knell.

And I said what means this river, where no  
sunbeams glint and quiver?

And what mean the heavy shadows that do hide  
the other shore?

What can mean the voice of anguish that doth  
never cease nor languish,

And the bell that tolleth, tolleth, tolleth, tolleth  
evermore?

Across the mighty river flowing, boatmen pale  
were coming, going,

I could see their white sails glowing 'gainst the  
waters dark and chill;

And as one drew near, and nearer, louder  
grew the cries and clearer,

Till he raised his hand and beckoned,—then  
one sighing voice was still.

And a slender form and lowly, with a solemn  
smile and holy,

Followed patiently, though slowly, followed  
at his mighty will,—

Followed, where the boatman waiting for his  
white and deathly freighting,

Sailed away into the shadows, that the river  
bed did fill.

And I saw, with deep depression, that a long and  
sad procession,

Of all ages, ranks, profession, left their lov'd ones  
on the shore,

Passing on at that strange beckon, crowds no  
mortal eye could reckon

Met the ever-waiting boatmen, and were  
seen of us no more.

Mothers left their infants walling, lovers' vows  
were unavailing,

None could stay the stern, unyielding, and relent-  
less beckoning hand,

But as hearts were torn asunder, words of hope  
filled me with wonder,

For, aye, they spoke of meeting in the brighter,  
better land.

Then by Spirit hands uplifted, o'er the shadowy  
stream I drifted,

And the heavy clouds were rifted, and I saw  
the better shore.

And I heard glad voices singing, and the har-  
pers' music ringing,

As angelic forms were greeting those who  
crossed the river o'er;

And they passed through streets all golden, such  
as eye had ne'er beholden,

Up to where a Central Glory shed its light on  
all around.

Then the weary, the bereaven, comforted, and  
much forgiven

Waited, watching for the loved ones, in the  
haven they had found.

And I know this darksome river is that Death  
which fronts us ever,

And the boatmen pale—his messengers to bear  
us o'er the tide;

And the crying, and the tolling, is the cloud of  
grief, that, rolling

Up from this anguished world of ours, pleads  
for us at His side.

Oh Merciful! Forgiving! think of all the woes  
of living,—

Think how we wander, grieving, upon that  
river's shore:

When we come to Thee appealing, touch us with  
Thy hands of healing,—

All thy tenderness revealing,—give us rest, for  
evermore.

Original.

## THE COMPONENT PARTS OF OUR NATIONALITY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MAPLE LEAVES."

Tracing the origin of the various nationalities which inhabit British America,—fixing the exact epoch,—describing the true causes of their migration from their European homes to Western soil,—determining the precise proportion in which each element enters into the formation of the composite population of the Dominion,—this, indeed, would be a theme replete with interest, on which, at some future period, one hopes to see the genius of some of our leading writers exercise itself. How many eloquent pages would this study, viewed in its multifarious phases, furnish of philosophical investigations! Specially do we respectfully commend the subject to the gifted writer\* of the "*Pre-historic Man*." To achieve successfully such an undertaking, would involve deep research; nor are we sure that all the historical data

required are to be had,—at least, in an accessible form. Possibly, an abler hand than ours may weave into one harmonious whole the silky webs now floating about, to many unnoticed. May this soon be done! Until it is done, we may be allowed to offer a few desultory thoughts, which have occurred to us in the course of our readings.

For the Province of Quebec, the chief fountains of such ethnological knowledge appear to us to be:—1st. The census table under French and English dominion. 2nd. The registers of marriages, baptisms, and burials of the different churches (and students of history must ever feel grateful to the *Notes* already published on this subject by the late Abbé Ferland, and by the Bishop of Rimouski, when Pastor of Beauport). 3rd. The biographical dictionary of the families who emigrated from 1600 to 1700, the fruit of the long and patient researches of the Abbé Tanguay, made in Canada and in France, a work now in the press. Amongst many striking features, one will be apparent to all,—the preponderance of the military element in the population of the colony. Very different, indeed, was the *status* of our early settlers, when compared to that of those who settled in other French colonies, or in some of the English ones. Canada never had to build up its fortunes on the success in after life of ex-convicts, ex-garroters, or ex-ticket-of-leave-men. Hardy farmers, industrious mechanics, soldiers, adventurous fishermen landed in crowds on the shores of a country reported to contain something more than fertile fields,—mineral wealth in exhaustless quantities. The first nobles of the French realm vied with one another in finding men and treasure to build up this New France, whose future so flattered the vanity of the great monarch. High-born women, such as the Duchesses de Bouillon, D'Aiguillon, and Madame de La Peltrie, undertook to provide virtuous young girls to go and seek their fortunes and husbands in this favored land. It is astonishing to see with what solicitude these emigrants

\* Daniel Wilson, LL.D., Professor of History, University College, Toronto.

were watched over before they left France, until they landed in Canada. In some cases, the slightest indiscretion caused them to be sent back to where they came from. This is a very different version, let it be remembered, to that circulated by Baron Lahontan; but it is nevertheless the truth.\*

Many French gentlemen of ancient lineage, but unable to maintain their families in the extravagant splendour which obtained at Court, asked for concessions of lands in Canada. The progeny of some of these *seigneurs* exist amongst us to this day. At that early period, none but gentlemen could obtain commissions in the French army; and it required Court influence to procure these appointments.

Canada was then singularly fortunate, both under French and under English dominion, in the class of settlers attracted to it. Under the latter, religious and political persecution deposited on its shores the cream of the population of other countries. The war of Independence in the New England provinces drove over our border crowds of the most educated, influential, and refined men, whose descendants exist and exercise a powerful influence amongst us to this day.

The historian Ferland has devoted the first fifteen pages of the second volume of his excellent work to vindicate his countrymen from the aspersions which some ignorant writers, such as Baron Lahontan, had attempted to fasten on them. The antecedents of the early settlers of St. Christopher, one of the West Indies, may have been doubtful; but, on reference to history, nothing of the kind can be imputed to New

\* Father Le Jeune says, in the "*Relation* for 1686," *Maintenant nous voyons tous les ans aborder bon nombre de très honorables personnes, qui se viennent jeter dans nos grands bois, comme dans le sein de la paix, pour vivre ici en plus de piété, de franchise et de liberté.*" The historian Ferland quotes, as a striking proof of the purity of morals in the colony, the fact gleaned from the register of the R. C. Church at Quebec, that out of 674 children baptized at Quebec, from 1621 to 1661, one only appears to have been illegitimate.

France.\* From 1621 to 1641, the emigration came plentifully from Perche, Normandy, Beauce, Ile de France, Saint Onge, Poitou, and le Pays d'Aunis. The Huguenots were not encouraged to settle, for fear of religious strife.

The Company of Rouen, and that of M. de Monts, which had preceded it, were under the control of merchants and traders, who resided chiefly in Normandy. It is, then, not surprising that they selected their *employés* at Rouen, at Dieppe, at Cherbourg, at Fecamp, and at Honfleur. These *employés* became familiarized with the country; and when England returned it to France in 1632, and France appeared inclined to keep it, they enticed over to Canada their friends and relatives, who occasionally sailed for America with their whole families. It was from Dieppe that Champlain, after his return from England, where he had been carried a prisoner by the English, sailed in 1633, with a party of officers, missionaries, and colonists. These pioneers had doubtless been taken from Normandy and the Pays de Caux.

In 1634, arrived Robert Giffard, the first *seigneur* of Beaupré, accompanied by his wife and children, and seven other large families. They were soon followed by others from Perche, who took lands in the Côte de Beaupré (Beauport, Ange Gardien, &c.)

Two important families landed from France in 1636,—named Le Gardeur, and Le Neuf. All the families who arrived before 1642 clustered round Quebec, except some few who removed to Three Rivers, to take advantage of the abundance of game (fish and fur), in the neighborhood of Lake St. Peter.

The first lands cleared and conceded at Quebec, were the *Coteau Ste. Genevieve* (St. John's suburbs), the shores of the river St. Charles; the *seigneurie Notre Dame des Anges*, west of Mr. Parke's, on the Charlesbourg road; the little village of Fargy, at Beauport; the fiefs Saint Michel and Sillery, near Quebec.

\* Ferland's *Cours d'Histoire du Canada*, Vol. I., p. 274.

Champlain had noticed, long before this date, the beautiful, natural meadows at the foot of Cape Tourmente, and had placed herdsmen to look after the cattle in the pasturage. Some people settled there in 1633; and in 1636 Governor Montmagny and Father Le Jeune, found some French families there, which the missionaries visited several times every year. Father Le Jeune—whom we might call one of our earliest tourists, were he not one of our most devoted missionaries—states the place is named *Beaupré*, "*car les prairies y sont belles et grandes et bien unies.*"

After 1640, the stream of French emigrants increased. From 1641 to 1655, several inhabitants of Brittany came over. The registers of Quebec Cathedral show a number of persons emigrating from Paris; many girls taken from the royal charitable institution; "Several of them," says M. Ferland, "were orphans, whose parents had died poor whilst in the King's service; some were the daughters of French army officers; and one, for certain, was the child of a former Governor of Nancy." About 1660, the children born in the country began to count in the population; but emigration continued, composed, as M. Rameau\* observes, "of an importation of French peasants, peaceable, laborious, and well trained, under their feudal seigneurs." In 1664, the famous regiment of Carignan, commanded by Col. Salières, was accompanied by the Marquis de Tracy. A couple of centuries later, we read of one of the English *noblesse*, the magnificent Earl of Durham, obtaining from his royal mistress the distinguished favor of bringing out, as a suitable escort, her household troops, the Coldstream Guards; but, beyond carrying away in legitimate wedlock, some of our city belles, we do not find the population of Canada affected by their sojourn. Not so with the Carignan regiment, four companies of which were disbanded shortly after their arrival in Canada. This splendid corps of warriors, with laurels fresh from

European battle-fields,\* seem to have been victimized *en masse*, by the Quebec fair. Every *Josette* had a military *Joe*; the officers made fierce love to the daughters of the *seigneurs*, of the *Procureur du Roi*, of the *conseillers du Conseil Supérieur*, &c., &c.; whilst their gallant men vowed undying attachment to the "black-eyed Susans" of their own class. The natural result, a not uncommon one, was, that ere many seasons were over, the parish priest and his *vicaires* were kept busy as could be, christening the numerous young *Carignons*, which the next census would claim.† The sons of Mars spread over the country: some became the sires of most patriarchal families, and rose to be Governors in Acadia,—witness Baron Saint Castin; others obtained grants of seignories, and built forts at Ste. Therese, Chambly, at Sorel,—such as Col. de Salieres, Captains de Chambly and de Sorel. Capt. Du Gué married Mademoiselle Moyen, of Goose Island, County of Montmagny, whose island home had been burned and relatives tortured by the Iroquois in 1653; whilst others either returned to France, or made love-matches (*mariages de convenance*) with Canadian heiresses, viz.: Capts. Saint Ours, De Berthier, De Contrecoeur, La Valtrie, De Meloises, Tarieu, De la Perade, De la Fouille, Maximin, Labiau, Petit, Rougemont, Traversy, De la Motte, La Combe, De Verchères, &c. Several of the domains owned by these military swells are yet in possession of their descendants.

\* The battle of St. Gathur, in Gothard, in Hungary.

† The beneficial manner in which this infusion of superior blood, education, and domestic manners of the colonists, previously devoted to the humblest occupations of trade, may be easily imagined. Liberal tastes were encouraged, sentiments of honor and generosity pervaded the highest rank in society, the influence of which was speedily felt through every class of the inhabitants.—*Hawkins' New Historical Picture of Quebec.*

Measures were adopted to infuse a more liberal spirit in the colony, to raise the quality and character of the settlers, and to give a higher tone to society. The King (Louis XIV) took a most judicious method to accomplish this. He resolved to confer upon the Government a

\* Ferland's Cours d'Histoire du Canada, Vol. II., p. 6, 7.



To trace step by step the career of the descendants of these military men would take us much further than the limits of these historical jottings will permit. A compendious work, of some six hundred pages, by Abbé David, a French ecclesiastic of the Sulpician Seminary of Montreal, contains a mass of material, which, some day or other, may be wrought into shape.\*

Fathers Le Clerg and Charlevoix testify in glowing terms to the morality, frugality, bodily strength, and courage of the first settlers.

“As to bravery,” adds M. Aubert,† “even, if as Frenchmen, it was not theirs by birth-right, the mode of dealing which in warfare they have to employ towards the Iroquois and other savages, who generally roast alive their prisoners, with incredible tortures, compels the French to look on death in battle as preferable to being captured alive; they, therefore, fight like desperate men, and with very great indifference to life.”

That our French ancestors were brave, hardy, devoted to their adopted country, and moral in their conduct, history abundantly proves; that they considered themselves of goodly stock, and ancient descent, seems beyond a doubt; that their proud monarch, Louis XIV., thought the same, abundantly appears, by his own assertion, that “New France contained more of the best blood of Old France than all the

degree of comparative splendor, worthy of the great nation of which it was a dependency. In 1664, he sent out to Quebec the most brilliant emigration that had ever sailed from France for the New World. It consisted of a Viceroy, a Governor General, an Intendant, and other necessary officers of the civil Government, the regiment de Carignan, commanded by Colonel de Salieres, and officered by sixty or seventy French gentlemen, most of whom were connected with the *noblesse*. Many of these gentlemen settled in the Province, and, having obtained concessions of the waste lands, became the *noblesse* of the colony, and were the ancestors of the best French families of the present day.

\* *Histoire des principales familles Françaises du Canada*. Montreal: Eusebe Senecal; 1868.

† *Memoire* from M. Aubert.

other numerous French colonies of the day put together”

We regret that this portion of our subject should come to a close without having an opportunity of referring to the census tables kept under French rule in Canada, and which are now in the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa.

In the first portion of this sketch, it was stated that the military element occupied a prominent position in the component parts of our nationality. Let us then, at one bound, overleap a century, and see what is going on in 1764, when the celebrated 78th Regiment, “Fraser’s Highlanders,” were disbanded. Subjoined, in a foot-note, may be found the names of its officers, taken from an army-list.\* These 78th men spread

\* List of officers of Fraser’s Highlanders, commissions dated 5th January, 1757:—

Lieut-Col. Commandant.—Honorable Simon Fraser, died Lieutenant General in 1782.

Majors.—James Clephane, John Campbell, of Dunoon, afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding the Campbell Highlanders in Germany.

Captains.—John MacPherson, brother of Clunie; John Campbell, of Ballimore; Simon Fraser, of Inverloch, killed on the heights of Abraham in 1759; Donald MacDonald, brother of Clanronald, killed at Sillery in 1760; John Macdonell, of Lochgarry, afterwards Lieutenant Colonel of the 76th, or Macdonald’s Regiment, died in 1789, Colonel; Alexander Cameron, of Dungallon; Thomas Ross, of Culrossie, killed on the Heights of Abraham; Alexander Fraser, of Culduthel; Sir Henry Seton, of Abercorn, Baronet; James Fraser, of Belladrum; Simon Fraser, Captain-Lieutenant, died a Lieutenant-General in 1812.

Lieutenants.—Alexander MacIsod, Hugh Cameron, Ronald Macdonald, of Keppoch; Charles Macdonell, of Glengarry, killed at St. John’s; Broderick Macneill, of Barra, killed on the Heights of Abraham; William Macdonell; Archibald Campbell, son of Glenlyon; John Fraser, of Belnaine; Hector Macdonald, brother to Boisdale, killed in 1759; Allan Stewart, son of Invernahul; John Fraser; Alexander Macdonell, son of Barrisdale, killed on the Heights of Abraham; Alexander Fraser, killed at Louisbourg; Alexander Campbell, of Aross; John Douglass; John Nairn; Arthur Rose, of the family of Kilravoch; Alexander Fraser; John Macdonell, of Leeks, died at Berwick, 1818; Cosmo Gordon, killed at Sillery in 1760; David Baillie, killed at Louisbourg; Charles Stewart, son of Colonel John Roy Stewart; Ewen Cameron, of the family of Glenevis; Allan Cameron;

over the length and breadth of the land. Some (attracted, no doubt, by the name) settled in New Scotland, \* Nova Scotia; some remained in the parishes round Quebec. The Fraser Clan alone, with its offshoots at Murray Bay, Fraserville (Temiscouata), St. André, St. Thomas, Beaumont, Quebec, Montreal, Nova Scotia, &c., has attained to such dimensions that an enterprising descendant, the Hon. John Fraser de Berry, L. C., thought seriously of reconstructing the clan last winter—tartans, claymore, philibeg, kilts, and all,—January frosts to the contrary notwithstanding. Several of Wolfe's followers had also become Canadian landholders, viz., General James Murray, the distinguished owner of Belmont, on the St. Foy Road, Quebec,—which, on his return to England, passed over by purchase to one of his officers, Col. Henry Caldwell, who became the founder of a Canadian family of note, and was the father of Sir John Caldwell. Another of Gen. Wolfe's officers, Maj. Samuel Holland, purchased an adjoining domain, of some three hundred acres, which to this day is known as Holland's Farm; whilst another again, Major Moses Hazen, settled at St. Johns, near Montreal, and joined Brigadier-Gen. Montgomery in his unsuccessful attempt to conquer Canada in 1775. In 1762, we also find Meadow Bank, † on the St. Louis Road, near Quebec, owned by Hon. Hector

John Cuthbert, killed at Louisbourg; Simon Fraser; Archibald Macalister, of the family of Loup; James Murray, killed at Louisbourg; Donald Cameron, son of Fassafearn, died on half pay, 1817.

Ensigns.—John Chisholm, John Fraser, of Erroggie; Simon Fraser, James Mackenzie, Malcolm Fraser, afterwards Captain 84th Regiment, or Royal Emigrants; Donald Macneil, Henry Munro, Hugh Fraser, afterwards Captain 84th Regiment; Alexander Gregorson, Ardtornish; James Henderson, Robert Menzies, John Campbell.

Chaplain, Reverend Robert MacPherson; Adjutant, Hugh Fraser; Quartermaster, John Fraser; Surgeon, John MacLean.

\* It is stated that in Nova Scotia alone there are at present more than 3,000 descendants of the Frasers.

† The country seat of John Porter, Esq.

Theophilus Cramahe, afterwards Lieutenant-Governor.

The idea pervading the minds of these distinguished men seems to have been, that those beautiful sites selected by them would increase rapidly in value, by the introduction of British rule in Canada, and become, in time, mines of wealth, and happy homes for their children. But British rule, with British freedom left out, did but little, either for Canadian soil or Canadians, during the dark period which began in 1759 and closed in 1841. About this time, Lord Sydenham, a most astute politician and ruler, with the view of anglicizing the French Canadians, united the Lower to the Upper Province, hoping by the preponderance of the English element in both Provinces, to swamp and kill out that nationality *which would not die*. The new constitution had a most seductive name, "Self-Government." It was readily accepted, as it contained by implication, with much that was evil, a principle of life,—*equality to all races*.

Emigration from France mostly ceased during that period. One half of the French families of wealth, who could sell their lands, left Canada in 1760-1-2, rather than live under British rule; though several again returned to Canada from France about 1783, and some of our most respected French families, that of Col. Dambourges, for instance, emigrated to Canada after the conquest. The emigration, however, was in the main British (until, we may say, the year 1810),—of men of means often, sometimes of men of superior education.

A most noticeable element of prosperity and refinement, was added to our population by the war of Independence,—the United Empire Loyalists. Some 7,000 to 10,000 staunch adherents of the House of Hanover, came across our border, or penetrated by ships to New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Though Western Canada benefitted the most by this exodus from the late British Provinces, Eastern Canada got its good share. These brave men had sacrificed fortune and position to consistency, and

their allegiance to King George; and King George, as a good and paternal sovereign, indemnified them by pensions, honors and emoluments, to the best of the ability of the English exchequer. Of such were the Sewells, Smiths, Gambles, Andersons, Jones, Robinsons, Baldwins, Sir James McCauley, Honorable John Wilson, John Strachan, Captain James Detrick, Roger Bates, Joseph Brant, Hon. John Stewart, Hon. Samuel Crane, Hon. George Crookshank, Sir Joseph Brook, Hon. James Crooks, Dr. Schofield, Hon. John McDonald, Thomas Merritt, Hon. Henry Ruttan, Hon. John Elmesley, Chief Justice; Hon. Peter Russell, Administrator; Hon. Henry Alcock, Chief Justice; John White; Attorney-General Secord; Colonel Clark, Hon. W. H. Merritt, and Philemon Wright; all sons or descendants or connections of the glorious 10,000, which were aptly enough, at one time, denominated by Upper Canadians, "The founders of Western prosperity." To follow them in their after fortunes, and brilliant careers, would take us beyond the scope of this paper.

We next have to notice an appreciable increase to our population, by the intermarriages of the officers and men of the Watteville and Meuron Regiments,\* disbanded in Canada, after the war of 1812. The descendants of the De Montenachs, Labruière, Dufresnes, D'Orsonnens, and others, are amongst us to this day.

To statist, such as our talented Auditor-General, and his able assistants, we shall leave the congenial task of fixing, with the census tables before them, the exact ratio of the foreign element, settling of late years in our midst; prominent among which must of course appear the Celtic race, whose prolific nature does not seem to

\* These regiments, we think, had been formed in England from French officers and soldiers detained as prisoners of war, and who had been granted their liberty, on accepting to fight against all the enemies of England, except their own country—France. On the breaking out of the war of 1812, they were sent out to fight the armies of the United States.

suffer in the least from its national grievances; and next the canny Scot with whom in the great race of worldly wealth few indeed can keep pace.

Some, however, of the best and fairest of our population, and we say it with a feeling akin to regret, we are liable to lose, and do lose, by causes beyond the control of legislators: we allude to that not inconsiderable portion which annually carries to other climes its youth, its freshness, its refinement, owing to that unaccountable and perverse hankering of British officers to rob Canada of her gems,—her fair daughters. Does this necessarily prove that the beauty, manners, and accomplishments of the colonial lass are superior to those of her English sister; or, is the Canadian belle chiefly sought in marriage, as being a species of "forbidden fruit," tabooed by Belgravian mammas, whose "hopefuls" are serving in the colonies. *Quien sabe?*

Having, as we hope, fulfilled the promise made at the inception of this paper, of merely furnishing for abler pens a few hints and suggestions, to be hereafter enlarged on, we shall close the subject with a tabular statement compiled especially for us, by a youthful lady friend, with a *penchant* for ethnological studies,—*Military marriages in Canada of late years*; which helps to prove some of our propositions, and shows statistically to what an alarming extent the union sentiment prevailed in the Canadas. Here goes this curious document, which we fear is very imperfect:—

#### *Grenadier Guards.*

Lord Abinger—Miss McGruder.  
Capt. Herbert—Miss Le Moine.  
Dr. Girdwood—Miss Blackwell.

#### *79th Highlanders.*

Colonel Butt—Miss Sewell.  
Capt. Cumming—Miss Coxworthy.  
Capt. Heisham—Miss Fraser.  
Capt. Scott—Miss Stayner.  
Capt. Hunt—  
Capt. Reeve—Miss Fraser.  
Major Ross—Miss Lindsay.  
Capt. Smyth—Miss Perrault.

#### *93rd Sutherland Highlanders.*

Lieut. Elliott—Miss Wood.

*Royal Engineers.*

Col. Gallway—Miss McDougall.  
 Col. Pison—Miss Ashworth.  
 Capt. Noble—Miss Lunn.  
 Capt. Brackenbury—Miss Campbell.  
 Lieut. Savage—Miss Joly.

*Rifle Brigade.*

Capt. Glynn—Miss Dewar.  
 Capt. Tryscott—Miss Stewart.  
 Capt. Swinhoe—Miss Reynolds.

*17th Regiment.*

Capt. Utterson—Miss Burstall.  
 Capt. Webber—Miss Jeffry.  
 Lieut. Presgrave—Miss Day.  
 Lieut. Lees—Miss Moltz.  
 Lieut. Harris—Miss Moltz.  
 Capt. Burnett—Miss Kreighoff.  
 Lieut. Torre—Miss Stevenson.  
 Capt. Dixon—Miss Antrobus.  
 Lieut. Hoar—Miss Scott.  
 Capt. McIntosh—Miss Wood.

*47th Regiment.*

Capt. Larkin—Miss Savage.

*50th Regiment.*

Capt. Hamilton—Miss Willan.  
 Capt. Travers—Miss Johnson.  
 Capt. Henderson—Miss Starnes.  
 Capt. Worsley—Miss Sicotte.

*53rd Regiment.*

Capt. Brown—Miss Dewar.

*Coldstream Guards.*

Capt. Clayton—Miss Wood.

*Royal Artillery.*

Col. Fitzgerald—Miss Le Moine.  
 Col. Shakespear—Miss Panet.  
 Col. Walker—  
 Capt. DeMontmorenci—Miss Moltz.  
 Dr. Duff—Miss Sewell.  
 Lieut. Irwin—Miss Hamilton.  
 Lieut. Sandiland—Miss Stevenson.

*7th Hussars.*

Col. White—Miss De Montenach.  
 Major Campbell—Miss Duchesnay.  
 Capt. Winter—Miss Sewell.

*15th Regiment.*

Major Temple—Miss Sewell.

*Canadian Rifles.*

Capt. Gibson—Miss Gibb.  
 Capt. Dunn—Miss Gibb.

*25th Borderers.*

Dr. Gribbon—Miss Allen.  
 Lieut. Lees—Miss Maxham.

*16th Regiment.*

Capt. Carter—Miss Lemesurier.  
 Dr. Fergusson—Miss Alloway.  
 Capt. Lea—Miss Alloway.  
 Capt. Sericoid—Miss Duval.

*13th Hussars.*

Capt. Clarke—Miss Rose.  
 Capt. Miles—Miss Esten.  
 Dr. Milburn—Miss Allan.

*23rd Regiment.*

Lieut. Benyon—Miss Allen.  
 Lieut. Hawley—

*30th Regiment.*

Col. Atcherley—Miss Heward.  
 Capt. Moreson—  
 Capt. Birch—Miss Vass.  
 Lieut. Naigle—Miss Bell.  
 Dr. Paxton—Miss Murray.  
 Dr. Hooper—Miss Dalkin.  
 Capt. Clarkson—Miss Cogwell.  
 Capt. Glasscott—Miss Cayley.

*39th Regiment.*

Capt. Hoare—Miss Scott.

*7th Welch Fusiliers.*

Capt. Pryce Brown—Miss Prior.

*100th Regiment.*

Lieut. La Touche—Miss Bouchette.

*Royal Navy.*

Commander Ashe—Miss Percy.  
 Lieut. Storey—Miss Murray.

An examination of the above will show how many names are wanting.

## THE PTERICHTHYS, OR ANCIENT WINGED-FISH.

The *pterichtys* was the most singular of all the creatures that characterized the third creative day,—the most remarkable monster of the Devonian oceans. In structure it appears to have united the characteristics of the placoid and ganoid fishes. It was specially remarkable for the large size and peculiar formation of the bony plates or scales composing its armor. The plates of the cuirass which sheathed its body were comparatively of an immense magnitude,—quite disproportionate to the dimensions of the same. Its head, fins, and tail were also encased in plates of bony armor, and of such dimensions as to give this strange fish the appearance of a winged-animal. Its peculiar characteristics seem to indicate that it was created to inhabit the very warm waters of the deeper seas of this period; and it is most probable that it could swim very rapidly.

The *pterichtys* was accompanied by many similar tribes of fishes, and also by several species of *Nautilus*. The most characteristic members of the latter family were the *Koninckii* and *Clymenia Sedgwickii*. The ancient *nautilus*, like its modern repre-

sentative, was a fish with a twisted shell, which served its master as a house and ship. When the weather was favorable myriads of them might be seen mounting to the surface of the primeval ocean, each extending his arms like oars or masts, unfurling his sails (consisting of a thin web or membrane attached to the arms), and scudding merrily along before the gentle breeze. When these animals wished to dive or descend, they contracted their air-cells, took down their sails, drew in their arms; and, having thus excluded the air from their shells, and consequently increased their specific gravity, they sank heavily to the bottom. By motions opposite to these they ascended to the surface. The shells were very beautifully formed, and of every variety of shade,—the most common colors being dark brown and brilliant pink. It is probable that man obtained his *first ideas of navigation* from this remarkable creature.—*Victor Le Vauv's "Twin Records."*

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#### NOTES OF A TRIP TO THE LABRADOR COAST.

BY J. U. GREGORY.

On Tuesday, 22nd September, 1868, the Government steamer *Napoleon III*, Captain Eugene Gourdeau, at 4 o'clock, p.m., left Quebec for the Straits of Belle Isle. Besides the officers of the Trinity House in charge of Light House supplies, the Rev. Mr. Butler, Congregational Missionary at Bonne Esperance, returning to his mission, was also a passenger with myself. On the 24th, at 7½ o'clock, a.m., we reached Point Des Monts Light house, where we remained until 11½ o'clock, delivering Light House supplies, and the Trinity Officer inspected the premises. We reached Seven Islands Bay at about 6 p.m., and anchored there, so as to cross over to the west point of the Island of Anticosti by daylight. On the 25th, at 5½ a.m., left Seven Islands Bay and reached west point of Anticosti Island Light House at noon; anchored about half a mile off, as the supplies are brought ashore in boats, which make some seven or eight trips each. I went ashore with the first load, and had time to walk around the point, while the supplies were being landed. We anchored here until four next morning, so as to reach the south-west at daylight, where we arrived at about 9 a.m. on

the 26th, and with the first boat I went ashore and had plenty time to visit the bays and beach. Mr. Pope, the light-house keeper, has made his place very comfortable; this may be called the garden of Anticosti. He has a small enclosure in which potatoes, cabbages, and turnips are grown, and gets in hay enough for the keep of a horse and cow. Each light-house is supplied with a horse for the purpose of drawing the supplies, and wood and water. In taking the supplies from the boats the horse is backed into the sea to meet the boat, which grounds in about three feet of water. All with the exception of four get their hay and oats from Quebec. We left at 1 p.m. for Cap des Rosiers Light House, which we came opposite to the same evening; but, owing to unfavorable wind, could not land supplies, but anchored opposite Cap au Sauvages, Gaspé Bay, until next morning at 5, when we tried again to approach near enough to the light-house to land, and succeeded this time in doing so. I did not go ashore. I was very much amused at the way they landed a horse. A boat, with six men at the oars and two seated in the stern, was brought alongside the steamer; when the horse was backed up to the edge of the vessel. All being ready, another backward move and over he went. The poor beast was awfully astonished with his salt water bath. The two men in the stern of the boat caught him by the halter close to the head, when the other six rowed with all their might for shore, about three quarters of a mile off, which they reached all safe. On the same day, Sunday, 28th, September, we reached Gaspé Basin at noon, and were received by our old friend and agent, Mr. Joseph Eden (his son having notified him of our being in sight, as he was a few miles back on his farm), by firing a cannon.

Mr. Eden made me acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Richmond, who, before he came to Gaspé, had been several years Missionary on the Labrador coast. The information kindly furnished by him, coupled with what I received from the Rev. Mr. Butler, enabled me to form a very fair idea of the amount of provisions I would have to distribute to the destitute inhabitants of Labrador. Owing to the wind being unfavorable to approach the east end of Anticosti, we did not leave before Tuesday, 28th, at 8½ a.m. During our stay at Gaspé, several lobsters were drawn up from off the wharf. An old iron hoop is crossed with rope in every direction so as to form a net-work; a piece of dry codfish is fastened on the net-work; and the whole allowed by a long rope to reach the bottom of the water. After a short time it is steadily and quietly pulled up, when a lobster or two are found feeding on the codfish and made prisoners. We caught also quite a number of codfish from off the steamer with hook and line. On our way across, some 70 miles back

to the Island of Anticosti, we met very heavy weather, the steamer rolling dreadfully and the water washing over her. I draw a curtain over this part of the journey, as I was completely knocked *hors de combat*. After having landed supplies for the Provision Depot at Challop Creek, we reached the East Point at 1½ a.m. On the 30th we commenced unloading at once from about a mile off. But little time can be spared at any of these points; a change of wind from west to east, would force the steamer to leave at once and seek the open sea, or nearest shelter. At 7 a.m. I went on shore. Owing to there being a new light-house keeper taking the place of the former one, both parties furniture, &c., had to be landed and taken on board. I therefore had plenty time to visit this point.

The Island of Anticosti is 145 miles long and 60 broad, partly covered with spruce trees, and dotted with lakes of fresh water. The inhabitants number about 60 souls, consisting of light-house keepers, and a few fishermen and families, separated from each other by very long distances. The black bear, otter, black and other foxes and marten are the only animals found, and many are trapped during the winter. I saw many ducks, plovers, and other birds, and near the light-house I found a few snipe; they were very lean and not such good eating as they are when killed nearer home. I saw several seals at different points, and the bones of a whale which had been washed ashore, and from which had been extracted 60 barrels of oil. The jaw-bone measured 18 feet in length. From the immense amount of work to be done here, we were detained all day. Besides supplies for the light-houses, the Government keep at the several points depots in which are stored provisions for the shipwrecked people who so frequently are thrown on this Island. What a paradise for sportsmen! At 6 p.m. we left for the Straits of Belle Isle, and arrived at Forteau Bay at 7 p.m. on the 1st of Oct. We had a fine run from Anticosti, aided by a moderate and fair wind; numerous sea birds flew away from each side, as the steamer went ploughing on. We saw a great many whales, and several immense icebergs. We anchored all night in Forteau Bay, district of Newfoundland, but did not like to go ashore on account of the great number of Esquimaux dogs that kept up a constant howling all night; they are called here the Labrador band. A few years ago the Missionary got down by steamer a fine goat. It was taken ashore and tied for a short time outside, while the men went in the house. When they returned, the poor goat had been devoured by the dogs. It is not safe to keep any animal unconfined. Early on the morning of the 2nd October, we left for Belle Isle light-house but, owing to westerly winds, could not approach it, and ran into Chateau Bay or Temple Harbor, called by these names from a number of rocks

near the entrance which resemble in their formation chateaux or temples. We entered a very narrow passage between two rocky hills, and called by the fishermen a *tickle*, and found ourselves in a beautiful salt water lake, six miles long and about half to one mile broad, surrounded on all sides by high mountains. From the great depth of water the vessel was run quite close to shore, and we still anchored in 30 fathoms. We found here five schooners loading for Quebec and Montreal, with codfish and herrings. There are about twelve fishermen's houses or huts, and what they call a *room*, being a store kept by a trader. The people are all from the other Newfoundland shores, and come over in June in schooners, men, women, and children, for the purpose of fishing. I had ample opportunity of visiting these people; they are strong and healthy, and live almost entirely on fish and bread, very seldom getting meat of any kind, especially during the fishing season. Vegetables are equally scarce. Their great luxury is molasses, which some of them called *long tailed sugar*. They were all very busy curing codfish, of which they had caught considerable. The fish was very small, about the size of a finnan haddie. I was told that this sized fish, from its drying very hard, was the best suited to the South American trade, and consequently sold as well as larger sized. The success of the fishermen here is due to their facilities for following the coast in schooners, in which all go off and fish on shares, some of the vessels going 200 and 300 miles away. Owing to the contrary winds, we were detained ten days in this place; we ran out three times in hopes of being able to approach the only point accessible on an island nine miles long, but had to put back. Belle Isle can only be approached when the wind blows from the East, or in a dead calm. During our ten days' stay in Chateau Bay I made some excursions to the head of the lake in one of the steamer's boats, and I shot several ducks, curlews, and the gullmet, or sea pigeon; all, excepting an occasional specimen which I preserved, went to the cook for the table, as we had nothing but salt pork salt beef, and codfish left. Trips over the mountains were also taken, and a quantity of a small description of cranberry collected, which grows amongst the moss in such numbers that one has only to throw himself down at full length to gather a pint or more within arm's reach. They are very delicate in taste, and when preserved, are equal to the ordinary cranberry. For miles nothing is seen but moss-covered rocks. In the interior, along some small streams, may be found a few dwarf spruce. The whole coast is dotted with islands all moss-covered, many of them forming beautiful groups, amongst which the coasting schooners seek shelter from storms. Just outside of Chateau Bay is Henly Harbor, another fishing station. Here could be counted some twelve or fifteen

schooners from Quebec and Montreal, one of which put out to sea while we were there, and, being overtaken by a storm, was wrecked; all hands were saved, the vessel was lost. There are four or five houses at Henly Harbor, occupied only during the fishing season. When a schooner leaves at the end of the season with families returning home for the winter, there is a great cheering and firing of guns. Since my last visit there, a Captain Kennedy left with 30 or 40 souls in his schooner: they were overtaken by a storm, and every soul perished. During our stay in Chateau Bay, notwithstanding being shut in by high mountains, the wind blew so strong that, besides both anchors being out, steam had to be kept up to keep the steamer in position. The weather was not very cold, and no snow had been seen yet.

On Sunday, 11th October, when I awoke I heard a clinking sound, and distinguished the canoe song our men sing when raising the anchor. At last we are to leave Chateau Bay, and the wind being eastwardly, there is a prospect of our being able to land at Belle Isle, which is but 22 miles off, and of course always in sight; and at half-past ten o'clock, a.m., we lay to a short distance off and began loading the boats at once with the supplies, consisting of provisions, hay, oats, and oils, &c. There is but one point on the whole Island where a landing can be made, and this is done by climbing up a ladder on to a rock which has been blasted down to a flat bed about 20 feet above the water; on this rock the supplies are hoisted by means of a tackle. The boats make some twelve or fifteen trips. Besides the usual supplies for the light-house and keeper, a quantity of provisions are kept for any wrecked people who may reach there; this is done also at all the other light-houses. From the landing to the light-house the road is about one and a half miles long, cut out of the rock (small, fresh water lakes on each side), and so steep that a good strong horse can make but four trips a day, carrying at each load but two barrels of flour on a truck or cart. The Island is about nine miles long; not a tree or bush on it. The coals that cook the light-house keeper's food and warm his house are brought by the Government steamer from Quebec, and the empty barrels are used for kindling, there not being even wood enough of any description to kindle fire with. Rock, and only rock, covered with moss, is to be found. The only animal known to exist there is the white fox and the mole. No human being inhabits the Island except the light-house keeper and family; and they are happy, and would not like to leave it,—their only visitors being the officers of the Trinity twice a year and some few fishermen, as it is not a place near which sailing vessels would feel safe. By 2 p.m., we were compelled to leave our last load on shore, and hurry on board to get away, as the wind was changing, and

we could not remain longer with safety. We steered for Chateau Bay again, where we were detained by fog until Tuesday. A large iceberg had grounded quite close to the passage, and when we went out on Tuesday morning large pieces of ice which had been rubbed off were floating around us, reminding one of the breaking up of the ice in the spring. We reached Forteau light-house at 1 p.m., and having supplied this, the last-light house, at 7 p.m. started for Blanc Sablon. At Forteau I was handed two letters addressed to the Captain of the *Napoleon III*, one from the Rev. Mr. Auger, Catholic Missionary, the other from the Commandant of H. M. S. *Sphinx*, requesting the Captain to assist the distressed people in the neighborhood of Blanc Sablon, and particularly one family named J., in the greatest of poverty. These gentlemen were not aware of Government aid being on the way.

We reached Blanc Sablon at dark the same night. Here my work begins:—Wednesday, 14th October, I went ashore, my first enquiry being for the J.'s. I found that they lived some eight or nine miles off, around a long point; and the wind was too strong for any small boat to be able to reach it. I learned that by going over and around the mountains, although the distance was much longer, with the aid of a guide, I could reach the place, Bradore, where the J.'s lived. I procured the services of a resident fisherman, a native of St. Malo, France. Mr. Duhamel also volunteered to keep me company. We started at about 8½ o'clock a.m., walking up and down the hill, around hills and between hills, but owing to the rocks being covered with soft springy moss, and the day pleasantly cold, we got on very well; our talkative Frenchman pointing out to us the small river which is supposed to separate Canada from Newfoundland district, and giving me much other information. About five miles off we saw coming towards us a tall man, aged about forty or forty-three years, dressed in canvas, an old tarpaulin hat on, and wearing raw seal-skin slippers. Our guide called him by name, when I learned that it was J. himself, who was on his way to the Bay to try and get something to prevent his family from starving. His haggard, shivering appearance denoted great suffering. I spoke a few commonplace words to him, and was very politely answered, and at last asked him to turn back with me, that I wished to visit his house. He at once did so, remarking that I would find it a poor place, that his fishing had failed, and he supposed I knew enough of Labrador to understand that their only means of living was fishing. I gradually led him on to speak of his prospects; they were certainly very discouraging. I asked him whether he would not like to leave the coast for some place where he could earn his living by other means. He answered

that he was born on the coast, had never left it, and never would; he was unfit for any other life; that he had the best seal fishery that could be desired; that at one time his father was the wealthiest man on the whole coast; made his £1500 to £2000 per season at seal fishing, but lived very extravagantly, and spent it as fast as made. From a prevalence of westerly winds at the seal fishing time, his bay became blocked up with ice, and he could not set his nets in consequence. Every year, for some years past, bringing no better luck, the father and mother went away, and died somewhere near Quebec, leaving the fishery to the sons. All his brothers were forced to leave also, and he being the last determined never to give up the old spot. I told him that Government would take him and his family away free of expense; and I strongly advised him to leave. But he would not do so, he loves the spot, and has great confidence in soon meeting better luck. He related an instance of a fisherman similarly situated, who had not caught any seals for some time, when, by a sudden change of wind, the ice was blown out of the bay, nets were set, and in two hours and a half over 500 seals were caught, each seal being worth \$4. The wind again changing, the ice was forced back into the bay, and no more seals were taken that season. Poor J. hopes for some such luck. We soon came in sight of his house; a large building, in a very dilapidated condition. This, he said, was his summer house. He has another further back, near where he could procure the dwarf spruce to keep them warm in winter. Most of the fishermen have two houses, one on the Island where they fish in summer; the other, or winter house, some miles in the interior near the wood. When we reached the house I perceived that a great many window glasses were broken, and after he had tied up a half-starved dog which, he said, was very wicked to strangers, we went in by the back door, through the kitchen. The flooring was pulled up in many places; seeing that I noticed this, he stopped me to explain the reason. He said: last spring, during some very cold days, he was so weak from want of food, that he had not strength to go for wood, and had to burn the floor to prevent his family from perishing from cold.

In looking around me, I noticed that the walls had been painted in imitation of oak. We walked on till we came to the passage, on each side of which, through the open doors, I could see the rooms. The floors were painted in imitation of oil-cloth patterns, and on the walls were the remains of what had once been costly paper, representing hunting scenes nearly life size. There was no furniture of any description in any of the rooms but one, and in this was a stove, a bench, table, and a large bundle of seal nets. Into this room we entered. I asked J. to call his wife and child-

ren in. After some time I heard some one coming down stairs, coughing very hard; it was Mrs. J., who, with a very thin cotton jacket, an old sail for a skirt, no stockings nor shoes, came into the room and made me a polite bow. What a sad face! Want was plainly marked in that countenance. She had evidently been very handsome in her younger and happier days. She is about forty years old, and told me that she was born in Glasgow, Scotland; that she came to Halifax with her parents, where one of J.'s brothers married her sister; and that while on a visit to that sister she married J. They were then considered rich, and had plenty for some years after. But what a change has taken place of late years! starvation frequently stared them in the face. They have nine children,—the eldest a girl of sixteen, the next a boy of fourteen, a great help to his father. This family had been days living on nothing but some little trout the children had caught in a small fresh water stream near at hand; they had neither pork nor any grease to cook their fish with. No bread nor vegetables of any sort,—nothing entered their mouths but fish and water. The children were very thin and nearly naked,—none had shoes on, winter or summer, for years past. I asked J. if he could not make shoes with seal skin; he said yes, but that they needed food first, and a seal skin would sell for a dollar's worth of sea biscuit. Mrs. J. told me that it would soon all be over; that they could not live through such a winter as the last. I told her I had spoken to her husband about going away, and asked her to try and persuade him to do so. She turned her large, sad, consumptive eyes on him, and said, whatever he thinks best to do I will do. (I forgot to mention, that, when we left the steamer, we had filled our pockets with crackers. I shall never forget how those poor children enjoyed them.) I offered a free passage to any place they might wish to go. J. said it was no use, he would never leave the old spot. I learned from them that last spring J. had managed to catch some seals on shares, his share being fifteen, but being in debt, the whole amount was kept to help to pay his indebtedness, and the carcasses of the seals which he had salted down for the purpose of furnishing food for his dogs, had to be unsalted and eaten by themselves. This meat, I am told, is most difficult to digest, and made his family sick,—one little girl, however, would cut a slice of raw seal meat, lay it on the stove to warm, and eat it without a murmur. This child he called *hard times*. He showed me his account with the traders; there was nothing in it but flour, sea biscuit, and nails,—no pork, tea, sugar, butter, or tobacco. They charged him \$15 a barrel for common flour, and \$9 a cwt. for sea biscuit, 15 cents a pound for nails. The fifteen seals had brought about \$60. This unfortunate family had sold or traded off nearly everything, even the feathers out of



their bed had been disposed of to some trading schooners. J. took me outside near the house, where there is a small enclosed lot, the burying ground of the family; there are three or four handsome marble tomb-stones, which in their better days they had got down from Quebec to mark the resting place of some of the family, who died surrounded with comfort. Poor J. said that he thought last spring that several more graves would be added,—but no marble head-stones would mark them. From an elevation, he pointed out to me that part of the bay in which so many seals had formerly been taken, and told me that early last spring when his family were starving, from the very spot we were standing upon, he had seen hundreds of seals at a time, but they were a great way off, where no net could be set. From what I could learn, seals always stop in open water, and delight in getting as near the shore as possible when the ice is driven out of the bay. The fishermen set large strong nets made of cord as thick as a pipe stem; these nets are drawn in by means of a windlass on shore, and the seals in endeavoring to escape run their heads into the meshes of the net, and are strangled to death; they never try to draw their heads back, but push forward, which, of course, helps to hurry their death. J. was well provided with nets and has a couple of good boats. When I went to bid Mrs. J. and family good-bye, I told her to have courage, they would not want for food. It was then I told them, for the first time, of the generosity of their Government in sending me down to inquire into their condition and relieve their wants. I shall never forget the looks of that grateful face; tears of joy were streaming down her cheeks, and blessings showered upon the heads of those who had saved them from starvation. A silent shake of the hand—(no one could speak),—and we walked out of that house of suffering, accompanied by J. to hasten to the steamer, to send them some flour and other provisions at once. Poor J. was quite gay. He said so many things in such an absent-minded way that he had to ask me to excuse him, for the past hour had so changed his prospects for the winter that he really felt so happy that he did not know what he was saying. On the road, we visited some other families; their condition was much better than the J.'s, as they had some good warm clothing; they required but food. At 7 p.m. we reached the bay. I told J. to wait at the house on the beach, and that I would send the boat ashore with some provisions. This I could not do, for hardly had we got on board when the wind sprang up, and increased so rapidly to a fearful gale, that it required both anchors and steam to keep us in our position, and poor J. had to wait till morning.

At an early hour, the steward of the steamer told me there was a man on deck who had asked for me. When I reached the forepart of the vessel, there stood poor shivering J.,

who had borrowed a small boat, and came over to the steamer, fearing, no doubt, that something would prevent his great hopes from being realized. When our kind-hearted Captain and Engineer saw him, tears sprang to their manly eyes, for I had related to them his story, and the condition I found his family in. A lady and gentleman passenger kindly gave some articles of clothing,—the former, a dress or two for Mrs. J.; the latter, some children's clothing, which he happened to have with him. I was enabled to procure from among the crew some boots, socks, coats, vests, caps, mits, mufflers, flannel shirts, and blankets, with a quantity of powder and shot and caps, a few plugs of tobacco thrown in, and some tea and sugar for poor Mrs. J., which made up a large bundle. When I returned on deck, poor J., I learned, was at breakfast in the mess-room. Before him were placed ham, eggs, bread, potatoes, butter, and a cup of good coffee. I told him to try and make a good meal. "I can't do it, sir," said he; "when I put a morsel of this kind of food in my mouth, I think of my children, and my appetite leaves me." Poor fellow! a fatherly tear dropped from his eyes, and he had not made half a meal when he got up, evidently anxious to get home with something for his children. The boat, manned by four sailors, was alongside, and J.'s bundle, with flour, Indian meal, and pease sufficient to carry them through a Labrador winter was in the boat, and we landed him and his supplies ashore. The thanks and blessings of that poor man still ring in my ears. I would have given a good deal to have been hidden in some corner when J. opened his bundle at home, and the barrels of provisions arrived there. J. is a good hunter, and now that he has powder and shot, and clothing to stand the cold, they will get some cariboo, which will greatly assist them.

At Blanc Sablon neighborhood. I also assisted several other families; some were very poor, and could not have lived through the winter without this timely aid; as not only seal, but their herring and codfish had been very poor. It is a sad sight to see men, strong, brave fellows, whose lives are full of danger, while engaged fishing, and exposed to all kinds of weather, broken down with disappointment and want of success. I am very happy to state that nowhere on the coast did I hear of any distress being due to the use of liquor. I believe there is none to be had. Several families had gone off in schooners before we arrived. Some for the Bay of Isles, Newfoundland, others for the Moisis Iron Works, and a few for Quebec, fearing that they would starve if they remained, as the trading-houses were to be closed this winter to prevent them from making further advances to the already heavily indebted fishermen.

On Tuesday, 15th October, we left for Bonne Esperance, where we arrived at 2 o'clock p.m.

A small, white, two-masted barge was seen making for the steamer; soon, the flag at the mast-head was distinguished as that of the Reverend Mr. Wainwright, Church of England Missionary, who, accompanied by an Esquimaux Indian and another man, had left St. Augustin to meet the steamer, having learned that she would call at Bonne Esperance. After a few minutes spent on board, the Rev. Mr. Butler, a lady and gentleman passenger, and myself accepted Mr. Wainwright's kind offer to sail us up the Esquimaux River, and to Salmon Bay, where we had been invited by the Rev. Mr. Butler to visit the Mission House. We arrived at the end of our sail, and were landed by being carried on the back of Mr. Wainwright, who was provided with long water-proof boots. He found me a heavy load, my weight being 200 lbs. The bell of the small chapel was rung, and flag hoisted, welcoming the return of the Missionary and company. We paid a short visit to the chapel in the wilderness, and then entered the Mission House, where we were most hospitably received by a Montreal lady, Miss Baylis, who volunteered her services as a teacher of the poor fishermen some two years ago, and has been there since. The house is a comfortable log-building. A quantity of deals having been washed ashore, supposed to have been thrown overboard by the S. S. *Ottawa*, when she was aground a few weeks before on the opposite Newfoundland coast, afforded material for building a porch, which greatly improves the appearance of the house. There were several young girls who were boarders, and they have a school of from 30 to 40 children, and also visit around teaching the Gospel over a wide district,—in summer by boats; in winter on commeticks, or sleds drawn by dogs; they also supply medicine and doctor the sick, and during the long and hard winters have frequently given to the starving people a great portion of their own provisions. Around the Mission House are some eight or ten poor families, and large families they are, generally consisting of from eight to ten children. Accompanied by Mr. Butler, I visited them, and found that they were very poor, and greatly in need of assistance. Having made a list of the inhabitants in his district, and apportioned out aid according to the number in each family and their condition, we spent a very pleasant evening, which ended by prayer and singing. In the morning, after breakfast, we bid good-bye to Miss Baylis, Mr. Butler, and the people of Salmon Bay, and set sail for the steamer, about nine miles off. The sail was very unpleasant, owing to heavy rain falling at the time, and wetting us well through. The lady passenger was seated in the bottom of the barge wrapped up in an India-rubber coat, and a blanket tied over it to keep her warm, her head being also completely covered with the blanket. We reached the steamer at two

o'clock p.m., after experiencing some very rough tossing by a heavy sea; and began at once to land the supplies, which were left in charge of Mr. Whitley, at Bonne Esperance, the nearest point. The Rev. Mr. Wainwright sent his barge home in charge of the Esquimaux, and came on in the steamer to aid distributing the supplies for St. Augustin and his district. We reached Cumberland Harbor on the 17th October, at five o'clock p.m.; and next morning, although Sunday, had to work all day to deliver the supplies. Mr. Wainwright acted as pilot. Two boats left the steamer early in the morning, each containing fifteen barrels, Mr. Wainwright and myself, with four men, managing one; the mate of the *Napoleon*, Mr. Leblanc, and four men being in the other. We had a side wind, and sailed among many islands, through very narrow passages, till we came to Dog Island, nine miles from the steamer, where we left in Mr. Kennedy's charge the two loads.

The weather was very cold. The moment we got ashore a good fire was made with some empty oil barrels, and every one crowded around it to warm up a little. We then left one boat, all hands getting into the other, and started for Mr. Kennedy's, to confer with him upon the condition of the people. He fully corroborated Mr. Wainwright's report. We then returned, taking the other boat on the road. A spirited race for the steamer was made by the two boats. We reached her at twelve o'clock. After dinner the boats were again loaded for nine miles in an opposite direction, and the supplies were left in the charge of a trustworthy person to be distributed according to the list made. Next morning, the balance of supplies were landed. The people here were very destitute. In the evening Mr. Wainwright delivered an excellent sermon, with appropriate prayers. The Rev. Mr. Wainwright is just the man for a missionary on such a coast. He is very kind-hearted, ever ready to assist any one. He is an excellent bone-setter, physician, pilot, and sailor, and is very much beloved by all. His services are constantly in requisition in some of the above capacities, and he is often sent for from distances of 60 to 100 miles to doctor the sick or set a broken bone. Besides the duties of his Christian calling, he will be greatly missed by the members of his own church, as well as all other denominations on the coast. Every one who knows him speaks of him in the highest terms. He has a small chapel at St. Augustin, where he resides with his family.

From Cumberland Harbor we went to the Great Makatina Island, where we anchored. It was my intention to cross over some six miles at Tabatiere, but I was prevented by too heavy weather to risk it in a small boat. Having learned from Mr. Samuel Gaumont, a young and very intelligent fisherman, that the fishing had been pretty good, and that but little assistance was needed, I left the quantity necessary

for the families at Mutton Bay and Bay Platte. Owing to a thick fog, we remained nearly two days at this place, during which time I walked all round the island; saw a good many seals, which were too shy to get a shot at. I shot a loon, which was eaten on board, and pronounced very good. While at Gaumont's house, he harnessed five of his fourteen dogs to a commetick, a most novel sight to me. The dogs acted as sporting dogs do when they see their master take a gun. Their delight when shown their harness was very great. The commetick is a narrow sled, about 9 feet long and 2½ broad, the runners are low and pointed in front, and shod with whale-bone; instead of an ordinary bottom, narrow cross pieces about three inches wide are fastened to the top of the runners with strings of seal-skin. After shutting up all the dogs, excepting the five to be harnessed, Gaumont called up the leader, a fine, straight-eared, short-haired, black dog, with a long, white-tipped tail. His harness, consisting of strips of seal-skin, decorated with bits of colored cloth, was put on. From the back of the harness is a seal-skin trace, about sixty feet long; this was attached to the front of the sled. The next dog was harnessed just the same, but his trace was some twenty feet shorter than the leader; the next dog's trace being about three feet shorter than that of the second, and so on till the last, each dog being harnessed and traced independently of the other. When all five were harnessed, Gaumont asked me to get on the sled. I did so, when by his shouting some Esquimaux words, the dogs placed themselves one after the other, and another unintelligible word, to me, started them off at full speed, over rocks and up a steep hill, howling like wolves, which they resembled. At the top of the hill another word stopped them, when Gaumont ran the sharp points of the sled, after turning it over for the purpose, into the ground, and anchored the dogs, so they could not start till all was ready. He then asked me to get on again, but I had had enough of a ride up hill, and did not like the idea of going down by the same conveyance. The dogs were again talked to in Esquimaux, all got ready, when off they started at a break-neck speed down hill, Gaumont's cap flying off, his long hair streaming in the wind. I expected every second to see him tossed over some rock, but he arrived safe at the house, and the dogs were again let loose. The lash of the whip used by these people is from fifty to sixty feet long, the handle not more than a foot long. Very few persons can handle the whip. It is necessary to be of this length for two reasons: first, to reach the leader; and, secondly, to keep at a respectful distance any dogs they may meet with when travelling. A snap from the whip sounds like the report of a rifle, and will set a pack of dogs trembling in every limb. We had dinner at Mr. Gaumont's, which consisted of pork and potatoes, tea sweetened with molasses, and a tremendous

Labrador pie, made of the small cranberry, all covered with molasses, of course. These people are extremely kind. They had a good season's fishing, having caught over 300 seals in the spring, with some cod and herring. Mr. Gaumont is aged about 21; his wife 18; they have no family. He is very comfortably housed, and employs four men on shares. About a mile from him, on the same island, is another fisherman, who is likewise very comfortable.

Before proceeding further with my notes, I shall sum up the conclusion we arrived at of the future prospects of the fishermen between Blanc Sablon and Makatina. The number of inhabitants is about 500 souls; of this number about 200 are males. They are partly natives of Jersey, Newfoundland, Canada, and Acadian French, and a few Esquimaux Indians. Owing to the immense number of islands, every one lives on an island. Each island, of course, has a name; and instead of the names of places on the coast one reads of, representing a small village, you find but one or two families. One is astonished that people could think of making a home of such barren places. Not a potato nor other vegetable will grow; fish, and only fish, is what those people must depend upon, and when the fish does not come to their very door their fishing has failed. At one time these points were, no doubt, very good fishing-posts, and were taken possession of by the proprietors for the purpose of keeping them for themselves. These people brought their families and settled on the spot; they fished there, and large fleets of schooners also came for the same purpose. Whether from over-fishing, or whatever cause, for some years past the fish seem to have almost forsaken these places. The poor fisherman, expecting every year to be better than the last, has grown poorer and poorer; his boats and nets are old, and he has no means to replace them. Government has, on several occasions sent aid, which has been very gratefully received; and the Missionaries have divided their last barrel of flour with some of them, to keep them alive. At last, the Government of the Province of Quebec, wishing to do something to improve their condition, intrusted me with a mission to visit the coast, to distribute aid for the last time, and to take away any families who wished to leave. From the liberal quantity of funds furnished, I was enabled to put on board the steamer a large supply; and, while positively warning the people that they would receive no further aid, I, at the same time, strongly recommended them to leave the coast, and get to some place on the Intercolonial Railroad, where work would be plenty, and they could cultivate the land. I gave each family requiring it a liberal supply to carry them entirely through the winter, with the understanding that it was to help them to save whatever earnings they might make to get away with, and offered to take any away at once; but they wished to make another trial.

I greatly fear that few will leave. They like the life they lead with all its hardships and dangers, and look to their missionaries to aid them in time of need. When they do catch a few fish, they are entirely at the mercy of the traders who go down in schooners to traffic. They usually allow from 12s. to 13s. a barrel for herrings; 10s. to 15s. a cwt. for codfish; 2s. to 2s. 6d. per gallon for oil. In return, they charge \$12 to \$14 a barrel for common flour, and everything else in proportion. Latterly, these traders, excepting three or four, have passed by the district between Makatina and Blanc Sablon, there being so little trade. The winter sets in early, and ends late,—eight to nine months of snow and ice. During this time there is no communication with any other part of the world. The people make long trips over the mountains, with their dogs and commeticks, for the stunted spruce to warm them. Each family kept from five to fifteen dogs; during winter they travel a good deal. There are no hotels nor inns; consequently, a poor man who has the misfortune to live on the line of travel, has his house often full. I am told that it is nothing extraordinary for seven or eight travellers to put up at a man's house at the same time, each traveller having from eight to nine dogs, and fine music those brutes make at night.

Many of the people are capital fishermen. If they would only take their families away to some place where they could cultivate the land; while the men, instead of fishing by themselves, should club together with parties who have schooners and seins, and follow the coast till they strike in upon the fish, every man to share according to agreement. By this means these poor people would get their flour from Quebec at from \$5 to \$7 per barrel, instead of paying traders \$12 to \$15, and they would sell their herrings at \$4 to \$5, and sometimes \$6, instead of \$2.60 to \$2.80, and other articles in proportion, while the vessel-owners would only pay according to catch. This, I believe, to be the only plan for the Labrador fishing to be carried on profitably, for even at the exorbitant prices traders sell, few of them prosper, as they are obliged to make advances; and when a fisherman can't pay or won't pay, there is nothing to be done but grin and bear. I am very much surprised that our Quebec merchants have not fitted out vessels on shares. The United States people do so, and with good result; you see hundreds of Yankees fishing, but you don't catch a Yankee living on the coast. Between Blanc Sablon and Makatina, there are at least 200 able fishermen, but I believe not one fishing schooner owned. Consequently, when fish take a fancy to visit this district, the poor fishermen with their old boats and nets do the best they can; but when fish do not visit it, or stop as frequently happens for a few hours, they are in a sad state. I pointed out these facts to the people; they perfectly agreed with

me. I hope that some of them will leave next summer.

Amid the firing of guns and hurrahs of Gaumond and his men, to which we responded, the steamer *Napoleon III*, at 7 o'clock in the morning of 21st, steamed out of Makatina Bay, for Natashquan. We ran out some nine miles to keep the numerous rocks at a respectful distance; and on the 22nd, at 6 p.m., reached Natashquan. What a change! Here is a village of some forty houses, gaily painted, and a small church. You see cows, horses, and sheep, and plenty wood near at hand. Some vegetables are cultivated; the potatoes, I regretted to learn, had frozen in the ground on the 25th August. The number of inhabitants is about 300 souls. Several fine schooners were owned by some enterprising captains, who take off each 20 or 25 men, and follow the coast, passing by the poor starving fishermen between Blanc Sablon and Makatina, until they find the fish. When work begins sometimes the fish start off suddenly, and the schooners move off again after them, often running two and three hundred miles before getting another chance. It can easily be understood what advantage these people possess over others, not only to catch fish, but as it is all taken to Quebec for sale, they get the highest market price for what they have to sell, and pay the lowest price for their supplies. I visited several of the people, and found them very comfortable. They are mostly Acadian French, with a few Canadians. The Hudson Bay Company have a trading post here; there are also other traders. Owing to the failure of the potato crops I left a few barrels of meal to be distributed by the Missionary, the Rev. Mr. Auger. Fishing had been pretty good for those who remained, but those who followed the coast and fished on shares had done very well. At 4 p.m. we left Natashquan for Esquimaux Point, where we arrived at 9 a.m. on the 23rd. This is a beautiful spot, and a fine bay, in front of which is a long, thickly wooded island, completely sheltering the harbor. We landed, and were received by the Rev. Mr. Perusse, the Catholic Missionary, with whom I was already acquainted. Here everything was flourishing, even more so than at Natashquan; the potato crop was good. This village is larger than Natashquan, containing some 500 souls, Acadian and Canadian French. Very little aid was required. There are several schooners owned here, and the people also fish on shares, besides being employed in winter in trapping. In one house I visited—as early as the season was—two men had already caught one black, one silver, and three red foxes, with three minks. The rivers abound with salmon and sea trout, and there is plenty of shooting. I have never seen a place where a sportsman, either alone or with his family, could pass a more delightful summer. We stopped but a few hours at Pointe-aux-Esquimaux, and at last

steered for home, arriving at Quebec on Sunday, 25th October, having been nearly five weeks absent. 246 souls received assistance; nearly 300 barrels of flour, meal, and pease, as well as some clothing, and powder and shot, having been distributed amongst the inhabitants of about thirty fishing posts, who are well provided for this winter.—*Quebec Chronicle*.

### DOES THE ACTOR BECOME A DEMONIAC?

BY REV. W. H. DANIELS.

I was relating to a friend, the other day, some of my dramatic experiences in the dear old academy at W—, to which he replied by urging their publication as having a bearing on the vexed question of the moral influence of theatres.

Dramatic performances, in a small way, were leading features in all our exhibitions at that highly religious institution, as doubtless they were in most other academies; but we laid this saving unction to our souls that our dramas being original, and being performed under high moral influences and with orthodox surroundings, could do no possible harm, whatever might be the case with the plays of the theatre.

On one occasion it fell to my lot to act the part of Nero, in a drama written by one of our brilliant young ladies, in which not only the fiddling of that bad man was played (for, now I am in the confessional, it may as well be admitted that "the wee sinfu' fiddle" was one of my great delights), but also his fierce persecutions of the Christians. A Christian mother and her little child had been seized by my soldiers, and were in prison awaiting their death by torture,—so the plot of the drama ran; and in one scene the Empress, a beautiful slave raised to the throne by one of the tyrant's sudden fancies, was frantically pleading for their lives.

It appeared that the Empress and my poor captive had been children together in the distant province whence they were brought; and the tender supplications of my charming schoolmate, the Empress, were made so real, and so full of love and agony, as to win the intensest sympathy of the audience, and rouse their deepest indignation at the pitiless scorn with which it was my business to reject her prayers. I can remember to this hour the heartless sport I made of her distress, and how I pictured to her the exquisite tortures to which the captives were doomed, and the

pleasure I was to enjoy in seeing them suffer. Without going into the theological question of demonology, if ever I felt a devil in me, it was on that stage with that kneeling figure before me,—that sweet face looking up to mine so pleadingly, and a voice trembling with real agony for the time, praying for the mother and child.

A wild, weird piece of music had been composed for the occasion, snatches of which were played to drown the words of entreaty; plenty of old wine was drunk to add fury to the scene, and though the wine was nothing but sweetened water, and nobody was going to be hurt, the acting of the scene was, and still is, one of the greatest horrors of my life; and so successful was it that the village people, for weeks afterwards, seemed to have a kind of horror of Nero when he met them on the street, and everybody pitied the Empress,—sweet little Miss B.,—for the terrible grief she had suffered at his cruel hands.

For months afterwards that drama haunted me, making me, by turns, ashamed and frightened at myself. I could hardly say my prayers without the ravings of that drama coming into my mind; could hardly look my fellow actors in the face, for knowing they had been actually afraid of me; and it was a long time before I could take my usual part in social worship, for fear that "Nero" would be the thought in the minds of those who worshipped with me. The critics pronounced the drama a grand success, and its actors were in request for other dramatic performances; but one of them, at least, promised never more to venture into a land so full of enchantment, lest his life should become tinged with the tragic horrors of the stage.

This little history suggests the question:—What, in the nature of the case, is the effect of acting on the actors themselves?

In order to achieve the highest success, the actor must enter, soul and body, into the character he represents; he must be, for the time, what he pretends to be. If the part is that of a tyrant, he must feel the spirit of a tyrant; if a low knave, he must be a villain for the occasion; if a murderer, he must feel the spirit of a murderer; and if a fool, he must feel like a fool: and just so far as he succeeds in making a monster, or a scoundrel, or a fool of himself for the time being, just so far he is pronounced a master of his art.

What havoc it must make of the better nature and finer sensibilities of the ladies and gentlemen of the stage to be constantly

throwing themselves into frenzies and absurdities in order to produce the effects on an audience which they demand from a tragedy or a farce!

It is no bar to this conclusion that it becomes easy by habit, for that is only saying that the space which separates good from evil experiences becomes in such cases narrowed, and more and more easily overpassed. Instances are not wanting where actual murder has been the result of entering too deeply into the spirit of the play; and it is recorded of one of the most famous tragedians, that his fellow actors fled from him for their lives, when he rushed off the stage fresh from some act of blood. If evil communications corrupt good manners, as some of us are old-fashioned enough to believe, in spite of even reverend advocates of the theatre, then such a prostitution of the powers of soul cannot fail to corrupt the moral natures of those who make it the business and ambition of their lives.

Besides, unnatural excitements require unnatural stimulants, hence many of our leading actors are intemperate, and habitually tone themselves up by the use of alcoholic drinks. The wild passions of tragedy require a facile exercise of all the wild and fiery elements of the soul, and the actor must burn himself out with unnatural rapidity if he would become famous in his art. The stage is but the arena of the gladiators over again, only the strife of death is somewhat refined, and moved from the region of knotted muscle to that of seething brain.

How then can a good man or woman encourage, by presence and applause, so positive a waste of moral force, and so suicidal a waste of life, as is involved in, and essential to, the high art of the stage?

The morbid state of the mind, the wild horrors of soul necessary to successful acting, sometimes become fixed in the constitution of the actor, and are handed down to his son,—a hereditary talent, a hereditary curse. The unnatural fire in the blood of the boy breaks out in wild fancies and stage manners; great ambitions fill his soul; to him common life is nothing, even the world of the theatre is too tame for him. He must do something real,—he must help to make *history*,—not mere amusement for the vulgar herd. In him, when the time is ripe, treason finds a servant ready trained. He takes naturally to plots; he has a genius for conspiracies, and the bloody drama of the rebellion is the long sought opportunity in which he will make himself immortal. Slavery alone can train the stock actors for their

low parts; but when the nerve is needed to play the *role of assassin*, it must needs call tragedy to its aid.

The murderer of Lincoln was a man in whose blood seethed the stage horrors of two generations. He had learned to act Brutus in the theatre; had struck down Cæsar in the drama; this was his time for grander play. Let it not be forgotten that it was a *piece of fine acting*, as well as the climax of treason, that sent our patriot President to the grave. It is the high art of tragedy, next to the sin of slavery, that has given to this nation both the actor and the acting of the greatest death scene in its history.—*Advance.*

## THE GREAT NEBULA IN ARGO.

BY R. A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.A.S.

In the southern heavens there is a region of the sky in which stars of all magnitudes are strewn more richly than in any other portion of the celestial sphere. This region extends from the feet of the Centaur over the Southern Cross, and along the jewelled hull of the ship *Argo*, merging into the splendid band of stars belonging to the constellations Cænis Major, Orion, and Taurus. Across the southern part of this region the Milky Way shines with a lustre so far exceeding that which it has along its northern semicircle as to suggest the impression of greater proximity. The whole region is so splendid that it strikingly impresses those who are accustomed to the comparative uniformity of our own nocturnal skies. Travellers in the southern hemisphere fully confirm the extraordinary statement made by the late Captain Jacob (a careful astronomer and observer), "that the general blaze from this portion of the sky is such as to render a person immediately aware of its having risen above the horizon, though he should not be at the time looking at the heavens, by the increase of general illumination of the atmosphere, resembling the effect of the young moon."

But this region of the skies is remarkable on other accounts.

The Milky Way, which is commonly described as a zone of cloudy light circling the whole heavens, is in reality discontinuous. Across its brightest portion,—that which traverses the brilliant region we are considering,—there is a dark rift, not only free altogether from milky light, but unilluminated by a single lucid star. Where the rift is narrowest its width is about equal to

ten times the apparent diameter of the moon, the length of the rift being four or five times as great. On either side of the gap there extend two fan-shaped expansions of the Milky Way, the wider end of each being turned toward the gap; so that, in fact, the rift extends across one of the widest portions of the Galaxy.

The southernmost of these two fan-shaped expansions springs from a remarkably narrow, brilliant and sharply-defined portion of the Milky Way, on the other side of which the Milky Way again expands, enclosing within the widest part of this new expansion the singular, pear-shaped vacancy called the Coal-sack. Close to this vacancy are situated the four bright stars which compose the Southern Cross.

Midway between the two last-named expansions, and not very far from the narrow neck which connects them, is situated the singular object which I now propose briefly to describe, and respecting which two remarkable communications have lately been addressed from southern observers to our astronomers in the north.

But before describing the nebula itself, we must say a few words respecting a very singular star which marks the place of the object. This is the star called *Eta Argus*, and the nebula itself is commonly known among astronomers—not by the name which heads this paper, but as “the nebula surrounding *Eta Argus*.” It will be seen presently that a description of the star is not out of place in this paper, though a year or two ago he would have been considered a bold theorizer who should have suggested the possibility that any connection existed between the nebula and the stars around which it seems to cling.

The star *Eta Argus* is by far the most singular variable in the whole heavens. In our northern skies we have some remarkable variables. There is the star *Mira*, or *Wonderful*, in the *Whale*, which shines out for about a fortnight as a star of the second magnitude, decreases during three months until it is invisible, and reappearing, after five months, gradually resumes its original splendor. There is also the star *Algol*, or the *Demon*,\* usually of the second magnitude, but, at regular intervals of about three days, shining for twenty minutes or so as a fourth-magnitude star. But *Eta Argus* exhibits far more remarkable changes than those presented by the *Demon*-star and the star *Wonderful*. Marked in

the old catalogue of *Halley* as a fourth-magnitude star, and in *Lacaille's* as of the second magnitude, at the present time it is scarcely visible to the naked eye. Yet in 1843 it was shining with twice the splendor of the most brilliant of our northern stars, and even rivalled *Sirius* itself in brilliancy. No simple law has been recognized in the variations of this star. It does not pass by a regular gradation from its most brilliant to its dimmest phase, and *vice versa*. For instance, in 1838 it was shining as brilliantly as the southern star *Canopus*, whose lustre exceeds somewhat more than twofold that of the most brilliant of our northern stars. From that time it began to diminish in splendor until it scarcely exceeded *Aldebaran*. This process did not long continue, however, nor did the star ever descend below the first magnitude at this epoch, but again increasing soon began to rival even *Sirius* in splendor.

While *Sir John Herschel* was at the *Cape* prosecuting that long and laborious survey of the southern heavens, by which he brought to completion the labors begun by his father half a century before, he directed a large share of attention to the remarkable nebula in which the star *Eta Argus* appeared involved. The instrument he made use of was a reflecting telescope, having a mirror eighteen inches in diameter. It was with a similar instrument that his father had surveyed the northern heavens, and *Sir John* rightly conceived that it was important to complete the survey of the celestial sphere without any change of optical power. Otherwise it would, perhaps, have been more satisfactory if he had availed himself of the superior defining qualities of refracting telescopes, and especially of such instruments as have been supplied from the leading English and foreign opticians during the past half century. But although *Herschel's* mirror may suffer somewhat in comparison with such instruments as these, or with the carefully executed reflecting telescopes now finding their way into general use, it far exceeded in power any instrument that up to this time had been directed to the survey of the southern heavens. Moreover, the great skill and remarkable observing powers of the astronomer who made use of it leave us no room to question the accuracy of the recorded results.

We have made these preliminary remarks, because the news which has been received respecting the nebula in *Argo* is so remarkable as to render it very necessary that the evidence, both as to the past and as

\* May we not infer from this name that the Arabian astronomers anticipated *Goodricke's* in the discovery of this strange variable?

to the present state of the nebula, should be carefully examined.

Herschel describes and figures the nebula as a diffuse mass of cloudy light, extending over a space about six times as large as the apparent surface of the moon. The light is checkered by branches and cloudy streaks, presenting scarcely any indications of law in their confirmation and distribution. In the middle of the brightest part of the nebulous light, there is a dark vacancy of a singular and somewhat regular figure, resembling that of a *key-hole*. Around this aperture the light of the nebula is not uniform. The star Eta Argus lies exactly at the brightest part of the condensed light surrounding the vacancy. Distributed over the nebula are thousands of stars belonging to the Milky Way. Sir J. Herschel counted no less than twelve hundred stars projected upon a small portion of the nebula. He did not consider that the cloudy matter was really intermixed—as it seemed to be—with these stars. On the contrary, he held, that in looking at the nebula, we see “through and far out beyond the Milky Way.”

Two circumstances connected with Herschel's observations on the nebula remain to be noticed. In the first place, he remarked that the nebula could not be distinguished by the naked eye, even on the darkest night. In the second place, he saw no reason to suspect that any changes of place were taking place among the fixed stars which are strewn over the nebulous back-ground. As he actually marked in the places of no less than twelve hundred stars, it is unlikely that any changes of this sort—and especially any considerable changes—should have escaped his notice.

But now news has reached us from a reliable source that the nebula has been undergoing a remarkable series of changes during the past few years. The observer from whom the news has come is Mr. Abbott of Hobart Town, who has been for many years in the habit of sending valuable and interesting communications to the Astronomical Society respecting objects in the southern heavens. The instrument he has made use of is a five-foot equatorial by Dallmeyer (a first-rate optician); and though the powers of so small a telescope are scarcely comparable with those of Sir J. Herschel's great reflector, yet the fact that a series of observations made with the same instrument (and therefore fairly comparable *inter se*) gives evidence of the occurrence of changes fully as remarkable as those exhibited when a comparison is insti-

tuted between Abbott's and Herschel's observations, seems to render it permissible to conclude that the nebula is really variable to a very remarkable extent.

In the first place, a great increase has taken place in the brightness of the nebula. Instead of being invisible on the darkest night to the naked eye, it can now be clearly distinguished in twilight so strong as to obliterate all stars below the third magnitude. “On a clear, fine night,” says Mr. Abbott, “the object gives out fully as much light as that of the Greater Magellanic Cloud, and about three times as much light as the *Less*, irrespective of size. In twilight it appears as soon as a star of the second or third magnitude, the light being white and more diffuse, very like a small white woolly cloud on a blue sky, seen in sunlight.”

This change is sufficiently remarkable, but the changes which have taken place in the figure of the nebula are still more startling. Mr. Abbott supplies two pictures, one representing the appearance of the nebula as seen in 1863, the other (*less complete*) drawn on February 13, 1868. Neither of these pictures resembles Sir J. Herschel's drawing in the slightest degree, nor do the two pictures in any way resemble each other! And Mr. Abbott remarks that a series of drawings taken at comparatively short intervals of time would afford even stronger evidence of the mutability of the nebula's whole structure. As Sir John Herschel remarks—commenting on Abbott's drawings—“The question is not one of minute variations of subordinate features, which may or may not be attributable to differences of optical power in the instruments used by different observers, as in the case of the Orion nebula, but of a total change of form and character,—a complete subversion of all the greatest and most striking features,—accompanied with an amount of relative movement between the star and the nebula, and of the brighter portions of the latter *inter se*, which reminds us more of the capricious changes of form and place in a cloud drifted by the wind than of anything heretofore witnessed in the sidereal heavens.”

Not only has the nebulous matter thus drifted about, but the stars strewn over the nebula would seem also to have undergone a change of place. On this point our information is not quite clear, because it is not certain that the stars which appear in Mr. Abbott's drawings have really been copied from the view given by his telescope. He may have satisfied himself by indicating



the conformation of the nebulous masses, and have merely *sprinkled* a number of stars over his drawing at random. Some time will elapse before we can hear again from him, and in the mean time we must not assume too positively that the stars seen by Sir J. Herschel have flitted from their places. But it seems very unlikely that an astronomer, in making a communication of such importance, would have contented himself by leaving unnoted the configuration of the fixed stars which are dotted over the nebula. Herschel himself clearly supposes that Abbott's drawing is meant to indicate the true arrangement of the stars. He has been at great pains to try all possible means of reconciling his own splendid drawing of the nebula, so far as the distribution of the stars is concerned, with Mr. Abbott's pictures. Carefully reducing his drawing to the scale of the latter, he has marked in all the principal stars on tracing paper. Then bringing the star Eta Argus in his drawing to coincidence with the same star in Mr. Abbott's, he has turned the tracing paper completely round,—first, when laid *face upward*, and then *face downward*. (This was done in order to prevent the possibility of misconception having arisen through some optical inversion, or through an inversion of the drawings in printing.) Yet he was unable to find a situation of the tracing paper in which "any tolerable coincidence of the stars" in the two drawings could be noticed.

The full significance of the strange variations exhibited by the nebula will be better appreciated when the probable magnitude of the object is considered. The nearest of the fixed stars has been shown to be upward of four hundred thousand times farther from us than the sun, whose distance is about ninety millions of miles. Now, the star Eta Argus is probably very much farther off than this, since it does not present the usual evidence of proximity,—a large *proper motion*; but, on the contrary, holds an almost fixed position in the celestial vault. The nebula has been always supposed to lie far out in space beyond the star Eta Argus. Now, indeed, that nebula and star have been shown to be singularly variable,—each in its own way,—the probability is suggested that the two objects are connected. Certainly, the nebula may be looked upon as lying at least as far from us as the stars which appear strewn over it. Assuming, then, that the nebula is no farther from us than the nearest of the fixed stars (a highly improbable supposition), it will yet appear that the apparent breadth of the

nebula requires us to assign to it a real breadth exceeding nearly eight thousand times the sun's distance from the earth. Assigning a roughly globular figure to the nebula's mass, we obtain for it a surface of about fifty millions of millions of millions of square miles, and a volume of about seven thousand million times as many solid miles! It is within a space at least as enormous as this that changes have been taking place so rapidly and fitfully as to suggest the comparison of the vast nebula to "a light cloud drifted about by the winds."

But by a strange coincidence, the same month which brought us this singular intelligence respecting the great nebula, brought equally interesting news from another quarter.

Lieut. Herschel, Sir John's son, had been sent out at the head of a party of scientific men to view the great eclipse of August 18. The party had been provided with spectroscopic apparatus, and it was suggested by an eminent physicist that Lieut. Herschel might at once find useful employment for this apparatus, and acquire practice in its use, by observing the spectra of southern stars and nebulae. This has accordingly been done, and among the objects observed is the very nebula whose capricious changes have been recorded above. The result of the observation is very interesting. Before proceeding to describe them, let me remind the reader that the spectroscope has the power of revealing in many instances the substance and nature of an object which is a source of light. If such an object presents the ordinary rainbow-colored spectrum, we know that the object consists of incandescent matter, either solid or fluid. If the spectrum is crossed by dark lines, we know that the light, before reaching us, has passed through certain vapors whose nature may be determined from the position and arrangement of the dark lines. But if the spectrum consists, not of a rainbow-colored streak crossed by dark lines, but of a few bright lines, we know that the source of light is luminous gas or vapor.

The spectrum of the great nebula in Argo is of the last-named species; so that we learn that this strange object, whose motions have suggested a comparison to vapors blown about by the wind, does really consist of luminous gas. But how enormous the dimensions of those flocculent light-mists which form the milky background on which so many thousands of stars are seen projected! By what strange sympathy are these stars associated with the nebula, that as it varies in figure they vary in their

distribution? And how shall we account for the waxing and waning light of the nebula, and the accordance which these changes exhibit with the waning and waxing light of the star *Eta Argus*? Lastly, what are the forces under whose influence the enormous masses of vapor which constitute the nebula are wafted to and fro, like clouds before a shifting wind?

Certainly, astronomers have seldom had so strange a problem presented to them as is furnished by the peculiarities of the great nebula in Argo. We seem compelled to give up many of the views formerly entertained respecting sidereal space. Instead of a multitude of stars distributed, with varying density, throughout space, we have to conceive of a variety of strange forms of matter: luminous vapors surrounding stellar systems, stars which interchange their light with the nebulous matter surrounding them, flocculent masses subject to strange motions, as if in obedience to the gusts of great cosmical wind-storms; and all this on a scale in comparison with which the dimensions of the solar system sink into absolute insignificance.

It is also interesting to notice that the peculiarities of the Argo nebula have a meaning in connection with many of our northern nebulae. Numbers of these have been shown to be in reality mere masses of luminous gas. The great nebula in Orion, for instance, and the celebrated Dumb-bell nebula, are gaseous. If it should appear, therefore, that the great nebulous masses in Argo are really aggregated around the fixed stars which are seen in the same field of view, then we shall have an argument from analogy for the supposition that the fixed stars seen in other gaseous nebulae are really associated with the nebulous masses amidst which they seem to be involved. For example, we may learn to account in this way for the fact that the strange dark gap within the Orion nebula—the *jaw* of the monstrous head to which the nebula has been compared by astronomers—lies exactly within the space enclosed by four lucid stars.

We trust that southern observers, armed with suitable instruments, will soon set to work upon the Argo nebula, and by a rigid comparison of several hundreds of stars with those marked down by Sir John Herschel in his splendid map of the nebula, will enable astronomers to form a decided opinion respecting the changes of place which these stars may be undergoing. All who are interested in the progress of astronomy must agree with Sir John Her-

schel in the opinion that "there is no phenomenon in nebulous or sidereal astronomy that has yet turned up presenting anything like the interest of this, or calculated to raise so many and such momentous points for inquiry and speculation." He adds that the questions raised by Mr. Abbott's communication "*must* be settled." Certainly, if it shall appear that the changes going on within this vast nebula correspond in extent and importance to those which are indicated by the comparison of Mr. Abbott's drawings with Sir John Herschel's picture of the nebula, it will result that the Argo nebula is very different in character from any object which has yet been observed upon the celestial sphere. In the Orion nebula changes have, indeed, been suspected; but they are of so very doubtful a character that it has not been found possible as yet to pronounce certainly whether they are not merely apparent—due, for instance, to changes in the circumstances under which the nebula has been observed at different times, or to the increased defining power of the telescopes which have been made use of during the past half century. With such minute or doubtful variations, we cannot for a moment compare the sweeping changes which would seem to have passed over the nebula in Argo. There is only one phenomenon, perhaps, which is fairly comparable with the variations of this object. We refer to the circumstance that nebulae have been known to disappear altogether from the face of the heavens. If we accepted the view which has been held by so many eminent astronomers, that the nebulae are in reality galaxies of suns removed to so enormous a distance from the earth as to appear as faint, cloud-like specks of light, it would be indeed startling to find that in a few brief months such a universe should have been either extinguished altogether or swept away so far beyond its original position as to be no longer visible to our astronomers. But now that new views are being accepted respecting the structure and conformation of the nebulae—now that we are compelled to admit the gaseity of many of these objects,—we need no longer consider the extinction of a nebula as a phenomenon of such astounding significance as we had supposed it to be; for the faintness of many of these objects may be due rather to a real want of illumination than to excessive distance. But this reasoning will not apply to the Argo nebula, since we have every reason for supposing that this object is connected with the star around which it appears to cling, and there-

fore that its dimensions really are as enormous as we have seen that this connection implies them to be. We have, in fact, no choice but to conclude that changes of the utmost importance are going on throughout regions whose extent it is utterly beyond the powers of the human mind to conceive. This conclusion involves the expenditure of an amount of force or "working power" which probably exceeds many hundred-fold the aggregate of all the forms of force now in action within the bounds of the solar system. We can only form vague speculations as to the meaning and object of all this cosmical vitality. That it is not meaningless or objectless, we may, however, feel fully certain. For aught we know, a region of space may be here being swept and garnished, under the action of physical forces incomprehensible to us (at present, at any rate), in order to become, at some future time, the seat of a system as orderly and beautiful as our own solar system, and far more extensive.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

#### CONSUMPTION PREVENTIBLE.

Some time early in the past year, we printed a notice of, with some extracts from, a work called *The Philosophy of Eating*, by Dr. Albert J. Bellows, and issued by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton. The object of that book was to show that man's physical and mental condition depends upon what he eats, and that nature furnishes in every clime just such food as is there necessary to keep both mind and body in the highest state of activity and usefulness; but by man's ingenuity, valuable constituent elements of food are separated and rejected, and the consumers suffer from their lack. The inference, from the author's reasoning,—an inference, indirectly at least, stated by him,—was, that if all men were strictly observant of correct dietetic and hygienic rules, sickness in the human family would be almost unknown, and each member thereof would be permitted to accomplish his work in life, and would finally die of gradual decay. We naturally expect the warm advocate of any theory to become so absorbed in the contemplation of it, from his own particular stand-point, as to close his eyes to any possible blemishes. For this reason, the uninitiated should accept with great caution *ex parte* statements on any matter involving scientific investigation, however authoritatively made.

The theory of Dr. Bellows is, however, so in accordance with the plainest reason,

and so supported by facts familiar to the merest tyro in physiology, that we are inclined to place great reliance upon his statements, and to believe that accident and old age *ought* to be the only causes of death. The same publishers have recently issued a sequel to the *Philosophy of Eating*, by the same author, called *How Not to Be Sick*, in which the subject is further discussed, and the influence of certain classes of food in causing or preventing specific diseases shown. It is a work of great value, and, with its companion volume, should be read by all. Although, in a general way, it is not to be expected that taste or fashion will be sacrificed for the sake of preserving the health, still here and there may be found one or two willing to do what is right, provided the right is pointed out. That such works are needed is evident, when we consider the universal ignorance concerning the laws of health which nature has established. Says Dr. Bellows:

"Not a medical school in the country, or any university with which it is connected, has a single professorship or course of lectures on that subject, hygiene; and, humiliating as the confession is, I will not withhold the fact that I graduated at Harvard and practised physic for many years before I understood the first principles of it, especially of dietetics. And, judging from the testimony of professors as late as 1867, the advance in hygienic principles, in the forty years that have since transpired, has not been very great. At least they have made no advances on Liebig's discovery, made thirty years ago, that 'food is divisible into two classes,—one respiratory, and the other nutritive.' And, as Liebig has not learned that disorganized elements cannot be assimilated by the animal economy, so they continue to teach that disorganized and poisonous iron, phosphorus, and alcohol can be safely and advantageously used to give color and strength to the blood; to furnish a natural element wanting in fine flour bread, and to furnish respiratory food."

We have selected for brief consideration the subject of consumption, which Dr. Bellows believes can be prevented, even when hereditary, and can be cured even when it has become quite firmly seated. The blood is the life principle of the body, and must be in constant process of manufacture and purification. This is the work of the lungs:

"The air and the blood meet in a network of vessels, so fine that a powerful microscope can but imperfectly reveal its delicacy of structure; and in this wonderfully delicate network are constantly carried on

operations so important that if, for a single moment, they stop, we faint, become unconscious and helpless, and, if they are not immediately restored, we die. In them oxygen is uniting with effete carbonaceous matter, removing it from the system, while using it for fuel to furnish animal heat, and, at the same time, imparting other important influences to the blood; and, whatever the condition of the lungs may be, these functions must be carried on without a moment's rest for repairs."

#### IMPURE AIR.

The most frequent source of embarrassment, in this work, is bad air. It is the oxygen of the atmosphere upon which the blood feeds, and without which it becomes impure and the body enfeebled. This is the first evil arising from want of ventilation; but the second is greater: the lungs themselves, by the accumulation of carbonic acid, become diseased and unfit to properly perform their functions. When the lungs cease to have the ability to furnish so much pure blood as is needed by the body to repair its waste, the body dies, and we call it consumption. The author refers to two instances—one a foundling hospital, and one a zoological garden—where a change of system of ventilation doubled the average life of both children and monkeys,—consumption being the disease which had carried off both. The advantage of warm over cold climates as to this disease, is simply that in one we have less inclination to fasten the windows and doors, and shut out the principle of life.

Compression of the chest is a frequent source of evil. Nature places the ribs in just the right position to give all parts of the lungs the exercise their health demands; and it is invariably found that, in the case of those who lace tightly, the thin edges of the lungs, from which the air has been the most entirely excluded, are the first to become diseased. When God made man, he saw that he was "very good," but man has since "sought out many devices."

#### IMPROPER FOOD.

A great source of disease of the lungs is eating too large a proportion of carbonaceous food.

"All the solid tissues, to acquire or maintain their health and strength, or to have recuperative power to resist and overcome disease, must be supplied with nitrogenous food, in right proportions, constantly; but living as we do, and bringing up our children on too concentrated carbonaceous food, all the solid tissues become weakened, and

with them, of course, the membranous framework of the lungs; and this same carbonaceous food, furnishing as it does more work for the lungs in disposing of this extra carbon, overworks them, overheats them, and renders them more liable to inflammatory disease, and also, by diminishing their recuperative power, renders them less able to resist the encroachments of it; and these effects are increased by the use of alcohol, spices, and other stimulants. Thus the effects of excessive carbon in the lungs may be compared to excessive coal in a grate, which burns out the grate while it furnishes too much heat to the apartments; and this comparison is the more forcible in its practicable application when we consider that, when burned out, the coal grate may be renewed, but the lungs, when once destroyed, are gone forever, and with them, of course, the whole system."

#### FALSE SYSTEM OF DRESS.

Style of dress, by which the lungs are exposed to great changes of temperature, is a frequent cause of evil.

"The point or apex of the lungs, coming up as it does nearly to the top of the shoulder, is of course exposed to all the changes consequent on wearing low-necked dresses, exposing it almost directly to the cold, and then, perhaps within a few moments, covering it with thick furs; thus at one time repelling the blood from the delicate structure by the contraction produced by the cold, and then suddenly inviting it by the expansion induced by heat. At one time of course this part of the lung is shrivelled, so that very little blood is permitted to enter it, and at another heated and expanded so that it is engorged with blood; and that these changes do have an effect is shown by the fact that next to the thin edges, which are affected from causes before explained, these upper points of the lungs are always the first to become diseased in ladies, while in gentlemen, who usually keep these points covered, they are not more often found diseased than other parts."

#### CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

When from any of these causes, the lungs have become diseased, a submission to the laws of nature, which have been violated, is better than medicine. Indeed, most medicines which have heretofore been used are worse than useless, all active elements being injurious unless organized as food in some plant or animal, and some (as iron and phosphorus) being productive of the very disease they are designed to cure. If it

is true that nitrogeous elements are those which are needed to give strength to the tissues, and power to the system, to overcome disease, then the favorite carbon producing remedies—whiskey and cod liver oil—are useless, and worse than useless.

These facts being admitted, then the means of remedy are evident. Only pure air should be breathed. The body should be free from compression and the lungs allowed their full power of expansion; while such a habit of breathing should be cultivated as will inflate each portion of the lungs at each inspiration. The body should be at all times warmly but never excessively clothed; and such food should be eaten as will supply the elements which will most effectually repair the ravages of disease. Iron, phosphorus, and all the needed elements, are in the food which nature provides,—we may use it, if we will. Carbonaceous food is also needed, but modern cookery makes it too largely to preponderate. Even hereditary tendencies to consumption may be entirely checked and prevented from further transmission. We have been compelled to give but a hasty glance at Dr. Bellow's line of reasoning. The whole subject is worthy of careful study, as indeed is every subject treated in the works named.

#### CHINA AND THE CHINESE \*

We have here a systematic account of this wonderful people, about whom so many strange stories have been told. It is certainly time that we should have a correct idea of the character and position of a nation which is likely to exert a powerful influence upon the North American Continent. This information Mr. Nevius gives us, and we are sure that those of our readers who have not seen the book will be glad to see such extracts from it as we can make room for:—

##### THE INTELLIGENCE OF THE CHINESE.

But it may be asked, "What have the Chinese ever done? What do they know? Have they ever made any contributions to science? Are they not utterly ignorant of all the modern arts and sciences?" It is true that the Chinese know hardly any thing of the *modern arts and sciences*, and

that there is no word in their language to designate some of them; but how much did our ancestors know two hundred years ago of chemistry, geology, philosophy, anatomy, and other kindred sciences? What did we know fifty years ago of the steam-boat, the railroad, and the telegraph? And is our comparative want of knowledge a few years ago and that of our ancestors to be taken as evidence of inferiority of race and intellect? Perhaps this test, which some are so ready to apply, will, if we go back a few hundred years, establish the claims of the Chinese as the superior race. Printing, which is second in importance to none of the arts of civilization, originated with the Chinese, and was made use of by them hundreds of years before any thing was known of it in the West. They have taken the lead also in the use of the magnetic needle, the manufacture and use of gunpowder and of silk fabrics, and china-ware and porcelain.

Intellectual power manifests itself in a variety of ways, and glaring defects are often found associated in the same individual with remarkable powers and capabilities, as particular faculties, both of mind and body, are often cultivated and developed at the expense of others. Chinese education has very little regard to the improvement of the reasoning powers, and Chinese scholars are deficient in logical acumen, and very inferior to the Hindoos in this respect; but, in developing and storing the memory, they are without a rival. Again, their system of training effectually discourages and precludes freedom and originality of thought, while it has the compensating advantages of creating a love of method and order, habitual subjection to authority, and a remarkable uniformity in character and ideas. Perhaps the results which they have realized in fusing such a vast mass of beings into one homogeneous body could have been reached in no other way. I believe that the Chinese are not naturally deficient in ingenuity and originality, and that, when these qualities are encouraged, this race will show a fertility of brain the existence of which has hardly been suspected.

The Chinese have labored under another serious disadvantage, that of almost entire isolation from other races, and consequent ignorance of them and their ideas. We have been possessed of all the stores of knowledge of all the different nations of Europe and Western Asia for centuries; and it is impossible to imagine what our condition would be to-day, were it not for

\* China and the Chinese. By the Rev. John L. Nevius, ten years a missionary in China. New York: Harper Brothers.

the advantages we have derived from the stimulus and teachings obtained from other countries, and more especially from Christianity.

There have been but few opportunities of comparing the intellectual capabilities of the Chinese with our own. Those who have visited our shores are not, with a few exceptions, fitting representatives even of the middle laboring classes in China. Only a very small number of the Mongolian race have been educated in our institutions of learning, but they have uniformly acquitted themselves not only creditably, but with honor. A few years since, a Chinaman in Yale College bore off the first prize in his class for English composition, and I have been told by several of his classmates that this award was not a matter of favoritism, but of stern merit. Wherever they have had an opportunity to compete with us on the same ground, and with equal advantages, they have shown that the difference between them and us in intellectuality is so slight, if it exists at all, that it does not become us to say much about it.

#### WHAT THEY EAT.

The wide and almost universal prevalence of the impression that "rats, cats, and puppies" are articles of food in common use among the people, is a notable example of a local and exceptional custom being taken for a national and universal one, and producing false ideas of a people in the minds of whole nations. I have never seen or heard of a rat, cat, or puppy being eaten in China, though I presume they may be occasionally by paupers. I have been told that dogs are sometimes eaten in Canton. It was here, no doubt, that this rumor originated. Some early visitor in China, seeking for sensational news, has sent home this item of information. In our ignorance of that country this interesting fact was eagerly made use of, and illustrated by a special engraving in that part of the geography which treated of China. The ideas suggested by this engraving of the geographers of twenty or thirty years ago constitute a large proportion of what many of our people know, or think they know of China.

Beef is never exposed for sale in the Chinese markets. The meat of the few cattle which are used for ploughing is, when they are killed, disposed of privately, almost clandestinely. There is a strong and almost universal prejudice against eating beef, and the practice of doing so is declaimed against in some of the moral

tracts. The reason generally given for this prejudice is that we are so much indebted to the patient labors of the ox and cow for ploughing our fields. Milk is hardly used at all in the eighteen provinces; and in many places our practice of drinking it and using it in cooking is regarded with the utmost disgust. In all the open ports beef and milk are supplied for the use of foreigners.

#### VARIOUS CUSTOMS.

Free Day Schools are everywhere to be met with, and some of the larger cities contain several of them. Each one is usually instituted and supported by the benefactions of a rich individual or family. It is not considered very respectable to attend these charity schools, and the pupils in them are, for the most part, the children of the poor. As a general thing, they are also not so well taught as other schools. It need hardly be remarked, that while it is not considered very respectable to attend a native free school, it is still less so to attend a foreign one. This is owing not only to the invidiousness of depending upon foreigners for education, but to the fact that foreign as well as native books are taught in them. Pupils are obtained for foreign day schools, either by procuring a superior teacher, or by presents to the boys, or by locating the school where there is no native school to compete with it. An effort to start a Christian day school some years since in the city of Chinhai induced the natives to add to the number of their own schools, so that another pupil could not be obtained in the city.

In some parts of China schools for girls exist, taught by female teachers. In most places, however, females are seldom taught letters, and schools for their benefit are not known. Foreigners, in establishing them, invariably give a little sum of money or some rice for each day's attendance, and it is thought that these schools could not be kept together in any other way.

The gratuitous distribution of medicine is quite common in China. In the summer especially, certain remedies much prized by the people may be obtained free of charge from societies which includes this among other objects for which they are instituted. There is a very common mode of practising the healing art, professedly from benevolent motives, in which a selfish object is too apparent. Notices may continually be seen placarded in public places calling the attention of the public to a distinguished personage of the Esculapian school

who has learned his art at the capital, or from some foreigner, or from some distinguished native practitioner, or by communication with the genii, who is desirous of relieving those who are in a condition of suffering and distress, and will give them an opportunity to avail themselves of his knowledge and skill without charge, *except for the cost of medicine.*

Perhaps the most popular of all the methods of obtaining merit in China is that of collecting old scraps of printed paper. This is practised extensively by individuals and families, as well as by societies. Persons are hired to go about the streets, and in shops and houses, to gather every thing of the kind which can be seen. The merit of the practice is supposed to consist in keeping the Chinese written character, so much and so extravagantly revered, from being trampled upon, thrown away with other kinds of refuse, or otherwise treated with disrespect. No distinction is made between the written and printed character; between an old leaf from one of the classics, and one from a vulgar song-book; between a proclamation of an officer, and the copy-book of a school-boy. In school-rooms, shops, private residences, and sometimes by the roadside, baskets or boxes designed for the reception of these revered scraps are placed in conspicuous situations bearing the inscription, "Respect printed paper." When a large quantity of this paper has been collected, it is burned, and the ashes are generally carried by junks to the sea, where they are thrown overboard.

In this custom of the Chinese we have one of the principal reasons why the Christian books which we distribute among them are respectfully used and carefully preserved. It is also worthy of remark, that few things excite the feelings and prejudices of the Chinese, or produce a more unfavorable impression with regard to foreigners, than the manner in which we are accustomed to treat useless printed paper. It is often referred to as an evidence of our want of right views and principles. Christian Chinese are hardly less under the influence of these feelings than the rest of their countrymen, and, in the different parts of China, they have frequently and earnestly expostulated with their foreign teachers with reference to the course pursued by them in this particular. Some missionaries purposely disregard these prejudices on the ground that they have their origin in a veneration for the God of Letters, and a fear of offending him. Others are of the opinion that this superstition is of a more

innocent character, and is chiefly owing, even in the minds of the heathen Chinese, to an overweening regard for the characters themselves, on account of their antiquity, their beauty, the associations connected with them, and the advantages derived from their use. The fact that native Christians, who are thoroughly freed from idolatrous superstitions, still sympathize with their countrymen in this particular, adds to the probability of the latter opinion. It is a question whether regard to the weak consciences of our native brethren, and a care lest the Gospel should be evil spoken of, should not induce us to treat with more forbearance and consideration what may be but an innocent and harmless prejudice.

#### POSITION OF WOMEN.

The position of woman is intermediate between that which she occupies in Christian and in Mohammedan and other heathen countries. The manner in which they regard their lot may be inferred from the fact, related in a previous chapter, that their most earnest desire and prayer in worshipping in Buddhist temples is, generally, that they may be men in the next state of existence. In many families girls have no individual names, but are simply called No. Two, Three, Four, etc. When married, they are Mr. So-and-so's wife, and when they have sons they are such-and-such a boy's mother. They live in a great measure secluded, take no part in general society, and are expected to retire when a stranger or an acquaintance out of the family of the opposite sex enters the house. Among the poor, whose dwellings are small, and who are obliged to depend upon the females of the family to do the work, it is impossible to carry out fully these rules of seclusion, and the separation of the sexes is less marked. In some localities the people are more strict in this regard than in others. I heard in the province of Shantung of a stranger being driven out of a village by a mob on account of taking the liberty of asking a woman in the street the road to an adjoining town.

The claim of one's parents and brothers upon his affections and love is considered to be paramount to that of his wife. A reason given for this doctrine in a celebrated Chinese work which treats of the domestic relations and duties is, that the loss of a brother is irreparable, but that of a wife is not! Women are treated with more respect and consideration as they advance in years; mothers are regarded with great affection

and tenderness, and grandmothers are sometimes almost worshipped.

It is but just to say that a strong attachment often springs up between husband and wife, though they have had nothing to do in making choice of each other, and have never seen each other before marriage. It should be further stated that the Chinese have found the theory of the inferiority of woman a very difficult one to carry out in practice. Perhaps one reason why they deny education to the "weaker" sex is because they find it sufficiently difficult to

keep her in her proper place without it. While customs and theories vary, human nature and woman's nature are the same the world over. Women in China have also their ideas of "Woman's Rights." There are many families in which the superiority of her will and authority is sufficiently manifest, though not cheerfully acknowledged; and the most that we can say is, that "henpecked husbands" are perhaps not so numerous as in America and Europe.

## Young Folks.

### LITTLE LOU'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

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

#### CHAPTER I.

Little Lou was six months old. He was born when the flowers were blooming, and all the birds were singing. Cold winter had come now, and killed the flowers, and driven away the birds, but it could not kill Lou, nor drive him away. He lay warm and happy in his mamma's arms, or on his little bed, and did not know how cold it was out of doors. Oh! how his mamma loved him! How she wished his grandmamma, and his four young uncles, and his Aunt Fanny, could see him! Don't you always want your mother to see every present you have? But you never had a present of a real live baby to show her.

Every time Lou laughed and crowed, and clapped his hands, his mother longed to have everybody in her old home to see what a little darling he was. One day he was dressed in a pretty frock, that his grandmamma had sent him; his eyes danced and sparkled as his mamma tossed him up and down, and she thought he looked like a little cherub. She said to his papa:

"I must have my mother see Lou."

"It would be a pretty long journey to take with so young a child," said his papa.

"Still, he would not be much exposed in the cars."

"And the rest of the way he could be wrapped up carefully," said his mamma.

So, after a little more talk about it, Lou's papa decided that they should all go the next day. Then his mamma kissed the

little fellow ever so many times, and told him all about it; and though he did not understand a word she said, he knew by her joyful face that she was talking about something pleasant, and he laughed till his eyes shone with fun.

But now it was time to pack the trunks and get ready for the journey. All Lou's white frocks were looked over, to see if they were in order; one wanted a button, and two wanted strings. Three or four had to be washed and ironed, and there were ever so many other things to do, so that everybody was busy, and the whole house was in an uproar.

"Now, Lou," said mamma, "I hope you'll take a long nap to-day, so as to give me time to get everything ready for our journey. Dear me! how much there is to do! I hardly know where to begin!"

Papa said he would pack everything in half an hour, and he took up a pile of clean, neatly-folded frocks, and rolled them up in a tight little roll, and squeezed them down into one corner of the trunk.—Mamma gave a little scream.

"Oh! how you are crushing and rump-ling baby's best things!" cried she. "The beautiful embroidered dress his Aunt Edith gave him, rolled up into a ball as big as my hand! O Herbert, how could you!" Papa looked a little frightened.

"I don't know much about your finery," said he. "But give me something else. What are all these bottles for? Are you going to carry milk for Lou?"

"Did I ever see such a man!" cried mamma, laughing. "I am going to take some currant jelly to mother; and some quince jelly to Fanny,—Fanny is so fond of quince jelly; and for the boys I have a few



bottles of raspberry vinegar: that's all. I don't care how tightly you roll them up; the tighter the better!"

## CHAPTER II.

It was a cold evening, and grandmamma, who had been sitting by the fire, knitting and reading, had at last let her book fall from her lap, and had dropped to sleep in her chair. The four uncles sat around the table, two of them playing chess, and two looking on; while Aunt Fanny, with her cat on her knees, studied German a little, looked at the clock very often, and started at every noise.

"I have said, all along, that they wouldn't come," she cried at last. "The clock has just struck nine, and I am not going to expect them any longer. I knew Herbert would not let Laura undertake such a journey in the depth of winter; or, at any rate, that Laura's courage would fail at the last moment."

She had hardly uttered these words, when there was a ring at the door-bell, then a stamping of feet on the mat, to shake off the snow, and in they came, Lou, and Lou's papa, and Lou's mamma, bringing ever so much fresh, cold air with them. Grandmamma woke up, and ran to meet them with steps as lively as if she were a young girl; Aunt Fanny tossed the cat from her lap, and seized the bundle that held the baby; the four uncles crowded about her, eager to get the first peep at the little wonder. There was such a laughing and such a tumult, that poor Lou, coming out of the dark night into the bright room, and seeing so many strange faces, did not know what to think. When his cloaks and shawls and caps were at last pulled off by his auntie's eager hands, there came into view a serious little face, a pair of bright eyes, and a head as smooth as ivory, on which there was not a single hair. His sleeves were looped up with corals, and showed his plump white arms, and he sat up very straight, and took a good look at everybody.

"What a perfect little beauty!" "What splendid eyes!" "What a lovely skin!" "He's the perfect image of his father!" "He's exactly like his mother!" "What a dear little nose!" "What fat little hands, full of dimples!" "Let me take him!" "Come to his own grandma!" "Let his uncle toss him,—so he will!" "What does he eat?" "Is he hungry?" "Was he good on his journey?" "Is he tired?" "Now, Fanny! You've had

him ever since he came; he wants to come to me; I know he does!"

These, and nobody knows how many more exclamations of the sort, greeted the ears of the little stranger, and were received by him with unruffled gravity.

"The poor child is frightened out of his seven senses," said his mamma, who had been laughing till she cried. "I ought really to undress and put him to bed."

Immediately everybody had something to do in the best room up-stairs.

Grandmamma wanted to see that the little crib was in perfect order; Aunt Fanny was sure there were not towels enough on the rack; Uncle Robert said the baby was too heavy to be carried up in any arms but his own; Uncle Tom declared the fire must be getting low, and the two others followed with carpet-bags, cloaks, and umbrellas.

"What an important person I am in these days!" cried the young mamma. "The whole family waiting upon me to bed! Perhaps some of you would like to rock me to sleep!"

There was more laughing and tumult, but at last she got everybody out of the room; there was a great creaking of boots on the stairs, and the sound of people telling each other to "Hush" in loud whispers, and at last all was still.

## CHAPTER III.

The next morning Lou awoke quite rested, and full of fun, and before his mamma was dressed, Aunt Fanny came and knocked at the door.

"Well?" said mamma.

"I wanted to know," cried Aunt Fanny through the key-hole, "if baby is awake, and if I might take him down-stairs. The boys are crazy to see him by daylight."

"Was there ever anything like it!" said mamma to herself. She opened the door a very little way, and handed Lou out. Aunt Fanny seized him, and ran gaily down-stairs.

"I've got him," she cried, running into the dining-room. "I've got him! And he's the nicest and best and prettiest baby in the world!"

"Let me have him, Fanny, do," said Uncle Robert. "I shall have to be off directly after breakfast, and you can have him all day."

"I shall have to be off before Bob," cried Uncle Tom, "and I have barely seen the creature yet."

"Creature indeed!" cried Aunt Fanny.

And she pressed the baby to her heart, covering it with kisses, and singing "Rock-a-by-baby" with all her might.

"How absurd you are, Fanny," said Uncle Frank. "The idea of trying to get the child to sleep as soon as it is up in the morning. Give me one fair look at him! Yes, he is a handsome fellow. I don't wonder you all say he is just like me." So saying, he contrived to seize Lou in his arms, and to escape with him from the room. Once out of sight of them all, he, too, fell to kissing and caressing the little pet in such a way, that one can't help being glad there is no such thing as being loved to death.

By the time breakfast was ready, everybody had had the little fellow in his or her arms; he had been taken to the kitchen and exhibited to Mary and Martha, and made to pat Uncle Fred's dog, with his little hand, and feel Aunt Fanny's cat. Pussy, however, pretended that she did not care for him at all. When her young mistress, who always was so fond of her, and never read or studied but with her pet in her lap, had tossed her away in order to receive the baby, pussy's feelings were deeply hurt. "Ha!" she said to herself, "I shall not go into the parlor again while that child is here. I am not going to sit on the floor and see that strange boy up in my place! No indeed! Not I!"

So, all the while Lou stayed at his grandmamma's, and he stayed six weeks, Miss Pussy pouted in the kitchen, and never set foot in the parlor till the day he left, when she recovered her good humor, and went back as if nothing had happened.

After breakfast, Lou's uncles all went away to their offices and their business, grandmamma went to the kitchen to talk with Mary about the dinner, and papa went out to take a long walk over the well-trodden snow.

Mamma could now wash and dress her baby in peace, while Aunt Fanny looked on with wonder and curiosity.

"I suppose there is not such a thing as a cradle in the house," said mamma, as she tied the last string of Lou's frock, and held him up to be admired in his fresh, clean dress.

"Why no; ours was given to Jane—you remember our old Jane? Or rather, it was given to Jane's daughter, when her first baby was born. Anyhow, it was a rickety old thing."

"I don't quite know where Lou will take his naps," said his mamma. "I shall want to be where the rest of you are, and yet I can't feel easy to leave him alone."

"I can stay with him," said Aunt Fanny.

"Oh, but I shall want you to be where I am. I have at least five hundred things to talk about. Besides I want Lou to keep up the habit of sleeping where everything is going on as usual. At home I keep the cradle in the room where I sit with my books or my work; Herbert is constantly coming in and out, and never shuts the door gently—never; men never do, if they have ever so many babies. So I have trained Lou to sleep through everything."

#### CHAPTER IV.

While this talk was going on, lulled by the sound of voices, and comforted by a warm breakfast which he had been getting for himself, Lou had fallen fast asleep. His head sank gradually back upon his mamma's arm, his little fingers let go their hold upon one of her curls, with which he had been playing, and his mouth half opened like a bud that will soon be a red rose.

"He is the very prettiest baby I ever saw!" cried Aunt Fanny. "I wonder, Laura, that you never told us what a beauty he was. All you said was that he had a bald head, and I never could bear a bald-headed baby."

"I really did not know whether he was pretty or not," replied his mamma. "I knew he had very beautiful eyes, but that was all."

At this moment grandmamma came smiling into the room, followed, on tiptoe, by three little girls, who gathered around the baby with delighted faces, but as quietly as three little mothers.

"These are Mrs. Redwood's little girls," said grandmamma. "They have brought their doll's bed for Lou to take his naps in."

"Their doll's bed!" repeated Lou's mamma, much amused.

"Our dolly is a great big dolly, as big as a real live baby!" whispered Josephine, the eldest.

"And mamma said it would be very—very"——

"Very convenient," put in her sister Jeanie.

"Very convenient for our dolly to lie on the bed in the room over the front parlor, while your dear little baby was here."

"No, she said it would be convenient to you to have our dolly's bed," corrected Jeanie.

"And our dolly don't care where she sleeps, not a snap," said little Hatty.

"But is your bed really large enough for Lou?" asked his mother. "You see what a great boy he is."

"Our dolly is a great big dolly, as big as a real live baby!" repeated Josephine.

"Yes, she is a great big dolly, as big as a real live baby," said both the others.

"It is a dear little bed, and will do nicely," said grandmamma. "I have found a corner for it in my room, and you shall all come and see how well our baby will fit into it."

Sure enough, the bed, with its soft linen sheets, its little pillow, its pretty white quilt, seemed to have been made on purpose for Lou; and when his mamma had gently laid him down in it, the three little girls tenderly drew the sheets and blankets over him, tucked them in with skilful hands, and stood admiring their work once more, like three darling little mothers.

"You are very kind to lend your dolly's bed to my baby," said Lou's mamma. "I hope your dolly won't miss it very much. Do you think she was quite willing to part with it?"

"She never said a word when she heard us talking about it," cried little Jeanie. "She isn't a shell-fish dolly at all. But I know a shell-fish girl—I do."

"I ain't a shell-fish," cried Hatty, bursting into tears. "I only said—I only said—I only said dolly would be lonesome away off in the best room, without any bed, and without any fire. Or at least, nothing but a big bed."

Lou's mamma stood thinking a moment, and then went quickly to her own room, and came running back with three little books in her hands.

"I stopped in Boston long enough to buy some pretty books," said she. "And here is one for each of you. See! they are full of pictures. Look, Hatty. When your dolly gets lonesome, you can take her up and show her these pictures."

"Why, so I can," said Hatty, her tearful face lighting up. "Why, so I can."

When the three little girls were in the street, on their way home, Josephine said to Jeanie:

"You ought not to have said that about Hatty. Mamma said she was not selfish at all. She said she was a tender-hearted little thing, and could not bear to think that dolly might suffer."

"Dolly can't suffer!" cried Jeanie. "She isn't a real baby; she's nothing but a make-believe baby. I mean to stick a pin in her as soon as ever I get home; it won't hurt her one bit. And now I've seen a real

live baby, I don't like dolly any more. Mrs. James's baby is soft and warm. It can breathe and it can eat. But dolly is as hard as a rock, and she feels cold, and she can't go to sleep. She just makes believe she's a baby, when she ain't."

(To be continued.)

## RED RIDING-HOOD.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Well, little Red Riding-Hood,  
Pleasant it was to play  
In the green fields and the shady wood  
Through a golden summer day.

Wrong, was it, plucking the flowers,  
Watching the redbreast's flight,  
All heedless of hurrying hours  
And grandmamma's doleful plight?

Poor little Red Riding-Hood!  
Wolves, and not babies, think;  
Sturdier feet than yours have stood  
Careless on ruin's brink.

Buds over the door-sill twined  
Laugh in the breezeless blue;  
And wise fear ruffles not the mind  
Of a girl-bud young as you.

Dear little Red Riding-Hood,  
Sorry enough you are!  
Grandmamma? Oh, she is kind and good;  
And you didn't stray so far.

Nevertheless, nevertheless,  
In this tangled world of ours,  
The end of wandering none can guess,  
And a wolf may lurk among flowers.

—Our Young Folks.

## THE BLACKSMITH OF REGENBACH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HOFFMAN.

There is a village called Regenbach in the Principality of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, where, some twenty odd years ago, the following stirring and heart-rending occurrence took place.

It was in the afternoon, during spring or harvest, my kind informant was not certain which, when there were seated in the public room of the tavern many men and women of Regenbach, engaged in quietly chatting with each other, no one of them dreaming of the fearful and terrible event which was to take place that day. The Blacksmith also was sitting in the cheerful crowd,—a stout, robust man, with a very determined face and brave look, but at the same time with such a pleasant smile upon his lips, that every one who saw him was

obliged to love him. Every tricky fellow kept out of his way; for the brave Blacksmith would tolerate no injustice or wickedness; and it was poor policy to quarrel with him. His arms were like bars of iron, and his fists like sledge-hammers. There were few men who were equal to him in bodily strength.

The brave Blacksmith was sitting not far from the door, chatting with a neighbor, about I know not what. Suddenly the door sprang open, and a great dog came staggering into the room;—a great, strong, powerful dog, with an ugly, terrible face. He held his head down, with his dreadful, burning-red eyes, his mouth was open wide, his lead-colored tongue was hanging out, and his tail was squeezed between his hind legs. In this way the animal came into the room, which had no other mode of egress than the one door. Scarcely had the Blacksmith's neighbor, it was the Barber of the place, seen the animal, when he became pale as death, as white as the lime on the wall, and springing up cried out in a voice of terror: "Lord Jesus have mercy upon us! People! the dog is mad!"

Picture the terror! The room was nearly full of men and women, and the mad animal stood in front of the only door, so that no one could leave without passing by him. The beast began to snap wildly on the right and the left, and it was impossible for any one to pass him without being bitten. Then there was an agonizing scream of terror! Every one sprang up and moved backwards, looking with a staring gaze full of mortal fright at the mad dog. Who could protect them from him?

Then the Blacksmith arose, and when he saw the mortal fright that had seized every one, and it occurred to him, as quick as lightning, how many happy people might be made inconceivably miserable by the raging animal, he determined to do that which has scarcely its like in magnanimity and nobleness in the whole of history. True, his brown cheeks became slightly pale, but his eyes sparkled with true heroic fire, and a lofty resolution lighted up the forehead of the plain, simple man.

"Back! all of you!" he thundered with his deep, powerful voice. "Let none of you stir, for no one but myself can manage the brute! There must be *some one* sacrificed, and I will offer myself! I am going to seize him, and while I do it, fly the whole of you!"

The Blacksmith had scarcely spoken

these words, when the brute sprang forward towards the shrieking human mass. "Now, with God's help!" cried the Blacksmith, and immediately he leaped upon the raging animal, seizing him with his giant arms, and threw him upon the floor.

Oh! but that was a fearful, horrible struggle that followed! The dog bit at him fiercely, and struggled with groans and dull howls. His long teeth tore the arms and thighs of the great-souled Blacksmith, but the latter did not relax his grasp. In spite of the fierce pain, in spite of the certain awful death that would follow the struggle, with a giant's strength he held the snapping, biting, howling brute down until all had fled,—until all, all were in safety except himself. Then he hurled the half-strangled brute away from him against the wall, and, dripping with blood, covered with the poisonous saliva, he left the room and closed the door behind him. The dog was killed by a shot through the window. But what could be done for the unfortunate, brave Blacksmith?

Weeping and wailing, the people whom he had saved at the expense of his own life, surrounded him.

"Be quiet, men; don't weep for me. Women and children," he said. "One was obliged to die in order to save the others. Do not thank me; for I have only done a sacred duty. When I am dead, remember me in love; and pray for me now that God may keep me from long or much suffering. But I must now take care, that no further harm be done by me, as it is certain that I shall be attacked by the disease."

And he went right away to his shop and there sought for heavy chains, the heaviest and strongest in his stock; then he kindled his fire and worked his bellows until the chains were made white hot, and with his own hand he fastened himself hands and feet to his anvil, which no human strength could tear away from the ground, no more than human strength could break the iron chains.

"There, now it's done," he said after he had completed his work in silence and earnestness; "now you are all safe, and I am harmless. As long as I am alive, bring me my food; the rest I leave to God. Into His hands I commend my spirit."

Nothing could save the brave blacksmith, not weeping, not pity, not even prayers. The disease seized him—and after nine days he must die—but in truth he died only to awake before the throne of God to a more beautiful, and more glorious life. He died, but his memory shall live from generation

to generation, from child to child, and be blessed to the end of time.

Look over all the pages of human history, and you will find no deed more worthy of the noblest fame than the deed of this simple man—the Blacksmith of Regenbach. It is indeed easy for a noble soul, like Winkelried, to die, or to throw life away like the high-souled Roman youth Martius Curtius; but to meet certain death, to be obliged to die and yet to be obliged to wait, through anxious, fearful hours and days, for the most terrible form of death,—this is to die not *once* only, but a *thousand* times. And such a death died the Blacksmith of Regenbach, such an offering did the Blacksmith of Regenbach make for the preservation of his neighbors.

### HINTS TO YOUNG WRITERS.

There are many young persons who are ambitious of authorship. Some of them have the elements of the successful writer, others are so well satisfied with their supposed abilities in the line of literature that there is very little ground of hope that they will ever accomplish much. Because they can use set words freely without seriously abusing syntax or thoroughly repudiating rhetoric, they offer their wares as though the market must be specially attractive because their fabrics occupy a place on the shelves. They forget that effective writing must have positive and solid qualities, and that it is usually the product of hard and patient labor. Mrs. Stowe deals with this subject in a recent issue of *Hearth and Home*, making "Nellie" stand for a large number of young persons of both sexes. We copy the main points, and commend the words below to the attention of those who are needing the suggestions:

The fault of this composition, my dear Nellie, is, that there is no point in it. It does not show anything or prove anything. The incidents in it are all of a very commonplace nature, and there are dozens of stories like it in every newspaper. It shows that the writer is very young and very immature. What she needs is to study something which will teach her to think deeply and earnestly, so that she may have some object in view more than the mere writing of a pretty composition.

We recommend to her not to read magazine stories or novels, but to form a taste for the very highest class of writing,—such writings as those of Prescott, Motley, Wash-

ington Irving, Hawthorne, Whittier, Lowell, and Oliver Wendell Holmes.

If a young person resolves never to read anything second-rate, it will be a step toward never writing anything second-rate. A great many young girls' minds are all washed away by a constant dribble of dish-water stories.

My dear Nellie, you have life before you, and we probably are old enough to be your grandmother; and old people, you know, are fond of telling how things were when they were young.

When we were—younger than you, probably—ten, twelve, or thirteen years of age, the two leading passions of our heart were reading and writing. We were in a school where great attention was paid to composition, and we wrote one every week, without praise and without encouragement,—without anybody to express either admiration or approbation, or to put it into a newspaper. We were not praised and admired, simply because what we wrote was commonplace, and crude and green. All fruit has to go through the green stage, and people who have met with success as writers have been, and for a long time, very poor scribblers.

At the same time that we were writing, we had literally nothing to read except grown people's books. A translation of Berquin's *Children's Friend* was the only story-book that we remember in our childhood. There was but one copy of it in our village, and, with many entreaties, we used to borrow it, with leave to keep it two days; read it through and return it, and borrow it again two days, the next week, and so on.

When we were twelve years old, *Ivanhoe*, by great good luck, found a place in our family; so that we had unlimited access to it for six months. During those six months, we read it through seven times, so that we knew every word there was in it, and a great part of it by heart.

Besides this, as an amusing reading-book, we had the Bible, which we read hour after hour, for mere amusement, and we had a compendium, called *Elegant Extracts in Prose and Verse*, containing extracts from Milton and Shakespeare and all the standard classical English writers. It was an elegantly bound book, and the lady who owned it allowed us the reading of it sometimes, as a reward for good conduct.

No girl now looks with more delight at an opera-ticket than we then looked on the permission to go into the north bedroom, and spend three hours reading the *Elegant Extracts*. How calm and still and delight-

ful that shady room seemed!—the sun without, shining so pleasantly on the distant woods; the birds afar off, singing and calling in vain to us to come out; and there, spread out before us this perfect mine of reading!

But all that comes to houses from week to week now—magazine stories, and articles, and lectures—had then no existence. We read a few things a great many times over, as we tramped the lonely woods after honeysuckles, apples, or chesnuts; and in that slow way we were twenty years in learning to write,—older than that before we ever thought of having a piece in print; and for years our first pieces were always given away,—asked for by one and another, and given.

Come now, Nellie, that is the way we learned, and we found it pleasant to learn so, because we liked writing even when we did not write well, and we loved study, and reading and thinking for themselves, and without a dream of any use we might make of them or of what other people might think of us.

Now, my little girl, it is kinder to put you upon some such course of self-improvement than to accept the green fruit of your mind, and thus make you satisfied with what ought not to satisfy you. If you once get to publishing stories like that, and having them praised, and feel satisfied with them, it is all over for you as a writer.

## THE BABES IN THE CLOUDS.

### AN AMERICAN TRUE STORY.

Just ten years ago, there suddenly burst upon the western world a magnificent stranger from foreign parts, "with all his travelling glories on." It was the great comet of 1868, on the grand tour of the universe.

It seemed strange that petty human life could go on as usual, with its eating and drinking, toiling, trafficking, and pleasures, while that "flaming minister," on his billion-leagued circuit, was preaching the wonders of infinite immensity and power, and the nothingness of earth. But science has robbed celestial apparitions of their old portentous significance. The comet no longer runs his kindling race, like Vich-Alpine's henchman, with its fiery cross, announcing war and disaster, "Herald of battle, fate, and fear." He is on his own business, not ours.

Under the tail of this particular comet doubtless many a tale of love was told,—in

the light of his swift splendors many a tender look exchanged. The astronomer coolly swept the starry field with his glass, unawed by the irregular night-guard patrolling the heavens, and the robber and murderer disdained the awful witness. He left us as he found us, joined to our mortal idols, wise in our own conceit, weak and worldly and wicked, but no castaways of the universe after all.

We remember that comet-summer, not so much for its great astronomical event, as for two singular incidents that more nearly touched our human sympathies, which will grovel in poor earthly affairs, even within sight of the most august celestial phenomena.

One pleasant Saturday afternoon, during the comet's appearance, an aeronaut, after a prosperous voyage, descended upon a farm in the neighborhood of a large market town, in one of the western states. He was soon surrounded by a curious group of the farmer's family and laborers, all asking eager questions about the voyage and the management of the balloon. That, secured by an anchor and a rope in the hands of the aeronaut, its car but a foot or two above the ground, was swaying lazily backward and forward in the evening air. It was a good deal out of wind, and was a sleepy and innocent monster in the eyes of the farmer, who, with the owner's permission, led it up to his house, where, as he said, he could "hitch it" to his fence. But before he thus secured it, his three children, aged respectively ten, eight, and three, begged him to lift them "into that big basket," that they might sit on "those pretty red cushions." While the attention of the aeronaut was diverted by more curious questioners from a neighboring farm, this rash father lifted his little darlings, one by one, into the car. Chubby little Johnnie proved the "ounce too much" for the aerial camel, and brought him to the ground; and then, unluckily, not the baby, but the eldest hope of the family, was lifted out. The relief was too great for the monster. The volatile creature's spirits rose at once; he jerked his halter out of the farmer's hand, and, with a wild bound, mounted into the air! Vain was the aeronaut's anchor. It caught for a moment in a fence, but it tore away, and was off, dangling uselessly after the runaway balloon, which so swiftly and steadily rose that in a few minutes the two little white faces peering over the edge of the car grew indistinct, and those piteous cries of "Papa!" "Mamma!" grew faint and fainter, up in the air.

When distance and twilight mists had

swallowed up voices and faces, and nothing could be seen but that dark, cruel shape, sailing triumphantly away with its precious booty, like an aerial privateer, the poor father sank down helpless and speechless; but the mother, frantic with grief, still stretched her yearning arms toward the inexorable heavens, and called wildly up into the unanswering void.

The aeronaut strove to console the wretched parents with assurances that the balloon would descend within thirty miles of the town, and all might be well with the children, provided it did not come down in water, or in deep woods. In the event of its descending in a favorable spot, there was but one danger to be apprehended; he thought that the elder child might step out, leaving the younger in the balloon. Then, it might again rise and continue its voyage.

"Ah! no," replied the mother, "Jennie would never stir from the car without Johnnie in her arms."

The balloon passed directly over the market town, and the children seeing many people in the streets, stretched out their hands and cried out loudly for help. But the villagers, though they saw the bright little heads, heard no call.

Amazed at the strange apparition, they might almost have thought the translated little creatures small angel navigators on some voyage of discovery,—some little cherubic venture of their own,—as, heading toward the rosy cloud-lands and purple islands of sunset splendor, they sailed deeper and deeper into the west, and faded away.

Some company they had, poor little sky-waifs! Something comforted them and allayed their wild torments,—something whispered to them that below the night and clouds was home; that above was God; that, wherever they might drift or clash,—living or dead,—they would still be in His domain, and under His care,—that, though borne away among the stars, they could not be lost, for His love would follow them.

When the sunlight all went away, and the great comet came blazing out, little Johnnie was apprehensive that the comet might come too near their airy craft, and set it on fire with a whisk of its dreadful tail. But when his sister assured him that that fiery dragon was as much "as twenty miles away," and that God wouldn't let him hurt them, he was tranquilized, but soon afterward said, "I wish he would come a little nearer, so I could warm myself,—I'm so cold."

Then Jennie took off her apron, and wrapped it about the child, saying tenderly :

"This is all sister has to make you warm, darling, but she'll hug you close in her arms, and we will say our prayers, and you shall go to sleep."

"Why, how can I say my prayers before I have my supper?" asked little Johnnie.

"Sister hasn't any supper for you, or for herself, but we must pray all the harder," responded Jennie.

So the two baby-wanderers, alone in the wide heavens, unawed by darkness, immensity, and silence,—by the presence of the great comet and the millions of unpitied stars,—lifted their little clasped hands, and sobbed out their sorrowful "Our Father," and then that quaint little supplementary prayer :

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

"There! God heard that, easy, for we are close to Him, up here," said innocent little Johnnie.

Doubtless divine love stooped to the little ones, and folded them in perfect peace; for soon the younger, sitting on the bottom of the car, with his head leaning against his sister's knee, slept as soundly as though he were lying in his own little bed, at home; while the elder watched quietly through the long hours, and the car floated gently on in the still night air, till it began to sway and rock on the fresh morning wind.

Who can divine that simple little child's thoughts, speculations, and wild imaginings, while watching through those hours? She may have feared coming in collision with a meteor,—for many were abroad that night,—scouts and heralds of the great comet,—or perhaps being cast away on some desolate star-island; or, more dreary still, floating and floating on, night and day, till they should both die of hunger. Poor babes in the clouds!

At length, Providence guided the little girl's wandering hand to a cord connected with the valve; something told her to pull it. At once the balloon began to sink, slowly and gently, as though let down by tender hands; or as though some celestial pilot guided it through the wild currents of air,—not letting it drop into lake, or river, or lofty wood, or impenetrable swamp, where this strange, unchild-like experience might have been closed by a death of unspeakable horror; but causing it to descend as softly as a bird alights, on a spot where human care and pity awaited it.

The sun had not yet risen, but the morning twilight had come, when the little girl,

looking over the edge of the car, saw the dear old earth coming nearer,—“rising toward them,” she said. But when the car stopped, to her great disappointment, it was not on the ground, but caught fast in the topmost branches of a tree. Yet she saw they were near a house whence help might soon come, so she awakened her brother and told him the good news, and together they watched and waited for deliverance, hugging each other for joy and for warmth, for they were very cold.

Farmer Burton, who lived in a lonely house on the edge of his own private prairie, was a famous sleeper in general, but on this particular morning he awoke before the dawn, and, though he turned and turned again, he could sleep no more. So, at last, he said to his good wife, whom he had kindly awakened to inform her of his unaccountable insomnolence, “It’s no use; I’ll just get up and dress, and have a look at the comet.”

The next that worthy woman heard from her wakeful spouse, was a frightened summons to the outer door. It seems that, no sooner did he step forth from his house, than his eyes fell upon a strange, portentous shape hanging in a large pear-tree, about twenty yards distant. He could see in it no likeness to anything earthly, and he fancied it might be the comet, who, having put out his light, had come down there to perch. In his fright and perplexity, he did what every wise man would do in a like extremity,—he called on his valiant wife. Reinforced by her, he drew near the tree, cautiously reconnoitring. Surely never pear-tree bore such fruit!

Suddenly there descended from the thing, a plaintive, trembling little voice. “Please take us down. We are very cold.”

Then a second little voice. “And hungry, too; please take us down!”

“Why, who are you? And where are you?”

The first little voice said: “We are Mr. Harwood’s little boy and girl, and we are lost in a balloon.”

The second little voice said: “It’s us, and we runned away with a balloon. Please take us down.”

Dimly comprehending the situation, the farmer, getting hold of a dangling rope, succeeded in pulling down the balloon.

He first lifted out little Johnnie, who ran rapidly a few yards toward the house, then turned round, and stood for a few moments, curiously surveying the balloon. The faithful little sister was so chilled and exhausted that she had to be carried into the house,

where, trembling and sobbing, she told her wonderful story.

Before sunrise a mounted messenger was dispatched to the Harwood home, with glad tidings of great joy. He reached it in the afternoon, and a few hours later, the children themselves arrived in state, with banners and music, and conveyed in a covered hay-waggon and four.

Joy-bells were rung in the neighboring town, and in the farmer’s brown house, the happiest family on the continent thanked God that night.

#### THE SENSE OF SMELL A GUARDIAN ANGEL.

We have seen that the senses, unperverted, direct us to wholesome food, and enable us to enjoy best that which is best for us, and, on the other hand, discover and defend us from that which is unwholesome or poisonous. For example: Good, well-cooked fish, while it is fresh and wholesome, is invited and urged upon us by these senses; but let it remain but for a single hour in a hot sun, and they will inform us distinctly that it has become disorganized and unfit for digestion; and while unperverted they will thus always prove guardian angels to the system.

If poisonous carburetted hydrogen gas escapes from our fixtures, even to the smallest extent, how soon do our olfactories detect it, and warn us of its danger. If a drain gets obstructed, and its contents flow back into our cellar walls, sending its death-dealing gases into our apartments, how kindly and quickly we are informed of the danger by the sense of smell.

If our cellars are damp and unventilated, and the fever and dysentery producing mould gathers on the walls and furniture, our olfactories never fail to warn us to ventilate and remove the cause of dampness, or we shall be sure to be sick and lose our children.

From such facts it is fair, and certainly safe, to infer that every offensive smell is an angel of mercy, warning us to remove or avoid some evil influence connected with it, and inducing to cleanliness of our person and care of our premises, that we may avoid the evils that are sure to follow any neglect of such warnings. The importance of this subject warrants some further illustrations and facts, which go to show the importance of obeying the warning of the sense of smell, as in the cases above referred to.—*From How Not to be Sick, by A. J. Bellows, M.D.*



# MORE LIKE JESUS.

Words by FANNIE CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

*Slow, with feeling.*

1. More like Je - sus would I be, Let my Sa - viour

dwell with me; D.S. Fill my soul with peace and love -  
Poor in spir - it would I be,

FINE.

Make me gen - tle as a dove;  
Let my Sa - viour dwell in me. More like Je - sus,

D.S.

while I go, Pil - grim in this world be - low; D.S.

2. If he hears the raven's cry,  
If his ever watchful eye  
Marks the sparrows when they fall,  
Surely he will hear my call.  
He will teach me how to live,  
All my simple thoughts forgive;  
Pure in heart I still would be—  
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

3. More like Jesus when I pray,  
More like Jesus day by day,  
May I rest me by his side,  
Where the tranquil waters glide.  
Born of him through grace renewed,  
By his love my will subdued,  
Rich in faith I still would be—  
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

## Domestic Economy.

### OUR PATTY-BREADS.

Taste one. It is warm from the oven—a little oval cake, light, soft, sweet, and wholesome. Guess the ingredients. It is not made light with yeast; there is no soda, ammonia, sour milk, buttermilk, egg, or shortening in it,—nothing but flour and water. I made it myself.

Half an hour ago I said, "The oven is hot now, and I will bake another dozen of patty-breads for tea." So I stirred up a batter of unbolted wheat flour and cold water, and filled the dozen small iron cups of my nest of patty-irons, rounding them up with the rather thick batter. I put them in the oven immediately, and twenty minutes afterward removed them, beautifully done. They had risen till they were double their original thickness, and were just nicely browned on the crust.

Professor Youmans will have to revise his excellent treatise on Household Science. He will be glad to learn that bread can be both light and soft, made simply of flour (either fine or unbolted) mixed with water. No fermentation, no kneading, no rolling out, no shortening, no soda. Let house-keepers rejoice!

O, fainting sister, over-burdened with domestic cares, when the next load of unexpected guests comes to your door, and the last loaf in your cupboard is cut, and there is no baker's shop near at hand, be not utterly cast down. With good flour of any sort in the house, a quick oven, and a couple of these nests of baking irons, you have all that is requisite for the best of bread. You need not even stand upon your weary feet, as in rolling out biscuit or kneading bread. Sit down while you stir the batter, butter the irons, and fill the small iron cups. There is no easier way to make bread: no bread is more economical, none more healthful, and none more delicious.

Of course, single patty-pans will make as good bread as those that come in sets or nests; but very trying to the temper is the task of turning these little hot cakes around and removing them from the hot oven. The iron sets of a dozen cups cost a dollar, but how soon is their cost saved by the economy of eggs, butter, and soda that follows their introduction.

No tedious receipt for johnny-cake—with

cream, eggs, sugar, butter, sour milk, soda—ever made corn-cakes that tasted sweeter to Mr. Rochester and me than those made in these irons with simple meal and water. Scald the meal with boiling water (this brings out the sweetness of the meal wonderfully), stir the batter pretty thick, not minding if the cakes are rough upon the top,—the shades of golden brown upon the upper crust will have all the more variety and beauty because of the unevenness.

You can make white or fine flour biscuit in the same way as the Graham cakes, stirring the batter very thick. Unbolted meal requires more water, as it swells more in baking.

It is pleasant to experiment, and see how many varieties of good bread may be made in this simple way. We have tried buckwheat and fine wheat flour, half and half; oat-meal scalded, thinned with cold water, and again thickened with fine wheat flour; corn-meal and fine flour, prepared in the same manner,—all with good success. Sometimes we use salt, and sometimes omit it. These cakes are said to be better mixed with milk.

The oven *must* always be *hot*, or they will be heavy; and if the batter is too thin, they will be hollow. When properly mixed and properly baked, they will certainly be light and good. So, if you fail once, try again.

Patty-pans or irons are not essential for making unleavened cakes; but they are more convenient, and their use makes success more certain than when the mass is rolled out like biscuit, or dropped upon a baking-tin with a spoon.—*Independent*.

### HINTS ABOUT BREAD.

Everybody is of opinion that home-made bread is cheaper, sweeter, and more wholesome than that bought at the baker's, *unless* it is badly made. Heavy, close, bitter bread is only too well known in many households where it is home-made; this is not economical, as it cannot nourish the eaters as good bread does, and it is, generally speaking, wasted.

There is no doubt that more nutrition is contained in brown bread than in white, and the *whiter* the bread the less is the nourishment derived from it. Brown bread

is excellent for weak digestions, and for many other reasons should be eaten alternately with white bread in all families; moreover, it is less adulterated than the very white bread when purchased from the baker's.

Flour, when kept in store, should be placed in a warm, dry room, as, if at all damp, it will make the bread or cakes for which it is used, heavy. It is safest to put the quantity of flour you are about to make into bread before the fire, in a large dish or pan, for an hour or two, in order to have it warm and dry for use.

Great cleanliness is required for making bread,—a clean trough or brown earthenware pan; very clean hands and arms, and nice, fresh yeast. The fresher the yeast the less you will require of it.

Never leave the dough half-made, nor allow it to get cold before it is finished; if you do, it will be heavy. Too small a proportion of yeast will make the dough heavy.

If the sponge or the dough be permitted to overwork itself, it will become sour in warm weather. Do not put it too near the fire, but keep it warm at a gentle and equal degree of heat.

Bread baked in tins will be lighter than when made into ordinary loaves, and is best for toast or sandwiches.

Too little water will spoil the bread; too much will make it too slack. If, by accident, the latter fault is perceptible, make the bread up in tins, and it will not much matter.

#### HOW TO KEEP EGGS FRESH.

Take a half inch board of any convenient length and breadth, and pierce it as full of holes (each one and a half inches in diameter) as you can. I find that a board two feet and six inches in length, and one foot wide, has five dozen in it, say twelve rows of five each.

Then take four strips two inches broad, and nail them together into a rectangular frame. Nail this board upon the frame, and the work is done, unless you choose to nail a beading around the top.

Put your eggs in this board as they come from the poultry house, the small end down, and they will keep good for six months, if you take the following precautions:—Take care that the eggs do not get wet, either in the nest or afterwards. (In summer, hens are fond of laying among the weeds or grass, and any eggs taken from

such nests in wet weather, should be put away for immediate use. Keep them in a cool room in summer, and out of the reach of frost in winter. If two boards be kept, one can be filling while the other is emptying.

The writer accounts for the preservation of eggs in this way, by supposing that the yolk floats more equally in the white, and has less tendency to sink down against the shell, than when the egg is laid on one side,—certainly, if the yolk touches the shell it spoils immediately.—*English Agricultural Gazette*.

#### HOW TO COOK AN EGG.

An egg should not be boiled; it should only be scalded—*vulgo*, coddled. Immerse your egg in, or, what is better, pour upon your egg boiling water. For time, proportion the same to the size and number of your eggs, and the collateral accidents. If you cook your eggs upon the breakfast table, more time will be required. But if you station your apparatus on a good wholesome hob, where there is a fire, and so the radiation of heat is less positive, less time will suffice. The latter way is mine, winter and summer, and the difference of the surrounding circumstances equalize, or nearly so, the time. I keep one egg under water nine minutes; two, nine and a half; three, ten; and four nearly eleven minutes. The yolk first owns the power of the caloric, and will be even firmly set, while the white will be milky, or at most tremulously gelatinous. It is then delectable to the palate, and easy of digestion. There is perfect absence of that gutta percha quality, in the white especially, at once the result and the source of dyspepsia. I believe that eggs would be much more patronized and much more wholesome if boiling were discarded.—*Hall's Journal of Health*.

#### SELECTED RECIPES.

**TO BAKE HAMS.**—The usual mode of preparing hams for the table is by boiling; they are far richer if baked as follows: Soak the ham in clean water for an hour, then wipe dry, and spread it all over with thin batter, lay it in a deep dish with sticks under it to keep it from the grease. When fully done, remove the skin, and the batter which has crusted on the flesh side, and set it away to cool in the open air.

**BROILED POTATOES.**—Cut cold boiled potatoes in slices a quarter of an inch thick, dip each slice in wheat flour, place them on a griddle

over a fire of bright coals; when both sides are browned place the slices on a hot dish, and butter, pepper, and salt to suit your taste, and place them hot on the table.

**STUFFED POTATOES.**—Take five large potatoes, wash and peel them, and scoop them out, so as to have them hollow from end to end; fill the holes with sausage or forcemeat; dip the potatoes into dissolved butter, and arrange them in a baking-dish; put them into a moderately hot oven for about thirty or forty minutes. Serve directly they are done. They may be accompanied by a sauce or not, according to choice.

**TRANSPARENT ARROWROOT PUDDING.**—To make this pudding, a teacupful of arrowroot should be mixed with a little water, until quite smooth. Ten sweet and bitter almonds must be blanched and pounded (using two or three drops of water while pounding), and afterwards boiled in a pint of water, stirring in sufficient sifted sugar to sweeten the mixture. After straining, this should be poured gradually upon the arrowroot, stirring all the time; then, after boiling it up for a few minutes, it must be poured into a mould and left to cool.

**TO MAKE BREAD.**—Seven pounds of flour, two quarts of warm water, a large tablespoonful of salt, and half a gill of yeast. Put the flour into a deep pan, heap it round the sides, leaving a hollow in the centre; put into it a quart of warm water, a large spoonful of salt, and half a gill of yeast; have ready three pints more of warm water, and with as much of it as may be necessary, make the whole into a rather soft dough, kneading it well with both hands. When it is smooth and shining, strew a little flour over it; lay a thickly folded cloth over it, and set it in a

warm place by the fire for four or five hours; then knead it again for a quarter of an hour; cover it over, and set it to rise again; divide it into two or four loaves, and bake it in a quick oven. It will take one hour to bake it if divided into loaves weighing two pounds each, and two hours if the loaves weigh four pounds each. This bread need only rise once, and if made of the best superfine flour, will be beautifully white and light. In cold weather bread should be mixed in a warm room, and not allowed to become cold while rising. If there is any difficulty as to its rising, set the bowl or pan over boiling water. It is best to mix the bread at night, and cover it close, in a warm room, should the weather be cold, till the morning. Of course, if the family be large, the quantities may be increased or doubled in proportion.

**GOOD RUSK.**—Two teacups of sugar and not quite a teacup of butter beaten together, with two eggs, and one pint of sweet milk, and flour sufficient to make a sponge. Add yeast, and set it to rise before going to bed. Next morning make up as bread, and let it rise again, then mould into biscuits, and when light bake them. Some cooks put in nutmeg and brandy, and a friend of mine flavors them with grated orange-peel, but I prefer them without anything of the kind.

**TO WASH NEW FLANNEL.**—Cut the soap small, and boil it in a little water. Have two tubs with water as hot as the hands can bear, previously blue the water to keep the color of the flannel, and put some of the boiled soap into one tub to make a lather; then wash the flannel without squeezing it. Put it into the other tub, and wring it in a large towel. Shake it out then, and, after drying it, smooth it with a cool iron.

## Editorial and Correspondence.



**THE DWELLING, STORE-HOUSES, AND GROUNDS OF THE FIRST GOVERNOR OF QUEBEC, 1608.**—Our Frontispiece represents the castle, fort, and gardens of Samuel de Champlain, first Governor of Canada. We are indebted to an antiquarian friend for a *fac-simile* of this once extensive structure, built on a point of land, in the Lower Town of Quebec, on the spot on which the R. C. Church, Notre Dame des Victoires, was built in 1711. It appears to have been on the area covered at present by the said Church. It faced the river, and was surrounded by three

gardens, one running towards Champlain Street, another towards Mountain Street, and a third towards the St. Lawrence. Champlain planted trees, vines, and different seeds in the vicinity. Our Quebec contributor, the author of "Maple Leaves," to whom we referred this plate, has furnished us with the explanations at the foot thereof. The locality acquires additional interest from the supposed discovery, in 1867, by the Abbés Laverdière and Casgrain, at Quebec, of the tomb which had once contained the remains of the great founder of Quebec. Much light will, doubtless, be

thrown on Champlain's career by the publication of his "Voyages," under the superintendence of the Rev. Abbé Laverdière, from the press of M. Desbarats, at Ottawa. It is expected this splendid work, recomposed and improved, will be issued next fall.

### HINTS AND THOUGHTS.

We frequently receive letters from young contributors which state that the accompanying paper is a first effort, and has been hastily written; but, if favorably received, will be followed by others prepared with more care. Now, if these young writers would but think a moment, they would see that the first article or poem requires, if possible, more care and more attention than any succeeding ones. Writers who have made their names great can write as they please, and what they write, even though great trash, will be published and eagerly read; but those who are not in this position will find no care and painstaking too great for anything which they desire to get into print. If you wish to be successful, make your work as perfect as possible, then copy it legibly, writing on one side of the paper only, and numbering the pages. If it is a poem, or short piece, it is far better to keep a copy than to request its return. If, however, you wish particularly to have it returned if not inserted, inclose an envelope, addressed to yourself in full. Remember to write proper names very distinctly, and be careful to mention in your letter the title of the piece which you send. If it is accepted, it cannot generally appear for two months, at any rate; and it may be much longer before it can find its way into the crowded pages of the magazine, especially if it be intended for any particular season. We mention this because articles are frequently accompanied by a request that they may appear in the next number, when not only the next, but next again are so far completed, that nothing more can be inserted.

We would, besides this, venture to sug-

gest to some of our young contributors that, instead of poems or essays on abstract subjects, they would try their hands at writing stories for children. The field is large, and if you write naturally and simply there is great hope of success.

### ACCEPTED ARTICLES.

The following list comprises the accepted papers which we have on hand, and which we will try to make room for as soon as possible:—

#### PROSE.

"The Great Elk."	"Norfolk."
"Indian Summer."	"Charles de la Tour."
"Duck Shooting."	"Put on the Brake."
"Lost Child."	"The Matapedia."
"Waiting for the Tide."	"Deaf Jim."
"From Montreal to Toronto."	"Lost in the Woods."
	"Sketches in Ontario."

#### POETRY.

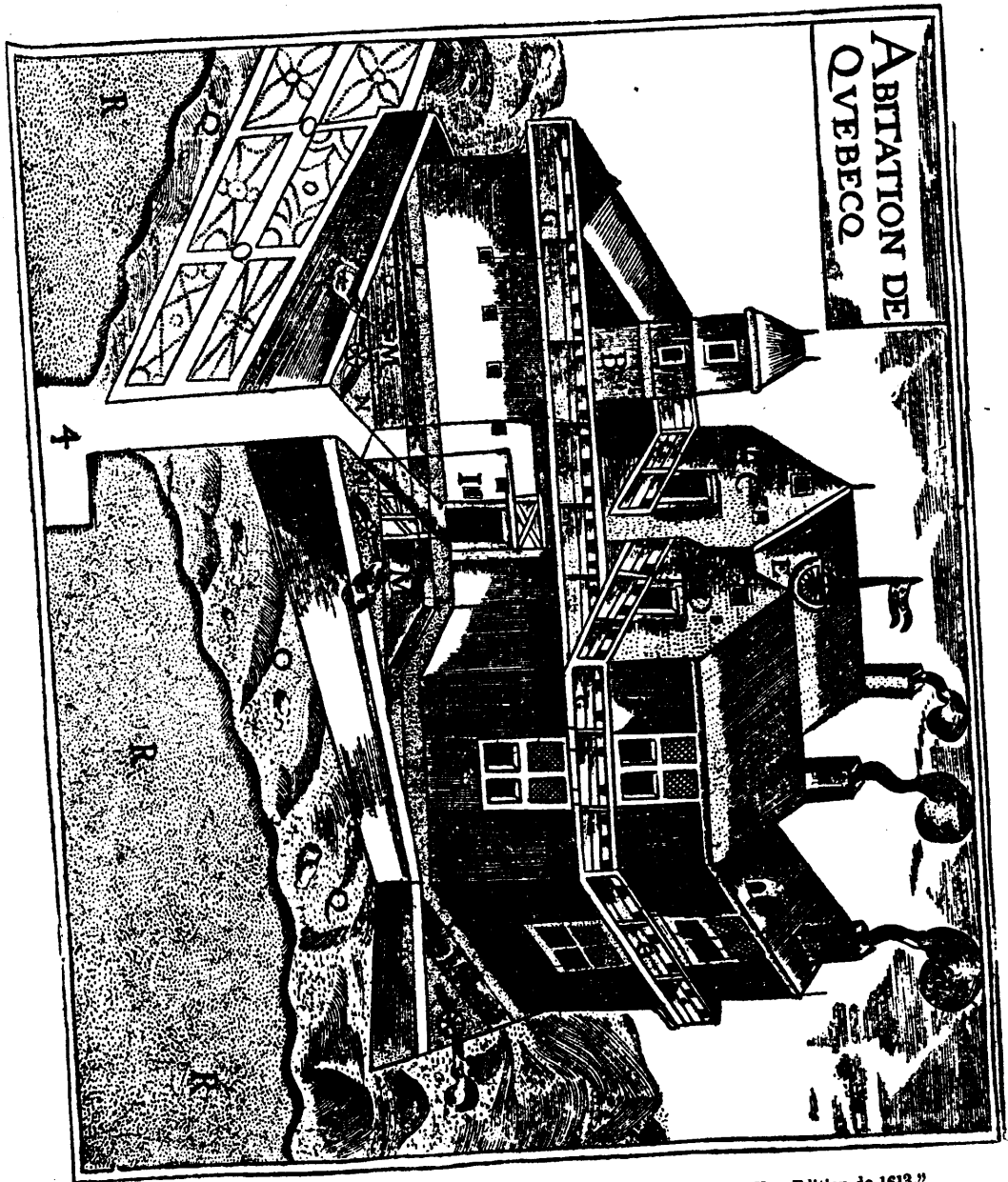
"Too Late."	"Summer."
"The Life-Boat."	"Minnehaha."
"Parted in Wrath."	"Good Friday."
"Canada to England."	"Questions."
"My Summer Evening Stroll."	"Snow-Flakes."
"Childhood's Troubles."	"Snow."
	"The Thread of Life."

We invite attention to the article in this number by the author of "Maple Leaves" (J. M. LeMoine, Esq., of Quebec), on the component elements of Canadian population. The subject is one of deep interest; and Mr. LeMoine brings out very ably the pleasing fact that nearly all the early settlers of Canada, both French and English, were of a very superior class in point of respectability and morality. Canada has never been tainted by a convict-immigration, or any importation of slave or cooly laborers. Its population is mainly composed of emigrants of the most respectable kind from France, England, Scotland, Ireland, and the United States; and the influence of a worthy origin is seen in the general moral and law-abiding character of the population.

### "MY ESCAPE IN 1837,"

BY T. S. BROWN, ESQ.,

Will appear in our next number, being a sequel to "1837—and My Connection with It."



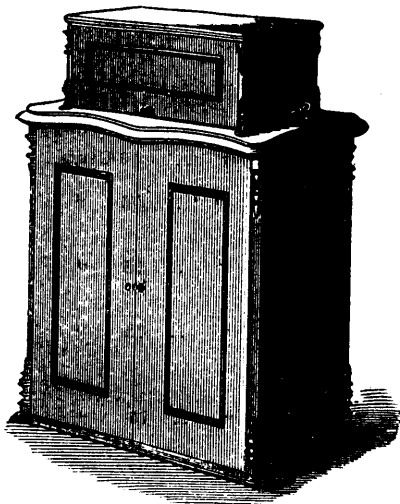
FAC SIMILE D'UNE ESTAMPE DANS LES "VOYAGES de CHAMPLAIN. Edition de 1613."

A. Store-room. B. Dove Cot. C. Arsenal. D. Workmen's Quarter. E. Sun Dial. F. Forge. G. Gallery.  
H. Quarters of Sieur de Champlain. I. Door of Building, with Drawbridge. L. Walk round. M. Ditch  
round Castle. N. Triangular Platform. O. Garden. P. Kitchen. Q. Area. R. St. Lawrence,

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The Old, Old Story, (Hymn).....		
Waiting, Only Waiting, (Hymn).....		
The House Upon a Rock,.....	}	" .. 75 "
The Shining Way,.....		
Gentle Words.....	" ..	50 "
Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.....	" ..	50 "
Climbing up Zion's Hill.....	}	" .. 75 "
The Angel Boatman, (Hymn) .....		
More like Jesus, (Hymn).....		
Shall we Gather at the River,.....	}	" .. 75 "
Angels Hovering Round,.....		
Something to do in Heaven,.....	}	" .. 75 "
Leave me with Jesus, (Hymn).....		
Christmas Carol .....	" ..	75 "
Evening.....	" ..	50 "

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*Strawberries, &c.*

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**JAMES DOUGALL.**

WINDSOR, February 15, 1869.

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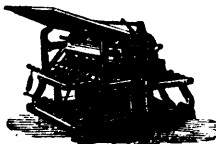
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But is, when unadorned, adorned the most;

Nor do we, and the poet of the seasons was an unreasonable fellow to attempt to impose such nonsense upon us.—*Geo. D. Prentice.*

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