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THE

NEW DOMINION

MONTHLY.

VOL. II.

(From April, 1868, to September, 1868, inclusive.)

MONTREAL:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

126 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET.

Price One Dollar per annum.

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VOL. 2. NO. 1.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

April, 1868.

MONTREAL:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
126 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

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Parties in want of Sewing-Machines will please take notice that we build machines for every range of work—from the finest Family to the coarsest Manufacturing.

We warrant all Machines made by us to be equal in every respect to those of any other maker in America, while our prices are from

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There is not a town or village in this Dominion that a goodly number of our Sewing-machines cannot be sold in; and the terms we offer to Agents will pay them better than any other business they can engage in. If there is no Agent in your town or village for our machines, send for our terms and secure an Agency. Many parties in quite moderate circumstances have been able to sell a large number of Machines, without interfering with their other business. Those who do not feel quite able to purchase a good Machine are often able, by a little exertion, to sell enough to secure one for themselves without cost.

Send for Circulars, and Photographs of our Machines.

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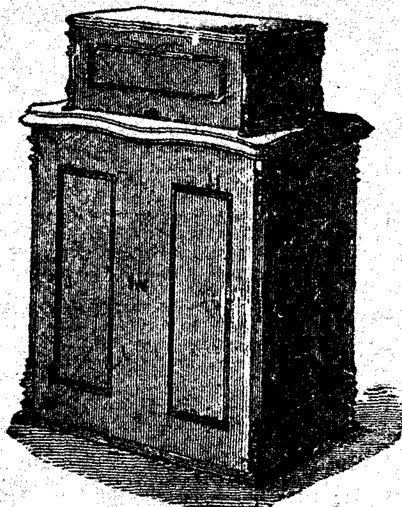

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MONTREAL;

22 St. John Street,

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I desire to place my Sewing-machines not only in the mansions of the wealthy, but in the "humble cottages" of the poorer classes (who most need Machines,) and the prices are such as will come within the reach of *all*. Consequently I court the assistance of all parties who would lessen the labor of woman, or increase their own happiness, by introducing a really meritorious "labor-saver." If costly Machines are wanted, I furnish them. A glance at the styles and prices cannot fail to suit the most fastidious. But good faith and the advancement of my patrons' interests require me to say, that so far as respects the practical uses of a Sewing-Machine, it is only necessary that purchasers should exercise their preference as to the style they want or have the means to purchase.

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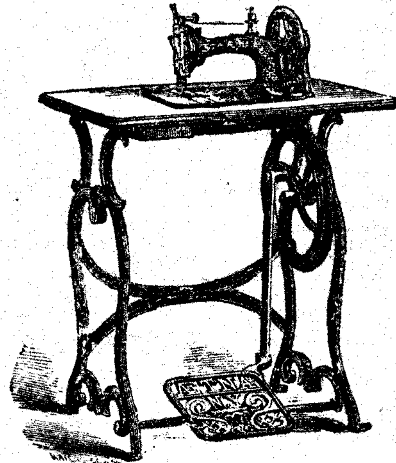
I am prepared, at all times, to furnish the above goods, in large, or small quantities to my customers, at the lowest cash price, and I will keep constantly adding to my stock, all the new inventions of any importance, in connection with the Sewing-Machine business.

Parties when ordering from a distance, will be sure and give their orders in a plain and distinct manner, to ensure a prompt return.



TO CLERGYMEN.

The well-known fact that very few of the Clergymen of our country receive salaries adequate to their maintenance, and that a large number are, consequently, obliged to spend a portion of their time in secular pursuits, in order to sustain themselves in their several fields of labor, has encouraged me to ask them to act as agents for me in the sale of my Sewing-Machines.

The Sewing-Machine now ranks with the most important inventions of the day, and when we consider that a whole day's work by hand, is accomplished in *one hour* by the Machine, and its character changed from *hard labor* to mere *recreation*, all must acknowledge, that in elevating the condition of woman, it is second to none.

The Machines now offered by me are so simple in construction and operation, that any person of ordinary capacity can operate them by the printed directions alone. The old objection to complicated machinery is removed, and I am *really selling the best and cheapest article in the market*, and should be pleased to send sample Machines to all who wish them, did it not require more capital than I can command.

Should Clergymen see proper to give this matter their attention, with a view to introduce my celebrated Machines among their friends, I will make a very liberal discount from my regular prices. This offer is made expressly to the clergy, and is made solely to give a prominency in all communities, and to encourage such as would be pleased to give the sale of a really meritorious article attention. One Machine in a neighborhood will be the preliminary for the sale of many others.

The qualities to be looked for in a Machine are: *certainty of correct action at all rates of speed, simplicity of construction, great durability and rapidity of operation, with the least labor.* Machines, to combine these essential qualities, must be made of the *best metal* and *finished to perfection.* J. D. Lawlor has the experience and facilities to do this.

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Every Lady should have one of J. D. Lawlor's Sewing Machines. It will prove the mother's assistant, the shirt-maker's friend, and the Dress-maker's delight.

J. D. Lawlor's Sewing-Machine has been tested in Canada for the last six years, and in every instance has given perfect satisfaction. He is the only manufacturer in Canada that can say as much.

For references and testimonials please inquire wherever Sewing-Machines are used, in Montreal and Quebec.

It is admitted by all that J. D. Lawlor's is the cheapest and best place to purchase a Sewing-Machine. The *best* is always the *cheapest*. By calling you will save 20 per cent, and be sure to get a Machine you will have no trouble with.

N. B.—All Machines sold at this office are warranted to give entire satisfaction, or the purchase money will be returned.

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It is a very significant fact that every maker and vendor of Sewing-Machines throughout the country, from those having a certain degree of utility for certain purposes, down to those which are a complete humbug and cheat, all agree in their hostility to J. D. Lawlor and his Machines: he rejoices in the free expression of their ill opinions; their hatred, like Macbeth's ambition, "o'erleaps itself."

(Over.)

I keep constantly in stock the following celebrated Machines:

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Do. No. 2, for Shoemakers.
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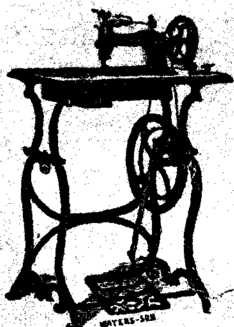

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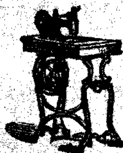

Energetic and competent persons wanted to sell Machines in every city and town in the Dominion. Such persons can make from Ten to Twenty dollars a day. Send for Confidential Circular.

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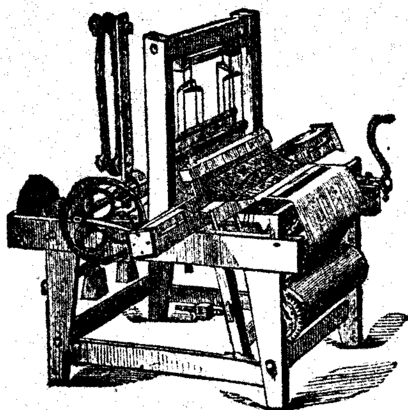

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L'AURORE.—This Weekly Family Newspaper is published in the interest of the French Protestants of Canada and the United States, and might be read with benefit in the Educational Establishments of the Dominion, and in any place where the French language is studied. Subscription $1.00 per annum, payable in advance. Address L. E. RIVARD, Pointe-aux-Trembles, Montreal, P. Q.

A YOUNG LADY (English), desires an engagement, as Resident Governess, in a Gentleman's Family. English, French, Music, Singing and Drawing. Address D. C., WITNESS Office, Montreal.

PROSPECTUS

Vol. II. "New Dominion Monthly."

This magazine, the only one in the English language of a general literary character published in the Dominion of Canada, has been before the public for half a year, during which time its circulation has reached seven thousand copies monthly. The increase of the subscription list has been so much more rapid than was expected, that we have had to reprint several of the numbers, at heavy expense, to supply new subscribers from the beginning. But, as several of the numbers are again nearly exhausted, we can no longer attempt to do so. We have therefore divided the year into two volumes, the second of which will commence with the April number; and we now solicit subscriptions for the year, beginning with that month.

The numbers of this second volume will be stereotyped, so that any number of subscribers can be supplied; and for those who remit for a year, beginning with April, we will prepay postage on the February and March numbers of 1869, as, after the new year, postage must be prepaid by publishers; but subscribers beginning after that date will please remit, over and above the dollar subscription, a cent for every month their year runs into 1869.

The expenses of the *Dominion Monthly* have been much heavier than we estimated; and in consequence we find that, notwithstanding its very respectable circulation, it has not yet reached a paying point. In fact, the very low price at which it is published would require a circulation at least twice as large, and a fair advertising patronage, to enable the *New Dominion Monthly* to pay its way and allow for a moderate remuneration to contributors and a pictorial illustration or two monthly. It is, however, as reasonable to expect 15,000 subscribers, after the general approval of the press and public, as it was to expect 5,000 when the *Monthly* commenced; especially considering the generous aid it has received in contributions from some of the best writers in the Dominion. The ever-increasing stream of such contributions is also the best guarantee for a growing popularity.

We respectfully ask our present subscribers, and all who wish well to this enterprise, to aid in extending our subscription list at the beginning of this volume.

Properly recommended parties wishing to canvass for the *New Dominion Monthly* in any city, town, or district, will learn particulars on application.

Terms of *New Dominion Monthly*, ONE DOLLAR per annum invariably in advance, and one cent per month postage for the time subscription extends beyond 1868.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers,

MONTREAL.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

JEZEBEL.—"The author of 'Saul' furnishes a poem, in three cantos, entitled 'Jezebel,' which of itself is sufficient to give the number a very large circulation. The poem, though less pretentious than 'Saul,' is of even greater excellence, both in imagery and finish of language. Other hands contribute articles of varied interest, and altogether the number proves that both energy and discretion are used in the collection and choice of matter." —The *Daily News* (Montreal) on the January number of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.—The February number of this Canadian publication comes to us enriched with more than its usual amount of original articles, both prose and poetry. For one dollar per year, we do not know where a person would get more reading matter—much of which is interesting and instructive, being interspersed with hints on domestic economy. We judge the readers of the present number will feel satisfied that the standing of the Monthly is, so far, well sustained."—*Religious Intelligencer, St. John, N. B.*

IN THE RED RIVER TERRITORY, the *Nor' Wester* recommends THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY to the settlers of that distant country. "This publication," it says, "fills up a hiatus which previously existed between the heavy, argumentative literature of English magazines, and trash of the *Ledger* stamp. The former can be read only by scholars, the latter can be read by, and vitiate the minds of every one. THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY is essentially the sort of periodical that suits a family, for between its covers will always be found something to suit persons of all ages, and the price brings it within the reach of all."

A ROMAN CATHOLIC OPINION.—The Montreal *True Witness*, the organ of the English-speaking Roman Catholics of the Province of Quebec, says that the selected portion of the interesting contents of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY are obtained from the most popular serials of the two continents.

BY THOSE WHO KNOW.—"Nothing but an enormous circulation can possibly reimburse the publishers of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY for their outlay," says the *Daily News* of this city, speaking of the first number of this new magazine.

FATHER MATHEW'S PORTRAIT.—"D'Arcy McGee's life of the temperance apostle, Father Mathew, is concluded in this month, and is a fairly-written account of this good man's ministrations. The portrait given of Father Mathew is quite a treat for a disciple of Lavater, showing, we think, an honest man, with unbounded faith, one who would believe in the account of how Saint Denis walked into Paris, carrying his head under his arm, and kissing it now and then."—The *Cayuga Sentinel*, criticising the January number of THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.—February. We are sure every true Canadian will welcome this valuable periodical. * * This magazine promises to be to our young writers, what Putnam's Magazine and other periodicals were to the early talent of the adjoining States. The articles of more than ordinary interest are "Reminiscences of the Fur Trade of Montreal," "Jottings from Canadian History," and "A Crimean Story."—*St. Catherine's Post.*

— The February number of this really excellent magazine has been received by us; and it is rapidly growing in our estimation as a choice repository of original and select literature. It contains many articles of interest, from the pens of able writers, and one of the leading features is the amount of original matter which it contains. We consider it nothing less than the duty of every person who desires a home publication of this kind to prosper—and it is deserving of prosperity,—to encourage it by striving to extend its circulation.—*Almonte Gazette.*

—The present number of the *New Dominion Monthly* contains a number of articles both entertaining and instructive, and a marked improvement is noticeable. The magazine looks as if it may yet become a fixture on the list of Canadian periodicals.—*Kingston News.*

— *Le New Monthly Dominion* est toujours plein du plus vif intérêt. Aussi il faut avouer que les éditeurs n'épargnent rien pour rendre cette publication de plus en plus intéressante par le choix et la variété des articles.—*L'Echo du Peuple.*

DOMINION MONTHLY.—La livraison de Mars, de cette excellente publication, nous est parvenue. Elle contient beaucoup de matières extrêmement intéressantes.—*Le Canadien, Quebec.*

— We neglected last week to notice the receipt of the February No. of this new and interesting work, which, we are glad to learn, is meeting with the success it well deserves as an excellent Family Magazine. The selections are good, and the feature to which we alluded on a former occasion—a large proportion of good original matter—seems still predominant. This, of itself, if kept up, will ensure the success of the magazine, for all Canadians ought to encourage their own "home literature," if at all passable, in preference to that which is of foreign growth. —*Sarnia Observer.*

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.—We hail with pleasing satisfaction the appearance of the February number of this excellent serial. It is quite up to our expectations; and, judging from the eagerness with which every copy we have on sale is picked up, and the many inquiries of regular subscribers about its arrival, we conclude that it is regarded as a favorite amongst us. The present number has a truly Canadian cut representing "Chopping." Perhaps the next will be that of "Maple-Sugar Making." Its original and selected articles possess much merit and are well worthy of perusal. For sale at the *Reporter* Book-Store; price, 10 cts. per copy.—*Bruce Reporter.*

— The February number of the above deservedly popular magazine contains a large proportion of original articles exhibiting Canadian talent in a favorable light, besides a number of sterling extracts amusing or instructive. "Canadian Scenes and Homes" by Mrs. A. Campbell, is a very brief but interesting story. "Reminiscences of the Early Fur Trade of Montreal," by W. Henderson, Esq., equally so, and we trust will be continued. The article headed "Inventions of the Future," contains some valuable suggestions to inventive minds. "A Crimean Story" by a retired officer, is an affecting tale of the battlefield; and the remainder, both original and selected, are above mediocrity. The *Dominion Monthly* has already drawn out some of the latent literary talent in Canada; but we are of opinion that the mine is at present barely opened, and that time will develop rich workings, that, we trust, will eventually amply repay the enterprising proprietors of the *Dominion Monthly.—Brampton Times.*

— The *New Dominion Monthly* for March completes the first half-yearly volume of this very interesting and instructive publication. As a Canadian production, it is very creditable to the proprietors, and the thirteen original articles in this number prove that there is no lack of Canadian talent, and talent of the right kind.—*Elora Observer.*

— The March number of this excellent publication fully equals the previous issues. The articles are interesting and unexceptionable in their moral tendency, and we feel persuaded that this characteristic of the *New Dominion*, combined with its extraordinarily low price,—only ten cents per number,—must ultimately secure for it an extensive circulation.—*Quebec Gazette.*

— The March number of this magazine is to hand, with a choice freight of interesting literature. It is the cheapest and one of the best magazines published. The contents embrace original and selected prose and poetry, music, recipes, and include much that is instructive and interesting relating to the early settlement of Canada. Every family should have the *New Dominion Monthly.—Canadian Statesman, Bowmanville.*

— The March number of this excellent Canadian magazine has reached our table. We do not see the necessity of sending to the United States for magazines, when a Canadian production affords reading of so chaste and useful a character as does the *Monthly*. We are pleased to note its continued excellence, and trust its establishment may prove to its owners a financial success.—*Cobourg World.*

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THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY,

A Magazine of Original and Selected Literature.

APRIL, 1868.

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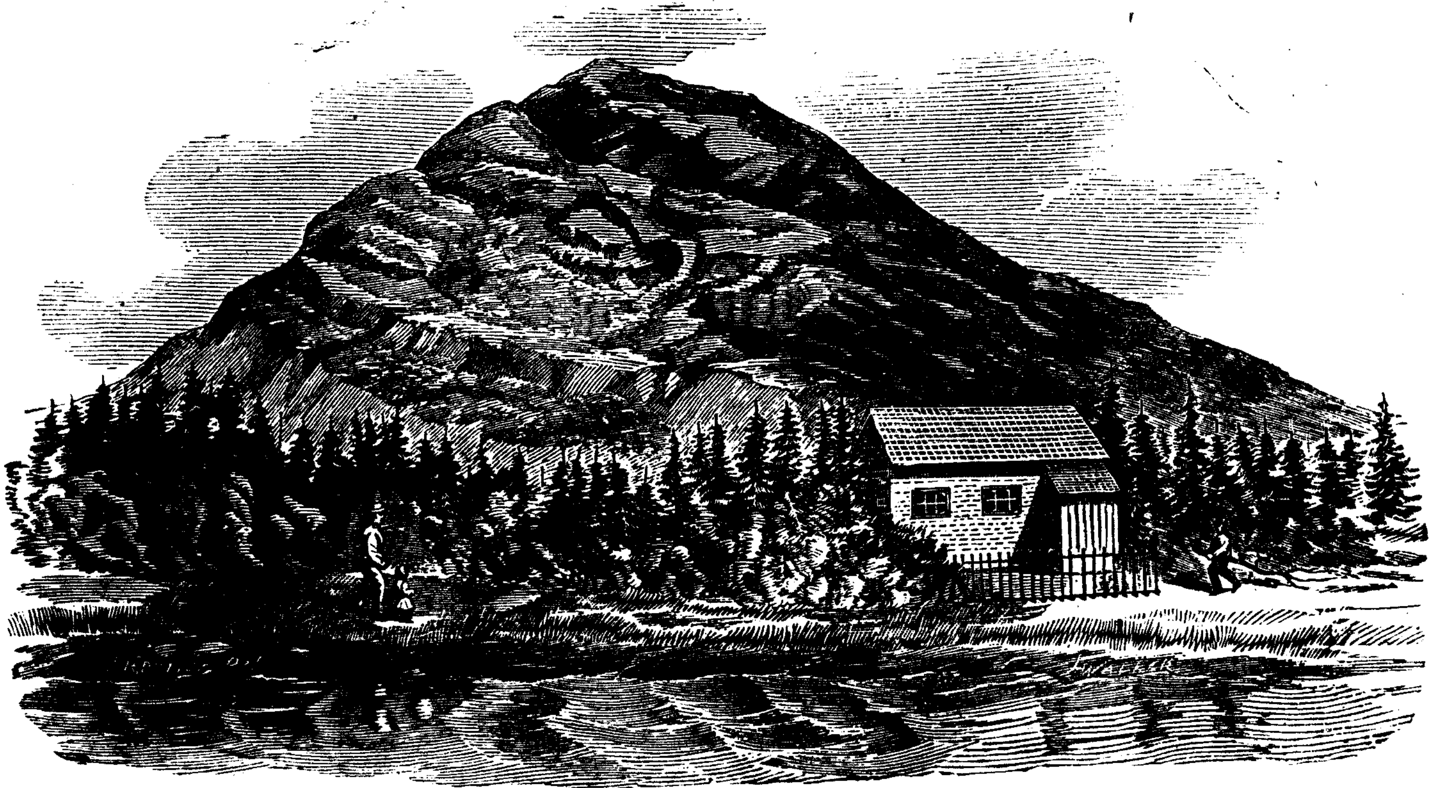

WINTER HOUSE, ON ESQUIMAUX RIVER, LABRADOR MISSION.

The New Dominion Monthly.

VOL. II, APRIL, 1868. No. 1.

Original.

THE CRUCIBLE.

BY ALICIA.

Behold I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.—Isaiah xlviii, 10.

CHAPTER I.

"Now came still Evening on, and twilight gray
"Had in her sober livery all things clad;
"Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
"They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
"Were slunk—all but the wakeful nightingale;
"She all night long her amorous descant sung:
"Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament
"With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
"The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,
"Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
"Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
"And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."
—*Milton.*

Twilight reigns in the Vale of Chamouni, where the glory, the grandeur, and the beauty of Switzerland seem centred; lying in peace at the very foot of the monarch of the Alps—the magnificent Mont Blanc.

From Chamouni may be heard the pleasant sound of the ever-falling waters of the Cascade des Pelerines; but in the stillness of evening the voice of the mountain torrents which roar at noonday, gladdened by the sunshine from the sparkling glaciers, is lulled to a quiet melody, like Nature's evening hymn. The glow of the setting sun had ceased to crimson the everlasting snow on the summit of the Alpine heights, and the stars were beginning to peep out on earth, when, in a room in one of the many picturesque Swiss cottages abounding in this region, two English ladies were sitting, both gazing on the range of mountains which lay spread before their view—their very tops seeming to pierce the mass of light clouds which hung above them. The elder of the two ladies must have been over fifty, but there was a sweet, settled calm no her face which would make it ever look young; and yet the lines of suffering and sorrow were deeply marked there, and silvery hairs shone in the soft, light-brown bands smoothed over the broad, high forehead. Her young companion was taller and darker, with brown, wavy hair, dark eyebrows and lashes, and full, deep-blue eyes. She was sitting on a sofa, or settee, and on her knee rested the head of a child of about ten years of age. Edna Clifford—for that is our heroine's name—was gazing out of the latticed window, and yet one could tell by the deep, earnest look in her dark eyes that her thoughts were far away. She was evidently recalled by some motion of the child, for stooping and fondly caressing the long, light locks which fell luxuriantly over her dark dress, she said, softly,

"Are you very tired, Bessie dear?"

"No," said the child, laying her hand on the one which was resting on her head, "but John took me up the mountain, where we met little Klaus who gave me some strawberries; and I was wishing so much I could speak French, and so be able to talk with these Swiss people. I think Klaus' grandmamma speaks English; will you come with me to-morrow to see them, Edna?"

"Perhaps so, dear, if I am not too tired."

They relapsed into silence, and it was some minutes before either of the three spoke; then Mrs. Maitland, the elder lady, said,

"I think it is time you went to bed, Bessie—I will call Jane."

"Poor child, she has fallen asleep," said Edna, "let her lie here until we go to our rooms; I will throw this shawl over her.

Dear little lily, she looks as fragile as a mountain-flower."

"But don't you think she is looking much stronger than when we left home?" said Mrs. Maitland. "I would not have travelled so far again, but on her account, dear child. I hoped a winter in France would be of benefit to her."

"But why do you say *again*, Mrs. Maitland," said Edna; "you have never been in Switzerland or France before, have you?"

"Yes, dear; I travelled here with my husband, hoping it would restore his shattered health; but all in vain—we had only just reached home when he died. But I thank God he was at home; it would have been a great grief to me had he not lived to reach it, but died in a foreign land."

"It must be very sad for you to visit these scenes once more, which are hallowed by so many sorrowful memories," said Edna.

"Yes, it is sad; but when we feel we have done all we could to promote the happiness of one we have lost, the remembrance is not so bitter—it is when remorse and regret are mingled with sorrow that its sting is so terrible."

"Why did you not tell me you had travelled here with Mr. Maitland?"

"I did not wish to give you pain, my love; and I feared if you knew it might make you sad. As it was, you could only attribute my occasional melancholy to my anxiety on Bessie's account."

"But I would so much like to sympathize with, and comfort you, if I could, dear Mrs. Maitland," said Edna, "but I suppose only those who have gone through such sorrow as you have suffered can feel for you."

"And you have known sorrow," said Mrs. Maitland, "though you try so hard to hide it from me. But I do not wish to pain you, my love," she added, hastily, seeing the look of anguish coming over Edna's face, "I only would wish to comfort you, and point you to One who bears our griefs and carries our sorrows. But I will call Jane to carry Bessie to my room, for I am sure you must be tired supporting her so long."

"Oh, no! please let me lift her," said Edna, and raising the child in her arms, she bore her to her mother's bed, and began gently and quietly to remove her clothing; but she was glad of the release when Mrs. Maitland told her she would undress Bessie, and bade her go to her room, as she was sure she needed rest after the long walk she had taken that day.

Bidding her friend good-night, Edna went to her chamber, and it was only when she had bolted her door, and felt she was alone, that Edna Clifford gave way to a passionate burst of weeping, and shed such tears as she would have been ashamed to let any one see—for one of Edna's strongest characteristics was pride, an indomitable spirit of pride—yet now, when alone, she said, bitterly, "How true are Mrs. Maitland's words. It is indeed remorse that gives my sorrow its sting. How I hate myself for my pride and selfishness. How happy I might have been—but now it is too late, too late," and, drying her tears, she sat down and gazed out on the grand, sublime scene before her, watching the moon rising and shedding her calm, pale lustre on the snow-capped mountains, towering upwards in awful grandeur. Fair Luna, herself, was not visible, only her pale light could be seen shed on the mountains, and gradually stealing over valley, forest and plain, like a silvery veil, hiding all deformities, and making beauty yet more beautiful with its softening sheen.

My readers will think, perhaps, this is a strange position for a young lady—away from all her relations, in a strange land, in company with a lady friend and her only child, with none but a man and maid-servant in attendance. In my next chapter I will try and show you how Edna Clifford found herself among the everlasting hills of far-famed Switzerland; and introduce you to her relations, friends and acquaintances.

CHAPTER II.

"Unlike all other earthly things,
"Which ever shift, and ever change,
"The love which a fond mother brings,
"Naught earthly can estrange.
"Concentrated, and strong, and bright,
"A vestal flame it glows,
"With pure, self-sacrificing light,
"Which no cold shadow throws."
—*A. Bethune.*

Such love Edna Clifford had never known. Her mother had died when Edna was scarcely two years old, leaving her and her baby-brother to the care of a broken-hearted father, from whom Edna had never been separated until she had left her home with her friend, Mrs. Maitland, to spend a year abroad. Edna had been brought up and educated by a Miss Ponsonby, whose brother was the family doctor, and had been unwearied in his kind attentions through Edna's mother's long illness, for during the whole of Mrs. Clifford's married life she had never known a day of perfect health; thus it was that Dr. and Miss Ponsonby had ever been looked upon by the Clifford family more as relatives than merely friends. Miss Ponsonby had remained with Edna until Miss Clifford (Mr. Clifford's daughter by a former marriage,) had come to keep house for her father, and take the management of affairs, generally, into her own hands, which she soon proved herself capable of doing. After her arrival in their midst, the Clifford family became totally changed. Edna's proud spirit was continually rebelling against the restraints that her step-sister, Selina, wished to lay upon her; but ever applying to her father for aid, he invariably decided in Edna's favor, who thus grew up self-willed and unrestrained. Her father, engrossed in business, seemed blinded to everything but Edna's good qualities and beauty; and had it not been for Miss Ponsonby's kind advice, and excellent instructions, poor Edna would have grown up like a rank weed, uncultivated, untrained. It is true her sister was always finding fault; but from her expostulations and complaints Edna ever turned with scornful disdain. She was devotedly attached to her father and her brother Charles—yet in neither of these did Edna find a truly congenial spirit. True, it was her delight to spend hours with her father when he had retired to his study; but to speak to him of her feelings and desires she could not. There must always be a difference of opinion between the old and the young. Youth sees everything with Hope's bright eyes—the path of life is untrod, all the future looks fair; and it seems impossible to believe that the trials and troubles which others have passed through will ever mar its happiness. Age, on the contrary, has been taught by the severe hand of experience, and it is incredible to it how youth can think the world so joyous. Though Charles Clifford resembled his sister in many points of character, he was of a much gayer and lighter disposition, and, two years her junior, he could not understand his sister's deep feelings and thoughtful moods.

To describe all Edna's friends would fill the whole of this chapter, and, therefore, we must confine ourselves to the most important, and leave the others to be introduced and described as they take their places on the stage of this little life-drama.

Mr. Clifford was a lawyer, and eminent in his profession. Many years previous to the period when our story opens, he had taken into his employment a boy, named Ernest Leighton. His mother, a widow, had come to Mr. Clifford, and begged him to befriend her son, which the lawyer at length consented to do; and of this step he had never repented. Ernest applied himself with an energy seldom seen in boys of fourteen; and rose step by step, following his benefactor's profession, until he became his partner, and of the greatest assistance to him. Ernest Leighton was the constant companion of Edna and Charlie Clifford; and his sister, Winnifred, was Edna's bosom friend. Ever since Mrs. Leighton had come to live in L———, Edna and Winnifred had been almost inseparable. Together they studied with Miss Ponsonby; and together they walked and rode. There had

thus grown up between the families a warm friendship; and what wonder that between Ernest and Edna this should have ripened into something more. Daily in one another's society, it is not surprising that there existed between them an affection which, perhaps, never does exist excepting when it has grown with the growth, and strengthened with the strength, of two earnest, thoughtful minds and loving hearts.

A year previous to the opening of our story, Ernest, on his becoming Mr. Clifford's partner, begged him to sanction his engagement with his daughter. This, the old gentleman willingly agreed to, for Ernest was a young man after his own heart, and he was ever holding him up as an example to his good-humored, careless son, Charles, who—though agreeing in all his father said, for he believed and declared that Leighton was the best fellow in the world—yet in his own mind thought "that he could never be such an extra good chap, and what was the use trying." Mr. Clifford, however, said that there must be a "special clause in the Deed of Transfer," as he termed it, and it was this: that Ernest must not remove his "rosebud," (as he loved to call Edna,) until she had reached her twenty-first year; it would be better for Ernest, the father said, as it would give him a chance to rise in his profession, unencumbered by the cares of married life; and the poor old man secretly hoped that he might never live to see his darling transferred to another's keeping.

Mr. Clifford was not exactly what is called an old man—being not more than fifty-eight—but he had known much sorrow, and was prematurely aged. Though not naturally taciturn or reserved, many circumstances of his life had tended to make him so; and to no one, now, did he ever speak of his feelings. He attended the services of his church, regularly; but hitherto had gone more as a matter of form, than from a real interest in spiritual things. The clergyman, until lately, was a man almost completely absorbed in study, seldom seen by his parishioners—excepting in the pulpit—his sermons, though truly Scriptural, were not of an arousing or awakening character; he manifested little interest in his people, and seldom visited them, except in cases of severe illness. At length, wearied of a town-parish, he resigned his charge, and was succeeded by the Rev. George Wyndgate. To the new rector, Mr. Clifford was beginning to be much attached. His clever, well-delivered sermons had at first engaged his attention and excited his admiration; but his goodness and kindness of heart had already won his affection, for the Rev. George Wyndgate was a man for whom none but the most indifferent or profane could but feel respect and love. Though hardly three months had elapsed since his arrival at L———, he had already gained the esteem and affection of most, if not all, of his flock. His wife—a kind, motherly woman—was completely absorbed with the cares of her household and numerous family, consisting of three sons and four daughters, of whom three—named, respectively, Lionel, Margaret, and Jessie—were now grown up.

Margaret Wyndgate was a girl of no ordinary capacities; she was her father's coadjutor in all works of faith and labors of love, and was already well known in the homes of the poor belonging to Mr. Wyndgate's congregation—in her own home she was invaluable. Margaret was supposed to be able and willing to do anything any one wanted. Above all, she was an earnest Christian, and it was her humble endeavor to follow in the steps of her blessed Master, who went about doing good. Jessie was a gay, good-humored girl, with less depth of character than her sister, and possessing more of her eldest brother's disposition; but affectionate, and ever unwilling to grieve those she loved. She gave up any gaiety in which she would have been inclined to indulge, if her father and mother disapproved. She was the sunshine of her home, ever cheerful and ready to oblige, and a great favorite with her younger brothers and sisters.

To no one in the Rectory were Lionel

Wyndgate's faults as evident, as to Margaret. Their first-born was, to his doting parents, almost perfection; and though they often mourned over his carelessness on religious subjects, they would hardly have believed, had any one told them of the excesses in dissipation and sin to which he had been drawn. The one wrapt up in her family affairs, the other engrossed by his ministerial duties, were little aware of the character their son had already gained in L———; and poor Mr. Wyndgate would have been horrified had he known the extent to which his son had run into debt, and how often he had applied to his eldest sister for aid. Each of the family had been left a small sum of money, by an aunt of Mr. Wyndgate's; and Lionel and Margaret, being of age, had come into possession of theirs; but Lionel had already run through his own, and was continually appealing to his sister for assistance. In his applications to Margaret, he had always placed his plea in the light of a loan, which he of course intended to repay; but Margaret knew there was little chance of his being able to refund her money unless he altered his manner of life, and often she wondered if it were really her duty thus to yield to her brother's requests—was she not encouraging him in his evil ways, and assisting him in obtaining those sinful pleasures in which she knew the money was expended? But then, in supplying his wants, she prevented him from applying to his father, and—fondly hoped—saved him from running into debt. But alas! poor child, she little knew to what an extent her brother was already indebted to his collegiate friends, and would have indignantly repulsed the idea that her brother could thus put himself under obligations to comparative strangers, and lower his father in their estimation. With much of his father's winning manner, Lionel was a general favorite, and his society was courted by all; but he was as wild a young *medico* as L——— had need to be proud, or rather ashamed, of.

Ernest Leighton had, from the time of the Wyndgates' arrival, taken a great interest in Lionel, and was grieved to see the reproach he was bringing on the character and ministry of his beloved father, and the injury which would be done the Church of God by his conduct—so he resolved to try and reform the young scapegrace. He, consequently, began by endeavoring to gain Wyndgate's friendship. This he soon accomplished, for Lionel—open to kindness, frank, and generous—was easily led, either for good or evil, and really felt the kind concern Ernest manifested. Ernest truly hoped, in time, that Lionel would see the evil of his ways, and change his course; but the first step to be accomplished was to induce him to break off from his old companions, and forsake his old amusements. Instead of these, some others must be substituted, and Ernest persuaded him to ride, drive and row with him. Previous to this, Ernest had seldom, if ever, gone anywhere unaccompanied by Edna, and he feared she might think him negligent—but what could he do? To tell her all, would be to betray his friend, and to speak of his own good actions, so he resolved to keep silent. "Surely," he said to himself, "she will trust me. She has known me long enough to have confidence in me." Little did he know of the spirit of pride and jealousy which dwelt in the heart of his betrothed. Never thwarted in a wish or desire, loved and petted by her father and brother, never having had the slightest cause to doubt Ernest's love and constancy, her proud spirit rose in rebellion when she saw Ernest often in company with Lionel Wyndgate, or his sisters (for, in endeavoring to gain Lionel's friendship, he was often at the Rectory). Once or twice, already, when he had made engagements with Edna, he had written her a note, begging her to excuse him, as he had been unavoidably detained; and afterwards she had seen him ride past with his new friend. On one of these occasions, Edna was sitting reading the note just brought to her, when her sister Selina entered the room,

"Oh!" she said, satirically, "you have got another of your sweet little tinted notes,

have you? They seem to come rather often now."

Edna had no idea that her sister had any knowledge of these notes arriving; but there was little passed in the house that escaped the observation of Selina's quiet, black eyes.

"I cannot imagine where you get your spirit from," she added, scornfully, it must be from your mother; I cannot imagine a Clifford being thus treated without resenting it."

"Thank-you for your concern on my behalf. I am quite capable of managing my own affairs, without your interference," replied Edna, haughtily, as she walked out of the room; but yet Selina's stinging words helped to add another stone to that wall of pride and jealousy which was daily rising higher and higher, separating Edna from him whom she loved best on earth.

Higher and higher rose this spirit of pride in Edna's breast; and though Ernest never failed to be with her in the evening, she magnified every seeming neglect and made it appear far more formidable than it would ever have appeared a few weeks before.

One sunny day, early in September, she was sitting waiting for Ernest, who had promised to come and take her out for a drive. The appointed hour had passed—but he came not. Edna waited impatiently an hour longer, listening anxiously to every sound of carriage wheels. While thus seated, gazing out of the drawing-room window, Miss Clifford came in, apparently in search of a book. On seeing Edna, she said,

"You need not sit any longer with your hat on, if you are waiting for Ernest; I saw him, from my window, drive down the side-street with Lionel Wyndgate, half an hour ago. It is not much to Mr. Leighton's credit for him to be seen so much with young Wyndgate; every one knows what his habits are, and evil communications soon corrupt good manners. Of course, I suppose there are attractions at the Rectory which are not to be found in our quiet home; and certainly Margaret Wyndham is a handsome girl."

Having thus relieved her conscience—and, as she thought, given Edna a little timely warning—Miss Selina quitted the room, leaving poor Edna in a frame of mind more easily imagined than described. She sat for some time longer, the veins swelling in her forehead, the expression on her face becoming every moment more resolute and determined; then rising, with a decided air, she went to her room, took off her jacket and hat with nervous haste, and seating herself beside her writing-table, she muttered, half-aloud, "One thing is certain, Mr. Ernest Leighton, it is the last chance you will have of breaking an appointment with me. I will free you from all restraint; in future you may follow your own sweet will, unhindered by me." She drew towards her a desk which lay on the table; but hesitatingly pushed it back. Then, rising, she paced the room, and at last, stamping her foot, she exclaimed, "No, I will not write; he will think I had not the courage to tell him. I will let him see that Edna Clifford is not to be trifled with. But how can I face them all?—how shall I bear to live here? I cannot; I will not!"

A servant at this moment knocked at the door, and told Edna that Mrs. Maitland wished to see her. Mrs. Maitland was an old and valued friend, and Edna did not like to refuse to go to her; so, smoothing her tossed hair, she passed into the hall, singing a light air; and no one, from her appearance, would ever have imagined that Edna Clifford had just made up her mind to discard forever one who from childhood had been loved.

"Dear Mrs. Maitland," she exclaimed, as she entered the drawing-room, "how glad I am to see you; and Bessie, how are you?" she said, addressing a sweet-looking child—"it seems so long since I have met either of you."

"I have been so busy packing-up, that I have been very little from home," said Mrs. Maitland; "and you, my dear, are so

engrossed with home and your friends here, that you never seem to have time to come out to Burnside to see me," she added, smilingly.

"But why are you packing-up, Mrs. Maitland, are you coming into town for the winter?"

"No," answered her friend, "I am hoping a year abroad will benefit Bessie's health, and have decided at once to leave home, and spend the winter in the south of France; and, when spring comes, to travel through Italy and Switzerland. These are my plans; but all earthly things are so uncertain and so changing, I may never be able to accomplish them. How much I should like to take you with me, Edna, but I suppose nothing would induce you to leave home, now—you will wait until you are Mrs. Leighton. Well, I cannot wonder, for I am sure you would have better company; but I am selfish even to think of expressing my wish that you might accompany me."

"Oh!" said Edna, energetically, "I wonder if papa would let me go? I have been wishing so much to go away from home; and to travel through France, Italy, and Switzerland, with you, Mrs. Maitland, would be so charming. Papa is in his study—come with me and let us coax him."

The two went, leaving Bessie engrossed in a new book. Mr. Clifford was sitting by his study table, reading some letters:

"Oh! papa," burst forth Edna, not waiting for Mrs. Maitland to speak first, "Mrs. Maitland is going to spend a year abroad, and wishes me to go with her; do you think there is any possibility of my being able to? Oh! papa—I should so much like to go. Could you not let me? please, papa."

"You take me by surprise, my little daughter," he said, patting her cheek as she knelt beside him, "and I wonder you are so desirous of leaving home now. Ernest intends travelling when he gets married—cannot you wait until then?"

"It is hard to tell what may happen before that time comes, papa dear, and really I should like so much to go with Mrs. Maitland."

"Well, well, my child, we will think about it."

"But," said Edna, persistently, "I must know immediately, for Mrs. Maitland leaves next week; and I have so many preparations to make."

"But, my dear child," said her father, "you would require a maid; if there were only yourself to provide for, I might say yes."

"That difficulty is soon overcome," said Mrs. Maitland, "I intend taking two servants with me, and my maid would always be at Edna's service."

"Oh! thank you, thank you," said Edna, joyfully, "now, papa, you can't refuse!"

"Oh! well, child, I suppose I must consent; but I cannot imagine why you are so anxious to leave home now."

Edna paid no attention to her father's dissatisfied expression; but, putting her arms round his neck, she said, "You are the dearest papa that ever lived," and danced out of the room, drawing Mrs. Maitland with her, who soon left, promising to call in a few days and make all arrangements concerning their projected journey. Just as she had reached the vestibule, she turned and said to Edna,

"Are you sure, my love, your father quite approves of this idea—he did not look quite satisfied; and what will Mr. Leighton say to me for carrying you off?"

"Oh! I am sure papa will be pleased with the plan, when he has got over his surprise," said Edna; "and as for Ernest, he will be glad to get rid of me, I take up so much of his valuable time. In my absence he will have plenty of leisure for study, and to amuse himself with his other friends."

"Oh! Edna," said Mrs. Maitland, with a pained look on her face, "do not speak thus. I do not like to hear such words, though they are spoken in jest. Such a sacred relationship as exists between your-

self and Mr. Leighton should never be lightly spoken or thought of."

Edna thought long on Mrs. Maitland's last words; but the proud spirit rose above, and conquered every gentler feeling which strove to gain entrance into her heart.

CHAPTER III.

"The kindest and the happiest pair,
"Will find occasion to forbear,
"And something, every day they live,
"To pity, and perhaps forgive;
"But if infirmities that fall
"In common to the lot of all,
"A blemish, or a sense impaired,
"Are crimes so little to be spared;
"Instead of harmony 'tis jar,
"And tumult, and intestine war.
—*Cowper*.

Perhaps, before entering into the details of this chapter, it would be well to give a description of Edna's home. It was a large stone house, which Mr. Clifford had built, and moved into, on his marriage with Edna's mother. It stood a few yards from the main road which wound for many miles along the banks of Lake Ontario, and the house commanded a beautiful view of this grand sheet of water, and the numerous islands in the distance. The grounds, which were not extensive in front, but sloped at the back down to the pebbly shore of the lake, were shut in by a light, low, iron railing; a narrow gravel path led up to the front door, which was reached by four wide, stone steps. The drawing-room was a large, square apartment, with a bay-window looking to the front, and another at the side, commanding a fine view of the lake. Back of this was Edna's sitting-room, which is the only apartment in the house which will be described minutely. It opened from the hall, and was a long room facing the water. It had been particularly planned for the second Mrs. Clifford's use, and according to her taste. All its surroundings were light and elegant; everything that could please the eye, or contribute to the comfort of the owner, was there. Almost opposite the door, was a large French window, opening on a small verandah, which led to a flower-garden, sloping gradually down to the pebbly shore; on the right side of this window was a pretty little grate, and beside it a low couch or sofa, inviting repose—bright with its covering of light blue, of the same material as the window-curtains and chair-covers. To the left of the window, stood Edna's piano, with its accompaniments of music; while opposite was a small book-case, containing but few books, but they were principally the best poets and standard works. Between, stood a small writing-table; this, with a round table in the centre of the room, and a low chair beside it, completed the furniture of the apartment. Over the mantlepiece, hung a painting of Edna's mother, and, on either side, an engraving—one of our Saviour blessing little children; and the other the Crucifixion of our Lord. Opposite the sofa, was the door which led into a small room, used by Edna as a bed-chamber. Thus she was, as it were, apart from the other members of the household, reigning over a little domain of her own. Miss Clifford had taken all domestic duties off her hands, and so Edna spent most of her time in her charming *boudoir*; here, she and Winnifred had studied; here, her pleasant hours with Ernest were chiefly spent, reading and singing together. From the steps of the verandah, a narrow gravel path wound round the side of the house, almost hid from passers-by by the shrubs and creepers closing it in on either side, and forming an archway where it met the little lawn in front. On summer evenings, Edna Clifford would sit in her room and listen for the sound of Ernest's well-known footsteps on the stones; for he seldom, if ever, entered by the front door, but went round to the verandah, where he was almost sure of finding his betrothed waiting for him. Then would pass the pleasant hours: Ernest reading aloud; or together they would sit watching the moon gliding through the white, fleecy clouds, or, perhaps, if the weather permitted, the two would spend the evening on the water, rowing about on the blue surface of the

lake. In winter nights, the curtains closely drawn, and a bright fire in the grate, they would sing for hours together, both being passionately fond of music, and possessed of fine voices. Often were Winnifred and Charlie their companions in this little retreat, and the sounds of merry laughter would reach the ears of Mr. Clifford and Selina, as they sat absorbed in a game of chess (perhaps the only point on which Mr. Clifford and his eldest daughter agreed, was in their fondness for this noble game). Edna's little garden was surrounded by a high stone wall, up the side of which she had trained Virginian creeper, honeysuckle, and other climbing plants. Here she spent many hours, often assisted by Winnifred and Ernest, in sowing seeds, or training and transplanting her flowers.

But I am sure my readers will be weary of these details, so we will return to our story.

On the evening of the day on which the events of the last chapter occurred, Edna was relieved at finding that neither Selina nor Charles would be present at dinner—Selina having gone for a long drive, and Charlie being off on a fishing excursion—she was thus able to turn her father's thoughts from herself and her untouched food, and chatter unceasingly about her intended visit to the Continent. Her father had always wished that his daughter might have the advantages of travelling; and he knew no person with whom he would sooner trust her, at the present, than with Mrs. Maitland, who had been his friend since he first came to America; but he would rather Edna had waited until she was married, as it was a little plan of his own that—as by that time Charlie would be old enough to help him in the office—he would be able to spare Ernest for a year. However, Edna's heart was set on going, and he could not bear that one wish of his darling child should be ungratified, or that she should be denied anything he could give her, which would conduce to her happiness.

"Well, Edna, my child," he said, at length, "I am glad for you to have this change. I think, my dear, it will do you good, for you are looking pale and thin of late; but I shall miss you sadly, my little rosebud."

"O! papa, papa," said Edna, throwing her arms around her father's neck, "it breaks my heart to leave you; and oh! dear papa, if you think it better for me to stay with you, I will give up all thoughts of going."

"No, my child, I am glad of this opportunity, and I wish you to go; you will come back blooming, and gladden your old father's eyes. You will write to me, Edna, my love, but don't expect me to answer your letters—that I cannot do, my birdie. But now run away, for I must go to my study, as I have some business-letters to write."

Edna sought her room after this conversation with her father, and closed the window of her outer room, and drew the curtains. It was hard to steel her mind to the work before her. She was sitting near the window in her chamber, which looked directly on to the little path leading to the verandah, and had not been seated long when she heard quick steps approaching. Pushing the curtain forward, she stood so as to see, and yet not be seen. She saw Ernest walk briskly past the window, singing a light air, of which, however, she could not distinguish the words. Her heart misgave her sorely as she saw the well-known face and familiar form. He was swinging his hat on his hand, and the soft evening air was blowing his curling, light-brown hair. Ernest was tall—fully six feet—slight, and well-made, very fair, and with honest, blue eyes, and regular, well-cut features. He had neither whiskers nor moustache; and his open, frank face was the picture of kindly good humor. Edna heard him try to open the window, and then call, "Edna," but finding his efforts were vain, he slowly retraced his steps. As he repassed the window, he was singing, but more slowly, and Edna distinguished the words. They were those of Tennyson's beautiful ode to "Margaret." At once, as

she heard the words, the spirit of jealousy became predominant, changing the look of mingled love and pity to one of proud disdain. She heard his ring at the front door, and the servant showing him into the drawing-room. Meeting her at the door, and without waiting to hear the name, she hurried past her and entered the room. Ernest was standing near the window, and as she opened the door he advanced, and, with his cheery voice, exclaimed,

"Why, birdie, not ready yet? I am a quarter of an hour behind time; run and put your hat on—we will not have much time, if you don't hurry."

"I should think that you are even more than fifteen minutes behind time, Mr. Leighton, and I don't intend going out this evening," she said, with such chilling coolness that poor Ernest stood aghast with astonishment. "I have only come to tell you, Mr. Leighton, that henceforth you are entirely freed from any restraint I may have ever been to your pleasure and amusements, and entirely free from those promises you made to me just three months ago to-day."

"But, Edna," interposed Ernest, "did you not—"

"Mr. Leighton," she said, haughtily, "make no excuses, you have made quite too many already, and I now return you the notes you have been so kind as to favor me with," and she laid on the table three little pink envelopes.

"There were four," said Ernest.

"Oh! indeed," interrupted Edna, "were there, really? Three are all I have received—and quite enough, I should fancy. And now, Mr. Leighton, good-bye. I start for Europe, next week, so it is not probable that I shall see you again. I will either call on Winnifred, or write to her." She gave him her hand, which he mechanically took; but, as she left the room, he said,

"Oh! Edna, what do you mean? Do come and speak to me."

"I have nothing more to say; and the subject cannot but be painful to us both, so good evening, Mr. Leighton," and she left the room.

Poor Ernest quitted the house, with his brain reeling; he could not take in at once the full purport of Edna's words. He walked more than a mile, then, seating himself by the lake shore, he pondered on the events which had just occurred, and said over to himself Edna's cruel words, till they seemed to be burnt into his brain; and his heart felt as if it were breaking with the bitter pain they had caused. At last, wearily turning homewards, he retraced his steps, and arriving at his home, he shut himself up in his room, refusing even to see his sister, who implored admittance, fearing he was ill. Morning dawned, and found him still pacing his apartment, with throbbing brow and aching heart. He would take no breakfast, but went to the office much earlier than usual, leaving his mother and sister in wonderment at his unusual conduct.

Poor fellow! he was utterly at a loss to account for Edna's conduct. How he had offended her, he knew not. He supposed she must have been grieved at his seeming neglect, and he blamed himself for not having, before this, explained his reasons for being so often absent from her. But above all rose the thought, "She might have trusted me, or at least have waited longer before she forever cast me from her. Perhaps it is well that I am obliged to work. Poor Edna can only mourn in silence over the misery she has occasioned, for oh! I cannot but think it is misery to her, in spite of her heartless words. I know her better, poor child. Yes, her sorrow is deeper than mine." And, unconsciously, his mind was dwelling on the same thought which Mrs. Maitland gave utterance to, months after, while sitting in the twilight in the little cottage, at the foot of Mont Blanc, and which made such an impression on Edna's mind.

(*To be Continued.*)

Original.

BALAAM.

BY JOHN READE.

While sleep had set its seal on many eyes,
Balaam, the Seer, was forth beneath the stars,
Whose beauty glimmered in Euphrates' stream,
Gemming the mournful willows, floating hair.
Behind him were the Mountains of the East,
The dark-browed nurses of the blue-eyed founts,
Whose lone hearts were the life of Pethor-land.
Westward, beyond the river, was the waste,
O'er which, this second time, with priceless gifts,
Had come from Balak noble messengers;
And westward were the eyes of Balaam turned,
As one who waits for one who does not come,
While wild things came and passed unheeded by,
And the night wind, as with an angel's harp
Played lullaby to all the dreaming flowers.
And, gazing on the western sky, he saw
A picture, all whose forms were quick with life,
Where all was discord, hurrying to and fro,
As when two armies strive to gain the field;
For, from the outer realms of space, there came
Gigantic spearsmen, over whom there waved
Gay, many-colored banners, and these flew
Hither and thither o'er the starry plain,
Pursuing and retreating; others came,
And others, till, it seemed all Sabaoth
Had joined in conflict with the wicked one.
And then there was a change; banners and spears
Faded away, as fades away the reek
Above a hamlet on a frosty morn;
And none can tell when he sees last of it.
And, in a little while, there grew an arch,
Whose keystone was the zenith of the sky,
Like to a rainbow, joining east and west,
Beautiful, quivering, fearful, ominous,
Drawing the heart of Balaam after it.
And this, too, vanished, vapor-like, away;
And Balaam, though he waited its return,
Waited in vain; for warriors, and spears,
And banners, and the fiery flash of hosts
Embattled, and the mystic arch, were gone,
And came no more.

And Balaam stood amazed
Long time, while thoughts, conflicting, tore his breast,
And barred all passage for his voice.

At length,
'Hath not the Highest by this sign declared
His purpose? *I must go,*" he said, and then
Strange terrors shook him, and the strain
That held his face rapt westward all relaxed
By speech, he felt as one, who, in a dream,
Stands on a steep cliff, by the greedy sea,
While ruthless foes pursue him.

"*I must go,*"
He said, and from ten thousand horrid throats,
There seemed to come a mocking answer "Go."
And o'er him came a shiver, as a lake,
Shivers beneath the burden of a breeze.
And then there came a whisper to his ear,
"Balaam, God's prophet, go not with these men!
Puttest thou Balak's honor above His
Who chose thee to declare His will to men?
Go, and thou art undone. God doth not lie."
Then Balaam, as in answer to a friend:
"There came across the desert lordly men
From Moab and from Midian, who besought
With many prayers and noble gifts, that I,
Balaam, the Seer, would go with them and curse
A people who were terrible in war,
To whom the strength of Moab was as grass,
Before the oxen, feeding on the plains,
If, haply, I might crush them with a curse.,
These prayed I to abide with me all night
Till I should learn the purpose of the Lord,
And, in a dream, God warned me not to go:
And so they went away ungratified.
Then came these princes with more precious gifts,
And still more precious promises, who said,
'Balak, our lord, hath sent us unto thee,
And prayeth thee to come. He will promote
Thee and thy house to honor, and all boons,
Whate'er thou askest, he will freely give.'
And I replied, 'If Balak's house were full
Of gold and silver, and he made it mine,
Or more or less than God commandeth me,
I could not do. But tarry here to-night,
And I will hear the answer of the Lord.'
And then God sent a sign, the like of which
I, who know all the faces of the night,
And am familiar with all stars that shine
Over the hills and plains of Pethor-land,
Have never seen before, a sign which said:
'Balaam, if these men call thee, rise and go.'
Or more or less than God commandeth me
I cannot do. Am I in this to blame?"
And then the wind came sweeping down the hills,

And Balaam heard again the mocking cry,
"If these men call thee, Balaam, rise and go."
And though he shuddered, all his face grew dark
And knotted, as he said, "God doth not lie,
But—doth God mock? Hath He not sent a sign,
To me, who have the power of reading signs,
His own high gift? And now—O God,
If thou wouldst send me yet another sign."—
And here the whisper of the still, small voice
Came back, "O Balaam, wretched is their fate,
Who, knowing good from evil, choose not good,
Or suffer evil, howsoever fair,
To make the good less lovely in their eyes!
Full well thou knowest that thy heart is set
More on the gold of Balak than God's will.
God doth not mock. 'Tis thou that mockest Him,
Coming into His presence, full of lust,
And seeking for a sign. If thou wert pure,
No sign were needed. Being as thou art,
Wert thou to offer up the land's whole wealth,
Oxen and rams, and corn, and wine, and oil,
And all the first-born of thy kings, no sign
Would purge thee of those sordid dreams that drag
The soul from God to hell.
It is not yet too late,
Perhaps, and *but perhaps*!
O Balaam, rouse thee,
Thou art e'en yet God's prophet. He has shewn
His will to none more clearly than to thee.
What is it He requireth at thy hands?
Be true and honest, pure and merciful,
Having thy heart aflame with faith and love,
Still walking humbly as though prone to fall,
Guarding thine eyes from covetous wanderings,
Deeming God's gifts more beautiful than man's,
And He will keep thee right in all thy ways.
Oh! what is Balak's honor, Balak's gold,
To Balaam, if the Highest be his friend,
Who owns the wealth and beauty of the world!
Balaam, if these men call thee do not go."
And Balaam bowed himself unto the ground,
And lay upon his face in misery;
And in his heart an awful battle raged,
Where evil fought with good. Longtime he lay,
As one entranced, all motionless, but full
Through every nerve of wakeful, painful life.
And then he rose, as from his grave, so pale
And wild his visage; and he looked again,
Along the waste, towards the western sky,
But saw no sign, save that the stars grew dim,
And some were gone; and even as he looked,
He seemed to hear from all the waking earth,
Borne through the gloaming on the mountain wind,
The words he loved and longed for and yet loathed,
"Balaam, if these men call thee, rise and go."

And once again a shudder shook his frame;
And once again he bowed him to the earth,
And lay upon his face in misery,
Until, from weariness, he fell asleep.

And as he slept, he dreamed he was a child,
And heard sweet music, soft as is the breeze
That steals through cornfields on a summer's day,
And makes the flowers kiss sweetly, and the leaves
On every tree grow tremulous for joy.

And then there came a noble, swelling strain,
Like the grand chorus of victorious hosts,
That still march on to victory; and he heard,
And was a man, with men—a king of men,
With crown of inspiration on his brow.
Around him thronged the chiefs of Pethor-land
And others, from afar, who came to hear
The wisdom God had given to his lips.
But he was still as humble as the child
That played of yore amid the flowers, and drew
From their sweet breath the beauty of the good.
And as he spoke they listened to his words,
As to an angel's; for his words were wise,
Wiser than all the wisdom of the East.

Then came a discord, as a sound of waves
That dash against tall rocks, while drowning men
Try vainly to be heard. And Balaam grew
Proud with the pride of vain and worldly men,
And thought within his heart how great he was,
Forgetting who had made him wise and great;
And thought of all the homage and the gifts,
Yielded to him by princes of all lands,
Till his heart turned to evil more than good.

Then came a sound of battle and wild cries,
The blare of trumpets, and the clash of swords,
And the fierce neigh of war-steeds, and the groans
Of dying men; and Balaam lay with these,

Far from the hills and streams of Pethor-land.
And, as he lay, he heard an awful voice,
High o'er the din of battle, and the words,
"If these men call thee, Balaam, rise and go."
And Balaam woke; and on the Eastern hills,
Beheld the ruddy blossom of the day
Bursting from out the sapphire of the sky;
And all the earth looked pure, as when it rose,
At first, in beauty, from the primal sea,
And all the heavenly host sang songs of joy.

But still the night lingered in Balaam's soul,
And all the pleasant voices of the morn,
With which, erstwhile, he joined in hymns of praise,
Were buried, as all hues are lost in black,
In the dark horrors of one fatal cry,
"If these men call thee, Balaam, rise and go."

And fainter was the whisper than before,
And Balaam heard it not, or heeded not,
As with slow step—as one who walks in chains—
And head bowed low upon his breast, he moved,
Homeward to where the princes waited him,

And Balaam told them not of sign or dream.
But only made him ready for the road.
And ere the sun was half-way up the sky,
Both he and they were far upon the waste
That stretched towards Moab; and he nevermore
Beheld the hills and streams of Pethor-land.

Original.

DOLLARD DES ORMEAUX—1660—THE CANADIAN LEONIDAS.

BY J. M. LEMOYNE, QUEBEC, AUTHOR OF MAPLE LEAVES.

Traditions of brave deeds—of self-sacrifice for the good of one's country—instances of extraordinary endurance for some great end, whilst they challenge the admiration of the patriotic, the soldier, and the reflective man, afford wholesome teachings for the young. In placing them before an enlightened public, no apology is required; they naturally come within the scope of a periodical professedly Canadian. Elsewhere we have stated, with a feeling not unmingled with pride, that the early history of our own country exhibited several of those traits which men delight to honor. We shall now unveil the career, yet little known, of a youthful Canadian hero; the space allotted reminds us to be brief. To our mind the thrilling history of the chivalrous young commander of the Montreal garrison in 1660, whose name is prefixed to this sketch, reads more like one of those bright romances peculiar to the era of the crusades, than anything else we know of in Canadian history. Though mentioned by others, it is specially to the Abbé Faillon * we are indebted for acquainting us so minutely with the history of Dollard des Ormeaux, then aged twenty-five years.

It is not, then, a historical romance which is here presented to the reader, but a plain, unvarnished tale of Christian heroism, of which Montreal may well be proud.

In order to understand thoroughly the precarious footing of the French Colonists at Montreal in 1660, it would be necessary to become familiar with its history since its foundation in 1642. The historian marks, year by year, the struggles, sometimes the bloody defeats, occasionally the relentless revenge suffered or inflicted by the pent-up colonists: the merciless Iroquois had sworn to exterminate the pale faces who came from beyond the sea; they very nearly succeeded. A constant warfare—ambushes by day—a midnight raid—such were the ever-recurring incidents which marked the struggle of a few colonists against the countless hordes which surrounded them. At page 163 of the 2nd vol. of his history, the learned Abbé tells us how the alarmed residents scarcely ever left the Fort unarmed, even on the Sabbath to attend church.

On Sunday, the 18th May, 1651, four colonists were surprised between the Fort and Point St. Charles, on their return from the morning service. Overpowered by the savages, they took refuge in a species of redoubt, and commenced firing so briskly on their pursuers, that the report of their guns attracted the notice of the people of the Fort. Out ran a stout-hearted fellow, named Urbain Tessier dit Lavigne to their relief;

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* Histoire de la Colonie Francaise au Canada.

and although sixty shots were aimed at him from the distance, he escaped them all. M. de Maisonneuve, the Governor, immediately sent reinforcements to the besieged, and after a sharp skirmish, in which thirty savages bit the dust, the rest retired to the shades of the forest. Some years previously, directions had been issued that no man should leave the Fort singly, and that those tilling the soil should return each day in a body, well-armed, within its walls, at the sound of the bell. Various were the artifices employed, says Dollier de Casson, to abate the Iroquois nuisance. The Governor soon saw that the days of his colonists were numbered, if these savage beasts of prey were allowed to roam any longer round the settlement. *They must be got rid of.* The inhabitant of Bengal beats the jungle for tigers and lions; the French colonists must beat up the thickets and woods round Montreal for foes as merciless—the skulking Iroquois. Mastiffs were brought out from the mother-country, and *battues* organized. These sagacious animals were broken in to hunt for the savages, and Father Lalemant tells of a remarkable mastiff slut, called "Pilot," who, in 1647, used to lead to the woods a litter of fierce pups, and took a ramble each morning in the under-brush, scouring carefully every bush round the Fort; and if, on her re-entering the Fort, she noticed any of her whelps shirking his work, she would worry and bite him. It was wonderful, says the same writer, to witness her return from the hunt, baying fiercely when she had discovered a marauding savage—to proclaim the presence of danger. Nor could you have said of her, what Coleridge wrote of Sir Leoline's dog:

> . . . A toothless mastiff, which
> From her kennel beneath the rock
> Maketh answer to the clock
> Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour!
> Ever and aye, by shine and shower
> Sixteen short howls, not over loud;

History tells of the ardor of the Montreal Nimrods of that day, to bag the big game, and how often they used to go to Governor de Maisonneuve asking him beseechingly, "Shall we then never be allowed to go and hunt our foes?" You read next the animated description of one of these hunts, or fights; party, headed by the Governor himself, and by M. D'Ailleboust, against the Iroquois. The unfortunate but spirited colonists barely escaped annihilation in this skirmish, and it did seem at one time likely that the scalp of M. de Maisonneuve would shortly grace the belt of a famous chief, bent on capturing his fleet Excellency. However, when escape appeared hopeless, brave de Maisonneuve drew a pistol on his pursuer, and fired,—it flashed in the pan, and the colony was nearly lost; but, recovering himself, he drew another pistol, and shot the red-skin dead; and the colony was saved.

In those days the country round Montreal certainly swarmed with this sort of game; its Nimrods were just as spirited as those of the present day: the dogs of sure scent, and the quarry wary and wild amidst impenetrable forests. Times are changed now; elegant villas, fragrant conservatories, landscape gardens, adorn the green slopes of the Royal Mount, which once resounded to the war whoop or expiring groan of the lithe savage. Peaceably inclined are the royal successors of this warlike M. de Maisonneuve: on his hunting grounds now stands the great metropolis of Canadian trade. They were fiery hunters, the men of 1660, spreading with their mastiffs amidst the thickets, perhaps to the joyful notes of the French horn, or carolling a hunting-song, "Il passe, il passe, le Clairon du Roi, mes dames." These sturdy Nimrods, subjects of the Grand Monarque, are replaced by a milder race. Out of the same thickets, on a fine September morning, two centuries later, you may have seen equally spirited dogs issue with a band of gaily-dressed and well-mounted sportsmen; Messrs. Davidson, Alloway, Lorn McDougall, Thorne, Rimmer, and Crawford. But fear them not; you might with impunity confront them in full Indian dress, and wearing as many plumes in your hat as the proudest Iroquois ever bore

You are perfectly safe, unless taken for a fox.

Sporting reader, forgive our digression. We have told you of the scenes of blood with which our fathers were so familiar. Their fiery disposition had grown with danger; and on the authority of Abbé Faillon, we can tell you that even the savages were impressed with awe when dealing with them; and the Iroquois cadet was gravely told to beware of these men whom they called "*des diables*," nor to presume to attack them, unless well prepared for a fight.

The savages were increasing each year in numbers and audacity. In the years 1658 and 1659, they had been conspiring secretly. About a thousand of them had resolved, by a *coup de main*, to strike terror at the same time at Montreal and at Quebec, of which latter place M. d'Ailleboust, the Governor, was to be beheaded. Some inkling of the dark deeds in contemplation had spread amongst the helpless and sparse population of the valley of the St. Lawrence. Those residing under the cannons of Fort St. Louis, at Quebec, were safe; but what hope was there for the unfortunate peasant outside of Quebec? The dismay had become very great; public prayers had been offered in the churches. Nor was the excitement in the Montreal district at all less. Unless Providence specially interposed, the colony was threatened with utter ruin.

These reflections had occurred to every colonist. None had pondered over them more earnestly than the young Commander of the Montreal garrison, Dollard des Ormeaux—called by some historians Daulac. Though of French origin, he was intimately acquainted with Indian warfare, and came to the conclusion that a blow struck at the proper time might disorganize the machinations of the enemy, and gain delay until the reinforcements arrived from France. He thought that an ambush might be planned; that a small party of good marksmen, such as Montreal then could provide, in a very short time might, by taking advantage of the ground, slay so many of the enemy, that a precipitate flight would take place, before the Montreal Indians could join their forces to those of the Quebec and Three Rivers settlements. The plan, though it savored a little of desperation, when the number of combatants on both sides were compared, had much to recommend it. By the latter end of May, 1660, Dollard had succeeded in working up the enthusiasm of the Montreal youth to the same pitch as his own. Sixteen promised to follow where their commander would lead, provided the Governor of the colony, M. de Maisonneuve, approved of the expedition. One, however, reconsidered his determination, and did not go. The remainder made their wills, received the last rites of the church, and took, in presence of the altar, a vow to fight until death or victory crowned their career, without suing for, or granting any qurter.

Several other colonists, such as Major Lambert Close, Picoté de Belestre, Charles LeMoyne, also offered their services for this important expedition. They, however, were of opinion it might be delayed until the corn-fields were sowed; but to a mind constituted like Dollard's, delay was impossible, and the miraculous escape from death of these three latter brave and indispensable men showed, as the Abbé Faillon remarks, that the hand of Providence was there. Montreal could not have afforded to lose such colonists. Had the spirited commander deferred the departure of the expedition, as he was requested to do, the 500 Iroquois, who had ensconced themselves at the islands of the River Richelieu, would have had time to be joined by the 500 savages who were coming down the Ottawa, and the blow would have fallen on Three Rivers and Quebec. The brave warriors launched their canoes on the waters of the great river. They met the enemy sooner than they expected, and seem to have closed with them at the *Ile St. Paul*, close to Montreal. The first encounter took place on the 19th April, 1660, the Europeans having the better of the fight, but losing three of their party, viz., Nicholas

Duval, Blaise Tuillet dit d'Avignon, and Mathurin Soulard,—the two latter having been drowned in the attack. The savages took to the woods, leaving behind an excellent canoe, which Dollard subsequently put to good use.

This brilliant hand-to-hand fight produced a good effect at Montreal, and the recusant colonists who had left Dollard at the beginning, returned to fight under him. They were detained eight days at the end of the Island of Montreal, at a rapid which they had to cross. They crossed, however, and on the 1st May they were at the foot of the *Long Sault*, on the Ottawa, eight or ten leagues higher than the Isle of Montreal, and lower down than the *Sault de la Chaudière*. He there discovered a small fort, which the Algonquins, the fall preceding, had built with pickets. There they decided to make a stand. They were then reinforced by four Algonquin and forty Huron Indians, the flower of the tribe, who had marched up from Quebec during the winter, intending to attack the Iroquois when returning from their hunting grounds. These warriors had obtained a written authority from M. de Maisonneuve, Governor, to take part in the campaign, unwilling though he was to grant it. Nor had they long to wait for the returning Iroquois canoes. The French strengthened as much as possible their pallisades, with earth and branches, and valiantly repulsed the first assault. The Iroquois' ferocity increased with each repulse. Their numbers allowed them to invest closely the rude fort,—to burn the canoes of the French,—and prepare torches to burn it down; but, finding all their plans frustrated, they sent a deputation to the 500 Iroquois camped on the Richelieu.

But there was, inside of the fort, an insidious enemy, more to be feared than the blood-thirsty Iroquois. The water failed, and thirst soon troubled the beleaguered Montrealers. By dint of boring, they came to a small gush of muddy water, insufficient to allay their thirst. They had, under the fire of these insurgents, to go and fetch water from the river close by. The Iroquois, seeing their straits, took occasion to remind the Hurons of the uselessness of their defence, and that, unless they surrendered, they would be so closely invested, that they would die of thirst and hunger. These savages decided to surrender in a body. All did, except their courageous chief, Enahotaha, who, on seeing their determination, seized a pistol, and attempted to shoot his nephew, who was amongst the fugitives. The fort contained in all, Enahotaha, the four Algonquins and their chief, and the French. Soon the four hundred Iroquois arrived from the Richelieu encampment, and during three days a new attack was made every hour, but unsuccessfully. The enemy then tried to fell some large trees, in order that, by their fall, they might incommode the dauntless garrison. Such prodigies of valor at last induced the Iroquois to believe that the garrison must be more numerous than they had been led to credit; and they deliberated whether it would not be better to raise the siege; and a detachment having come closer than usual to the redoubt, the garrison received them with such a murderous fire, that they were again completely routed. On the eighth day, the Iroquois were meditating their departure; but, on being assured that the fort only contained seventeen French and six Indians, they thought that, should they, with their overwhelming numbers, give up the contest, it would reflect eternal shame on their character as warriors. They then resolved to die to the last man, at the foot of the fort, or conquer.

Accordingly, in advancing, they took to cutting junks of wood, which they carried in front of their bodies—a rude species of helmet, ball-proof. The French muskets, well-aimed, mowed them down by the dozen; but numbers replaced the fallen warriors, bent on escalading the redoubt; and Dollard saw that in a few minutes the sword and the axe must be his last resort, before the close of an unequal contest, the issue of which could not be much longer

doubtful: so, loading to the muzzle a large blunderbuss, and retaining in his hand the fusee, he attempted to let this instrument of destruction fall in the midst of the carnage, hoping that, by its sudden explosion, it might terrify the enemy. As bad luck would have it, the branch of a tree intervening, it fell inside of the redoubt, and spread death amongst the exhausted garrison. The enemy, taking courage from this incident, charged afresh. Dollard received his death-blow, but despair firing the expiring effort of the remainder, all seemed determined to sell dearly their lives; and with the sword or axe, each man flinging himself in the melée, struck unceasingly, until he fell. The Iroquois, collecting their courage for a final assault, rushed on, and, bursting open the door of the redoubt, crowded in, when the few survivors, plying well and fatally their hunting-knives, were massacred to the last man. Europeans, and their Indian allies, all behaved nobly.

The news of the carnage was taken to Montreal by some of the Hurons who had surrendered in the beginning. The number of dead Iroquois left on the battle-field, and the severe lesson they thus received, made them return hastily to their own country.

Thus fought and perished seventeen of the bravest men of Montreal, in 1660, as the Abbé Faillon correctly remarks, without that incentive to heroism, the hope of immortality, which spurred on the Grecian or Roman warrior in his career of glory. They could count on no poets, nor historians, to commemorate the brave deed! The devotion of the Christian, the spirit of the soldier, alone animated these French colonists,—it was by mere chance that their glorious end was made known to their fellow-colonists.

The private Register of the Roman Catholic Church of *Ville-Marie*, (Montreal), furnishes the names and ages of these seventeen heroes, as follows:—

Adam Dollard (sieur des Ormeaux), aged 25 years: Jacques Brassuer, aged 25 years; Jean Tavernier dit la Hochetière, armourer, aged 28 years; Nicholas Tillemot, aged 25 years; Laurent Hebert dit la Riviere, aged 27 years; Alonié de Lestres, aged 31 years; Nicolas Gosselin, aged 25 years; Robert Jurée, aged 24 years; Jacques Boisseau dit Cognac, aged 23 years; Louis Martin, aged 21 years; Christophe Auger dit Desjardin, aged 26 years; Etienne Robin dit Desforges, 27 years; Jean Valets, aged 27 years; René Doussin, soldat, aged 30 years; Jean Lecomte, aged 25 years; Simon Grenet, aged 25 years; Francois Crusson dit Pilote, aged 24 years; Anahontata, Huron chief; Metiwemeg, Algonquin chief; and then their followers, &c.; Nicholas Duval, Mathurin Soulard, and Blaise Tuillet, who died in the first skirmish near Montreal.

SILLERY, Feb., 1868.

Original.

PRIMA VISTA.*

BY THE HON. T. D. M'GEE.

"Land! Land!" how welcome is the word
To all o' us, landsmen bred or seamen?
Deep in their lairs the sick are stirred—
The decks are thronged with smiling women.
That face that had gone down in tears,
Ten days since, in the British Channel,
Now, like Aurora, re-appears—
Aurora, wrapped in furs and flannel.

"Where?" "Yonder, on the right—dost see?
"A firm, dark line; and, close thereunder,
"A white line drawn along the sea—
"A flashing line, whose voice is thunder.
"It seems to be a fearsome coast—
"No trees; no hospitable whiffs;
"God help the crew whose ship is lost
"On yonder homicidal cliffs."

"Amen! say I, to that sweet prayer,
"The land indeed looks sad and stern,
"No female *Savants* field-day there,
"Collecting butterflies and fern.
"An iron land it seems from far,
"On which no shepherd's flock reposes;
"Lash'd by the elemental war,
"The land is not a land of roses."

* Newfoundland.

Yes ! this is *Prima Vista*—this
The very landmark we have prayed for;
Darkly they wander who have missed
The guidance yon stern land was made for.
Call it not homicidal, then—
The New World's outwork, grim its beauty;
This guardian of the l.ves of men,
Clad in the garb that does its duty.

Less gaily sings the lover lark
Above the singing swain, at morning,
Than rings thro' sea-mists chiii and dark,
This name of welcome and of warning.
Not happier to his cell may go
The saint, triumphant o'er temptation,
Than the worn captain turns below,
Relieved, as by a revelation.

How blest when Cabot ventured o'er
This northern sea, yon rocks rose gleaming;
A promised land seemed Labrador
(Nor was the promise all in seeming);
Strong sea-wall, still it stands to guard
An Inland, fertile, fair as any,
The rich—but the unreaped—reward
Of Cabot and of Verrazzani.

All hail! old *Prima Vista*—long
As break the billows on thy boulders,
Will seamen hail thy lights with song,
And home-hopes quicken all beholders.
Long as thy headlands point the way
Between man's old and new creation,
Evil fall from thee like the spray,
And Hope illumine every station.

Long may thy hardy sons count o'er
The spoils of Ocean, won by labor;
Long may the free, unbolted door
Be open to each trusty neighbor.
Long, long, may blossom on thy rocks
Thy sea-pinks, fragrant as the heather,
Thy maidens of the flowing locks,
Safe sheltered from life's stormy weather.

Proudly, oh ! *Prima Vista*, still—
Where sweeps the sea-hawk's fearless pinion—
Do thou unfurl from every hill
The banner of the New Dominion.
Proudly, to all who sail the sea,
Bear thou advanced the Union standard—
And friendly may its welcome be
To all men—seaward bound, or landward !

Original.

THE AMERICAN MACKEREL FISHERY IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE.

BY ARTHUR HARVEY, OTTAWA.

I shall never forget my first sight of a shoal of mackerel. I was boating in the Moray Firth, shooting the blue sea-pigeons which frequent the caves in the precipitous rocks outside Cromarty Sutors, when I descried a fringe of spray and foam rapidly approaching. While I was wondering whether it were the effect of wind, or of a strange tide-wave, it suddenly ceased to be visible. It was caused by a shoal of mackerel, which had come swiftly ranging along the coast, like a regiment in line, an inch or so below the placid surface of the sea, throwing up the water for, I should say, a foot. When near the boat, the timorous fish suddenly, and as by one impulse, dived, and continued their course on the other side. I afterwards, several times, saw a somewhat similar display, but never in such beauty ; and I mention it here because I find no mention of such a phenomenon in the books.

The mackerel is called in the doggerel of Science "*Scomber scombrus*," a much less intelligible name than the English "mackerel," or the French "macquereau," both derived from the Latin "*maculatus*" —spotted. No idea of its splendid beauty can be formed from the salted specimens we see inland. The back of the living fish is of a cerulean blue, barred with a deeper shade, and has a metallic sheen which makes you fancy it by turns green or orange-streaked, as the sun plays on it. Its belly is of the most pearly whiteness you can imagine. It is of a peculiarly graceful shape, smooth, lithe, and polished. But

"All that's fair must fade—
"The fairest aye the fleetest."

The tender mackerel is hardly out of water before it yields up its frail life. With life departs the glory of its opalescent skin—its lustrous, blue-flecked sides lose their brilliancy of color, and, instead of the

flashing beryl, you have an inert, lead-colored mass, becoming duller and more leaden every hour.

Less substantial than the cod-fish, less highly-flavored than the herring, the mackerel must probably yield the palm of commercial value to both. I mean in the markets of the world at large; on this side of the Atlantic it holds the foremost rank. After passing the winter months—one can hardly tell where—the mackerel approaches the shores, and, collecting into shoals, becomes an easy prey to its many enemies.

It did at one time abound on the New England coasts, but the delicate fish turned up its dainty nose at the refuse of the herring and cod fishing-stations which were numerous there, so it somehow grew scarcer and scarcer, and is now seldom taken there. It still frequents the Southern coasts of Nova Scotia, but is most abundant in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. At times, the bays there fairly teem with mackerel.

The cod-fish seek, for their rendezvous, the great mid-ocean shoals, and lie on the banks of Newfoundland, or the Georges, sucking in worms, or small crustaceæ. There, no international law troubles the fishermen; they are out of reach of a cannon shot from shore; and French and English, Dutch, Spanish, and Yankee, have equal privileges—the disputes we have heard of between the French and the Newfoundland people having reference to trespasses on shore, nor to rights of fishing at sea. You will, however, understand from what I have stated, how different the case is with mackerel. Coming from the ocean depths, to breed and spawn, they only collect into shoals within the marine league from land which all writers admit to be the exclusive property of the nation which owns that land. Here then is at once a cause for quarrel. The American fishermen intrude upon fisheries which Colonial fishermen justly claim to be their property.

I do not intend to go at length into the historical facts connected with this subject. I discussed them pretty fully in my Prize Essay on the Reciprocity Treaty, 1865, and they have since been made the subject of an exhaustive examination and report by Mr. Whitcher, another of Her Majesty's Civil servants in this Dominion. It is however necessary to say that the Treaty of Paris and the Convention of 1818 excluded, in terms, the fishermen of the United States from participation in the coast fisheries of British America. Urged by self-interest or cupidity, and egged on by their political chiefs, the New England fishermen persisted, notwithstanding, in poaching in our waters. The British Government, therefore, maintained war-vessels on the coast to warn them off; and the Colonial Government fitted out six swift armed cruisers to maintain their rights. It stands to reason that the aggressors should have endeavored to set up some grounds for their pretensions, and this was their main argument: "that the three-mile line followed the coast-line of the bays," contrary to the interpretation of acknowledged authorities on International law, which is that it runs three miles outside a line drawn from headland to headland. I find that notwithstanding this pretension, which, after all, does not touch the root of the matter, the Yankee skippers had a natural and wholesome dread of British cannon. In 1851, a fleet of fishermen poaching on the Prince Edward Island coast endeavored to weather a gale, rather than run for port and confess their infraction of our rights, and over one hundred vessels were driven on shore, and over three hundred lives lost. In 1852, the catch of mackerel was stated to have been only one-half that of 1851, which the American writers attributed "mainly to the vessels being obliged to keep further from the shore than heretofore, while another cause is their being prohibited from fishing in the Bay of Chaleurs."

In 1854, the Hon. A. Tuck, of New Hampshire, stated in the House of Representatives, that "there are no mackerel left on the shores of the United States; and

that fishery cannot be successfully prosecuted without going within three miles of the shore, so that unless we have this privilege the American mackerel fishery will be broken up; and that important nursery for American seamen will be destroyed." It was to secure this privilege that the Americans, in the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, conceded to the British Provinces the right of free access with their manufactured products to the markets of the United States. When the Reciprocity Treaty was abrogated, the right to frequent the fishing-grounds of British-America ceased; but, as the time was not deemed propitious for fully re-asserting our exclusive claim, a sort of compromise was made. Unaware as we are of all the reasons for this course, it would be premature to condemn it. With Confederation, under which all the Provinces were to act together in the matter, as yet unsettled; with a horde of Yankee-Irish Fenians anxious to see Great Britain and the States embroiled in war, and preparing to go a-fishing under the American flag, in British waters, to afford an occasion of quarrel; with the American Congress in an angry mood, and a weak Whig Government in England, it may have been prudent for the Canadian Government to have pressed upon the unwilling Councils of the Maritime Provinces the expediency of allowing the Americans to fish for a season or two, on payment of a license-fee of 50 cents per ton.*

How inconsiderable this amount is, how utterly useless as a revenue or as a preventive measure, may be understood on reading the following extract from a recent report on the trade of New Brunswick, by Mr. Wm. Smith, late Controller at St. John,—now Deputy to the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, Ottawa. He says:—

"The fee of 50 cents per ton, which is now charged by the Provincial Government for a license allowing American fishermen to fish in British waters, is much less than the duty which is imposed on British caught fish, when admitted into the States; and it is the opinion of many practical persons in the trade, that under the present regulations, the British-Colonial fishermen cannot successfully compete with American fishermen in the markets of the Republic, A practical person of St, John informs me that he, along with a partner, built a new vessel last year, especially for the mackerel fishery in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Bay of Chaleurs; the vessel was 70 tons register, and cost—ready for sea—$4,800. During last summer, when she was employed in the trade, she took nearly 500 barrels of mackerel, which realized in Halifax and Boston $6,000. After deducting all the expenses of the season, amounting to $4,800, she left to the owners a net profit of $1,200, or 25 per cent. on the investment. He states the average catch of American fishermen for the season to be about 10 brls. of mackerel to the ton; and as the license-fee is 50 cents per ton, it subjects the American fishermen (if they take out a license) to a tax of about 5 cents per barrel on their fish; but our fishermen are subjected to a duty of $2 per barrel on taking their mackerel into Ports in the United States, giving an advantage to American fishermen over our own people of $1.95 per barrel, which precludes our people from competing with the Americans in the mackerel fishery, as the States is the chief market for this description of fish."

I have said this was but a compromise. It has had the merit of preserving peace, though the Nova Scotians have grumbled sorely, and no wonder. Their fleet of fishing craft is yearly increasing. They are beginning to realize how valuable the fisheries are, and when Quebecers and New Brunswickers begin to realize it also, they will hold the same language.* This grumbling will not be suppressed; it will naturally lead to action, and war may arise upon the question, for on their side the Americans are as deter-

* The Nova Scotia Government increased its duty in 1867 to $1 per brl.,—the other Provinces still issuing licenses for 50 cents.

* The best fisheries are adjacent to the coasts, not of Nova Scotia but of Quebec.

mined as the Nova Scotians; they have always kept on manufacturing claims to the fisheries—one disposed of, another has been brought forward. The secret instructions to their Ambassadors, the statements of their public men, have always been express upon this point. They come as squarely to the front as possible, and say they are ready to do battle for the right to pursue the fisheries in our waters, so that it is difficult to see what other issue there can be than war, unless they concede to us some equally valuable privilege, such as free imports into the States, combined with a total abrogation in our favor of their navigation laws and shipping registry regulations, of which there are no indication. Tighter and tighter every month do they screw down their regulations against us. At a recent session of Congress they prohibited the importation of even American caught fish in British bottoms, except at the same rate of duty as British-caught fish. And if they knew how, they would make their duties and rules yet harsher.

This method of staving off the difficulty being adopted, the Nova Scotia Government stationed a steam-cruiser at the mouth of the Gut of Canso, from whose commander, as well as from the authorities at Charlottetown, P. E. I., many of the Yankee craft obtained their permits,—a few having also been had from our well-known Capt. Fortin, then of *La Canadienne*, now M.P. for Gaspé. Some vessels neglected to obtain a permit at all, and many understated their tonnage one-half, but most of them preferred paying so small a sum as was required, in no case equalling $100, to running the risk of confiscation.

Perhaps this is the time when I should give the statistics of the American mackerel fishery; for of course, since no paper on any social subject is now-a-days thought at all complete without its quantum of figures, I must ask those to whom they are dry to bear with me, while I briefly run through them.

From the table on page 107, Kennedy's Report on the U. S. Census, it appears that some 150 schooners are built each average year in Maine and Massachusetts, of which certainly a hundred are for the mackerel fishery,

All the accounts agree that there are altogether from 1200 to 1300 American vessels engaged in the pursuit. At only 50 tons each, this would give a tonnage of 60,000 to 75,000 tons, which again appears to check with official statements of the tonnage of the fishing districts. Reckoning about seven men to each schooner, we have from 8,000 to 10,000 men employed. Estimating the average catch at ten barrels to the ton, this would give from 600,000 to 750,000 barrels ayear; and at $12 per barrel, this represents a value of from $7,200,000 to $9.000,000.

This is more than the census returns of fish taken would lead us to suppose; but from personal investigation in the localities where information was best to be obtained, I believe it to be very little, if at all, over the mark.

In proof, we know that for one Nova Scotia fisherman ten Americans are engaged in fishing for mackerel; yet in 1865 the exports from Nova Scotia of mackerel, shad and halibut—the two last-named being very unimportant, and scarcely equal, I should say, to the home consumption of mackerel,—amounted to $1,077,273.

(To be continued.)

"HOW RICH BEN ADAM IS."

Ben Adam had a golden coin one day,
Which he put out at interest with a Jew:
Year after year awaiting him it lay
Until the doubled coin two pieces grew,
And these two, four,—so on, till all the people said,
"How rich Ben Adam is!" and bowed the servile head."

Ben Selim had a golden coin that day,
Which to a stranger asking alms he gave,
Who went rejoicing on his unknown way.
Ben Selim died too poor to own a grave;
But when his soul reached Heaven, angels with pride
Showed him the wealth to which his coin had multiplied.

Original.

TO THE COMMON PLANTAIN PLANT.

BY W. ARTHUR CALNEK, ANNAPOLIS, N. S

"Everywhere in the track of the white man we find European plants; the native plants have disappeared before him, like the Indian. Even along the railroads, we find few indigenous species. On the road between Boston and Salem, although the ground is uncultivated, the plants along the track and, in the ditches are foreign."—*Agassiz.*

"The most generally interesting fact in regard to American plants is the influence which the introduction of European races, and the frequency of intercourse with European countries, is said to have had upon the prevailing weeds, especially of the Atlantic coasts and river-borders of North America. The common plantain—*Plantago major*—was called by the Indians the "white man's foot."—*J. F. W. Johnson, in Notes on North America.*

Thou dost pursue the white man's varying fortune,
To every land his footsteps yet have sought;
And by thy presence seemest to importune
A passing thought.

Before the cottage-gate, by dusty highway,
By lake and river, and by flowing fountain;
Remote or near, or in the secret byeway
Of plain or mountain.

Where'er Caucasian form or foot hath travelled,
Or hand improved the fallow earth with toil,
Thy curious skein of being is unravelled
Upon the soil.

In times "Colonial"—near to their beginning—
When laughter fled from Puritanic halls;
And witchcraft was the worst of sinner's sinning,
In Salem's walls;

Or when Rebellion, her striped flag unfurling,
Poured o'er earth's bosom an ensanguined flood;
And Carnage, drunk with war's continual whirling,
Sank down in blood;

Or when the Royalist, on soil Acadian,
Sought refuge from the fate his acts incurred,
Or, with his brother leal, to wilds Canadian,
His home transferred;

Thou sought'st but to extend thy wide dominion,
Unheeding witchcraft, war, or loyalty;
What meant the raging conflict of opinion
To thine or thee?

Yet evermore thou tellest the proud story
Of Anglo-Saxon energy of hand
And heart, that clothes the name and race with glory,
In every land.

Thou carest not what flag unfoldeth o'er thee,—
Or "Stars and Stripes," or old "Red, White, and Blue,"
Or "Tricolor,"—so long as still before thee
Rise conquests new.

Thou under each and all of them dost flourish,
The one grand instinct all thy nature schools;
This knowledge is enough for thee to nourish,
"The pale-face rules."

* * * * * * *

As they beheld thee in their pathway rising,
The timid "red man," in his language, put
His seal upon thee—thee in fear baptizing—
The "white man's foot."

He flies before thee to the deep recesses
Of western wild, and distant mountain-place,
Where Nature's hand hath clothed vast wildernesses
With choicest grace.

But with the pale-face thither still pursuing,
Thy hated presence, like a shadow, fills
His prairie path, prophetic fears renewing,
Of coming ills.

Taught by the cunning white man's bold example,
Thou bidd'st thy sister plants to give thee place,
Securing, for all time, possessions ample
For all thy race.

Philosophy's most plausible of preachings,
The "wherefore" of thy conduct when they tell,
Will end in this,—whate'er may be their teachings—
"'Tis so—'tis well."

And so say we. No matter what thy mission,
Or good or ill to earth, to mine or me;
Thou actest under God's all-wise tuition—
He teacheth thee!

Original.

STORIES AROUND THE CHANTIER (SHANTY) CAMBOOSE-FIRE.

BY A. J. L.—(*Continued*)

[The preceding paper described a party of lumbermen leaving Ottawa in the fall, with their canoes and supplies, for the shanty which was to be the scene of their winter's labor. After proceeding some distance, they camped for the night in the vicinity of an Indian wigwam, and paid a visit to it, when a raw hand was persuaded that the Indians were cannibals who were likely enough to kill and eat him.]

Only with the utmost difficulty could we control our risibles, as Dennis delivered his thundering philippic. It was a perfect study to watch his countenance as the varying emotions chased each other over its honest surface. First it would express disgust; again, indignation; next, anger; then, vengeance; next, a combination of all—the whole backgrounded by fear and uncertainty—the *tout ensemble* forming a picture most intensely ludicrous. As he paused for breath, he eyed the subjects of his tirade with no very friendly eye; misgivings, meanwhile, evidently creeping vaguely through his mind as to the wisdom of the course he was pursuing—this feeling being nothing lessened by the fun-loving Murty whispering,

"Fwhisht, ye omadhon, do you want us all kilt?"—and, as Dinny was going to reply,—"hould yer tongue; fwhisht! av ye value yer life. Sure its only angerin' thim ye are; and ave they don't murther uz all, they will yirself, at laste."

Dinny, it was clear to be seen, had about reached this conclusion, himself. Nevertheless—like many another whose warmth of feeling has got him into a false position—he determined, in spite of the evident danger, to face all consequences rather than escape dishonorably. Refusing, therefore, to follow Murty's advice, he replied, assuming an air of reckless bravado,

"Arrah, lave me alone, an 'fwhisht' yerself, Murty. I'll not hould me tongue, av I'm kilt the next minnit. I don't care that—spitting contemptuously on the ground—for the murtherin' haythins. It's little wud timpt me this blissid minnit to bate the life out uv one uv the villyans."

His looks, however, sorely belied his tone, and betrayed but little of the valour he so ostentatiously professed. The Indians happening just then to advance in the direction where we stood, the younger savage carrying in his hand a knife and tomahawk, lately employed in the manufacture of the canoe, Murty—determined to carry on the joke—took advantage of the circumstance, and ejaculated,

"There now, feigs yi'v done it. Make up your sowl, Dinnis, fur yer time is short. Ochone! Ochone! that the day shud iver come whin I shud hev to sthand by an see yir kilt, widout the power av raisin' a han' to save you, me poor gossoon! The saints purtect you, me brave boy!"

Saying this, with much apparent emotion, he stepped away from Dinny. The rest, taking the cue, hurried to do the same, as though prompted by the fear of being identified with, and thus suffering the vengeance about to be inflicted upon him by the savages. This manœuvre apparently left him a victim to his fierce-looking enemies, who were now rapidly approaching. As Dinny saw this craven desertion of him to his fate by his comrades, whom he had hitherto never for a moment doubted would not fail him in extremity, and as the bloody fate of the Beaver family floated vividly before him, his assumed courage fairly gave way. With a countenance full of imploring terror, he turned, and with quivering voice eagerly asked,

"Och! boys, sure it's not lavin' me yez are? Och, murther! yir not desarting me, are ye, boys?" and his voice was piteously full of supplicating entreaty.

Onward still came—as he believed—his relentless foes. As the moment for his terrible doom approached, a visible tremor was perceptible in his knees, and a look of helpless resignation overspread his face.

Just then, hope was once more raised in his breast, by the voice of Tom, who called out in a vehement whisper,

"Your only chance, Dinny, is to run. Run, man, run!"—assuming an excited air—"and if ever you scratched gravel in your life, do it now Make a bee-line for the camp, for, once there, you're safe. None of us here will dare raise a hand to protect you. 'Tis your only chance—run, man, run!"

At this moment, hearing the voice of the Indians close by, with a yell of affright, off he bounded towards the camp. One of the men, who carried a gun, mischievously discharged it just as Dinny neared a fallen tree. The loud bang lent wings to the feet of the fugitive—for, as he afterwards declared, he "heard the whiz uv the ball wid'in a hair av his head,"—and, with a spring that would have put to shame Javalli himself, he cleared the tree-top at a bound, landing on the opposite side on all-fours. In an instant he recovered himself, and dashing off at a tearing pace, soon disappeared midst a clump of trees in the direction of our camp; his disappearance being the signal for an uproarious burst of laughter, which with the utmost difficulty we had hitherto restrained.

As, with aching sides, we recovered from our explosion of laughter, we could see that the Indian family viewed us with as much surprise as their stoical natures would permit them to display, seemingly utterly unconscious of what could have provoked it. We all felt that some explanation was due them, for (to say the least) our boisterous intrusion and invasion of the privacy of their camp demanded such. So, calling towards us the elder of the two Indians, who we found could talk tolerable English, we explained to him the occasion of our laughter. He seemed to enjoy the thing amazingly, although undemonstratively; and in a little while we could hear him talking in his native tongue to the other members of the family—their subdued laughter evidencing that the topic was our Hibernian friend, Dinny; and—instead of taking offence at our conduct, as we feared,—illustrated that human nature was the same in the savage as in ourselves, by enjoying the whole affair as well, apparently, as we did.

Dinny's adventure drew out a capital story from one of the men, about a fright an Irishman in his neighborhood received from the same cause. It happened that a party of painted warriors, all feathered and bedizened, had occasion to visit a village situated on the extreme verge of one of the border-settlements. A newly-arrived son of the Emerald Isle happening to stand at the door of the only house of entertainment the place boasted of, talking to the landlord, saw the savages approaching, and, struck with the novelty of the sight, innocently asked,

"Who are thim?"

"Indians," was the curt reply.

"Fwhat's that?" was the next query.

The landlord, seeing a chance to perpetrate a good joke, replied,

"Savages; skulking villains that live in the bush, and spend their time hunting and thieving for a living. Their chief delight is to kill a white man and secure his head. This they carefully preserve."

"Arrah! fwhat use hev they fur the heads?"

"Why, they use them for pipe-bowls. They are particularly partial to Irish ones, and will run any risk (as one of their chiefs told me in great confidence) to secure one pertaining to an Irishman, as they are much more durable, and take on a higher polish than those of any other nationality."

"Marcy on uz!" he exclaimed, in great trepidation, "will nothing sarve thim for 'baccy-pipes onny skulls, thin? Av so, may——"

He was here interrupted by a wild whoop from the savages, who were now within a few paces of him. This he interpreted into designs upon himself, and, accordingly, without further parley, started up the street on the run.

The Indians, on coming up, enquired the cause of his hasty departure, and, being

informed of it,—and entering into the spirit of the joke,—with a blood-curdling war-whoop, dashed off in pursuit. The race for a while was pretty even; but Mickey's wind commencing to fail, the Indians began slowly to overhaul him. On looking around, he observed a Titanic savage within a few paces of him, and gave up all as lost. He therefore resolved, before being caught, to put his cranium *hors de service*. Accordingly, observing a huge rock some distance ahead, he made superhuman efforts to reach it, and just as the big Indian was about to lay hold of him, Mickey roared out exultingly,

"Bad scran to ye fur vagabones, av yir do get me skull it'ill be uv no sarvice to yez, ye black villians. Av a cracked one suits ye, yer intirely welcome to it, and much good may it do ye," and, suiting the action to the word, sprang head-foremost at the big stone, striking fair against it, *en* battering-ram, with a concussion that would have felled an ox, falling back apparently lifeless on the sward. Fortunately, however, what might have been a fatal practical joke to our over-credulous friend, resulted in nothing more serious than a very sore head.

When we got through laughing at this story, our attention was again turned towards the Indian camp, and specially towards the "papoose" hanging suspended from the tree, in its apparently uncomfortable cradle—if I may so designate the board to which, after first being swaddled like an Egyptian mummy, it was fastened, a couple of hoops being attached to the head of the board, over which was stretched a piece of nicely-stitched birchen bark, serving as a canopy to screen the face of the infant from the rays of the sun. The report of the gun had evidently disturbed its slumbers, and it was giving expression to its feelings in a succession of howls and yells, loud enough to be heard at our camp; and, despite the old squaw's crooning to it and swaying it to and fro in its ærial cradle, still refused to be comforted. The dog, also, upon hearing the cries of the child—breaking through all restraint—made a dash out of the wigwam towards us, stopping, however, at a safe distance, from whence he gave free expression to his enmity in a perfect torrent of convulsive barks and snarls.

As the sun had now fully set; and seeing that our prolonged stay was only rippling the natural calm of the Indian camp, we started on our return towards our own quarters. As we came within sight of our camp, night had fairly set in and spread her mantle o'er hill and vale. Nothing could be more picturesque and wild-looking than the appearance of our camp with its surroundings. A huge fire, of gigantic proportions, threw its bright rays abroad, illuminating all around—bringing into sharp relief the red rock towering up a short distance off, and tinting with silver the bark of the trees as its flashing light darted into their midst, the curling smoke assuming all shapes and forms as it ascended in huge volumes, flitting its shadow from time to time across the bright face of the rock behind, till it mistily lost itself in the darkness above, the bright, warm glow rendering darker still, by contrast, those spots where its brilliant rays did not penetrate.

There was an air of savage grandeur about the scene, which the wild aspect of the men, in their brigand-like costumes, as they reclined or stood around the fire, helped to enhance. The swash and sullen roar of the river was distinctly audible above the noise of the men and crackling of the fire; the strange sheen from the bottoms of the bark canoes as they reflected the firelight from where they lay, bottom-upward, near the camp; and the gleam ot the white tents from amidst the gloom added to the wildness and beauty of the picture. Upon a small ledge of rocks was perched the stump of a fallen tree, which, under the fitful light of the fire, might easily be mistaken for a bear, the occasional flare of the blaze lending it the appearance

of stealthily crouching and settling itself preparatory to springing on the men beneath. I could hardly disabuse my mind of the idea that it was an animal, for at times it seemed to raise its head and cautiously examine the situation below. The resemblance was so complete, and the delusion so strong, that I felt that any lone traveller would be excusable who, in a likely place, would receive a fright from no greater cause.

For a time, I amused myself conjecturing what effect would be produced, and the immeasurable surprise of my companions, should a bear really precipitate himself from the ledge into the camp, where the men were at present busily engaged eating their suppers—old Francis, the cook, with his inseparable cutty-pipe, being the providing and presiding genius. I fancied the wild panic and pell-mell scattering that would ensue, on the appearance of the unwelcome intruder so unexpectedly in their midst, and the scrambling confusion ere they had time to collect their thoughts and recover from their first surprise; and laughed till the tears streamed down my cheeks as I pictured to myself the effect it would have on our friend Dinny, and his actions under the circumstances—his vituperation of the "murtherin country," and fresh resolve to "lave it av he cud get away safe." Then again, the wild excitement of the men as, recovering from their first surprise, they hurriedly prepared to destroy their unwelcome visitor—the cautious advance, the exciting conflict, the victory, and final jubilant congratulation and rejoicing. All this seemed to pass in rapid panorama before me as, giving the reign to fancy, I resigned myself for the moment entirely into her wayward hands, giving myself over completely to the surrounding influences of time and place, feeling an indescribable pleasure in wreathing with all sorts of imaginary forms, and peopling with nameless shapes, the scene spread out before me.

(To be continued.)

Original.

ODE TO APRIL.

BY J. BETTS.

The blust'ring winds of March have fled,
With many a fitful moan,
They have rung the knell of Old Winter, dead,
But his requiem was their own.

They have broken the chains the Ice-king wove,
And his legions have kept at bay;
But spent their strength as with him they strove,
And in murmurs have died away.

And now sweet, smiling April comes,
To rule with gentler air—
Ethereal April, robed in green,
And crowned with garlands fair.

She bids Earth's fairest children rise
From where they long have lain;
For gentler breezes, sunnier skies,
Are following in her train.

The flowers of Spring to life awake,
Where'er her footsteps press;
And birds the woodland vocal make,
With songs of tenderness.

The tiny snow-drop rears its head
From out its wintry tomb,
And soon will violets fragrance shed,
Primrose and crocus bloom.

Pale, opening buds burst forth to view,
On every branch and spray;
And grassy blades, of emerald hue,
Spring where the snow-drift lay.

The mountain-rill, and meandering stream,
From icy fetters freed,
Reflect the sunbeam's gladsome gleam,
And seek the flowering mead.

Their silver ripples onward flow,
With gentle murm'rings sweet,
And warble music, soft and low,
The zephyr winds to greet.

Hail! April—first-born child of Spring,
We gladly own thy sway;
And feathered choirs thy praises sing,
And trill their sweetest lay.

Thy beaming sun, and glitt'ring showers,
The emblems of thy reign,
Restore anew Earth's drooping powers,
All Nature smiles again.

Original.

AN OLD U. E. LOYALIST.—A STORY OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF CANADA

BY J. A. H., LEEDS, MEGANTIC.

The autumn months of 1867 were spent by me in the rich and prosperous county of L——, Ontario, visiting an early friend, who is owner of one of the most extensive and well-tilled farms in the county. Taking a stroll one beautiful afternoon, over the premises of my friend, I came to a little stream, which flowed through the farm. Walking along its banks for a short distance, I came to a large and level field, one side of which was bounded by the little brook, which took a sudden turn to the right. Near the centre of the field, upon a slight rise of the ground, a short distance from the bank of the stream, a grove of tall, thick spruce firs lifted their sombre heads towards the clear autumn sky.

Their dark-green, gloomy foliage formed a striking contrast to the lighter green of the meadow, and the variegated edging of the stream, and the clear blue sky, A more careful examination convinced me that they were not part of the original forest, as they were limbed to within a short distance of the ground, which would not have been the case had they been native. They were, besides, arranged too regularly to be of Nature's planting. Speculating on what had induced the planter to select such a place for a grove, where it seemed to interfere with the regularity of a beautiful field, I retraced my steps, and sought my friend, for an explanation. He recognized the place before I had proceeded far with my description, and remarked, with a sigh,—

"Ah, that's where the unfortunate Woolcot family are buried!"

This, of course, excited my curiosity, and I pressed him to satisfy it. He excused himself by pointing to a quantity of corn which needed to be housed while the fine weather lasted; but, seeing my disappointment, he added, that some years ago he had written out the history connected with these very trees, and that his M.S. was at my disposal. I eagerly accepted the offer; and, returning to the shade of the spruce-trees, I sat down in a natural arm-chair, formed by the high roots of the largest, and, leaning my back against the trunk, I read the following story:

THE GROVE OF SPRUCE.

When the inhabitants of the English colonies in America threw off their allegiance to the Mother-country, there was a respectable minority, whose loyalty to their king and the country of their ancestors, not even the oppressions complained of by their brother-colonists, could shake or diminish, but who chose rather to forsake the country of their adoption than to sacrifice their love and duty to that dear old flag which has

> "Braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze."

Some of these returned to England, but the majority having received grants of land from the British Government, settled in Canada, under the name of United Empire Loyalists. Their descendants form a numerous and influential part of the present population of Ontario. Many of the "*fustest* families," as old Tif would say, are proud to trace their descent from these old Loyalists. Not one of the least important of these immigrants was a family by the name of Woolcot. They boasted a descent from a branch of the old English aristocracy, and they had distinguished themselves by their zeal and attachment to the cause of the king during the revolution. For their services they were rewarded by a grant of several hundreds of acres of "bush-land" in the county of L——.

The Woolcot family consisted of seven persons. An old grandfather, eighty-two years of age, much given to snuff and long stories about the good Queen Anne, and the splendid victories of Marlborough. This old gentleman felt very indignant at the result of the revolutionary war; his ire had been kindled at the presumption of the colonists for daring to dispute any of the commands of the home government; but he

was confident that an English army would soon overrun the country, and reduce them all to obedience and subjection; but when army after army had been defeated, and when England had to confess herself beaten by her children, and had to retire from the contest, shorn of most of her possessions in the New World, his disgust knew no bounds. He could not account for it. He firmly believed that England alone was more than a match for the whole world, provided the great Marlborough was at the head of his country's armies. He was a fine specimen of an old English gentleman. Time had silvered his once dark hair, bowed his once straight shoulders, and stiffened his once agile limbs; and, what was yet worse, had left him to mourn over the departure of the companion of his manhood. But Time, with all its powers, could not wholly quench his fiery spirit. It was subdued, certainly, but ever and anon,

> "Some high and haughty feature would betray
> A soul impetuous once."

But with his hasty and somewhat imperious temper were united a quick perception, and a keen sense of justice. He not only had a good memory, but also considerable talent, which rendered his somewhat long-winded stories more than endurable, except when too often repeated. Such was old Colonel Woolcot at the date of our story.

The other members of the family may be passed over with less notice. They were, Mr. Charles Woolcot, eldest son of the old Colonel, an honest, warm-hearted man, of about fifty; his wife, a polished and refined lady, strangely out of place in the log cabin which was their only home; their daughter Mary, a bright-eyed, pleasant, English-faced girl of seventeen; and two sons, aged respectively thirteen and eleven.

There was also, as an inmate of the family, a young Scotch soldier, by the name of McIntosh. He had been a companion and friend of young Woolcot, an elder brother of Mary's, who served as a volunteer during the war, and who was one of the first victims of the revolution. McIntosh, his comrade, had brought home his last message, and had ever since been considered as one of the family. Report said that Mary's bright eyes had something to do with his stay, and it is certain that all the family treated him with the greatest confidence and affection. He had a grant adjoining that of the Woolcot's, and although he could count more ancestors than pounds sterling, yet he had what was much better in his case, a brave heart, a pair of strong arms, and, what is better still, an object to work for.

There had not been any "chopping" done on the Woolcot farm when they took possession of it. It was still densely covered with trees, with the exception of a small "clearing" on the bank of a little stream that intersected the farm, which had been made by those pioneer laborers, the beavers, and was two or three acres in extent. In the centre of this opening they built their log-house and, shortly after, a stable and out-houses. In the fall of 1795, they took possession of their new home; and for the second time, for the old Colonel at least, proved the realities of the "backwoods life" by "roughing it in the bush." With axe in hand, and rifle on the nearest log, did Charles Woolcot, McIntosh, and their hired man, endeavor to prepare for their next year's crop; but they worked on in safety, and—with the exception of a chance shot at a bear, wolf, or deer—had no use for their weapons. The first winter passed away, laboriously, it is true, but cheerfully, if not happily. The glorious Canadian spring had come and gone, before our busy workers could stay to mark it; summer had brought with it plentiful fruits for their winter's toil; and autumn found them still unchanged,—a truly contented and happy family,—experiencing, undoubtedly, many of the discomforts and inconveniences of backwoods life, but certainly none of its privations. A change—and a terrible one—was impending.

One evening, late in the fall, when their

summer's work had been finished, and their winter's work had not yet begun, they were all gathered round a pleasant fire which blazed in the chimney. The old Colonel sat in his old arm-chair which he had brought from England with him, and all the other members of the family were seated round him. The old man commenced, as usual, to tell of the splendid victories of Marlborough, and had just concluded his introductory eulogy on the great Duke, when he perceived the inattention of his audience, over whom a shade of sadness had fallen.

"What is the matter?" said the old hero, who could forgive anything rather than a want of interest in any of his stories, "Charles, what is the matter with you all, to-night?"

"Nothing, father," returned Mr. Woolcot, "but you seem to forget that McIntosh and I start for Montreal, to-morrow, and will not be back for a fortnight."

Why was it that the mention of the journey to Montreal made Mary's bright eyes hide themselves behind her lashes, and made her face and neck become rosier than her rosy cheeks? Another little log-house had been put up a short distance from the first, but on the farm belonging to McIntosh: and part of the owner's business was to procure the simple furnishing necessary; and the other part was to induce an old minister, who had long been a friend of the family, to return with them, and perform a certain ceremony which was to give him a mistress to his little castle, and Mary a new home. The old man mused a little while, and all were too busy with their thoughts to break the silence. At last he said, as if speaking to himself, "It is a sad, sad thing, parting, for who can tell when the meeting will be again?"

His remark passed almost unheeded at the time, but it came back with bitter force to the minds of two of those present, when they thought over the events of this sad night. To throw off the melancholy that seemed to oppress them all, Mrs. Woolcot asked Mary to sing. She, glancing at McIntosh, commenced the simple little Scotch song, beginning "Thou hast left me ever, Jamie." Unconsciously, Mary's voice chimed in with the sadness of the group and died away into a moan; when, putting her head on her mother's shoulder, she sobbed aloud. Her mother stroked her head fondly, and spoke soothingly to her; while the old man, awakened out of a painful revery, rose, and took down the old family-bible, another relic of their English home, and without a remark, opened, as if mechanically, to the fifteenth of I. Corinthians, and read that sublime chapter which is appropriately inserted in the burial-service. Who will say that a glimpse of the unseen future did not come to those aged eyes? That that mysterious communication from the spirit-world did not come to his soul? That which foretells calamity, without providing an escape. That communication that none can explain, and yet few attempt to deny. "For it sounded," to use the words of one of the survivors, "as if he was reading for his own funeral." After finishing the chapter, they all knelt down, while the old father committed them all to the care of him "who doeth all things right."

They then separated for the night, little realizing, although all had felt a foreboding of evil, that that was the last evening they were to spend together. McIntosh, in speaking of it afterwards said: "Everything connected with that night seemed burned into my brain, and every incident; however trifling, came back to me with terrible distinctness for many weary days and lonely nights; and assumed an importance and significance which was perfectly agonizing."

The next morning came bright and clear; and, forgetting all about their gloomy thoughts of the night before, Chas. Woolcot and McIntosh left their forest home never again to enter it. Few now can imagine the difficulty and danger connected with even short journeys, at the date of our story, when, even in the oldest-settled parts of the province, roads were a novelty, and paths through the bush were their substitute, and

these, in the fall and spring, were almost impassible. Our travellers, therefore, found that it took longer than they expected, and they had been three weeks away when they again entered the little settlement, composed of a few log huts, which was the nearest to their own little clearing. Here they left the minister to rest a while, and after engaging some of the neighbors to come with him next day McIntosh and his companion hurried on. Wearied and almost worn out, but kept up by the thoughts of the welcome that awaited them, they entered the confines of the Woolcot place. A change had come over the appearance of the country. The night before, a gentle but somewhat heavy fall of snow had covered the ground to the depth of about six inches; every tree and bush was bent down under its white load, and plentifully besprinkled our tired travellers as they passed underneath. The snow-storm was succeeded by a calm, there was not a breath of air to sway the huge trees, and shake their drapery of snow to the ground. There was that painful stillness sometimes felt in the old forests where there is nothing to break it. Woolcot and McIntosh paused under an immense birch which, from its being blazed on both sides, showed that it was the boundary of their farm.

"How quiet everything is," said the former; "can it be that something is wrong? Hark! what is that," he added, as the unearthly stillness was broken by a strange sound that echoed through the woods. They listened for a few moments, and the stillness became awful; when again it was broken by the same mournful sound, which came from the direction of the clearing.

"'Tis the lowing of the oxen," said McIntosh, "What can be wrong?" Without waiting for further conference, they push on with quickened steps; the little stream is reached, the bush gets lighter, and they suddenly emerge into the clearance. Their minds at first refuse to take in the evidence of their sight. There stands the stable from which the mournful low of the oxen is still heard, beside it is seen the haystack; just as they left it—but where is the house? the pure white covering of snow is unbroken, save by the snow-capped stumps.

"My God! My wife an dchildren!" burst from the lips of Chas. Woolcot as they both rushed on, vainly endeavouring to imagine what had caused the disappearance of the house. The terrible truth flashed into their minds as they passed the stable, which they saw at a glance had not been entered since the snow fell, and stumbled on the body of their man, shot through the heart! and, oh hórror! scalped!

"The Indians," gasped McIntosh, and hurried on towards the ruins of the house which were now faintly visible, and where fresh horrors awaited them. On the door-step, partly sheltered by the fallen roof, lay the body of the old Colonel. One frozen hand still grasped an old musket, in the other was a quantity of feathers and hair from the top-knot of an Indian, showing how the brave old soldier had fought in defence of the dear ones. Overwhelmed by this blow, Mr. Woolcot fell lifeless on the snow. McIntosh, with a dreadful fear in his heart, had strength to make further search, and, without dwelling on the succeeding horrors, suffice it to say that the mangled and half-burned remains of Mrs. Woolcot and the two boys were found and rescued from the ruins of the house. McIntosh, almost mechanically carried the bodies out, and placed them side by side on the snow, but, that accomplished, his strength also failed him. "I lost," to use his exact words again, "I lost all consciousness of my own identity. I sat stupidly down wondering who I was, and what I was doing here; and who those were sleeping over there and if the stumps were British soldiers, dressed in black, with white hats; and how strange it was that the ground would not keep still. At last my attention was fixed on the haystack, which I took to be an old woman, and I remember laughing with a sound that even frightened myself when, as the ground gavé another more extraordinary heave, she was sent up in the air; but I was at the same time knocked down, and I remember nothing more till I awoke with a feeling of

intense pain, and found myself lying in the snow, the moon shining brightly into my face. I started up, and that awful sight met my gaze. I have started up from sleep years after, and seen as distinctly the four mangled bodies and experienced, again and again, the anguish of that night."

The next morning, when the minister and friends arrived to assist at the wedding of McIntosh and Mary, they found Chas. Woolcot sitting beside the dead bodies of those he loved dearest on earth, in the deep and silent anguish of despair.

"The grief that does not speak.
"Whispers the o'erfraught heart and bids it break."

McIntosh having brought him to life, and vainly endeavoured to make him understand that Mary might still be alive, left him to try and trace the murderers. He returned in a few hours unsuccessful, not the slightest trace was to be seen—the snow had obliterated every vestige.

They immediately set about preparing for the melancholy funeral, and they buried the five victims where they had been murdered. The minister took Woolcot, who remained passive in his hands, to his home in the city, but his mind was perfectly shattered.

In the spring, when McIntosh returned, after an unremitting but fruitless search for Mary, he found him a broken-spirited, prematurely old man, who prayed to be taken back to the grave of his wife that he might die. This McIntosh could not withstand, and he carefully conveyed the broken-hearted man to the scene of the tragedy that had fallen so heavily on them both. He laid himself down on the grave of his wife, now green with the grass of the first spring, and entreated McIntosh to leave him for a little while. This McIntosh did, although unwillingly, for he saw the old man could not live long. He went to make some preparations for the comfort of his companion; and when he returned, the spirit of Chas. Woolcot had gone to join those of his father, wife and sons. Another grave was dug for this last victim; and before McIntosh left the place to renew again his search, he planted twelve spruce trees, one at the head and one at the foot of each grave. And that melancholy duty being done, he turned his face towards the unknown West.

He first heard of Mary from a French hunter who told him that he had seen a party of Indians who had a captive white girl, whom, however, he was not allowed to see. This was far up the Ottawa, and the hunter told him that the Indians spoke of moving even further West.

Two years pass away and the scene of our history opens on the thickly-wooded shores of Lake Superior. Near the Northern extremity of that Lake might have been seen a young man, dressed in the garb of a hunter; but with a heavy step and hopeless look that contrasted with his youth and apparent strength. He stops, and leaning on his rifle, gazes with an indefinite longing on the deep, clear waters before him. Suddenly a sound reaches his ear, he raises his head eagerly, and hope seems struggling with despair. From the midst of a little "clump" of trees came the sound of singing. He listens eagerly and the sound comes clearer:

"Thou hast left me ever, Jamie."

McIntosh started up, sprung over the intervening bushes, and Mary was found. Leaving the lovers together for a short time, we will go rapidly over Mary's story. Everything had gone on very quietly, till about the time McIntosh and her father were expected home. Early one morning they were startled by a shot, which was followed by the fearful war-whoop of the Indians. Hurrying to the window, they were just in time to see the man, who had just left the house to fodder the cattle, killed and scalped. The old colonel reached down his gun, and endeavoured to bar the door, but before that could be done a party of Indians rushed in. The old man immediately commenced a struggle with one of them, but he was soon cut down by another of these wretches. Mary had the anguish to see her mother and brothers murdered before her eyes. She

herself was seized, and expected to share the same fate, when an old warrior interposed and saved her life. Since that time she had remained with the old man, performing for him all the duties of a daughter. The tribe to which he belonged had been unfortunate in an attempt to surprise another tribe; and finding the defenceless Woolcot family on their return, they had murdered the inmates to prevent the disgrace of their going back without any scalps. They, in their turn, had been surprised by a large band of hostile Indians and nearly all massacred. A few escaped, and among others was Mary's adopted father, who, seeing the destruction of his tribe, refused to join any other, choosing rather to live by himself, with his squaw and Mary. McIntosh had but little difficulty in inducing the old Indian to release Mary, and she and her deliverer retraced their steps towards civilization. The old minister was again called on to perform a marriage ceremony, and this time nothing interfered, for he had not to go out of the good city of Montreal. In this city McIntosh made his home, till the state of the country permitted him again to take possession of his property, without the slightest danger from the Indians.

Here my friend's M. S. concluded. Laying it down, I looked up and saw him standing before me:

"McIntosh was"—I commenced.

"My Grandfather," he interrupted, "I have heard the story from his own lips many a time, more particularly since my grandmother died; and at his death I committed it to writing, that the early story of our family might not be forgotten, and while one of our name remains, these trees will be safe to mark the graves of the murdered Woolcot family."

Such is the history of one of the most terrible tragedies which the annals of the early settlement of America contain. My friend gave me pérmission to transcribe it, and the reader of the DOMINION MONTHLY has before him a faithful copy of a true history.

Original.

EASTER BELLS.

BY KATE SEYMOUR M'L., INGERSOLL, ONT.

Oh! bells of Easter-morn! Oh! solemn-sounding bells!
Which fill the hollow cells
Of the blue April air with a most sweet refrain,
Ye fill my heart with pain.

For when, as from a thousand holy altar fires,
A thousand ringing spires
Sent up the offering—the glad thanksgiving strain,
"The Lord is risen again!"

He went from us who shall return no more—no more;
I say the sad words o'er,
And they are mixed and blent with your triumphal psalm,
Like bitterness and balm.

We stood with him beside the black and silent river,
Cold, cold, and soundless, ever!
But there our feet were stayed; unloosed our clasping fond:
And he had passed beyond.

And still that solemn hymn—like smoke and sacrifice—
Clomb the blue April skies;
And on our anguish placed its sacramental chrysm,
"Behold! the Lord is risen!"

Oh! bells of Easter-morn! your mighty voices reach
A deeper depth than speech;
We heard, "Because He liveth, they shall live with Him,"—
This was our Easter hymn.

And while the slow vibrations swell, and sink, and cease,
They bring divinest peace;
For we commit our best beloved to the dust
"In sure and certain trust."

Original.

A STORY OF LABRADOR.

[In the March number of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY appeared an account of the commencement of a mission to the fishermen of the Labrador coast, by Mr. C. C. Carpenter, under the auspices of a committee in Montreal, composed of members of the various Evangelical churches, and we now give the second and concluding part of the romantic story of that mission, premising that Mr Carpenter had studied medicine for a winter in Boston, and been ordained in spring in Montreal as a minister of the Gospel. He thus became the pastor, and physician, and colporteur of a long stretch of the Labrador coast.—EDS. N. D. M.]

TEACHERS WANTED AND SENT.

Said a woman of the coast to Mr. Carpenter, when offered a Bible, "O, sir! 'twont do me any good. I can read ne'er a word of it." Most of her neighbors were, in this respect, as she was. "There must be a school," said Mr. Carpenter, "to teach children, and, in many cases, parents, to read." A teacher,—a lady of missionary spirit, and of years and experience enough to instruct and influence the "maidens and mothers" of the coast was the "missing link" in the mission; and at the annual meeting, in January, 1860, of the Canada Foreign Missionary Society, which at that time carried on the Labrador Mission, Mr. Carpenter told the story of the coast. Amongst the many hundreds at that meeting, there was one whom the Lord had sent thither with "an ear to hear." Long resident in Canada, though of Scotch birth, Miss Brodie had for some years been occupied as a labor of love, in teaching and in missionary work around her home, in the Chateauguay country. She had longed and prayed for place and opportunity of further usefulness; but duty to her aged and honored father kept her near him. But he had died; and with sorrowing heart, and obedient spirit, she sat listening to the story of the sad case of the women and children of Labrador. It was carried to her heart, and at once the response was, "that is the field and that is the work for me." Abraham, after Terah had died in Haran, was ready to go on from Haran to Canaan, as the Lord had before bidden him. So had Miss Brodie been made ready to go to, Labrador: "Here I am! send me!"

Such offer of service, under such circumstances, the Committee gladly accepted. It was the Lord's own providing and opportunity—like all the previous steps of the Mission. In June, 1860, Miss Brodie went forth—called thus of the Lord; unsalaried, for she had a competence of her own, but commissioned and commended by the Committee—to the work. There was scant comfort on the voyage, in a schooner, from Quebec to the Straits of Belle Isle; she being the only woman on board, and the sailors being of a different nationality and language; but she reached the coast in safety and health. The winter of 1861-62 she remained alone in charge of the Mission, and the frontispiece represents her hut in a sheltered spot on the banks of the Esquimaux river, backed by what the people call "Miss Brodie's hill." Thither many came to her from miles up and down the coast, and thence she went out to the homes around. But of her work—of the hold she had upon the sympathies and affections of the people—of a journey of some forty-five miles she took, alone, in one of the short summers, down the coast, over sea-beach and over rocks (for there were no roads, and she could not man a whaleboat), visiting every dwelling, and seeking weary ones to tell them of Jesus—of the trials and dangers of a voyage home, and back again to the Mission—of the sorrow of the people and then of their joy; and of her return home late in the fall of 1865, unable longer to endure the work and the climate—of the blessing she was to the people of the coast during her five years' stay—the story would be too long to tell. No mission recital could be more interesting than Miss Brodie's letters from the coast; but suffice it to say that she did her work there, and did it well.

In 1863, there was need of a second lady missionary, and again the right one was found without seeking. Miss Margaret Macfarlane, a younger daughter of a Scotch artist, and of a widowed mother, at her quiet home in Camden, Maine, had in purpose given herself to the Lord, for missionary work. A Boston paper had brought to her notice the Labrador mission, and that became the field of her desire. This was made known to Mr. Carpenter; but there were two years of waiting. Meanwhile faith had its trial, and when, in 1863, word reached her that help was needed, and that she,—as having offered,—was accepted, her heart was glad. She sailed from Newburyport, for Labrador, in 1864. There she is now—having gone back after a short visit to her home last year. Thoughtful and judicious beyond her years in counsel, youthful and energetic, full of the love of Christ and of souls, she has worked diligently in the Mission. Her letters—for she is an able correspondent—to the Committee, and to the religious press, and letters of mothers and children of the coast, to herself, would be an interesting little volume, and would of themselves be a story of Labrador which could not fail to be read with profit. But upon these we cannot now touch; her labors have, we believe, been much blessed.

A third offer of service in this Mission was from Miss Emma Baylis, of Montreal—moved thereto, as in the former cases, by what was felt to be a call from above. The purpose had been in her heart for some years; last year it was a second time declared, just at the very time when Miss Macfarlane had said she could not go back without a companion and helper. They had never met. Miss Baylis was accepted, as of the Lord's providing, and, accompanying Miss Macfarlane, sailed for Forteau Bay, in the Government steamship, "Napoleon," last autumn. There have been tidings of their arrival at the Mission-house, early in November, and it is hoped that by June next, when their long winter of eight months' isolation shall have passed, there will be further happy tidings of them and their work.

Not less remarkable, nor less distinctly of God's own doing, was the providing the necessary worker in this Mission in the case of another missionary, the Rev. Mr. Butler. While a student of Amherst College, Mass., he twice sailed to the northern waters as a member of scientific expeditions, and both times touched at Caribou Island. He had, also, a heart for mission work; and the result was that when the Rev. Mr. Carpenter was obliged to leave, through feeble and failing health, Mr. Butler consented to take his place. He has since then been ordained, and is now in charge of the Mission.

New England and Canada have thus been happily united in this Mission. It is upon territory which owns the British flag, is of Canadian management, and Miss Brodie and Miss Baylis are of this Province; while Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter, Miss Macfarlane, and Mr. Butler are all natives of New England. The work has been largely for American fishermen as well as for the shoresmen or dwellers on the coast, so that it is a sort of international work.

Flowers and fruits—the best their barren land affords,—letters and messages, pieces of Indian work, shells, etc., have come from the kind-hearted people of the coast, in token of their appreciation of the Gospel message sent to them; and the children of the mission school more than once sent berries they had collected among their barren rocks to New England for sale for the missionary cause. More than this, too, Labrador has given. A young woman, a convert of the Mission, is now usefully employed in the family of Mr. Carpenter, at the Educational Institution on Lookout Mountain, Tennessee; and a young Labradorian, also a convert of the Mission, is now engaged and well advanced in studies at a New England Institution, with a view to life-engagement in Missionary work, either in Labrador or some foreign field.

With these brief outlines of a singularly providentially-directed work, we close this story of Labrador.

DISCOVERY OF POMPEII.

During a period of sixteen hundred and sixty-nine years Pompeii remained buried and forgotten. In the year 1502, an architect, named Dominica Fontana, cut a subterranean canal under the site of the city for the purpose of conveying water from the river Sarno to the town of Torre dell' Annunziata. In constructing this canal, the workmen came often upon the basements of buildings; but no curiosity appears to have been excited, and no steps taken to prosecute further researches. Nearly a hundred years later, fresh ruins were discovered, and an inscription with the word Pompeii. But even this failed to awaken any practical interest. At length, when the accidental discovery of Herculaneum had drawn the attention of learned and scientific men to the subject, Alcubierre, a Spanish colonel of engineers, who had been employed to examine the subterranean canal, was led, by the discovery of a house, with statues and other objects, "to conjecture that some ancient city lay buried there, overwhelmed by the great eruption of Vesuvius in 79." Having obtained permission from Charles III., the king of Naples, he commenced early in the year 1748 the excavations of the street afterward called the Strada della Fortuna. His labors were soon rewarded, for in a few days he discovered "a picture, eleven palms long by four and a half palms high, containing festoons of eggs, fruits, and flowers, the head of a man, large, and in a good style, a helmet, an owl, various small birds, and other objects." The next discovery of importance was the skeleton of a man, covered with the lava mud. By his side were found eighteen brass coins, and one of silver. Before the end of the first year of the excavations, the amphitheater, which is capable of holding ten thousand persons, was laid bare. The operations, however, were carried on with deplorable dilatoriness, and the royal exchequer was by no means liberal. The excavators, who worked in chains, were chiefly condemned felons, or Mohammedan slaves. No stranger was permitted in the ruins. Accurate records of the discoveries were kept; the most important pictures were detached from the walls, after copies of them had been taken; and the buildings in which they were found were again covered with the rubbish. When some progress had been made in the excavations, strangers were admitted on the payment of an exorbitant fee; but all attempts to take copies of Mosaics were rigorously discouraged.

The short period during which the French occupied Naples was distinguished by a more liberal and enlightened policy. Under the patronage of Caroline, the wife of Murat, the works were carried on with great vigor, and many remarkable discoveries were made. The amphitheater, which had been filled up again, was recleared; the forum was laid open; and the greater portion of the Street of Tombs was uncovered. The return of the Bourbons to favor was not conducive to the progress of the excavations. The revolution which drove them finally from Naples gave Pompeii another chance. Garibaldi was appointed dictator. But, however brave and patriotic as a general, he was scarcely fitted for the functions of administration. He gave the directorship of museums and excavations to Alexandre Dumas the French novelist! The new director was quite alive to the dignity of his position, and kept it up with princely magnificence. But he had no notion of its responsibilities. It is said that he paid but one visit to the ruins. His rule was happily short-lived; for, on the accession of Victor Emanuel to the throne of Italy, Giuseppe Fiorelli, a distinguished antiquarian scholar, was appointed director-general of the works. The appointment has proved most judicious. Pursuing a regular system, noting "every appearance or fragment which might afford or suggest a restoration of any part of the buried edifice, replacing with fresh timber every charred beam, propping every tottering wall or portion of brick-work," the new *commendatore* has succeeded in exhibiting not a confused and undefined mass of crumbling ruins, but a town, in the integrity of its outlines and the order of its arrangements. Street after street has been uncovered. Temples, baths, markets, tombs, stand out just as they stood eighteen hundred years ago. The villa of the poet, the forum, the counting-house, the baker's shop, the school room, the kitchen, carry us into the very heart of Roman life in the brightest days of the empire. The jewelry of beauty, the spade of the laborer, the fetter of the prisoner, and the weapon of the soldier, are all there, reproducing and realizing the past with a vividness that can scarcely be conceived.

Pompeii, overwhelmed, and, as it were, hermetically sealed in the very height of its prosperity, preserved from the ravages with which Goths and Vandals visited the ancient glories of Italy, and from the sacrilegious and almost as destructive pillagings of modern hands, brings the past

to our very doors. Within its silent streets are "buildings as they were originally designed, not altered and patched to meet the exigencies of newer fashions; the paintings undimmed by the leaden touch of time; household furniture left in the confusion of use; articles, even of intrinsic value, abandoned in the hurry of escape, yet safe from the robber, or scattered about as they fell from the trembling hand, which could not pause or stoop for its most valuable possessions; and in some instances, the bones of the inhabitants. bearing sad testimony to the suddenness and completeness of the calamity which overwhelmed them." There are the very ruts which were made by the wheels of chariots, flying, perhaps, from the impending ruin; there are water-pipes, in the cavities of which, sealed by the hand of time, the splashing fluid can still be heard; there are rude and grotesque inscriptions, scratched by some loiterer on the stucco, and as fresh as when they excited the mirth of the passer by; there are egg-shells, bones of fish and chickens, and other fragments of a repast of which the people whose skeletons lie near them were partaking when the catastrophe overwhelmed them; there is fuel ready to be supplied to furnaces for heating the baths; there are the stains left upon the counters of drinking-shops by wet glasses; there are the phials of the apothecary, still containing the fluids which he was wont to dispense; there are ovens, in which loaves of bread, carbonized, but otherwise perfect, may yet be seen; there are vases with olives still swimming in oil, the fruit retaining its flavor, and the oil burning readily when submitted to the flame; there are shelves, on which are piled stores of figs, raisins, and chestnuts; and there are *amphoræ*, containing the rare wines for which Campania was famous.

About one third of the city has been disinterred. In this portion some six or seven hundred skeletons have been found. It is reasonable to assume that if the whole city were uncovered the number of skeletons would be about two thousand. But Pompeii contained at least twenty thousand inhabitants.—*London Quarterly Review*.

TWO DUMB SATIRISTS.

In England, when the working-classes are dissatisfied with their lords and governors, they call a meeting in Trafalgar Square, and, amid much hooting, vote resolutions. In France, if the government be weak, they raise barricades; if it be strong, they give vent to their discontent in songs; the short, spiced, epigrammatic stanzas of Béranger, Désaugiers, or Nadaud, which are printed no one knows where, and circulated nobody knows how, but which, spite of gendarmes and police, make their way, are hummed by day and sung by night, and often strike loud and very unwelcome echoes at court. In Germany, the workmen are of very much the same grain as the English; when aggrieved, they call meetings, with this difference, however, that instead of hooting, they argue, and, in place of voting resolutions, separate at bitter variance, having totally disagreed upon all the points in discussion. At Rome, of which we have heard so much of late, and of which we shall hear so much more before that unhappy papal question be settled,—at Rome the descendants of the Julii, of the Gracchi, of the Rienzis, have a peculiar and altogether indigenous way of making known their feelings: they compose *pasquinades*, that is, lampoons which they attribute to their statue Pasquino, and satiric dialogues supposed to take place between this same Pasquino and a fellow-statue nicknamed Marforio.

What are these two? *Unde nomina?* And whence so great a fame that for three centuries and more, all visitors to Rome have asked to see Pasquino, have heard of his sayings, have laughed at his jokes, and have only wondered as to whether he or his compeer Marforio were the greater wag.

"In Rome, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, there lived a young tailor of great cleverness and renown, whose shop was situate in the Pasione, and whose name was Maestro Pasquino. This tailor made clothes for a great many people at court; he employed a large number of workmen and spoke fearlessly and freely with them upon all that happened in town. Pope, cardinals, nobles, all in turn were mocked, praised, censured, according as their actions deserved, by this merry man and his apprentices; but as the epigrams uttered were those of plebeian mouths and spoken in a vulgar tongue, it never occurred to any one to take vengeance of them, or in any way to molest the tailor. When, therefore, any nobleman, or doctor, or other considerable personage wished to relate an injurious anecdote upon some one in power, Pasquino and his men were quoted as the authors, and so made to serve as shields against the wrath and vindictiveness of the offended. Hence it became customary, and, so to say, proverbial, to attribute to Maestro Pasquino all the lampoons and satires that were daily bruited upon the impolitic and unpopular

measures of the court, as also upon the vices of the prelates and ministers. But Pasquino died, and with him fell the veil which for a long time had hidden from the pontifical police the prudent criticisms of the Roman people; it was only for a time, however. In front of the caustic tailor's shop was a stone which in the rainy seasons, served Pasquino's customers for crossing the gutter that flowed before his door. Some workmen who were levelling the Via Pasione took up this stone, and it turned out to be the back of an antique statue of marble, in part mutilated. They lifted it, and leaned it against the Pamphili Palace opposite the shop, and the people at once gave it the name of Pasquino. The courtiers and poets did not let slip this occasion of once more veiling their satires under this consecrated name: they endowed the statue with the sharp biting character of the tailor, and ascribed to it all the jokes they thought good to publish. At the same time, they took care that these lampoons should retain the unvarnished style of people without education, and, without being less witty or subtle, be couched in plebeian language. Thus it came that soon Pasquino was daily covered with a thousand *concetti* which have since taken the name of *pasquinades*."

Thus speaks an old Italian writer, Antonio Barotti; and what he says is true, for it is confirmed by other writers of the same date. It was in the year 1503 that the statue of Pasquino was discovered near one of the entrances of the ancient amphitheatre of Alexander Severus. Its apparition caused a great stir amongst antiquaries, for, as the statue had but half its legs, no arms, and no distinctive insignia about it, there was great difficulty in determining for what it could have been intended. Some said it was a Fighting Gladiator, some a Hercules, others an Ajax, and others, again, a Patroclus bearing up a Menelaus. because beside the statue had been discovered another trunk, which, to all seeming, had been formerly grouped with it. This second trunk, by the way, was bought in 1569 for five hundred crowns by Cosmo of Medici, who had come to Rome to receive the ducal crown of Tuscany; and it stood for a long time at Florence opposite a statue found at the same period near the mausoleum of Augustus.

The Pasquino began to be appreciated as a work of great artistic merit very soon after its discovery. Its reputation increased in the seventeenth century, and the sculptor and architect Bernino valued it as superior to the most celebrated extant productions of antiquity, not excepting the Laocoon and the torso of the Belvedere. It is even related that a German nobleman, having asked of him which he thought the finest statue in Rome, Bernino answered unhesitatingly that it was Pasquino, a reply which so much astonished the stranger, that he made up his mind he was being trifled with, and was with great difficulty restrained from proceeding to blows.

Up to 1791, this mutilated trunk, which Lorenzo Scoti termed jestingly the "son of Momus and Satire," remained in its place near the Pamphili Palace. This mansion then made way for the new constructions of the Orsini Palace, the which, soon changing its name, assumed the title of Palazzo Pasquino. It is there that the statue stands now.

Pasquino has more than once had the honor of being rhymed to by poets. Here is the translation—as literal as possible—of some verses addressed to this last representative of Roman liberty by the famous John Michael Silos:—

> Pasquino, thou who rank'st beside
> The works which Rome beholds with pride,
> None but a first-rate artist's hand
> Could bid thee thus unrivalled stand.
>
> But Envy, vice of barbarous time,
> Would slur thee with its poisoned slime;
> Detractors, too, who wish to pester,
> Are christ'ning thee "the Forum's jester."
>
> What shame, Pasquino! Whet thy darts;
> And aim at their unreverent hearts;
> With satire, malice, jibe, and pun,
> Shoot at them all, and spare not one.

Pasquino was not always, however, made to do duty as a mere buffoon; at times, he was selected to be the interpreter of popular joy, on the occasion of the political or military successes achieved by the government. Under such circumstances, they dressed him up in a costume appropriate to the words he was supposed to utter. Thus, on the 13th December, 1590, at the moment when the newly elected Gregory XIV., was going in state to the Church of St. John of Lateran, he saw Pasquino with a new nose and new arms on, and wearing a gilt helmet. In his right hand was a drawn sword, and in the left a pair of scales, a cornucopia, and three loaves, emblems of what the Romans always hoped to find on the accession of a new pontiff,—that is, justice and plenty. The three loaves, however, had a distinct and special signification, for Rome was suffering from famine at that time; and Gregory XIV., to solemnize his election, had, out of his own purse, supplied all the markets with bread, that was being sold at a third below the usual price.

In 1644, at the termination of the conclave that had elected Innocent X., Pasquino, with a crown on his head and wearing a long beard, appeared as Neptune, carrying a trident in his hand, and being drawn in a gilt shell by silver dolphins. This allegorical composition was completed by the family escutcheon of the Pamphili (the name of the new pope), and a hyperbolical inscription set forth the glory that the new pontiff had already acquired before his election. The admirers of Pasquino were amazed to see the railing satirist become, of a sudden, a flatterer.

Leo X., Clement VII., Paul III., Paul IV., and Gregory XII., all underwent the lash of Pasquino's satire; but it was the famous and terrible Sixtus V. who was most frequently and most tartly pasquinaded. His iron stubbornness and brutal severity were the causes of this; he was a strange man for a priest, and Rome groaned under him very much as England did under Henry VIII., and France under Cardinal Richelieu.

On one occasion he had ordered a new fast: Marforio (of whom we shall speak presently) hereupon asked Pasquino in honor of what saint this edict had been published. "It is in honor of the new tax," answered Pasquino; "the Romans having no longer anything to eat, the supreme council wishes to force them to make a virtue of necessity."

Sixtus V.—a sort of Baron Haussmann in his way—had a great mania for building; and of all the things he most loved to build, the first were fountains. It was he who erected the fountain of Monte Cavallo and the Fontana Felice. Pasquino parodied the inscription, "*Pontifex maximus*," placed upon all these constructions, and made of it "*Fontifex maximus*" (great builder of fountains)

A soldier of the Swiss papal guard having once, in the Cathedral of St. Peter, struck a Spanish nobleman with his halberd, the latter in indignation returned the blow with his stick, but so roughly that the Swiss died of the wound the same morning. The pope at once sent to the governor of Rome, and told him that he expected to see justice done that very afternoon, "before I sit down to dinner," he added, "and I intend dining early." The Spanish ambassador and four cardinals shortly after arrived at the Vatican to sue for the pardon of the culprit, on the ground of the provocation he had received; but Sixtus was inflexible. "Grant at least, Holy Father," then asked the ambassador, "that the unhappy man be beheaded and not hanged, for he is of gentle blood." "He shall be hanged, he shall be hanged," cried the pope; "but if the shame of this mode of death can in any way be alleviated by my attendance at the execution, the man shall die in my presence." The gibbet was accordingly erected in front of the pontifical windows. Sixtus V. came out upon the balcony, witnessed without wincing the whole of the revolting scene; and when it was over, said grimly to his attendants: "And now bring me to eat; this act of justice has given me an appetite."

The next day, Marforio asked of Pasquino whither he was hurrying, thus loaded with gibbets, wheels, whips, and axes. "O, it's nothing," answered Pasquino; "I am only carrying a stew to stimulate the Holy Father's appetite."

Once, however, Pasquino gave praise to this terrific pope, and under the following circumstances.

Sixtus, as one may remember, belonged to the order of Cordeliers. A chapter of the order having been convoked during his reign, he consented to appear at it; eat in the convent refectory, and drank with his old companions to the health of their patron, St. Francis. When the chapter was over, Sixtus ordered that, two days after, the monks should come to the Vatican to kiss his foot, and each ask him a favor. At this, the joy of the Cordeliers was delirious; for the next forty-eight hours they were beside themselves; the other monastic orders, apprised of what was to take place, growled with jealousy: and even the cardinals themselves, who were not overloaded with papal favors bit their lips with envy, and felt by no means disposed to laugh, when Pasquino observed that hitherto he had aspired to be a cardinal, but that now he should go and order the cowl of a Cordelier.

On the appointed day, Sixtus V. appeared on his throne with his tiara upon his head, and surrounded by a dense crowd of cardinals and courtiers, all burning to see the strange sight of a distribution of six hundred favors. For there were six hundred monks, and all came up one after another, each as he passed kissing the pontiff's foot, and then uttering his request. One asked for two cells in his convent, and for emancipation from monastic regulations; others asked for pensions, abbeys, bishoprics, and even cardinals' hats. A great many merely requested permission to leave the convent; and a few quarrelsome and vindictive monks asked for bulls of excommunication

against their personal enemies. Not one of the six hundred but petitioned to some selfish end, until at last,—solitary exception,—there came an old friar who reminded the pope that the monastery had often suffered from drought of water, and begged him in consequence to erect a fountain there. Profoundly disgusted with them all, Sixtus then called them back, and after a speech of bitter invective against the folly and worldliness of their wishes, sent them individually and collectively about their business. To the old friar alone, he spoke with benevolence: "You, my friend," he said, "you have thought of your brothers whilst thinking of yourself: you shall have your fountain, and you shall also have a benefice which has just become vacant in one of the city churches." Pasquino, delighted, remarked that nothing was so pleasing to him as to see six hundred foxes caught in the same trap.

Sixtus, brutal as he usually was, yet put up as a rule with the jokes and criticisms of Pasquino. On one occasion only did he seek revenge. He had a sister, whom he dearly loved, named Camilla Peretti; but amongst other loose things that were said of her, it was reported that, at the time when her brother had been a poor monk, she had washed linen to earn her living. One morning, Pasquino appeared with a very dirty shirt on. "Hollo!" exclaimed Marforio; "why such unclean linen, Pasquino?" "I have no laundress," was the piteous answer, "ever since the pope has made a princess of mine." After useless endeavors to discover the author of this pitiless joke, Sixtus offered a thousand crowns and a promise that the culprit's life would be spared, if he would give himself up at once. Tempted out of prudence by the magnitude of the reward, the author revealed himself. "You shall not be hanged," said the pope to him in fury, "and you shall have your reward too; but we are going to pluck out your tongue, and to cut off your hands, to teach you how to moderate yourself for the future"—and this inhuman order was executed.

It would be impossible to relate the whole or even the principal of Pasquino's innumerable *concetti*; for every day and every hour something new was written, carved, or chalked upon his pedestal. If political topics failed, there were always social scandals and gossipings in plenty; and it was not only the rich and powerful who dreaded his sting. Adrian VI. at last conceived the idea of destroying this dumb but talkative critic. "What!" he cried, "we know well enough how to gag men in this city, and shall we find no means of silencing a block of marble?" and he gave orders to throw Pasquino into the Tiber; but a courtier induced him to change his mind by this adroit reflection, that if Pasquino were destroyed, another would soon take his place, his name, and his reputation for waggery. "One can kill flesh, your holiness, but not stone," he added; and so Pasquino was spared. For a time, however, he became more prudent, and, for a while, even silent; but on being asked the reason of this by Marforio, he replied shrewdly: "It is useless to criticize just now, for all the doings of our pope are so bad that they may be said to be self-satires enough in themselves."

A few words now about Marforio. Like his compeer Pasquino, he has only his trunk, and archæologists still wonder whether he was meant for a Jupiter, a Neptune, an Oceanus, a Vertumnus, or for the Rhine, the Danube, the Tigris, or the Tiber. His name of Marforio comes from his having been found near the Forum of Mars. It was in the sixteenth century that he was discovered close by the arch of Septimus Severus, whilst excavations were being made in the Forum.

As a work of art, Marforio is scarcely inferior to Pasquino. In support of this assertion, one may quote the opinion of Vasari, the celebrated artist and writer, who says that Marforio can rival the statues of the Tiber and the Nile at the Belvedere, as also those of the well-known giants on the Monte Cavallo. Frederico Zuccaro also says that Marforio is one of the finest models of sculptural perfection.

The dialogues between Marforio and Pasquino had a much greater influence than one might suppose upon the conduct of the nobles and prelates of Rome. If the fear of satire did not positively prevent them from acting ill, it at all events made them careful to keep a veil upon their misdoings. In a book of Monsignor Sabba di Castiglione, published in the last century, and entitled "Manual of Gentlemanlike virtues," as we should say,—it is written; "Try and be virtuous, O noblemen, in order to stop the tongues of those two sharp old Romans, come originally from Carrara,—Master Pasquino and Master Marforio."

In 1808, when the French troops entered Rome to garrison it, after the imprisonment by Napoleon of Pius VII., Pasquino asked Marforio whether the French were not a horde of brigands. On the next day Marforio

answered: "*Buonaparte*" (the better part of them,—*buona-parte*).

When the Garibaldians invaded the Papal States, Pasquino remarked that Cardinal Antonelli was packing up his trunks, and asked whether it was that he was afraid of being shot. "No," replied Marforio, "but he is in a blue fright of *Menotti*"—Menotti is the name of Garibaldi's son, but it also means *fetters* or handcuffs, in Italian.—*Chamber's Journal.*

TURKISH WOMEN

BY EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

The most striking and painful feature of Mohammedan countries is the degraded position of the women. The lower classes wear out their lives in the most menial drudgery; in proportion as they rise in the scale of rank and beauty (beauty makes rank here) they are petted and caressed, but at the same time guarded with the most jealous care. Any woman in the Sultan's dominions, no matter what her birth and circumstances, may aspire to become an inmate of his harem provided she has the requisite perfection of face and figure; and, what is yet stranger, after remaining there for a time, she may often anticipate being given in recognized marriage to some one of his chief officers. Yet there is no respect for a woman because of her nature, her character, or her sphere. She is admirable only so far as she contributes to the pleasure of man; and, in all stations, whatever influence she has is due to her fleeting personal charms. Alas for the one who has no enchantments of face or form! according to Moslem creed her heritage is doubtful even in the world to come.

It is a mistake to suppose that Mohammedan women never go abroad. You meet them in every street and bazaar, but always veiled according to the peculiar fashion of the place they inhabit, and watched and attended just in proportion as they are valued, so that the more restricted they are the more complimented they must feel. Their indoor dress is everywhere much the same—loose full trowsers, confined at the ankle, a flowing robe with a girdle about the waist, and jewels proportioned to the wealth of the wearer—a style much more graceful and desirable than many modes which Paris dictates. At Cairo, the women of the better classes wear usually in the street a black silk mantle which envelopes them from head to foot, and a thick veil or screen which entirely conceals the face, except the eyes. The dress of the poor is similar, but the material is a coarse blue cotton. Hundreds of women of this latter class in Cairo sit all day upon the ground, with a little pile of bread, or fruit, or vegetables by their side for sale; and through all the oppressive heat never lift their veils, considering it a disgrace, which only the lowest will incur, to have their faces exposed to view, while at the same time perhaps neck and bosom are wholly bare. The young girls at eight or nine years of age assume this veil. In Damascus a thin bright-figured handkerchief of silk or cotton is drawn over the face and fastened behind. The shrouding mantle here is of white cloth, sometimes of embroidered muslin, and, with the wealthy, of those rich silk fabrics for which Damascus is renowned. Nowhere, except in sea-shells and sunset skies, have I seen such tints as there—yellow pinks, rosy purples, orange blues, crimson greens, maroon browns, all shot through with gold and silver threads, a blending that pleases and yet bewilders the eye. The native dyers of Cashmere boast of having more than forty distinct and peculiar hues. I think there cannot be less at Damascus. In Constantinople the veil gives place to the *yachmac*, a scarf of the finest and most delicate white muslin, which is folded across the head and face, leaving the eyes and a part of the forehead uncovered, and pinned or gathered into a knot at the back. Nothing could be more becoming than this gauzy muslin, giving a transparent look to the complexion, enhancing the brilliancy of the soft black or brown eyes which glance from between its folds, and only half hiding the luxuriant hair. I noticed that the prettier the woman the thinner was its texture; and there were some blooming faces to which it was only such drapery as the moss is to the rosebud. Often it was caught back with pearl-headed pins, while pearls hung in the ears, or gleamed in a bandeau along the brow. The outer garment, the *feridjee*, is more graceful in shape than those worn elsewhere, and falls from the shoulders like a cloak or shawl. Its common material is merino or poplin, of a plain light color—gray, fawn, lilac, maize, and sometimes crimson or green. Rings, set with turquoises and diamonds, sparkle upon the fingers; but gloves and black shoes are rarely seen, the slippered feet being encased for walking in loose boots of red or yellow morocco. It is said that many of the Turkish women are wearying of their present prescribed attire, and getting a taste for Western fashions; indeed, some of them have carried their discontent and envy so far as to spit upon and push down Europeans passing them in a fresh Paris costume. An elegant English lady, residing in Constantinople, told me that she had twice been thus rudely treated in the bazaars of Stamboul. Their own dress, however, is very pleasing, from its simplicity of form and color; and, if they did but know it, unless they could be guided by a faultless taste, they would lose, rather than gain, by the change.

The alabaster smoothness and clearness of skin which many of them possess is doubtless

owing in a great measure to their frequent use of the bath—the first and most important part of their toilette. It subserves also another purpose for them which is wholly Eastern. It is a kind of a matrimonial market, and the brokers are the attendants. The customs of society make it so difficult for young men to see young women, and to judge of their attractions at first hand, that they often go to the matrons of the baths to hear of some one captivating to their fancy; and when such an one is described, if there is no obstacle, negotiations are commenced. In this way, I am told, many marriages are brought about. But not to them only, to all Orientals, the bath is the primal luxury of life. In order to appreciate the delight it has for them one should look into some of the cool, vaulted apartments where they rest after the earlier processes are over. In the centre a fountain falls in perpetual spray, and all around they recline upon couches and divans, sipping coffee, smoking narghiles or chibouks, and abandoned to that dreamy, delicious repose which is for them the nearest approach to Paradise. I recall here a courtly Arab, a native of Cairo, a man of some fortune, but who, nevertheless, for a sufficient consideration, would occasionally deign to act as dragoman, and in that capacity had accompanied a party whom we knew in Syria. I remember his bright, satisfied face as he sauntered into the court of the Hotel Demetri, at Damascus, on a sunny morning last April, clad in spotless linen, a gay turban on his head, roses in his hand, and depending from a heavy gold chain he wore a seal, engraved with a sentence from the Koran. I said, "You look radiant this morning, Mahmoud." "O, yes," was his reply; "for I am just come from the bath."

There is for me an irresistible charm in the Eastern countenance and manner. The people of the West throw themselves into life as if they feared the present were all; the Orientals take it as but a single phase of existence. They are in league with Fate, and carry in their faces the serenity akin to sadness of those to whom all events are alike welcome. I have no desire to see the Asiatic tribes crushed and driven out before the advance of Europe. They spring from earth's primeval inhabitants, in her first occupied lands. Many of their customs and modes of thought date back to the infancy of the race. They have some elements of character grander than ours, and they need only to be developed and enlightened in order to add immensely to the riches of our civilization. It is the part of the West to seek to win them to a purer faith and a nobler worship, and to show them that they cannot reach their best estate until through all their realms woman is elevated in the social scale, and made what she was meant to be—the equal and companion of man.—*N. Y. Independent.*

ITALIAN BRIGANDAGE.

The following is an account of the ingenious method by which Fra Diavolo, the celebrated robber, escaped for a time from the hands of Colonel Hugo, the father of Victor Hugo, who was in pursuit with a large force of soldiery:

Escape seemed absolutely impossible. On one side of the road was a precipice which no man could scale; on the other, Hugo was advancing toward the road. Flight toward Apulia would throw him into the toils of his unwearied hunter. His inventive genius supplied a remedy for this net of difficulties.

He turned to his men and said:

"Tie my hands behind my back. Do the same to my Lieutenant."

The men were astonished, but obeyed in silence, using handkerchiefs in the absence of cords.

"Now," said Fra Diavolo, "let us move down the road and meet this cavalry. They will ask you who we are. You will answer: These are two brigands of the band of Fra Diavolo whom we have taken and are conducting to Naples in order to obtain the premium."

"But suppose they should wish to take you themselves?"

"Then you will retire, protesting against the injustice which they do you. You, at least, will be safe."

The stratagem was excellent. Fra Diavolo's men figured as militia of the district. The premium offered for brigands at Naples was a capital pretext for asking permission to pass on their way, and so gain the rear of the cavalry. The artifice succeeded.

Whoever has heard a Neapolitan improvisatore can imagine the affected sadness of Fra Diavolo and his Lieutenant, the serious and solemn vivacity of the spokesman for the false miltia. A story of the capture was invented on the instant, so probable, and so perfectly consistent in all its details, that one must have been dead to the voice of truth and innocence to distrust it. Fra Diavolo gained the rear of the cavalry. His false enemies bade good-by to their new friends, and moved off three hundred paces. Here the two leaders slipped off their handkerchiefs, and shot into the woods; the pretended militia fired their muskets into the air, and all went off pell-mell into the depths of the forest.

The cavalry saw the affair, but they did not know the importance of the escaped prisoners; they were unacquainted with

the roads, and naturally left the pretended militiamen to make the pursuit.

THE TABLES TURNED.

On one occasion, a batalion was sent from Naples to assist in the capture of the Vardarelli. The officer in command was foolish enough to boast that he would march Gaetano Vardarelli and his scoundrels through the Toledo with their hands tied behind their backs. Brigands find out nearly everything that happens in the capital, and Vardarelli heard of this bombast. He resolved to teach the young man a lesson. He put himself in the way of the troops, and then withdrew until he had led the battalion into a narrow defile, with high rocks frowning on either side. The soldiers rushed along in eager pursuit of their supposed prey; but suddenly the path ceased, and the rocks frowned in their faces. They were in Vardarelli's trap. He now sprung it. Suddenly a loud voice cried: "Lay down your arms, or you are dead men!"

The soldiers raised their eyes, and saw the band posted out of the reach of attack, with their guns cocked and levelled to fire.

The cup was bitter, but young Bombastes had to drain it to the dregs. The soldiers stacked their arms in the place designated by Vardarelli. Then the chief descended with part of his men, and contemplated the humbled officer with a look of satisfaction, not unmingled with patronizing pity. The brigands were ordered to wet the guns of the soldiers.

When the guns of the soldiers had been rendered harmless by this process, Vardarelli ordered the soldiers to retake their arms, and having put them through their military evolutions, and stationed them with their faces toward Naples, he returned the young officer his sword, saying:

"I have a bit of advice to give you. For the future, be less boastful in the city, and more cautious in the country."

One cannot help thinking that, if it were necessary to choose to act one or the other part of this ridiculous piece of comedy, the part of the brigands must be preferred.

CRUELTY OF BRIGANDS.

A band of brigands, having received as ransom-money for a prisoner considerably less than they had demanded, said that it was not the price for a *whole man*, nor should a whole man be restored for it. With infernal barbarity, they cut off their prisoner's nose and one of his hands.

Such cases have been frequent since 1860. In 1861, a man, whose friends were in Naples, was carried off in one of the provinces. The brigand sent a demand for one thousand ducats; the friends of the captive offered a third part of this sum. The messenger returned with one ear of the prisoner, and a threat that the other would be mutilated if a third summons became necessary. The friends paid all, and reduced themselves to beggary. The story was published in the principal journals of Naples.

With such secure retreats, and the power of such terrible vengeance, one man terrifies a whole community. Domestic affections, as well as the love of property and peace, become the allies of brigandage: no one dares to denounce those who bear messages demanding ransoms. The unseen enemy may lay the informer under tribute, or even smite him in open day.

Marc Monnier says: "I have myself seen a man who had killed his employer; he walked tranquilly, with uplifted face, in the presence of an entire village; the syndic did not dare to cause his arrest."—*Extracts from "Italian Brigandage," by David Hilton.*

A JOURNEY THROUGH SIBERIA.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX.

A great many people have been to Siberia who did not wish to go there, and some who had the desire have never found the opportunity. Of the two classes, I presume the first is in the majority. The mention of Siberia to most people has the effect of picturing wide field of snow, icy mountains and stunted forests, where the summers are almost too short to deserved mention, and the winters long and severe. A Russian geography describes the population of Siberia as consisting of voluntary and involuntary emigrants and their descendants, and speaks of the country as little known to the outside world. Few countries, certainly no civilized ones, are so little known as this, and it was on account of the scarcity of knowledge concerning it that I was led to make a journey there.

To reach Siberia, I went by way of San-Francisco to Kamchatka and entered the Russian Empire, eight thousand miles from its capital. Kamchatka possesses one of the most beautiful bays in the world, and I think it is not even rivaled by the celebrated Bay of Naples. It has volcanoes much higher, though less violent, than Vesuvius, and it had at the time of my visit, a midsummer heat and a luxuriant verdure on the lowlands within a few miles of rugged and snow-clad peaks, that are never quite uncovered during the entire year. It

is a land of deep snows and long winters, and is famous for its dog-teams and sable furs. Each is related to the other, for should the trade in the latter come to an end, the former would find little employment. The capital and principal town of the peninsula of Kamchatka, with its population of between three and four hundred, is quite as much Russian in character and as thoroughly devoted to its Emperor, as the cities of St. Petersburg and Moscow.

Though under the government of Eastern Siberia, Kamchatka is not usually considered a part of Siberia proper. The eastern gate of Siberia is more conveniently placed at the mouth of the Amoor river, which has been but a few years subject to Russian control. During the Crimean war, the river was taken by the Russians as a route for supplies to their military and naval forces in the Ohotsk Sea. Before that time it was subject to China. Once obtaining it, Russia did not relinquish her grasp, and by a treaty signed in 1860 the right to navigate the Amoor, was fully established. Thus this great river was opened to commerce and colonization. At present there is a city of five thousand inhabitants at its mouth, and one may ride in winter from one end of the Amoor to the other, and change horses every twenty or thirty miles at a Russian village.

In summer there are steamers belonging to the government and to private merchants, and the amount of traffic has already reached a considerable figure. The valley of the Amoor is generally fertile, and though agriculture is quite in its infancy, enough has been done to give good promise for the future. Some of the villages are large and appear so prosperous that one can hardly realize that the colonization is less than a decade old.

I ascended the Amoor late in the autumn, in the season corresponding to our Indian summer, and found it one of the most beautiful rivers of the world. It has the majesty and volume of the Mississipi, the rough shores of the St. Lawrence, the beauty of the Hudson and the picturesqueness of the Rhine. It has more than a thousand, and, I believe, ten thousand islands, and at times I found it spreading into a labyrinth of channels where one could easily become bewildered. At times it was bounded on both sides by mountains covered to their very tops with a wealth of forest trees of every autumnal hue. Sometimes only wide plains were visible—some forest-covered, while others bore only bushes and a heavy carpet of grass. In the early summer these meadows, from one extremity to the other, are covered with flowers so dense that one can hardly rest the foot on the ground without crushing them. The forests are full of wild beasts, and at nearly every village I saw trophies of the chase.

The valley of the Amoor is the only place in the world where the tiger and the reindeer inhabit naturally the same regions. The one belonging to the tropics, and the other to the arctic zone, both are accommodated on the Amoor. The reindeer finds the mosses which form his food, and the long winters are adapted to his tastes. The tiger is satisfied with the profusion of animal life and the dense forests where he can fix his retreat.

After two thousand miles on this river, I travelled over land to Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, visiting on my route the Russian-Mongol city of Kiachta. Here, nearly two hundred years ago, China first consented to carry on commerce with outside barbarians, and erected a town on her northern borders where only merchants and their employees could reside. To this day, no Chinese woman is allowed to enter it, and the merchants do not call themselves residents, though many pass their whole lives there. The Russian merchants at Kiachta live in a most sumptuous manner, and their houses cannot be excelled in any part of Russia for elegance and comfort. Of costly wines, they are prodigal, and their dinners are works of great art. On one table I saw apples that came overland in carts from Kazan, 3,000 miles away, and grapes brought on camel's backs 1,000 miles from Pekin The wines were from the best vineyards of France and Germany, and the cigars were the genuine product of Cuba.

Before Russia opened her seaports in 1860, all the tea-trade between China and Russia passed through Kiachta. Long caravans of camels came there from China, and their loads were then transferred to carts, or sleds, and made their slow way to Western Russia. I passed many of these tea caravans between Kiachta and Irkutsk, and many more on my long journey over the steppes. When Kiachta possessed the monopoly of the tea trade, her merchants made enormous fortunes, and they were still enjoying heavy profits, though mourning for the good old times.

I crossed Lake Baikal on a steamboat propelled by engines, constructed in the Ural mountains, and hauled over land 2,500 miles. I was fortunate in making the voyage in twelve hours. On the following trip the same boat was eight days on the lake;

a storm preventing her coming to land. At Irkutsk I rested a month, waiting for snow to fall, and preparing myself for a winter journey. While in this town, as elsewhere, I had many opportunities of seeing the Polish and other exiles that have been sent to Siberia. A great many of the inhabitants, laborers, and others are exiles, either for political or other offences. The clerk in the hotel where I occasionally dined, was a political exile, and the coachman, who took me about the city, was a civil one. There are all grades of punishment for exiles, just as there are all grades of crime. Some are banished to Siberia for a term of years, and can employ themselves in any way they choose. Others are confined to particular limits and are prohibited doing certain things; others are lodged in prison and others go to labor in the mines, or on the public roads. The condition of a prisoner is unpleasant in any part of the world, and I presume that his sufferings are just as great elsewhere as here, Except that the cold is greater in Siberia, I cannot see any difference in being shut up in the Tower of London or in the chief prison at Irkutsk.

The number of prisoners has greatly diminished in the past ten years, owing to the leniency of the present Emperor in contrast with the severity of the former one. Some of the exiles of 1825, are still living in Siberia. One was pointed out to me at Irkutsk. At the time of his coronation Alexander granted pardon to all concerned in that unhappy revolution. The number living was not large, and several preferred remaining in Siberia rather than go back to a society where they would be strangers. At one time the exiles of 1825 formed the best society of Siberia, and their influence upon the present manners of the people is easily perceived. A political exile is in no way looked upon as a criminal, and the children of all exiles are not affected by the offenses of their parents. Some of the wealthiest and most enterprising merchants in Siberia, are the children of exiles, and I know one who was himself exiled when twenty years old for some little misdemeanor, who is now the owner of an immense fortune.

Some of the exiles prefer to remain in Siberia when their term of service is ended. They enjoy a more quiet life, and are better paid for their labor. Some of the political prisoners say that they may be drawn into fresh revolutions if they go back to Enrope, while they will be entirely free from such complications if they remain where they are. On the other hand many exiles look upon Siberia with horror, and embrace the first opportunity to return.

When the winter roads became good I bought a sleigh and started westward. During my stay at Irkutsk I was treated with every kindness by the people, and had an excellent opportunity of learning how the Russians live. All my friends came to the edge of the town to see me off, just at sunset of a clear frosty day. In Siberia it is the custom to start on a journey in the latter part of the day or first half of the night. The day is generally spent in making farewell visits, and it is thought better to enter your vehicle when the day is ended and go to sleep, than to rouse out on a frosty morning and begin your journey with a hasty toilet and half eaten breakfast. I darted over the snowy road and was nearly a hundred miles from Irkutsk by sunrise on the following morning.

The winter is the best season for Siberian travel. In summer, the roads are frequently bad; they are dusty and muddy, there are clouds of mosquitoes and flies, and the rivers, which are numerous, must be crossed in ferry-boats. In winter the snow covers dust, mud, flies, and mosquitoes, and bridges the rivers with ice. One can carry all the provision he desires, and for any time, in a frozen condition, while in summer he can only be supplied for a day or two. Horses run faster, and drivers are more expert with their whips when everything is frosty. After an experience of both kinds of journeying, I have a decided preference for winter.

My sleigh was comfortable and commodious. I can best describe it by saying it was like a New England chaise drawn out to a length of seven feet, and placed on runners. It had a boot that could be fastened to the hood to shut out storms and cold. There was no seat, but a bed was formed of baggage, blankets, furs, and hay. My companion and myself sat on this bed in a reclining position, and had each a couple of pillows to ward off concussions. To sleep we took this reclining position, or lay at full length at our option. I used to sleep quite soundly, when the sleigh was moving ten or twelve miles an hour notwithstanding occasional blows from bad places in the road. I was guarded against cold by a liberal amount of fur. I had fur socks reaching to my ankles, fur stockings that came to my knees and fur boots that came as high as boots possibly could. I had a fur cap with ear lappets, a fur overcoat, and then a fur *over*-overcoat. Besides this I had a sleigh-robe of sheepskin, fur gloves

and mittens, and then one or two extra articles in fur in case of necessity. I did not suffer an hour from cold.

Travelers carry tickets, purchased from the authorities, and with these tickets they can hire horses at the stations. These are from ten to twenty miles apart, and at every station horses and drivers are changed. I generally had three horses harnessed abreast, and sometimes when the road was bad I had five or six. The driver's place was on the front of the sleigh, with his legs hanging over the side,—a very insecure perch. "Why don't you have a better place for the driver?" I asked one day of a Russian. "Oh," he replied, "if he had a good seat, he would go to sleep and drive slow. Here he must keep awake or fall from the sleigh."

When the road was good and level I sometimes traveled at a very fair rate. It was an ordinary occurrence to go ten miles an hour, and hardly a day passed when we were not driven twelve miles in the same time. Occasionally we made thirteen miles, and once I held my watch and found we went fourteen and a half miles in sixty minutes. The government couriers travel at the fastest possible rate, and I have known an instance when a courier made two hundred and eighty miles in twenty-four hours including all stoppages. I was told that on one occasion the governor-general of Western Siberia traveled four hundred miles in forty hours. At the stations where we wished to take meals we had only to thaw out some of our provisions, while tea was being made. We could get bread, eggs and hot water at the stations, but all other things we carried with us. Tea is a most important and welcome article in these long sleigh-rides, and there is no country, not even including China, where one can drink more tea than in Russia. Nothing could create an insurrection and revolution in the empire quicker than an imperial edict against the further use of tea.

I traveled day and night, and the actual time of my journey in a sleigh-ride of 3,600 miles was twenty-four days. I changed horses and drivers 200 times, and rode in the same sleigh the entire distance, from one end of the route to the other. In general the way was good, but there were some places after crossing the Ural mountains that were far from pleasant. My first view of Europe was about twelve o'clock on a cold night in January. The dividing line is at the ridge of the Ural mountains, and a granite monument has been erected to mark the spot. When the emperor Alexander the First visited the Urals, he set two small trees at this point, and they are now grown to a large size. Shaking off my fur covering, and emerging into the crisp, frosty air, I waded through the snow-drift to the foot of the monument, where I stood, as I presume few Americans have ever stood, with one foot in Europe and the other in Asia at the same moment.

My sleigh-ride was ended at Nijne Novgorod, the scene of the annual fair, where two hundred and fifty thousand people are gathered from all parts of Europe and Asia. When I reached the town it was midwinter, and the point of land between the Oka and the Volga where the fair is held, was almost entirely deserted. From Nijne, the railway took me to Moscow and St. Petersburg. When I alighted in the latter city, the first American I saw for five months was an old acquaintance and friend from New York. Between us we had traveled around the world.

Writing for the Public.—Although a little extravagance is used in the following stanza to give emphasis to the thought, there is wisdom in the suggestion that those who write for the benefit of others should impart their best and maturest thoughts, not diluted and spread over the wildest possible surface, but condensed and tersely expressed. A composition is not to be judged by its dimensions, but its intrinsic value and point. Gold is seldom found in large nuggets—its minute particles reveal their presence by sure indication, and attract attention. Think deeply, digest carefully, communicate briefly, if you would impress others, This is the stanza:

"If thou wouldst fain be thought a sage,
Think a volume, write a page;
Then from every page of thine,
Publish but a single line."

It is a curious fact that Napoleon III. has preserved all the furniture used by him during his exile, and that the *cabinet du travail* of the Emperor at the Tuileries is a small room with a single window, containing a shabby bookcase without glass-doors, on the shelves of which may be seen the old books which Prince Napoleon carried about with him wherever he went.

Young Folks.

Original.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS

BY NELL GWYNNE.

School had been re-opened in the meantime by a Mr. Lette, who carried it on in a far more magnificent scale than poor old Mr. McCord had ever done. The school-house was crowded to the uttermost corner, with all sorts, and sizes, and complexions; and though all of old Mr. McCord's scholars went there as well as myself, I don't remember ever seeing any of them there. Mr. Lette was assisted by three or four of his own children, who were almost grown up, and by his wife, who came in every morning at ten o'clock, and stayed until twelve, during which time the girls worked at their knitting, or sewing, or embroidery, as the case might be; but the predominant occupation appeared to be knitting dirty edging, which they carried about, rolled up into little balls. Together with this assistance, Mr. Lette made one half the school teach the other half, which kept up a constant scene of confusion, activity and excitement all day long. The first day I came to school, I was called up almost the moment I came in, to spell off a card on the wall, with a crowd of other children, who all spoke together, and as loud as they could bawl, spelling to a kind of tune, to which they kept time by swaying their bodies back and forward. We had scarcely got through with this performance, when we were again called up to say tables off another card, which were likewise roared out to a kind of sing-song tune, to which they kept time as before. We were again called up in about ten minutes to say the countries off a map of the world, which was done precisely the same as the spelling and tables. I began to like the excitement, and wonder what we would do next, when Mrs. Lette made her appearance, which was a signal for all the girls to rush up to the desk to try who would get her work first. The girls were allowed to talk while they were at their work; and such a Babel never was heard. Mr. Lette, who was a very large man, walked about continually, making a great flourishing with a formidable pair of tawse, but he never seemed to hurt any one with them.

No person noticed me, or seemed to know I had never been there before. I had been sitting idly on the end of a bench for some time, amusing myself by watching what was going on about me, when a little girl, in a pink pinafore, came up to the end of the desk I was sitting at, where there were a number of little printed calico bags hanging, from among which she selected a pink one, like her pinafore, and proceeded to search its contents for something that turned out to be a knitting needle, which was carefully wrapped up in a piece of stiff brown paper. Looking at me coolly as she broke her needle in two, she said:

"See, here! You had better go and get your work, if you don't want to get the tawse."

Replying confusedly to this friendly observation, that I had no work, she said,

"Oh! you are a new scholar," and, without waiting for a reply, went up and spoke to Mrs. Lette, who beckoned me to her and reassured me by saying, kindly,

"So you have no work, my dear. Well, we must try and find some for you, to-day; but to-morrow you must bring a needle and spool, and get some set up for yourself."

After poking about through her desk, she took out a little white cotton sock, with the toe cut off, which she instructed me to rip, giving me a spool to wind the cotton on, and desiring me to sit down on the steps that led up to her desk, where there were a number of little girls all

working and chattering away for dear life, and who took my presence in their midst as the most natural thing in the world. A pretty, merry-looking little Irish girl, whom the others called "Johan," was telling a story; but a little girl in a braided apron with pockets in it, and her hair hanging down on her back in long braids, having occasion to go up to Mrs. Lette, the story was suspended till she came back. A little girl that sat beside me—giving me a nudge with her elbow—said,

"Say, did you ever go to Wilson's?"

On my replying in the negative, she put her head down underneath her pinafore, and taking a bite out of a very green-looking green apple that she had in her pocket passed it to the girl next to her, who, after going through the same performanee, passed it to Johan, who also took a "bite," and passed it to her next-door neighbor, when a small piece of the core was returned to the owner, which seemed to amuse Johan excessively, causing her to laugh in a sweet little merry way peculiariy her own, but on seeing that the owner of the apple did not appear to relish the joke, she said,

"Never mind, Jin,—Aggy McPherson is going to bring me a lot this afternoon, for doing her sums for her, and I will give you some."

The little girl with the braided apron, and pockets, and long braids, having resumed her place, Johan went on with her story, which was about a certain Mr. Fox, or Mr. King—I forget which, but think it was one of the two—who lived in a magnificent mansion, surrounded by a high wall, into which no person was ever known to penetrate, having paid his addresses to a certain beautiful young lady, who favoring his suit, the day was fixed for their marriage, and everything was "in readiness." Unfortunately for himself, as will be seen, he promised to pay her a visit on a certain day, in the meantime, and not being forthcoming at the appointed hour, she put on her bonnet and strolled out to meet him, going "along and along" till she came to his own gate, which, to her astonishment, she found slightly ajar—such a thing never having been heard of in the memory of man. Presuming, no doubt, on her future proprietresship, she entered the gate, and found herself in the most beautiful garden that ever was seen, full of birds and flowers and winding, shady walks, through which she wound in and out till she came to the hall-door, where she ascended a flight of marble steps as white as snow—the hall-door was also slightly open; entering, she found herself in a long hall, at the further end of which there was a door, and over this door was written, in large gold letters, the awful words, "Be Bould!" Taking the hint, she opened the door and found herself in a second hall, at the further end of which was a second door, and over it, written in the same gold letter, "Be Bould! Be Bould!" Opening this door, she found herself in a third hall, at the further end of which was a third door, and over it written —always in the same gold letters,—"Be Bould! Be Bould!! but not too Bould!" Here, glancing out of a window, what was her horror to see her future husband dragging a beautiful lady along the garden-walk, by the hair, and flourishing a glittering scimitar in the air. Evidently having her own reasons for coming to the conclusion that she had been quite "bould" enough, she beat a precipitate retreat; and telling her story to her brothers when she got home, they immediately repaired to the magnificent mansion, accompanied by a band of soldiers with "big, long soords," who "coot" Mr. Fox, or Mr. King, or whatever his name was, all up to "little bits" —releasing no end of beautiful young ladies whom he kept in captivity underneath his house; and breaking into the "Be Bould! Be Bould!! but not too Bould," they found it led into a closet full of blood, and bones, and skulls.

I brought a knitting-needle and spool the next day, and Mrs. Lette—after breaking the needle in two to make a pair of it—commenced some edging for me, which I very soon learnt to knit. She, however, put me under the guardianship of the little

girl in the pink pinafore, whose name was Susie Carter, lest I might go wrong; but I soon became as great an adept at knitting dirty edging as any of the rest. Susie Carter and I became very great friends indeed. She was, or considered herself to be, what she called "very pious," and was always telling stories about good, pious little boys and girls that always died and went to "'eaven" and turned out to be little "hangels." A tall Irish girl that sat opposite to us, who was very pretty, and whose name was Ellen, was an indefatigable story-teller. She kept the attention of the whole desk chained, morning after morning, with the most wonderful tales of giants, and charms, and fairies, and "butee-ful prin-cesses," but as there were none of them "pious," Susie Carter did not pay any attention to her, and advised me not to either; but I did. Susie Carter had the oddest way of eating her lunch, or "dinner" as we always called it here. She always carried it wrapped up in a little red handkerchief; and this handkerchief she never opened, but—holding it down beside her—would put her fingers into a little hole, taking out whatever she had inside in little pieces, each one only large enough for a mouthful—always keeping some distance away from the other girls, and moving off if any one came near her. I had watched these proceedings for some time with a good deal of curiosity, and after making several unsuccessful attempts to see what she could be guarding so carefully, I said to her, one day, at noon,

"Susie, what have you got in that little handkerchief? I always think you eat your dinner so funny."

Whereupon, after looking carefully about to see that no one else observed her, she unwrapped the little handkerchief and produced what I took to be a little, fat-looking pie, or turn-over, but which, she informed me, was a "titty passy, mixed with hoongions,"—meaning a potatoe pasty, mixed with onions; and telling me confidentially that the girls at "Wilson's" never called her anything but "Titty Passy," which explained her reason for wishing to keep her dinner such a profound secret. Henceforward, she ate her "titty passy, mixed with hoongions," unmolested by me; and I don't think any of the other girls ever had any curiosity to know what she had.

We had a holiday one afternoon, for some reason—I forget what—and Susie Carter took me home with her. She lived at the other end of the town, and I think we must have gone a back way, for I remember going across a great deal of commons. As we were going along, we came to a pile of rubbish that had been thrown out of some garden, in the midst of which there was a beautiful scarlet poppy with a white edge, in full bloom; but which Susie Carter said it would be very wicked of either of us to pick, as it had been planted there by the hand of God for some person that was too poor to keep a garden, and He intended it to be left there until such an individual should pass that way,—so we left it "blooming alone," like the "last rose of summer." Before we had gone much further, we came to a bunch of thistles, where there were two little boys amusing themselves by catching bees and squeezing them to death. Susie Carter stopped, and began to lecture them on their cruelty, asking them "'eow they would like it, if some big giants were to come and squeeze them to death, for fun." This view of the case seemed to amuse them prodigiously, for they laughed uproariously, and said they "would like it first-rate, if they went buzzin' round on thistles all the time;" whereupon, putting her hands on the shoulders of the smallest boy, she squeezed them together with all her might—he yelling as if he were being killed, but laughing louder than ever as soon as she let him go, the other boy laughing very much all the time. Finding them so incorrigible, we were forced to go on our way, leaving them to their interesting employment. I don't remember what Susie Carter's house was like, only that the door-steps were very clean, and that there was a well-kept but very little garden in front

of it, where there were sunflowers and scarlet-runners growing; but it struck me that her mother was a very funny old woman—though I don't suppose she was so very old either. She wore her dress very short, showing a pair of blue stockings, and stout leather shoes, and had a blue and white checked apron on; a bright-colored handkerchief about her shoulders, and a black silk bonnet on her head, which she appeared to be in the habit of wearing all the time. She was very kind, however, and gave us some very nice bread and cream, and a bowl of milk apiece, which is all I remember about the visit.

Aggy McPherson, whose name I had heard mentioned the first morning I came to the school, was a fine, handsome, well-grown girl, two or three years older than myself, with a broad Scotch accent,—the only drawback to her personal appearance being a slight cast in one of her eyes, that were otherwise particularly fine, which gave her, when she laughed or was amused, a very comical look. Her way home lay the same as mine, which was the cause of our becoming very great friends; and she brought me home with her very often, which I enjoyed above all earthly things. The McPhersons, who lived about a mile from town, were Scotch farmers, and they lived in a style of munificence and dirt I have never seen equalled. They kept a great many cows, and were renowned for their bad butter, which no person that ever saw their milk-pans or cans—which I don't think they ever washed—would wonder at. But their kitchen-floor was a sight to behold. I have heard people talk of writing their names in dust; but, dear me, you could have carved your name with the poker on any part of the McPherson's kitchen-floor, which trifling circumstance, as it may naturally be supposed, gave the house a particularly disagreeable smell, or a smell that I have heard called particularly disagreeable, but which to me, in those days, was more grateful than the most delicious perfume. They kept about a dozen men, and I don't know how many girls; but I know one—whom they called "Mera Onn"—was in the habit of washing the potatoes for dinner with a broom. Mr. McPherson was a great, big, good-natured-looking man, with sandy whiskers; and was, as were the whole family, kind and hospitable to the last degree. He always called me the "wee lassie," and would sometimes take me on his knee while he sang "If a body meet a body, coming through the rye." The mother was a little woman, and talked a great deal in a funny little gabbling way, but I never understood only two or three words she ever said, one of which was milk, which she called "mulk;" and another, skimmed milk, which she called "skump mulk;" and another, chickens, which she called "little besties," about forty of which were generally going chirping about the kitchen, which was likewise seldom inhabited by less than seven or eight dogs. The barn-yard swarmed with great, fat, lazy-looking fowls of all descriptions; and in the granary were great bins of peas, and oats, and wheat, with which Aggy, or "Ogg" as she was called at home—and as I afterwards got into the habit of calling her—would "while the weary hours away" by pitching me into them, head-foremost, as if I were a kitten, and trying to cover me up. Ogg had a twin-brother, named Jock, who was not nearly so large as she was. Jock had been ill of a fever for some months, and having become convalescent, the doctor had ordered him to be taken out for an airing every day, and as we now had our summer-holidays, Ogg and I took him out for a drive in the donkey-cart, every morning—he lying in the back on a feather-bed, underneath a blue cotton umbrella, while we sat in the front. I think Jock must have been a very sullen boy, for I don't remember ever hearing him speak, though he might not have felt well enough, poor fellow; and, indeed, his feelings were treated with precious little ceremony by Ogg and me. Ogg would go into every orchard we came to—which were a good many—to steal apples, though they had

them as plentifully at home as they had everything else. We never thought of such a thing as eating any of them however, but would amuse ourselves by pelting them along the road. But Ogg's great delight was to get "hunted," as she called it, which I think I enjoyed quite as much as herself,—her style of proceeding being to steal slyly into an orchard, and, after she had helped herself to all the apples she wanted, commence to hoot and halloa, until she succeeded in attracting some person's attention about the place, who would of course give her chase, when she would fly for her life—sometimes losing her apples in her mad career; but she generally held on to them through thick and thin, till she got into the cart, when she would belabor the poor old donkey most unmercifully with a ponderous stick she kept for the purpose, and then look back with such a droll look in her funny eye that it made me laugh very much; but I took care not to let her know what I was laughing at.

CACKY DOWDLE.

BY DATE THORNE.

The arithmetic class had just finished reciting, and were filing to their seats, when Jane Grey stepped up to her teacher, and whispered:

"Please, Miss Murray, there are two new scholars at the door, and I guess they are afraid to come in."

Miss Murray looked towards the half-open door, and there, upon the threshold, stood two little girls, apparently eight and nine years of age. The elder was glancing bashfully around, and blushing at the many strange eyes that were bent upon her, but the other stood making grimaces at a boy, who was sitting near by. Miss Murray stepped up with a pleasant "Good morning, little girls," took off their bonnets and led them up to her desk.

"What is your name, dear?" she asked of the elder, a dark eyed child, with a not unpleasing face, and a timid air.

"Jane Dowdle, ma'am," was the answer.

"And yours?" she asked of the other.

For reply, the child looked up in her face with a grin, which showed her teeth almost from ear to ear. Miss Murray could not help thinking, involuntarily, of little Red Riding Hood and the wolf—"Why, Grandma, what a great mouth you've got—what great teeth you've got?" And the wolf answered—"the better to eat you, my dear,"—and as she took in the child's whole appearance, the tanned face and stiff, sunburnt hair, pushed back from the high, retreating forehead, the small, dull, blue eyes, the great mouth, disclosing two whole rows of great teeth; the narrow shoulders, projecting far backward, and the large waist, projecting as far forward, as if to restore the equilibrium, she thought that she had never, in all her life, seen so impish and uncouth a looking child. She asked again:

"Can't you tell me your name? You have one, haven't you?"

Another grin, and the teeth opened and shut like the shell of an oyster, but between the opening and shutting, there came out the words, "Cacky Dowdle."

"Wha-a-t?" asked the teacher, in surprise.

"Cacky Dowdle," with another quick clack of the jaws.

"What is her name?" she asked, turning to Jane.

"Her name's Car'line, but we call her Cacky," was the answer, and Miss Murray sent them to their seats.

In the course of the forenoon, she called for Jane and Caroline Dowdle to come and read. Jane instantly got up, but her sister sat still, with that same elfish grin upon her face, and leer from her eyes.

"Come, Caroline," the teacher called again. Jane took hold of her arm and tried to pull her up, but she drew back with a jerk. Miss Murray went up to her with a picture book in her hand.

"Come, Caroline, I want to show you these pictures, and see how many letters you can tell me."

"My name's Cacky, call me Cacky, and I'll come."

"I would rather call you Caroline, I think it's much prettier than Cacky."

"I don't," was the short answer.

Jane's face, meantime, was hot with blushes, for the whole school were looking, and listening, and laughing. Come, Cacky, come," she whispered anxiously, but the child would not stir. Miss Murray thought it was best to humor the whim, so she said,

"Well, Cacky, now come with your sister, and read."

She immediately rose and followed Jane, and stood by her side, looking round and

making faces, while her sister was patiently learning a and o, and u.

At the noon recess, some of the rudest of the children gathered round and began to tease her. Some of them cackled like a hen, some crowed out "cock-a-doodle-doo," some ran up and twitched her sleeve, and then ran away again. At first she did not comprehend that they were making fun of her, but when she did, the dull eyes flashed, and she made a clutch at the nearest boy, who was glad to get away, leaving a handful of hair behind him. Just then Miss Murray came up, and that sort of sport on both sides was put a stop to, at once and forever.

The weeks went by, and the two little girls were at school punctually every day. Jane was a shy, sensitive child, evidently afraid of her sister, giving up to her always, and always following her about and trying to undo the mischief she had done. But, Cacky! Never in all the years of her teaching, had Miss Murray found her patience and her temper so tried as with this child. Her chief delight seemed to be in annoying and tormenting others. A suppressed scream from one, or tears in the eyes of another, was the signal that she had been at her pranks again, giving a sly pinch, or grip of her nails, or a twitch of the arm to any unlucky child within reach.

Punishment made not the slightest impression upon her. If made to stand upon the floor or deprived of her play-time, she received it with the same unfailing grimace. Praises for doing well, at the rare times when she did do well, were received in like manner.

All efforts to win her confidence or her affection had been unavailing; all kindnesses had seemed thrown away. The child learned—how, her teacher could never tell—for she could never catch her looking upon her book two minutes at a time. And at recitation, her attention seemed anywhere else rather than upon her lesson; but, nevertheless, she did learn much faster than her sister. It was evident enough that she had an intellect, but Miss Murray wondered sometimes if she really had a heart, and if she had, whether there was any possible way to reach it. She was fairly baffled. Meantime, the child's influence upon the other children was so bad, that it began to be a serious question with her teacher whether the good she was receiving was sufficient to overbalance the evil, she was doing, and whether the good of the school did not require that she should be sent away entirely.

Miss Murray herself felt an unaccountable repugnance to the child, as if she were something more or less than human. She never liked to go near her, never could bear to touch her, and though she had tried hard not to show the feeling, still it was there. And it may be that Cacky's dull eyes were sharper than they looked, and that she felt instinctively that all the kindnesses her teacher had shown were given from a sense of duty, and not out of love. And so she would be revenged. At any rate, she grew so reckless and obstinate, and disobedient, that Miss Murray determined to see her parents and tell them that Cacky must not come to school any longer. So she called at the wretched hovel which was their home. Beside the little girls, the family consisted of a drunken father, an ignorant, passionate mother, and a baby brother of two years old. Only the mother was at home, and she began immediately to talk of Cacky,—said she was the torment of her life—that she couldn't do anything with her. She had whipped her and whipped her, but the more she whipped, the worse the child grew. Miss Murray did not doubt this in the least, but suggested that milder means would probably be quite as effectual, though what these milder means should be, she herself was at a loss to know. The mother shook her head. and muttered, "she's a bad one, she is, but she likes to go to school." Her visitor did not wonder that she should like to go to school, or, indeed, anywhere, to get away from the discomfort of her wretched home. And seeing that home and mother, awoke a feeling of pity for the abused and neglected child, that she had never felt before, and she determined to persevere a little longer, to labor and pray yet more earnestly, to keep sowing the good seed, and may be, after a time, she might see it spring up and bear fruit. So she went away without doing her errand.

She had not walked far, when, as she was passing a pile of boards, she heard from behind it a voice so like, and yet so unlike Cacky's, that she stopped, and looking cautiously over, saw that it was indeed she. The child was sitting on the ground, with her baby brother asleep in her arms. Tears were on the little fellow's cheeks, and he sobbed in his sleep, while she rocked him back and forth, crying, and kissing him, and murmuring pet names and tender words From her broken expressions, Miss Murray gathered that the mother had punished the little one, and that his sister had taken him out there to comfort him,

and so he had fallen asleep in her arms. But it was a new revelation of Cacky to her teacher. She had never seen her shed a tear before, nor show a particle of love for any human being. She did not disturb them, but went on her way saying exultingly to herself, "I have found the key to Cacky's heart—it is love for her little brother that shall open it for me."

The next day Cacky was more than usually perverse and aggravating. She hid Mary Green's book; tipped over Lottie Day's inkstand: caught Johnny Moon's neck in a slip knot made of Carrie Grey's tippet; pinched one little girl's arms till she screamed, and made such a horrible face at another that she cried. All day long the perverse spirit within her acted itself out like this, until her teacher's unfailing patience had nearly given way. After school was dismissed Cacky was called up to the desk. It was not the first time she had been kept after school, by any means; and as a group of little girls came up to kiss Miss Murray good-night, she stood looking on, sullen and defiant. When the children were gone, and they two were alone, Miss Murray, instead of putting the usual question, "Cacky, what does make you be so naughty?" said pleasantly, "Cacky, you've got a little brother at home havn't you?" The child was so surprised at the unusual question that she forgot her grimaces, and simply stared at her teacher in astonishment. Miss Murray went on, "I saw him last evening when I was out walking, and he is such a fine little fellow I should think you would love him very much. What is his name?" The look of blank astonishment had given place to a softer expression, and now she was smiling—a genuine smile it was too, so different from her usual sardonic grin that it made her look like another child.

"His name's my Sammy," was the answer.

"Can he talk?"

"He can say 'Cacky,'" she replied gleefully.

"And he can do a great many cunning things, can't he?"

"O yes'm," and Cacky's tongue was unloosed now, and she proceeded to give Miss Murray an account of all Sammy's varied accomplishments.

"Well, Cacky, you must bring him up to my house and let me see him—Will you?" The child's eyes sparkled.

"And now when you go home give him this kiss for me," and the lady bent over and left a kiss upon the child's lips, "And to-morrow you will be my good little girl—I know you will—and I shall love you very much."

The child looked in her teacher's face doubtfully—the tears came into her eyes, and she fairly sobbed out, "There don't nobody love me only Sammy, and I don't love nobody but him."

"But what makes you think I don't love you?"

"Because—because"—she sobbed, "I know you don't."

"But you know you have been naughty a great many times, and I have been obliged to punish you."

"Yes'm, I know it—it made me naughty to think you liked the other girls, and didn't like me. I'm sorry, Miss Murray, and I *will* be a better girl."

She drew the child close to her, and smoothed back the rough hair, "Yes dear, I know you will." After a thoughtful pause she added, "It is true Cacky, I have not loved you much, but we will have things different after this, I am going to love you and you shall be my little girl, and I will help you to do right, and I want you to be such a good little girl that Sammy can never learn anything naughty from you, and that I shall always be proud of you. And now, here's a kiss for my little Cacky and she must run home, for it is getting late." The child tied on her bonnet and went out. But she walked home as if she had been in a dream. Miss Murray had kissed her, and had sent a kiss to Sammy!—two things which had never happened in her life before. Indeed, save her little brother, she could never remember that anybody had kissed her, or that she had kissed anybody before, and the happy tears came into her eyes, as she walked slowly home, saying over and over to herself, "I will be a good girl, yes, I will." Her mother met her with uplifted arm, to punish her for loitering on the way, but she hardly felt the blows, as they fell swift and heavy upon her shoulders.

From that day Cacky was a changed child. Not that she became altogether good at once. Her habits were too strong, and she knew too little the difference between wrong and right for that. But the change began from that time. She felt that there was somebody in the world to care for and love her—somebody who rejoiced when she did right, and grieved when she did wrong; somebody who was hoping and expecting her to grow up a pleasant and useful girl. She had many and hard struggles with her evil dispositions, she made many failures; but her teacher was her true friend, and

upheld her by her love, her patience, and her prayers; and in return the child gave her the full love and confidence of her hungry heart, and strove to please her in all things. A sweet sisterly love sprang up between her and Jane, and the other scholars, seeing the change, began to treat her with more kindness than they had ever done before. By-and-by the uncouth name of Cacky became Caroline, and afterwards, as she grew in the affection of her friends it was again transformed to Carrie, and such it still remains.

But Miss Murray did not rest with this outward change. She knew that the turbulent, passionate heart would never find rest until it found it in the bosom of the Saviour. And so, day by day, she prayed, and strove to lead her to that sure refuge; and great was her joy, when after months of patient laboring, she received the fruit of her toil, and felt that she could number her among the precious lambs of the dear Saviour's fold.

Carrie's plain features will always be plain, but they are lighted up by the patient, hopeful, cheerful spirit within. Her figure is still awkward and ungraceful, but the narrow shoulders are strong enough to bear other burdens than her own. Bound together by one faith, one hope, one aim, the two sisters are walking hand in hand the dark way appointed for them. Their lot in life is not a pleasant one. Their home trials are many and bitter, but their softening influence is felt and acknowledged even there. Their darling Sammy has been laid in the grave, but they feel through their tears that it is well. And so, strong in their Saviour's strength, cheered by the love of a few steadfast friends, they are trying to make the most of themselves, and to make the world better for their living in it.

THREE POOR LITTLE KITTENS.

A young lady of my acquaintance, who has a special tenderness for pets, had a fine cat who came to an untimely end just when her motherly care was indispensable to three little blind kittens, leaving her helpless babies to the tender mercies of her mistress. Every one else was dismayed, and declared that the kittens must be sent after their mother. But Miss Annie, nothing daunted, prepared some milk, and actually fed the little things with a teaspoon, bringing them up "by hand," and training them to all the proprieties of cathood, until they seemed to have given her all the affection of their bereaved hearts. One day, when the kittens were only old enough to go tumbling about in the most absurd way, a calico dress of Miss Annie's was washed and hung upon the line to dry. Soon afterwards the family were called to the windows, and there sat the three little kittens, all in a row under the clothes line, mewing in the most distressing manner to the dress, which sailed back and forth in the wind, and for the first time paid no attention to them. Whether they were persuaded it was Miss Annie herself, hanging there so uncomfortably, or whether they only connected the dress in some way with their daily food, I cannot undertake to decide. One thing I do know, my story is strictly true.—*Little Corporal.*

Original.

THE SNOW-STORM.

BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL.

"Mamma," said Herbert, as he came running into the parlor, one cold winter morning, followed by two or three brothers and sisters, "mamma, nurse says that a poor *habitant* was found frozen to death on the Lorette road, this morning—horse and all, stiff and dead. Can it be true do you think—how could such a thing happen?"

"I am afraid it is too sadly true, my dear," was the reply. "Last night was very stormy, and bitterly cold; and the poor man may have been drinking, as is too often the case, or may have lost his road and got into a snow-drift, and, not being able to get out again, perished. I was nearly lost when young upon that very road."

"You, mamma, how? Oh, tell us how!"

"I think it is too long a story to tell you now, children," said Mrs. A——, looking at her watch, "it is so near school-time."

"Oh, please don't say so. See, we have half-an-hour before Mrs. F—— comes, and our books and slates are all ready upon the table—and we know our lessons. You have not told us a story since "Old Cerb," and you promised you would next rainy day."

"Well, my son, if you remember, we had snow immediately after that, and no

rainy day," said mamma, laughing; "but as I suppose you will be wondering all school time how I got lost in a snow-storm, I may as well tell it to you in the half-hour, so keep quiet."

"When I was a girl, about fifteen, the winter after our return from New Jersey, your grandmother was taken very ill, and her recovery being slow, the doctors blamed the air of the house for it, and ordered her to have a little change. A boarding-house at *Ancienne* Lorette, about twelve miles from Quebec, was chosen for her—kept by people famed for their kindness and attention to their boarders. I was left in town, in charge of the house, and my little brother and sister. Of course, as often as I could, I went out to see my mother, driven sometimes by a young connection, named Tom, some five or six years older than myself, who had a little red sleigh and a pretty Canadian poney; and my visits always seemed to cheer her up. The day of which I am going to speak, we had started off early, the roads being heavy, and the distance there and back being long—24 miles. It was one of those treacherous pauses in the weather, between storms, so often seen in midwinter. The sun had tried to peep out in the morning, for a while, but had soon retired behind a bank of dark clouds, leaving a raw, chilly damp after him; and gusts of wind ever and anon carried the snow in blinding drifts before us. We got out comfortably, however, and had the snow brushed off our clothes, and ourselves well warmed by my mother, who was very glad to see us and hear all about her little ones at home. We had hardly got settled for an early tea, when the landlady came in to say we had better hurry off, as her men told her a heavy snow-storm was brewing, and unless we lost no time we would catch it before we got to town. At this, mamma looked alarmed, and said 'I think you had better stay all night, Minnie.' 'Oh no, mother, there is not the slightest necessity for it,' I replied, 'you know the children are alone with Norah, and would be dreadfully frightened if I did not come back. Besides, I do not fear a snow-storm—do you, Tom?' This question was met with a rather contemptuous whistle, and an indignant reply of 'I should think not, indeed; why we are on the great high-road between Quebec and Montreal, where there is plenty of traffic; and, with our light sleigh, Bob will soon run before the storm—afraid indeed!' 'Besides,' quietly put in the landlady, 'this is stage night, and if anything gets wrong you can stop and wait for it.' In those days, children, there was no Grand Trunk Railroad carrying people up and down—or rather promising to do so—between Quebec and Montreal, in twelve hours; a slow four-horse stage made the toilsome distance, by the north shore of the St. Lawrence, in three days—changing horses every twelve or fourteen miles, and it was thought it did good work at that. The house at which my mother was staying was one of the stopping-places for the stage, where, while the horses and driver were being changed, the passengers stamped up and down the parlor to stretch their cramped limbs, got tea, and warmed themselves. Somewhat comforted at the thought of our being overtaken by the stage, your grandmamma consented to my going—putting many extra wraps around me, and tying over my dainty velvet bonnet a large, warm hood. I remember how my rebellious spirit chafed under what I looked upon as unnecessary coddling, and how I yielded with a very bad grace to what I could not prevent; and so we started. We had not gone more than a couple of miles before the storm was fairly upon us—cold, bitter, biting, howling wind, blinding us so that we could hardly see before us. As long as we went on the straight line of road we had the wind at our backs, and poney trotted famously, justifying Tom's boast of running before the wind; but when we came to a cross-road, called the *Suede*, which joins the St. Foy with the Upper Concession Road, our difficulties began. The wind swept across instead of behind us, and the clouds of drift and snow were so thick that, in the rapidly-increasing dark-

ness, we could see nothing whatever; fences were covered and the road completely lost to sight. I knew my companion was uneasy, for he stood up to drive, though he said there was no danger, as he could trust to poney's keeping the road; and, once we were out of the *Suede*, we had the broad St. Foy before us. So we ploughed on for a long time, in this way, often through snow-banks formed by the drifts—Tom getting out now and then to steady the sleigh and prevent an upset—till at last, getting into a bank larger than any we had yet come to, we missed the road, poney sank, and in his efforts to free himself broke the shaft. Here was a plight to be in; a full half-mile in any direction from a house, a terrible storm sweeping over us threatening to bury us up in the rapidly-accumulating snow, and nothing but the one pale gleam of the white landscape visible in the darkness. Tom tried the ground again and again, all round the sleigh, but could find no sound bottom—Bob's plunges had carried us so far from the road. He loosened the harness, and the poor little animal sank quietly down—no hope of getting him out without help. We were both bitterly cold, the wind kept lifting up the buffaloes and carrying drifts into the sunken sleigh, and I shivered and bent double under the blasts. How long we were in this state—waiting in hope of a sleigh passing—I do not know; but at last I cried out, 'I cannot stand this much longer, Tom, I am nearly perished as it is; what is to be done?' 'The only thing I see,' was the reply, 'is for you to cover yourself well up in the sleigh, and wait here while I try to find a house, though in what direction to go I do not know, in this storm.' 'Oh, that won't do,' I exclaimed, 'you never would find me again. I should be drifted over, and lost in the snow—you must not leave me alone in this terrible darkness. Oh, why did I not stay with my mother? I shall never see her again!' and I burst into tears. My companion did his best to rouse my sinking courage; and when I complained of a dead, sleepy torpor creeping over me, made me jump up and down in the sleigh to drive it off. But his efforts were of little use; the most bitter anguish had taken possession of my mind. I saw no way of escape, and believed I should die there; and the feeling that I was not ready wrung my soul with terror. I had lived to the world a gay, light-hearted girl—thinking it was time enough to attend to my soul's concerns when I grew older; and now here I was, about to be called to render up an account of slighted opportunities and neglected helps and means. Oh! the suffering of that bitter hour—I shall never forget it. As the drowning man sees in a few moments the phantasmagoria of a whole life pass before him, so I remembered with sorrow and remorse my sins, and above all, the sting of slighting the offered mercy of my Saviour—and now it was too late, too late! I could not go as a stranger into Heaven, unwashed by the precious blood of Jesus, not clothed in the robe of His righteousness; and from the depth of my heart I cried out to the Lord to save me, and He did. Almost exhausted with mental and bodily suffering, I remembered how selfish it was of me to keep my companion, and thus prevent him saving his own life, and was just urging him to leave me, when he suddenly sprang upon the seat and hallooed at the top of his voice, 'stage! stage!' I fell back, and heard no more. When I came to myself, I found I was in a large, comfortable, covered stage, with three gentleman-passengers, and the object of their kind care. One supported me, another had propped my feet upon his lap and was busy chafing them, while the odor of brandy which filled the air, and my burning mouth and throat, told what the third had been about. I heard the words, 'That will do, Mr. B——, she has had enough now, she is coming to—how do you feel, young lady?' A long-drawn sigh and steady stare was for a few moments my only reply—then I murmured, 'better, thank you; where am I? how did I come here?' and a voice answered, 'In the Montreal stage, now near Quebec. You

have had a tough time of it, my poor child. It was a blessing the good lady, your mother, at the last stage, worried herself so about you, and made us all promise, driver included, to be on the look-out for you. He heard your companion call for help, and by the aid of our big lanterns we fished you out, and here you are; a little longer and it would have been all over with you. Your comfortable wraps and that warm hood helped to keep life in you—here now, take another drop out of my flask, 'twill stop that shivering; brandy is a good servant, but a bad master,' said he, laughing at his own joke. 'Where are Tom and poney,' I inquired. 'Oh! all right. The lad was made of stouter stuff than you, you see, and is up on the box in front with the driver; he whose place he took has followed closely behind with the poney. We tied up the shaft, and the poney is a good, tough little bit of horseflesh, for the driver said not long ago he was keeping up well with our four large horses. Now put your head back here, and try to sleep; I have daughters older than you at home, so you need not be shy of an old man's shoulder.' I was ill many days after this, from the effects of the exposure, though my mother did not know it. Ah, children, what a blessed thing it is to seek the Lord while young, and then you have a refuge in any storm.

"But I hear Mrs. F——'s voice in the hall, and there is Hannah, the cook, standing a perfect monument of patience at the door, waiting for orders—so run off and say your lessons well."

THE TWO GOATS.

TOMMY and BILLY were two young goats,
With nice dark eyes, and with good brown coats;
And they both set off on one fine spring-day
To enjoy the smell of the new-mown hay;
To admire the flowers all wet with dew;
And to call, perhaps, on a friend or two.

But, although on the selfsame errand bent,
Alone from their different homes they went;
For Tommy resided with Farmer Best,
And *his* well-sown acres were in the west;
While Billy was dwelling with Mistress Wise,
And *her* cottage was where the sunbeams rise.
So they came from opposite quarters; yet,
As they took their ramble, it chanced they met.

Yes, tney met; and I'll tell you exactly where:
They had left the lanes where the morning air
Is full of the scent of flowers; had passed
The meadows where lambs shared a rich repast;
And now, where the mill-stream rushed along,
They met on the bridge.

The bridge was strong,
But narrow; so narrow, that only one
At a time could over it walk or run:
So the goats, now standing face to face,
Must, one or the other, his steps retrace,
And politely await his turn.

But then,
Goats can be awkward as well as men;
And Tommy and Billy alike declined
To yield their rights, and each spoke his mind.
"Go out of my way! make room for me!"
Cried Tommy.

At which Bill laughed: said he,
"I entered the bridge the first: and so
It is you, proud sir, who must backward go."

Tom curled his lip with a scornful air:
"Give place to a fellow like you! How dare
You insult a goat of my rank and breed?"

"A fig for your rank! *I* take the lead;
For I am the elder, and age can claim
Far more respect than an empty name."

Thus wrangled the foolish goats, till they—
Each being determined to gain his way,
And not give in to his foe—began
To wrestle in deeds, not words: they ran
Their horns against each other, and tried
To clear their path.

Had the bridge been wide,
One might have conquered, and won the day:
But now the force of their wild affray
Upset the balance of each, and flung
Both off the bridge, to which both had clung;
And into the rapid stream they rolled,
Where the water was deep and dark and cold.

In this sudden plunge they forgot their strife;
And all they were eager for now was life.
They struggled, and struggled: and just at length,
When they feared they must sink through loss of strength,
They managed to reach the shore; but, oh,
What a plight they were in!

Now, I do not know
Whether they learned from this woeful mess
To curb their pride, and indulge it less;
Whether in future they strove to be
Courteous and civil to all.

But we
May take the hint for ourselves, and seek,
In our daily walk, to be kind and meek;
Gracefully yielding, when fit we should,
Our own desires to another's good:
For obstinate, self-willed folks, I think,
Are as bad as the goats on the mill-stream's brink.—*Child at Home.*

Miscellaneous Selections.

THE EFFECT OF SUNLIGHT ON GLASS.—Mr. Gaffield, a glazier of New York, has made an interesting series of experiments and observations on the effect of sunlight on glass, the results of which are published in the leading scientific journal of the United States. This effect is so marked, that ordinary persons would be astonished on being told that all glass changes color on exposure to the sun; the change can be seen from day to day by careful observation. Commonly, the original pale green colour gives place to yellow or purple; and glass which contains manganese is affected throughout its entire thickness, so that after polishing off an inscription which has been years on the surface, it can still be read in the substance of the glass. Photographers who buy cheap glass for their skylights are subject to serious loss by the change of color, for yellow cuts off a large proportion of the sun's rays, and thus the effects they desire to produce are interfered with. On this particular, Mr. Gaffield remarks: "The most pure glasses of light green or bluish white colour are the best for photographers; and when I say *pure* glasses, I mean those most free from oxide of iron or manganese, but especially of the latter, which, I think, is the cause of nearly all the changes I have observed." Any one can easily make experiments for himself by exposing pieces of glass to sunlight, and in this way can ascertain which are the manufacturers who make really pure glass.

REMARKABLE FISH STORY.—In a recent lecture by Professor Agassiz on the aquatic animals of the Amazon, he described one of the fish, of which he said: "This fish is remarkable for the faculty it enjoys of leaving the water and walking a considerable distance over the land. Sometimes it is found three, four, and five miles from the water, and specimens have been brought to me which I have left on the ground for a day, and afterward, when put back into water, they were as lively as if they had not been disturbed. That fish has another peculiarity: it builds a nest—a large nest, about the size of a man's hat, with a hole leading to the interior, in which it deposits its eggs; and it is not only capable of creeping on even land, but it can creep on an inclined plane, and I have been told by very trustworthy persons that they are frequently found many feet above the water, on stumps of trees which have fallen down, the trunks of which are so inclined that the fish has reached the branches of the tree to such a height that the bird and the fish have more than once been brought down by the same shot."

POWER OF A GROWING TREE.—Walton Hall, England, had at one time its own corn mill, and when that inconvenient necessity no longer existed, the mill-stone was laid by in an orchard and forgotten. The diameter of this circular stone measured five feet and a half, while its depth averaged seven inches throughout; its centre hole had a diameter of eleven inches. By mere accident some bird or squirrel had dropped the fruit of the filbert tree through the hole on the earth; and in 1812 the seedling was seen rising up through that unwonted channel, As its trunk gradually grew through this aperture and increased, its power to raise the ponderous mass of stone was speculated upon by many. Would the filbert tree die in the attempt? Would it burst the mill-stone? or would it lift it? In the end the little filbert tree lifted the mill-stone, and in 1863 wore it like a crinoline about its trunk; and Mr. Waterton used to sit upon it under the branching shade.—*Scientific American.*

It is an interesting scientific fact mentioned in some of the notices of the late Lord Rosse, that his immense telescope—with its tube 56 ft. in length, 7 ft. in diameter, with its tin and copper reflector 6 ft. in diameter, all weighing 15 tons—could only be used for the observation of objects very near the meridian; for as soon as it was deflected beyond a certain angle from the zenith, the weight of the immense mass of metal in the speculum drew it out of shape, and so distorted its reflection as to make it useless. It proved impossible to cure this defect; and Saturn, as imaged in this great mirror, was so blurred and indistinct that it was impossible to tell that it had moons or rings at all. So the too great is practically as feeble as the too small!

Domestic Economy.

LITTLE CARES.

THESE fall much within a woman's sphere of duty, and are of almost daily occurrence to her; yet they are often of so trifling a nature, that one feels ashamed to mention them, or even to allow that they *are cares*. I would make a distinction between little cares and little annoyances; for the latter, if disregarded and cheerfully borne, generally disappear; but our little cares cannot so easily be dismissed, and sometimes arise so much from constitutional causes, that they require the exercise of religious principle and trust, to keep them within due bounds. To all who feel the tendency to "be anxious and careful about many things"—who have a Martha's spirit—the gentle rebuke of our Saviour may still be applied; for does not an earnest heed to the one thing needful, make all little earthly cares take their subordinate place in our esteem? But what I would wish to impress upon my readers' mind is, that we are warranted, I think, by the word of God, to carry all our cares, however trifling, to Him, to cast all our burdens, however small, on Him who has graciously promised to sustain us if we do so. Our great care must often seem small in the eyes of Him who "taketh up the isles as a very little thing;" and our small cares will not be beneath the notice of Him, by whom the "very hairs of our head are all numbered."

Along with this, I think that a methodical distribution of time, letting each duty and occupation have its appointed time to be attended to, does much to keep down that absent, anxious spirit which little cares are so apt to produce. We cannot well seek for sympathy from others as a resource, for sometimes those trifling cares would annoy those we wish to please; sometimes we feel that they would not be cares at all, except to ourselves; but by resolutely doing each duty as its time occurs, by resolving that, except when necessary, we will not let our minds dwell on them, (for truly "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof,") and by trustfully committing our way unto God, we may relieve our minds of many of our little cares, and in some cases get quit of them altogether. I allude chiefly to such as are almost inseparable from women's duties,—the charge of servants, and the care of children or of the sick; and I would also include those cares which may exist chiefly in our own over-anxious and nervous temperaments. But there is a class of little annoyances, if I may so call them, which I would dispose of in a different way; I mean such as we make for ourselves by a fretful or fastidious spirit. There are some who make such a fuss about trifles, tormenting themselves and worrying others by a perpetual fault-finding and discontent, that all pleasure is spoiled by their presence, and every trifling evil magnified to a mountain. It is a good rule in little things, as well as great, that "what can't be cured, should be endured," and endured cheerfully. I am not advocating slovenly and careless endurance of little annoyances that *may be remedied*. Let them be set right by all means, and the more *quietly*, as well as quickly, the better; but I have observed persons who took such things easily enough, most ludicrously discomposed by trifles neither they nor any one else could remedy, and which should have been overlooked with a smile, if noticed at all. I remember hearing of one lady who professed great love for the country, and summer after summer left town and established herself in country quarters. It was remarked, however, by her friends, that she never went twice to the same place, and that though at first her praises of new quarters were enthusiastic, yet when she returned to town she had always some reason against returning to that place. Never did any one seem to be so unfortunate in smoky chimneys, disagreeable neighbors, and disobliging landladies, till at last it was shrewdly suspected the fault lay in the lady herself. One summer, however, a perfect place was found; months went on, and no fault seemed to be discovered, and it was hoped that now the fastidious lady was pleased, and that her search for country quarters was at an end. But what was the amazement and amusement of her friends to find her, when winter brought her back to town, as determined as usual not to return to her little paradise of the preceding summer. What could be the reason? Simply because a *pea-hen*

used to come sometimes to the garden-wall, and make *such* a noise! There are many people, I fear, who find pea-hens everywhere.

It is really ludicrous to hear the gravity with which some people will allude to the fact of the road being dusty, even alleging that as a reason for not going a walking; others are as much afraid of a shower; others of sunshine; some are terrified at the idea of being overheated, while others tremble at the notion of taking cold. There is no end to these idle fancies and fears; if laughed at, they think you unfeeling; if sympathised with, they multiply and increase. Let us all beware of making much of little annoyances; let us learn to laugh at them, remembering how very annoying such freaks are to others, as well as inconvenient to ourselves. A cheerful spirit, that will not see trifles or be put about by them, soon ceases to feel them; while to those who seem to find a perverse pleasure in dwelling on and being daunted by them, these little discomforts will actually become real cares, and will eat out half the comfort of their lives.—*From "Little Things."*

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

The art of keeping a good table, consists, not in loading on a variety at each meal, but rather in securing a *successive* variety, a table neatly and tastefully set, and everything that is on it cooked in the best manner.

There are some families who provide an abundance of the most expensive and choice articles, and spare no expenses in any respect, who yet have everything cooked in such a miserable way, and a table set in so slovenly a manner, that a person accustomed to a *really* good table, can scarcely taste a morsel with any enjoyment.

On the contrary, there are many tables where the closest economy is practised, and yet the table-cloth is so white and smooth, the dishes, silver, glass and other table articles so bright, and arranged with such propriety, the bread so white, light, and sweet, the butter so beautiful, and every other article of food so well cooked, and so neatly and tastefully served, that everything seems good, and pleases both the eye and the palate.

A habit of *doing everything in the best manner*, is of unspeakable importance to a housekeeper, and every woman ought to *aim* at it, however great the difficulties she may have to meet. If a young housekeeper commences with a determination to *try* to do *everything* in the best manner, and perseveres in the effort, meeting all obstacles with patient cheerfulness, not only the moral, but the intellectual tone of her mind is elevated by the attempt. Although she may meet many insuperable difficulties, and may never reach the standard at which she aims, the simple effort, *persevered* in, will have an elevating influence on her character, while at the same time she actually will reach a point of excellence far ahead of those who, discouraged by many obstacles, give up in despair, and resolve to make no more efforts, and let things go as they will. The grand distinction between a noble and an ignoble mind is, that one *will* control circumstances; the other yields, and allows circumstances to control her.

It should be borne in mind, that the constitution of man demands *a variety* of food, and that it is just as cheap to keep on hand a good variety of materials in the store-closet, so as to make a frequent change, as it is to buy one or two articles at once, and live on them exclusively, till every person is tired of them, and then buy two or three more of another kind.

It is too frequently the case, that families fall into a very limited round of articles, and continue the same course from one year to another, when there is a much greater variety within reach, of articles which are just as cheap and easily obtained, and yet remain unthought of and untouched.

A thrifty and generous provider will see that her store-closet is furnished with such a variety of articles, that successive changes can be made, and for a good length of time. In the first place, much can be effected by keeping on hand a good supply of the various breadstuffs. Good raised bread, of fine flour, must be the grand staple, but this may every day be accompanied with varieties of bread made of unbolted flour, or rye and Indian, or Indian alone, or potato and apple bread, or rice bread, or the various biscuits and rusk. It will be found that these are all more acceptable, if there are occasional changes, than if any one is continued a long time.

All the dough of these different kinds of bread, when light, can, with very little trouble, be made into drop cakes, or griddle cakes for breakfast or tea, by adding some milk and eggs, and in some cases a little melted lard.

Very fine common cake is also easily made, at every baking, by taking some of

the dough of bread and working in sugar, butter, and eggs. These can be made more or less sweet and rich at pleasure.

The little relishes obtained in summer from the garden are very serviceable in securing varieties. Among these may be mentioned cucumbers, radishes, cabbage sprouts, Jerusalem artichokes, and tomatoes, all of which are very fine eaten with salt and vinegar.

Mush, hominy, tapioca, and rice, cooked, and then, when cold, fried on a griddle, are great favorites. If salt pork rinds are used to grease the griddle, there will be so little fat used, that no injury to the most delicate stomachs can result from this mode of cooking.

In winter the breakfast-table and tea-table can be supplied by a most inviting variety of muffins, griddle cakes, drop cakes, and waffles made of rice, corn meal, and unbolted flour, all of which are very healthful and very agreeable to the palate.

One mode of securing a good variety, in those months, in spring, when fruits and vegetables fail, is by a wise providence in drying and preserving fruits and vegetables.—*Miss Beecher's Receipt Book.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Take one coffee-cup of white flour, two of Graham flour, one of water, half a cup of yeast, and a little molasses, a small teaspoonful of salt, and half a teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in the water. It should be made as stiff as can be stirred with a spoon. If you prefer to add a spoonful of Indian meal, it should be scalded. Let it rise overnight, and when it is very light, bake it about an hour in moderate heat. The above recipe will make one loaf of bread.

SALLY LUNNS.—Mix two dessert-spoonfuls of yeast and two pounds of fine flour with a little warm water; let it stand half an hour to rise. Put two ounces of butter and the yolk of an egg into as much milk as is wanted to make the dough of the required stiffness, and mix all well up together. Put it into cups or tins. When risen properly, bake the Sally Lunns in a rather quick oven.

CHICKEN BROTH.—Cut up a chicken; put it into an iron pot with two quarts of water, one onion, two tablespoonfuls of rice, a little salt, and boil it two hours; then strain it through a sieve. This will make one quart.

MACARONI PUDDING, TO EAT WITH MEAT.—Simmer a quarter of a pound of Macaroni in plenty of water, until it is tender. Strain off the water, and add a pint of milk or cream, an ounce of grated cheese, and a teaspoonful of salt. Mix well together, and strew over the top two ounces of grated cheese and crumbs of bread. Brown it well, in baking, on the top. It will bake in a quick oven in half an hour. It is appropriate to be eaten with boiled ham, or forms a course by itself, after meat.

THE QUEEN OF PUDDINGS.—Take one pint of nice bread crumbs, and one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, the yolks of four eggs, well beaten, the rind of a fresh lemon, grated fine, a piece of butter the size of an egg; then bake until well done. Now beat the whites of the four eggs to a stiff froth, adding a teacupful of powdered sugar in which has been previously stirred the juice of the lemon Spread over the pudding a layer of jelly (any kind to the taste), then pour the whites of the eggs over, and place in the oven until lightly browned. Serve with cream.

RICE FLOUR BLANC-MANGE.—Four tablespoonfuls of ground rice and a pinch of salt, wet up with a little milk and stirred into a quart of boiling milk. Rub the rind of a lemon with hard, refined sugar, till all the oil is absorbed, and use the sugar to sweeten to your taste. Boil, stirring well, for eight minutes; then cool it, and add the whites of three eggs cut to a froth. Put it on to the fire, and stir constantly till boiling hot, then turn it into moulds, or cups, and let it stand till cold.

TO CLEAN GOLD ORNAMENTS.—Make a good lather of fine white soap and warm water, drop into it twelve or fifteen drops of sal volatile, let the ornaments remain in the water a minute or two, then brush them with a very soft brush till clean, and dry them with a silk or cambric handkerchief.

TO CLEAN TIN COVERS.—Get the finest whiting; mix a little of it powdered with the least drop of sweet oil, rub the covers well with it, and wipe them clean; then dust over them some dry whiting in a muslin bag, and rub bright with dry leather. This last is to prevent rust, which the cook must guard against by wiping them dry and putting them by the fire when they come from the dining-room, for if but once hung up damp, the inside will rust.

FOAM-SAUCE FOR PUDDINGS.—One teacup of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of butter, one teaspoon of flour; beat all together until smooth; then place over the fire, and stir in rapidly two gills of boiling water, season with nutmeg, soda the size of a pea.

CLEANING MARBLE,—It may be of some value to housekeepers who have marble-top furniture, to know that the common solution of gum arabic is an excellent absorbent, and will remove dirt, etc., from marble. 1. Brush the dust off the piece to be cleaned, then apply with a brush a good coat of gum arabic, about the consistency of a thick office mucilage, expose it to the sun or dry wind, or both. In a short time it will crack and peel off. If all the gum should not peel off, wash it with clean water and a clean cloth. Of course, if the first application does not have the desired effect, it should be applied again. 2. Make a paste with soft-soap and whiting. Wash the marble first with it, and then leave a coat of the paste upon it for two or three days. Afterward wash off with warm (not hot) water and soap.—*Scientific American*.

FRYING.—In frying, too much care cannot be taken to have the fat hot enough. To test it, put in a piece of bread; if it sinks, the fat is not hot enough. If the fat lacks sufficient heat, the food fried in it will soak up the fat and be indigestible.

FACTS ABOUT COLORS.—There are many little arts which may be used about colored clothes when washing them, which tend to keep a look of newness as long as they are worn. These are some of them: A spoonful of ox-gall to a gallon of water will set the colors of almost any goods soaked in it previously to washing. A teacup of lye in a pail of water will improve the color of black goods. Nankin should lie in lye before being washed; it sets the color. A strong clean tea of common hay will preserve the color of French linens. Vinegar in the rinsing water, for pink or green calicoes, will brighten them. Soda answers the same end for both purple and blue.

BATTER CAKES.—Sift a quart of yellow Indian meal into a large pan; mix it with two large tablespoonfuls of wheat flour, and a salt-spoonful of salt. Warm a pint and a half of rich milk in a small saucepan, but do not let it come to a boil. When it begins to simmer, take it off the fire, and put into it two pieces of fresh butter, each about the size of a hen's egg. Stir the butter into the warm milk till it melts, and is well mixed. Then stir in the meal, gradually, and set the mixture to cool. Beat four eggs, very light, and add them, by degrees, to the mixture, stirring the whole very hard. If you find it too thin, add a little more corn-meal. Have ready a griddle heated over the fire, and bake the batter on it, in the manner of buckwheat-cakes. Send them to table hot, and eat them with butter, molasses, or honey.

BEEF ESSENCE.—This valuable article has become so extensively prescribed by physicians, particularly in cases of low or typhoid fevers, that it may not be unacceptable to many of our readers to know the best mode of preparing it. Take about two pounds of beef, removing all the fat, and cut in pieces about an inch square, put it in a jar or bottle, and cork it tightly. The best kind of a vessel is a glass jar, such as is used for canning fruit, with a lid that screws or fastens close, as the beef is more easily removed if the mouth of the jar is large, but a common bottle will answer the purpose. Place the jar in an iron pot filled with cold water, tie a string around the neck of the jar, leaving the string long enough to slip through the iron loop at the handle of the pot, and tying it so that the jar may stand firmly in the water. Put straw or a cloth at the bottom of the pot, or anything that will prevent the jar resting on the bottom and becoming dry, thus risking its breaking. Let it boil for two or three hours—longer if convenient; shake the bottle well before pouring out the essence; let it get cold, so that the fat may be entirely removed; then season it. It is more savory when warmed just before giving it to the patient.

SALT RISING, OR YEAST, FOR BREAD.—To half a pint of soft water add a small piece of butter and one teaspoonful of salt. Let it stand in a warm place until it rises; it will take about five hours. The bread should be made as soon as the yeast comes up.

REMOVING CORKS FROM BOTTLES.—Sometimes a cork is pushed down into the bottle or vial which it is desirable to remove. A very effectual way to do it, is to insert a strong twine in a loop, and engage the cork in any direction most convenient. It can then be withdrawn by a "strong pull," the cork generally yelding sufficiently to pass through the neck.

Editorial and Correspondence.

MAGAZINE LITERATURE.

The Magazine has quite a different mission from the Newspaper, having nothing to do with news, and very little with the political or polemical questions which from time to time agitate men's minds, and divide society into adverse camps. Its objects are to afford a pleasing recreation to cultivated minds, and to promote literary tastes. Its matter will be as interesting after a year or ten years, as at present; and hence, it becomes in a family a mine from which each succeeding member of it may dig treasure. The newspaper, however good, is apt to be torn or lost,—the magazine lies on the parlor table or on the book-shelf from month to month, and year to year, without loss of value.

It has been, and still is, one of the specialities of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY to collect and place on record the early annals of various parts of British America, which annals will increase in value as years glide on, so that a set of this magazine from the beginning will in future times be a treasure altogether out of proportion to its cost.

With a view to the general promotion of literary tastes, and the cultivation of an interest in the records of the settlement of British North America, and the hardships which the founders of the Dominion have gone through, the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY has been put at a price lower than any other magazine, so as to be within the reach of almost every family in the land; and with this same view, doubtless, it has been gratuitously aided by many excellent contributions from writers of ability in various parts of the Dominion.

For these contributions the editors desire to express their warmest thanks, whilst they invite a continuation of them. We have already inserted articles descriptive of the Fur Trade sixty years ago; the Rise and Progress of Steamboating on the St. Lawrence; Montreal in the Olden Time; Shanty Life; Tales of French Canadian Wars with the Indians and Americans, and other purely Canadian subjects. And we have received a Sketch of the Early History of the Red River Settlement; A Story of the U. E. Loyalists, and some other articles on British American topics. We still desiderate articles or stories descriptive of the following classes of our population: The Acadians of Nova Scotia, and what became of them; the Highlanders of Glengarry, where they came from, and what has been their influence in Canada; the United Empire Loyalists of Canada West, and the Maritime Provinces; the Early Settlement of the Eastern Townships; the Emigration of the Paisley Weavers in the Radical Times, where they settled, how they got on, and what influence they have exerted on Canada; Sketches of Little York, now Toronto—of Bytown, now Ottawa; Stories of Quebec in the Olden Time; Accounts of the Dutch and German Settlements of Canada; Annals of the various Indian Tribes of Canada, and the efforts that have been made for their civilization, and other kindred subjects. Well written, condensed, and lively sketches on any of these subjects will be very welcome.

NOTICES TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Of contributions received, the following are accepted with thanks:—

"Fishing in Canada."
"Two Evenings in a Life.'
"Lament of the Birds of Passage."
"The Unseen."
"The Red River Settlement."
"Whippoorwill."

—We have received some Acrostics and Puzzles founded on the name of this magazine for which we cannot make room.

—Just published, a few copies of the first volume of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, (from October, 1867, to March, 1868, inclusive,) bound in muslin, pp. 384, with maps and pictorial illustrations. Sent post-free for One Dollar.

(For the New Dominion Monthly.)

HOUSE BUILDING.

House building is a subject which comes home to every man's "business and bosom," inasmuch as every man has either built, or intends at some time in the indefinite future, to build a house for himself and family. And the ambition so to do is most laudable. In no other way can the people be rendered so stable, law-abiding, patriotic and contented, as by each family, so far as possible, dwelling in its own house. The best of all saving's banks for a father to put his money in, is a snug dwelling; and this, also, is by far the best life-assurance policy he can leave to his family. It is necessary that the relation of landlord and tenant should exist, for many men have acquired wealth, which they like to invest in dwelling-houses; and many others never can, or, at all events, never do have any means ahead of their actual wants; but it is an abnormal relation, as is manifested by the frequent jars and controversies whilst it lasts, and a very general desire to change it. Hence the constant moving about on May-day, in the, generally, vain hope of doing better. Many must dwell in hired houses, as many must board out, but the true result to aim at, both on the part of individuals and society, is for each family to dwell in its own house. And if it has a little garden attached, so much the better.

In Britain, an artizan or mechanic, when he made good wages, generally speaking, if well-doing, endeavored to acquire a lot and build a house, which, however humble, was his own; and which he could regard with complacency as a shelter for his wife and children, even if he were called away from them. In the yards, or gardens, attached to these houses were raised the peas, cabbages, turnips, &c., which materially contributed to the table of the family; and it was a pleasant sight, on a fine spring afternoon, to see all the owners of houses, in a suburban row, out working in their gardens, with their boys and girls helping them. It was in such humble gardens, also, that the auriculas and polyanthus, and tulips, and carnations and gooseberries were raised—by men who gave their mind to one thing—which took the first prizes at flower and fruit shows. Others turned their attention to birds, or animals; and many of them attained such excellence in their respective pursuits, that sales formed a respectable little item of income. These proprietors, delighted to add from time to time to their properties everything that was convenient, and beautiful, and profitable, so far as they could; and this very pursuit contributed to their health and happiness, and that of their families. There was another great advantage to the artizan, in securing a cottage of his own. So long as it was to pay for by instalments, he had no time or money to waste in sloth, drinking, or folly. He had a high and holy purpose before him—the providing a domicile for his family—which overbore all petty temptations to idleness or wasteful expenditure; and, by the time his house was paid for, habits of prudence and sobriety were formed. And there was always this addition or that improvement to be made, which required still further diligence and economy.

But it was about house-building that I intended to write, and not the general principle that every family should have its own house; and my object is to call the attention of parties intending to build, to a few principles, the neglect or violation of which, in building, will work them mickle woe in all their after experience.

The first of these is, that a house should be secured against wet and damp. Every one knows that the roof of a house should be water-tight; and if even a nail-hole lets in a few drops, the landlord must be warned

to stop it up. But few reflect upon the immense amount of water that comes up from the ground, or through the sunk walls of a house. In basements and cellars the idea of keeping out water is too often lost sight of; though water constantly soaking in there is far more injurious, in a sanitary point of view, than a little coming through a roof occasionally when it rains. This dampness of basements and cellars is the less pardonable, inasmuch as it can be easily remedied. In digging for the foundations of a house, the trench in which they are to be laid is necessarily wider than the walls, and as deep. Let, then, a small tile-drain be laid outside of the foundation, at the very bottom, and let the vacuum above it be filled up with stone-shivers to the top. In this way the earth, which is continually circulating moisture, will not touch the walls anywhere, and any water in it will run off by the tile-drains, which should connect with the drain in the street. To prevent damp from rising up through the wall itself, as it will certainly do otherwise, a course near the bottom should be laid with water-lime, through which no water can penetrate. The basement rooms should be covered with gravel or shivers between sleepers of small cedar or tamarac scantling, rising about half an inch above the gravel; and the whole should be covered with water-lime up to the level of the scantling. The flooring should then be laid down so as to touch the water lime everywhere, and be nailed to the sleepers. This floor is completely water and rat-proof.

The stone wall of the basement, instead of being two feet thick, should only be eighteen or twenty inches thick, with a course of brick inside, bonded to the stone at regular intervals. This course of brick, if neatly pointed, requires no plastering.

This is incomparably better than lath and plaster, as it is both fire and rat-proof, and serves the same purpose, for breaking the connection with the outer temperature.

The other great point to which I wish to draw attention is just a continuation of this last precaution. If the house be of stone, the same brick lining, with a vacuum, should be carried up throughout; but it is much more economical to make the walls above the basement of brick, in which case a wall 14 inches thick will be found sufficient for any ordinary house—namely, eight-inch brick-work outside, and four-inch brick-work inside, with a vacuum of two inches between; the two walls being bonded together. The inside wall may be of the cheapest soft brick, and plastered; the exterior wall should be of good, hard-burned brick.

A house built in this way has all the advantages of a solid brick wall of 12 inches lathed and plastered, while it is somewhat cheaper, occupies rather less space, and is entirely fire and rat-proof. The partitions in a house should in like manner be of brick from top to bottom; the bearing partition-walls being eight inches, and the others four inches thick.

An adherence to these simple and inexpensive rules would secure the following advantages:—

1. Entire freedom from damp and mouldiness, and consequent economy in keeping stores, and especially improvement in health.

2. Entire immunity from rats, which are no small nuisance in most cities and towns.

3. Great security against fire—for, even though a fire did take in one apartment, it could not, as in houses built in the ordinary way, run up inside the laths to all the other floors; nor penetrate from one apartment to another, except very slowly. Thus there would always be time to save nearly all effects, even if the fire was not extinguished in the room where it originated.

A much cheaper way of building is to erect a frame of strong scantling, upon 9 x 6 inch sills, boarding this frame with rough boards, lined outside with four-inch brick-work, attached to the boards by strong nails or pieces of sheet-iron. Each story should be built up about a foot high between the studs with solid brick-work, so as to leave no passage for rats, and the whole should be finished with lath and plaster inside.

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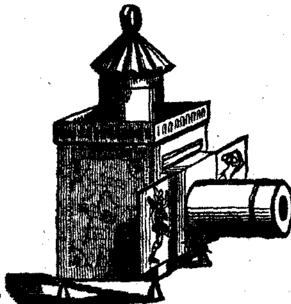

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For Magic Lanterns and Slides, Microscopes, Stereoscopes and Views, and every description of Optical Goods, go to

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242 & 244 NOTRE DAME STREET,

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N.B.—Lanterns and Slides lent out for the evening. Call and get price list.

DWARF FRUIT TREES

Are the only kinds that should be planted in Gardens. A few Standard Apple and Pear trees will soon occupy a small garden, overshadowing and destroying everything else; whilst more than double the number of Dwarf trees can be planted in the same space without interfering with other crops.

The cultivation of the Dwarf Pear and Dwarf Apple, on suitable stocks for this climate, has been made a speciality at the

WINDSOR NURSERIES,

and great attention has been paid to ascertain what varieties are the most hardy and suitable for the different parts of Canada.

A very fine stock of these Dwarf trees of all the best varieties, principally in a bearing state—and which can be removed with safety—are now ready for sale. Also, Standard Apples, Pears, Plums, Cherries, Grape-Vines, and nearly everything else in the Nursery Line, at very low prices for cash.

Parties unacquainted with the most suitable varieties for their locality would do well to leave the selection to the subscriber, who would in all cases send the best varieties and trees. Orders should also be sent immediately, as they will be filled according to the priority of their receipt.

Every person intending to plant Fruit trees should at once send twenty-five cents in postage stamps to the subscriber—or to John Dougall & Son, Publishers, Montreal,—for a copy (which will be mailed free,) of the "CANADIAN FRUIT CULTURIST," giving full descriptions of all the best varieties of Fruits of every kind suitable for the different parts of Canada, with the best way to plant and cultivate them.

CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST SENT FREE

ON APPLICATION TO

JAMES DOUGALL,

WINDSOR NURSERIES,

WINDSOR, ONTARIO.

THE

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

MONTREAL, CANADA: JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS.

In our first Circular, issued in November, we said:—

"This Magazine, the first number of which was issued in October last, has at present date a circulation of 3,000 copies, and by the end of the first year the publishers hope to have a subscription list of 8,000 to 10,000."

The March number—the 6th—required an edition of 7,500. The April number will require at least 8,000; and we now hope to see an issue much beyond 10,000 by October.

In commencing "*The New Dominion Monthly*," the desire of the proprietors has been to make it the national magazine of the Confederated Provinces of British North America, and it is the only magazine of a general literary character in the Dominion, with its population of 4,000,000.

We confidently commend this new publication to the favor of advertising firms throughout Canada, the United States, and Great Britain, and solicit your patronage for it; at the same time inviting attention to a few opinions of the Colonial press, on adjoining page, as indicative of the spirit in which "*The New Dominion Monthly*" has been received, as well as the note from a firm of considerable experience in advertising, in the Sewing Machine business, on the other side of this leaf.

Until further notice, the following will be the rates of advertising:—

Fly-leaves, per page, - - - - -	$10.00 per month.
" " half-page, - - - - -	6.00 "
" " four lines, double column, -	1.00 "
" " additional lines, - - -	.12½ "
Printed leaves bound in, - - - - -	1.00 per 1,000.

For pages of cover, and first page of fly-leaves after reading-matter, special rates are charged.

To advertisers for three months, a discount of 12½ per cent. will be made; for six months, 20 per cent.; and for 12 months, 33⅓ per cent. on the above rates.

British advertisers will please calculate five dollars to the pound sterling; and advertisers in the United States will remit in gold or its value.

Parties at a distance who may doubt the above statements with regard to figures, would do well to inform themselves of their correctness, through their friends here, or through advertising agents, to whom every facility for verifying our circulation will be afforded.

No advertisement can be inserted of bad or doubtful character.

All communications or remittances to be addressed (post-paid) to

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL, CANADA.

Montreal, March, 1868.

Montreal Feb. 22nd 186

Messrs John Dougall & Son
Publishers New Dominion Monthly

Gentlemen

We have pleasure in informing you that we have received more responses to our advertisements in the "New Dominion Monthly" than from any other advertising medium we have ever resorted to.

We are pleased to hand you this for publication if you desire

Yours Very Respectfully
C. W. Williams & Co
Sewing Machine Manufacturers

NOTICE.—Any Subscriber wishing to have the first volume of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY bound, may forward his fyle, post-paid, to us, with 30 cents, and we will get it bound in cloth, and return it post-paid. If any number is awanting, except January, we can supply it for 10 cents more.

NOTICE TO CANVASSERS FOR NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.—All parties who applied, with proper recommendations, for authority to canvass, have been furnished with such authority and specimen copies. We have not assigned any territorial limit to any one, nor taken any note whether more than one application came from one place. All are free to do the best they can, and wherever they can. Cities and towns, not yet canvassed, should present a good field. In country neighborhoods, also, every well-to-do farmer would probably like to have the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY for his family.

"THE CANADIAN FRUIT-CULTURIST,"

BY JAMES DOUGALL, WINDSOR.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN DOUGALL & SON, MONTREAL.

Price 25 cents, with a discount to Booksellers and Agents.

(Four Copies sent free by mall for ONE DOLLAR.)

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

UPPER CANADA.

This very clear and very useful little work is the production of Mr. James Dougall, of the Windsor Nurseries, and is the result of a long life devoted to the culture of fruit in Canada. We could not say enough in its praise were we to write for a month, and the best thing we can do is to advise all our country friends to get the book and study it as fast as they can. Upper Canada is peculiarly well adapted for growing fruit of all kinds, and all that is required to do so successfully is to know how. Here is the knowledge—let it not be neglected.—*British Whig, Kingston.*

The author has adopted the form of letters to a friend, and in this way communicates what he has to say in an easy and pleasant manner. And he has a good deal to say that is very valuable and interesting to the fruit-growers, a class that should comprise almost every one who has a home of his own. The letters treat of proper location, soil, preparation, and after-cultivation of orchards, vineyards, and gardens, and what will prove very useful are the lists given of the best varieties of the several fruits. Those of our readers who have a spare patch of ground even would do well to procure a copy, from the perusal of which they may profit in many ways.—*London Free Press.*

The "Canadian Fruit-Culturist" will supply a want that has long been felt of a work on fruit-culture, expressly written for the climate of Canada, and at a price that every person can afford to purchase. The well-known, long, and varied experience of the author in the cultivation of fruits, is sufficient guarantee that the information therein contained is exactly what is at present required by all intending to raise fruit, either for themselves or the market. All persons intending to plant orchards, vineyards, or gardens, and in fact every farmer, owner, or occupier of land, however small, should at once procure a copy.—*Essex Record, Windsor.*

It contains a vast amount of valuable information to fruit-growers, in twelve letters, on "sites, soils, &c., most suitable for culture"; on planting and future care of orchards; on the apple, pear, plum, cherry, peach, nectarine, apricot, quince, grape, gooseberry, currant, raspberry, and strawberry; and on the profits of fruit culture, marketing, &c.; and general remarks on Canada as a fruit-growing country.—*Woodstock Sentinel.*

Its author is Mr. James Dougall, of the celebrated nurseries of Windsor. The interest which the author has taken in this subject, and his experience and reputation as a successful grower, is a guarantee of the excellence of the work.—*Oshawa Vindicator.*

The work is from the pen of Mr. James Dougall, Windsor, and dwells in *understandable* language, on the proper location, soil, preparation, planting, and after-cultivation of orchards, vineyards, and gardens, with directions for the best mode of culture of each variety of Fruit.—*Chatham Planet.*

It is an admirable work of its kind, and contains much useful information that would be found of incalculable value to intending fruit-growers.—*Port Hope Canadian.*

This little work will be found of great use to Canadian agriculturists, and ought to be in the hands of every farmer and gardener from Sandwich to Gaspe. —*London Evening Advertiser.*

This is a little book which will prove invaluable to inexperienced fruit-growers, and profitable to all.—*Berlin, C.W., Telegraph.*

It contains a large amount of information the most indispensable to person interested in gardens, orchards, or vineyards.—*Peterborough Review.*

The production of Mr. James Dougall, of the celebrated Windsor Nurseries. Send for a copy at once. —*Fergus News Record.*

LOWER CANADA.

A pamphlet written by Mr. James Dougall, so well known as a practical fruit-grower in connection with the Windsor Nurseries. We have frequently, in these columns, inculcated the importance economically to Canada of the fruit crops which might be raised, and we are glad to see the public placed in possession of information which every farmer or owner of land may make exceedingly valuable to himself.—*Trade Review.*

On y trouve des preceptes utiles et precieux sur la culture du jardin et des vergers et les soins qu'il y faut prodiguer suivant les circonstances. M. James Dougall ecrit en homme consomme dans l'experience et en observateur exact et nul doute que l'horticulture ne profite beaucoup de ces conseils sages et raisonnes. —*Minerve, Montreal.*

A perusal of these will give all the directions absolutely necessary to plant trees successfully, and also show the best varieties of fruit suitable for the different sections of this country.—*Quebec Gazette.*

We recommend all persons in this section of the country, who are in any way interested in the cultivation of fruit, to subscribe for the Fruit-Culturist at once.—*Huntingdon, C.E., Journal.*

These letters are compiled by Mr. James Dougall, of the Windsor (C.W.) Nurseries, and will be found highly interesting and useful to those in quest of fruit-culture knowledge. The writer says:

"From an extensive correspondence with all sections of the country on this subject, it has greatly surprised me to find how very few, even of intelligent and educated persons, are acquainted with the first principles of the planting and culture of fruit trees; and all the works on the subject are so voluminous, that to those whose time is fully occupied in other pursuits, it is almost a task to read them, while their cost generally is so high as to debar the great mass of the people from procuring them."

This is true, and we are glad to see that Mr. Dougall has brought out the little work before us, which is concise, plain, and within the reach of all to purchase.—*Granby C.E., Gazette.*

CANADA TRUSS FACTORY.

F. GROSS,

SURGICAL MACHINIST,

AND

Elastic Spring Truss Maker,

INVENTOR AND MANUFACTURER OF ALL KINDS OF

INSTRUMENTS for PHYSICAL DEFORMITIES,

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BRASS, STEEL AND IRON,

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F. GROSS'S ARTIFICIAL LEGS,

Distinguished in their superiority for combining in the highest degree Scientific and Anatomical principles with the articulation of the natural limb, and possessing great strength, with lightness and durability. They are perfectly adapted to all forms of amputation. Every limb is made first-class, of the best material, and fully warranted. They are recommended by the leading Surgeons, and universally approved and recommended.

F. Gross's Chest-Expanding Steel Shoulder Braces.

Manufactured at the Canada Truss Factory, 36 Victoria Square, Montreal. This is an entirely new and superior article for Ladies and Gentlemen who have acquired a habit of stooping. This Brace is certain to answer the purpose of keeping the Chest expanded and the body upright; the two Steels on the back running over the shoulder-blades, giving a gentle and even pressure, they will prove conducive to health and gracefulness; and being strong and well made, will last a long time and always feel comfortable. For Gentlemen, this Chest-Expander will enable them to do away with the common Suspenders (which are injurious to health) by simply cutting holes in the leather of the Belt around the waist, and thereby keeping up the pants.

CAUTION TO PARENTS.—Parents, look to your children! Gross's newly-invented Steel Shoulder-Braces are almost indispensable for children, as they are liable to contract the habit of stooping and shrugging their shoulders at school, causing them to grow narrow-chested, and laying the foundation for consumption and lung-diseases. Parents should bear this in mind, as wearing our Braces will counteract this bad habit.

I beg to call particular attention to the London Belt Truss. This Truss—for the cure and relief of every species of Hernia admitting of a reduction within its natural limits—will be found to afford to those laboring under this common bodily infirmity instantaneous relief, and is so simple a contrivance that it may be worn with ease in any posture of the body, during sleep, or when taking violent exercise, and, when properly fixed on, is not perceptible. The pressure obtained is gentle and continuous, and may be increased or diminished at pleasure.

F. Gross can produce a great number of certificates from doctors and others to show that in all cases this Truss has given great satisfaction, and been applied with complete success.

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LIST OF ARTICLES

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- Abdominal Belts
- " Supporters
- " Accouching Belts
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- Air Pillows
- " Cushions
- Ankle Supporters
- Anatomical Syringes
- Artificial Limbs
- Arm Slings
- " Bandages
- " Splints
- Bathing Caps
- Bandages for Fractured Clavicle, made of leather to lace up for fractured Platella
- Bandages of every description
- Bed Pans
- Bedsteads expressly for water beds
- Belts of every description
- Braces, improved style for boys
- Breast Drawers
- Bottles for inflating Pessaries
- Catheters
- Carriages for invalids of every description made to order
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- Chairs—Self-propelling chairs, upon the newest and most scientific principles
- Chairs for exercise
- " which can be converted into couches
- " for Spinal and Lounging purposes
- " for carrying invalids up and down stairs
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- " " for gymnastic exercise
- " Suyporters
- Children's Trusses
- " Belts
- Clubs for gymnastic exercise
- Conversation Tubes
- Couches and Beds with all the latest improvements for invalids
- Couches
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- Davidson's Syringes
- Dumb Bells
- Ear Trumpets of every description
- " Cornets
- " Syringes
- Elastic Sheetings, silk, sotton, aad thread
- " Leggings, " " "
- " Knee Caps " " "
- " Anklets, " " "
- " Thigh Pieces, " "
- " Arm Bands, " "
- " Webbing from quarter of an inch to one yard wide
- Electro-Magnetic Machiues
- Enemas
- " Apparatus
- " Bottles
- Extension Instrument for contraction of Knee
- Extension Bandages for hip-joint disease
- Eye Duches
- Eye Syringes
- Eye Shades
- Eye Shields
- Feeding Bottles
- Fenwick's, George, M.D., improved Truss
- Flesh Brushes
- " Gloves
- " Towels
- Fracture Apparatus
- " Beds
- Frames for removing pressure of bed clothes from Fractured Limbs
- Gross's newly improved Trusses
- Night Trusses
- Chest Expanders
- Shoulder Braces
- Abdominal Belts
- Supporters
- Double Spring Bed
- Brass Pad Rachet Truss
- London Belt Truss, mocmain principle
- Children's Radical Cure Truss
- Umbilical Truss
- Universal Screw
- " Splint
- Instrument for weak ankles
- " for crooked legs
- Riding Belts
- Trusses for Scrotal Hernia
- Soft Arm Slings
- Gutta Percha for Splints
- Hand and Arm "
- Hard Rubber Syringes of every description
- Hernia Trusses of every description
- India Rubber Sheeting
- " " Rings
- " " Tubing
- Infants' Trusses
- " Umbilical Bands
- " " Trusses
- " " Belts
- Invisible Crutches for Curvature of the Spine
- Injection Bottles
- Instruments for bent ankles
- Iron Splints, improved japanned, with regulating back screw, and sliding plate for thigh
- Keanedy's Syringes
- " Drab Ball Enemas
- Leather Straps of all sizes
- Life Preservers
- Leg Splints
- London Supporters
- Machine for Rolling Bandages
- Mather's Feeding Bottles
- " Nursing "
- " Breast Drawers
- Metallic Syringes
- Morey Belts
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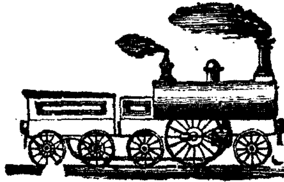

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