THE MAPLE LEAF

A CANADIAN ANNUAL

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THE MAPLE LEAF,

A CHRISTMAS ANNUAL.

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THE MAPLE LEAF.

A Canadian Xmas Annual.

SOLA NOBILITIS VIRTAS.

THE EDITOR'S CHRISTMAS GREETING.

CHRISTMAS once more! The season
Of joy and peace on earth,
When all is full to overflow
Of happiness and mirth;
When every heart with gladness
Is fain to chirp and sing;
When care and crabbéd fancies fly,
And kindliness is king.

And, lo, the Christmas Genius
The blazing hearth beside,
With kindly glance and friendly smile
Is watching o'er our task, the while,
Our reader's leisure to beguile,
We labour to provide
Fresh flights of airy fancy,
New thoughts in prose and rhyme,
With many a fair design of art
Well suited to the time.

Then, reader, turn these pages
In gentle spirit o'er;
Read—and you will find no dearth
Of Christmas gaiety and mirth,
Within their ample store;
Nor yet for deeper purpose,
And thought of graver strain,
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide,
Shall search be made in vain.

Jests to make laughter ripple,
And dream of bygone years,
Tales to give carols to the heart,
Or fill the eyes with tears.
These far and wide we gather,
And make a goodly show,
Wreathed with the holly's shining leaf,
And sacred mistletoe.

To you, too, gentle reader,
Where'er your lot is cast,
Wherever fate has fixed your home
Throughout earth's regions vast—
The editor—so please you,
Would by these pages send
All wishes due for Christmas cheer,
All greetings of the closing year,
"God speed!" from friend to friend.

DECKING THE CROSS.

In Naples on an Easter morn,
A priest the cross was dressing
With open buds, and flowers new-born,
When all her sins confessing,
A beggar girl drew softly near,
And on the cross she dropped a tear.

"Ah!" said the priest, "my flowers are sweet.
But, child, thine eyes have given
This blessed cross an offering meet
To the dear King of heaven;
For I can place no garland here
So sweet as thy repentant tear!"

CHATEAU REGNIER.

CHRISTMAS STORY OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

I.

A PROUD man was Baron Regnier. In the old days of Charlemagne, the Chateau Regnier had risen a modest mansion on the pleasant banks of the Garonne. That great monarch died; his empire fell to pieces; the lords became each one an independent sovereign in his own castle, making perpetual war on each other, and elected kings who could neither enforce respect nor obedience. Then the Chateau Regnier was enlarged and fortified, its retainers and vassals became numerous, and as was the method of growing rich in those times, large parties of horsemen would sally from its gates, as suited their pleasure or necessities, to plunder neighbouring lords or defenceless travellers.

The Barons Regnier were brave men; never was there a brilliant or dangerous expedition wherein some scion of the house did not distinguish himself. When the first preaching of the Crusades stirred the soul of Europe, there was bustle of preparation and burnishing of weapons at the chateau; even in the motley company of Peter the Hermit went one of the younger sons of the family, who did his part of plundering in Hungary and Dalmatia, and perished on the shores of the Bosphorus; and in the more orderly expedition that followed, the reigning baron himself led a brave array under the banner of Raymond of Toulouse.

The return of the Crusaders brought more refined tastes in France, though not more peaceable manners. The Chateau Regnier was enriched and beautified; troubadours gathered there; feasts were continually spread; still plunder and anarchy were the order of the day till the reign of Louis le Gros. That energetic king devoted his life to establishing law and order in France. Then the house of Regnier, having plundered all that it conveniently could, took part with the

king to prevent all further plundering, so it grew strong in its possessions.

With such a line of ancestry to look back on, no wonder that the Baron Regnier was proud. He himself in his youth had shared in the disasters of a crusade. After his return home, he had married a beautiful wife, whom he tenderly loved; but his happiness was of short duration; in three years after their union she died, leaving him an image of herself—a frail and lovely little being, the last flower on the rugged stem of that great house.

A lovely land is the south of France. Two thousand years ago the old geographer called it the Beautiful, and its soft *langued'or* is the very language of love. It was on the shores of the Garonne, in the twelfth century, that the troubadours sang their sweetest songs. Among them was found Pierre Rogiers, who wearied once of the cloister, and so wandered out into the world—to the court of the beautiful Ermengarde at Harbonne, to the palaces of Aragon, at last to the shores of the Garonne, and finding everywhere only vanity of vanities, once more entered the gates of the Monastery and lay down to die. Here too, lived Bernard de Ventadone, who lived and celebrated in his songs more than one royal princess. Here he dwelt in courtly splendour, till he grew weary of all things earthly and yearned for the quiet of the cloister, and wrapping the monk's robe around him, he, too, died in peace. No wonder if Clemence Regnier growing up a beautiful girl in the midst of these influences, should yield her soft promptings of affection. She was the favourite companion of her father; no wish of hers was ungratified; her sweetness of temper endeared her to all around her. She was sought in marriage by many rich nobles of Toulouse, she refused them all, and gave her preference to the younger son of a neighbouring baron—a penniless and landless knight. When the old baron first discovered their mutual attachment, he was at first incredulous, then amazed, then angry. He persistently and peremptorily refused his consent.

The Regniers had for so long married as they had done everything else, only to augment their power and wealth, that a marriage where love and happiness only were considered, was an absurd idea to the baron. This comes of all these

Jougleurs and their trashy songs! he exclaimed, "they have got nothing to do but wander about the world and turn girls and boys' heads with their songs. I'll have no more of them here! So the baron turned all poets and musicians out of his chateau, but he could not turn love and romance out; the young heart of Clemence was their impregnable citadel, and then they held their ground against all the baron's assaults. Four years went by, Clemence was pining away with grief for she loved her father and she loved her lover; at last her love for the latter prevailed and trusting to win the old baron's forgiveness afterwards, Clemence fled from the Chateau with the young Count de Regnault. Baron de Regnier was a man who, when moderately irritated gave vent to his wrath in angry words, but when deeply wounded he was silent; and here both his pride and his affection had been wounded most deeply.

He signified to the guests at the castle that they might depart; he closed the grand halls, keeping near him a few old servants; dismissed his chaplain whom he suspected, though falsely, of having married the runaway couple and who had been their messenger to him begging for his forgiveness and permission to come to him; closed his chapel doors, and shut himself up gloomy and alone, in a suite of rooms in a wing of the chateau. Many loving and penitent messages came to him from Clemence. At first he took no notice of them; at last, to one he returned an answer—"He would never see her again."

II.

THE summer came and the winter, and many a summer and winter passed, and the dreariest domain of all France was the once merry Chateau Regnier. Year after year, the old man brooded alone. If friendship or chance brought friends to the chateau, they were received with stately formality, which forbade their stay; rarely did a stranger pass a night within its walls. The retainers kept their Christmas holidays as best they might; no great hall was opened and lighted, no feast was spread. They wondered how long the baron would live

such a life, and what would become of the chateau should he die, for he had no heir to take it.

Ten years passed, the old man began to grow tired at last of his solitude—he listened to the voice of conscience—it reproached him with the long years of neglected duties. The first thing he did was to open the doors of his chapel. He sent for artisans and ordered it to be repaired and refitted, then he sent a messenger to the Bishop of Toulouse asking him to send a chaplain to the Chateau Regnier. The church was in those days, what she is now, the great republic of the world; but at that time she was the only republic, the one impregnable citadel where through all the centuries that we call the Middle Ages, liberties and equality of men held their ground against hereditary right and feudal despotism. In the monastery the prior was often of lowly birth, while in the humbler brethren, whom he ruled, might be found men of patrician, even of royal lineage. Virtue and talent were the only rank acknowledged. The noble knelt and confessed his sins and received absolution from the hands of the serf. Thus beside the princely-born Bernard we see the name of Fulbert, the illustrious Bishop of Chartres, raised to the episcopal throne from poverty and obscurity, as he himself says; "*Sicut de stercore pauper*," and the life-long friend and minister of Louis the Sixth, Suyer, the Abbot of St. Denis, and regent of France, was the son of a bourgeois of St. Omer. So it happened that when the baron sent to the Bishop of Toulouse for a chaplain, a priest, who was the son of a vassal of Chateau Regnier, threw himself at the prelate's feet and begged that he might be sent. The bishop looked on him with surprise and displeasure. "Monseigneur," said the priest "you reproach me in your heart for what appears to you my presumption and boldness in making this request, I have a most earnest reason for the love of God in asking this; for a very brief time do I ask to remain chaplain at the Chateau Regnier, but I do most earnestly ask it." So he was sent. The young Pere Rudal had been in his childhood a favourite with the baron. It was the baron who had first taken notice of the bright boy and had sent him away to the great schools at Lyons to be educated; and how, when he saw his former favourite returned to him, the old man's heart warmed again and opened to the young priest. It

was with strange emotions that the Pere Rudel stood once more in the home of his childhood. When a careless boy there with no very practical plans for life he had loved with a boy's romantic love, the beautiful Clemence. He was something of a dreamer and poet; she had been the queen of his reveries. He was a child of a vassal and she of noble birth.

This thought saddened him and many were the ditties wherein he bewailed, in true troubadour fashion, this mournful fact; but though he was a boy of twelve when she was a girl of seventeen did not at the time occur to him. After he had gone to the university he heard of her departure from her father's castle and the old man's unforgiving anger against her.

The thought of her grief kept the remembrance of her in his heart, and now though he could laugh at those old dreams of romance—he could love her with a nobler love. He knew the baron's former predilection for himself, and he prayed daily to heaven that he might once more see her restored to her father's hall. At the chateau he was the baron's constant companion. He led the old man little by little, to interest himself once more in the duties of life—in plans for ameliorating the condition of some of the poor vassals—in some improvements in the chateau. Before two years had passed the old man seemed to love him like a son. Yet often a cloud passing over his face, a deep sigh, a sudden indifference to all earthly things betrayed the life-long grief of the baron's heart, and the thought still kept of her whom that heart so truly loved, but would not pardon. It was drawing near to the Christmas season, when one day Pere Rudal said to the Baron: "My Lord, more than a year have I been with you, and although you have heaped many favours upon me, I have never yet solicited one; now I am going to ask one." "My dear friend and companion," replied the baron, "whatever is in my power, you know that you have only to ask." "In the old days," continued the priest, "this chateau of yours saw many a gay feast, especially at the Christmas tide; then there were nobles and ladies here; now it has grown gloomy and silent. What I ask, is that this Christmas you give an entertainment, but one of a novel kind; let the halls be opened and a banquet be spread, and invite all your poor neighbours, your vassals, your retainers, their wives and children; and none be omitted; do this for the love of that little Child

who was so poor and an outcast for us. I, myself, will superintend the whole, and pledge myself for the good conduct and happiness of all; and moreover you yourself will accompany and remain among your guests, at least for a little while. I know I am making a bold request in asking this, but I am sure you will not refuse it, and I promise you will not repent it."

The baron acceded to the request. Had he been asked to entertain grand company at his castle, in his present mood he would have refused at once and haughtily; but he was too generous to refuse anything asked in the name of the poor; besides he felt in his heart the truth of what the young priest had said to him: "There is no solace for grief like that of solacing the sorrows of others; and no happiness like that of adding to their happiness."

III.

CHRISTMAS DAY came; and after the Grand Mass was over, the great hall of the chateau was opened, and tables were spread with abundance of good cheer; there were presents for the little children, too; and there were jongleurs who, instead of the customary love ditties, sang old Christmas carols in the soft Provençal dialect. Amidst the hilarity there was, what by no means common in those days, order and decorum. This was due in part to the restraint and awe inspired by the chateau—opened for the first time in so many years; but more to the presence in their midst of the baron and the priest, who passed from one group to another with a kind word to each.

After a while the priest laid his hand on the baron's arm:

"Let us retire to yonder oriel window—there we may sit in quiet and contemplate the merry scene."

The baron gladly escaped from the crowd, but, as he seated himself, a sigh escaped him, and a cloud gathered on his brow.

"How happy you have made these good people," said the priest. "The merriment of children has something contagious in it, has it not?"

"What have I to do with the merriment of other people's children—I, a poor, childless old man?"

The baron spoke bitterly; for the first time in his life had he made an allusion to his griefs.

"But see these three pretty little children coming towards us," the priest continued; we did not see them as we passed through the hall." And he beckoned them nearer—a little girl about eight years old, a little boy some two or three years younger, and the smallest just able to walk; beautiful children they were, but dressed in the ordinary dress of peasant children.

"Do not refuse to kiss these pretty little ones for the Child who was born to-day," pleaded the priest, as he raised one on his knee." Now, my lord, if it were the poorest vassal in your domains, would he not be a happy man whom these pretty ones would call grandpapa?"

The baron's face assumed a look of displeasure. "I want no more of this; entertain your guests as you please, but spare me my presence here any further. I am glad if I can do anything towards making others happy, but happiness for myself is gone in this world."

"My lord," said the Pere Rudal, why is your happiness gone? When your daughter, your Clemence, threw herself and her little ones at your feet, and prayed you for the love of the little Child born in Bethlehem, to take her little ones to your heart, why did you coldly turn away and refuse her?"

The baron turned to him with unfeigned surprise. "What do you mean?" said he. "I have never seen her since, and her children never."

"But you see them now."

"Oh, Father!" said a well-known voice, and his own daughter Clemenc was kneeling in the midst of her little ones at his feet.

The old man sank back in his seat—his daughter's arm was thrown around his neck, her head was resting on his heart, and after an instant's struggle between love, the divine instinct, and pride, the human fault, his arm was clasped closely about her. Pere Rudal lifted up the youngest child, and placed it on the baron's knee, and then quietly stole away.

A merry place was the Chateau Regnier after that night;

the rooms and halls were opened to the daylight; there was romping and laughing of children from one end of it to the other. The Count de Regnault was sent for on the very next day after that happy Christmas, and was embraced by the baron as a son—and evermore thereafter, with great splendour and merriment, was the feast held at the chateau, so that the Christmas festivities of Chateau Regnier became famous throughout France.

As for the young priest—that night, after he had seen Clemence once more in her father's arms, he left the chateau, and never returned to it. He went away to Toulouse, and wrote from thence to the baron, telling him that his love for him and his was unalterable; but his mission at the chateau was accomplished; the voice of duty called him elsewhere; and he begged the baron's consent to depart. The baron gave his acquiescence reluctantly. Pere Rudal soon after entered the the order of Trinitarians, for the redemption of captives, which had been recently established, and perished on the voyage to Tunis.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY WM. GEOGHEGAN.

THE old year is dying, is passing away,
And his flickering spirit almost hath fled;
His grave is already prepared they say—
Awhile and the child of old Time will be dead;
But the red-berried holly with misletoe blends,
And reminds us another glad season is near;
I'll follow the thought, and so wish you, my friends,
A right Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

What the past to us each on his journey hath been,
If a joy to the heart or a cloud to the brow;
Or chequer'd by shadows, with sunshine between,
We'll stay not to ask of the passing one now.
Let fond hearts grow fonder warm feelings unite;
Let new friends be true friends, and old ones more dear;
And eyes that were tearful with hope become bright,
With a right Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

THE CATTLE RANCH IN COLORADO.

MY first visit to a Colorado stock-ranch brought me into contact with a dozen booted, spurred, and bronzed men, who wore flannel shirts, wide hats, and no collar. They were riding over the country shewing a rich Englishman the "cows." My host had one of the finest ranch houses in Colorado, and the aforesaid flannel-shirted men had brought the gentleman down from Rabbit Ear Ranch to call. My first knowledge of their approach was a whir, a sweep of horsemen rapidly approaching, although the hoofs made no noise on the soft turf, and then a loud whoop at the door. To one but recently from the land of gates and door bells, this salute was singular. The visitors did not dismount but dropped their reins, leaned from the saddles, and talked to the host, who had at the whoop, made for the porch, while their wild-eyed ponies stood with heads thrust into the roofed gallery. The broken sentences that fell on my ear contained mysterious syllables, cows, horses, cow-boys, cow purchasers, mavericks, carry, yards, round, ups, cutting-out, range, trail, outfit. The visit lasted an hour or more, refreshments and cigars being freely indulged in; then, with abrupt good day the cavalcade rode pell-mell away across the breadth of wild flowers and brown grass that spread on every hand far as the eye could reach. There was no fence about the house; its piazza faced the mountains, seventy miles away; the prairie blossoms leaned against the boards, as though the dwelling were a big thistle grown up in their midst; the sod had not been disturbed; there were no trees, no rose-bushes, no garden—none of the litter and rubbish of a new house in the east. Neat and complete as a pasteboard box, it stood alone in the vast prairies, thirty miles from any other dwelling. The big herds of the owner were nowhere to be seen. They, with the horses and mules, were out in care of the cow-boys on the range. Afar out on the prairie, the tinkling bell of the leader, with the weird songs and shouts of the herders, now here, now there, as they headed off some refractory animal with wide detour and whizzing folds of the lariat, was one of the most peculiarly western and fascinating of the many strange experiences of the ranch.

In Colorado there is a class of highly educated men engaged in the cattle trade. The men are sunburned, and wear flannel shirts while on the ranch, but none need mistake them for common or ignorant persons. They are in very many cases gentlemen of culture and standing. In the circle of ranchmen whose acquaintance I formed during my stay, there were several of considerable wealth and scholarly attainments, who, travelling in the west for health, had become interested in the cattle business, and enchanted by the wild open air life; and who had invested in stock, roughed it and were enjoying the climate, the freedom and the excitement, as well as the money it brings. One gentleman, mine host, had been in the Royal Navy of Great Britain; but he had now taken a liking to the billowy prairies better than the deep blue sea. A neighbour was one of the best special geologists in America. Travelling in pursuit of his profession, he saw there was money in cattle, and so left his æsthetic Boston home for a tent on the plains. Another scientist, whose name is known on two continents has during the past year gone heavily into the business. Two Harvard graduates are on ranches adjoining. Two young Englishmen, educated in Germany, herd their own flocks, and live temporarily in a dug out. At the ranch where I was entertained, I saw three youths, brown and bashful, come every evening home with the horses, and ride away in the early dawn, at break-neck pace, after the snorting herd. They looked like any farm boys; yet in the evening when work was over, and they sat on the steps with the family, their talk was wonderfully bright and interesting. Two of them had travelled in Europe, one was the son of an ex-Senator of California, another was the nephew of a general officer of the United States Army; and the third was the son of a distinguished citizen of New York. They are as well read boys as one can find anywhere. In delicate health, they left the city to "rough it" in the prairies, and are stout and well now. Being busy from morning until night, riding all day over the blossoms and the fresh grass, and learning the cattle business from the beginning, these lads will no doubt in a few years own ranches and herds of their own. The man wishing to engage in stock business in Colorado buys so many head from a Texas herd, from men just in on the trail—that is,

who have just driven a herd up from Texas. So many yearlings, either male or female, or steers, and so many two years old and cows, are called "stock cattle," three years old are separate "stock cattle," over three years' old are "stock beeves." The yearlings average nine dollars a-piece, for two years old and cows, thirteen dollars, for three year old steers, fifteen dollars, for beeves, twenty dollars. The stock-man selects his range, builds his corral and shanties by contract, takes his cattle there, brands them, turns them loose, and pays his herders thirty to forty dollars per month, and his foreman seventy to one hundred dollars. Prices are higher farther north in the Indian country; but around where I was, that was the average. The ranches are government land. Anybody can graze their herds thereon; but by common custom the man who has long had range in a certain place is not driven away by new-comers. A man can, if he chooses, pre-empt one hundred and sixty acres near a stream, build his house there, and allow his herds to range around for forty or fifty miles. The general pasture-land of this region is an immense triangle, bounded by the mountains, the North and South Platte, and the Arkansas. Very few cattle ever get over the mountains, or across the rivers; therefore, practically, this range is inclosed by these natural boundaries. The customs concerning the range vary in different localities. On the Arkansas a man owns a certain number of miles of river-front; back of that he claims his range. The country on the South Platte is older, well settled, and every man's range is as well known as if it had a high wall about it.

In winter the cattle graze on land which, from want of water, is unavailable in summer. In winter, the snow quenches their thirst, and under the snow the nutritious grass serves them as their daily food. They are never sheltered, or watched, or herded during the winter. Left to take care of themselves, they wander off, are driven by the storms far from home, and by spring are scattered over the whole triangle inclosed by rivers and mountains. Every man's herds are mixed up together. Then comes the grand "round-up."

In Colorado, the time and places of the round-ups are established by law, or rather determined by county commissioners, who publish in the spring the names of places for the

round-ups for every day during the six weeks, usually beginning in the middle of May, Every ranch or neighbourhood then fits out a squad of men to go and pick out their own cattle. Generally a neighbourhood club together for the great spring frolic. There are busy times then after the long winter's rest and isolation. Though the mountains are still white with snow, a profusion of the daintiest wild blossoms carpets the prairie; and from the bleak plains which the frost has scarcely left, hardy floral pioneers put forth from out the tender grass. Preparations are made for the grand play with systematic exactitude. Harness is overhauled, waggon-covers, mended provisions laid in, and at last, on a bright spring morning, the waggons and outfit are seen starting from every ranch in the country towards a common meeting place on the unfenced plain. For an outfit of one hundred and fifty men, thirty waggons is the average number; and at the round-up, at least seven hundred horses are seen.

Each squad elects a foreman or captain; and all the captains are under the control of the commander-in-chief, who, for the nonce, is a greater man than a major-general in the army. The men are picturesquely clad in warm flannel shirts and buck-skin trousers, and present a gay appearance as they dash off in advance of the canvas covered waggons, that contain the beds and food. Each outfit has its distinctive name. One is known as the Owl Creek Squad; another is the Wild Cat Outfit; a third, the Lone Tree Company. The places of round-up are usually about twenty miles from each other.

The men from the ranches on the edges of the grazing-land —that is, at the foot of the mountains or nearest the rivers— sweep around the boundary, and start the cattle toward the centre of the range, the main place of the round-up. It takes weeks to get them together. During that time, what with driving wild steers by day, and night-herding or keeping them from scattering at night, no man gets over four hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. After arriving at the place of rendezvous the commader issues his orders. The Wild Cat men are to take the outer circle; the Owl Creek men the next circle of cattle, and so on until the herds are sub-divided into patches on the plains and thus more easily handled. The cattle are roughly sorted on the way to the place of the next days' round-up.

The confusion is lessened each day; and in due time each neighbourhood gets its cattle. Then each man in the neighbourhood squad separates his brand from his fellow's, so that by the time the home range is reached, each ranchman has repossessed himself of his own brand, and the young calves which run by the sides of the branded mothers. After the home-range is reached, the first thing is to brand the new additions to the flock. Sometimes a calf old enough to leave the mother is found mixed up with the herd. Its parents being necessarily unknown, it is an alien and a subject of dispute, and is known as a "Maverick," a name which thus originated: Mr. Maverick, a Texan, had a small herd on an island, where they remained scarcely thought of until the close of certain hostilities. When he went to look after them, they had increased to such an extent that the small island was crowded. Without taking the precaution to brand the little strangers he had them conveyed to the mainland, when they broke away and scattered over the whole State. Every quadruped unbranded, or whose owner is uncertain, has in Texas since that time been called a maverick; and the name coming to Colorado with the Texan drovers, has taken root in the grazing plains of that State. The law directs that in the South Plateau section all mavericks shall be turned in for the benefit of the school fund. In the season the ranchman lives in his waggon most of the time, and is going over his range constantly. A waggon, two men, a foreman and cook, fifty saddle horses, provisions for two weeks, and they start from home, and go from one end of the range to the other. As they go along they collect the beeves and unbranded calves, take them to some corral, and brand the calves; they then turn them out, select beeves for shipment, and keep an eye on the general condition of the herd. They move about ten miles a day. When cattle enough are selected for a train load of twelve to twenty cars, containing from two hundred and eighty to four hundred head of beeves, they take them to the nearest railroad point, invoice them to the Union Stock Yards, in charge of a trustworthy man, who delivers them over to a commission merchant of the yards, who sells them and sends the money by draft on New York to the owner. A few days after my arrival I witnessed what they call "cutting out." A drove of two thousand cattle that had been selected as beeves from

the herd, stood in a close bunch on the plain a couple of miles from the ranch-house. We drove over to see the fun, and standing well out of the way of the racing horses, swinging lassos, and scattering cattle, watched with interest. The fattest beeves were "cut out" from the herd and driven into a separate bunch, which was guarded at a little distance by watchful horsemen. One by one the finest cattle were separated. Some thirty horsemen were riding in all directions, swinging the long horse-hair ropes from their saddle-horns, digging their spurs into their horses' flanks, heading off the steers that were making for as well as turning them from the herd, and driving them toward the bunch across the plain as though there was not a moment to lose. One of our party (a lady) excited over the chase of a rebellious cow that bore down upon us, waved her handkerchief and came near causing a stampede. In a moment after the white signal fluttered, every cow in the herd was facing her, heads up, horns high in the air. The foreman shouted to her to hide the handkerchief. He told us afterwards that an unusual sight, especially of anything white, sometimes caused a great herd to break away and run for miles. At such times they will sweep over every obstruction, trampling down men and horses alike. The way to turn a herd is not to head them or dash up in front of them, but by wide circling detours, turn them gradually in a semi-circle. In handling cattle one man is of little use. It takes four mounted men to herd seven hundred, and eight men to drive and night herd a bunch of two to three thousand cattle at one time. Mr. Isliff, a well known ranchman who owns a herd of forty to fifty thousand cattle, has sixty men employed, and a proportionate number of waggons and horses. The cattle man has to be moving from the time the grass is strong enough to feed a horse the length of his tether, until the month of November. Then the stock not shipped is turned adrift, waggons put under the shed, harness hung up, men discharged except two or three to take care of the horses and do odd jobs about the place; and the ranchman brown as a berry, stout, hearty and vigorous, goes into winter quarters at home, or puts on his store clothes, takes a run east and meets old friends. The stockman to whom I have talked say too many are crowding in. From a profit of from

fifty to one hundred per cent., it has gradually dwindled to twenty and twenty-five per cent. The old-timers want plenty of room, and over that when ranchmen are settled nearer than thirty miles apart it crowds too close for comfort. The dealers have in the past few years been improving the quality of their cattle by the introduction of thoroughbred Durhams among the Texas stock. The assessment returns credit Colorado with five hundred and fifty thousand head; Wyoming, two hundred and thirty-five thousand; Utah, three hundred and fifty thousand; Washington, two hundred thousand; Oregon, one hundred and seventy-five thousand; California, six hundred and fifty thousand. When it is remembered that the assessment is never over fifty per cent., of actual amount, an idea may be gathered of the immense cattle trade in the country west of the Mississippi. The great feeding-grounds of the world are transferred from Texas to the wide buffalo ranges of the plains, the sheltered mountain parks and the fertile pastures of the Pacific slope. Those who see cattle only in the crowded stock-cars or in the slaughter-yards of cities or villages can have no conception of the splendid time the cows have of it in Colorado. Running-water, unlimited range of juicy buffalo grass, and in summer-time a new bed every night of velvety prairie blossoms—what more could the most fastidious bovine desire?

A landlady advertises that she has "a fine, airy, well furnished bed-room for a gentleman twelve foot square;" another has "a cheap and desirable suite of rooms for a respectable family in good repair;" still another has "a hall bed-room for a single woman eight by twelve."

Irish beggar: "Could you help a poor fellow to-day?" Shopkeeper: "Not to-day." Irish beggar: "Well, sir, it's to-day I need it." Shopkeeper: "Couldn't, I've had fifty of your kind to-day already." Irish beggar: "Sure, sir, it's meself that knows how the profession is overrun."

WHAT MAKES THE GRASSES GROW

I CLOSED my book, for Nature's book
Was opening that day.
And, with a weary brain, I took
My hat, and wandered toward the brook
That in the meadow lay,
And there, beside the tiny tide,
I found a child at play.

Prone on the sward, its little toes
Wrought dimples in the sand,
Its cheeks were fairer than the rose.
I heard it murmur, "Mam-ma knows,
But I not understand."
While all unharmed a dainty blade
Of grass was in her hand.

What wouldst thou know, my little one?"
Said I, with bearing wise;
For I, who thought to weight the sun,
And trace the course where planets run,
And grasp their mysteries,
Unto a baby's questionings
Could surely make replies.

"What wouldst thou know?" again I said,
And, gently bowing low,
I stroked its half-uplifted head.
With chubby hand it grasped the blade
And answered: "'Oo will know,
For 'oo has whixers on 'oor face—
What makes the grasses grow?"

"Last fall," I said, "a grass seed fell
To the earth and went to sleep,
All winter it slept in its cosy cell
Till spring came tapping upon its shell;
Then it stirred, and tried to peep,
With its little green eye, right up to the sky,
And then it gave a leap.

"For the sun was warm and the earth was fair,
It felt the breezes blow,

It turned its cheeks to the soft, sweet air,
And a current of life, so rich and rare,
Came up from its roots below,
It grew and kept growing, and that my child,
Is the reason the grasses grow."

" 'Oo talks des like as if 'oo s'pose
I's a baby and I don't know
'Bout nuffin'! But babies and ev'vy one knows
That grasses don't think, for they only grows;
My Mam-ma has told me so.
What makes 'em start and get bigger an' bigger?
What is it that *makes* 'em grow?"

How could I answer in words so plain
That a baby could understand?
Ah, how could I answer my heart! 'Twere vain
To talk of the union of sun and rain
In the rich and fruitful land;
For over them all was the mystery
Of will and a guiding hand.

What could I gather from learning more
Than was written so long ago?
I heard the billows of Science roar
On the rocks of truth from the mystic shore,
And, humbly bowing low,
I answered alike the man and child.
" God makes the grasses grow."

The Mineral Artesian well at Round Lake, New York, is quite a curiosity in its way, yielding three kinds of water—fresh, sulphur and mineral. The first two cannot be exhausted by constant hand pumping, the last yields 36 barrels daily. There is enough of sulphur water for 50 bath rooms, and fresh water for the use of the cottagers. The well is 1,400 feet deep and 5½ inches in diameter, and is so piped that each kind of water comes separately. The fresh water enters at a depth of 95 feet, the sulphur at 350 feet, and the mineral at 1,370 feet from the surface.

ECCENTRIC RETURNS.

MR. COWDEN CLARKE tells a story of a gentleman whose "return" of his income to the Tax Commissioners ran: "For the last three years my income has been somewhat under one hundred and fifty pounds; in future it will be more precarious, as the man is dead of whom I borrowed the money!" In a similar serio-comic vein did a countryman, not too proud to confess the smallness of his means, respond to the kind inquiries of the Commissioners for the Income Tax, in the earliest days of its imposition. He rhymed, putting in a claim for exemption in this form:

I, John Ware, do declare
I have but little money to spare;
I have
1 little house, 1 little maid,
2 little boys, 2 little trade,
2 little land,
2 ditto money at command;
Rather too little is my little all
To supply with comfort my dear little squall,
And too little to pay any taxes at all.
By this you see
I have children three
Depend on me.

Sometimes official inquirers get more information than they desire. At the taking of the last census, an enumerator in South Ayrshire received from a miner the following conscientious return. We give it *verbatim*, only altering the names: "Thomas Moran boren In ireland County of armagh Silver Brige eage 303 years. To the best of my nolige i Am that eage, and i am married the secont time the furst wife Mary Connolly be longed to ireland in County Armagh the secont wife be longed to County Dereay hur name was ellen McGhee.

The Irishman's peculiar method of retaining the nothings is not so uncommon as one might suppose. A census schedule from an English village was dated "April the 3, 18701," and

purported to give all the necessary information regarding the family of a farm labourer, "aged 305," according to his account, also sheltered a widow "aged 704."

An honest farmer of Caithness, who, recording the births of his children in the Family Bible wrote :—"Betty was born on the day that John Cathel lost his gray mare in the moss. Jenny was born the day they began mending the roof o' the kirk. Sandy was born the night my mother broke her leg, and the day after Kitty gaed away with the Sodgers. The twins, Willie and Margaret, was born the day Sanny Brennor bigget his new barn, and the very day after the battle o' Waterloo. Kirsty was born the night o' the great fecht on the Reedsmas, atween Peter Donaldson and a south country drover, Farbye, the factor raised the rent the same year. Anny was born the night o' the great speat, and three days afore Jamie Miller had a lift frae the fairies.

An insurance agent seeing a would-be insurer had, in filling up the proposal form, answered the question "Age of Father, if living?" "Age of Mother, if living?" by making the one a hundred and twelve years, and the other a hundred and two years old, congratulated him on coming of such a very long-lived family. "Oh," said the applicant, "My parents died many years ago; but if living, would be aged as there put down."

There is nothing like exactness. An officer having to proceed on duty from one station to another, in making out his claim for travelling expenses put down the item "Porter 6d.," an item struck out by the War Office. Not being inclined to be defrauded of his sixpence, the officer informed the authorities that the porter had conveyed his baggage from one station to another, and that had he not employed him he must have taken a cab, which would have cost eighteenpence. In reply came an official notification that his claim would be allowed, but instructing him that he ought to have used the term "porterage" instead of "porter." He was determined, however, to have the last word, and wrote back that he was unable to find any precedent for using the word "porterage," but for the future would do so; and at the same time requested to know if he was to use the term "cabbage" when he meant "cab."

THE LILY.

A MAIDEN said to a lily,
"I go to the dance to-night;
Wilt thou nestle among my tresses,
O lily, so pure and white."
But the lily answered: "O, maiden,
I should droop in the heat and glare,
And die in thy shining ringlets;
Place the glowing carnation there."

A bride saw the lily blooming:
"I go to the altar to-day;
In my bridal garland, sweet lily,
I will twine thy pale, beautiful spray."
"Why sadden thy bridal, lady,
By wearing my cold, white flowers?
Sweet roses and orange-blossoms
Should gladden thy joyous hours."

A mother wept o'er the lily:
"In thy pallid beauty rare,
Thou shalt lay on my dead child's bosom,
For surely thy place is there."
"Oh, mourning, sorrowful mother
Thou hast seen *one* blossom fade,
On the shroud, on thy broken lily,
Be a wreath of immortelles laid."

A young girl whispered: "O, lily,
Let me place thee on my breast,
For the sweet Lord Jesus cometh
To-day in my heart to rest."
And the lily answered: "Yes, maiden,
On thy heart let my blossoms be,
That my pure white petals may wither
Near the Lord of purity."

When you hear a hen cackling about the premises as if she owned them, it is safe to assume that she has laid an egg. In case you fail to find it, however, it is more proper to assume that she has mislaid an egg. Still, somebody may have poached it.

UNCONSCIOUS CHRISTIANITY.

A LADY contributor to the *Contemporary Review* selects Plutarch as a distinguished example of "unconscious Christianity" during the early centuries of our era. The paper is ably written, since, while it takes no high theological ground, it fully develops the resemblance between the Gospel and Plutarch's ethics. There is no proof that he knew anything of Christianity as a creed, although he lived down to the reign of Domitian. His ethical philosophy was the outcome of deep and solemn pondering upon the signs of human depravity and helplessness which were at hand on every side. There was nothing original in Plutarch's admonitions, and yet the pressure of the time had given to his thoughts a pointed and crystallized form peculiarly his own. And yet, as Miss Wedgewood points out, he had no idea of the mighty spiritual revolution which was even then at work in the effete Empire of Rome, and in the Greece where he was born. What we are now has been derived from the spirit of Christianity, as it developed itself through the centuries. Plutarch held bravely by the letter of duty, but no spark of the Divine spirit lent persistent utility to the philosophy to which he clung. The Gospel preached to the poor would have had no attraction for him had he known it. "The artizan," he says, "only partakes of virtue so far as he partakes of slavery." He was merely a subordinate member of the body politic, and was "outside the sphere of virtue" the moment he asserted himself as an independent being, responsible to his Maker alone for the concerns of his soul. That was no regenerating theory which Plutarch taught; the old notions common to Greece and Rome about individual subservience tainted his views, and made them as impotent as those of the other post-Christian moralists. Out of them could come no salvation for the mass of men.

And yet Plutarch's ethical standard was an elevated one. No writer has ever dwelt so lovingly upon the obligations of kindred, and although, as might be expected, he did not estimate woman highly, he was exceedingly tender in his exhortations touching conjugal affection. He said that man was to

the woman what the spirit was to the body, but he was not slow to enforce the obligations of the spirit to the body. Some of his illustrations are strikingly apt in their point and force. He could teach that evil came from within—from the heart—and yet he seemed to suppose that morality chiefly consisted in externals. His virtues had almost always a self-regarding character. He had no notion of a personal ideal such as had appeared in the person of Christ. Yet he made a being, which he treated as a person, and advised his friends to obey the dictates of philosophy. The days of philosophy had got by that time into the sere and yellow leaf. It was an inward solace to the few; to the seething mass of humanity a sealed book, bringing neither hope, aid, nor consolation. But Plutarch had a deep sense of the Divine justice, and from a contemplation of it he declared the doctrine of immortality:—"God is a pursuer of trifles, if He makes so much of creatures in whom there is nothing permanent and steadfast, nothing which resembles Himself, but who are, as Homer says, 'the withering foliage of the day.' For Him to spend His care on creatures such as these, would be to imitate those who make gardens of oyster shells." Posthumous immortality has no charms for him, and he held firmly that death was only the entry into higher life. If he could only have heard the authoritative message of Him who brought life and immortality to light in the Gospel."

RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE RICH.—The rich man who believes the sacred word, as he nears the border of the other world feels that riches are an incumbrance, and men at best are but stewards in temporary charge. It is the thought that is pouring out millions of the treasures of the earth for the benefit, and relief of the suffering and poor and forsaken. The Divine teaching is plain, and no man need misunderstand it. The men with millions more than they can use during life, and whose purses and hearts are closed to the multitudinous cries of distress, take a large responsibility with them into the other world beyond.

BRET HARTE'S POEMS.

SAN FRANCISCO.

From the Sea.

SERENE, indifferent of Fate,
Thou sittest at the Western Gate:

Upon thy heights so lately won
Still slants the banner of the sun;

Thou seest the white seas strike their tents,
O Warder of two Continents!

And scornful of the peace that flies
Thy angry winds and sullen skies,

Thou drawest all things, small and great,
To thee, beside the Western Gate.

O lion's whelp, that hidest fast
In jungle growth of spire and mast.

I know thy cunning and thy greed,
Thy hard high lust and wilful deed.

And all thy glory loves to tell
Of spacious gifts material.

Drop down, O fleecy Fog, and hide
Her sceptic sneer, and all her pride!

Wrap her, O Fog, in gown and hood
Of her Franciscan Brotherhood.

Hide me her faults, her sin and blame;
With thy gray mantle cloak her shame!

So shall she, cowled, sit and pray
Till morning bears her sins away.

Then rise, O fleecy Fog, and raise
The glory of her coming days;

Be as the cloud that flecks the seas
Above her smoky argosies.

When forms familiar shall give place
To stranger speech and newer face;

When all her throes and anxious fears
Lie hushed in the repose of years;

When Art shall raise and Culture lift
The sensual joys and meaner thrift.

And all fulfiled the vision, we
Who watch and wait shall never see,—

Who, in the morning of her race,
Toiled fair or meanly in our place,—

But, yielding to the common lot,
Lie unrecorded and forgot.

SCIENCE AND ART.

A MONK of the Benedictine monastery at Raigern, between Brunn and Vienna, has completed a mechanical curiosity in the shape of a self-moving terrestrial globe, one and four-tenth metres in diameter. A combination of wheels gives it a motion similar to that of the earth, and when once set going it will revolve for three weeks. At the north pole of the axis are dial plates, on which the days, months, etc., are indicated, and over these is a smaller globe, by means of which the motion of a planet round the sun is exhibited. The larger globe sets the smaller one in motion by the agency of twelve wheels. The construction of the mechanism took more than ten years' patient application, and was only completed after numerous experiments. As regards geographical details the map on the globe is carefully drawn, and shows all the latest discoveries. The steamer routes, railway and telegraph lines, the heights of mountains and the depths of the ocean are all distinctly shown. The maker of the globe is a self-taught mechanician and artist, who during the past thirty years has adorned the monastery with numerous examples of his skill and ingenuity.

BREAD AND BISCUITS.

BREAD, as we all know, is the staff of life, and is a necessary at every meal; but there are some things not so generally understood regarding this important article of diet. From its porousness and easy digestibility, bread is better adapted than anything else for mixing with and separating the other substances which we eat, and it is extremely nutritive as well. One pound of bread contains more nitrogen than a pound of pork. In England and Europe generally, bread is of two kinds—fermented and unfermented or aerated; and in most European countries it is made from wheaten flour. Wheat consists practically of two parts, the bran or outer covering, and the central grain or fecula; and it is according to the quality of the grain and the amount of husk left in it after sifting, that the value of the flour varies. There are four classes of flour: (1) fine households, or the best; (2) households, or seconds; (3) brown meal; and (4) biscuit flour.

The whiteness of the flour is generally, but not always, a test of its purity and nutritive value; for the finest flour sifted from red wheat is of a darker tinge than "seconds" obtained from white wheat, though the red wheat is more nutritious. The nutritive value of bread depends chiefly upon the flour from which it is made. For some constitutions, white bread is best; for others, brown; and for others again, aërated. Of fermented breads, the two most wholesome kinds are brown bread and that made from "seconds" flour. Pure white bread, made from the finest households, is not so nutritious as that made from "seconds" flour, and for this reason: "seconds" flour contains a portion of the husk, and is, therefore, endowed with all the most important substances required to form blood, bone and muscle viz., gluten, starch, oil, and a large proportion of mineral materials; so that bread made from this flour is more valuable in point of nourishment than bread made from the finest flour, from which the phosphates, etc., have been entirely extracted. It is, therefore, a great mistake to remove all the husks or bran from the flour, except for delicate people. There was much talk some years ago about the nutritive value of brown bread, some medical men assert-

ing that it was more nutritious than any other kind of bread. Time and experience, however, have shown its true value. Bran and pollards, in which there is a considerable quantity of phosphate of lime, so valuable as nutriment to the bones and other tissues, of course, predominate in brown bread, but they have all the wheaten elements besides. To some people, however, bran and pollards are too irritating, especially to those with delicate organizations; and as most of us can take the necessary phosphates in other ways, brown bread need not be eaten indiscriminately by every one because of its nutritive value.

It is quite impossible for the system to assimilate the bran; though like cheese, its presence in the stomach stimulates the digestion of other things. Brown bread is very useful for its laxative properties, and these render it very beneficial to persons of sedentary habits, or whose occupations preclude them from taking much exercise in the open air.

A delicious sauce may be made from brown bread, the preparation being the same as that for white bread sauce. It is not very widely known; but mixed with one or two cooked tomatoes forms a most palatable addition to a joint of roast mutton.

The bread par excellence, however, according to the majority of medical men, is aërated bread. A patent for the making of this bread was taken out about fifteen years ago; but since then it has not enjoyed nearly the popularity and consumption that it really deserves. It has many decided advantages, and is a considerable saving in many ways. 1. More bread is made out of one sack of flour by this process than by any other. 2. It takes much less time to make. 3. The dough requires no handling. 4. It is perfectly pure, being simply flour, water and salt. 5. The cost of machinery and the carbonic acid gas is much less than that of the yeast used in the fermenting process. It is very strongly recommended by medical men for ordinary diet and in cases of indigestion.

According to Dr. Corfe, of the Middlesex hospital, it is particularly valuable "in those cases of dyspepsia which so often affect the brain workers of the great metropolis, men who work for the press, etc." Again infants brought up partially or entirely by hand thrive especially well on it. Aërated bread

mixed with a little milk and water forms a soft jelly-like compound, and is then easily sucked through the tube of a common feeding-bottle.

Beyond these advantages, the general introduction of aërated bread would be a decided gain from a humanitarian point of view, for it would save a large number of human lives now annually sacrificed in London bakeries alone. Dr. Grey affirms that no class of men, save the Redditch needle-grinders, are liable to so severe and often fatal diseases of the chest as the men employed in bakeries. Forty-two years is rather more than the average duration of their lives. Aërated bread besides keeps better than bread made from yeast, and this proves its superiority over fermented bread, for it is a well known fact that the best bread grows stale slowest. The difference between fresh and stale bread is owing to the condition of the starch in a loaf. But when the starch has hardened the defect may be easily remedied by inclosing the loaf in a tin can and placing it in an oven for a short time, after which the stale loaf reappears a fresh one.

A word as to a test for good bread. A loaf should be of a perfectly even texture of uniformly small holes like a fine sponge. If its texture is good, and its layers can be easily detached, and it can be crumbled by the fingers into a coarse powder, or thoroughly soaked in water, it is perfectly made and baked. If not there is a fault somewhere, and it is either adulterated or imperfectly baked. In conclusion a word as to the well known variety of bread called biscuits may not be out of place. There is no yeast in the composition of biscuits; they are unleavened and very highly dried; and it is this which makes them so invaluable to people who suffer from a superabundant amount of adipose tissue. Biscuits are rather too hard for an every-day breadstuff if made from flour and water alone, as "Captains" and ship-biscuits are. But they are very useful to travellers where bread is bad or unattainable. If soaked for a few hours in water or, better still, milk, they soften, swell and with the addition of a little cream and sugar, make a very delicious and palatable dish. When kept dry and free from the air, biscuits possess the immense advantage of allowing to be stored for use for a great length of time. Latterly there has sprung up an important trade in biscuits con-

tained in close tins for domestic use. The sale of these tins of English biscuits of different sorts has become quite immense. They are seen in the shop windows of grocers all over the continent.

THE LANGUAGE OF FRUITS.

Apple	Discord	Sloe	Tardiness.
Pear	Marriage.	Crab	Sour Temper.
Plum	Wealth.	Date	Chronology.
Pine	Languishment.	Hip	Applause.
Gooseberry	Simplicity.	Haw	Swells.
Medlar	Interference.	Plantain	Growth.
Service	Assistance.	Pomegranate	Seediness.
Elder-berry	Seniority.	Prune	Retrenchment.
Fig	Defiance.		

HANG UP BABY'S STOCKING.

HANG up baby's stocking, Be sure you don't forget,
The dear little dimpled darling, She ne'er saw Christmas yet ;
But I've told her all about it, And she opened her big blue eyes,
And I'm sure she understands it, She looks so funny and wise.

Dear, what a tiny stocking ! It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's, Away from the frost and cold ;
But, then, for the baby's Christmas, It will never do at all ;
Why Santa wouldn't be looking, For anything half so small.

I know what we'll do for the baby, I've thought of the very best plan :
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma, The longest that ever I can,
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother, Right here in the corner, so,
And write a letter to Santa, And fasten it on to the toe.

Write : " This is the baby's stocking, That hangs in the corner here,
You never have seen her, Santa, For she only came this year,
But she's just the blessedest baby, And now, before you go,
Just cram her stocking with goodies from the top clean down to the toe.

THE ORPHANS' CHOICE.

CHAPTER I.

THE ORPHANS AT THE ROADSIDE.

ONE magnificent morning in the year 1811, a couple of little girls, not more than thirteen years of age, sat crying by the roadside, some distance beyond the Bois de Boulogne, near Paris. The children much resembled each other, but were yet quite dissimilar. They had both dark brown hair, large, bright eyes, and clear complexion; both were tall, slender and graceful, of the same height and size; but the forehead of the one was high and broad, while the other's was low and narrow; one had a sweet, intelligent and loving expression of countenance, indicating judgment and fortitude, while the looks of the other denoted a fiery impetuosity and recklessness, that would give great energy, but which would very soon weary under continued annoyance. As the children sat crying by the roadside, with their arms about each other's neck, an honest-looking farmer came singing around a curve in the road, which had hidden them from his view; and, astonished by the sudden apparition of the little weepers, he stopped short, and exclaimed:—

"What now, my pretty ones? Has the mother bird flown away, or have you strayed from your nest? Why do you weep?"

"Alas! we are orphans, Pauline and I," said the low-browed one. "We have nobody to care for us; we have come out here to die."

"Soul of my mother!" exclaimed the honest farmer, throwing up his hands. "Spirits so young and yet weary of wing! Who could have imagined it; are you sisters?"

"No," replied the one who had been called Pauline; "Camille is my cousin; her father was my mother's brother."

By kind questioning, Jean Hudelt, for that was the farmer's name, learned that the little orphans had come from Provence to Paris, with the mother of Pauline, to find an uncle, who

would have protected them; but alas! the good man had died before their arrival, and the mother and aunt soon died also; and now they were left alone, without a friend in the world. And Camille again said they wanted to die; but Pauline said her mother had taught her to trust in God, and that she should trust in Him.

"How intelligent they seem," soliloquized the farmer and so handsome, too, but Pauline is an angel, while Camille is the devil in pantalettes—that is plain enough to be seen. I can't leave them here to die, poor things; nor can I support them at home. My good Maria would welcome them, to be sure, as she would every suffering creature, but that would not keep them and us from starving. I wish the good Josephine was still Empress. I'd take them to her, but this new blue-eyed wife of the little Corporal is as cold and sour as Dutch cheese, beside she don't know that I saved her husband's life in Egypt. At that moment an opera carriage drawn by six milk white horses, dashed around the curve of the road, and as Hudelt leapt to one side to avoid being run over, he recognized in the occupants of the carriage, the Emperor and Empress, who were taking their accustomed morning drive with only a postillion and two footmen for their attendants. Napoleon had also recognized the old soldier of Italy and Egypt, and with democratic impulse which gave him such a hold upon the masses, he ordered the postillion to rein up, and then beckoned to Hudelt to approach. The latter believing his old comrade to be both omnipotent and omniscient was frightened lest he had divined his uncomplimentary reflections upon the character of his "new blue-eyed wife;" but telling the children to remain where they were, he approached the carriage with a fluttering heart. The Emperor's manner at once re-assured him, however. Napoleon extended his hand to him, and cordially embracing the hand of the farmer said—"Ah! my brave comrade, is it you, then? and you have turned your sword into a plow share, eh? But as you were not a lancer, when did you get your pruning hook?" Then gaily pinching the cheek of Marie Louise he laughingly added "You see that I am familiar with the prophecies. This brave man here saved my life in Egypt. Do you not love him? I like to meet my old braves thus in the garb of peace and smelling of clover. But tell me" he said, more seriously,

"are you safe from want, in case of blight or sickness? Confide in me." The good farmer, overwhelmed by this spontaneous kindness on the part of his renowned master, could hardly articulate a word; but he finally managed to say that he did not own the farm he worked, and that he was far from being prepared for any serious misfortune. As soon as the Emperor understood this much, he impetuously interruped Hudelt, and said: "Leave that to me. Give me your address, your family shall be provided for before the sun goes down, and now have you any particular request to make? Speak, don't hesitate. We did not hesitate at mount Tabor nor at Lodi, did we, eh, Hudelt?" said Napoleon with a beaming smile. While the Emperor was speaking Hudelt had been earnestly thinking of the two orphans, and whether he had better present their case to his old commander, Napoleon's last words and friendly smile gave him courage, and he said "Yes, sire, I have a request to make, but not for myself." "For whom then?" quickly asked Napoleon. Hudelt stated the case of the orphans; and the Emperor at once said: "Bring them hither, and tell them who I am as you come along.

CHAPTER II.

CHOOSING A GUARDIAN.

In a few moments the children stood before the Imperial pair. Camille who seemed highly delighted at the idea of having her case taken up by such distinguished personages came eagerly forward, but Pauline drew timidly back and tried to hide behind the farmer. Napoleon, who was perhaps the best judge of human nature that ever lived, and who could utter the most gallant and complimentary things that ever fell from mortal lips, at once noticed the difference between the characters of the children; and beckoning to Pauline, he said with a loving smile:—"Ah, my pretty one, how fresh and innocent you are! What is the news from Heaven?" The child understood the compliment; she blushed scarlet, and again shrank behind the farmer. "And you, my eaglet," said the Emperor,

gazing into Camille's luminous eyes, "how dare you rob the sky of its brightest stars?" Camille blushed also; but it was a coquettish blush, which she did not try to hide, but gave the Emperor a grateful and admiring look.

"Well, my brave comrade," said Napoleon turning to Hudelt, "what is to be done with these little fairies? We cannot leave them wandering here. Hold! I have it. Here, my little one. You know who I am, and you see that man standing by your side? Now you may choose one of us for your guardian. If you choose me," said the Emperor, playfully imitating the air of one pleading for a favour (pointing to the costly robe of the Empress), "when you arrive at womanhood you shall marry a marshal of the empire and live in palaces. As for that good man there, he will bring you up virtuously, and find you honest husbands, amongst his neighbour's sons. Now which of us will you choose? Speak; for as you decide so it shall be." "Oh, sire, I will choose you," said Camille, bounding forward and kneeling by the side of the carriage. Then raising her tearful eyes, and glancing alternately at the Emperor and Empress, she said, "Oh, I am so happy—I can ask nothing more than to have such a hero and such an angel for my guardian." Maria-Louise smiled at this double compliment, and seemed well pleased though she said nothing. Napoleon only smiled, and made a sign to one of the footmen, who leaped to the ground and opened the carriage door. "Come into the carriage," said Napoleon to Camille; and like a young leopardess she bounded to the feet of the Empress, where she remained, although the latter motioned her to take a seat beside her. "Well, Mademoiselle," said Napoleon, with a playful and gallant air, to Pauline, "we wait your decision." "I will stay with this good man," said Pauline clinging to Hudelt. At this unexpected decision, the Emperor uttered an exclamation of astonishment, the Empress looked displeased, and poor Hudelt, fearing it might bring his master's displeasure upon him, was too much frightened to appreciate the compliment the child paid him. "Do you know what you are saying," said Napoleon kindly. "Are you afraid of me? I will love you, and you shall play with the king of Rome. Think again; and remember that you will be separated from your cousin if you do not go with us." "I will stay with

good Hudelt," said Pauline firmly; "and I wish Camille would come back, for I do not like to have her separated from me." Napoleon, probably more for the purpose of ascertaining the working of the child's mind than with any intention of influencing her to change her decision, said:—"But just think of the difference between Hudelt and myself. I am powerful and can make you a queen if you like, while the most that he can do will be to marry you to a peasant." "My mother told me," said Pauline, with deep emotion, "when she was on her deathbed, to trust more to the good and honest than to the rich and great. She said it was sometimes safer to have the humble for protectors, because they might carry us up with them, while the great might fall and crush us in their ruin." The blaze of Napoleon's eyes would have quenched an eagle's gaze as he leaned over the side of the carriage and said:—"Your mother was wise, and you do well to obey her teachings. What was her name?" "Letitie d'Harcourt." "The wife of Colonel d'Harcourt, who fell at Jena?" "Yes, sire, Colonel d'Harcourt was my father," said Pauline wiping the big tears from her cheeks. "He was a very good friend of mine and so was your mother. Did your mother never speak of me?" "Yes, sire, she very often spoke of you; and she loved you very much until—until—" "Until when?" said Napoleon quickly, and with a piercing look. "Speak child; I shall not be offended." Being thus commanded, Pauline said, as she shrank behind the farmer: "Until you sent Josephine away!" Poor Hudelt uttered a cry of terror, and nearly fell to the ground. The Empress started, and her face flashed with anger. The postillion and footman sat as still as though they had neither eyes nor ears. For an instant Napoleon's face was as white as marble, and the next moment it was rigid and motionless.

He knew that every word spoken on the occasion would be retailed through all the circles of Paris and he was determined the gossip should reflect no discredit upon him. Smiling upon Pauline; he said:—"Your mother was a wise and good woman; would that France had many like her, but she could not understand the necessities which the interests of the State imposed upon Josephine. Your mother has left you her sweetness and wisdom—a valuable inheritance. In selecting

your guardian you have no chosen badly. My brave Hudelt will be a kind father to you. Step into the carriage and embrace your cousin for you must separate." A short embrace, and a leap to the ground, a cracking of the postillion's whip, a dash of the equipage, a waving of hands, and the farmer and orphan were left alone. Hudelt turned and took Pauline by the hands. "'Tis strange" said he, "that you should have made such a choice. What was it your mother said on her dying day? Ah I remember—The humble may rise and carry us with them, while the great may fall and bury us in their ruin? That sounds as wise as though it were written in a book. Come—your cousin is on the way to the Tuilleries—you shall be welcome to a peasant's hut."

CHAPTER III.

PAULINE'S LAST INTERVIEW WITH NAPOLEON.

NAPOLEON did not forget the promise he made Jean Hudelt on the morning the orphans chose their guardians. The farm with all its stock and implements had been legally conveyed to Hudelt that same afternoon, and from that day he had prospered. Three years had passed, and Hudelt had grown rich—that is rich for a French farmer. His son Pierre, now nineteen years of age had also prospered under the instruction of the good parish priest, who prophesied that Pierre by his writings would one day make the country proud of him, and die a member of the Academy. And Marie, Pierre's mother said that there was not a more discerning man in France than the priest. Pauline had developed into a maiden of exquisite loveliness—tall, graceful and intelligent, tasteful and sweet-tempered. Pierre loved Pauline, and she loved Pierre; and the good priest blessed their betrothal at which Jean and Marie danced as gaily as they had done at their own, and declared that they felt young again. Camille too had become a beauty. She had been sent to the best schools, and had outstripped all her mates in the acquisition of every elegant and courtly accomplishment. Graceful as the willow, delicate and refined as

a violet, yet possessing the fire and muscle of a leopardess, her vivacity, eloquence and picturesque grace of attitude and movement drew all eyes after her and stirred the depths of many hearts. But Camille was ambitious; she remembered what the Emperor said the first time she saw him, and she resolved that no less a personage than a marshal of the Empire should call her wife. But she was politic; and knowing that the ensign of the present was the marshal of the future, she was polite and affable to all, and took especial pains not to give offence to any. She had seen Pauline but twice in three years—once at the farm and once in Paris, and on those two occasions she behaved so coldly, and gave Pauline distinctly to understand that she did not wish the acquaintance kept up, that the poor girl, after one paroxysm of grief, had resigned herself to the idea of being forgotten by her imperious cousin. The spring of 1814 had come; and Napoleon whose veteran troops had perished amid the snow of Russia, with a few thousand raw recuits, was making prodigious displays of military genius which kept the millions of the allies at bay, and excited the admiration of his bitterest foes. Beset on all sides by overwhelming numbers, and betrayed by some of his best officers, his spirit was aroused to a pitch of energy such as he had never before exhibited. The enthusiasm of the old days of Lodi's Bridge and Arcola's marshes once more stirred his soul, and the marvels of the Italian campaigns were produced on a bigger scale and bloodier fields. The rapidity of his movements, the consummate skill of his combinations, and the terrific energy with which he dealt his blows, so bewildered and appalled his multitudinous foes, that the allies named him "the hundred-thousand-men man"—that being the number of soldiers to which they considered him alone equal. In their manœuvres and marches, the armies sometimes came so near the hamlet in which Hudelt lived, that the roar of battle would often make his windows rattle. Those were exciting times for farmers. They would quit their work, gather around in groups, and talk over the battles in which many of them had fought under the "Little Corporal," as they all delighted to call the Emperor. And as, day after day, fresh accounts came of his wonderful achievements, the old military fire was aroused, and the farmers talked of forming a company

and marching to his camp. But one evening sad news came—Marmont had surrendered Paris; and they now knew that the "Little Corporal's" doom was closing round him. He could have overthrown a hostile world in arms, but how could he withstand domestic treachery? One evening, after the knot of neighbours, accustomed to gather at Hudelt's had disappeared, and the family were about to retire, a tramping of horses was heard without, and soon the clank and jingle of metal sounded on the air. The family ran to the windows, and saw, by the bright moonlight, a troop of horses winding along the road. Hudelt, gazing a moment, then rushed from the house. At the same moment all recognized in the leader of the troops the well-known outline of Napoleon's form. The farmer saluted his old commander; the company halted; they dismounted; the horses were hitched to the fence; and while the Emperor entered the house with his old comrade, the troopers had eagerly stretched themselves on the grass by the roadside. Napoleon at once put the family at their ease by the simplicity and cordiality of his greeting; and then Marie, at a signal from her husband, retired with him to the kitchen. She declared that the Emperor was not half so much "stuck up" as their old landlord. After rapidly surveying the room, Napoleon stepped to Pauline's side, and gently pinching her cheek, asked if she remembered him, and, without waiting for an answer, said: "Hudelt has used you well, I hope. Your cousin has done finely; but she has not married a marshal yet. Have you married a peasant?" Pauline blushed, and exchanged glances of embarrassment with Pierre. Napoleon at once detected the manœuvre, and again pinching Pauline's cheek, said: "Ah! I see you do well. Those roses on your cheek have their roots in your heart. Very good. Had the world known of your choice a few years since, it would have said: 'How foolish!—what insanity!' But you were wise. Hudelt, the independent farmer, is better off to-night than Napoleon, the betrayed Emperor." Then, folding his arms upon his breast, he strode impatiently back and forth across the floor. In a short time Hudelt returned, and spoke in a low voice to his commander, who said: "Very good." Hudelt went and spoke to the officers on the grass, who immediately sprang up and followed him to the best room in the

house, where a beautiful rustic repast was spread, of which the Emperor was already partaking. Not a word was uttered for several minutes. At length Napoleon abruptly said: "You are a fortunate man, Hudelt. Accident prevented a battle in this neighbourhood, else your farm would have been spoiled for a year, your orchard and crops destroyed, and perhaps all your lives sacrificed. Part of my force are not a very long march from your door now, and the enemy are everywhere. I have been reconnoitering all around you, but you may rest in peace; no shot will be fired here; it would be a useless waste of life. I have been betrayed. This repast is opportune, for we have had little time to eat to-day. Come," addressing his companions, and advancing to the door, "time presses." As he walked to his horse, he met Pauline and Pierre coming from the gate, and said: "Kiss me for the last time, my little one. Had your father lived, and been in command of Paris, the destinies of France might have been changed." A jingling of spurs and sabres, a trampling of hoofs, and the vision has gone. No one in that house ever saw Napoleon more; but the plate off which he ate, the cup from which he drank, and the chair on which he sat, are the most priceless heirlooms of the past.

CHAPTER IV.

THE READING OF THE RIDDLES.

Two years more had passed. Napoleon had returned from Elba, given the hereditary thrones of Europe their last shaking, been sent to the far off prison, and the hated Bourbon again seated on the throne of his ancestors. But the Parisians seemed to have forgotten these events and were merry. Grand parties were given, and the grandest of all the season was now to be held in honor of a young novelist and poet, whose praises were sounded by every tongue. His name was Pierre Hudelt, and his young wife, Pauline, was the belle of Paris. When the party broke up, at a very late hour, Pierre being what his friends jocosely called a desperado in manner, resolved, as it

was a pleasant night, to walk home, and a gay party determined to keep him company. When they arrived near Pierre's hotel a beautiful girl whose thin and cheap attire was tastefully arranged around her exquisitely moulded form, crossed the street, and stood directly in front of them under a glaring lamp. Pauline uttered a cry and sprang towards the melancholy apparition. The cousins had once more met. Pauline attempted to embrace Camille, but the latter threw her off with a fierce gesture, and fled down a narrow street, ending in impenetrable darkness. Two days after, Pierre, who, aided by the police, had been searching for Camille, found her lifeless body at the dead-house, on the Seine, where it had been deposited, dripping from the river, but an hour before. Three evenings afterwards Pauline and Pierre sat with Hudelt and Marie, and the good parish priest, before the old kitchen hearth, on which a cheerful fire blazed. Deep silence reigned, and each seemed busy with melancholy thoughts. Suddenly the old farmer exclaimed: "Soul of mother! but this is a strange world. Who would have thought that this would have been the end, five years ago, to-day, when I, a poor labourer, was standing in the road with the orphans, and the "Little Corporal," sitting in his carriage with his Empress, was the most powerful monarch that the world had ever seen? Camille chose the Emperor for her guardian, and Pauline the peasant. Now the Emperor is a prisoner at St. Helena, and Camille is sleeping in the churchyard, while I am rich, Pierre famous, and Pauline the belle of Paris. Holy Father you are wise, read me this riddle!" "It is a simple riddle, good Jean," said the Curate, slowly rubbing his hands. "You remember what Pauline's dying mother said. "The humble may rise and carry us with them, while the great may fall and crush us in their ruin! As for the rest, the lesson is this:—Seek first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness, and every good thing shall be added unto thee."

The difference between conscience and woman is, that conscience makes cowards of us all, when woman makes fools of us all.

THE ANGELUS.

HEARD AT THE MISSION DOLORES, 1868.

Bells of the Past, whose long forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tinging the sober twilight of the Present
With colour of romance:

I heard you call, and see the sun descending
On rock and wave and sand,
As down the coast the Mission voices blending
Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of your incantation
No blight nor mildew falls;
Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor low ambition
Passes those airy walls.

Borne on the swell of your long waves receding,
I touch the farther Past,—
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream and last!

Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission towers,
The white Presidio;
The swart commander in his leathern jerkin,
The priest in stole of snow.

Once more I see Portala's cross uplifting
Above the setting sun;
And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting
The freighted galleon.

O solemn bells! whose consecrated masses
Recall the faith of old,—
O tinkling bells! that lulled with twilight music
The spiritual fold!

Your voices break and falter in the darkness,
Break, falter, and are still;
And veiled and mystic, like the host descending,
The sun sinks from the hill!

A MAN OF MUSCLE.

MARSHAL Saxe, the most famous general of the last century, prior to the appearance of Frederick the Great, was a man of remarkable bodily strength, of which he was prouder than even of his well-earned fame as a commander. To astonish those around him by straightening a horse shoe or bending a bar of iron was his greatest delight; and for a time his superiority in this respect was as unquestioned as his skill in war. At length when a brief armistice enabled the marshal to invite some of the British officers to dine with him, he entertained his guests by untwisting the links of a chain, and challenging them to do the like.

The English General modestly disclaimed any pretension to rival his excellency's strength, but added that there was a Flemish blacksmith in one of the adjacent villages, who might, perhaps, be capable of doing so. Saxe, kindling up at the bare thought of any man presuming to be as strong as himself, eagerly enquired where this athlete was met with, and riding thither next morning with several of his officers, bade the smith bring out one of his best horse shoes. The man obeyed, but Saxe broke it with one wrench of his powerful hands, and treated a second and a third in like manner.

"This is but poor gear of yours, my friend," said he; "it won't stand wear. However, I suppose it must be paid for." So speaking he threw him a French crown. The smith took it between his finger and thumb and cracked it in two like a wafer. The marshal produced a second and a third, which shared the same fate. "This is but poor money of yours, meinherr," said the smith, grinning; "it won't stand wear. However, I suppose the cracked money must pay for the broken horse shoes." The officers could not restrain their laughter, and Saxe, although somewhat mortified at having met his match at last, showed his appreciation of the smith's performance by enlisting him as a farrier to the head-quarters staff.

WEIGHING THE EARTH.

CHAPTER I.

HOW MANY POUNDS THE WHOLE EARTH WEIGHS.

NATURAL philosophers have considered and investigated subjects that often appear to the unscientific man beyond the reach of human intelligence. Among these subjects may be reckoned the question, "How many pounds does the whole earth weigh?"

One would, indeed, believe that this is easy to answer. A person might assign almost any weight, and be perfectly certain that nobody would run after a scale in order to examine whether or not an ounce were wanting. Yet this question is by no means a joke, and the answer to it is by no means a guess; on the contrary, both are real scientific results. The question in itself is as important a one, as the answer, which we are able to give, is a correct one.

Knowing the size of our globe one would think that there was no difficulty in determining its weight. To do this it would be necessary only to make a little ball of earth that can be accurately weighed; then we could easily calculate how many times the earth is larger than this little ball; and by so doing we might tell at one's finger ends, that—if we suppose the little earth-ball to weigh a hundred-weight the whole globe being so many times larger, must weigh so many hundred-weights. Such a proceeding, however, would be very likely to mislead us. For all depends on the substance the little ball is made of. If made of loose earth it will weigh little; if stones are taken with it, it will weigh more; while if metals were put in, it would, according to the metal you take, weigh still more.

If then we wish to determine the weight of our globe by the weight of that little ball, it is first necessary to know of what our globe consists; whether it contains stones, metals or things entirely unknown; whether empty cavities or whether, indeed, the whole earth is nothing but an empty sphere on the surface of which we live, and in whose inside there is possibly

another world that might be reached by boring through the thick shell. With the exercise of a little thought it will readily be seen that the question, "How much does the earth weigh?" in reality directs us to the investigation of the character of the earth's contents; this, however, is a question of a scientific nature.

The problem was solved not very long ago. The result obtained was, that the earth weighs 6,069,094,272 billions of tons; that, as a general thing, it consists of a mass a little less heavy than iron; that towards the surface it contains lighter materials; that towards the centre they increase in density; and that finally, the earth, though containing many cavities near the surface, is itself not a hollow globe.

The way and manner in which they were able to investigate this scieneifically we will attempt in this number to set forth as plainly and briefly as it can possibly be done.

CHAPTER II.

THE ATTEMPT TO WEIGH THE EARTH.

It is our task to explain by what means men have succeeded in weighing the earth, and thus become acquainted with the weight of its ingredients. The means are simpler than might be thought at the moment. The execution, however, is more difficult than one would at first suppose. Ever since the discovery of the immortal Newton, it has been known that all celestial bodies attract one another, and that this attraction is the greater, the greater the attracting body is. Not only such celestial bodies as the sun, the earth, the moon, the planets, and the fixed stars, but *all* bodies have this power of attraction; and it increases in direct proportion to the increase of the mass of the body. In order to make this clear, let us illustrate it by an example. A pound of iron attracts a small body near by; two pounds of iron attracts it precisely twice as much; in other words the greater the weight of an object, the greater the power of attraction it exercises on the objects near by. Hence, if we know the at-

tractive power of a body, we also know its weight. Nay, we would be able to do without scales of any kind in the world, if we were only able to measure accurately the attractive power of every object. This, however, is not possible; for the earth is so large a mass, and has consequently so great an attractive power, that it draws down to itself all objects which we may wish other bodies to attract. If, therefore, we wish to place a small ball in the neighbourhood of ever so large an iron ball, for the purpose of having the little one attracted by the large one, this little ball will, as soon as we let it go, fall to the earth, because the attractive power of the earth is many, very many times greater than that of the largest iron ball; so much greater it is that the attraction of the iron ball is not even perceptible.

Physical science, however, has taught us to measure the earth's attractive power very accurately, and this by a very simple instrument, viz., a pendulum such as is used in a clock standing against the wall. If a pendulum in a state of rest—in which it is nearest to the earth—is disturbed, it hastens back to its resting-point with a certain velocity. But because it is started and cannot stop without the application of force, it recedes from the earth on the other side. The earth's attraction in the meanwhile draws it back, making it go the same way over again. Thus it moves to and fro with a velocity which would increase, if the earth's mass were to increase; and decrease, if the earth's mass were to decrease. Since the velocity of a pendulum may be measured very accurately by counting the number of vibrations it makes in a day, we are able also to calculate accurately the attractive power of the earth.

A few moments' consideration will make it clear to everybody that the precise weight of the earth can be known as soon as an apparatus is contrived, by means of which a pendulum may be attracted by a certain known mass, and thus be made to move to and fro. Let us suppose this mass to be a ball of a hundred pounds, and placed near a pendulum. Then as many times as this ball weighs less than the earth, so many times more slowly will a pendulum be moved by the ball.

It was in this way that the experiment was made and the desired result obtained. But it was not a very easy undertaking, and we wish, therefore, to give our thinking readers,

in the next chapter, a more minute description of this interesting experiment, with which we shall for the present conclude the subject.

CHAPTER III.

DESCRIPTION OF THE EXPERIMENT TO WEIGH THE EARTH.

CAVENDISH, an English physicist, made the first successful attempt to determine the attractive power of large bodies. His first care was to render the attraction of the earth an inefficient element in his experiment. He did it in the following way :

On the point of an upright needle he laid horizontally a fine steel bar, which could turn to the right and left, like the magnetic needle in a compass-box. Then he fastened a small metallic ball on each end of the steel bar. The balls were of the same weight, for this reason the steel bar was attracted by the earth with the same force at both ends; it therefore remained horizontal, like the beam of a balance, when the same weight is lying in each of the scales. By this the attractive force of the earth was not suspended, it is true; but it was balanced by the equality of the weights. Thus the earth's attractive power was rendered ineffective for the disturbance of his apparatus.

Next he placed two large and very heavy metallic balls at the ends of the steel bar, not, however, touching them. The attractive force of the large balls began now to tell; it so attracted the small ones that they were drawn quite near to the large balls. When, then, the observer, by a gentle push, removed the small balls from their resting-place, the large ones were seen to draw them back again. But, as the latter could not stop if once started, they crossed their resting-place, and began to vibrate near the large balls in the same manner as a pendulum when acted upon by the attractive force of the earth. Of course this force was exceedingly small compared with that of the earth; and for that reason the vibrations of this pendulum were by far slower than a common one. This could not be otherwise; and from the slowness of a vibration, or from

the small number of vibrations in a day, Cavendish computed the real weight of the earth.

Such an experiment, however, is always connected with extraordinary difficulties. The least expansion of the bar, or the unequal expansion or contraction of the balls, caused by a change of temperature, would vitiate the result; besides, the experiment must be made in a room surrounded on all sides by masses equal in weight. Moreover, the observer must not be stationed in the immediate neighbourhood, lest this might exercise attractive force, and by that a disturbance. Finally, the air around us must not be set in motion, lest it might derange the pendulum; and lastly, it is necessary not only to determine the size and weight of the balls, but also to obtain a spherical to the utmost perfection; and also to take care that the centre of gravity of the balls be at the same time the centre of magnitude.

In order to remove all these difficulties, unusual precautions and extraordinary expenses were necessary. Reich, a naturalist in Freiberg, took infinite pains for the removal of these obstacles. To his observations and computations we owe the result he transmitted to us, viz.: that the mass total of the earth is nearly five and a half times heavier than a ball of water of the same size; or, in scientific language: The mean density of the earth is nearly five and a half times that of water. Thence results the real weight of the earth as being nearly fourteen quintillions of pounds. From this, again, it follows that the matter of the earth grows denser the nearer the centre; consequently it cannot be a hollow sphere.

If we consider that from the earth's surface to its centre there is a distance of 3,956 miles, and that, with all our excavations, no one has yet penetrated even five miles, we have reason to be proud of investigations which, at least in part, disclose to man the unexplorable depths of the earth.

END.

ANOMALIES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

A PRETTY deer is dear to me,
And a hare with downy hair;
A hart with all my heart I love,
But barely bear a bear.

'Tis plain that no one takes a plane
To shave a pair of pears:
A rake, though, often takes a rake
And tears away all tares;

And Wright in writing "right" may write
It "wright," and still be wrong;
For "write" and "rite" are neither "right,
And don't to wright belong.

Beer often brings a bier to man
Coughing a coffin brings;
And too much ale will make us ail,
As well as some other things.

The person lies who says he lies
When he is not reclining:
And when consumptive folks decline
They all decline reclining.

A quail don't quail before a storm—
A beau will bow before it;
We cannot rein the rain at all,
No earthly power reigns o'er it.

The dyer dyes a while, then dies;
To dye he's always trying,
Until upon his dying bed
He thinks no more of dyeing.

A son of Mars mars many a son;
All Days must have their days;
And every knight should pray each nigh
To Him who weighs his ways.

'Tis meet that man should mete out meat
To feed misfortune's son;

The fair should fare on love alone,
Else one cannot be won.

A lass, alas! is sometimes false;
Of faults a maid is made
Her waist is but a barren waste—
Though stay'd she is not staid.

The springs spring forward in the spring,
And shoot forward one and all;
Though summer kills the flowers, it leaves
Their leaves to fall in fall.

I would a story here commence,
But you might find it stale—
So let's suppose that we have reached
The tail end of our tale.

An old Highlander rather fond of his toddy was ordered by his physician, during a temporary illness, not to exceed one ounce of spirits daily. The old gentleman was dubious about the amount, and asked his son, a school-boy, how much an ounce was. "Sixteen drachms," was the reply. "Sixteen drams. What an excellent doctor!" exclaimed the Highlander. "Run and tell Donald McTavish and big John to come down the night."

The late Mr. Macadam used to tell of a tipsy Scotchman making his way home upon a bright Sunday morning, when the good folk were wending their way to the kirk. A little dog pulled the ribbon from the hand of a lady who was leading it, and as it ran away from her, she appealed to the first passer-by, asking him to whistle for her poodle. "Woman!" he retorted, with that solemnity of visage which only a Scotchman can assume, "Woman, this is no day for whustlin'."

PROTESTANT BISHOP AND A JESUIT FATHER.

THE *London Tablet* remarks :—" There has been a graceful interchange of civilities at Canterbury between the recently-appointed Anglican Archbishop of that See and the exiled French Jesuit Fathers at Hales Place. When Dr. Benson was at Canterbury for his "enthronement," some of the French Fathers waited upon his Grace for the purpose of expressing their sense of the kindness they had experienced since their exile, from the members of his communion, and were received with great courtesy. And not long since his Grace of Canterbury, in addressing the students of the Protestant Missionary College of St. Augustine in Canterbury, spoke in terms of great respect of the students of the Propaganda at Rome, whose hard lives and rigid self-denial he urged his hearers to imitate. The Society of Jesus has not had many opportunities of thanking the occupant of the Anglican Bishopric of Canterbury, and we gladly hail the pleasing fact just recorded, as evidence of the growth of a better state of feeling. Curiously enough Dr. Benson was at school at Birmingham with the Rev. Father Provincial of the Society in England, and their personal friendship, formed in boyhood, has ever since been maintained.

THE GOBAN SAER.

ON the left hand, adjacent to the high road that leads from Wattergrasshill to Cork, stands a scanty portion of the ruined castle of Rath-Goban, the ancient residence of the Goban Saer, whose sapient remarks have passed into many a proverb. He was a famous architect—but had his fame depended upon the durability of this structure, it must have been a very unstable monument, as no vestige of it remains for the contemplation of the traveller, save the fragment of one tower. But the name of the Goban Saer will live while the Irish race shall retain their vernacular tongue, or his maxims of wisdom are the oracles of unlettered instruction. I have not learned the particular period at which he flourished. But tradition says, that he was superior to all his contempor-

aries in the art of building; even in that distant age when so little communication existed between countries not so remotely situated, his fame extended to distant lands. A British prince whose possessions were very extensive, and who felt ambitious of erecting a splendid palace to be his regal residence, hearing of the high attainments of the Goban Saer, in his sublime science, invited him to court, and by princely gifts, and magnificent promises, induced him to build a structure, the splendour of which excelled that of all the palaces in the world. But the consummate skill of the artist had nearly cost him his life; for the prince, struck with the matchless beauty of the palace, by putting the architect to death, was determined that it should stand unrivalled on the earth, who alone was capable of constructing such another, after the moment the building received the finishing touches by his skilful hand.

This celebrated individual had a son who was grown up to man's estate, and anxious that this only child should possess in marriage a young woman of sound sense and ready wit, he cared little for the fastidious distinctions of birth or fortune, if he found her rich in the gifts of heaven. Having killed a sheep, he sent the young man to the next market town, with this singular injunction, that he should bring home the *skin and its price* at his return. The lad was always accustomed to bow to his father's superior wisdom, and on this occasion did not stop to question the good sense of his commands, but bent his way to town. In these primitives times, it was not unusual to see persons of the highest rank engaged in menial employments, so the town-folk were less surprised to see the young Goban expose a sheepskin for sale than at the absurdity of the term, "*the skin and the price of it.*" He could find no chapman, or rather chapwoman (coin a term), for it was women engaged in domestic business that usually purchased such skins for the wool. A young woman at last accosted him, and upon hearing the terms of sale, after pondering a moment agreed to the bargain. She took him to her house, and having stripped off all the wool, returned him the bare skin, and the price for which the young man stipulated. Upon reaching home he returned *the skin and its value* to his father, who learning that a young woman had been the purchaser, entertained so high an opinion of her talents, that in a few days she became the wife of his son, and sole mistress of Rath-Goban.

THE GAME OF WHIST.

If you the modern game of whist would know,
From this great principle its precepts flow :
Treat your own hand as to your partner's joined,
And play, not one alone, but *both combined.*

Your first lead makes your partner understand
What is the chief component of your hand ;
And hence there is necessity the strongest
That your *first lead be from your suit that's longest.*

In this, with *ace* and *king*, lead *king*, then *ace* ;
With *king* and *queen*, *king* also has first place ;
With *ace*, *queen*, *knave*, lead *ace*, and then the *queen* ;
With *ace*, *four small ones*, *ace* should first be seen ;
With *queen*, *knave*, *ten*, you let the *queen* precede ;
In other cases you the *lowest* lead.

Ere you return your friend's, your *own* suit play ;
But *trumps you must return without delay.*

When you return your partner's lead, take pains
To lead him back the *best* your hand contains,
If you received *not more than three at* first ;
If you had more, you may return the worst.
But, if you hold the *master-card*, you're bound
In most cases to play it *second round.*

Whene'er you want a lead, 'tis seldom wrong
To lead *up to the weak or through the strong.*

In second hand your *lowest* should be played,
Unless you mean "trump-signal" to be made ;
Or, if you've *king* and *queen*, or *ace* and *king*,
Then one of these will be the proper thing.

Mind well the rules for trumps—you'll often need them :
When you hold five, 'tis always right to lead them
Or, if the lead won't come in time to you,
Then signal to your partner so to do.

Watch also for your partner's trump-request,
To which, *with less than four*, play out your *best.*

To lead through honours turned up is bad play,
Unless you want the trump-suit cleared away.

When second hand a doubtful trick you see,
Don't trump it if you hold more trumps than three;
But, having three or less, trump fearlessly.

When weak in trumps yourself, don't force your friend,
But always force the *adverse* strong trump-hand.

For sequences, stern custom has decreed
The *lowest* you must play, if you don't lead.

When you *discard*, *weak* suits you ought to choose,
For strong ones are too valuable to lose.

LADIES' COLUMN.

USEFUL HINTS IN COOKING.

To Flavour with Lemon Zest.—Never use the white part of the peel of a lemon for flavouring. It is bitter. The little globules of oil in the surface of the rind contain all the pleasant flavour of the peel. It may be thinly pared off, avoiding the white pulp. Professional cooks, however, rub loaf sugar over the surface. The friction breaks the oil-ducts, and the sugar absorbs the oil. It is called zest. The sugar is afterwards pounded fine for certain dishes, such as creams, *meringues*, etc.; or it can be simply melted in custards and beverages.

To Make Roux.—A roux is a mixture of butter and flour cooked. It is generally added, uncooked, to thicken a sauce or a soup; but the flavour is much better if it is first cooked, and the sauce or soup added to it. When the butter is first brought to the boiling point, in a small stew-pan or cup, the sifted flour is sprinkled in, and both are well mixed together over the fire with an egg whisk until the flour is well cooked; a part of the sauce or soup is then stirred in until it becomes

thin and smooth enough to add to the main sauce or soup. If the roux is intended for a white sauce it is not allowed to colour; if for a brown sauce, it may colour a little, or browned flour may be used.

Plants packed away in cellars that are quite dark, or nearly so, will require very little water; once a week will be sufficient, and be very careful to give but little. The gas found in the cellars of some houses will be found to injure these plants, and should be guarded against. Our experience with plants in a sleeping-room is such as to lead us to say that they will not be of the least discomfort, or in any way injure the person occupying the room.

MOTH PREVENTIVES.

Brush and clean woollens and furs thoroughly, put them in tight paper bags and paste them perfectly tight. To make sure, it is better to place a second bag over the first. To prevent the paper bag from being torn, it is better to put it in a box or trunk. Clothes should not be allowed to lie about, but should be carefully put away when no longer in daily use. Camphor is very good to place in drawers. Fold up clothes, sprinkling dry camphor between the folds, and then sew them up in common bed-ticking. It is necessary, to be sure, that moths have not laid eggs in the things before they are packed.

SECRETS OF HEALTH.

1. Keep warm. 2. Eat regularly and slowly. 3. Maintain regular bodily habits. 4. Take early and very light suppers. 5. Keep a clean skin. 6. Get plenty of sleep at night. 7. Keep cheerful and respectable company. 8. Keep out of debt. 9. Don't set your mind on things you don't need. 10. Mind your own business. 11. Don't set yourself up to be a sharper of any kind. 12. Subdue curiosity. 13. Avoid drugs.

CELLULOID.

A MIXTURE of tissue-paper and camphor chemically treated produces a substance known as Celluloid, which is largely manufactured and applied to an always increasing variety of uses. It resembles gum in appearance, is of a light brown colour, and can be readily dyed through its whole substance, so as to imitate amber, malachite, tortoise-shell or coral. When converted into artificial ivory there is to an ordinary eye no difference between it and the real product, and it can be used for pianoforte keys, for handles, rings, ornaments and so forth, as readily as real ivory, at one-half of the cost. It is convertible into combs, jewellery, watch-cases, thimbles, toe-caps for shoes, parchment, said to be more serviceable for drumheads than real parchment, and into paper, which is afterwards fashioned on an enormous scale into cuffs, collars and shirt fronts; and attempts are being made to adopt it for use as neckties.

PRIZE POEM.

THE FOLLOWING POEM WAS WRITTEN FOR ST. ANDREW'S DAY, AFTER THE DEATH OF T. D. M'GEE.

"Ah! wad that he were here the nicht,
Whase tongue was like a fairy lute!
But vain the wish: McGee, thy might
Lies low in death—thy voice is mute.
He's gane, the noblest o' us a'—
Aboon a' care o' warldly fame;
An' wha sae proud as he to ca'
Our Canada his hame?

"The gentle maple weeps an' waves
Aboon our patriot statesman's heid;
But if we prize the licht he gave,
We'll bury feuds of race and creed,
For this he wrocht, for this he died;
An' for the luve we bear his name,
Let's live as brithers, side by side,
In Canada our hame."

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

HOME-MADE YEAST.—Four large potatoes, four tablespoonsful of flour, two of sugar, one quart of lukewarm water; soak one yeast cake in a cup of water while you are mixing up the rest; put it in a warm place, twelve hours; then it is ready for use, one cupful makes five loaves; keep in a cool place.

BURNS AND SCALDS.—Dr. Waters gives the following directions: Bicarbonate of soda (that is, common cooking soda) has been found the most efficient of the alkalies for the purpose in most cases, and has the additional advantage of being always at hand nearly in every household. But any *neutral alkali* will answer the purpose, the virtue residing in the alkalinity. A caustic alkali, however, such as lime or common sal-soda, is objectionable from its very caustic nature. But lime neutralized by combination with oil forms an emulsion, the virtues of which in this connection are generally known. Other neutral alkalies are bicarbonate of potash, biborate of soda, etc. The alkali is to be spread over the surface burned, which is then to be covered with a wet woollen cloth, and the only care necessary is to keep the cloth moistened until a cure is effected. In case of a slight superficial burn, the application of common soap will generally be sufficient to effect a speedy cure.

HOW TO AVOID DROWNING.—Dr. Henry McCormac, of Belfast, Ireland, writes that it is not at all necessary or inevitable that a person knowing nothing of the art of swimming should be drowned if he depends simply and entirely on the powers for self-preservation with which nature has endowed him. The pith of the doctor's remarks is contained in the following paragraph: "When one of the inferior animals takes the water, falls, or is thrown in, it instantly begins to walk as it does when out of the water. But when a man who cannot swim falls into the water he makes a few spasmodic struggles, throws up his arms and drowns. The brute, on the other hand, treads water, remains on the surface, and is virtually insubmergible. In order, then, to escape drowning, it is only necessary to do as the brute does, and that is to tread or walk the water. The brute has no advantage in regard of his relative weight, in respect of the water, over man; and yet, the man perishes while

the brute lives. Nevertheless, any man, any woman, any child, who can walk on the land may also walk in the water just as readily as the animal does, and that without any prior instructions or drilling whatever. Throw a dog into the water, and he treads or walks the water instantly, and there is no imaginable reason why a human being under like circumstances should not do as the dog does. The brute, indeed, walks in the water instinctively, whereas man has to be told."

DON'T WORK UNTIL AFTER YOU EAT.—Dr. Hall is authority for the following thoughts upon breakfasting before much exercise in the open air, particularly in districts where fever and ague are abundant. Breakfast should be eaten in the morning before leaving the house for exercise, or labour of any description: those who do it will be able to perform more work, and with greater alacrity, than those who work an hour or two before breakfast. Besides this, the average duration of life of those who take breakfast before exercise or work, will be a number of years greater than those who do otherwise. Most persons begin to feel weak after having been engaged five or six hours in their ordinary avocations; a good meal reinvigorates; but from the last meal of the day until next morning there is an interval of some twelve hours; hence the body, in a sense, is weak, and in proportion cannot resist deleterious agencies, whether of the fierce cold of midwinter or of the poisonous miasm which rests upon the surface of the earth wherever the sun shines on a blade of vegetation or a heap of offal. This miasm is more solid, more concentrated, and hence more malignant, about sunrise and sunset than at any other hour of the twenty-four, because the cold of the night condenses it, and it is on the first few inches above the soil in its most solid form; but as the sun rises it warms and expands and ascends to a point high enough to be breathed, and being taken into the lungs with the saliva into the stomach, all weak and empty as it is, it is greedily drunk in, thrown immediately into the circulation of the blood, and carried directly to every part of the body, depositing its poisonous influence at the very fountain-head of life. If early breakfast were taken in regions where chills and fever and ague prevail, and if in addition, a brisk fire were kindled in the family room for an hour, including sunrise and sunset, these troublesome maladies

would diminish in any one year, not ten-fold, but a thousand-fold, because the heat of the fire would rarify the miasmatic air instantly, and send it above the breathing point. But it is "troublesome" to be building fires night and morning all summer. It being no "trouble," requiring no effort to shiver and shake by the hour daily, weeks and months together.

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.—The saying that "every fool is not a poet," was a very apt retort of Swift, but borrowed by him from the French of Scevole de Saint-Martin. It was very cleverly translated, however:

Sir, I admit your general rule,
That every poet is a fool;
But you yourself may serve to show it
That every fool is not a poet.

At a much later day it was left for an American to immortalize himself in a somewhat vigorous attempt to compose a rhyme on this theme:

Not every writer is a poet,
As every sheep is not a go-at.

HEAVEN BY LITTLES.

HEAVEN is not reached by a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count these to be grandly true!
That a noble deed is a step toward God—
Lifting the soul, from the common sod,
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet;
By what we have mastered of greed and gain,
By the pride deposed, and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ill that we hourly meet.

A WOMAN'S INGENUITY.

A Dublin chamber-maid is said to have got twelve commercial travellers into eleven bed-rooms, and yet to have given each a separate bed-room :

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11

"Now," ays she, "if two of you gentlemen will go into No. 1 bed room and wait a few minutes, I'll find a spare room for you as soon as I have shown the others to their rooms." Well, now, having thus bestowed two in No. 1, she puts the third in No. 2, the fourth in No. 3, the fifth in No. 4, the sixth in No. 5, the seventh in No. 6, the eighth in No. 7, the ninth in No. 8, the tenth in No. 9, the eleventh in number 10. She then came back to No. 1, where you will remember, she left the twelfth gentleman alone with the first, and said, "I have accommodated all the rest and have a room to spare, so if one of you will please step into No. 11 you will find it empty." Thus the twelfth man got his bed-room. We leave the reader to determine where the fallacy is, with a warning to think twice before declaring as to which, if any, of the travellers was the "odd man out."

THE SCULPTOR BOY.

CHISEL in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him :—
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved that dream on the yielding stone
With many a sharp incision ;
In Heaven's own light the sculptor shone,
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand,
With our lives uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when, at God's command,
Our life dream passes o'er us.
Let us carve it then on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision :—
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own—
Our lives, that angel vision.

SAFE MEDICINES.

A reader of the *Hebrew Leader* proposes the following remedy for the ills of the flesh and spirit, composed of *leaves, plants,* and *roots,* which, if taken without a wry face, will make any man respectable and happy.

Leave off drinking. Leave off smoking. Leave off chewing. Leave off snuffing. Leave off swearing. Leave off lying.

Plant your pleasure in the home circle. Plant your faith in truth.

Root your habits in industry. Root your feelings in benevolence. Root your affections in God.

For directions see the Holy Scriptures, and beware of counterfeit creeds and quack theologians.

A PUZZLE.—Is it possible to take 45 from 45 and let your remainder be 45? Yes, for example—

9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1—45
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9—45

8 6 4 1 9 7 5 3 2—45

CASUALTIES OF THE PAST YEAR.

A congregation was carried away.
A meeting was set by the ears.
A man was buried in thought.
A great many persons drowned their sorrows.
Others were overwhelmed with thanks.
Others were smothered with kisses.
Others cut their own throats.
Others split their sides.
Many people lost their heads.
Others ran them against a stone wall.
Others fell between two stools.
Others stuck to their posts.
Others were riveted to the spot.
Others cut off their nose to spite their face.
There was a flood of light literature.

The Registrar-General's Reports show about an average number of cases of blind sides, deaf ears, cold shoulders, noses put out of joint, wry faces, turned heads, people without a leg to stand on, and people falling over head and ears in love.

Convent of St. Joseph.

ACADEMY

—FOR THE—

Education of Young Ladies,

Toronto, Ont.

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF HIS GRACE, THE MOST REV. J. J. LYNCH, ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

This spacious and beautiful institution—conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph—is situated in the most healthy and picturesque part of the city. That the locality has superior advantages, the presence of the many Educational Institutions in its immediate vicinity is the best proof.

The extensive pleasure grounds afford ample means for healthful open air exercises during pleasant weather, while two large commodious halls are used during the winter. The pupils take frequent walks accompanied by the Sisters.

The course of instruction is thorough, and comprises, in the Junior Department: Catechism, Orthography, Reading Writing, and Arithmetic. In the Intermediate, the above, with Grammar, History, Geography, and Composition. In the Senior: Christian Doctrine, Elocution, Grammar, Analysis, Composition, Geography, History, Euclid, Algebra, Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Rhetoric, Book-keeping, Penmanship, etc. In the Graduating: Literature, Elocution, Composition, Philosophy, Logic, Mythology, and Euclid.

Modern Languages, Music on Piano, Harp, Guitar, and Organ, Vocal Music, Drawing, and Painting in Oil and Water Colours, Plain sewing (to which special attention is given), Embroidery in Linen, Silk, and Chenille, etc. Wax, Lace Work, etc., are optional.

The Strictest attention is paid to the Moral and Polite Deportment of the young ladies, who are always under the mild surveillance of the Sisters. References are required from pupils on entering.

The Scholastic year commences the first Monday of September, and is divided into two terms of five months each. Payments to be made half-yearly in advance. Pupils are received at any time during the year. No deduction is made for the withdrawal of pupils before the end of the term unless in case of protracted illness or dismissal.

TERMS:

For Board and Tuition in English and French,	per	annum	$100 00
Bed and Bedding, if furnished by the Institution,	"	"	6 00
Washing	"	"	12 00
Piano and use of instrument	"	"	28 00
Harp	"	"	40 00
Guitar	"	"	20 00
Vocal Music	"	"	25 00
Oil Painting	"	"	32 00
Drawing—Pencil, Crayon, and Water Colours,	"	"	16 00
German	"	"	12 00
Italian	"	"	12 00
Wax flowers	per	ourse	5 00
Calisthentics, Lessons in Walking	"	"	2 00
Pupils remaining during Vacation	per	week	2 00
Half Boarders	per	annum	60 00
Day pupils, according to class, per annum			$16.00, $20.00, and $24.00

Doctor's Fees and Medicines, Class Books, Stationery, and Material for Drawing, and Fancy Work form additional charges.

REGULATIONS:

The Costume is black for Summer and Winter. Besides the uniform, which is worn on Sundays and Walk-days, the young ladies will require their usual wardrobe; also two dressing wrappers, one white bobinet veil (three yards long), one black veil (two yards long), table napkins, hand towels, two knives, fork, silver goblet, dessert and tea spoon, work box and dressing case, all marked with name or initiale. Postage stamps, etc.

Letters of enquiry to be addressed to the

"LADY SUPERIOR," Convent of St. Joseph,

St. Alban's Street, Toronto Ont.