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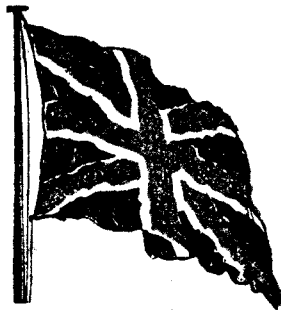
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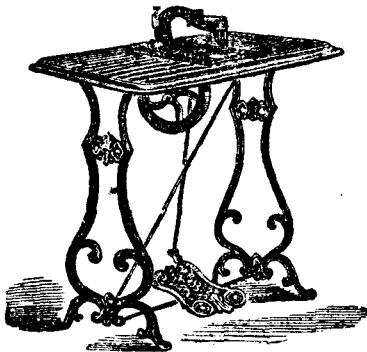
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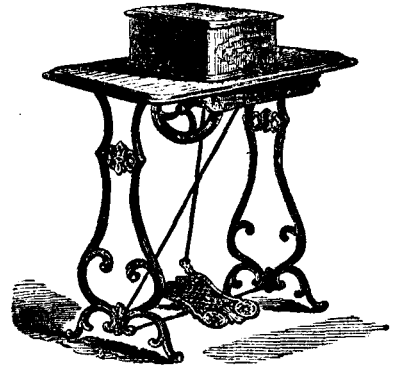
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THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY,

A Magazine of Original and Selected Literature.

MARCH, 1869.

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Wm. Young

The New Dominion Monthly

VOL. III.

MARCH, 1869.

No. 6.

Original.

GENTLEMEN ADVENTURERS IN ACADIA.

BY J. G. BOURINOT.

I.—BARON DE POUTRINCOURT.

Those adventurous tourists who have left the beaten path of American travel, and wandered for some time over Nova Scotia, must have returned home with exceedingly pleasant impressions of the scenery presented in the western part of that fine province. There they will not see the wild and picturesque features of the Restigouche, the St. John, or the Bras d'Or; but a lovely prospect of nature, robbed of its ruggedness and toned down by art. The counties of King's and Annapolis show a wide expanse of charming orchards and farms, and abound in associations of the historic past. On all sides, we will see the lands reclaimed from the sea, which swells away beyond and periodically comes rushing up its estuaries, as if about to sweep all obstacles before it and overwhelm the whole country. There to the northward, is tall dark Blomedon, with its overhanging cliff, under which the tumultuous tide struggles and foams. Here, in a large meadow close at hand, is a long row of Lombardy poplars, speaking eloquently of another race and another century. Here, embowered in trees, is a pile of college buildings,—there a tall white spire rises into the pure blue sky. We see pretty villas and cottages, with their wealth of honey-suckle and grape vine; with their gardens where the rose, the tulip, the dahlia—a thousand flowers,—bloom in spring, summer, and autumn. This is the garden of Nova Scotia, once the home of those "happy Acadian farmers," who first won the land from "the turbulent tides," and lived quiet pastoral lives, until the stern

mandate came which scattered them far and wide—

From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern Savannas;
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.

Delightful as is the scene, we must not linger, but pass from the fertile fields and pretty villages of King's to the adjoining County of Annapolis. If it is in the spring we are travelling, the country is one mass of pink and white blossoms, which load the passing breeze with delicate fragrance; if it is in autumn, the trees bend beneath their wealth of apples, of a size and quality that cannot be surpassed anywhere. We drive through a fertile valley by the side of a river, which at last empties into a fine basin, communicating with the bay so famous for its tides. We are at last in a quiet old town, whose roofs are verdant with the moss of more than a century; where the landscape shows a harmonious blending of sky, mountain, and water. Unpretending as is this little town in its external appearance, it has a history of its own;—for we have arrived at the spot where the French, two centuries and a half ago, made their first permanent settlement in America.

In the year 1604, when Henry of Navarre was King of France, Sieur De Monts, one of his favorites, obtained leave to colonize that large and ill-defined territory, then and long afterwards known as L'Acadie.

The bold fishermen of Normandy, Bretagne, and the Basque country had, from a very early period, frequented the fisheries of Newfoundland, and some of the more adventurous had now and then visited the coasts of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, previous to the seventeenth century.* All attempts however, to settle Canada and Acadia before the sailing of De Monts' expedition, had proved entirely abortive.

When the king and his able minister, Sully, had been once won over to the project, they willingly consented to give De Monts and his associates an entire monopoly of the fur-trade throughout the wide domain of which he was to be the Viceroy. The expedition was chiefly supported by the merchants of the Protestant town of La Rochelle, and was regarded with much jealousy by St. Malo and Dieppe, and other commercial cities. Nor did devout Catholics look very favorably upon an enterprise whose leader was a professor of the hated Calvinistic creed, and whose charter expressly declared that the Protestant adventurers should enjoy, in the new colony, all the privileges they possessed in France. The Catholics were, however, propitiated by the stipulation that the Huguenots should take no part in the work of converting the natives, which would be reserved especially for the priests who accompanied the expedition. In those days religious feeling was carried to extremes. The king had long been the champion of the French Protestants, and though he had been persuaded at last to recant and profess the Roman Catholic faith, yet there was always a latent distrust of his sincerity among those who were the most ardent supporters of the predominant religion. It is not, therefore, surprising that the movement of the Hugue-

* L'Escarbot mentions an old fisherman at Conseau, in 1607, who had been visiting those seas for 42 successive years. When De Monts entered the present harbor of Liverpool, he met a fur-trader by the name of Rossigoul. Many other facts might be mentioned to show that the French were frequent visitors to the coast of Nova Scotia, previous to the expedition of 1604. La Roche's expedition, which never went beyond Sable Island, was in 1598.

nots to found a new empire on the American Continent should have been watched with suspicion by those who had the interests of the Catholic church chiefly at heart. As we shall soon see, religious difficulties arose to mar the success of the early Acadian colonists.

After a great deal of trouble and expense, De Monts succeeded in getting together the number of men required at that stage of his enterprise. Some had served their time in the prisons and galleys of France, others were Catholic priests and Protestant ministers, others were volunteers of noble birth. Among the latter class was Jean de Bien-court, better known in the history of the times of which we are writing as Baron de Poutrincourt. Like the majority of the nobility, he was a soldier, and had distinguished himself throughout the wars which had ended in placing King Henry IV on the throne of France. His family belonged to the maritime province of Picardie, and was possessed of considerable landed estates. A brave soldier, a man of great energy, and conciliatory manners, he was well-fitted to assist in the establishment of a new colony.

Another distinguished associate of De Monts was Samuel Champlain, whose history is so replete with interest to the people of the New Dominion of Canada. He, in later times, was to make himself a famous name in New France; for he it was who founded the noble old city on the crest of that lofty promontory, which overlooks the St. Lawrence, and forms, with the surrounding landscape, one of the finest panoramas to be seen throughout America.

De Monts and his associates reached without accident the low fir-covered shore of Nova Scotia, visited several of its harbors and bays, and finally sailed into the Bay of Fundy, which was then called La Baie Française, and explored its shores. At St. Mary's Bay, a priest of the name of Aubrey went ashore and lost himself in the woods,—an incident which led to much wrangling and dispute; for the Catholics charged the Huguenots with having made

away with him. Happily, for the peace of the expedition, Aubrey turned up a few weeks afterwards, almost a spectre, after his weary wanderings through the inhospitable wilds of Acadie.

The expedition discovered the Ouigondi river, which they called St. John, as they saw it first on the festival of that saint, and visited many other bays and inlets. But the fact most interesting to us at present was the discovery of the basin and river of Annapolis. So delighted was the Baron de Poutrincourt with the scenery in that part of the country, that he immediately obtained a grant of a large district for a Seigneurie from De Monts, and named it Port Royal.

The place chosen as the site of the first settlement was a barren islet, which they called St. Croix. Champlain has left us some quaint drawings and descriptions of the first settlement on this islet, which they chose, with such singular infelicity, in preference to the many far more available places that could have been found in Acadie. Poutrincourt, whose fortunes we have here chiefly to follow, soon left his companions in their dreary new home, and sailed for France, with the object of making arrangements for settling his domain of Port Royal. He, however, found his private affairs in such a condition that he was unable to leave at the time he wished. Indeed, very little interest was taken in the new colony, of which very unsatisfactory reports were brought back by Poutrincourt's companions. He himself, however, was very sanguine, as to the future of Acadia, and spoke very eloquently of its varied resources, of the riches in and around its coasts, of the furs in its forests, and of the minerals that doubtless lay beneath its soil. To the King he presented a fine specimen of amethyst, which he and De Monts had picked up in the vicinity of Cape D'Or, in the Bay of Fundy. But this little blue stone was the only evidence Poutrincourt had to show of the mineral wealth of the country. Many centuries were to pass before the world would learn of the existence in Acadia of that precious metal

which has drawn so many adventurers across the sea since the time of Columbus.

While Poutrincourt was still in France, he was surprised to learn of the arrival of De Monts with very unsatisfactory accounts of the state of affairs in the infant colony. The adventurers had very soon found St. Croix entirely unfitted for a permanent settlement, and had removed to the sunny banks of the Annapolis, which was then known as the Equille,* and subsequently as the Dauphin. Poutrincourt and De Monts went energetically to work to obtain assistance for the colony, and though they succeeded in obtaining the services of all the mechanics and laborers they required, their difficulties never ceased until they set sail. The new expedition was necessarily composed of very unruly characters, who constantly broke loose, and sadly offended the staid folks of that orderly bulwark of Calvinism, the town of La Rochelle. Many of the men were in the hands of the authorities, and then, the "Jonas"—not a very auspicious name certainly—a ship of some 150 tons, which had been fitted out by two merchants of La Rochelle, went aground in a heavy storm, and could not be got ready for sea until several weeks later than the day appointed for the departure of the expedition. At last, on the 13th of May, 1606, the "Jonas," with its unruly crew all on board, left for the New World, under the command of De Poutrincourt and L'Escarbot, the latter a Paris advocate, a poet, and an historian, to whom we are indebted for a very sprightly history of early French settlement in America. De Monts was unable to leave with his friend.

The "Jonas" proved false to her name, and took the voyageurs safely across the ocean. Their first sight of the land, on the 15th of July, was under circumstances of a very favorable character, for, in the language of L'Escarbot, "the sky began to salute us, as it were, with cannon-shots, shedding tears,

* Champlain says the river was named after a little fish caught there, "de la grandeur d'un esplan;" probably the squid which is used as bait by the fisherman of the Province.

as being sorry to have kept us so long in pain; but whilst we followed on our course there came from the land odors incomparable for sweetness, brought with a warm wind so abundantly that all the orient parts could not produce greater abundance." Not till the 27th of July, however, did the ship enter the basin of Port Royal with the flood-tide, and see the wooden walls and roof of the French fort, peering above the spruce. They were soon seen from the shore, and a peal from the rude bastion awoke the echoes of the surrounding hills, and gave testimony to the joy of the two solitary Frenchmen, who, with a faithful old Indian chief, were the only inmates, at that time, in the fort. These men, La Taille and Miquilet, explained that Pontgravé and Champlain, with the rest of the colony, had set sail for France a few days previously, in two small vessels which they had built themselves. But there was no time to spend in vain regrets. De Poutrincourt broached a hogshead of wine, and the fort was soon the scene of mirth and festivity. Then, to add to the prevalent gaiety, Pontgravé re-entered the fort, having fortunately met off Canseau with a boat which had been left there by De Poutrincourt, for the purpose of exploring the west. A few days later, however, Pontgravé and a number of others sailed again for France.

Much work had to be done in that new colony before its comfort could be assured. Poutrincourt and his associates set energetically to improve the condition of things, by making additions to the buildings, and clearing the surrounding land, which soon gave evidences of the agricultural ability of the apothecary, Hebert.* As we need not tell those who have ever visited or read of the western section of Acadia, the soil is exceedingly rich. Besides the fertile uplands, there are extensive alluvial grounds, the value of which was immediately appre-

ciated by the French, for L'Escarbot speaks of them in glowing terms.

The fort stood on the north side of the Equille, and was built not only with regard to the security of its inmates, but with regard to their convenience and comfort as well. It is described as having consisted of a quadrangle of wooden buildings, surrounding a fine court. A path led through an arched gateway at the south-east corner, to the water. The magazine and storehouses stood on the east side of the quadrangle; the men's quarters on the west side; the dining-hall and lodgings for De Poutrincourt and his principal associates on the north; the kitchen, forge, oven, and offices on the south. Four cannon were mounted on a bastion at the south-west corner; a row of palisades flanked the fort. Some patches of ground were cleared about the river and in the vicinity of the fort. As far as the eye could reach was the forest, chiefly spruce, but relieved here and there by groves of maple, birch, and beech, whose lines of crimson, russet, and gold perfectly bewitched the French, when they first saw the American woods in all their autumnal glory.

All the members of the colony had their time well occupied. De Poutrincourt himself passed the rest of the summer of 1606 in an exploring voyage as far as Cape Mal-lebane. He visited the island of St. Croix, and after having met with many misadventures from storms and shoals, he finally reached his destination, which is now known as Cape Cod. Whilst off that place, several of his crew, who had gone ashore, contrary to his orders, were surprised by the savages, and all killed or fatally wounded, with one exception. According to the report of the survivor, the Indians had stolen a hatchet, whereupon the French had fired upon them. The dead were buried near the shore, but no sooner had the crew returned on board than the Indians emerged from the woods where they had been concealed, tore down the cross erected by the French, dug up the bodies, and treated them with every indignity. De

* Mr. Murdock, in his history of Nova Scotia—a laborious compilation from old documents and records—says that this Hebert afterwards went to Quebec, and settled there. Many of the old families of Canada trace their descent from him.

Poutrincourt, despairing of finding a favorable site for a new colony in a country enjoying a warmer climate, returned to Port Royal. His crew were sick and low-spirited, but they soon recovered their health and spirits when they rejoined their comrades, who listened with wonder to the narration of the perils of that unfortunate voyage.

L'Escarbot appears to have been the very life and soul of the little colony, for, naturally of a genial and lively temperament, he never liked to see anything like gloom and despondency among his companions. All his efforts were directed to infuse a spirit of kindly feeling among the little community. If anything occurred to damp their courage, his fertile mind soon devised some plan of chasing away forebodings of ill. When De Poutrincourt and his party returned in such ill spirits from Cape Mallebane, they were met by a procession of Tritons, with Neptune at their head, who saluted the adventurers with merry songs. As they entered the arched gate-way they saw above their heads another happy device of L'Escarbot,—the arms of France and the King's motto, "*Deus proteget nos,*" encircled with laurels. Under this were the arms of De Monts and De Poutrincourt, with their respective mottos,—"*Dabit deus his quoque finem,*" and "*Invia virtuti nulla est via,*"—also surrounded with evergreens. L'Escarbot was a man of the world, who well understood the versatile character of his countrymen—how much they were affected by surrounding circumstances.

L'Escarbot sowed crops of wheat, rye, and barley, in the vicinity of the fort; he worked night and day in a garden; he read prayers when the priests were unwell and unable to officiate; he did more good by his cheery manners and merry talk than all the medicine poured down by the apothecary; he was the pleasantest companion at the festive board; yet amid the many duties that engrossed him, he found time for study.

The inmates of the fort—thanks to the liberality of De Monts and his associates—were well provided with everything requi-

site to make them comfortable. But L'Escarbot's ingenious mind did not fail him, even in respect to the daily supply of fresh provisions; for he created a new order for the especial benefit of the principal table at which De Poutrincourt, himself, and thirteen others, sat daily. These fifteen gentlemen constituted themselves into l'Ordre de Bon Temps, one of whom was Grand Master for a day, and bound to cater for the company. Each tried, of course, to excel the other in the quantity of game and fish they were able to gather from the surrounding country, and the consequence was, De Poutrincourt's table never wanted any of the luxuries that the river or forest could supply. At the dinner hour the Grand Master, with the insignia of his order, a costly collar around his neck, a staff in his hand, and a napkin on his shoulder, came into the hall at the head of his brethren, each of whom carried some dish. The Indians were frequent guests at their feasts, especially old Memberton, a famous Miamac or Souriquois chief, who always retained a warm attachment for the pale-faced strangers. Songs of *La Belle France* were sung; many a toast was drunk in some rare vintage,—the flames flew up the huge chimney,—the Indians squatted on the floor, laughing like the merriest Frenchmen. When the pipe went around—with its lobster-like bowl and tube elaborately worked with porcupine quills—stories were told, and none excelled the Indians themselves in this part of the entertainment. At last when the tobacco was all exhausted, the Grand Master resigned his regalia of office to his successor, who lost no time in performing his duties. Thus the long winter evenings passed in that lonely French fort, at the verge of an untamed continent.

With the coming of spring, the colonists commenced to build a mill, and to cultivate the little patches of ground they had cleared of the forest. They also built two barques, using pitch made by the gum of the fir. Well might the Indians look with astonishment at the ingenuity of these busy

Frenchmen; at times conquering their extreme reserve and breaking forth into exclamations of delight, as they saw some new evidence of the superiority of the French over themselves.

All this while, Poutrincourt and his friends were wondering how matters were progressing in France, and anxiously expecting the arrival of a ship with news from that country. At last, late in the spring, old Memberton, always on the alert, came to tell the French at the fort that he had seen a vessel sailing up the basin. The cannon thundered its welcome to the stranger; a barque, commanded by one Chevalier of St. Malo, and bringing the bad news from De Monts that the colony would have to be broken up, as his charter had been revoked, and the company would no longer support Port Royal. The Breton and Basque merchants had combined to break up a monopoly which shut them out of a lucrative trade, and had succeeded in influencing the government to withdraw its patronage from De Monts and his associates. De Poutrincourt sadly prepared, (he had then no other alternative except to obey,) to abandon his new home by the Equille and by the 30th of July, nearly all his companions left Port Royal, which never looked more lovely in their eyes, when they passed on to the Bay of Fundy and saw the whole country in the glory of mid-summer. Poutrincourt and Champ-lain remained a few days behind the others, as the former was anxious to see the result of his agricultural experiments. When the corn was ripe, he pulled up some specimens to show his friends in France the high agricultural capabilities of much-abused Acadia. Then, in the middle of August, he sailed from Port Royal, in a shallop, for Causseau, where the "Jonas," with L'Escarbot and the rest of the colonists, were awaiting his arrival. The Indians, especially Memberton, watched the departure of their new friends with unfeigned regret, and promised look carefully after the safety of the fort and its contents. We shall shortly see whether the illiterate savage Indian ful-

filled his promise and discharged the trust that he had voluntarily undertaken.

As soon as Poutrincourt reached his native country, he did his best to gain friends at the Court, as he was resolved on making a home in Acadia. But his prospects, for a time, were exceedingly gloomy. De Monts was able to assist him very little, and the adventurous Baron himself was involved in debt and litigations, but fortune, it is truly said, favors the brave, and he eventually succeeded in obtaining a renewal of his grant from the King, and interesting some wealthy traders in the enterprise. Then, when about leaving France, some difficulties, not of a pecuniary, but of a religious character, arose, and threatened to interfere with the success of the expedition. The Society of Jesuits was, at this time, exceedingly influential at Court, and in consequence of their representations and persuasions, the King ordered that Pierre Biard, Professor of Theology at Lyons, should accompany the expedition. Biard accordingly hastened to Bordeaux, whence it was understood the ship would sail, but on his arrival there, found, to his great surprise, that nobody knew anything about it. It afterwards transpired that Poutrincourt, although a good Catholic, mistrusted the Jesuits, and was fearful of the consequences of introducing them into his colony. Many of his associates were Huguenots, and he probably thought that the presence of the wily, energetic Jesuit, would mar the harmony of the enterprise. On this account, he changed his intention of sailing from Bordeaux, but loaded a large boat, with a great variety of articles, at his maternal barony of St. Just, in Champagne, and descended the Aube and Seine to Dieppe, where his vessel was all ready for him. On the 20th of February, he set sail from Dieppe, whilst Father Biard was angrily wondering at his absence. But the Jesuits, when they ascertained the fact of his departure, were extremely angry, and took more energetic steps to carry out their design of gaining a foothold in the New World. In this matter Poutrincourt hardly displayed his usual

tact—he must have known the consequence of deceiving so wily an adversary as the Jesuit.

The success of the voyage to Acadia was nearly marred by a mutiny among the crew, which was happily quelled by the decision of the officers, and the ship entered Port Royal basin, in the beginning of June, 1610. Here they were agreeably surprised to find the buildings and contents perfectly safe, and their old friend Memberton, now a centenarian, looking as hale as ever, and overwhelmed with joy at the return of the friendly pale-faces. Among the first things that Poutrincourt did, after his arrival, was to make converts of the Indians. Père la Flèche soon convinced Memberton and all his tribe of the truths of christianity. Memberton was named Henri, after the King; his chief squaw, Marie, after the Queen. The Pope, the Dauphin, Marguerite de Valois, and other ladies and gentlemen famous in the history of their times, became sponsors for the Miemac converts who were gathered into Mother Church, on St. John's day, with the most imposing ceremonies that the French could arrange in that wild country. So enthusiastic, indeed, were the new converts, that Memberton, it is declared, was quite ready to destroy all the Indians within his reach, unless they became Christians like himself.

Conscious of the influence of the Jesuits at Court, and desirous of counteracting any prejudice that might have been created against him, Poutrincourt decided to send his son, a fine youth of 18, in the ship returning to France, with a statement showing his zeal in converting the natives of the new colony. Poutrincourt himself accompanied his son for some distance, and on his return in an open boat was blown out to sea, and nearly starved. At last, after nearly a month of suffering, he succeeded in getting back to Port Royal. Here we must leave him, for a short time, whilst we follow his youthful ambassador to France.

When Biencourt reached France, Henry of Navarre—who, with all his faults, was certainly the ablest king that ever ruled

France—had perished by the knife of Ravaillac, and Marie de Medici was Regent during the minority of her son, Louis XIII. The Jesuits were now all powerful at the Louvre, and it was decided that Fathers Biard and Raimond Masse should accompany Biencourt to Acadia. The ladies of the Court, especially Madame la Marquise de Guercheville, whose reputation could not be assailed by the tongue of scandal, even in a state of society when virtue was too often the exception, interested themselves in the work of converting the savages of Acadia, and Marie de Medici also gave a handsome contribution of money. Whilst these efforts were being used by the devout ladies of the capital for the spiritual welfare of the colony, Biencourt entered into a business partnership with one Robin de Coloignes, whose father was a man of considerable wealth, who agreed to supply the new settlers for five years with funds and necessaries, in return for certain specified profits and advantages.

When the expedition was about ready to sail, difficulties of a religious character again intervened. Two traders, by name Chesne and de Jardin, Huguenots, who were pecuniarily interested in the undertaking, objected to the departure of the Jesuits, at the same time professing their willingness to accept the services of any other priests. At this juncture, Madame de Guercheville came forward, and bought off the two Huguenot traders, whose interest was made over to the Jesuits. Thus did the indefatigable Jesuits, for the first time, engage in the work of converting the savage in the American wilderness. History cannot show examples of greater heroism and fortitude than was exhibited in after times by the successors of Biard and Masse in the Far West.

The vessel which took Biencourt and his friends back to Port Royal did not exceed sixty tons burden, but she completed her trip in four months' time. On the 22nd July, 1611, she arrived off the fort, where Poutrincourt and his colonists were exceedingly short of supplies. He had not only to

feed some fifty whites, but Memberton and his family beside, at least sixty persons in all. As the vessel last arrived contained but a small quantity of provisions, he and Father Biard took a trip to the opposite coast for further supplies. At a harbor called La Pierre Blanche they found four vessels, one belonging to M. De Monts, another to Pontgravé, and the others from Rochelle and St. Malo. Poutrincourt succeeded in making them promise to assist his son, who was to act as Vice-Admiral, while he himself went on to France with the hope of obtaining further aid.

About the middle of July, Poutrincourt left Port Royal in charge of his son, who appears to have been high-spirited and wanting in that coolness and tact which come with age and experience of the world. The total number of persons in the colony was twenty-two, including the two Jesuits, who immediately commenced to learn Miamic, as the first step necessary to the success of the work they had in hand. Biencourt appears to have had not only disputes with the Jesuits, but difficulties with traders coming within his jurisdiction. At St. John's he took Pontgravé's son and a number of others, who had built a trading hut; he collected tribute from traders at St. Croix and other places on the Acadian coast. This expedition occupied Biencourt until November, and he returned after a profitless voyage, worn-out and dispirited.

The two priests all the while were suffering many hardships, but they bore their troubles with a patience and resignation which gained them even the admiration of those who were not prepossessed in their favor. Masse, who had gone to live among the Indians, was nearly starved and smoked to death in their rude camps; but still he appears to have persevered in that course of life as long as he possibly could. About this time—soon after the return of Biencourt from the voyage just mentioned—the priests had the consolation of performing the last offices for the veteran Memberton. One hesitates to believe that the old savage had entirely forgotten his heathen superstitions,

since the historian tells us that on his death-bed he expressed a strong desire to be buried with his forefathers. The arguments of his priestly advisers, however, overcame his superstition, and the remains of the fine old Indian sagamore were finally laid in consecrated ground. Memberton was always a staunch friend of the French, and appears to have possessed many noble qualities. Father Biard, describing his person when he was nearly a hundred, said he was extremely tall, strong-limbed, and bearded.

Matters looked gloomy by the beginning of the New Year; no news had as yet come of the ship that was to bring them supplies from the Governor of Port Royal. It was found necessary to place the settlers on rations, which were rarely supplemented by presents of game from the Indians, who, with the exception of Memberton's family, had kept aloof from the little community. On the third Sunday after Christmas, Father Biard called upon Biencourt to serve out the rest of the wine to the men, as he had a presentiment that the long anxiously wished-for vessel was close at hand. The priest happily proved a true prophet, for the vessel arrived on the 23rd of January with a store of provisions which—small as it was—came very opportunely.

The news from Poutrincourt was very discouraging. Unable to raise further funds on his own responsibility, he had been obliged to accept the proffer of assistance from Mme. De Guercheville, who, in her zeal, had also bought from De Monts all his claims over the colony; and what was still more important, had obtained from the King a grant of all Acadia, with the exception of Port Royal, which belonged to Poutrincourt. The society of Jesuits were therefore virtually in possession of Acadia, as far as a French deed could give it away. But the French King forgot when he was making this lavish gift of a continent, that the British laid claims to the same territory, and had already established a colony within its limits. After many misfortunes, the little settlement of Jamestown was commencing to show some vitality and strength.

The English were already taking an interest in colonial establishments, and Shakespeare, then in the maturity of his genius, had seen in the New World the elements of an empire to be founded under the auspices of King James :—

‘Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honor and the greatness of his name
Shall be and make new nations; He shall flourish;

And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him.”

But the French thought nothing of the fact that the British were looking towards the continent of America; and certainly apprehended no danger from the insignificant colony of Jamestown, especially as the two nations were then at peace.

Such was the position of affairs at the time of the arrival of the new vessel and cargo, which were under the control of Simon Imbert, who had formerly been a servant to Poutrincourt. Among the passengers was another Jesuit father, Gilbert Du Thet, who came out as a representative of the interests of Mme. De Guercheville and of his own Order. The two agents quarrelled from the very day they set out, until they arrived at Port Royal, and then the colony took the matter up. At last the difficulties were settled by Du Thet receiving permission to return to France.

A few months later, at the end of May, 1613, another French ship anchored off Port Royal. She had been sent out with a fine supply of stores, not by Poutrincourt, but by Mme. De Guercheville, and was under the orders of M. Saussaye, a gentleman by birth and a man of ability; but wanting in the qualities necessary to manage the unruly elements around him. Poutrincourt, it appeared, was in prison and ill, unable to do anything whatever for his friends across the ocean. This was, indeed, sad news for Biencourt and his faithful allies, who had been anxiously expecting assistance from France.

The new vessel took on board the two priests, Biard and Masse, and sailed towards the coast of New England; for Saussaye's

instructions were to found a new colony in the vicinity of Pentagoet (Penobscot), at a place called Radesquit. In consequence of the prevalent sea-fogs, however, they were driven to the island of Mount Deserts, then called Pemaquid, where they found a harbor which, it was decided, would answer all their purposes. A well informed writer* says that the settlement of St. Sauveur must have been on the western side of Soame's Sound, and that on the eastern shore there had been found the signs of an old Indian village, probably that of Asticon, who was the chief at the time in question. Be this as it may, Saussaye and his party commenced to erect buildings for the new colony, when an event occurred which placed an entirely different complexion on matters.

A man-of-war came sailing into the harbor, and from her masthead floated, not the fleur-de-lis, but the blood-red flag of England. The new-comer was Samuel Argall, a young English sea captain,—a coarse, passionate, but daring man. He had been for some time associated with the fortunes of the new colony of Virginia. In the May of the year in question, he set sail in a stout vessel of 130 tons, carrying 14 guns and 60 men, for a cruise to the coast of Maine for a supply of cod-fish, and whilst becalmed off Mount Deserts, some Indians came on board and informed him of the presence of the French in the vicinity of that island. A man like Argall did not hesitate long as to the course he would pursue; he looked upon the French as encroaching upon British territory; and in a few hours had destroyed the infant settlement of St. Sauveur, and taken all the French prisoners. Saussaye was perfectly paralyzed, and attempted no defence when he saw that Argall had hostile intentions; but the priest Du Thet did his utmost in rallying the men to arms, and was the first to fall a victim to his indiscreet courage. Fifteen of the prisoners, including Saussaye and Masse, were turned adrift in an open boat; but fortunately, they managed to

* Parkman.

cross the Bay and reach the coast of Nova Scotia, where they met with some trading vessels belonging to St. Malo. Father Biard and the others were taken to Virginia by Argall.

But how prospered the fortunes of Poutrincourt whilst the fate of Port Royal was hanging in the scale? As we have previously stated, he had been put into prison by his creditors, and had there lain ill for some months. When he was at last liberated, and appeared once more among his friends, he succeeded in obtaining some assistance and fitting out a small vessel, with a limited supply of stores for his colony. His prospects appeared brightening, and he set sail in the spring of 1614 for his domain in Acadia, where was now all his worldly wealth—where he had expended so large an amount of money. When his fortunes looked the darkest,—when his enemies were in the ascendant,—he was buoyed up by the hope that he might yet overcome his difficulties, and pass the remainder of his life in his Seigneurie, on the banks of the beautiful Equille, amid the fir forests of Acadia. But none of his name or lineage were destined to live in that Acadian land.

Poutrincourt entered the Basin of Annapolis for the last time, to find his son and followers wanderers in the woods, and only piles of ashes marking the site of the buildings on which he and his friends had expended so much time and money. The fate of Port Royal may be very briefly told. The Governor of Virginia, Sir Thomas Dale, was exceedingly irate when he heard of the encroachments of France on what he considered to be British territory by right of prior discovery, and immediately sent Argall, after his return from St. Sauveur, on an expedition to the northward. Argall first touched at St. Sauveur, and completed the work of destruction, and next stopped at St. Croix, where he also destroyed the half-rotten deserted buildings. He finally reached Port Royal, and lost no time in burning the fort and all its buildings, though some authorities declare he spared the mill and barns on the river. It is very

questionable, however, if he left a single building standing, for we are told to such an extent did he show his enmity, that he even erased the fleur-de-lis and initials of De Monts and others from the massive stone in which they had been carved. Biencourt and nearly all the inmates of the fort were absent some distance in the country, and returned to see the English in complete possession. A parley was held between Biencourt and Argall; but it resulted in no satisfactory issue. The French were much incensed at the appearance among the English of Father Biard, who, according to a declaration subsequently made before the Admiralty of Guienne, wished to persuade his compatriots to desert Biencourt, and enlist in the service of Argall. One of the Frenchmen is represented to have made the very conclusive reply to this attempt to pander with his loyalty: "Begone, or I will split your head with the hatchet." The same Jesuit has also been charged with having been instrumental in persuading the British to destroy the fort at Port Royal. No doubt Biard was little disposed to be friendly to Biencourt, with whom he had so many disputes during his residence in Acadia. The fact is, Biard—indeed he acknowledges it himself in the account he left behind—was mistrusted by both French and English, who were more ready to think evil than good of him.*

The destruction of Port Royal by Argall ends the first era in the history of Acadia as a French colony. Poutrincourt bowed to the relentless fate that drove him from the shores he loved so well, and returned to France, where he took employment in the service of the King. He addressed a statement of his wrongs to the Admiralty of Guienne, but the time was unfavorable for the consideration of his case. The country was then greatly agitated on account of the aversion of the people in general to the Spanish marriages which had been arranged

* Biard subsequently reached England, and was allowed to return home. All the rest of the prisoners taken at St. Sauveur also reached France.

through Marie de Medicis and her Italian favorite, Concini, otherwise the Marquis of Anae. The Court itself was excited by quarrels and intrigues of the most contemptible character. At last, Condé, himself a Bourbon, took up arms, and was supported by the Duke of Vendôme and other prominent notables. Marie de Medicis at first attempted her usual intrigues, with a view of bringing about a reconciliation with the disaffected; but, finally, the political difficulties resulted in a civil war, which lasted for a considerable period.

There is on the Upper Seine a little town of the name of Mèri. Here the insurgents had established themselves in the autumn of 1615, and Poutrincourt was ordered to reduce the town, as he held a prominent position in the King's army. He succeeded in the attempt, but at the cost of his own life. An epitaph inscribed on his tomb at St. Just, in Champagne, states that "he was slain by Pisander, who wickedly moved a catapult, and struck him on the heart, in the month of December, 1615, in the 58th year of his age." On the same authority we learn that there was also an epitaph of Poutrincourt cut into the trees and marble, on the coast of New France:—

"Chara Deo soboles, neophyti mei,
 Novæ Franciæ incolæ,
 christicolæ
 quos ego,
 Ille ego sum magnus Sagamo nester
 Potrineurtius,
 super æthera natus
 in quo olim, spes vestra.
 Vos si fefellit invidia
 lugete,
 Virtus mea me perdidit; vobis
 gloriam meam alteri dare
 nequivi.
 Herum lugete."

Freely translated:—

"Ye progeny so dear to God,
 inhabitants of New France,
 whom I brought over to the
 Faith of Christ. I am Poutrincourt, your
 great chief, in whom was once your hope.
 If envy deceived you, mourn
 for me. My courage
 destroyed me. I could
 not hand to another
 the glory that I won
 among you. Cease
 not to mourn for me."

Baron de Poutrincourt may justly be considered the founder of Port Royal, for though De Monts was at first the leader in the Acadian expedition of 1604, yet he virtually abandoned it after a short struggle against the difficulties that surrounded him, and yielded all the responsibility to his friend. Garneau, indeed, says that he may be regarded as "the real founder of Acadia itself, as a French colony; for the destruction of Port Royal did not cause the abandonment of the province, which ceased not to be occupied, at some point or other, by the remaining colonists, whose number was augmented from time to time by other immigrants."*

Poutrincourt's conduct throughout the difficulties which met him in attempting to establish Port Royal is certainly entitled to our admiration. In his courage, energy, and perseverance, he was a type of a class of which the history of America affords many examples. The perils of unknown seas and illimitable forests were not the chief difficulties that the pioneer of civilization in America had to encounter. A thousand obstacles, arising from commercial jealousies and rivalries, and from religious dissensions, had to be met and overcome. We have seen how often Poutrincourt's success was marred by these difficulties, and how bravely he struggled against them, though, unhappily, all in vain.

Port Royal, in later years, arose from its ashes, and the fleur-de-lis, or the red-cross, floated from its walls, according as the French or the English were the victors in the long struggle that ensued for the possession of Acadia. With the foundation of Halifax, however, Port Royal became a place of little importance, and sank into obscurity. Nothing now remains to tell of its former French owners. The scene that now meets the eye of the tourist is very different from what it was in the days of

* After the destruction of Port Royal, Bien-court and a few others remained among the Indians in Acadia, but we possess no accurate information respecting his future career. He is supposed to have died in 1623.

which l'Escarbot has written so pleasantly. The country watered by the Annapolis and its tributaries is one of the most highly cultivated sections of the province of Nova Scotia, and is the abode of a large population, whose industry and prosperity are proved by the character of their farms and orchards. When we look at the beauty of the scenery and the fertility of the soil, we do not wonder that Poutincourt should have been so charmed with his new seigneurie, and should have so reluctantly given up all hope of making his home on the banks of the Equille.

Original.

IMPRISONED.—A CANADIAN SPRING
MELODY.

BY H. B. M., HAMILTON, ONT.

Thou art bound with iron, oh, river!
Icy mail thy breast doth ease;
Steel blue lights about thee quiver,
Frost mists shimmer o'er thy face.
Tall and stark thy shores enfolding
Stand the trees, like spectres dread,
Thronged in serried numbers holding
Vigil o'er the silent dead.

Wintry death and silence reigning,
Soul and sense oppress and chill;
When a sound of drear complaining
Sudden through the scene doth thrill;
Weird as music in a vision,
Fitful, melancholy, drear,
Like the wail of souls in prison,—
So it smites the startled ear.

Dost thou marvel, listening stranger?
'Tis the sad voice of the wind,
Late a wild, free forest ranger,
Now in icy cell confined;
By the Brigand Winter taken,
Doomed in caves submerged to roam,
Helpless, wailing, and forsaken—
Until Spring, deliverer, come.

When he cometh—oh, the ringing!
Crash and crack of breaking chains!
Sear the winds, their glad way winging,—
Wild birds freed, o'er streams and plains;
Singing freedom songs, unsealing
O'er the world, life's frozen springs,

Bearing light and warmth and healing
On their soft ambrosial wings!
Soft auspicious winds awaking
All sweet voices of the woods,
Out the forest tresses shaking,
Scattering wealth of bells and buds
Bearing joy for human bosoms,—
Unto youth, of hope ye sing,
Unto age—of fadeless blossoms
Of the near eternal spring.

Winds unto your sphere ascended
Paint the moral of my psalm:
Know I spirits heaven-descended
Prisoned in an icy calm—
Calm of death—upon their nature
Sin hath twined his fetters dread,
Spreading bleak and wintry feature;
Joy is silent, love is fled.

From that frozen realm there wendeth
Oft a wailing wild and low,
Not unheard, to heaven ascendeth
This the soul's blind cry of woe;
Not unmarked its fond desirings
Mid its chains for freedom dear;
Not unnoted its aspirings
For its radiant native sphere.

Breath of God vouchsafed from heaven
Bearing spring unto the soul!
Lo! the icy bolts are riven,
And the bursting fountains roll!
Upwards on rejoicing pinions
Springs the captive freed, to rove
Far through limitless dominions,
Spheres of light and warmth and love.

Love of God! oh, high and holy,
Sweet and pure, with joy's full range;
Thirsting heart that filleth wholly,—
Love that knows no end or change.
Love of man, which blessing giveth,
Scattering bounty where it goes;
Scattering sunshine, and receiveth
More of bliss than it bestows.

But of all the joy and glory
Of those freed ones to rehearse,
And to tell the wondrous story
Falleth thought and faltereth verse.
I shall be the theme describing,
When with them I join the psalm,
Through Eternal Courts ascribing
All the praise to God's dear Lamb!

AN INCIDENTAL MEETING WITH
LONDON SHARPERS.

BY ARTHUR WICKSON.

On a recent visit to Europe, while lingering a few days in the British capital, ere pressing forward to repose in the more delightful climate and amidst the remarkable scenery of the country surrounding the towering Alpine Ranges, an attempt was made upon my personal property, which, as an incident, in itself forms an interesting little paragraph in my diary; and in its effect proved instructive, as by directing my attention especially thereto, it afforded an insight into the character and habits of a class in all large communities known as "Sharpers"; and beneficial, as it served to place me on my guard against impositions in my further perigrinations.

Roguary is practised to a far greater extent, in a greater variety of ways, and above all, is carried to a higher degree of perfection, than I could have found it possible to believe before having it brought prominently before my notice. Thousands in the Empire are so successful as to be able to spend a large portion of their time in riotous living, by means of their ill-gotten gains; nevertheless, the modes of their "business" operations are very well understood. The "confidence" game in all its varied forms has been nicely ventilated. The "Lottery" scheme is widely known. The assumed "clerical" character, with his feigned seriousness and garb of sober black, has turned many unrighteous pennies. The process of the "weeding" operation and of "shop-lifting" have been repeatedly traced. The highway man, the detestable garroter, the midnight intruder on slumbering households, the pickpocket, from the member of the swell-mob to the ignorant scamp in rags, have transgressed the eighth commandment from time immemorial. The forger, the counterfeiter, and a host of sharp-witted swindlers and knaves, some using means subjecting them, if caught, to the lash of the law; others, particularly adept, placing themselves beyond its reach, all endeavor

to gain their bread by the sweat of their neighbors' pockets. Many, notwithstanding their cleverness, are surprised and punished. But of all the snares laid to entrap the inexperienced or unwary, the "fleecing" business is perhaps the most successful, and has assumed proportions terribly extensive. The existence of such roguary was a fact with which I was entirely unacquainted at my departure from home, so that I had not learned to regard humanity with distrust; otherwise, I suppose I would not have been so easily imposed upon. As it was, there was that in my appearance which indicated this as my introduction to the marvels of a great city, and betrayed me to the sharpers as their professional prey. Perhaps it was the hat, which graced my youthful brow, — a soft American felt, for be it known, every one in English cities wears the tall, silk hat; heads and house-tops, little and great, are crowned with "chimney-pots."

The means employed in this las-tamed species of villany, are chiefly gilded temptations and inducements to drink and game for value. In passing, it may be remarked to the credit of total abstinence and kindred principles, that when such temptations are presented to those whose principles or habits forbid their indulgence, they are necessarily unsuccessful, as will presently appear.

The scenes of my adventure are fresh in my memory, and are somewhat thus:— Being separated one morning from my companion-in-travel, who held our programme, I set out alone in pursuit of interesting sights or adventures. After a little reflection, I bent my steps toward the far-famed Abbey of Westminster. As I approached the grand and venerable pile, an old man presented himself to me, desiring to be allowed to conduct me through the buildings. In company with this person I entered the massive stone doorway, and proceeded to view the interior of the Abbey. The historical recollections are numerous and interesting. The gradual crumbling of the material of the original structure as it bows meekly to the all-powerful hand of

Time, deepens the feelings of awe, that possess one's soul within those hallowed walls. The mind is carried far off to the desolate plains which huddle on their breast an insignificant heap of ruins and dust, once a place mighty and populous, and the proud home of power and wealth, and of those who pronounced their walls impregnable and their might invincible. Shall this city, teeming with toiling multitudes, ever be laid so low? And shall the busy hum of men, without these walls, have passed away for ever, leaving the deserted remains to the moles and bats? The gloom and silence that prevail encourage such reflections. One gazes with interest on the flag-stones on which he walks, each one marking the resting place of the mighty dead. Both names and dates were impressed upon my memory by an automatic and bobbing apology for an intelligent guide,—a *fac-simile* of the majority of guides. Some of the slabs were very much worn by the constant tread of the visitors and tourists, and were also very dusty. To convince me that he was anxious to perform his duty thoroughly, this individual would occasionally affect to forget the essentials of some important epitaph. The application of his finger ends to the side of his knowledge box, not having the effect of refreshing his memory, as he seemed to anticipate, he would seize the skirts of his unfortunate garment and rub away quite furiously at the stone to render the inscription distinct, then, turning, would furnish the particulars in the most decisive manner. The effect would have been very satisfactory,—only like the would-be blind man, who, putting on his spectacles, and then looking over them, could read very distinctly,—he never touched the record at all. To further enjoy the man, I produced a map of the city, and requested him to indicate the position occupied by the fine old edifice. This was evidently beyond him; but he was not to acknowledge himself outdone. For a few moments he bent over the map with a puzzled expression, then pointing with his finger to the Regent's Park, replied: "Here she is." But immediately his countenance brightened, and his eyes beamed with satisfaction;—clearly he had discovered a better escape. Drawing himself to his full height, he turned with outstretched arm toward the venerable buildings, and exclaimed: "There is Westminster, there she is, what is the use of looking at the picture!" I was conducted to and left by him at the church door. The interior, like the exterior, is solemn, grand, massive, and imposing, a good specimen of the English style of architecture and finish. The morning service being in progress, I seated myself at a respectful distance, awaiting its conclusion, musing the while upon the forms and powers of spirit and mind, as exhibited by the countenance of some of England's greatest men, whose statues surround one there. The earnest and beaming face of him who did wield the sword of the spirit right powerfully,—God's ministers of peace sent to proclaim His pleasure, His law, and His mercy. The general who contributed so much to his nation's glory; who girded on his armor of steel in defence of the right; and, knowing that he fought with but human arms, looked to and trusted in Him for victory, who says: "The battle is not to the strong." Statesmen on whose word hung the destinies of nations. Men of rank and wealth whose noble and generous deeds rendered them distinguished among their fellow mortals as men who served their God. And Nature's orators, whose inanimate statues one can see in fancy, flame up in a fiery and glorious burst of eloquence, enrapturing the senses. Where are those men themselves? What do they now? While I was thus engaged, a meek-looking individual took a seat very near me, without, however, attracting any special attention,—strangers being no novelty,—and introduced himself to my notice in an unobtrusive manner. Having learned that I intended to visit next the Parliament Buildings, he assured me that there was nothing worthy of notice beyond the railing which intervened between this tran-

sept and the nave; expatiated upon the wonders of the Parliament Houses; and, at my request, consented to be my guide. We immediately proceeded thither. On the way, he inquired if I had seen some gardens having a very long name, which I do not now remember. I replied that I had not, having just arrived in London, I had seen nothing yet. The necessary tickets of admission to the House were obtained, but my guide suggested that I should see those beautiful gardens to-day; and proposed to treat me to a visit at once, saying that, after conducting me there, he would be obliged to leave me, but that I could see the buildings as well by myself on my return. As there appeared no objection to this course, I said: "Well and good." He then made himself generally agreeable, and talked pleasantly about this and about that. From a bridge he volunteered the information that there were architectural defects in the construction of the Parliament Buildings, pointing out what he considered to be wrong. These kindnesses were rewarded by my asking myself the unneighborly question: "Why should he take all this trouble for me,—a stranger to whom he is not under the slightest obligation?" On this I pondered as we went, but did not solve the problem. My friend continuing to talk, next sought to engage my confidence. We had a mutual claim to each other, he said,—strangers in a strange land, alone amidst a multitude. He communicated some of his domestic affairs; was a stonemason by trade, and recently from Liverpool. Had disagreed with his brother with whom he lived, and contemplated making a home in America. He would ask me, as a young fellow to a young fellow in trouble, to give him my opinion as to his prospect in going to New York. I felt for him in his painful situation, and answered him as clearly and faithfully as I could, and then relapsed into silence. A church edifice on our way seemed worthy of passing notice, and presenting an open gate, invited inspection. After performing this piece of business with appropriate won-

der and amazement, we resumed our way to enjoy the gardens, my friend explaining the beauties and "lions" on the way, with which he appeared quite familiar. But evidences of his good-will did not terminate here. A refreshment house was at hand. "I would allow him the pleasure,—would I not!—of exchanging a friendly glass." I was sorry indeed that I could not comply with the wishes of one who had proved himself so worthy of friendship, but it was a principle with me to abstain. He seemed displeased. I was anxious to see those wonderful gardens, however, and fearing that if he sat down with his glass and cigar his ardour for the pleasure of his new friend might be overcome by his love of ease and joviality; therefore proposed to wait outside while he should enter and renew his strength with suitable refreshments. "By no means; I will not drink unless my friend drinks also;" and thus he continued to entreat until he exhausted all his powers of persuasion. But, of course, I could only regret that I was obliged to decline; and, saying that I did not wish to deprive him of anything he might require, seated myself to wait. He entered, and soon returned with two steaming mugs. As I still resisted, he grew annoyed, and complained of pride on my part. He was "not so respectably dressed" as I was, he said—this was a mistake, which I thought only just to attribute to his modesty—"but to prove he was not a poor beggar, he would show me his purse,"—which he did, well filled with shining gold. For the moment, I am very much afraid, I forgot the theory of total abstinence, and grew ashamed of myself that I should entertain such principles as would compel me to offend so kind a companion. "Would I have a cigar?" Unfortunately I had not yet arrived at that advanced stage of culture in which people find comfort and friendship in smoke. As an attempt would end in illness, I preferred declining this kindness also, even at the risk of offending my friend still more. In short, I had to cross his every wish completely; notwithstanding this, he took a

seat by my side and entertained me with pleasant converse. This position had not long been maintained, when a third person joined us, and being warm, sat down to enjoy the air. He engaged in the conversation which ere long turned on himself. He said he was from the country—an assertion with which his appearance coincided; his dress was fairly that of an English country laborer, those everlasting corduroy pants, highly colored waistcoat, cloth cap, dusty boots, flowing blue and orange neckerchief, stick and wallet on the shoulder, and coat thrown over his arm, all added force to his assertion. His expression of countenance, his speech and manner, were so thoroughly green and primitive that they agreed with the arrangement of his toilet right well. He had been left a sum of money—a fortune indeed; had just received it, and placed a large portion in the bank, the remainder he carried. It would be a hopeless task to attempt to narrate his labyrinth of wandering recitals as to the real cause of his waiting there; but it was as clear as noonday to my unbiassed mind, that he was a jilted country cousin, and was being terribly imposed upon. I laughed in my sleeve at his foolishness, although I could not help pitying his simplicity. Presently he talked of the volunteers, regarding whom he evidently knew nothing; he also boasted of himself as a marksman. This met with a mocking rejoinder from friend No. 1; this in turn called forth a bet which was so absurd, as to be equalled only by the simpleness of him who made it. Still he was confident—"was lucky, born under the dog-star," he said—a species of superstition which, in the practical English mind, is rarely encountered. My friend jogged me, urging the certainty of success as a reason why I should take it up too. The equal certainty of the money being lost by No. 2 somewhere, was supplemented with the idea that we might as well have it as any one else. "Your mind has been very much corrupted in this big place," I thought; "still you are a good-hearted fellow, and I esteem you for that." Money gained in

this way never did one much good, I knew, moreover, a wholesome dread of withdrawing my purse from its place before strangers caused me to render an evasive answer. By coaxing, by advising, by mocking, by abusing, by every way he could think of, direct and indirect, did he endeavor to prevail upon me to join the game; but I did not wish to do so. He then began to look hopeless—I to reflect: being pressed to drink and smoke, and then, worst of all, to gamble, must mean something. Slight suspicions soon merged into the dawn of certainty. Verily, No. 1 was a professional. At length a wager was arranged between No. 1 and No. 2, and I, as a mutual and impartial friend, was requested to hold the stakes, for which service a more liberal reward was held up to mind. They accepted my silence as consent, and we all started for the field of action; but, as I did not want to waste more time, after being fairly on our way, I suddenly wheeled round, to their surprise, and waved a short good-day.

I must confess, my feelings on leaving were not pleasant. My heart smote me that I should, without one word of advice or warning, abandon my simple-hearted country friend, to the tender mercies of that unscrupulous swindler. Little did I dream that he, whom I watched going away to certain ruin, in the clutches of a London sharper, giving rise to those philanthropic feelings which are excited by the sight of a victim in the fangs of his tormenters, was an artful, experienced and skilled confederate of that sharper, trying to "fleece" me—which he undoubtedly was.

On the same day, I met with another adventure of a similar description. It was conducted on the same grand principles, but the details being different, it illustrates very nicely the various tricks and devices which rogues have at their finger ends; and their ready wit which turns every incident, however trifling, to good account. Until I became more fully acquainted with the character of this class of persons, I no more believed their tricks to be genuine, and

not mere accidents, than I believed, before witnessing the tricks of the conjuror, that such were actually performed.

Perhaps I may appear open to censure for venturing a second time so near the snare from which I had just escaped; but it must be remembered that I was abroad in pursuit of things new and strange, and counted this opportunity as one which promised to afford a chance to inspect the machinery of the "fleeing" operation with a view to understanding it more thoroughly. "Experience is the best teacher," it is truly said, and probably to the very knowledge I gained on this occasion, I am indebted for my escape from further trouble.

The Parliament Houses were "done" in due form, and after spending a few hours at the National Gallery, I set off very rapidly to reach my lodgings in the Strand in time for tea. Thinking I knew my way I disregarded all signs, and carried my mind back to the pictures. After proceeding some little time in this way, a splendidly mounted soldier of commanding appearance arrested my attention, whom I soon recognized to be one of the Royal Horse Guards "I am certainly going the wrong way; it is curious, too, for of all the different sections of London, this is the only one I claimed to know, but I did think I knew this." Thus I thought, and stopped a moment in perplexity; then remembered where I was wrong, turned me around and hastened to retrace my steps. This evident perplexity of mine, though for but a moment, appealed touchingly to the friendly feelings of a gentlemanly-looking man, who, unasked, furnished me with full directions. In his desire to assist me further, he inquired my name, residence, &c., which, after a slight hesitation, I thought not imprudent to give. "From America, indeed! I too am a stranger in London, came down last night from Liverpool. (You, too, from Liverpool! I thought: strange coincidence!) It is pleasant to have some friend to talk to,—some young fellow you know,—one feels so lonesome," he said. I entertained the same opinion. We

chatted by the way, till he suggested, in a persuasive, oblige-me sort of tone, that we should step over to a hotel to the left, and have some refreshments. Suiting his action to his word, he led the way. I objected, stating it was tea-time. With an air of contentment, he rejoined me, remarking, to renew the harmony that had been thus slightly jarred, he thought it was a fine day for walking. So I thought too. Now we approached a man who stood with his back to the walk. When we came quite up to him, my friend stopped abruptly, stooped down, and then exhibiting in his outstretched hand a well-filled pocket-book, which he had picked from the gentleman's feet, asked him if he had lost it. A perfect storm of thanks, and profuse showers of entreaties to receive reward, was the grateful acknowledgement. My friend replied: "On the part of himself and his friend from America,—eh! excuse him for calling me his friend,—hoped I did not think him obtrusive. Both strangers here, you know." (And with this a formal introduction between myself and the second unknown, by one apparently unknown to either of us.) "I am sorry, &c." In short, he declined the reward for us; but, being hardly pressed, *for us*, he accepted the invitation to join in a friendly glass to good luck. The service thus rendered to the purse-loser was of course quite sufficient to create a bond of lasting friendship; and was of such a nature as to admit of confidence on the all-important matter of money. He had just received a legacy (another coincidence—my morning friend had just been left a fortune), left him by a late relative on the Continent. His accent was foreign. Evidently he was a Frenchman. The sum restored was to him as but a drop in his bucket of wealth. But it evinced a noble spirit, and he was glad to meet men with spirits so noble. I was constrained to accompany them to see the process and termination, for I did not till the last perceive that the two had a mutual design against myself, but thought that now No. 1 would transfer his attentions to our foreign

friend. I must confess to a feeling of surprise at the taste of my entertainer in his choice of lodgings, when he conducted us through a quiet dark street, into a yet darker house, and upstairs to a still quieter room. But as it was a little remote from the sharp ring and clang of the mighty roar of London, the comparative quiet was very welcome. Of course the circulating medium of the spirit of friendship was immediately invoked to give concord to our circle. I accepted a corked bottle of ginger ale, for my fancy pictured an unpleasant scene in case they should administer anything drugged. Ere long two other persons from below joined our company. Once more, of course, the harmony or pleasure could not progress or be maintained in the absence of a supply of prime regalias. The deficiency was at once made good by the voices of my two friends in chorus. Each one claimed the right to discharge the small liability incurred by this indulgence. "As a friend, it is my right." "On account of the service rendered, it is my privilege;" (this with the French accent). "I invited you here." "I'll toss you up for it." "Well! I lay a sixpence you lose, and then I will have the pleasure, &c.;" "There is a crown you lose your sixpence," by No. 3; "Here is a crown you don't," inserted edgeways by No. 4, followed each other in rapid succession. It will be readily understood that the extra two individuals, seeing game so nearly bagged, thought surely they must join in the hunt, and have a finger in so very fine a pie. It being rather foreign to my purpose on the present occasion, and contrary to my custom to bet, I failed to do so in the excitement, as it was evidently expected I would do. My first friend kept his eye in a position to turn on me ever and anon. I was now rapidly comprehending his intentions. He did not bestow his entire regards upon the foreigner, but reserved a portion for me, so I prepared myself accordingly. In order to secure my interest in the proceedings, I was appointed referee, and was requested to supply a coin to throw up; it being suggested at the same

time, in a not-the-slightest-consequence kind of tone, that a sovereign would be a suitable piece. I handed over a copper, which was received with thanks, and remarks as to its perfect suitableness. Business now commenced. Failing to perform this duty of umpire in a very enthusiastic manner, I did not give satisfaction. A process of testing the properties of the materials in hand then took place. Having chosen a position between the foreigner and himself—the leader, my would-be-friend, No. 1—placed me there. The game proceeded; each of the two tossed a coin. My special satellite made motions to me for assistance, as I occupied a position commanding a view of the respective operations of each party. I affected to be unconscious of any such motions. Other and more definite signs slyly followed. I was still oblivious. Signs were repeated. My attention was at length secured, but the signs were incomprehensible. He clung to his plan with a pertinacity not to be discouraged, and when gestures which no one could misinterpret followed, I declared clearly and positively that I would not be a party to cheat our mutual friend, and intimated a desire to depart. This would on no account be consented to. I was most politely requested not to withdraw my company. It would be cruel to deprive them of my "interesting society." The foreigner seemed to be accounted now the common prey. If he won, he was so far imposed upon as to be made believe he had not, and ought to pay, and did so accordingly, out of a temptingly fat purse. My decision was frequently appealed to, but not understanding the rules of the game very well, I generally avoided the appeal. Once or twice I gave judgment at random, which I subsequently discovered to be wrong. I again desired to be excused, though reluctantly, for I was interested in the fate of the Frenchman, as well as in the "fleecing process" by which I thought they were trying to rob us both. This time I was met in a different manner. Etiquette was referred to. As one of a party of gentlemen, I was not at liberty to

vacate my seat in the midst of a game, in the result of which all were deeply interested. It would destroy the game. I persisted, and for so doing was abused in good set terms. They seemed to be so annoyed that I supposed I would be detained by force. So meekly resuming my place, I awaited a favorable opportunity to escape. The place was getting rather warm, and any valuables one might have were in danger of melting away. Without, I think, exhibiting alarm, I felt that prudence dictated a retreat. I was informed in the next game that the play could not proceed unless I staked an amount in concert with the other players. To subdue feeling and suspicion and divert attention from myself, I complied with the demand; and, at the conclusion of the game, although conscious that my side had been victorious, secured only my own deposit. The gain was speedily appropriated on the sly by No. 3. After this a ridiculously stupid wager was laid, which I perceived to be a bait; for to take money on it would be simply a downright atrocious theft, even if gambling was not robbery. The stake was large. On a slight demur, I was jogged on the one hand, winked at on another, a third party nodded and looked knowing, while the folly of losing such a golden opportunity was whispered in encouraging style. Meanwhile the foreigner boldly repeated his challenge. The amount was large, and I still hung fire. The leader had noticed with what reluctance I produced the absolutely necessary amount before, and cunningly suggested that as the bet was sure for us, he would assume an additional share on my account. I could join him, and he would make the deposit. "Yes, that will answer," I replied; "so do." "In that case, you will just hand me half the amount," he returned. I looked up a little surprised, and gave him to understand that I would not just do anything of the kind, adding, "it is your game, not mine; play it, and you will have the profit." I considered that if the money was not to be trusted in the centre of the table, well, in

the palm of his hand would be simply the old thing over again,—“Out of the frying-pan into the fire.” While the swindlers were busy trying to arrange matters—for swindlers attempting to “fleece” me, I have now no hesitation in asserting the two prominent characters most certainly were—(as to whether the other two individuals were members of the same gang, or even of the same “profession,” or were simply accidental callers, attracted to us at first by curiosity, I leave each to entertain the opinion to which he most inclines)—I quietly arose, and saying, “Excuse me, gentlemen, I’m going,” took up my hat, and went. I descended those stairs, and passed through the dark room like a lamp-lighter; and then, almost before they could be aware of their game’s intention to foil them, with a feeling of security, I was proceeding at a comfortable pace to my lodgings.

Original.

THE SONG OF HOPE.

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

I.

I gild the hours of boyhood’s days
With golden rays,
And paint with roseate hues the morrow;
I dry the flowing tears of sorrow,
And change with magic wand the fears
Of all its years.

II.

And I illumine proud manhood’s prime
In every clime,
With light to guide its footsteps ever;
I leave it to sole shadow never,
But lovingly my strength impart
To hand and heart.

III.

Old age, too, crown’d with hoary hairs
My livery wears,
And on me smileth, as it gazes
On weary life’s departing phases;
Content to call me in the end,
Its faithful friend.

IV.

Nor over man’s mundane path alone
My rays are strewn;
My lamp hangs o’er the swollen Jordan,
Beside whose waves he drops life’s burden,
And lights the bourne beyond its shore
For evermore!

Original.

OUR ORIGINAL HOME IN CANADA.

BY UNCLE TIM.

I am now an old man. Nearly seventy years have passed away since Polly and I commenced to toil with willing hearts to establish a home in the backwoods in Canada. My memory often recalls scenes which my great grandchildren living around me never dream of at the present day. Here, where stands what the modern architect might term a highly-finished edifice, once stood our little log-cabin with its stick chimney and low protruding roof. All around might be seen trees of oak, beech, and maple, with here and there a tall pine, which, with the thick underbrush, formed a wood that seemed almost impenetrable. Although such a home would be anything but agreeable to those who have always lived on the "old farm," yet to me it seemed dearer.

My children, with everything of a worldly nature to make them comfortable, ought to be contented, yet I cannot help but notice the many things they allow to annoy them. They complain of the summer's heat, and of the winter's cold. They complain of "hard times," when they have hundreds of bushels of different kinds of grain. They complain because it rains, because it is so dry; because the piano gets out of tune; because their dresses do not exactly fit; because—of what do they not complain?

Now, in the days of "long ago," there was none of this complaining, so contented with our lot were Polly and I. What did we care for the heat in summer when we could find such a comfortable asylum in our vine-covered cabin, where the sweet breezes were not refused an entrance; or what if the cold in winter was intense, we only had to pile the dry logs higher on the hearth and draw our stools nearer the exhilarating blaze. And what did we know about hard times?

We knew nothing of what people in these days call *welfth*, and we were ignorant of

the formalities attending it. Our bread, baked in the old brown kettle, was so nice; and who could not be refreshed with a bowl of bread and milk? We always had enough for ourselves, and generally a little to give to the unfortunate; and what we gave we gave freely,

Our neighbors, I love to think of them, what kind people they were! If ever one of us was ailing, how ready they were to lend a helping hand. Then there was never any mischief-making. Everyone read the Bible, and seemed to live up to the Saviour's injunction, "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

There was no aristocracy then; no superfluous titles. There were uncle Pete, and aunt Katie, aunt Polly, and uncle Tim; and I love to be called that yet.

In those days we dressed to be comfortable and not to appear fine. In our warm flannel and thick boots we were not afraid to venture out on the coldest days in winter. We knew nothing of tooth-ache and back ache, and the many kinds of aches I hear my grandchildren complaining of now.

We had no railroads then. When we travelled we went on foot, or yoked up the "steers," as we used to call them. We seldom met with any accidents; the greatest obstacles in the way being sometimes a monster bear, or a pack of wolves that caused us to hasten to the nearest settlement. In case of an emergency, however, the loaded rifle, that was generally our companion in travel, was sufficient to banish our fears.

I wonder how my nice little great-grandchild, Nellie, who charms her fashionable admirers with the latest music, would like to be seen riding to church in a lumber wagon with oxen for steeds! Her great-grandmother and I did so without detracting anything from our enjoyment, but adding much thereto. We were grateful for such a conveyance, and thankful that the minister of the Gospel had found his way into the new settlement.

We had no fine chapel with cushioned pews, etc.; but the place of worship was in

he open air or in the little log school-house. What attentive listeners might be seen there while the preacher in his simple style repeated the story of the Cross! Then was always fulfilled Christ's promise, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst."

The grass has grown green over Polly's grave, and it is strange that old Tim is left alone so long. But in a short time there will be another mound raised in the churchyard, and this stooping form will be lying with hers to await the judgment call, and when we meet in heaven, if kindred spirits there feel inclined to converse of things below, Polly and I will talk of the days we spent while living in the little log-cabin in the woods in Canada.

Original.

VISIT TO A BUDDHIST TEMPLE IN CHINA.

BY A CANADIAN.

It had long been contemplated by me to visit one of the most noted attractions in the neighborhood of Fuh-chau-foo, and perhaps one of the principal objects of interest in China, namely, the Buddhist monastery at Kushan. Our party having assembled together between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, we proceeded to the river-side and embarked, soon finding ourselves running down with the tide, and rapidly borne along the water with the chorus of the boatmen.

The sun having been obscured for many days previous, presented himself from behind the mountains and shed his softening rays on the intermediate valleys. Kushan could be seen in the distance. It lies on the east side of the river Min, is the highest mountain, forming a range running parallel with the river, and is distant about five miles from the city.

Having reached the landing, we prepared for our pedestrian movement. We distributed our overcoats among our servants, and saw the "chow-chow" (refreshment) basket placed on a bamboo pole, its

extremities resting on the shoulders of coolies. We were soon on the march, but had not proceeded far before we became sensibly impressed with the grandeur of the scenery. We halted frequently, but unconsciously, to look beneath us in wonder and praise, at the indescribable grandeur in which nature was adorned. The hills and mountain-sides were terraced and in a state of healthy cultivation.

The flats intervening between the mountains were also yielding their increase, and on no spot, not even to the mountain tops, could our eyes rest where one foot of eligible soil had not been converted to profit and adornment by the husbandman. After having walked, at times with difficulty, beneath the shade of pine and other trees, and over bare and elastic clay, we struck a road made centuries ago, and in no way impaired by the constant use to which it has been put since its formation. It is of immense stone-flagging wide, enough to permit of five persons comfortably to walk abreast, and many hundred feet in length. Rocky interruptions to its uniformity, however, occasionally presented themselves, but did not impede the progress of the traveller, for the stone-cutter had there appeared when he little thought that his labors would be a source of convenience to the outside barbarian, and steps had been, ages gone by, chizzled out of the granite.

Characters were also inscribed on the rocks. With every step we were reminded of the past. The solid road looked old, but far from decay. The characters on the rock had assumed the brown and grey color of the surface of the stone which could be seen behind its mossy veil. We arrived at a resting-house erected across the road, and learned, by an inscription, which was translated for us by one of our party, Mr. M., the British Consul at Fuh-chau-foo, that a foreign prince, on proceeding to the monastery, had once changed his clothes at this particular spot. As we entered the porch we passed two stone censers, one of which was exceedingly pretty. Here we saw immense Chinese characters deeply

engraved on the rocks. On our right was a deep gully.

Leaving this place, the path widened, and on each side was a wall of stone about three and a half feet in height. We passed some Chinamen, who were engaged in making an excavation for a house, and we witnessed them removing the water from the cellars after the fashion of the Egyptians. Four ropes were affixed to the opposite parts of a bucket, above and at the bottom, those at the top being shorter than those below. Two Chinamen stood at the corner of the excavation or cellar, each taking the shorter rope in his left hand, and the longer one in his right; the bucket is then swung between them, and, when it has gained a sufficient velocity, it is dropped to the water, which it scoops up without appearing to check its upward curve, and proceeds to the length of the shorter rope, which is dropped by the Chinamen. Receiving a sudden check from the longer one the water is thrown far from it, and the bucket is simultaneously pulled back in the same swinging way, to make another descent without a moment's loss; others were pumping out the water by the use of a wheel which was kept in a rotary motion by stepping alternately on two arms which issued from the axle. Tin cups, very similar in shape and size to those used in the mills in Canada, for conveying flour from the bin to the loft, were fastened on the outside of the wheel, and emerged from the water, well filled, to empty their contents on a slide, when the descending motion began. The consequence was there was a constant stream, and two men, by relieving each other every ten or fifteen minutes, could remove a great deal of water in a day. These water-wheels are in common use throughout China, for the purpose of irrigating the paddy-fields in the dry season, and hundreds of acres are submerged in the simple but ingenious manner above described.

In a few minutes we were standing before the vestibule of the Temple, leading up to which was an inclined plane of mas-

sive stone, covered with wheat, which had been put there to dry. On entering the vestibule, much was to be seen to arouse our wonder, and claim more than momentary notice. Fronting the door, sat an immense gilded figure representing the "Laughing Joss," the janitor of every Buddhist Temple. As nearly as I could judge, it was about ten feet in height, as seated, and twenty feet in circumference; his legs were crossed after the fashion of tailors, his hands resting upon his knees. It was magnificently put together, and the gilding was as if new. On either side of the vestibule, and immediately opposite to each other, sat two guards, the very impersonation of fierceness." These figures were as large as the gigantic idol, which they were supposed to protect, and their garb was in keeping with their calling. One held a serpent, another an umbrella, the third a musical instrument, and the fourth a sword; each wore an immense crown. Leaving the vestibule, we entered a stone-built court-yard, in the centre of which was a large reservoir, which was supplied with water from the mountain top. Between the stone flagging and steps leading up to the temple, were many kinds of flowers in full bloom, and among them I discerned double variegated coxcombs. They shot up as weeds from the seams between the steps, but I could not discover whence they derived their nourishment. The principal or "Inner Temple," is elevated about five feet above the court-yard, and both internally and externally is exceedingly plain. At the head of the room is the chancel, where are seated immense gilded figures, representing the Past, Present and Future Buddhias. Between each was a priest in a prayerful attitude, and from the ceiling a lantern was suspended. Extending down the sides of the room were seated beneath a pretty canopy twenty-eight rohans (attendants), nine being on each side, and in each corner of the room was the black king, *i. e.*, Satan. At regular intervals throughout the body of the room were small stools covered with mats, which were used by

the priests while performing the service. Buddha means "Sage," and my friend Mr. S. Wells Williams,* whose instructive society I enjoyed in China, in his valuable work on that wonderful country, entitled "The Middle Kingdom," at page 251, vol. ii., writes with reference to its tenets as follows:—"The tenets of Buddhism require a renunciation of the world and the observance of austerities to overcome evil passions, and fit its disciples for future happiness. A vow of celibacy is taken, and the priests dwell together for mutual assistance in attaining perfection by worshipping Buddha and calling upon his name. They shave the entire head as a token of purity . . . they profess to eat no animal food, wear no skin nor woollen garments, and get their living by begging, by the alms of worshippers, and the cultivation of the grounds of the temple;" and, I may add, are, from my observations, as disgusting a sample of educated humanity as could be exhibited by any power on earth.

In a room immediately behind the inner temple, sits the "Amida Buddha" (*i.e.*, God of Longevity), with his associates, the Goddesses of Mercy, one being on each side of him.

They were all of iron, and bronzed. An immense drum and bell were suspended from the ceiling, the latter being sounded by means of a suspended piece of iron about sixty pounds in weight, and from which a cord reached to the floor. The bell-man would seize this cord, and drawing back the iron as far as he could, would then allow it to fall with all its force against the bell, and the sound would reach for miles. The priests showed us two life-like images of priests made out of clay, and coloured, not more than five or six inches high, and the most wonderful curiosities I had seen in China. The secret of the preparation appears to be forgotten entirely.

* This gentleman will be remembered as having addressed several anniversary meetings in Montreal some years ago, when he gave much valuable information respecting China.—EDS. N.D.M.

The library contained nothing but a few empty book-cases, everything of any value having been removed, as we were informed, to the principal temple at Puto, near Chusan.

Having visited the poultry yard, where we saw a pig with only three legs, and a large bell, which has been made to toll every minute, from time out of mind, by the action of water, we repaired to the breakfast room, having learned that the priests were about to partake of their morning repast. Fortunately, they had not assembled before our arrival, so we witnessed the preliminaries.

They did not enter in a body, but singly, or in groups of two or three, as they chose. Some of them stealthily carried under their sleeves little cups of pickles or other luxuries, according to their fancy, which they exhibited to us in a laughing manner before reaching the tables, notwithstanding the risk they incurred of being detected by the head priest.

There were several very plain tables and benches distributed throughout the room, and on each table were two bowls, one for boiled rice, the other for the vegetables, with which they were filled from large pails by a servant.

The Abbot being absent, the next in authority presided. He entered the room alone, and after taking his seat he rang a bell, upon which all stood up; another bell, and the priests resumed their seats, chanting at the same time in a monotonous strain, some prayers of thanksgiving for the food before them. Another bell, and the hands are placed together, while the Superior presents to a priest some food placed between two brazen hands (that it may not be defiled by the touch of the recipient), for the Joss at the entrance to the hall. The priest spreads the food before him, making his obeisance at the same time. The entering inside was regulated by the Superior, who beat at measured intervals on a wooden instrument, until the return of the priest who had been in attendance on the Joss, when all commenced with the chopsticks as only Chinamen can do.

Our journey at this point being only half completed, we moved towards the top of the mountain, which we reached after a good deal of exertion and having undergone a corresponding amount of fatigue, The mountain was shaped like a sugar-loaf, consequently its apex was not more than a hundred feet square, and in no direction was our view obstructed.

Elevated, as we were, to a height of four thousand feet above the level of the sea, the surrounding country appeared to be attracted by the ponderous pile on which we stood, and to wrap itself around its base and far up its sides. Through a telescope we saw the yards of our ship, which was twenty miles distant, lowered; with the naked eye, I saw ninety-one villages; the two branches of the river between the ocean and the city; the Bohea Hills in the distance, rising one over the other, like Pelion on Ossa; and fleets of widely separated fishing smacks. Two millions of people were within the range of our observation, and thoughts too deep to be adequately described crowded on the mind, and consumed each other. Nature and art were in happy harmony. I have yet to see the country where their welcome will be so gratifying to a visitor as it is in China.

Boasting nuisances in the form of self-appointed patriots exist in all countries, and when abroad find nothing to admire which contains not the color of their prejudices. Place them, however, on the top of Kushan, and while they love not their native land less, they will appreciate that of John Chinaman more.

Original.

GOOD NIGHT.

BY JOHN READE.

I.

Good night! God bless thee, love, wherever
thou art,
And keep thee, like an infant, in His arms!
And all good messengers that move unseen
By eye sin-darkened, and on noiseless wings

Carry glad tidings to the doors of sleep,
Touch all thy tears to pearls of heavenly joy
Oh! I am very lonely, missing thee;
Yet, morning, noon, and night, sweet memo-
ries
Are nestling round thy name within my
heart,
Like summer birds in frozen winter woods.
Good night! *Good night!* oh, for the mutual
word!
Oh, for the loving pressure of thy hand!
Oh, for the tender parting of thine eyes!
God bless thee, love, wherever thou art! Good
night.

II.

Good night, my love! Another day has
brought
Its load of grief and stowed it in my heart,
So full already, Joy is crushed to death,
And Hope stands mute and shivering at the
door.
Still Memory, kind angel, stays within,
And will not leave me with my grief alone,
But whispers of the happy days that were
Made glorious by the light of thy pure eyes.
Oh! shall I ever see thee, love, again,
My own, my darling, my soul's best beloved,
Far more than I had ever hoped to find
Of true and good and beautiful on earth?
Oh! shall I *never* see thee, love, again?
My treasure found and loved and lost, good
night.

III.

Good night, my love! Without the wintry
winds
Make the night sadly vocal; and within,
The hours that danced along so full of joy,
Like skeletons have come from out their
graves,
And sit beside me at my lonely fire,—
Guests grim but welcome, which my fancy
decks,
In all the beauty that was theirs when thou,
Didst look and breathe and whisper softly on
them.
So do they come and sit, night after night,
Talking to me of thee till I forget
That they are mere illusions and the past
Is gone forever. They have vanished now,
And I am all alone, and thou art—where?
My love, good angels bear thee my good
night!

Original.
UNDER THE BOUGHS.

BY W. W. S.

I sometimes think, as I sit musing under the trees, that the greatest trouble with respect to knowledge is not the acquiring, but the retaining it. We hear an elaborate lecture on the facts of science; but with the exception of two or three pleasant anecdotes astutely thrown in, we could a month after by no means reproduce it, however carefully we may have listened to it. It has, however, left its flavor in our little scientific world; its influence abides. We read such a book as "Froissart"; have our brain full of chivalry and feudal diplomacy, and detect ourselves interlarding our speech with terms that have now no currency, but with bookworms. But the "history" of the book (as our memory looks back upon it from the last page) is shadowy indeed with us. A few episodes, and a few observations of the author remain with us; and, as far as regards the direct memory of his words, that is all. Though the fluctuations of the "Battle of Otterbourne" are gone from us, perhaps we remember the observation he made, that it was wise in the Scots to have determined beforehand how they would act if attacked in the night. The concrete essence of that observation is laid away in the mind, labelled and numbered for future use. I thought of it but last night, as I set the chairs from the middle of the room, and saw precisely where the matches were before going to bed. Who could tell how suddenly an alarm might arise in the night? It was well therefore to make some dispositions for one's safety and convenience. Again, a little ghost-story he tells in one of his multitudinous pages, carries its own moral: A man had lived in a haunted house, till, harrassed by a ghost, he could endure no longer, he was moving to another habitation. A friend met him on the road.

"Are you moving?"

A voice from among the baggage replied:

"Yes, we 're moving!"

The *thing*, whatever it was, was among the stuff!

"Oh, if *you* are there," said the persecuted man, "I may as well go back!" and back he went, to dispute again with the ghost in his old quarters.

"Out of the frying-pan into the fire"; and "it is wise to put up with ills we cannot avoid." But then "Froissart's" little story is a pleasant way of teaching it.

If any among us who have read till reading has become like an instinct, and whose habit of observation seems to have become but an engine for the help of others, were compelled to put into formal shape the chapters and sections, the odds and ends of human wisdom, which we have dawdled over or devoured, bought in a dear market, or had forced upon us willy-nilly, which have come to us on golden wing, or smitten us as the summer hail—it is almost certain that shape would be a form the age too much despises, "old-saws." These are the sediment, the "precipitate" of wisdom; nor can we realize how much of dear-bought experience has oft been concentrated in a proverb. This is a faithless age, and we will not receive proverbs. And the difference, I apprehend, between having a proverb and the wisdom intended to be concentrated by it, is as the difference between having money which has been bestowed as a gift, and having the same amount as the product of our own industry. On the one hand, we have felt the toil that earns the money; and, correspondingly, have undergone the experience that underlies the proverb; on the other hand, it is "easy come, easy go," with both.

A proverb is wisdom concentrated. That wisdom is the product of experience. Another man's experience, then, might be to me as valuable as my own, if I would but think it so, and thus thinking, receive it. He gives me a few old saws, as a compact way of conveying to me his wisdom and experience; and I, like all others of my race, refuse to receive them at anything like the mint value. Years after, by toilsome processes, I arrive at that very

point; but remembering my own unwillingness to receive any man's "proverbial philosophy," I am compelled to keep my own as a private store; and in secret (with perhaps a little of spite at a world so incredulous), "drink water out of my own well."

The world will not have saws. Let us hope it is because the world has some better way of obtaining and conveying wisdom. Our wisdom and experience we send down to posterity in volumes, in "systems," in elaborate codes; our ancestors sent us the flavor of their wisdom, as the Argentines send us their beef—in extract.

I regret to see that almost the only use the present age makes of old saws is to match them with some smart reply. Like the correspondence between the old New England woman and her son in the West:

"John, come home; *a rolling stone gathers no moss.*"

"Mother, come out here; *a sitting hen never gets fat.*"

Proverbs will often furnish stones for each side to fling at the other in an argument. Shallow minds, barrel-head Platos, stick-whittling philosophers, have therefore concluded that an old saw could only be valuable as a foil to their own wit, and have straightway set about finding answers to them. As when one, consoling himself over repeated failures with the wise saw, "Every dog has its day," was hit fair between wind and water with the apochryphal addition: "A great consolation for *puppies*"; or when, in relation to the hitherto unchallenged axiom that "A cat may look at the king," we are unpleasantly reminded that "through so doing, the mouse escaped."

I love proverbs. Perhaps partly because they have become unpopular, for there is a stimulating fascination in being on the unpopular side. And could I think any one would remember them, I could even add to their number. But he shoulders a great responsibility who adds to the waste-lumber of literature; so all I shall venture to do is to drop a few experimental saws, just as I am turning the corner of silence. Do not doubt that I shall, myself unseen,

look back to see if any one picks them up:

Tears are a language learned at Eden's gate; and to be forgotten there.

We see life as in a mirror; but its realities are not found behind the glass.

He who sups with Jupiter must needs be immortal.

The thinker, like the farmer, threshes and winnows in winter what he gathers in summer.

The pen need never sleep; but the sword *must*.

The left hand, when it is trained, is as good as the right.

The horse that stands to be burned, is not thereby a *martyr*.

Passion cooled, is not sin conquered.

Opportunity's door has no knocker.

THE HIRED GIRL.

(Re-written for the *New Dominion Monthly*.)

BY FRANK JOHNSON, ASCOT.

Oh, pity me, mother,—oh, pity me, mother!

Don't blame me—I may have done wrong—

Still—pity me, pity me—kindly look on me;

It will not be, mother, for long.

You know, when you parted my hair by the gate,

And lovingly looked in my face,

How timidly, fondly, your heart spoke its fears,

That thy Jane was still young for a *place*.

Ah, mother, as rated, too young did she prove;

No father to counsel, to warn;

No mother to whisper the world's many wiles,

Jane had all, to her sorrow, to learn.

Could I tamely have borne with another's hard wants,

I had still been the Jane that I was;

No finger had pointed me out in reproach,

Nor, as now, raised a blush at the cause.

Ah, how oft, when away, did I flatter my heart

With the hope of replenishing home;

How proudly I stored, bit by bit, what I earned—

How I counted up what was to come!

Oh, *you* who so meanly have robbed me of what
I deemed least in danger from thee;
Had pity no power, when passion impelled,
For *affection* lay only with me.

Yet—not too severely—he once seemed to love
me,

The hard world may have thwarted his will;
Forgive me my weakness, but One other
knows

How dear, though in fault, he is still.

Mind, mother, the case on the side where you
sit,

All I hoarded is waiting within;
Don't slight it—don't spurn it,—oh, no, no,
believe,

Not a piece is the wages of sin.

No, mother, thy name is not tarnished that far.

I trusted—and—I was deceived;
I felt that I could not another betray.
So I foolishly, fondly believed.

Had I known, as I now know, the treacherous
world,

I had been, mother, more on my guard;
It saw I was only your poor simple girl,
That confided in all it declared.

Oh, promise me, mother, this only request,

It in part for my fault may atone,
If perchance any other find shelter in me,
To record what has passed—on a stone.

Should my poor shade awhile linger 'round
where I lie,

'Twill be something of comfort to see,
That all hearts are not like the many—that some
Have still a tear left them for me.

And *he* too may own, when he learns, at my
grave,

How death had less terrors than shame,
That a worse than poor Janey may yet cross his
path,

And a richer less honor his name.

Don't chide me, good mother—kiss—kiss thy
own girl!

A forgiving is all that I crave;
The heart that so trusted has done with the
world,

And must reckon henceforth with the grave.

Original.

THE PAST AND PRESENT OF THE
OTTAWA VALLEY.

BY FANNY LOYD.

On looking over the past—some thirty or thirty-five years ago—and on comparing it with the present, what a contrast is presented! My earliest recollections are of a home in the backwoods in the Valley of the Ottawa; our dwelling was the low-roofed shanty, common to new settlements in Canada. It stood on a rising ground in the centre of a small clearing, which was surrounded by a dense forest, the timber principally hard-wood, with here and there a tall pine, which waved its bushy top in the breeze high above all others; and as no other human being appeared, we seemed to be shut out, or rather shut in, from the rest of the world; and on account of the clearings, and of there being so much unbroken forest, the settlers seemed to be at a great distance from each other; and as there were no roads, but by beaten paths through the woods, there was but little coming and going between the settlers. But as the forest retreated, year after year, before the sturdy settler's axe, and as dwelling after dwelling appeared, exchanges of visits between the settlers became more frequent. At that time the settlers thought the trees were their greatest enemies, and, on that account, their first thought was how to get rid of them; but the forest proved to be a friend, which at that time they were not aware of, as it sheltered them in winter from many a stormy blast, and also gave shelter in the summer season to numerous birds. Since the clearings have been enlarged, and the woods stand far from our dwellings, the winter's blast sweeps over the fields unchecked, blocking up our paths and highways; and, in the absence of the woods, we miss the sweet notes of the spring and summer birds. The winter season in these times was generally spent in solitude, especially by the women and children, the men being mostly employed during that

part of the year at the lumbering business; and on entering one of these low-roofed, snow-capped, lonely-looking dwellings, and inquiring for the husband and parent, the almost certain answer would be: "He is away at the shanty." The names of the streams on which they were employed would be quite familiar in the settlements. Such streams as leave the Blanche, Gatineau, Mississippi, Madawaska, and Bonchère rivers. Although some of the last mentioned were many miles distant, their names were as household words in the settlements; but as the ice-bound winter gave way before the March sun and genial spring showers, the men would return to their homes, and the busy time would commence in the settlement. The sound of the axe and of falling trees would resound from clearing to clearing.

In those days wolves and bears were numerous, and gave great annoyance to the settlers; and well do I remember being aroused one dark night, and the chill that crept over me by the howlings of the ravenous wolves, and how we bestirred ourselves with the sheep and young stock. Owners who neglected to secure their stock inside of high walls the previous evening would be certain to be minus of stock in the morning. I have also listened to the howlings of these ravenous creatures at midday, and to the bleating of poor, unfortunate deer they were pursuing; and as the bleating of the deer would cease, as no doubt they were appeasing their appetite on the carcase of their slain victim. Now those pests have retreated into more unsettled parts, leaving us quite undisturbed by their presence. As for their forest companions, the bears, they did not give us so much trouble as did the wolves, though they still frequent the neighborhood. Their chief annoyance was in entering the clearances after night had set in, and making havoc with the oats and Indian corn; and many a plan was laid to trap or kill them. The favorite plan, as it gave much amusement to the young men, was to

erect a scaffold in the parts the bears frequented, and shoot them therefrom; but this could only be done by moonlight, and laughable accidents used now and then to occur, and well do I remember one of the settlers, rather an oddity in his way, who being much annoyed by the bears making various inroads into a field of late oats, rejoiced exceedingly over the finding of a natural scaffold, as he called it. It was in the trunk of a large pine, the top of which was broken off, leaving a stump some twenty or twenty-five feet high, and some ten or fifteen feet from the ground; the fire had entered, probably by a pitch knot, and burned a place sufficient to admit of one person in a sitting position. To this the man went at night, with loaded gun and ladder, and after having seated himself comfortably, quietly waited the coming of the bear. Some hours later, when all was silent, his listening ear detected the bear's approaching footsteps, and he was preparing to fire, when a large owl, in her nightly rambles, alighted on the top of the stump, and instantly gave one of her loud notes—"Hoo-o-o! hoo-o-o!" The huntsman lost his presence of mind, and sprang to the ground, where he alighted safe and sound. The bear hearing the noise, made good his retreat, and the huntsman, not a little disappointed, took the nearest way to his dwelling; and after relating his story, was much laughed at by his neighbors. But all bear hunting expeditions did not end so merrily, as I remember in one case where it resulted in loss of life. It was on a new farm of a gentleman, late from Britain,—one who knew better how to use the pen than either the axe or the handspike, and knew more about book-keeping than bush-farming or bear-hunting. He was much annoyed by the bears making too free with his first crop of Indian corn, and applied to a neighbor for advice. His neighbor gave him directions how to erect a scaffold, and how to shoot the intruders therefrom. He erected the scaffold, and went in company with his hired man the following evening to await the coming of the bears. That night, in

particular, the bears did not seem to be in haste to come in, and the hired man, weary with the labors of the day, unfortunately laid himself down to rest with one leg hanging over the scaffold, and in that position went to sleep. The gentleman did not observe the bear till it was under the scaffold, and being a little unaccustomed to the use of fire-arms, and no doubt a little timid on account of the close approach of the bear, fired in haste at the bear under the scaffold, and the ball in its downward course entered the foot of the unfortunate sleeper. For some reason or other medical aid was not procured, and the consequence was that lock-jaw ensued, and some eight days after all the neighbors turned out, made a litter, and on that they placed the wounded man, and conveyed him to the front, as there were no roads in those days for a team, especially in the summer season. Our house being about half way, they stopped to rest, and also to give some refreshments to the poor sufferer, which required the aid of three persons. While one held his head in a raised position, a second inserted the blade of a table-knife between his teeth, and then plied them a little open, while a third person, with a spoon, gave him some brandy and water. On reaching the river, a log canoe was procured, and he was taken to town and placed in the hospital, under medical treatment; but medical aid proved to be of no avail, as the poor man died the next morning; and being a stranger in the place, and no relatives near, he was that same evening laid by strange hands in the cold grave, and his death for a short time after cast a gloom over the settlement.

The sound of the gospel was but seldom heard in the settlement. Now and then we would have a sermon from a Methodist preacher on a week day; but for all a society had been formed, it was but rarely that we had preaching on the Sabbath, and on that account the Lord's day was much neglected, and it was the custom of too many of the young folks, and,

I am sorry to say, some of the elders also, to spend the Sabbath in the winter season in visiting their neighbors; and in the summer season in visiting waste clearings and beaver-meadows, in search of berries, cherries, plums, and other wild fruit; and the settlement in general seemed to be under the power and control of the Evil One. Dancing and drinking prevailed to a great extent, and vulgar and profane language seemed to be the order of the day. The sound of the oar and the gun could be heard on the Sabbath; and I think that I am justified in saying that there were but six Christians in the settlement. I do not mean to say that there were but six professors of religion. I know that after the forming of the Methodist Society a great many professed to be Christians, but since that time have all more or less gone back to the world, showing plainly that their hearts had not been changed. The four eldest of the little band have, years gone by, crossed Jordan's stormy waves,—their sufferings here have reached a close, and heaven affords them sweet repose. The two younger of the little band, though now old in years, are still walking quietly along the narrow way; but not alone, others having joined it. The Methodist preachers were looked upon in those days by many as indolent persons, who had taken to preaching for an easy and good living; but all such people are too apt to condemn without judging, as the preacher's salary was but small, and their bill of fare very poor, especially in new settlements. Their only comfortable lodging-place in our neighborhood for some years had been at the home of a Scotchman, who had marked his way by honesty and industry to a comfortable hut and team, and could afford food and shelter in the winter season to the preacher's horse; and, though a staunch Presbyterian, warmly welcomed the Methodist preachers.

But many years have come and gone since the time I write of, and great changes have taken place. The Methodist ministers and the people are generally if not all Christians. They are more moral, and the

preachers are treated with respect, and we have preaching every Sabbath. The place of worship has also changed from the low-roofed log-schoolhouse to a handsome and commodious frame chapel, standing near to the highway.

In those days of the olden time, the city of Ottawa, or Bytown, as it was then called, was a place of small importance, its principal support being from the lumbering business; but now the far-famed city of Ottawa and capital of the Dominion of Canada, where from the towering heights of the magnificent Parliament Buildings floats the union-jack,—the time-honored flag of Old England.

It was the custom in those days for the merchants of Bytown, after the navigation had closed, to have their supplies brought from Montreal by carters, and it was customary in the settlement, after hard frost and snow, to say that we would soon hear the carters' bells from Montreal, a string of which one horse in each team was compelled by law to wear. These carters were French Canadians, and were generally small in stature, and had a rather hard and wiry-look, dressed, as they usually were, in their blue sashes and gray capots, and in their right hand was always firmly grasped the short-handled and long-lashed whip. As for the horses, they were clean, well-built, hardy-looking little animals, and seemed adapted by Nature for their long and tiresome journey. But these carters are of the past, and the iron-horse, without rest of nerve or strain of muscle, performs their labor, and speeds along the iron-laid track with its heavily laden cars. Such a mode of conveyance was not dreamed of in those times, especially in the Ottawa Valley. Travelling in those days was, of course, but slow, by the mail-boy, or by the old stage coach; but now the lightning-flash conveys swiftly alike the welcome and unwelcome intelligences. The waters of the Ottawa, or Grand River, as it was wont in these times to be called, was but little disturbed but by the rafts making their downward way, in spring, towards

Quebec, or by the rafts' crews going upwards in autumn to their winter employment in the backwoods on the banks of the Ottawa, or the numerous streams which flow into it; and their merry French canoe-songs would resound along the thickly-wooded and lonely-looking shore, while here and there might be seen the French Canadian as he moved slowly along in his log-canoe: and now and then might also be seen the red man of the forest and his tawny squaw, as they paddled lightly over the waves in their birch-bark canoes. But now the oft repeated, shrill steam-whistle makes us aware that numerous are the steam crafts that now plough the waters of the far-famed and noble Ottawa River.

Original.

THE LOVER'S LEAP.

(Suggested by an incident related in "Sketches of Ceylon," in the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY for December.)

BY MADGE.

The palm-trees stretched their shadows
Across the glittering strand,
Which edged the whispering waters
With a fringe of golden sand;
And in the wavering mirror
Of the deep and restless sea,
The clouds on high and the azure sky
Were pictured faithfully.

The shores were emerald-tinted,
And gemmed with flowers rare,
And a thousand waves of incense
Perfumed the ambient air.
The hills rose in the distance,
Clothed in a purple haze,
And fleecy clouds, like snowy shrouds,
Met their mute, upward gaze.

On a high and lonely headland,
Running out into the sea
Stood a young and beautiful maiden,
Wrapped in deepest misery.
Her tearless eyes gazed wildly
Along the winding coast,
And the balmy air waved her bright, brown hair,
But its healing touch was lost.

In vain the soothing zephyrs
 Touched lip and brow and cheek ;
 In vain the low-toned waters
 Speak gently to her now ;
 In vain the gay birds warble,—
 In vain the sun's warm glow ;
 For her hope and her light have gone down in
 the night
 Of a rayless, pitiless woe !

Homeward-bound, with spices laden,
 A ship comes o'er the waves,
 Dancing on the buoyant billows,—
 Dancing over nameless graves.
 She sees the white-winged vessel,
 And she knows one form it bears ;
 And a quiver creeps through her clinched lips,
 And a struggle her bosom tears.

He had come to the shining Orient,
 From the dear old fatherland,
 And his presence had been like the sunrise
 On her life's plain, barren sands.
 His words were like the echoes
 Of sweet music to her ears,
 And his kindly voice bade her heart rejoice,
 In the hope of coming years.

The earth, the sky, and the mountains,
 She had seen in this wondrous light ;
 Every sound was turned to music,
 Time sped on wings of delight.
 But her tender hopes were shivered
 By a swift-winged, poisonous dart,
 And her early bloom soon paled in the gloom
 Of a shattered, broken heart.

Did she think to reach the vessel ?
 Did she think his arms to gain ?
 Did the hope to die before him
 Soothe her dull, consuming pain ?
 She plunged into the waters
 Of the cold, unpitiful deep !
 And the mighty hush of the sea's great rush
 Calmed her to unbroken sleep.

And the ship sped on its journey,
 And the waters murmured still,
 And the palm-trees waved serenely,
 Purple mists clothed every hill.
 They knew nought of the shadow
 That hung o'er this peaceful spot,
 And the gentle life that had died on the strife
 With an over-burdened lot.

JERUSALEM ON A JUNE DAY IN THE
 YEAR 9 B. C.

BY PROFESSOR FRANCIS DELITZSCH.

In the year 9 B. C. the people of Palestine and Syria awaited with feverish suspense the issue of a terrible tragedy. *Marianne*, the beloved and noble wife of Herod, descended from the royal house of the Maccabees, had already fallen a victim to his gloomy suspicions. Insidious intriguers had then succeeded in rendering him distrustful of the two sons whom his basely assassinated consort had borne to him, Alexander and Aristobulus, who were the joy and pride of the people, and whom their enemies now accused of being intent on murdering their father. Herod had intimidated a tribunal at Berytos so much that the judges had passed sentence of death on the two young men without seeing or hearing them. Everybody asked if a father really could cause his own sons, and, moreover, two sons so noble, and doubtless entirely innocent, to be executed. We place ourselves in the midst of that time of anxious suspense, and unroll the picture of a day in Jerusalem as it was at that period.

It is a working-day in *Sivan*, the month answering to our June. The starlight night of the cloudless sky has given place to the twilight, which sets in very early, and lasts a long time. The two squads of the Temple guard, bearing torches, have met in front of the cell where the bread-offering of the high-priest is baked, and shouted to one another that everything is in readiness. The priests who were allowed to sleep last night, have risen, bathed, and donned their official robes. In the square cell, one half of which was used as a hall where the Synedrium used to meet, the offices of the dawning day have been allotted. The brass basin, which was under water all night long, has been drawn up, and the priests have washed their hands and feet in it. Suddenly the first morning bells resound over the city lying below ; priests blow their trumpets, whose ringing notes, owing to the stillness of the morning, are audible throughout the upper and lower, the old and new city.

The Levites, in obedience to the orders of the captain of the gate-keepers, open all the gates of the Temple. The preparations for the morning service, the most important feature of which was the daily sacrifice of a lamb, begin. The altar of the burnt-offering is cleaned ; the billets of wood piled up on the embers gradually catch fire ; the musicians fetch their instruments, and take them out of their cases ; the guards are relieved, and the Levites and priests who were on duty yesterday are dismissed. All this is done by torch-light. Meanwhile the captain attentively looks for the break of day. He sends a few

priests to the roof of the Temple. When the morning sky has grown light enough that Hebron, lying southeast of Jerusalem in the mountains, can be discerned, they shout out, "*Barkai ad Chebron*" ("It is light as far as Hebron"), and in a moment are heard the following shouts: "Priests, to your service! Levites, to your *pulpét!* Israelites, to your stand!" The last shout was destined for the representatives of the whole people, who served for a week as assistants at the offerings, and passed the night at the Temple.

Meanwhile the people in the city and its environs begin likewise to stir. Military signals resound at Antonia castle. Underneath the cedars of the Mount of Olives open the booths of Beth-Hini. In Temple Street, running from the place in front of the castle along the western wall of Mount Moriah, we see cattle-dealers and brokers hurriedly precede the visitors of the Temple to the Temple bazaar in the court-yard of the heathens. Those who wish to attend the morning service repair from the upper city by the Xystus gate, and by other routes, to the ascent of Mount Moriah. The largest crowd is to be seen on the bridge connecting the Xystus terrace with the district of the Temple. Here and there a person stands still and looks to the left, toward the magnificent structure of the Theatre, or toward the Tyropœon on the other side, or down the gorge of the cheese-makers, in order to breathe, instead of the city air, the country air wafted over from the balmy district of the dairies.

But not all of the worshippers go up to the Temple to say their morning prayers; for there are hundreds of synagogues in Jerusalem. The two aristocratic men yonder, who wear a Greek costume and converse in Greek, enter the synagogue of the Alexandrians. The respectable citizen there, who carries under his arm the prayer-cloak and the *tefillin* wrapped up in it, goes to the synagogue of the coppersmiths, where he has rented a pew, while the lady yonder, with her hair so carefully arranged by a hair dresser, and a bouquet of roses in her hand, does not want to hide her beautiful morning toilet behind the women's grate of a synagogue, but hastens with a swinging step toward the Temple in order to exhibit herself in the court-yard of the women. The worshippers disperse in the most opposite directions; most of them look grave and anxious, and whenever two of them walk side by side, and converse with one another, they look around with visible timidity. A venerable old man, with white hair and a long silver beard, murmurs, on passing over the place in front of the Theatre, "I thank thee, my God, and God of my fathers, that thou hast assigned me a place among those who sit in the schools and synagogues, and not among those who prefer visiting the

theatre and circus!"—His wife, who walks by his side, or rather a step behind him, says in a low voice, "Amen!" and looks with tearful eyes to the tower of Mariamne on the left, murmuring, "Thou hast happily passed away; it is good that thou didst not live to see this day, noble Mariamne!"

The sun meanwhile has risen, and the hour of the regular morning prayer, when the sacrifice is performed at the Temple, is at hand. The Pharisee yonder, who has allowed the hour of prayer to overtake him on the street, suddenly slackens his gait, and lays the *tefillin* with their large capsules round his head. The laborer, who, with his basket, happens to be in the crown of a fruit-tree, ceases gathering, and performs his morning devotions in his natural temple amidst the branches. Everybody prays. Only in Herod's palace there still reigns profound silence. The tyrant is still asleep, and his courtiers walk on tiptoe. The people prays, and couples with its loud prayers prayers for deliverance from the tyrant and for the preservation of Alexander and Aristobulus, the noble sons of the murdered Mariamne. Even the government of a Herod, however, is not mean enough not to have on its side a large number of hirelings and parasites, such as the court-baker, the court-perfumer, &c.

After the morning service, and even already before it is over in the Temple and synagogues, there reigns the liveliest bustle on the large market of the lower new city. But the reader must not imagine that this market was a square with a court-house in the middle; for the court-house of Jerusalem lay on the Xystus terrace; the lower market, on the contrary, was a long and broad street, such as, in modern cities, we call Broadway or Main Street. Stores, booths, and stands lined both sides of the street: here are for sale fine bread and cakes made of Ephraïmic wheat, which hucksters are buying to sell it again at an advance in the more remote parts of the town; fig-pies and raisin-pies, at which a poor little girl, who, instead of ear-rings, wears only wooden pegs in her ear-laps looks so wistfully; all sorts of fish from Lake Tiberias, which rivet the attention of those young students who are on their way to the high-school founded by Simeon Ben Shetach; all sorts of trinkets and ornaments, even false teeth with gold and silver wire, wherewith they are to be fastened. Here somebody extols his *dibs*, that is to say, grape syrup; there another dealer recommends his prime Egyptian lentils; still another has caraway seeds for sale, and turns his pepper-mill. Wherever there are no buyers to be seen, the mechanics whose trade permits it have established their workshops in the street, and labor so industriously that they even do not interrupt themselves by rising when a *hillel* or another scribe passes by. Here a shoemaker fastens the upper-leather to the

sole of a sandal; there a tailor adds handsome trimmings to a fine prayer-cloak; and there an armorer hammers the hilt of a sword made of Syrian iron. In the more deserted and shady by-streets, such as Butcher Street and Woolcomber Street, still larger numbers of mechanics are at work in the street; some persons even break flax there. The market presents a more and more animated appearance. Buyers, sellers, and idlers flock to it from all quarters. Day-laborers stand on the corners, at the market gate below, and above at the junction of the streets leading to the northern gate and the gate of the tower of the women. One of them is hired by a man; but his employer says to him, "Bread and peas,—that is all you will get to eat at my house." At the market gate yonder,—that is to say, in the middle of the most active part of the city,—are to be seen the shrewd donkey-drivers, one of whom is fortunate enough to be selected to convey a bedstead and other furniture, together with the indispensable flutes, to Bethany, for a wedding which is to take place there in a day or two. Here is a crowd through which hardly anybody is able to elbow his way without hearing impertinent remarks. A grave and thoughtful man of sickly appearance hastens past. "I am sure that man has had a bad dream," says one of the donkey-drivers; "to which of the twenty-four soothsayers are you going?" A barber elbows his way through the crowd. "Good morning, Mr. Barber-Surgeon," shout to him several drivers; "how is business?" "I will bleed you a hundred times for a sus" (five cents), he replies. A corpulent scribe with a bloated face rudely pushes aside an old woman standing in his way. "Old man, old man," she cries scornfully, "how red your face looks! You are either a wine-bibber or a pawnbroker, or a hog-breeder."

Let us go by the market gate across the lower city, and we reach by the gate of the tower of the Maccabees, enclosing it, the open field close to the sepulchre of the High-priest John, and by the Gennoth gate to the upper market between the old palace of the Maccabean kings, and Herod's palace, surpassing even the Temple in splendor and gorgeous magnificence. The scene is quite animated here too; but the bustle is by no means as lively as at the lower market. Here everything is more quiet and aristocratic. This is the seat of those mechanics of the industrial city whom King Herod especially patronizes and protects. Here predominate also the productions of sculptors, skilful horticulturists, &c. Here a goldsmith exhibits a *terpole*, that is to say, a grape-vine artistically wrought out of precious metals, and by his side a potter displays his white and black earthenware; there the sweetest Jerusalem figs, raised at the rose-garden which is manured with blood flowing from the Temple. The old man yonder, dressed entirely in white, and whose feet

are incased in shoes which a poor man, if he should find them in the street, would not pick up, is an Essene. He looks about inquiringly, in order to find somebody that might show him the way to the house of the Superior of his sect. The heat of the day becomes very oppressive, and old and young folks crowd around the large cistern in the middle of the market. From time to time the crowd falls back in dismay to open a passage for one of the dreaded officers of King Herod; and the buyers step aside even when one of the royal eunuchs approaches. But a young Galilean, who has spread a square linen blanket on the ground, and placed on it a large amphora filled with Lebanon oil, and a gigantic water-melon beside it, gazes with a gay and rather defiant expression at the motley crowd manifesting so much cowardice and submissiveness. "Where do you come from?" said to him a trembling little man, with a very thin beard, to whom he gives some oil in a hollow clay egg which serves him as a measure. "I am from the city," he exclaims, "lying, like a free bird, on the crest of a mountain!" He refers to Sepphoris. Seeing, among the passers-by, a man who has drawn through one of his ear-laps red and blue threads, and through the other green and yellow ones, that are to show that he is a dyer, and how skilful he is, the young Galilean bursts into loud laughter at this very singular advertisement, and says to the stranger, "Master Tobias, can you dye red (*adom*) white?" This was an allusion to Herod the Edomite. One of Herod's police-cops hastens to the market-guard, and when, soon after, two soldiers order the young Galilean to follow them, he resists them with such herculean strength that they are unable to move him from the spot. A large crowd assembles around the group; the soldiers get frightened, owing to the sudden concourse of people so close to the royal palace, and, while one of them scuffles with the Galilean, the other runs his sword through the offender's body. The Galilean shouting, "The Lord will visit you in wrath, daughter of Edom, and uncover thy sins!" falls to the ground, and his blood mingles with the Lebanon oil of his amphora, which has been broken into a thousand pieces.

Outbursts of indignation at the brutality of the soldiers and the infamy of the betrayer, outbursts of despair at their ignominiously shackled liberty, outbursts of grief at the infamous assassination of the young martyr of freedom, rend the air; but, as if by a magician's wand, the furious cries suddenly give place to profound silence in consequence of the discovery, which passes immediately from mouth to mouth, that there is approaching a man who had just emerged from the Gennoth gate, and with a light, scarcely audible step, turning his searching glances in every direction, and holding a very neat case in his hand, walks across the market-place.

His costume is that of an Alexandrian, rather than that of an inhabitant of Jerusalem; his hair is black, but it seems to have been dyed; his fingers are covered with sparkling rings. Upon passing the stand of a scribe who keeps for sale *tefillin* and all sorts of parchments with verses destined to exorcise evil spirits, he casts a glance on them, and exclaims, "Why, you rival Diophantes!" Such was the name of the scribe who had forged a letter purporting to have been written by Alexander, the now imprisoned son of Herod and Mariamne, to the commander of the fortress of Alexandria, whom he asked in it to receive him as soon as he had made away with his father. "You do me too much honor," replies the old scribe, highly indignant at the comparison. The dreaded man directs his step toward the densest part of the crowd. It opened a passage, and the bloody corpse of the young Galilean became visible. Unmoved by the heart-rending spectacle, he exclaims in a shrill and disagreeable voice, "Friends, you act in accordance with the proverb, 'Where the ox falls, there are many butchers.'"

This man was Tryphon, the King's barber who intended to ingratiate himself to-day more than ever with his royal master by dint of intrigues and cunning tricks. An honest old soldier, named Teron, grieved so much at the fate of Alexander and Aristobulus that he almost went mad. He ran about like a lunatic, and called Heaven to witness that truth and right were trampled under foot. At length he gave vent to his indignation in the presence of Herod himself, and told the King the names of his numerous sympathizers in the army. It was easy to foresee the consequences. He was now imprisoned in a dungeon of Antonia castle, with his son, who was a friend of Prince Alexander. "I cannot injure or serve these two men any more," said Tryphon to himself; "hence I believe I am at liberty to turn to account the misfortunes which their imprudence has brought upon them." So saying he entered the portal of the palace, in order to ascend the magnificent marble staircase leading to the high platform of the royal palace, where he hoped now, between ten and eleven, or as they said at that period, between five and six, to find the King; for last night a banquet of a hundred covers had been held at one of the large dining-rooms of the palace, in honor of Nicholas of Damascus; and the guests had continued their carousal to an advanced hour of the night, and called down the wrath of heaven upon all the enemies of King Herod.

The sun has meanwhile reached the zenith. The white marble of the palaces reflects the vertical rays of the sun in a dazzling manner. The Temple floats over the city like a flood of light. We cannot bear to look upward, either towards the Temple or the Antonia castle, or towards the city of David with the towers of the Herodian palace. The streets are deserted

and the stillness is broken only here by a water-carrier, and there by a man who praises in a deafening voice his Idumean vinegar (made from wine to which barley has been added). Laborers and muleteers lie down in the shade, and dip their bread in a sort of milk-soup called Babylonian *cuthach*. At the dyeing-house yonder, people proceed in a somewhat more aristocratic style; the journey-men eat a soup made from small pieces of onion and roast meat, and sip to it *zouman*, water mixed with bran. On the table of the goldsmith stands a large jug of wine, and a vessel with an Egyptian palm-sieve through which the wine is filtered, and all around juicy fruits, to be eaten as the second course of the repast.

The day is sultry, but still sultrier is the spirit of the people, a rumor having spread like wildfire through the city, that King Herod has flown again into a towering passion, and sworn to put to death hundreds of those of whom he is afraid. Some relate that they have seen Tryphon, as he was led across the palace-place by four soldiers, who seemed to have him in custody. "Yes," said one of them, "I was in the Temple at the second hour of prayer, and when I came down Temple Street and reached the palace-place, I saw that the iron gate closed, and Tryphon, hanging his head despairingly, was driven by the soldiers over the bridge of the Antonia gorge toward the palace gate." These reports were but too true: Herod's favorite had hoped to ingratiate himself still more with his royal master by revealing a secret to him. He had shaved the King, and then left the room. He had then paced a long time, struggling with his conflicting emotions, the alleys surrounding the place in front of the palace. At length he had made up his mind, returned to the King, and falsely told him that Teron, the old soldier, who was already in prison, owing to his attachment to Alexander and Aristobulus had often tried to persuade him to cut the King's throat with his razor; and, in that event, promised him Alexander's especial favor and liberal rewards. "I thank you for your sincerity," replied the King, who believed to be true all falsehoods of this description, especially when they concerned his slandered sons. But, after brooding over the disclosure for a long time, he started up and cried like a beast, rather than a man, so that a violent shudder ran through Tryphon's frame, "He often tried to persuade you, then, to murder me, and it was not till to-day that you told me about it? You lent that dog a willing ear all the time, and laid treacherous plans with him? I suppose you were not quite satisfied with the reward which you were to receive for bleeding me?" Tryphon was about to reply, but the King thrust the door open, and shouted, "Arrest him, and take him to Antonia castle, and tell the commander that he is an accomplice of Teron and his son!" So Tryphon was taken to a dungeon, and while the

mechanics of Jerusalem rested a little in the noonday heat, the torturers were at work in Castle Antonia, and the clerks noted down the statements made by the tortured culprits.

We need not look in Jerusalem for sympathy for Tryphon, whose lies had driven so many happy families to despair. But, if we were at liberty to enter the houses, we should hear everywhere anxiety and pity for Mariamne's two sons, now uttered timidly (for mutual distrust had seized even the members of common families), now declared in fearless and defiant tone.

It is now about three in the afternoon. A large concourse of people, principally composed of young persons, approaches hurriedly in the direction of the northern gate, and other persons hasten forward in an opposite direction. Many ask what is going on. Others reply that a Biccurim procession is at the northern-gate. Biccurim are the first-fruits of agriculture, which were sacred to the Lord, and had to be deposited in the Temple. The country was divided into twenty-four districts. Those who were to bring the first-fruits to Jerusalem assembled at the district town, where they did not go to a tavern, but passed the night in the open air in order to be ready as soon as the supervisor of the district shouted, "Let us go up to Zion, to the house of our Lord God!" Such a Biccurim procession had now arrived at the northern-gate, and waited there until its arrival had been announced in the Temple; meanwhile the first-fruits were tastefully arranged and the finest specimens laid conspicuously around the others. Already the delegates of the Temple came to meet the procession. They are the substitutes of the priests and Levites on duty, and the treasurers of the sanctuary. Already the sweet notes of flutes are heard from afar. A more charming interruption of the gloomy mood to which Jerusalem is today a prey cannot be imagined. The scene strengthens the national feeling of the Israelites, which had been kept down by the King's tyranny; and we feel that this spectacle agrees better with the peculiarities of the people than the Greek music and theatre, the struggles of the gladiators, and the bloody scenes of the circus, which Herod has introduced in Jerusalem. The new-comers, who live at no great distance from the city, bring in golden or silver or willow baskets fresh figs, and, although it is only toward the close of June, already fresh grapes. Those who come from a greater distance bring dried figs and other fruits; and on the baskets hang pigeons, destined for the burnt-offerings. A steer, which is to become the common thanksgiving offering, heads the procession; its horns are gilt, and a wreath of olive-branches surmounts its head. It is a long procession that now enters Jerusalem amidst the sweet notes of the flutes. The deputation from the Temple, which is to receive the numerous new-

comers in the most solemn manner, is for that reason likewise very numerous. The question whence the new-comers have arrived has already been answered: they are from Sebaste, the old city of Samaria. Whenever the procession passes mechanics working in the street or in the hall-ways of the houses, they rise reverentially, and shout, "*Achenu unshe Sebaste bathem leshalom!*" ("Dear brethren, men from Sebaste, welcome"!)

Upon reaching Mount Moriah, the strangers take their baskets from their shoulders. As soon as they enter the court-yard of the men, the Levites intone the Psalm, "I will extol thee, O Lord; for thou hast lifted me up, and hast not made my foes to rejoice over me."

The pigeons, hanging on the baskets, are used for burnt-offerings, and the fruits are given to the priests; the strangers repeating the words which Moses had ordered to be spoken at the offerings of the first-fruits. All this is done between five and six in the afternoon. A large concourse of men, women, and children has followed them to the Temple, and crowds around them when they leave it. Relatives and friends take their acquaintances home, and the rest of the strangers are overwhelmed with offers of hospitality.

And when the men now sit at the supper-tables of their hosts, or repose on their cushions, all of them ask, "What about Mariamne's sons?" One replies, "They are still imprisoned at the Sidonian village of Platane." "No," says another, "they are confined in a by far stronger jail; they have been removed from Platane to Tyre; but you, men of Jerusalem, tell us what the King is going to do with them?" "He will put them to death," says the host, "and then build two towers in honor of them." "He never loved them," adds his wife, "for he hates whosoever is better than he; I saw him every now and then walking with the two princes; they were much taller than he, but they bowed their heads, lest he should think he was not at least as tall as they."

A rabbi, who was likewise at the table, thought that, being a pupil of Hillel, whom Herod had highly honored, he must defend the King.—"Pie," said they to him, "if thou hast entered God's career, don his garb!" (If you study theology, practice charity and love!) And when they then related in a tone of bitterness what a mustache day—the barbers of Jerusalem called a bad day a "mustache day"—Tryphon had had to-day, and that Teron and his son, owing to Tryphon's atrocious falsehoods, had been cruelly tortured until they had falsely accused themselves, and that no doubt hundreds of persons would be executed on the morrow, the stranger from Thirza exclaimed, "I shall be glad to get out of the holy city, this den of murderers!" And when he returns to his native town, what mournful news will meet him there! Alexander and Aristobulus have meanwhile been taken from Tyre to Sebaste,

and strangled there. In Jerusalem a great deal of blood was shed in the following days. The task of sweeping the streets was a horrible one. The King had told the people at the Theatre that the captains of his soldiers and Tryphon were traitors. The populace of Jerusalem, now that its vindictiveness against the captains, most of whom were very unpopular, was unchained, acted with unheard-of brutality. Three hundred officers were slain, mostly with clubs or stones. Teron, too, was killed. But pious persons prayed, here in the stillness of the closet, and there in the corner of a synagogue, or in the darkness of an arched vault, for the speedy appearance of the Messiah, that an end might be put to this bloody tyranny and these infamous orgies. Yes, this atmosphere needs a thorough purification, impregnated with the sickening perfumes of voluptuousness, the reeking blood of the victims of injustice, and the smoke of the burnt and bread offerings. And this purification is close at hand: when Jesus of Nazareth a few years hence will emerge from the iron gate of Antonia castle, and carry his cross along the Via Dolorosa to Golgotha, the hour of Herod, the hour of redemption has struck.—*Translated from the Daheim for "Every Saturday."*

THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

BY VICTOR LE VAUX

There is a tendency among the supporters of the Development Theory to speculate on the remote antiquity of the human race, and to assign to it a date far beyond that assigned to Adam in the Mosaic Chronology. The State Geologist of Illinois, following Lyell, and others of this school, demands at least 100,000 years for man upon this continent. The necessities of their theory,—which teaches the slow progressive advance of the gorilla and baboon to civilization,—demand all that length of time; and they have set themselves to find evidence corresponding to the assumption, with a disposition to be easily satisfied with the authenticity of alleged facts and the pertinence of any suitable arguments.

At the last meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in Chicago, no less than five papers were read on this subject, and three days were employed in its discussion—when the most extraordinary assertions were made of the antiquity of a man's skull found at the bottom of a shaft in Calaveras county, California; with a rehash of the Abbeville hoax, and a repetition of all the European assertions on the subject.

These, and similar, unprincipled and unfounded assertions of baseless theories, as Science opposed to Scripture, have stirred up the believers in the Bible to an examination of the alleged anti-biblical facts, and of the

legitimacy of the consequences drawn from them; and the result is by no means confirmatory of our faith in the infallibility of scientific men. Among others, Rev. Robert Patterson, D.D., of Chicago, in a work on "Scientific Superstitions," goes over the circle of the physical sciences showing the contradictions of the anti-Christian theories. The chapter on "The Antiquity of Man" has been published in advance in the October number of *The Princeton Review*. As most of our readers feel interested in the discussion, while many of them will not see the article, we give an abstract of the argument.

1. The new school of Linguists, of whom Mr. Cranford is the spokesman, argue that language was not innate, but acquired. In proof they allege that infants are born without language; the great number of languages in the world; the changes of language by the Jews and Negroes; and the perfect grammatical structure of the languages of savages, such as the Indians and Australians. Hence it is argued, the first rudiments of language would consist of a few articulate sounds by which to make known their wants and wishes; and between that time and their obtaining completeness probably countless centuries had passed, even among the rudest tribes.

Suppose, however, we grant the facts, how does the consequence follow? If man needed to learn language, does it follow that he invented it—that he had no teacher? Did the Father who gave him being not care enough for his child to teach him to speak? It is only by the boldest assumption of atheism that a divine teacher is denied. All the alleged facts are against self-education. No nation or person ever invented a language. The Jews and Negroes did not invent the languages they learned instead of their own, but were taught them. The use of a civilized language by savages proves their degradation from civilization. Savages could no more make a civilized language, than monkeys could make pianos.

2. The Ethnological argument is also based upon an assumption—the Darwinian dogma of the progressive development of man from monkeys, upwards through the successively rising grades of Negro, Mongol, and Caucasian skulls. The facts alleged are such as the discovery, in caves in Enghis and Neanderthal, of some low-browed, long-headed skulls of remote antiquity.

But in the same papers we are told, that these are like the skulls of the existing Australians; and that the Enghis skull can be paralleled by English skulls—which demolishes the whole argument of the development of the modern Germans from these poorly shaped skulls. Men's heads, it seems are not all of one shape now; and the like difference, probably existed then. Negroes, Chinese, and Germans are now buried together in California without any idea of relationship, and the like

mingling of races, we know from the oldest monuments, was going on before the dawn of history. There is not the slightest perceptible change in the shape of Negro, Hindoo, Shemitic, or German skulls for the last 3,000 years. If the result of progress for 3,000 years = 0, what was the amount in 3,000,000 years?

3. Geological facts are alleged, such as: *a*—The discovery of human remains in company with those of extinct animals. But the discovery of the *Mastodon Giganteus*, now in Dr. Warren's Museum, Boston, with bushels of well preserved maple twigs in his stomach, testifies that it is not so long since these animals lived. *b*—The discovery of human bones 16 feet deep in the delta of the Mississippi, and of fragments of brick, by Honer, 72 feet deep in the delta of the Nile, from a calculation of the slow growth of deltas, argue 50,000 years antiquity for these relics. But the United States surveys expose Lyell's enormous blunder, requiring 100,000 years for the delta of the Mississippi, while at the actually observed rate of its present growth it could not have taken 4,400. The Nile pottery affair is merely a mis-statement of the question, which should be: How long will a brick require to sink 70 feet into a mud bank? Stephenson dug up brick from greater depths bearing the stamp of Mohammed Ali. *d*—The human jawbone and chipped flints of Abbeville, France, for which 35,000 were claimed. An examination of the bone shows that it is a fresh bone, emitting the bone odor, and so probably not 500 years old. *c*—The geological changes since the human period. We have no data for calculating the rate of subsidence or elevation. The raised beaches of England contain fragments of Roman pottery.

4. Archaeology. *a*—The Swiss lake dwellings, ranging, as various chronologers calculate, from six to one hundred thousand years. To confirm this awful antiquity, we have bone needles, an oak axe handle in excellent preservation, 11,000 years old, and pieces of the linen chemisette of the pre-Adamite ladies! *b*—The successive stone, bronze and iron ages, as revealed by the peat-bogs, and shell heaps of Denmark and Ireland. But the three ages are shown to have been contemporaneous, by the existence of the primeval forests and bogs on the Earl of Arran's estate in Scotland; and the date is fixed at the era of the Danish invasion in Ireland, A. D. 827, by the discovery of such relics there.

5. The Statistics of Population furnish an unanswerable negative argument. The population of the world doubles every century. The present population corresponds pretty well to a period of about forty-four centuries. Had the human race existed 100,000 years, not only would every nook and corner of the world have been peopled like the valley of the Hoang Ho, but there would

not have been standing room for the multitudes on the face of the earth. The same mathematical calculation demolishes Agassiz's notion of the creation of man in nations, as bees were created in swarms.

6. The Monumental Evidence, chiefly found in Egypt. This is of two kinds: direct from a translation of inscriptions, and adding together of reigns, and guessing of intervals, &c. But no three Egyptologists can agree on any chronology. Lepsius places Menes, the first Pharaoh, A. C. 3893; Bockh alleges he lived B. C. 5867; while Bunsen, and others equally learned, spread him out over all the two millenniums between.

The indirect evidence is: The high civilization displayed in the oldest Egyptian monuments; demanding, Bunsen argues, at least sixty-seven centuries of previous civilization as an apprenticeship, according to the theory of development.

But this high civilization of the first monuments proves exactly the reverse of the development dogma—for Egypt has not developed but retrograded since—as the hovels around the Great Pyramid testify. So have the nations mentioned in Voley's "Ruins of Empires," and Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Degradation, not development, is the law of ungodly nations. The Astronomer Royal, after repeated personal measurements, shows that the Great Pyramid retains the records of the precession of the equinoxes, of the measurement of the earth's radius, of its density, and of other remains of Antediluvian science yet mysterious to us; proving the former existence on earth of God-instructed men.

The final result of the investigation, as given by President Forbes, Professor Hungerford, and other scientific authorities, is, that *there is no scientific proof of man's remote antiquity.*

MENTAL REST.

No man can study advantageously all the time; there must be some relaxation, or the brain will become disorganized, or otherwise hopelessly diseased. No man ought to study hard on one subject more than four hours a day, and give ten hours to purposes of dressing, sleeping and eating, leaving ten hours for mental recreation, that is, mental rest, which is done in two ways: first, engaging the mind in thinking about something else, that is putting other organs of the brain to work; second, engaging, in muscular motion, which does good in two ways; it works out of the system the waste particles made by hard thought, and thus purifies the blood, fitting it for building up the brain, repairing its wastes, making it ready for new work. But muscular motion does good in another way; the mind is

diverted to it, and is thus rested from the main study; hence the true policy of hard students is not to sit, or loll, or lounge about, but to be doing something with the hands or feet which is of sufficient interest to engage the mental notice, and if pleasantly engaged, so much the better, even by fifty or a hundred fold.

It will be useful to remark here that we do not like to use our eyes in reading or writing until breakfast has been eaten, because they are stronger all the day afterwards; nor do we use them in that way after twilight; this has been our uniform habit, with the result, as we think, that we were able to do without the use of glasses for eight or ten years after our old school-mates of the same age had been using them, and we are writing now without any glasses whatever. Albert Barnes, the eminent commentator, rose habitually at four o'clock for study, and soon had to abandon all study, go abroad, and, after years of lost time, is prematurely laid on the shelf from diseased eyes.

Literary and professional men, in consulting us, often inquire, with great earnestness, how can we take exercise in a large city, or town or village—"there is nothing that we can do." In the first place, eat about one-half less every day, and you will at once require but half the amount of exercise; now for the remainder. Taking it for granted that you have a family, there are a multitude of very useful things you can do every day to the comfort of your family, the benefit of your health, the improvement of your digestion, the soundness of your sleep, the vigor of your thought, and the benignity of your disposition, get up at five o'clock, winter and summer, go down into the cellar, riddle out all the cinders of the day before from range, furnace and grates, sprinkle them with water, and put them in the furnace; if you are hardy and systematic you can do all this in half an hour, and save about half a dollar besides, if you have a good-sized family; next help your servant girls, giving them a chance to sleep a little longer, by kindling a few of the fires, and, if you are handy, you will save a good deal of paper and wood-kindling every day.

Literary and professional men maintain an idle theory when they consider every moment lost which is not employed in reading, writing, or investigation; it is loss of time in the long run which should alarm the individual; it is the curtailment of human life for ten, twenty, and even thirty years, which should startle the mind and lead to a wiser way of life. Whoever indulges in brain-work over four hours a day habitually, does in proportion shorten his life, or at least shortens the term of his usefulness; this is a great general rule, to which there may be some exceptions; but let the reader take it for granted that he is not one of those exceptions; on the contrary, whatever of time spent in muscular activities,

beyond the four hours of brain work, adds that much to the probabilities of a longer life, and a life, too, of greater efficiency.

BRAIN AND BODY WORK.

Physiologists, after patient and close inquiry, have arrived at the important and practical conclusion that the power of the entire man, his vitality, is as much expended by two hours of deep mental effort as by a whole day of ordinary bodily labor; this fact seems to be founded on observed physiological laws; hence, the man who spends four hours in the twenty-four in earnest mental labor, goes to the utmost allowable limit for a day's work, and all the time that remains, after deducting ten hours for eating, sleeping and dressing, should be conscientiously expended in muscular exercises which require no special brain effort, and such exercises should always, by preference, be those which are agreeable, useful and profitable; for they not only promote the healthful condition of the body, but give rest to the brain, which, by that rest, recuperates its powers. Many can remember, when turning back to their school-days, that they have gone to bed feeling that they did not know their lessons, yet, on rising in the morning, the mind would run over them with a gratifying and surprising clearness. It is this which accounts for the observation that persons have striven hard to remember some important fact, or as to where valuable papers have been laid, and towards morning, when the mind began to awake, a little before the body, this being the time of dreams, the point is made clear in the form of a dream, thus showing that rest of the brain, whether by actual sleep or the passive, comparative rest which manual labor affords, gives mental activity, vigor, perspicacity. From these it follows that no form of muscular exercise is ignoble in a student, a brain-worker, which has to be done by some one, and by being done by him, will save money, or will save the time of another, who, perhaps, may already be over-taxed. How many servants are over-taxed! how many faithful, uncomplaining wives are over-taxed! and sons and daughters sometimes; and clerks, and apprentices, and other *employees*. In every dwelling in a large city, there are many things which the master could do which would reflect benefit on himself and others also; some of these may be suggested: get up by daylight, clear the snow from the sidewalks, kindle two or three fires, ventilate your parlors, keep the cellar well swept, split up kindling-wood, after sawing it yourself; whitewash the cellar twice a year, as also the fencing around the back-yard; trim the eight or ten grape vines which you ought to have against the fence; kill off the worms which infest them in the summer; root out the clover and weeds from your grass plat; keep your hundred feet of flower-borders in perfect

order ; if you have a library, dust your books, rearrange them so that you may be able to put your hand upon them in the dark if needed ; assort your pamphlets and magazines, so that no time may be lost should you want any of them in a hurry ; in this way valuable time may be saved on occasions when you have no time to spare ; then pump water in your tank for twenty minutes every morning. Repair all the broken glass yourself ; learn how to keep all cracks in the plastering filled in with plaster of Paris ; keep your roof well painted ; and why might'nt you as well, when all these things are done, and you have any unoccupied time, sew up the rips in your boys' shoes, and cut down the pegs or tacks in the inner soles, which so often do permanent injury to the feet ; keep their skates in order ; have a grindstone of your own and an iron vice, and keep all the knives sharp, and handles tight ; learn how to mend broken china and common delf ; to tack down carpets ; to hang pictures ; to take stains out of marble and wood ; to replace mahogany veneering ; to render chair legs and backs firm ; to keep the tubs and barrels hooped up ; learn how to make good flour paste, and keep some always on hand, ready to mend a torn bank note, or paste a useful newspaper scrap in some appropriate place ; or have a book for domestic receipts, and when you see one which seems to be valuable, paste it in the book under its proper alphabetical head. What a marvellous help any husband might be to his wife and family in ways like these, and be saving many a dollar besides, instead of lolling about on the sofa or chairs ; or, with feet on table or mantle, leaning back and smoking a filthy pipe or noisome cigar, or sipping the murderous brandy and water, or vulgar "Lager ;" or wasting time in pitiful card playing or childish checkers or chess or back-gammon or solitaire, or any other useless time-murdering, or mind-dwindling occupation ; or take a good long walk after tea, with yourself, wife and children to some profitable lecture ; to some prayer meeting, or other useful assemblage of the good, keeping diligently away from the theatre, the dance and the club house, all three, the equal destroyers of social purity, of domestic happiness and family elevation. Fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, think of these things, and be encouraged to do them, by the reflection that the writer has been practising thus for many years, and keeps young and thrives upon the same in physical well-being, and is as lively as a cricket, and lithe as a lark, while all his college cotemporaries have grown old and gouty and string-halt and stiff, or have lain down to rest in the peaceful grave ; he the only one of all his class who stands in his lot fit for the duty of one man, and doing that of three. But who knows how soon it will be all over ? Next year, next week, to-morrow ! for "we are all as a vapor that appeareth for a

little while, then vanisheth away," such shadows we are, such shadows we pursue. —*Hall's Journal of Health.*

CAN I WRITE ?

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Writing is becoming a source of income to many women in these days, and we get many letters, the general drift and purport of which is to ask the question that we have put at the head of this article.

These letters are often touching, eloquent and interesting—of a kind which make us wish with all our hearts that the authors of them could, as they desire to do, make writing a source of profit. Yet they are not of a kind which would justify our giving encouragement to the writers.

In short, the style of a graceful, easy, feminine letter-writer is something so different from what is necessary in newspaper or magazine articles, that one can seldom form a judgment from a lady's letter as to what she could do.

The only way by which the question, "Can I write ?" is to be answered is this : the fair author must write, not a letter, but an *article*, adapted, as she supposes, to some newspaper or magazine, and send it to the editor.

It is not enough to have a general desire to write ; the author must have a very particular and definite conception of something that she wants to say. We would say to such a person : "Is there any subject on which you feel so deeply and vividly, that it seems to you that you have something to say on that subject ?" If it be so, then try to put that something into the very clearest, plainest, and simplest words that you can.

The best directions for writing, whether in prose or poetry, that we have ever heard, were given by a shrewd clergyman to a young poet : "FIRST THINK WHAT YOU WANT TO SAY, AND THEN SAY IT."

We are aware such a rule as this would be perfectly fatal to a great deal of modern poetry, where, so far as we have observed, the authors have *not* thought of what they wanted to say, or, if they have, have not succeeded in saying it ; so that we are really quite uncertain whether they mean this, that, or the other, or, in fact, anything at all.

It is said that Fichte, the celebrated German philosopher, who practised this cloudy and indefinite style, was once applied to by an admirer to explain one of his sibylline passages. He read it over thoughtfully, and answered :

"When I wrote that passage, God and I knew what I meant. At present, God may know, but I am sure that I don't."

The best way to begin, in writing articles, is the way that artists begin to draw. He does not at first start the cartoon of an historical picture; he draws an eye, a hand, a foot, and does it perfectly. Or he draws a tree, or a part of a house, and he practises a long time on these separate details before he ventures into more complicated combinations.

Now, a great many men and women, when beginning to write, attempt too much; they take some general subject, and flood it with platitudes and commonplaces. There is a whole class of ideas and words that go floating around the newspaper world, that belong no more to one person than another, and that by this time one person can say about as well as another; and the dishing up of any of this general good talk, while it may do very well for a letter, is not worth while in an article.

But now, to come down to a practical point. If there is a woman who could take this subject, "How to quiet a fretful baby," and write a good, sensible, shrewd article on it, though she were not literary at all, and though there might not be a fine figure in it, yet if there were a good share of practical sense and evident experience; we think her article would make a hit.

Or take this subject: "How to keep boys at home evenings."

Or, "What is the best way for a neat housekeeper and good wife to get along with a man who will smoke and chew?"

"The advantages of having boys trained to do some branches of woman's work in childhood, that may be necessary for themselves in after-life—as cooking, cleaning, and mending."

"How best to unite warmth and ventilation in a house."

"How to make Sundays both pleasant and useful to children."

These are specimens of a certain class of topics. Many others could be thought of. We mention these because they are of a homely and practical kind; but there are a thousand subjects, where a person who would follow our rule of thinking of what she wanted to say, and then saying it, might get opportunity.

The question then arises. Will writing pay? Yes, writing will pay, just as any other profession will pay, *after you have learned it*. Nobody pays to the apprentices, or raw hands in the business, what is given to those who have learned it. Young writers must begin by giving away their

writing while they are learning to write. In fact, some who are reaping large incomes now from writing began by sending articles to magazines, with no other expectation of remuneration than the insertion of them.

On this subject, we would like to relate a little story.

A colored man, who had been a slave, and escaped to Canada, was once giving it as his opinion that too much charity was given to the colored people who settled there "They could all find work," he said.

"But," said I, "is there not a prejudice against them?"

"Certainly," he said; "but it can be overcome. I went to hire out to a farmer, but he said he didn't want me; he had all the hands he needed. I said; 'Have you any objection to my helping build stone fence with your men, if I don't charge anything for it?'"

"Why, of course not," said he.

"I took hold and worked one day at laying stone fence with his men, and after that I could always get full wages. I have never wanted for work since."

The application of this story to the case in hand is too obvious to need comment.

—*Hearth and Home*.

JOHN CLARE, THE PEASANT POET OF NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

BY JANUARY SEARLE.

We want a new Plutarch to give us the biographical portraits of the minor poets, both of England and America, who have lived during the past half century. There are numerous facts concerning them which could now be very easily collected and put into durable form, but which will soon have vanished out of all human memory, and thus be lost to literature for ever, unless some lover of poets and poetry comes quickly to the rescue. This work should be done in all cases where it is possible by some one who is personally acquainted with the biographical subject. Nor can all the genius and skill of the most accomplished writer make up for the absence of this important qualification. A single touch of the living fire of sympathy put into the picture will often do more for its vitality and truthfulness than all the mastery of art without it.

Among the minor bards of England whose names are familiar to all readers of poetry, is John Clare, the Northamptonshire poet, who

was born at Helpstone in that county, and almost under the shadow of the old magnificence of Peterboro' Cathedral, which, in the prime of his days, he regarded with a reverence that belonged rather to mediæval than to modern times, so absorbing and ecstatic it was. God had given him a great, loving, and admiring heart, and where he found beauty he enriched it, and where it was not he created it by his genius. But his life is one of the saddest in literary history. He was a peasant, and the son of a peasant. His father, who was a hard working man, had to struggle very hard to live at all, and that, too, against difficulties which an American cannot so much as conceive of. Here, thank God! the laborer gets paid for his labor, the wages that he receives being as worthy of a man to give as they are of a man to receive. But in the agricultural districts of England they are neither. Work as hard as he may, from sunrise to sunset, the poor serf finds it next to impossible to get food sufficient for himself and his family. What would a Western farm laborer think if at the end of six days' toil his wages came to no more than three dollars, all told? Yet this is the average wages of an English farm laborer, and out of this he has to provide a hovel for his family at a rental of, perhaps, twenty dollars a year, as well as fuel and clothing. He literally dies to live! And the Dorsetshire laborers do not live at all, but starve on in a lingering death on two dollars a week! It was the fate of John Clare's father to starve on in this dying manner, until he crippled himself by over toil, and could work no longer, and then this brave man, who had worn the flesh from his bones in fighting the wolf from his door, sat down, broken-hearted, in the dust, fumbling his poor, crooked, gnarled, knotted hands in utter hopelessness, with a piteous, half appealing, half upbraiding look to Heaven in his old, dim eyes, and the merciful authorities made him a pauper on the parish.

So John Clare was sired by a pauper! He could not help it; nor did the fact, once so degrading to the mind of the once proud English peasantry, weigh at all heavily upon him, for the chief reason, perhaps, that he was rhyming, and had no time to think about it. He had to go to plough, his wages being the husks of the corn which he planted, and not enough of that. His youth was passed at the plough, as Burns' was, and although everything seemed to be denied to him that makes life worth living—food, home, congenial friends, and the

simplest rudiments of knowledge—he was not utterly forsaken, nor was he an orphan in the universe, without hope and without God. No young man, however, who subsequently became distinguished, ever started, perhaps, in the race of life at so great a disadvantage, and with such terrible odds against him. He was to all appearances, and so far as anything in the shape of culture goes, in reality also, a dark, blank soul—scrawled over, it may be, with the rudest possible limnings of thought and sentiment; but beyond that, if so much as that, unopened, and sealed down as with the pressure of adamant. Externally, in every social sense, he was below most even of his own class; for his father's hovel home was in ruins, and what had he to do with the pride of a man whose life was as gross as that of his own beasts' who dragged his plough over the fallows!

But it was by ploughing only that those fallows could ever be made ready to bear seed and flash the golden grain to the skies! That was a thought which came upon him one fine spring morning like a revelation, and broke up finally the fallows of his nature into the golden harvest of song. He applied that mute gospel of the ploughing to himself, and resolved to cultivate himself. Already, though poorer than the poorest in outward goods, he had begun to feel the wealth that lay hid in the dark interiors of his soul; to feel it, but alas! not now, nor until long afterwards, to give it utterance. For he could neither read nor write; neither had he any time, or money to pay a teacher. He was a born-singer, one might almost say, without a voice; for what can a man do, how imprison his thoughts and feelings in durable forms, without being able to write? Every cent of his earnings was needed to supply him with food, and lodging, and raiment, and every moment of his time was occupied, from sunrise till long past sunset. But he must learn, at least, the elements of reading and writing, and there was no way of doing this except by starving himself until he had raised money enough to go to school for a few weeks. So when nearly fourteen years of age he began the slow process of saving money for this purpose by starvation. In about eight weeks he had put by an English shilling, and with this money he went to a night school and learned his a-b-abs! Some year or two afterwards he met with an excise officer, who became interested in him, and taught him how to "write and count" for love.

But in the meanwhile the muse had found him also at the plough, and set him a-singing in the fields quite regardless of his ignorance of letters, whether in print or in writing. So when he had made a poem he committed it to memory. But sad enough for him, it would not stay there; and often when he wanted to repeat it to himself he found that it had fled forever. He thus lost many of his best poems. Nor did he fare much better for a long time after he had learned to write; for his letters were so ill-formed that he could not decipher them himself after they had been laid by for a week or two, and the only way he could preserve them was by immediately transcribing indoors what he had written at odd moments in the fields. He used to carry with him a pencil and a bit of coarse brown paper, in which soap or sugar had been wrapped, and with the crown of his stove-pipe hat for a table, wrote down his poems as he composed them at the plough or in his woodland rambles. But he had no idea that his performances were of any value to anybody but himself, and so careless was he about preserving them that he stowed them away as he wrote them in a hole in the mud wall of his cottage, a common receptacle for rubbish, and when a fire was needed in a hurry poor Clare's poems had to kindle it!

He kept his poetic faculty to himself for a long time, and none but his own family knew that he possessed the wondrous gift of song. But although he had to endure great hardship, and often to go to bed hungry, even when he was far into his teens, he never complained. He felt that he was somehow far above his fellows, and that nature was very friendly to him, if man was not, and made him unspeakably happy in his connection with her. He had the spiritual key which unlocked the beauty of the grass and flowers, the clouds and stars, and lived in a world of delight and blessedness of which they could form no conception. But he had never yet read a single book of poems, or any book but the Bible, for Helpstone was not at all literary, and he began to feel a yearning within him to see some of the great Bardic masterpieces, that he might compare his own simple utterances with them, and try to estimate his own true position. It chanced about this time that being in Stamford town he saw a copy of "Thompson's Seasons" put up in a book-seller's window for sale, price one shilling. He gazed long and wistfully at the prize, which he had heard of before, and as he left the window he resolved to

commence another round of starvation, and thus save up the money to buy it, as he had saved before, to pay for that month's "schooling." The next eight or nine weeks were a feverish time to him, for he was perpetually haunted with the thought that perhaps the book would be gone when he had got the shilling to pay for it! The moment, therefore, he had secured the last half-penny which made up the coveted amount, he set off early in the morning for Stamford, and arrived, wet with dew, which he had brushed from the seven miles of grassy fields and woods which he had travelled over, long before sleepy Stamford was awake. The imperturbable book-seller was sleeping out his morning dreams at leisure, when John Clare stood shivering at the door with heart-ache, lest the book for which he had sacrificed so much, should be gone. To his great joy, however, as soon as the great dreamer awoke and took down his shutters, John beheld it still in the window, and having purchased it, he rushed off pell mell for the country, and was scarcely outside the monastic walls of the old town, before he began to devour the contents as fast as he could decipher the words. Love helped him most miraculously. He had never read so fluently before; and long ere he had reached Bingly Park he also was inspired to make verses. But as this little episode in his life happened before he could write, he had to carry his verses in that treacherous memory of his, which for once served him until he could get them fully written down on paper. The piece thus produced was John Clare's first regularly mounted poem, and is called "The Morning Walk."

It was not until he arrived at the age of twenty-four that he ever thought of publishing. He was then at work as a ploughman at Bridge Casterton, in Rutlandshire, and he thought that perhaps he might better his condition, so hopeless in itself, both present and future, if he collected his best pieces and put them into a volume, especially if the wares should be lucky enough to sell. But here again the old difficulty stared him in the face—he had no money. However, thank God! he could starve once more to get it. That was a great consolation! and starve he did until he had scraped together one pound sterling, and with this money he published a prospectus of his book. But alas! seven subscribers only responded to his appeal. His printer, however, was a good man, and a discernor of talent, and through him the great publishing house of Taylor & Heney,

London, bought Clare's copyright for £20 and published his book.

It was an immense success. Fresh from the heart of nature, dripping with dews and the odor of flowers, and sunny as a June landscape, they took London by storm. Clare was called the Burns of Northamptonshire. His pieces were, perhaps, the most original in form, sentiment, imagery, and expression, which had appeared in the new school of poetry that was ushered in by Cowper and Burns. Such wondrous delicacy of description, such pre-Raphaelite painting of scenery and flowery details, such brook-like music in the lines, were new to literature. Clare now got invitations to London from the lion-hunters. He sprang all at once into importance. Money, books, sympathy, letters, were showered on him. People came scores of miles to see him at the plow, and when, at last, he went to London, he was crazed with its tumult and splendor, and the fine reception which he everywhere met with. Lord Radstock invited him to his splendid parties—the peasant sired by a pauper and petted by the proud aristocracy of England! It was a fairy change. The theatres were opened to him by the managers, and a box at the English and Italian operas was reserved for him; and strange to say, he admired the French style of beauty more than the English.

The "Village Minstrel," his second volume of poems, increased slightly his fame, and he was made a contributor to the London Magazine, then owned by his publishers. This gave him rank with De Quincy, Charles Lamb, William Hazlitt, Thomas Hood, Hamilton Reynolds, Carey, the only worthy translator of Dante, Crow, the public orator of Oxford, and other grandees of literature. To relieve him from the drudgery of day labor, Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Radstock, Lord John Russell, and the ex-King of the Belgians, clubbed together and gave the poor fellow a pension, amounting, with the profits of his poems, to fifty pounds a year!—two hundred dollars, all told!—a sum that any American merchant would have been ashamed to offer to any *protégé* of his—even to a superannuated servant. Clare, however, felt himself rich and married his pretty "Patty of the Vale" on the strength of it; and better still, a thousand fold, he took his poor old pauper father and his mother home with him, to live with him and pretty "Patty."

This happened after he had returned from London to "settle down" as a farmer!

But there was no "settle down" for poor John Clare after London life. That life ruined him. He did his best, but his thoughts were far away. Ruin followed all his steps, and he finally sank into a poverty as great as that from which he had been rescued. He tried another volume of poems in 1839, which he called "The Rural Muse," but this also failed, and he was so broken-hearted over his losses and misfortunes that his mind gave way, and he was taken to Northampton Asylum, where he lived for nearly twenty years, and where he died; writing poems in the lucid intervals, which showed that the old fire was still burning on the sacred altar; but for the most part he lived in dread hallucination of murder, theft, burglary; and once we went to see him when he was training for a prize-fight, and believed himself to be "Deaf Burke." "Do you ever write poetry now, Mr. Clare?" we asked, "Poetry, sir? No, sir? Poetry is all stuff. I belong to the ring. I'm the 'Deaf 'un,' as I'll show you if you'll just turn out into the yard." "Thank you, but I'd rather not. Can I do anything for you?" "You! No! What should you do? Yes, you might, too; you might give me a shilling to buy some tobacco." For a handful of shillings—all we had—he gave us a copy of verses, which were very good, and were printed subsequently, in the "Truth Seeker" magazine, edited by the learned and eloquent Dr. Lees, who has given to the temperance movement in England a splendid literature.

WHAT A YOUNG WOMAN DID.

I have an acquaintance in the middle-class of society, the income of whose business was a comfortable support for his wife and three daughters. The eldest of the girls found much of her time unoccupied, except with unproductive fancy work, and she said to her mother: "Why should we all be dependent upon father for support? If he should die how helpless we should be. And even if he lives, and is able to work for a long time to come, we might relieve him from much care and anxiety by our exertions, and we might greatly increase our own opportunities for improvement." She followed out these ideas by fitting herself to be a book-keeper. Not satisfied with a small salary, she diligently applied her spare hours to acquiring a thorough knowledge of French and Spanish; and having an object in view, she learned rapidly. When she was able to write commercial

letters in those languages, she soon commanded a salary of fifteen hundred dollars. Every morning she walked into the city with her father, where they parted to go to their separate places of business, and met to return home together in the afternoon. Most fashionable women had

probably taken up as much time *spending* money in the day, as she had spent in *earning* it. Her example stimulated a younger sister, whom she aided in the development of her artistic talent, till she became a teacher of drawing in a large educational establishment.

Young Folks.

DADDY'S MAN.

BY JANE G. AUSTIN.

Once upon a time, and a long, long time ago, for it was on the nineteenth day of May, 1780, the good and pious people of New England were very much startled by a phenomenon known ever since as "The Dark Day,"—not a make-believe dark day, such as we all see now and then, when the darkness comes from our own hearts and heads,—not a national dark day, although the people who saw it were in the midst of the Revolutionary war,—not a spiritual or intellectual dark day, such as the world has seen so many of, that a long epoch in its history is known as the Dark Ages,—not the dark day of an eclipse, foretold by all the wise men, and for which we prepare smoked bits of glass, and have such fun in blacking our noses by peeping through them,—in fact, not like any other dark day that ever was heard of since the world began, and for which no one is even now able to account.

There yet live people who were children then, and one of these, a charming old gentleman, has told me all about it, and I will tell it to you again.

He says that, very early upon that morning, a learned astronomer, who had risen betimes to take a peep at the morning, discovered that something was wrong with the clouds and the winds, and predicted to his family that the day would be the darkest ever known in New England, for the heavy strata of cloud he had seen driven by opposing winds across each other at different heights, must, if they continued to thicken as they were then doing, obscure the sun's rays almost entirely. Very likely the astronomer's family smiled slyly into its coffee-cups, and said to itself that long vigils and early rising, together with much star-gazing, are apt to make a man fanciful, and that a cloudy day was no such

marvel. But before the coffee-cups were washed and put away, the prophecy had become a fact, for the clouds, growing darker and heavier with every moment, seemed closing down upon the earth like a great black roof, shutting out the daylight almost altogether. The sea, moaning and surging in an uneasy sort of way, lay black and awful under the blacker sky, except when long lines of foam curved like white lips upon its surface. The wind, sighing through the broad pine woods that lie for miles about the Old Colony where I heard this story, sounded wild and wicked as the winds that blew down to us from the old days of scorcery and witchcraft; or perhaps it was because all who saw and heard them were so frightened and astonished that they seemed to look and sound so. But, at any rate (for this is a homely fact, not to be done away with by common-sense suggestions), the hens, not usually too romantic in their notions, saw something so strange about the day that at nine o'clock in the morning they went soberly to roost, and, with their heads under their wings, slept straight through the day and night that followed. The cows, too, came to the bars, lowing to be driven home; the dogs whined and howled, the pigs squealed, the horses would not go, and the little children ran crying to their mothers.

As for the big children, I suppose they thought it fun, and capered about, getting in every one's way, asking all manner of questions, running out every minute to look, and in again to report upon the way things were going. At least that is the way we would have acted if we had been there, wouldn't we?

But the fathers and mothers,—those poor fathers and mothers who have to take all the care and worry, while the children keep all the fun, and who are sometimes tempted to be too severe and sad, just because they can no longer be gay and careless as they once were,—the fathers and

mothers, I say, took very gloomy and terrified views of this Dark Day.

Some thought the world had come to an end, and that this was the Day of Judgment; these occupied themselves with listening for the blast of the last trumpet, and looking toward the gloomy heavens to catch the radiance that should herald the coming of the Lord. Others considered the darkness a sign of God's displeasure at the wickedness of man, and a warning to amend before it was too late.

Yet others there were who were so determined to take a rational and everyday view of the Dark Day, that they insisted it was only caused by vast volumes of smoke from burning woods, added to the natural murkiness of a cloudy day; but this explanation was about as satisfactory as if some one should tell us the deluge was caused by Mrs. Noah's having emptied her washing-tubs into the ocean.

About five o'clock the clouds lightened a little, but at nightfall the darkness came on again, and more intensely than ever, of course; the unnatural gloom of the day being added to the natural gloom of night, and both together causing a darkness that people say was to be felt as well as seen, and oppressed those who ventured out in it with a crushing, choking feeling, intolerable to endure. Lights in the windows of houses could not be seen from the opposite side of the street, and several persons were quite lost and bewildered in trying to go from one house to the next. One young man in particular was sent across North Street, in Plymouth, with a message, and although he took a lantern, and the houses were both well lighted, he could not find the way; and after wandering for half-an-hour up and down, backward and forward, and round and round, as you have seen the blind man do when the handkerchief is tight, and no one guides him by calling, he groped his way home by the help of the fence, and ventured out no more that night.

One old lady there was, however, who showed an amount of coolness, and what the boys call pluck, that deserves to be recorded. She was grandmother to the pleasant old gentleman who told me the story, and he evidently took much satisfaction in that circumstance. This old lady, after reading and praying all the day, and finding herself greatly strengthened and comforted thereby, devoted a part of the night to writing verses about the Dark Day, whose end she could not yet know. These verses her grandson still preserves, and they are so quaint and simple, so

devout and so brave, that I am sure you will like to read them, fancying all the while the dark and solemn night, with the frightened people not daring to go to bed, but waiting for what dreadful thing was to happen before morning, and the cheerful, brave old lady sitting so calmly among them, now comforting those about her, and again turning to her verse-making.

"A FEW LINES COMPOSED ON A REMARK-
ABLE DARK DAY.

MAY 19, 1780.

"There's many changes past this yeare,
And one Dark Day there did appeare;
Ye Sun did soe withdrawe his light
It made ye noonday looke like night.

"As for ye monthe it was in Maye,
And fell upon ye nineteenth day.
Ye darkness held till almost night,
And then agen it grew more light.

"But when ye evening did come on,
Ye darkness did agen return;
Ye good folk who were then abroad
Say that they could not keep ye roade.

"Some persons were in great distress,
And by their words they did express
They tho't ye Judgment Day was neare,
And that ye Lord would soon appeare.

"But it to me was a true marke
To show ye darkness of man's heart;
For when ye Lord withdrawes His light
Man's heart is then as dark as night.

"Nowe may this day a warning be
To all ye folk that doe it see,
And may we soe refine our ways
That we shall see no more Dark Days."

I wonder if in their holy readings, any of these frightened people came upon the text, "Darkness endureth for a night, but toy cometh in the morning." If so, they must have remembered it when the sun rose the next day, somewhat dimly, to be sure, but yet visibly, and the gloomy sky cleared by slow degrees, until at sunset all was as bright and joyous as ever, and of all the Dark Day nothing remained but its memory, and, we will hope, some of the good resolutions its terror had evoked. But good resolutions with no better foundation than terror are not very strong; and, I am afraid the world was not so much improved, after all, as it should have been by the Dark Day.

Very early that next morning, a man on horseback, pale and anxious, as indeed it had been quite the fashion for every one to be during the last day and night, rode into Plymouth, from the neighboring town of Carver, asking every one he met if they

had seen his little son, a child of four years old, with long fair hair, curling about his shoulders, large black eyes, and a clear red and white complexion. He had risen upon the morning of the Dark Day before either of his parents, dressed himself in his little blue frock and cap, and left the house. The father, rising soon after, had gone to the woods to his work, supposing the child at play somewhere near home; and the mother, after looking for him in vain, concluded he had gone with his father. About nine o'clock, when the darkness brought the farmer home from the woods, and stopped the household labors of his wife, it was discovered that the child had not been seen by either since he left his little crib in the early morning. The father tried to seek for him, but the intense darkness soon drove him home again, fortunate in being able to reach home; and all that fearful day and night the poor father and mother had been obliged to wait, doing nothing, and fancying every moment some new peril or misfortune to their darling, and reproaching themselves for not having better watched him. And yet all that dark Dark Day and all that darker night, they could not even leave their lonely house,—could not stir hand or foot to seek for him; and before the daylight came, the mother lay scorched with fever and raving with delirium upon her bed, not even knowing when her husband, calling a neighbor to stay with her, rode away, with a heavy and almost hopeless heart, to look for the boy.

Arrived in Plymouth, and telling his sad story to every one he met, the farmer came at length to an old woman, who, while picking up some chips upon the previous morning, had seen a pretty child dancing by, who she thought must be a stranger in the town. She called to him, and asked where he was going.

"Going to seek my fortune," said the child, stopping to look at her with his great dark eyes.

"Your fortune, indeed! And what may be your name, my child?" asked the old woman.

"Why, don't you know? I'm Daddy's Man," replied the boy; and, shaking back his yellow curls, he danced away before the rising wind, like a little fairy changeling, leaving the good woman shading her eyes and staring after him, doubtful if she should not have kept him from his fortune, until at any rate he had given her some less fantastic name and errand.

The pale father listened eagerly to all the

rambling story the old woman was glad to tell, then climbing stiffly to his saddle, said:

"Yes, yes, mother, it was my boy, no doubt. That is just his pretty way and brave temper; and as for the name, he never went by any other since first I took him in arms, and said he was Daddy's Man. And which way did he go?"

"Straight on into the town, and likely enough you will hear of him there, good man. I would——"

But the father, with his white face and straining eyes set steadily forward, listened to nothing now, and a few minutes later was asking his eager questions to every one who would stop to listen.

At last a little girl, running with her book to school, paused to hear the story as it was told to two or three pitying women, and when it was done, shyly said:

"I guess he's dead, for I saw an angel on the Burying Hill yesterday morning that looked just like him."

"Nay, then, Patty Winslow, what do you know of how angels look, and what was it that you saw?" asked one of the women, turning upon the child, who, nothing daunted by the doubt so bluntly expressed, went on to tell in her simple fashion how she had tried to go up on the Burying Hill on the morning of the Dark Day, but had been frightened back by the great clouds that came rolling down toward her, and was running home, when she saw a little figure standing on a tomb, with long fair hair blowing out behind him, and a pale face with great dark eyes uplifted to the sky, while the little hands were tightly folded upon the breast.

Patty stopped a moment to stare at the strange and lovely sight, and remembering a picture in her mother's Bible of an angel standing much in the same way before the door of the holy tomb, she concluded that here was another angel, come perhaps to call the dead men from their graves, if this indeed were the Day of Judgment, and so crept softly away, not daring to approach the beautiful vision.

"It was my boy," again cried the father. "You did indeed see an angel, my little maid, but in the flesh, as God grant I yet may find him."

Then setting spurs to the horse he had not dismounted from, he rode on, still asking every one he met if they could give him news of the little lost Daddy's Man, until at last the whole town was aroused to join in the search, and all that day the lost child was sought through the dark pine-forest, and on the tangled borders of the

ponds, and among the great round hills, and along the desolate shore, where the waves came sobbing in, as if they had a story to tell of him that might break your heart to hear could you but understand their mighty voice. At last, just at the sunset, they found him deep in the heart of the great wood between Plymouth and Kingston, ten long miles from the home he had left so bravely and so merrily upon the morning of that terrible Dark Day. How had those little feet carried him so far, and how had he missed all the friendly roofs that would have sheltered him, the kind hearts that would have cared for and protected him, and how, in the darkness and the terror involving him, had he made his way through miles of tangled forest to the lonely spot where he was found? There he lay, under a great pine-tree, his pretty curls tangled with the brown needles, his dark eyes close shut, his little listless hands folded upon his breast, and the smile of heaven upon his parted lips.

I am so glad that it was the father himself who found him, and who, treading cautiously toward him, and bending fearfully above him, dreading to find him too sound asleep for earthly waking, caught the first glance of those slowly opening eyes, the first glad flash of consciousness and recognition.

"Oh, Daddy!" shouted the little man, springing to his father's arms, "I'm so glad you've come! The night was so dark and long, and I couldn't find my fortune."

Ah! the prayer that the father prayed, kneeling there in the solemn wood, his darling clasped close, close to his heart, his wet face upraised to the God who had given him back the treasure so nearly lost for ever, must have been a prayer of such praise as the angels sing before the Great White Throne, full of joy and gratitude not to be put in words!

And so Daddy's Man was carried home in triumph to comfort that poor mother, whose illness must have fled before the great joy of his return; and we will hope that, when next the little hero went forth to seek his fortune, it was with better success.

And if you would know his name when he grew too old to be called Daddy's Man, and all the rest that may be said of him, go to dear Pilgrim Plymouth, and ask the first old man you meet for the story of the Dark Day. He will give it you in all its details, and many a charming legend besides, or I am no true prophet. And so good-bye.—*Our Young Folks.*

DRAWING-ROOM ILLUSIONS.

THE ORIENTAL BALL TRICK.

This trick is particularly effective. Procure three balls of wood, the size of billiard balls, each having a small hole drilled completely through it, the hole the size of an ordinary black-lead pencil.

Procure also two pieces of white tape, each ten feet long. Double each tape exactly in half, so that they become only five feet long. Insert the folded end into one of the balls; pull it through about an inch; then open the doubled tape, which, of course, then becomes a loop; into which loop insert about an inch of the folded end of the other piece of tape; then carefully draw the first tape back into the ball, and it will be found that the joint of the two tapes in the ball is not only very firm, but completely hidden. Then thread the other ends of one tape into one of the other balls, and slide the ball along the tape until it reaches the first ball. Do the same with the ball on the other tape. Thus all the balls will be threaded on the tape, the centre ball containing all the tape connections. All this is prepared beforehand. When the trick is performed show the three balls on the tapes, and ask two persons to hold the ends of the tapes, allowing the balls to swing loosely in the centre. Show that there is no trick about it by sliding the two outer balls to and fro upon the tape. To make it more wonderful (but really to accomplish the trick) ask each one person to drop one end of their respective tapes, so that the balls may be tied on. Make a single tie of the two lengths, and give each person an end, but not the end he held before. Now request the assistants to pull gradually, and as the tapes become strained strike two or three smart blows with the hand, or a stick, upon the balls, and they will fall to the ground uninjured, while, to the astonishment of every one, the tapes remain unbroken. The tape used should be of the best linen, and about three-quarters of an inch wide.

THE DANCING SKELETON.

This is calculated to excite much astonishment if well arranged beforehand.

Get a piece of board about the size of a large school-slate, and have it painted black. The paint should be what is known as a dead colour, without gloss or brightness. Sketch out the figure of a skeleton on a piece of card-board, and arrange it after the manner of the dancing sailors and other card-board figures exposed for sale in

the toy-shops, so that by holding the figure by the head in one hand, and pulling a string with the other, the figure will throw up its legs and arms in a very ludicrous manner.

Make the connections of the arms and legs with black string, and let the pulling string be also black. Tack the skeleton by the head to the black board. The figure having been cut out, is, of course, painted black like the board.

Now to perform. Produce the board. Show only the side upon which there is nothing.

Request that the lights may be reduced about half, and take position a little distance from the company. With a piece of chalk make one or two attempts to draw a figure; rub out your work as being unsatisfactory; turn the slate; the black figure will not be perceived; rapidly touch the edges of the card-board figure with chalk, filling up ribs, etc., at pleasure, and taking care that nothing moves while the drawing is progressing. Then manipulate with the fingers before the drawing, and request it to become animated. By pulling the string below the figure it will, of course, kick up the legs and throw about the arms, to the astonishment of everybody.

A little music from the piano will greatly assist the illusion.

THE RING AND STICK.

This trick is very puzzling, and requires but little preparation or practice.

Get two brass curtain rings; keep one of them in the coat-sleeve, offer the other to the company for examination; procure a light walking-stick, and secretly slip the ring from the sleeve upon the stick, covering it well with the left hand. Hold the stick in the centre with the ring concealed, and invite two persons to hold the ends of the stick. While engaging the attention by some apparent necessity for having the stick either higher or lower—a little higher at one end, a little lower at the other, etc., etc.—give the stick a smart tap with the examined ring in your right hand, and withdraw the left hand rapidly, making the ring on the stick spin violently.

It will appear that the ring in the right hand has passed miraculously upon the stick; how, no one can tell, the ring being solid, and the stick guarded at both ends. The right-hand ring must be secreted in the sleeve or pocket after the effect is produced; but no great haste is required, as every one will be too intent upon examining the ring on the stick to watch the operator.

AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

Request any one to stand with his back against the wall—the heels being close to the wall; drop a handkerchief at his feet, and defy him to pick it up without moving his feet.

A ROPE TRICK.

Procure a rope the size of a clothes' line, and about 12 or 15 feet long.

Ask some one to tie your wrists together with a handkerchief; then get him to draw the rope through the arms, and hold the two ends tightly. Bid him stand as far away as the double rope will permit. The performer is now to drop the rope from his arms, without untying the handkerchief.

To accomplish it, he must pull tightly against the person holding the ends of the rope.

This enables him to draw the rope well in between the wrists, until, on slacking the rope, the fingers can easily reach it and draw it through the handkerchief, until sufficient is through to permit one hand to slip through the noose of rope which is formed by this last movement. A slight pull from the assistant causes the rope to fall free of the hands and arms.

THE RESTORED HANDKERCHIEF.

A hat, a newspaper, a handkerchief, a pair of scissors, and a plate are required to carry out this illusion. Place a hat on a table at the back of the room, that is, away from the audience, but in sight of them. Borrow a handkerchief, and dextrously substitute another in its place. This is easy enough to do. Proceed as follows:

Secrete a common handkerchief between the lower edge of the coat and waistcoat, the lower button of the coat being fastened, that the handkerchief may not fall. Having obtained a lady's handkerchief, holding it in the left hand, turn sharply round, and, in the act of turning, draw the concealed handkerchief from the coat, and pass the borrowed handkerchief from the left to the right hand, so that the two handkerchiefs are brought together. Pretend to look for some mark in the borrowed handkerchief, but really be crushing the borrowed handkerchief into small compass, and spreading out the false one.

Then lay it on the edge of the hat, exposing well the false article, and dropping the real one into the hat, at the same time bidding the company observe that the handkerchief never leaves their sight. Then fetch a pair of scissors or borrow a penknife. Take the false handkerchief and cut out the middle. Ask some one to hold the

PARKYN'S



SELF-RAISING FLOUR.

This Self-Raising Flour is an invaluable article for producing, in a few minutes, by the addition of cold water only, without yeast or salt, the most nutritious and wholesome Bread; also, Biscuit, Cakes, Pastry, etc., rendering it of great importance to Housekeepers, Invalids, Dyspeptics, and Sea-faring Men

Bread, to be wholesome, must be light and porous. This result, hitherto, has been obtained almost exclusively by fermentation with yeast. It is well known "fermentation is the first stage of decomposition, and that a portion of the saccharine and other nutritious parts of the Flour are sacrificed to render the remainder palatable and wholesome. The Self-Raising Flour contains the entire nutrition of the grain, and yields a Bread more digestible and of finer flavor than the fermental article and may be produced by the addition of cold water only.

ADVANTAGES OF SELF-RAISING FLOUR

Bread from Self-Raising Flour will keep good much longer than any other, and will not mould nor become sour, and may be eaten while fresh without detriment.

It gives 16 per cent. more bread than flour raised with yeast; of finer flavor more digestible and nutritious; making 32 pounds more bread to the barrel.

The gluten, saccharine, and other elements of nutrition in flour, are wasted or destroyed during fermentation, to the extent of seven per cent. or more; while they are preserved in all their strength in bread made from the Self-Raising Flour.

When used for Pastry, Pies, Confectionery, etc., less than the usual quantity of eggs and butter will suffice.

In Custard and all other Pies, the under-crust bakes as light as the upper—an important advantage over common flour, as regards health and economy.

The SELF-RAISING FLOUR will be found decidedly THE CHEAPEST that can be used for household purposes, saving *thirty per cent.* in butter and eggs, and making the most superior Bread, light Pastry, Cake, Puddings, Dumplings, Batter and Griddle Cakes, etc., with much economy of time and trouble.

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