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NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

MARCH

1871.

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THE LATE GENERAL PRIM.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

MARCH, 1871.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE APENNINES.

BY A CANADIAN.

CHAPTER I.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping, deck the mountain side—
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride—
While oft some temple's mouldering tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene—
Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely bless'd!
Whatever fruits in different climes are found
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die,
These here disporting own the kindred soil
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

—*Goldsmith.*

My kind father's liberality having supplied my eldest brother and myself with means for indulging in a few months' sight-seeing, at home or abroad, as our fancy might suggest, we sat down on the steps of the noble old porch which formed a side entrance to our family dwelling, to consider in what direction our way should tend. Each of us was prolific in suggestions, and both fluent (if I must not say eloquent) in commendation of our various proposals—still this did not bring us a whit nearer to the desired point. In truth we had too much liberty of choice, and therefore remained prisoners to indecision. My brother (Frederick was his name) resorted to his old mode of helping himself to catch an idea and buried his face in his hands. Yet the coy imp still eluded him. She did not choose to be

trapped in the dark; but she fluttered so close to me, as I stood gazing on the sun-gilt pillars of the porch, that a bound made her mine. "I have it," said I triumphantly. "We must carry our knapsacks to 'Italy the Beautiful,' once more."

"Pshaw!" said Fred; "what novelty will there be in that? Have we not already spent two seasons there—and now I confess to a school-boy antipathy to 'classic Rome,' barbarian though you may call me for uttering such a sentiment. To tread the 'Appian Way'—to 'turn towards Tiber,' and beyond the city gate,

'Where on his mule I might have met so oft
Horace himself—or climb the Palatine,
Dreaming of old Evander and his guest.

* * * * *

And the summit gain'd

Inscribe my name on some broad aloë-leaf,
That shoots and spreads within those very walls
Where Virgil read aloud his tale divine.'

Yea even to accomplish this, and much more of the same, I can no longer be tempted. I have had enough of it; or even the 'glorious city in the sea,' with its 'streets ebbing and flowing.' Or Florence 'fairest city of the Earth,'—or yet Naples on which 'Fable and Truth have shed in rivalry each her peculiar influence.' These fail to attract me—I am weary of them. You remember how we had to spell them over for months before our first visit, and then to repeat our lesson on the spot, and how we groaned under the lash of Signor Gallatti—twisting our tongues most ineffectually in pursuit of correct pronunciations; and even when we

had, as we thought, done wonders in the language, an hour on Italian ground put all our boasting to flight, and left us in a very helpless condition indeed. I can recollect congratulating myself on the happy fact that we could at least make them understand when we wanted food, by pointing significantly to our open mouths."

"Oh but, Fred, I say, as Signor Gallatti often said, 'be brave!' 'Tis positively undignified to recall all these infantine tortures. Remember, my dear fellow, we were mere children when we endured them, and we should not forget that to them we are indebted in some measure at least for our present decent attainments in the polite literature of 'The Boot,' as you always would persist in calling 'the sun-bright Peninsula.' In fact it is the very consciousness of speaking their language fluently that draws me towards the Italians. I cannot agree with the crowds who assert that 'six weeks' lessons with a master' will prepare you comfortably for travel in any European country."

"Fudge! every word of it," growled Fred; "but go on, let me hear your plan—only don't stick to the cities."

"No, that's the very thing I wished to explain. Now, my idea is that we can make a really pleasant thing of it, by avoiding the beaten track, turning our backs on 'fashionable resorts,' and pushing our way up the mountains and through the valleys where Dame Nature lives in primeval simplicity still."

"Now you begin to talk sense, and I agree," said Fred more good-humoredly.

So it was soon arranged that Italy was to be the scene of our *labors*. Friends were compliant; preparations speedily made, and our journey actually commenced before June had run half its course. Nevertheless it was the second week in July before we crossed the Alps. Fred, with all his squeamish contempt for city life, was induced to loiter some days in Paris, and when after a rapid whirl to the south we reached Lausanne, there too he must pause long enough at least for a sail from Ouchy to Geneva—leaving me to "poke," as he said, through Gibbon's dusty house, and climb to the castle, from whence I had such a view of the Lake and distant mountains

of Savoy, with a thousand nearer objects of interest, that far more than compensated me for the trouble of the "climb." I found time also for a walk round and about the huge Cathedral, as well as an interesting inspection of the singular tombs within; amongst others that of Asmodeus, the eighth Duke of Savoy, who after governing the State with talent, and to its great advantage, resigned his honors, but soon after accepted the Popedom and title of Felix the Fifth; only, however, to retain them for a short time and then retire with the hope of restoring peace, and no doubt enjoying more of that precious luxury himself, apart from the cares of government, for the year or two he survived, than he could have looked for amid his onerous state duties. The next day Fred arrived in such excellent humor that he actually indulged me, not only with a spirited account of his sail, but a long talk about the celebrities who had rendered Lausanne famous by their residences there. However, I must confess Voltaire, Haller, Tissot and Gibbon had a much smaller share of his eloquence than Byron busied with his "Prisoner of Chillon" at Ouchy; or "John Kemble ending his days in the Cemetery of St. Pierre"—places within a mile or two of the city; and now as we had both ridden our hobby, we agreed to proceed, and before long found ourselves mounted on stout mules and fairly on the ascent.

Pleased at the first the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last.
But these attained, we tremble to survey
The growing labors of the lengthened way;
The increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes;
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise.

And now, as Pope has so well described our travel "o'er the heights," I may fairly tell you of our rest in the valley. I speak of one with a name unknown to fame, yet so full of beauty that I felt as if it were vain to seek for more. A little lake lay in the midst, with precipitous banks walling it in, and seeming to refuse access to its brilliant blue waters; yet, as we looked down, we perceived figures in picturesque attire, at short intervals, shewing themselves as they wound along the tortuous paths which led to the brink; and full of longing for a

plunge in the tempting bath, we too endeavored to descend, but were some time before we found the means. At length we were fortunate enough to catch sight of a group of peasants as they began to descend, and were quickly beside them. They were all well dressed—cheerful and healthy in appearance. We told them of our wish to get to the water's edge, and they smilingly offered to guide us, and appeared highly delighted by our appreciation of the surrounding charms.

"Ah, yes!" they said, "our country is bright and beautiful and our homes dear to us. Our chestnuts are the sweetest, and our vines give us juicy grapes; our olives yield us precious oil; and we have pomegranates and melons to feast on, besides the golden orange and the figs."

We were soon at the desired spot, and surprised to find a number of people assembled on the narrow strip of verdant turf which bordered the lake. There were hearty greetings between our guides and those earlier in their arrival; and it was pleasant to us to note the sweet simplicity of life—

"Far from the din of folly's idle strife—"

simplicity wholly devoid of rude coarseness, but rich in the graceful expressions of kindly nature.

We soon understood that the groups of neighbors collected on the shore waited for their party to be completed, in order to cross the little lake in their boats for the purpose of attending a fete in honor of the marriage of the children of some friends on the other side. They were all in holiday attire, and all carried some little gift for the newly married pair. We were soon invited to become guests, and gladly accompanied the gay throng.

Finding us so much interested in the scenery of their beloved mountains, they steered for a particular point, and gave us a full opportunity for beholding the exquisite features of the surrounding shores. From the almost perpendicular cliffs which formed the chief portion of the lake's boundary arose hills clothed with richest verdure, and interspersed with villages, each having its picturesque little

church built on the highest point adjacent, their white walls glistening in the sun amongst the groves of fruit trees. The very rocks were draped with luxuriant vegetation, and the mountains clad to their tops in forests of walnut and chestnut trees. Then in the far distance, mingling with the clouds, were seen the eternal snows on the highest peaks of the mighty Alps, or the glaciers resplendent with sun-tints. After this friendly concession to our curiosity and rapt admiration of the scene, our kind conductors once more let go their strange little swallow-tailed sails, and we were quickly at the desired place. The boats being secured, the upward walk, or rather scramble, commenced. I confess to some little puffing and gasping as we struggled up the steep path; but it was amazing how the hardy mountaineers (even those amongst them who were no longer young) "stood the tug," in Fred's graphic phraseology. A couple of miles lay between the shore and the house in which the festival was to be held, and each step of the way seemed to present some charming variety in compensation for the ruggedness of the path. The luxuriant foliage, the rich velvety turf spangled with beauteous blossoms; the occasional savannas with their ever undulating verdure, from which arose at our approach large flights of birds; the glimpses of numerous villages with their unfailling spires rising from their little white churches, and the neat-looking cottages nestling amongst fruit-trees—all these, and many besides, were the minor fascinations of the way. But I must not attempt to describe the grander objects; everybody knows of their existence, and all may indulge imagination to the utmost limits, and yet fall far short of the glorious reality.

My astute brother, under the supposition that I meant to attempt a *minute* description in a letter for home, exclaimed impatiently,—

"What fudge! to try to cram an ostrich into a wren's nest. If they want to know anything about such scenery, let them come and look at it."

But, as an humbler topic, I may venture to tell of the little entertainment which we were climbing to join in.

CHAPTER II.

A sudden turn in the road presented a pretty and interesting sight. On a small, grassy level, forming a sort of step or little platform on the mountain-side, were grouped twenty or thirty persons, all, like our friends, in holiday attire, and all engaged in dancing to some good music. The elders of the party might be seen seated beneath the fragrant trees in an irregular semicircle which bounded the little plain. We were late for the first part of the proceedings; but our arrival was no sooner observed than many hands—if not *fair*, at least actively and cordially employed in our service—presented us with a variety of fruit, also small cakes, and drinks made from various juices, and sweetened with honey. The bride was led to us to receive our congratulations, and the little gifts were presented to her and gracefully accepted. In our unprepared state, we ventured to offer some small gold coins, which seemed to give as much delight as surprise, and were handed round as curiosities. Happy people, they had learned to be content without gold, and satisfied with the simplest supplies for their few wants. They rejoiced as much in their little gardens, and half-dozen chestnut trees, as the wealthy man of England could in his widespread domains and well-filled coffers. We joined in the dance, and afterwards listened to some sweet mountain songs; then, as the sun began to hide behind the western heights, we bade a courteous farewell, and, retracing our steps to the lake side, embarked once more in our tiny boats and soon reached the opposite shore, and our lodging for the night.

"Well, Fred," I asked, "what think you of our day's entertainment?"

"Capital in its way, and beyond count better than the doings on similar occasions among the great. Here, Nature rules; there, Art. In this you find some genial glow which tells of light and heat within—in that, nought but smouldering embers; or should now and then a spark escape, 'tis sure to be carefully extinguished, as too glaring, too vulgar, for the exquisites of high life."

"Why, Fred, how bitter you are! Had I guessed what I might bring to the surface, I should not have ventured to stir you up; and I relish it all the less, as I know your strictures are really against our own country and countrymen."

"Yes, of course they are. Perhaps if I knew more of Italy and the Italians, I might feel equal severity towards them; but I am ignorant, and, therefore, silent."

"But can you not see how refreshing it is to discover, or even fancy you discover, something *genuine*—somewhat *real* and true to nature?"

"The more I enjoy this, the more I despise its opposite."

"Well," said I, "but do you never feel afraid of running into a disagreeable extreme? I confess I often fear it for you."

He replied: "I can't say. I believe I have never thought of that. It seems to me as if we had such a long journey to make before we can quite escape from the fogs of cramped, unreasonable conventionalism, the absurd exaggerations of caste, and the pigmy tyranny of fashion, that I have not begun to fear the road leading to what you would, I am sure, call the quagmire of equality."

"Well, I can only say, beware! Remember that you can be as arbitrary in your extreme as others are in theirs. As Locke says: 'Every one is forward to complain of the prejudices that mislead other men or parties, as if he were free and had none of his own.'"

"Yes, but the same wise man says, too, that false or doubtful positions, relied upon as unquestionable maxims, keep those in the dark from truth who build on them."

"True; but this is a sword which cuts both ways. Let us grant that on each side there are false or doubtful positions—that whilst you accuse me of being an unbending aristocrat, 'tis possible you may be proved a blunt democrat—and common sense, probably, will condemn both."

"Yes; I believe extremes are an offence to justice; but you must confess there is a great deal in the present state of what you call refined society to disgust and drive one to the Antipodes."

"Nay, there I dissent. Reject if you will the excess; but do not illiberally

ignore the real merit. Even should you find some puerile nothings magnified into points of fancied importance, and many truly estimable qualities undervalued, still these abuses should not blind you to what is elevated and excellent amongst those you condemn."

"I believe both parties have wandered too far away from the wise medium for their real comfort, and now it would be their wisdom to face each other honestly and retrace their steps, until they met in harmony and united strength."

"Well, you grow so reasonable that you shame me out of my meditated rejection of all pertaining to the obnoxious clique, and almost force me to confess that the prejudices on our side are undue in many cases, and really mean nothing but a determination to condemn all that you approve. Having arrived at this rational friendliness, I think we may go to rest, and dream, if we can, of the pretty mountain bride."

During our future ramblings this subject was rarely renewed, and never except in a spirit which showed a conviction on both sides that, if we really desire to remove the mote out of our brother's eye, we must first take care to get rid of the beam which is in our own; and amongst other proofs of amiable concession on Fred's part, was a proposal that we should visit "the cities" again whenever they came in our way. So before long I found myself once more in Florence, greatly enjoying the unnumbered objects of interest there, and feeling pretty sure, too, that my brother had his full share of pleasure in the indulgence of his really fine taste and intellect. His passion for the fine arts made Florence especially agreeable to him, and severely as he exacted from himself and others an adherence to simple matter-of-fact habits of mind, I could see that he revelled in the glorious ideality which distinguishes the works of the great Italian masters; and day after day I found him taking his way to the noble gallery where the Venus de Medici reigns supreme, or as Byron says,

"The Goddess loves in stone, and fills
The air around with beauty;"

and thence by the covered way, and over the Arno by the old Ponte Vecchio, he

would silently pass to the Pitti Palace for a fresh feast. My judgment and appreciation of these highest specimens of art fell so far short of his, that I often stole away from him to enjoy an hour with nature, or to ramble about "the wondrous city," gazing on its massive palaces, its statues, its fountains—marvelling at the vastness of its Duomo, and the grave impressiveness of the piles of gray stone which form the solid walls of the old residences of the nobility, and occasionally wandering beyond the old city walls to catch a fuller view of the Apennines and the beautiful valley almost enclosed by them. When *alone*, I sometimes indulged in making sketches of some points of especial interest to me; but these I hid carefully away from my fastidious companion and, unfortunately, never mentioned to him how or where I employed myself at such times. I say *unfortunately*, as had he been more familiar with my habits when apart from him, he might have been more successful in a search for me, which soon was rendered necessary by the incident I am about to relate:—

One splendid afternoon, when the brightness abroad seemed to increase the gloom of the narrow streets, and to render the sombre gray walls an oppression, I declined accompanying my brother to his usual haunts; and as I had already visited the spots famous as the birth-places of the crowds of great men sent forth by Florence to add to the world's wisdom, having endeavored to collect and arrange my scanty reminiscences of the works of Machiavelli, Petrarch, Dante, Michael Angelo, Galileo, &c., I thought I must enjoy a holiday in the woods, so taking my portfolio under my arm I sauntered forth, and walked some miles from the city before I thought of selecting a subject for my pencil. At last an especially attractive little nook, on which Nature had lavished her most vivid coloring, arrested my attention, and I resolved on a sketch. I was soon employed, pencil in hand, but disturbed by a feeling that my landscape demanded a few figures to point its character. This thought had scarcely arisen when I was almost startled by the appearance of three men. They must have been close to me from the beginning, though I had not perceived them, as they

had been lying under a tree a little behind me, and only arose as I threw myself on the grass to consider "what next." I thought myself quite fortunate, and lost no time in requesting them to group themselves in a particular manner and allow me to sketch them. Their costume was picturesque and, as I thought, "belonged to the mountains;" but I soon discovered that they lacked the simple liberality and good-nature of the mountaineers we had before encountered in our wanderings. They evidently understood my request; but before they would comply with it, they bargained shrewdly for compensation. However, I was quite willing to comply with this *in reason*; and, asking them what they would be satisfied with, I drew out my purse. This was a most injudicious proceeding, as I soon found; it stirred up their covetousness and made them insolent; and as their demands were absurdly exorbitant, I was about to dismiss them and return my purse to my pocket—but this was not to be: a sudden blow on my head so stunned me that I lay at their mercy, though not quite insensible. There was some delay, probably spent in consultation, and then I felt my head raised and a small vessel held to my lips.

CHAPTER III.

I drank with avidity, but must soon have lost all consciousness, as I observed nothing more till I awoke in a sort of hovel, meanly furnished, and, so far as I could judge just then, occupied by myself alone. However, after a groan or two of weariness and perhaps alarm, I found a tall, haggard-looking woman leaning over me as I lay on my miserable bed in a corner. Fear was pictured in every feature, and her first words were to entreat

for silence. Then she pointed to the door; and fancying she meant to order me off, I began to assure her of the impossibility of my going at once, as my limbs felt perfectly benumbed, and my head ached to distraction. Still she pointed to the door and shook her head deprecatingly. Again I began to plead for a little more time, and with increased symptoms of terror the woman sprang to the open door and took a long look abroad in every direction, then she returned to my side and said, "If you are not indifferent to your safety you will be silent. They are close at hand who but wait for your return to reason to torment you."

"Why, what have I done to provoke them? Who are they?" I had hardly asked the question when the whole affair of the sketch in the valley rushed to my mind, and I felt convinced I was in the hands of the ruffians from whom I had received the blow. This was enough to arouse me to a sense of danger, and to incline me to listen to the advice of the poor creature, who seemed to be friendly towards me. So I said, in a low tone, "I will do all you tell me, but give me an idea of what they propose.

"Ah, they want gold, and will have it, or else sacrifice you to their disappointment."

"Well, then, give them my purse—it contains gold."

"Tush!" she replied; "they have long since possessed themselves of that."

"Then what more can I do? Or what do they intend?"

"They will insist on your giving them an order on some friend for a large sum, and detain you a prisoner till it is paid."

"But how could they dare to do this?—my friends would soon have them seized."

"No they have a plan to guard against that, and vow that if anything goes wrong you shall die."

(To be continued.)

GIBRALTAR—AS IT WAS IN 1855.*

BY E. H. A. F.

The City of Gibraltar presents nothing interesting beyond its situation and commercial position. The streets are constructed along the sides of the rock, in parallel lines, up to the point where further building becomes impracticable. The "Main Street" contains the principal shops, and every inch of ground in it is devoted to commercial purposes—the smallest alley or corner being occupied by some itinerant Jew, of which persuasion there are a vast number in Gibraltar.

The "Southport Gate" presents an old piece of sculpture with the arms and supporters of Charles V, who built the fine old wall that divides the North from the South District, and extends up to the very summit of the Rock, and is called to this day "Charles the Fifth's Wall."

There is also a very interesting Moorish castle still remaining on the Northern part of the town—now a civil prison for debtors—and there are few prettier places to be found than "The Alameda," or "Public Garden," filled as it is with the gay wild flowers and shrubs belonging to a semi-tropical climate.

Actual living is cheap enough on the rock, but articles of luxury and clothing are the reverse, and also of inferior quality, as being (they say) the damaged articles sent out from English shops when "selling off stock." It is far better to get one's friends at home to send out a box of wearing apparel, &c., &c., once or twice a year, as there is no duty to pay on English goods.

Gibraltar's extreme length is only three miles and a half from North to South, by about three-fourths of a mile broad, and it has a circuit of about seven miles. At the "Rock Gun," on the North, it is 1,350 feet high; 1,276 feet high at the Signal Station in the centre; and 1,439 feet at "O'Hara's Tower" on the South, above "Europa Point," which is its highest elevation.

Small as the place is, however, it con-

tains about 15,000 souls, exclusive of the troops stationed in the garrison, who muster some 5,000 or 6,000 more. The population of the town is of a very miscellaneous description, and people of every nation under the sun, almost, may be met with in its markets, on the Exchange Square, quays, &c.

The variety of costume may be imagined for we meet in these places turbaned Moors (who are amongst the cleanest and best-behaved men on the Rock); Barbary Jews in Fez caps and fearfully dirty brown and black bernouses, without under garments of any sort, besides dirty white "Py-jamas" (or drawers); the handsome and manly Spaniard in *Majo* costume; the lively little Genoese fishermen in long red or white night-caps; then we stumble on a sharp-featured and elegant Greek in his native dress; the sturdy beef-eating Englishman, together with his dark looking sons, the fruit of his union with some pretty Spanish *Hija de aqui*, (or daughter of this place). The reader may fancy the motley appearance of this assembly when it is further enlivened by the presence of British soldiers, of every branch of the service almost, including, generally, a kilted regiment of Highlanders, with their "tartan plaids and philabegs," who for many years have been styled *Los Naguetes* or "the Petticoaters," by the "Rock Scorpions;" as they in their gross ignorance imagine that the men of these regiments, during the Peninsular War, fled before the face of the enemy, and were condemned by their exasperated countrymen to wear petticoats ever after, as a punishment for their cowardice; and, moreover, nothing anyone can say will root this absurd idea out of their heads.

But notwithstanding this erroneous notion, *Los Naguetes* are always the prime favorites with the black-eyed damsels of the place. We remember one Highland regiment in particular, which, by some oversight, had remained a year or so over

* From an unpublished Tale, entitled, "Life at Gibraltar."

its proper time on the rock, and whose departure caused the most heart-rending distress when they did at last march off; for most of the men had taken unto themselves Spanish wives, and more than half these poor girls, with their infants and sucklings, had to be left behind; as, according to the rules of the service, a certain number of women only can be allowed to accompany their husbands when they get the "route" and the regiment leaves the station. The Rock of Gibraltar towers abruptly from the narrow, sandy isthmus called the Neutral Ground, and which, indeed, connects it with the continent of Spain. The Eastern side, or back of the rock, is almost inaccessible, and on the West is the singular cavern called

ST. MICHAEL'S CAVE,

which is said to be 1,110 feet above the horizon, and was, during the siege of Gibraltar, the abode of many of the natives, who fled here for shelter on account of their houses in the town being entirely battered down about their ears by the fearful bombardment they sustained from the French and Spanish fleets and fire-ships. In these days, however, it is often lighted up with blue lights and torches for the entertainment of distinguished foreigners, or for picnic parties, at the expense of some one of the rich residents on the rock, perhaps; and a lovely sight it is, this "lighting up of St. Michael's Cave." A military band plays a choice selection of music down in the "first hall" of the cave, whilst the guests flit about here and there on the green, short grass which grows on the plateau just outside the mouth of the cavern, in evident enjoyment of the lovely view all around,—the ladies, many of them young and pretty, in cool muslins and becoming straw-hats, looking like summer butterflies of every color. The scene, as we look down into this deep cavern, is like one in fairyland. At the bottom of it is stationed the band; their figures, and those of the ladies and gentlemen who stand grouped around them, being rendered so small from the distance, or rather depth, of the cave, as to be hardly made out; while over their heads, perched on spire-like pinnacles composed of shining stalactites, sit men of the

Royal Artillery holding high aloft blue lights and red torches. The glare from these is most refulgent—belonging, seemingly, to another world. After gazing on this picture for a little space, turning ourselves round while yet in the dark mouth of St. Michael's Cave, we behold in a blaze of sunshine the lovely hills which surround our Bay—that of Gibraltar—its intensely blue waters, dotted all over with vessels, whose snow-like sails—those of lateen craft—and diminished size cause them to look like white sea-gulls just folding in their wings as they settle themselves down on the water; and at once we feel we have returned home again, after having had a peep into an enchanter's cavern, and nothing loth to enjoy the good things the giver of the *fête* has provided for us in the shape of a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, with which to refresh his guests after their long and somewhat hot walk. In the cool of the evening the young people generally dance to the strains of the band on the short grass outside the cave, and at "gun-fire," which takes place at dusk, the happy party return home, much delighted with this "lighting up of St. Michael's Cave."

THE ROCK MONKEYS.

From the appearance of apes, of a species not known in Spain, amongst the precipices and in the caves of the rock, and also of strange birds, it was conjectured from fabulous traditions that there existed some subterrene communication between Europe and Africa; and, indeed, it is pretty well ascertained at the present time that St. Michael's Cave has some outlet into the open air, and there is a plan on foot for its being fully explored.* The "rock monkeys," however, have nearly all disappeared now,—a circumstance much to be regretted, as the study of their habits and manners as they leaped about from among bushes and rocks, often carrying their babes on their backs in the most approved gipsy fashion, and frequently furnished an agreeable pastime to the military students of natural history during the time they served in the Garrison of Gibraltar.

From a spot just above Town Range

* This exploration has since taken place.

Barracks, called the "Devil's Gap," a noble view is had of the town, harbor, and Alameda, with the straits and the African coast in the distance towards the south; while on the north we see the Spanish town of St. Roque, and the range of the snowy Alpujarras. The town, which trades a great deal with the surrounding countries, presents a most busy scene of active industry. The military music, perpetual parades, the fine appearance of the troops, the variety of tongues spoken and dresses worn, give an animation to the scene most interesting to every stranger. A good writer has thus described what he felt while on the rock:—

"We were startled during the night with the frequent passing of the patrols, and the 'all's well' of the sentries, running like a train of wild-fire round the lines of the fortifications. This cry is taken up by one man from the other, and repeated every quarter of an hour. It seems strange to hear English spoken in the streets, to read it on signboards and over the shops, and at the corners of the streets to meet also with many English faces. I should have forgotten how far I was from home had I not been reminded of the latitude by the brilliant clearness of the deep blue sky, and the sight of Mount Abyla, and a great part of the Barbary coast distinctly seen by the naked eye."

The breadth of the straits is about eleven or twelve miles. As the bay is subject to violent eddies of wind, or "young tornadoes," as they are called, which rush down the gullies of the rock in a most sudden manner, without previous warning, the harbor is not a safe one by any means. Witness the many ships which drag their anchors and come ashore all round the coast. Many a sad boat-accident has happened, too, during these whirlwinds.

We need not here fully describe the Upper and Lower Galleries, which are batteries cut into the solid rock itself, and extend more than half a mile round the head of the rock at the north front. These excavations present a view inside very similar to that of the main-gun-deck of a first rate liner, for the guns appear to gape out of port-holes just in the same manner as they do on board a man-of-war; and sometimes when the gunners are exercising these big guns in a northerly wind, the galleries become so full of smoke that the men can scarcely work the guns from fear of suffocation. This seldom happens, however, and the galleries did right good service during the great Siege of Gibraltar, which lasted from 1779 until 1783.

"A F L O A T."

BY J. J. PROCTOR.

The good ship lies beneath cloudless skies, and the breezes are all asleep,
And we seem to pass upon molten glass spread out
on the face of the deep,
The sails flap lazily to and fro, and the sun sinks
down in the West,
All seems as calm and as full of peace, as a maiden's
gentle rest;
But it's keep an eye aloft, and it's keep an eye alow,
The way is long, though the ship be strong, when
scarcely the breezes blow.

Ha! Look low down how the cloud-banks frown and
the sun has set in blood,
There's a mutter and jar in the skies afar, and a mur-
mur upon the flood;
And the beautiful sea leaps swift and high to the
kisses upon her pressed,
For a passion of love is raging above, and a passion
of love in her breast;
And it's make all snug aloft, and it's make all snug
alow,
For the ship is strong, though the night be long, and
the gale begins to blow.

The timbers creak and the tough spars shriek, and
the ropes are singing aloud,
There's a joyous strain to the foaming main from
futtock and mast and shroud;
And there jet-bodied and white-maned all the huge
wave-courers tear,
With a leap and a rush in the deeps below, and a
rush and a leap through the air;
And it's keep all snug aloft, and it's keep all snug
alow,
And the ship is strong, though the night be long,
and the wilful tempests blow,
What fear have we who are known to the sea of her
passionate moods of play?
The good ship cleaves through her tossing waves
and puts them in scorn away.
We love her in all her moods as a man loves the
caprice of a maid,
The spray may fly, and the waves rise high, we love
and are not afraid;
But it's keep all snug aloft and it's keep all snug
alow,
Who trusts too much to maiden or sea, too little, I
ween, doth know.

THE CHRONICLES OF THE THREE SISTERS.

(Concluded.)

SECOND BOOK.

All the damsels of the court participated in the sufferings of their lady, wept with and sought to comfort her with their music, but in vain. Every lady gave her sagest advice. The maid of honor who handed her her washing-basin, who was most esteemed for wisdom and modesty, but who had hitherto remained silent, at length spoke out.

"Noble lady," said she, "if you will listen to me, I think I know a remedy."

The Countess said, "Speak out."

The maid continued: "Not far from hence dwells a hermit of great repute. How, if you were to request the help of the holy man? At least, his prayers would calm your heart."

The Countess approved and went as a pilgrim to the hermit, disclosed her trouble, presented him with a rosary of purest pearls, and begged his blessing. This latter was so powerful that in less than a year she was quit of her grief and rejoiced in the birth of a son. Great was the joy of the parents, who greeted the arrival of the young heir with every sort of festivity. His father named him Reinald the Wonder-child. The boy was beautiful and thrived apace; but although he was his mother's darling, she could not forget her daughters. Often when caressing him a tear dropped upon his cheek, and as he grew up he would ask, "Mother, dear; why weepst thou?" But the Countess kept the secret which only she and her husband knew. At length his tender entreaties prevailed, and she told him the adventures of his three sisters. His desire now was to be a man, that he might seek and dissolve the charm which fettered them. As soon as he was dubbed a knight, he begged his father's leave to make a campaign in Flanders. The Count, rejoiced at his son's courage,

gave him horse, arms, and attendants, and dismissed him with his blessing.

The youth had hardly left his native town when he turned from the road toward the forest castle. Next morning, when all were asleep, he left his attendants and plunged into the enchanted wood. The further he penetrated the thicker and gloomier it became. He was obliged to leave his horse and cut his way with his sword. At length he came to a winding valley which he followed. At the end there was a cavern, before which was something that resembled a human figure. From behind a large oak the youth saw a young lady sitting on the grass fondling a clumsy little bear, whilst a bigger one played antics around her, to her great delight. From his mother's description he recognized his sister Wulfilde and came forth from his hiding-place. But as soon as she saw the young man she gave a loud cry, threw the little bear into the grass, jumped up and said mournfully:—

"Oh, youth! what brought you hither? Here dwells a savage bear! Flee and save yourself!"

He bowed and said:—"Fear not, noble lady; I know this forest and its nature, and am come to break the spell."

"Madman!" she replied, "who are you, and wherewith will you do it?"

"With this arm and sword. I am Reinald the Wonder-child, son of the Count whom this forest has deprived of three daughters. Are you not Wulfilde, his first-born?"

At this she stared in mute astonishment, and he took advantage of the pause to relate so many family matters that she could no longer doubt; she embraced him tenderly whilst trembling at his danger.

The beautiful Wulfilde led her guest into the cave, where, on one side, lay a heap of moss, where the bear and his young ones

took their rest; opposite was a splendid bed with damask hangings for the lady.

Reinald was obliged to put up with creeping under the bed, there to await his fate. Every sound was forbidden; particularly, he was neither to cough nor sneeze.

The young adventurer was scarce hidden away when in came the bear growling, his snout besmeared with blood. He had found the knight's horse in the wood and torn him to pieces.

Wulfild sat as if on coals, for she saw at once that her consort was in his bear temper, probably because he observed something unusual. Nevertheless she caressed him tenderly, stroked him gently down the back, and scratched his ears; but the surly brute seemed to care little about it.

"I smell man's flesh," grumbled he.

"Darling bear," said the lady, "you really mistake; how should a man get to this desert?"

"I smell man's flesh," returned he, snuffing round the bedstead; so that in spite of his stout-heartedness, the knight felt a cold perspiration trickle down his forehead.

At length, necessity made the lady bold. "Friend bear," said she, "you are now carrying the joke too far: get away from my bed, or I shall be very angry."

Bear as he was, he was nevertheless under petticoat government; and as he was about thrusting his thick head under the hangings, Wulfild took heart and gave him such a kick in the ribs that he retired meekly to his moss, cowered down, sucked his paws, licked his young, and soon fell asleep and snored like a bear.

The sister now refreshed her brother with a glass of sack and a biscuit, and exhorted him to be of good cheer. He was so tired that he fell asleep also, and snored for a wager with his brother-in-law.

When he awoke he found himself in a splendid bed and bedroom; on a velvet couch lay his clothes and arms, and alongside was a silver bell to call the attendants.

Reinald could not make out how he could have been transported from the dismal cave to this palace, and doubted whether he was dreaming then or whether the adventure had been a dream. To make sure he rang the bell. A chamberlain entered, desired to know his commands, and in-

formed him that his sister Wulfild and her consort Albert, the bear, were anxiously expecting him.

He was thunderstruck. Although the mention of the bear made him creep all over, he dressed quickly and was ushered by numerous attendants to the audience chamber, where his sister received him like a princess. At her side were two lovely children, a Prince under three years old, and a little girl yet in leading strings. A moment after Albert, the bear, entered, —no longer a bear, but a most amiable Prince—who, when Wulfild presented her brother, embraced him as a friend and brother.

The Prince and all his court were bound on certain days by a hostile spell. He had the privilege of being free of the enchantment every seventh day from dawn to dawn. But as soon as the stars paled, the iron charm fell upon the land; the palace became an inaccessible rock; the park, a desert; the springs and cascades, swamps; the lord of the castle, a bear; the knights and squires, badgers and martens; the court ladies and maids, owls and bats, that fluttered and mourned day and night.

On such a day of disenchantment, Albert carried his bride home. She, who had wept for six days at the thought of wedding a bear, cast her grief aside when she saw herself in the arms of a handsome knight who took her to a palace, where she was received by beautiful maidens, who quickly divested her of her homely dress and arrayed her in right royal robes. A splendid feast followed the wedding, and a ball closed the festivities of the day.

The charming bride breathed with delight and happiness in those feelings of love which, according to the modest customs of bygone days, only entered her virgin bosom on her bridal day, as her consort led her to the bridal chamber at midnight.

The sweet morning dream disappeared as the bride awoke and was going to rouse her consort by a loving kiss. But great was her astonishment when she found him not, but saw herself in a dismal cavern, in which, by a doubtful light, she saw a frightful bear, who looked sorrowfully at her from a corner. She fainted with

horror. When she recovered she cried aloud, but was only answered by the harsh voices of a hundred owls.

The tender-hearted bear could not endure such a scene of misery, but rushed out into the forest, only to return just before the transformation of the seventh day.

In the turmoil of the wedding, the necessity of providing the bride with provisions and refreshments was overlooked. The enchantment had no power over lifeless things which Wulfil'd herself had touched, although her consort, even if clasped in her arms, would at the moment of transformation have become a bear.

In the anguish of her heart, she passed two days without thinking of food; but at length nature asserted her rights, and fierce hunger drove her out of the cavern to seek something to eat. She scooped up a little water in her hand and relieved her parched lips, plucked a few blackberries, and swallowed in wild despair a handful of acorns, of which she instinctively collected an apron full and carried into the cave. She cared little for her life and wished for death.

With this wish she fell asleep on the evening of the sixth day, and awoke next morning in the same chamber which she had entered as bride. The tenderest of husbands was at her side, and in the most moving expressions avowed his grief at the sad condition in which his irresistible love had plunged her, and begged her pardon with tears in his eyes. He explained the nature of the charm, and Wulfil'd was touched by his kindness. She considered that a married life was good enough where the seventh day was always happy, and that only the most fortunate could boast of as much. In short, she submitted to her fate, returned love for love, and made her Albert the happiest bear under the sun.

To prevent the danger of starving again, she always put on a pair of large pockets which she filled with confectionery, oranges, and other delicate fruits, and drinkables were carefully stowed away under the bed, so that kitchen and cellar were equally provided for.

Twenty-one years had she passed in the enchanted forest, and this long time had

not impaired her youthful charms, nor had the mutual love of the noble pair abated. Mother Nature maintains her right in spite of all disturbances, and in the world of necromancy wards off all progress in the general changes of time as long as subliminary matters are withdrawn from her influence by the supernatural encroachments of sorcery.

According to the evidence of the holy legend, the Seven Sleepers arose from the Catacombs of Rome, after their hundred years' sleep, as hearty as they went in, and had only aged one night. The beautiful Wulfil'd had thus in the twenty-one years only lived three, and was thus in the full bloom of female loveliness. The same had happened with her husband and his whole court. The noble pair disclosed all this to the knight in a bower in the park, after which the day was passed in festivity and enjoyment. As midnight advanced, Wulfil'd advised her brother to fill his pockets as she did for herself. Albert seemed to get uneasy, and whispered something to his wife. She took her brother on one side and said mournfully,—

“Dear Brother, we must part; the hour of change is at hand, when all the pleasures of this palace must dissolve. Albert is troubled about you; he would not be able to resist the animal instinct of tearing you to pieces, if you resolved to stay. Leave this unfortunate forest and never return.”

“Alas,” returned Reinald, “happen what may, I cannot part from you. O, sister, to seek you was my object; and now I have found you, I will not leave the forest without you. Tell me, how can I unloose the mighty charm?”

“Oh,” cried she, “no mortal can.”

Here Albert joined in and warned him so seriously that he resolved to submit. After both had embraced him, Albert took out of his pocket-book three bear's hairs, rolled in a paper, and gave them to him, as if in jocular remembrance of the adventure in the forest.

“But,” he added earnestly, “do not despise this trifle; if at any time you require help, rub these three hairs together and await the result.”

In the court-yard stood a phaeton with six black horses, outriders, and servants,

They all bade each other farewell, the phtaeon thundered over the drawbridge, off and away, over hill and dale, stocks and stones, forest and waste, full trot. After a while the sky began to pale, when suddenly Reinald found himself roughly seated on the ground, without knowing how it happened. Horses and vehicle were gone, but in the light of dawn he perceived six black ants galloping off with a nut-shell.

Now the knight understood the affair, and was careful not to tread on the ants, but being still within the forest, resolved to seek his other sisters, Three days he wandered about, and was eating his last bit of bread, when he heard a loud rushing through the air. He looked up and saw a mighty eagle descend from on high, on to a nest in a tree. Overjoyed at this, he hid himself in the brushwood and awaited the eagle's flight. After seven hours he rose from the nest. Immediately the youth cried aloud, "Adelheid, beloved sister, if you dwell in this oak, answer me; I am Reinald, the Wonder-child, your brother, who is looking for you, to endeavor to break the bonds that fetter you."

As soon as he had spoken, a voice, as if from the clouds, answered,

"Are you Reinald the Wonder-child? Welcome to your sister Adelheid, hasten up the tree to embrace her."

Overjoyed at this, he tried in vain to climb the huge tree, and whilst debating what to do a silken rope-ladder fell down and he quickly mounted up to a spacious and well-built nest. He found his sister sitting under a splendid canopy, well protected with water-proof stuff, and on her lap lay an eagle's egg, which she was hatching. The meeting was tender on both sides. Adelheid knew all about her father's house and the birth of her brother. Edgar, the Eagle, her husband, was condemned to weeks. Every seventh week he was free. During this time he had often visited the court of his father-in-law, unknown to the latter, and kept his wife well informed. Adelheid invited her brother to await the next transformation, although there were six weeks to wait. She hid him in a hollow tree and fed him from her store under the sofa; but warned him not to let Edgar see him, as he would assuredly pick out his

eyes and eat his heart, as he had done the day before to three of his squires who were looking for him. He shuddered at their fate; promised obedience, and wore out six weary weeks. But for this trial he was rewarded with seven joyful days.

The reception of Brother Eagle was not less friendly than that of Brother Bear. Every day was a day of rejoicing and the time sped quickly by. At the end of the seventh day Edgar dismissed his guest tenderly, warning him never to return.

"Am I to lose you forever," said Reinald? "Is it impossible to break this charm? If I had a hundred lives I would venture them all."

Edgar pressed his hand, but begged him to drop the thought. "It is possible," he said, "to break the charm, but do not attempt it. Whoever begins and fails, must lose his life, and you must not be the sacrifice. This only stirred up Reinald's spirit the more. He pressed Edgar to tell him the secret, but in vain.

"All I can tell you," said the latter, is, "that you must find the key of the enchantment, if you are to succeed. If you are destined to be our liberator, fate will guide you; if not, your undertaking is madness. He then drew forth his pocket-book and handed him three eagle's feathers, which, in case of need, he was to rub and await the result. They then parted. At a short distance from the castle, Reinald sat down under a lime tree, resolved to await the transformation; but as dawn approached a thick fog arose, and when the rising sun dispelled it, castle, park and gardens, all were gone, and he was standing on a high, bleak rock over a yawning precipice. Looking around for a path into the valley, he perceived a shining lake in the distance. With great difficulty he worked his way towards the lake, where he expected to find his sister Bertha, but only reached it at nightfall, and camped under a tree for the night. Refreshed, next morning he wandered along the shore planning how he should reach his sister. In vain he called to her to answer him if she were there. The forest echo alone replied. He implored the trout, of whom swarms stared at him, to tell their mistress that her brother was on the shore. He threw bread-crumbs to bribe

them, repeating his prayer; in vain, they swallowed his bread and swam away. He soon perceived that it was useless preaching to fishes, and came to the conclusion that he must do something else. As became a perfect knight, he could swim like a water-rat; he resolved to throw off his armor, retaining only his sword, and swim out into the lake, trusting that, if he met the great fish, it might prove as reasonable with him as it had done with his father. He did so, and when tired, looked about for something to rest on. At a short distance he saw a thin vapor which seemed to rise from behind a block of ice. He struck out to observe it nearer, and found a short column of rock crystal, rising above the water, which seemed hollow, from which arose a refreshing scent which the breeze wafted along the water. The bold swimmer concluded that this must be the chimney of the subaqueous dwelling of his sister. He ventured to slip down, and landed in the bed-chamber of the beautiful Bertha, who was preparing her chocolate over a sandalwood fire. When she heard the noise and saw two feet coming down the chimney, she upset the chocolate and fell fainting into her armchair. Reinald shook her till she came to herself, when having explained who he was and his object, she embraced him tenderly, but trembled from head to foot at his danger. Ufo the Dolphin, had often been to his father-in-law's incognito and was quite aware of Reinald's expedition.

He had often spoken of it in sorrow, because, as he said, "if Brother Bear does not eat him, or Brother Eagle pick his eyes out, Brother Dolphin will certainly swallow him; I could not resist the impulse."

All this Bertha did not conceal from her brother, but he answered,

"Can't you hide me from the monster, as your sisters did, until the time for the transformation arrives?"

"Alas," replied she, "how am I to do it? Don't you see that this dwelling is perfectly transparent."

"But, surely, there must be some impenetrable corner in the house," retorted Reinald, "or are you the only lady that does not know how to deceive her husband?"

Poor Bertha was quite ignorant of the art, but at last thought of the wood-room, which they barricaded as closely as a beaver's hut with wood, and he hid himself there as well as he could.

The lady then dressed herself to the greatest advantage, and looking as pretty as one of the graces in a poet's imagination, went into her audience chamber to receive the daily visit of her lord, the dolphin. She was hardly ready, before he came with a mighty rush of waters, to rejoice his sea-green eyes with the sight of his beautiful wife. But much as she endeavored to appear unconcerned, her heart was so oppressed that her lips were parched and she turned red and white; so that the fish began to smell a rat, and making hideous faces, swam off. He went round and round the house at such a rate as to make the whole building tremble, but fortunately made the water so muddy that he could not see at all. He never was satisfied, and made a daily inspection all round until the day of transformation released Reinald from the wood-cupboard.

He awoke one morning in a splendid palace on an island, surrounded by buildings, markets, gardens, canals, in short, a little Venice. This reception was as hearty as by the others. Ufo the Dolphin was condemned by moons, and his freedom lasted from full moon to full moon. Owing to the greater length of time, Reinald became more intimate with Ufo, but tried in vain to worm the secret of the enchantment from him, even with the help of his sister.

One evening Ufo gave Reinald to understand that the time of separation was at hand, and exhorted him to return to his mother, who had been inconsolable since she had found out that he never went to Flanders, but had turned off into the enchanted forest in search of adventures. Reinald asked if the forest contained any more such, and found that only one remained: to seek the key of the enchantment and destroy the talisman; as long as that was at work, no liberation could be hoped for. "But," said Ufo kindly, "take good advice, young man! thank the translunar powers and the ladies, your sisters, that you have not fallen a sacrifice to your rashness. Be

satisfied with the fame you have acquired; go back to your parents; tell them all you have heard and seen, and recall your mother from the edge of that grave to which you have brought her."

Reinald promised; but with the mental reservation of "when convenient;" because sons, when they have outgrown their mothers, are great hobbledehoyes, and can mount a horse, care little for those mothers' tears. Ufo saw through him, and taking out his pocket-book, gave him three fish-scales, telling him, in case of need, to rub them in his hands till they were warm, and await the result.

Reinald got into a gilt gondola and was rowed to the shore. He was hardly there when everything disappeared, and he found himself standing exactly on the spot whence he had plunged into the water three months before—his armor and shield exactly as he had left them. He vowed not to rest until the key of the enchantment was in his hands.

THIRD BOOK.

"Who will tell me the straight road, and who will guide my foot on the right path that leads to the most wonderful adventure in this boundless forest? O! ye translunar powers, look down upon me kindly, and if a son of earth is to break this powerful spell, let me be that happy mortal!"

So prayed Reinald inwardly, and plunged into the pathless forest. For seven long days he wandered fearlessly through the endless wilderness, and slept seven nights on the bare ground, so that his weapons grew rusty. On the eighth day he mounted a pointed cliff, from whence, as from Mount St. Gothard, he surveyed the inhospitable depths. In the distance he thought he saw something like a monument. Two colossal marble columns overshadowed a steel portal, secured with tremendous bolts and bars. In front grazed a black bull with flashing eyes, which seemed to watch the entrance. Reinald did not doubt that the adventure of which Ufo had hinted was at hand, and slipped down from the top of the rock into the valley. He approached within a bow-shot of the bull before the latter perceived him, jumped up, roared, stamped till

the earth trembled, and struck rocks to pieces with his horns. The knight prepared to defend himself, and, as the bull rushed at him, jumped aside, and dealt such a blow with his sword as should have cut his head off; but oh! horror! the bull's neck was impenetrable by steel; the sword broke to pieces, and left only the hilt in the knight's hand. He had now only a lance, which broke like a reed at the second thrust. The bull caught the defenceless youth on his horns and hurled him high into the air, waiting either to catch him, or trample him under foot. Fortunately, he fell amongst the branches of a wild pear-tree, and, although all his ribs cracked, he retained sense enough to keep fast hold of the tree, which the bull was near tearing up by the roots.

Whilst the furious beast was preparing another onset, Reinald thought of his brothers-in-law's presents, and the paper with the three bear's hairs coming first to hand, he rubbed them with all his might, when immediately a terrific bear appeared, who attacked the bull and soon overpowered him, and tore him to pieces. As his belly opened out came a duck, and flew off with loud cries. Reinald suspected that this sorcery was laughing at the bear's victory, and was carrying off the spoil; therefore, he instantly rubbed the three feathers together. There appeared a mighty eagle high in the air, at which the timid duck crouched amongst the under-wood. The eagle hovered over him. When the knight perceived this, he scared the duck up and followed him, until finding no hiding place, he flew straight towards the lake. But the eagle shot down from the clouds, seized and tore him to pieces. As he was dying he let a golden egg fall into the lake. The wary Reinald knew how to make use of his deception; he rubbed the fish-scales together, and a monstrous whale spit the egg on shore. The knight rejoiced in his heart, and broke the egg with a stone. There fell out a little key, which he triumphantly knew must be the key of the enchantment. At full speed he hastened back to the steel portal. The dwarf key did not seem made for the gigantic lock; but it hardly touched it when it burst open, the bolts flew back of them-

selves, and the steel gate opened. Rejoicing he descended into a gloomy cavern, in which seven doors led into seven chambers all handsomely adorned and lighted with chandeliers. Reinald went through all in turn, and from the last into a cabinet, where he saw a young lady lying on a sofa in a profound, magic sleep. At this moving sight the feeling of love entered his breast. He stood in mute astonishment, and could not take his eyes off her—which is a proof of his inexperience and innocence, and redounds to the honor of himself and the time in which he lived. After Reinald had somewhat recovered his astonishment, he looked round the room and saw an alabaster tablet with strange characters. Guessing that this must be the talisman, he struck it fiercely with his gauntlet. Immediately the fair sleeper awoke in alarm, looked shyly round and fell back into her death-like slumber. Reinald repeated the blow with the same result. Now he considered that he must destroy the talisman, so he seized the tablet and dashed it on to the marble floor, where it broke to pieces. Immediately the lady awoke and observed the presence of the knight, who modestly knelt before her. But before he could speak she covered her face and cried: "Hence, monster! not even in the form of the most beautiful youth shall you deceive my heart. You know my mind; leave me in the death-sleep into which you have plunged me."

"Reinald understood the mistake and answered: "Gentle lady, be not angry; I I am not the dreaded monster. I am Count Reinald, yclept the Wonder-child. Behold the charm which bound you destroyed!"

The lady peeped from under her veil, saw the fragments of the tablet, and was astounded at the boldness of the adventurer. She raised him kindly by the hand and said: "If it is, as you say, Sir Knight, complete your work and lead me out of this dreary cave, that I may enjoy the light of the daylight's sun, or the stars of night."

Reinald offered her his arm to lead her through the chambers; but outside it was as dark as before the Creation. The pair fumbled about for a long time ere they reached the refreshing light and th-

delightful zephyrs of the fields. They sat down in the grass, and, although he was in raptures at her beauty, he was also desirous to know who she was and how she had got into the enchanted forest. He modestly asked her to inform him, and she opened her rosy lips and spoke.

"I am Hildegard, daughter of Radbod, Prince of Pommerland. Zornebock, Prince of Sorben, demanded me of my father. Because he was a horrible giant and a heathen, the offer was declined under pretence of my extreme youth. This so enraged him that he declared war, slew my father and took his country. I had fled to my aunt, the Countess Vohburg, and my three brothers, all stately knights, were abroad.

"My whereabouts could not long remain concealed from the sorcerer, and he resolved to carry me off, which was easy enough for him. My uncle was fond of hunting. I often accompanied him, and was always offered the best horse. One day a stranger offered me a splendid dapple, and begged me in the name of his master to mount him, and consider him as my own. I asked who was his master; but he declined answering the question until I had tried the horse, and had declared that I did not despise his gift. I could not very well refuse the gift, and besides that, the horse was caparisoned with unheard-of and indescribable splendor. I sprang on to the saddle, and was vain enough to be pleased with myself.

"His beauty, strength and speed exceeded everything in the field—no one could follow him. A white hart that I met and followed led me far away from the attendants. Fearing to lose myself, I left the hart to return to our place of meeting; but the horse reared and refused to obey. I tried to soothe him; but I perceived with horror that he changed into a feathered monster, his fore-legs spread into wings, his neck lengthened, his head became a great beak—I saw a long-legged hippogriff under me. He took a run, rose with me in the air, and in less than an hour alighted in this forest before the steel gates of an old castle.

"My fright was now increased when I saw the attendant who brought me the

horse in the morning, approach respectfully to help me out of the saddle. Overwhelmed with terror, I allowed myself to be led in silence through a suite of splendid rooms, where a number of ladies received me, who all exerted themselves to entertain me; but no one would tell me where I was. My grief was interrupted by Zornebock, the sorcerer, who, as a tawny gipsy, lay at my feet and besought my love. I treated him as the murderer of my father. The savage became furious. I defied his wrath, and called on him to bury me under the ruins of the castle; but he left me, and gave me time to consider.

"In seven days he renewed his suit. I repulsed him with contempt, and he rushed out in a fury. Shortly after the earth rocked under me. I fainted.

"I was aroused by the voice of the sorcerer. 'Awake,' he said, 'dear sleeper, from your seven years' sleep, and tell me if time has softened your hatred. Give me the slightest ray of hope, and joy shall reign here.'

"I did not deign to answer him, but wept. At last he lost patience, and exclaimed, 'So be it! in seven years we meet again!' Then he raised the alabaster tablet, and irresistible sleep fell upon me until he roused me again.

"'Unfeeling being,' he said, 'if you are cruel to me, be not so with your brothers. They came to rescue you by force; but my hand was too heavy for them, and they bemoan their thoughtlessness under manifold shapes in this forest.'

"This wretched lie embittered my heart still more against him.

"'Unfortunate being!' screamed the heathen, 'thy fate is decided! Sleep so long as the invisible powers obey this talisman!' He immediately raised the tablet and deprived me of life and sensation.

"You, Sir Knight, have aroused me from the death-sleep; but I cannot conceive by what power you have performed it. Zornebock can no longer be alive, otherwise you could not have meddled with his talisman unscathed."

The charming Hildegard was right; the monster had attacked the Princess Libussa in Bohemia, who was of fairy race, and had found his match. He was a child in sor-

cery compared to her, and was defeated and slain.

When Hildegard ceased speaking, Reinold related his adventures. When he told her of the three princes in the forest, who were his brothers-in-law, she was astonished; for she perceived that Zornebock had told her only the simple truth.

The knight was about finishing his tale when the hills resounded with shouts of triumph. Then appeared three squadrons of horsemen, at the head of which Hildegard recognized her brothers and Reinold his sisters.

The charm was broken. After mutual congratulations, they left the desert and went to the old castle. Couriers flew to the Count's to announce the return of his children.

The Count had just gone into deep mourning for the loss of the young Count, who was supposed to be dead. The unhappy mother was in utter despair. Her only pastime was making funeral processions for her children, and she was just about celebrating the obsequies of Reinold when the messenger arrived. Who can describe the change that took place on receipt of this information?

In a few days the venerable pair had the delight of embracing their children and grandchildren. Adelheid had, since her brother's visit, hatched a beautiful little girl out of the egg, who laughingly pulled her grandfather's gray beard.

The rejoicings lasted a whole year; and not the least were those attending the wedding of Reinold and Hildegard.

At last the Princes bethought themselves that too much pleasure must destroy the manhood of their followers; and the three sons-in-law with their wives prepared to depart.

Reinold never left his aged parents, and closed their eyes like a dutiful son.

Albert the Bear purchased the lordship of Askania, and founded the town of Bernberg (the modern Bern).

Edgar the Eagle went into the land of Helvetia, under the shadow of the Alps, and built the town of Aarburg (Eaglesburg) on a nameless river, which thenceforth took the name of the town.

Ufo the Dolphin made a raid into Bur-

gundy, took part of that country, and named the conquered province Dauphine.

As the three Princes played upon the remembrance of their enchantment in the names of their towns and dynasties, so they also took the animals they were transformed into for their coats of arms. Hence, Bern has a golden-crowned bear, Aarburg

an eagle, and the Dauphine a great fish as a crest to this day. The costly pearls which on gala days adorn the goddesses of our earthly Olympus, and are believed to be Oriental, are the booty of the lake in the enchanted forest, and were once in the three linen sacks.

THE END.

A ROUND-ABOUT LETTER BY A LOYALIST.

"TO BE, OR NOT TO BE."

The waters of Europe are troubled. England may be forced into the whirlpool at any moment. The Alabama claims are still unsettled. A certain class of England's statesmen and a certain portion of the press, tell the colonies that the sooner they take themselves off, and set up for themselves, the better the mother country will be pleased. Neighboring nations, powerful and ambitious, stand by open-mouthed ready to devour them. Under these circumstances it is not strange that a feeling of doubt and uncertainty as to the future, should pervade the colonial mind. A governing power—whether in the form of a constitutional Government, a general at the head of an army in the field, a captain of a ship, or even a school-master—to be successful and to inspire confidence, must not only know its own mind, but must set forth the same distinctly and decidedly to the governed. Ask a soldier whom he would rather serve under: whether he would prefer the iron rule of a martinet who knows his own mind and makes those under him carry out his plans and orders promptly and to the letter, or the feeble rule of a vacillating commander who does not know his own mind. He would say, I think, that in presence of an

enemy, the very mistakes of the former are less disastrous than the tardy, successful half-measures of the latter. What is the conduct of England, the governor, to Canada, the governed? With one hand she gives, with the other she takes away. Within the last few years, in one season of peril troops were sent out to aid us: in another time of danger they were taken away from us. With one hand she gives us guns and material; with the other she sells the guns and burns the material.*

We look to the English press for an explanation. What does the press say? A portion of it says that Canada must and shall be protected from attack; that the British subject who is crowded out of the old country, but who still remains loyal and true to the old flag, has a right to its protection so long as he does his duty by it. This is, unfortunately for us, and I make bold to say, unfortunately for England too, not the prevailing sentiment. Another portion replies courteously, that we must endeavor to take care of ourselves; that we are old enough to do so; that we shall have sympathy, good wishes, and all that

* In more than one garrison town, stores, barrack furniture, blankets, &c., were destroyed by order of the British Government. This wanton destruction was witnessed by hundreds of poor people, to whom such things would have been a godsend.

sort of thing. But a third portion tells us unblushingly, that the sooner we go the better they will be pleased; that we are a profitless burden, a mill-stone round the national neck; that England has enough to do to protect her own shores and cannot if she would, and would not if she could, undertake the defence of the empire on which the sun never sets.

BRAG *versus* WHINE.

The United States of America is, *par excellence*, the land of brag. The President brags annually, Congress frequently, the Press generally, General Butler incessantly, and the nation unanimously (on the 4th July). The science of brag has been brought to perfection. To study the other extreme, we must cross the Atlantic; and listen to those public men, and that section of the press, to which I last alluded. Among them, whining is carried to a like perfection. Have not honorable members and, if I mistake not, noble lords got up and asserted that England could not defend her colonies, and have not leaders joined in the whine, and correspondents echoed it? England is disgraced by this contemptible whine. Brag does not inspire admiration; but of the two extremes, it is far better than whining. Great men and brave men have bragged before now; but a brave man never whines. The plucky terrier when he sees a canine foe of four times his dimensions, stiffens his tail, bristles up his wool, shows every tooth in his head, and walks on tip-toe round the enemy that could easily devour him; and pluck and brag win the day. The cur whines and puts his tail between his legs, and generally gets a shaking.

It is not a good plan to belittle the British Lion. He should rather be patted on the back, and told that, although he is old and fat, with a little training, and a stout heart, he can thrash any beast in the menagerie yet.

Although it may seem to tend against my argument, I cannot resist telling a little story *apropos* of brag. Once upon a time a little city in a British Colony had a crew of four oarsmen who had beaten all competitors, and whom their fellow-citizens

fondly called the champions of the world, and proclaimed far and near their fame. These stout oarsmen soon got "blue-moulded for want of a bating;" vainly they trailed their coats, no one stood upon the tails. At last they hear of a crew in England who had won many laurels and forthwith the gauntlet is thrown down. As might be expected, the champions of a young colony are well beaten by a crew picked from a populous country and composed of men who have made rowing the business of their lives. But mark the effect of brag. Up to the very day of the race no one thought of laying odds against the Colonists. Americans, Canadians, even Englishmen, were so impressed with the tone of confident brag made use of by the backers of the weaker side, that, notwithstanding English skill, superior training, education, and appliances, when the rival crews came to the scratch, betting was even. Blue-nose pluck could not compete against such odds. They were not beaten—certainly not; they came in second though, and they assert that if the match be repeated they will come in first.

Bragging is not a pleasant thing altogether, but it is better than whining, and it shows that although vanquished in this instance, they have the stuff in them which leads to the success of nations as well as of individuals. Yankees brag that they can have Canada whenever they choose, with or without the consent of England. If Englishmen whine in reply that they have enough to do to defend themselves and cannot defend Canada—why, Canadians naturally enough will think twice before they imperil their lives and fortunes in what they are told must be a losing cause. Let the betting be even when the tug comes and they will not flinch.

DEFENCE.

The inhabitants of British America are physically a superior race to the Americans (I must be consistent); as much so as the Visigoths were to the Romans in the last days of the Empire. In a generation or two the Anglo-Saxon breed deteriorates in the States. Muscles shrink, blood gets poorer, forms more angular, voices shriller,

chests narrower, and skins yellow. I speak by book.* What are the causes of this decline, I have not space, even had I ability, to go into now. Modesty forbids my saying that the type improves in Canada, but most decidedly it does not deteriorate. A rigorous though healthy climate, abundance of wholesome food, hard work, and good training have combined to make the Canadian sons of English, Scotch, and Irish descent a race of men as hardy, as strong, as plucky, and as self-reliant as any people on the globe. A man who has the energy to settle down in the forest, to clear a farm sufficient for his support, and build a home for his family, must have, if need be, the energy and the power to defend his home.

In 1861, after the capture of the Confederates Mason and Slidell, when opinion ran high as to the course England would take, I was enabled to form a pretty accurate estimate of Canadian loyalty; and there is no reason to believe that public feeling in that respect has undergone any change since. In the public news-room or one of the most considerable cities of the Dominion a crowd of influential people representing the commercial and social interests of the community were assembled. A telegram arrived and was read aloud by one of the number. It treated of Lord Palmerston's action in the matter, and informed us that troops were already on the road to uphold England's honor. The cheer that greeted this news was as hearty as the most loyal subject could desire; and our feeling of pride and loyalty did not rest here. The Militia, hitherto unorganized, volunteered for active service to a man. What they were prepared to do then they are better able and as willing to do now. They know that numbers do not always win the day, and have unlimited faith in their two stern allies—the forests and the winters—allies so invaluable for defence, as Russia found out long ago. But we will undergo no perils, no dangers, or no loss for an indifferent or a hesitating Mother Country.

THE INTERCOLONIAL.

Much has been made by English politicians of the Intercolonial Railroad. They

* Dr. Wendell Holmes.

take to themselves great credit for liberality in guaranteeing us the loan to put that great useless (to ourselves) project into execution. This again partakes of the nature of a gift with the one hand, and a withdrawal with the other. Granted the necessity of a railway to connect the winter ports with the heart of the Dominion, why do they insist upon our running this road through the most worthless and irreclaimable district of British North America? Is it the shortest route, or the cheapest? No; on the contrary, other lines could have been made one half as long, and for less than half the money. It is a military winter road. The readers of the DOMINION know as well, or better than I can tell them, the utter worthlessness, in a financial and colonizing point of view, of this railroad. They know that it can never pay running expenses, nor probably be kept open in winter. They know the vast sums that have been already lavished upon it, and the tortoise rate of its progression. They also know that private enterprise bids fair to connect St. John with Canada by an interior line that may and will be constructed for half the money, and in half the time. This enterprise will tap the exterior line and render it worthless as a commercial undertaking, and in a military point of view even, will, I maintain, throw the Intercolonial in the background. At present we will look upon the matter from an imperial point of view—as a means of defence, in case of aggression, as a military winter road (for the conveyance of troops they take away from us again and stores which they destroy)—and in the first place we would respectfully ask them why, if they don't want us and don't think us worth fighting for, they meddle with our railways at all?

THE ST. JOHN RIVER LINE.

The only power that can ever attack Canada is the United States. If Canada is held against them at all, she must be held *in toto*; so say our authorities in these matters. More competent people than I am, have discussed the possibilities of defending our long frontier; but I venture to say a few words about the New Bruns-

wick section. In discussing the matter, it must be assumed that England commands the sea. New Brunswick, then, can only be invaded at one point, viz., from Houlton, Maine; and the line of defence for New Brunswick must be the line of the St. John River. Fifteen or twenty thousand men divided between Fredericton, Woodstock, and a third point higher up the St. John, with facilities for rapid concentration at any given point along that line, would be quite sufficient to repel any attack that could be directed against them. Observe, I do not contemplate an attack in force. The occupation of New Brunswick by an overwhelming hostile force, would only drain an enemy's life blood without any compensating advantage, and so strengthen the Dominion in the long run. Should the province be thus occupied, any and all lines of railroad would be rendered useless. But an astute foe would scarcely waste his strength on pine forests when Montreal presents such a tempting bait, and, as I said before, fifteen or twenty thousand men accustomed to the use of the rifle and the axe can hold the line of the St. John against any force that will ever be launched against it. Now, where so necessary for a railroad as parallel to and in rear of the line of defence? A railway along the St. John River valley fulfils the above object. Two lines are perhaps better than one; but, looking upon it from a military point of

view alone, the St. John railway is the more important of the two.

A CRUMB OF COMFORT.

Whilst war is devastating the fields and cities of La Belle France we are thankful that our fields and cities are growing and flourishing under the freest and best form of government in the world. If England wants to keep us, we want to remain as we are; but she must tell us so distinctly, and we will then rise as one man to repel a common foe—not that I think that this will ever be necessary; for, to turn to a pleasanter subject, it is not likely that the United States will ever annex us by conquest or otherwise against the wishes of our people. There is still some truth in the old saying that “blood is thicker than water.” No quarrels are more bitter than those between members of the same family; none more frequent. But let an outsider step in and attack one of them, and behold the clan unites and mobs the intruder. Such, I fondly hope, would be the case if old England, waging a righteous war in defence of the empire upon which the sun never sets, should be worsted by overpowering nations; not only her children in the colonies, but the American nation, casting aside little jealousies and paltry squabbles, would rise in their might in defence of the homes of their ancestors and the centre of the world's civilization.

THE BROOK.

Up in the wild, where no one comes to look,
There lives and sings a lonely little brook:
Liveth and singeth in the dreary pines,
Yet creepeth on to where the daylight shines.

Pure from their heaven, in mountain chalice caught,
It drinks the rains, as drinks the soul her thought:
And down dim hollows, where it winds along,
Bears its life-burden of unlistened song.

I catch the murmur of its undertone
That sigheth, ceaselessly, alone! alone!
And hear, afar, the rivers gloriously
Shout on their paths toward the shining sea!

The voiceful rivers, chanting to the sun,
And wearing names of honor every one;
Outstretching wide, and joining hand in hand,
To pour great gifts along the asking land.

Ah, lonely brook! creep onward through the pines,
Rest through the gloom to where the daylight shines;
Sing on among the stones, and secretly
Feel how the floods are all akin to thee.

Drink the sweet rain the gentle heaven sendeth;
Hold thine own path, howeverward it tendeth,
For somewhere, underneath the eternal sky,
Thou, too, shalt find the rivers by and by!

POST-OFFICE SKETCHES.

BY J. WOODROW.

In connection with a city post-office, one hears of enquiries for letters, lost or gone astray. In the course of time it turns out that many of them have not been addressed, or have been addressed in an unintelligible manner. Letters are often addressed to the wrong place; sometimes missing letters are discovered in merchants' offices among old rubbish, or in a desk not used for a length of time. To illustrate cases of missing letters, it is necessary to introduce fictitious characters.

CHAPTER I.

MISTAKES.

We will imagine there lived in St. John, N. B., and it is only imagination, a young lady of the pleasant name of Maria Pleasantface. One bright sunny morning she is on board a steamer of the International line, on a visit to her friend Miss Pinkerton, at Eastport, Maine. She arrives at Eastport at noon, and is soon at her friend's residence, where she spends a few weeks. While at Eastport, she becomes acquainted with Augustus Benedict, a resident of the thriving town of Calais on the St. Croix, a good-looking man, just beginning to verge on bachelorhood, but who has a very winning and attractive manner. There is a magnetism about Augustus, and he soon wins the heart of the New Brunswick girl. Maria was said to be pretty as well as interesting, and the gentleman thought her exceedingly lovely. When Augustus took passage in the steamer "Queen" for Calais, to attend to his duties in one of the lumbering establishments, he felt satisfied that the young lady was not indifferent to his attentions. Having obtained her consent to write he was soon gratified to receive an answer, with an intimation that the lady would be glad to hear from him on her return to her home in St. John. On

leaving Eastport, she was accompanied by Miss Pinkerton, in whose welfare she felt a lively interest. "Eastport is full of girls," thought Maria, "and the young men are very limited in numbers. I think I can get her a nice beau. There's John Comstock, as fine a fellow as any young lady need wish for. He seems to me like one of our own family."

Augustus kept up a regular correspondence with Maria, and made one or two visits to St. John. He thought his prospects of happiness looked exceedingly bright. He was well posted up in the lumber business, and his salary had increased year after year, until it was considered at a handsome figure. He had saved money too, and looked forward to a pleasant future. Still, he had his forebodings. "In love matters" he said, "luck has been against me. Three times have my girls been carried off, and here I am alone in old-bachelorhood."

Miss Pinkerton was not a beauty, but had a pleasant, winning way, and was popular everywhere. Maria introduced her to her old schoolmate, John Comstock, who had always been a favorite with the Pleasantface family; and privately said to him that Miss Pinkerton was the pink of perfection, and would make him an excellent wife. John bit his lip, thought his own thoughts, and endeavored to treat the Yankee girl with a friendly courtesy, but nothing more. After she left St. John, he continued his occasional visits to the Pleasantfaces, where he was still welcomed as a friend of long standing.

In the course of time the letters of Augustus Benedict became more and more frequent, and we will imagine more affectionate—Maria, in turn, encouraging the correspondence. At length, as he states, Augustus concluded to know his fate. He sought for leave of absence, but business was too pressing, and he had to

be satisfied with communication by mail. Some friendly individual had informed him of the visits of John Comstock, and had put constructions thereon which induced Augustus to press for a decision.

Augustus sat down to put his proposition in shape. Let us suppose he wrote a letter offering heart and hand to Maria. Not satisfied with this, he wrote again, and so on until seven or eight had been committed to the flames. About midnight he wrote a revised and corrected copy, and enclosed it in an envelope, addressing it to the lady. He states that he would have been willing to make declaration that he addressed it right. The sequel proved "St. Johns" had been written, and the N. B. looked somewhat like N. F. Putting on the letter stamps to the value of ten cents, he dropped it carefully into the letter-box, and at the first opportunity it was on its way to the Province of Newfoundland. As a matter of course, the letter did not come into the possession of Maria. That young lady waited with as much patience as she could command, then wrote to Augustus, who was a little surprised that no allusion was made to his offer.

After a reasonable delay Augustus wrote to Maria, and had just enclosed his letter, when he was requested by his employer to make an entry of transactions with a firm in Commercial Street, Boston. When this was duly attended to, Augustus addressed the letter to the lady, and unfortunately wrote "Care of Messrs. Tarbell, Sampson & Co., 95 Commercial Street, Boston, Mass." Without giving it a second examination he put it into the Post Office, and it was duly forwarded. The lady was not known by the Boston firm, and the letter was sent to the post-office, to be treated in the usual way and finally transmitted to the Dead Letter Office in Washington.

The days slipped along dull and heavily to Miss Pleasantface, the monotony being only relieved by the visits of John Comstock, who had considerable life and merriment in his composition. The hours seemed long and dreary to Augustus, as he received no reply. He wrote "Pleasantface" several times in the documents he was drawing up, and then had them to

write over again. "Luck is again against me," he said to himself, "but I'll make another effort." Then he wrote a full letter to Maria, of a nature one can imagine, and on it rested his fate. He would have preferred to have visited St. John personally, but the piles of lumber needed all his time and attention. He addressed this letter carefully and read the superscription six times, "Miss Maria Pleasantface, care of Thomas Pleasantface, Esq., St. John, N. B." Taking the letter to the Post Office, he gave it to the obliging Postmaster of Calais, and waited the denouement. The letter was duly forwarded to St. John, where it was placed in the letter-box of Pleasantface, Bros & Co. Samuel Pearson, a shop boy of the firm, having been authorized to receive the letters, called at the office on his way from breakfast, and obtained the contents of box 947. Sammy put the letters in his coat pocket, and delivered them safely, as he supposed, to one of the members of the firm. The small letter for Miss Maria had, without his knowledge, however, slipped through a hole in the pocket, and lodged in the lining. This coat was somewhat the worse for wear, and was replaced the same day by a new coat which his mother bought him; and the old one was put away in the garret, having with it the document so important to a pair of loving human hearts.

Some say the course of true love does not run smooth; some say it does. Maria thought the former as day after day she waited, and a letter came not. She had sent two letters to which she had received no answer, and her self-respect forbade her to write again. Augustus waited week after week, thinking from time to time of his unlucky stars in matters connected with the gentler sex. Meanwhile the visits of John Comstock had become more frequent to Maria, and she was in a quandary in regard to the proper course she ought to pursue.

Augustus finally concluded that the fates were against him, and he fully believed that Maria had treated him in a heartless and cruel manner. With the saying "there's as good fish in the sea as ever was caught," he turned his thoughts to Eastport and Miss Pinkerton.

CHAPTER II.

PLANCHETTE.

John Comstock had finished his evening meal after his day's duties. Taking a cigar from his case, he proceeded to his own room and sang his favorite smoking song.

"Oh! there's not in the wide world a pleasure so sweet,

As to sit by the window and tilt up your feet,

Pull away at a Cuba whose flavor just suits,

And gaze at the world 'twixt the toes of your boots."

After a while there was silence in the room except the puff! puff! puff! As he watched the smoke rise and curl, he felt perfectly satisfied with himself. He thought he was really the happiest man in Wellington Ward. The smoking ceased, the stump of the cigar was thrown into the franklin, and after a little time he exclaimed: "It's all nonsense! I'm smoking too much, and destroying my constitution. I'm not as happy as I thought. I guess I'll go and see Maria. That Calais chap, people say, wants to get her, but perhaps I can baffle him yet. 'Faint heart never won fair lady.' Why didn't I think of marrying the girl long ago? I'll ask her this very night."

John Comstock fixed himself for the occasion, looked at his handsome figure in the glass, and prepared to go. His heart bounded up to his throat as he closed the door of the house behind him, and walked slowly towards the Pleasantface residence. When he got to the door his courage failed, and he turned away. "Faint heart never won fair lady," he thought again, and retraced his steps. As he entered, he received a hearty welcome from Maria, who had been inspecting a little piece of mechanism she had borrowed from a lady friend.

"I'm glad you've come, John," she said, as soon as he was seated; "I have been thinking over this mystery, and cannot comprehend it."

A ray of light burst on John's mind, and he thought he would turn Planchette to good account both to help him over his bashfulness, and persuade Maria to accept him for a husband. John proceeded to the table, and looked very innocently and curiously at Planchette.

"John," said Maria, "I cannot comprehend it; it is really a great mystery. That piece of wood told me this afternoon all sorts of things. It gave my name, the color of my hair, and other things I cannot tell you, as true as you're sitting there. Is it not strange, John?"

"It is indeed strange," said the young man, who was acquainted with the movements of Planchette, and had studied six scientific volumes on the subject, which he had found at the principal bookstore. Maria then informed John that Planchette had told Annie Rosebud that she would be married to William Sawyer, and she added, "and you know they are engaged."

John moved away from the table, and commenced talking of William Sawyer's engagement; after which he spoke of his school-days and boyish experience. "You remember old Mr. Fractions, the teacher," said John.

"Oh, yes! I remember," said Maria. "You recollect the whippings he gave you."

"I do recollect; we sometimes went home together, and told each other of our troubles and difficulties."

"And one day you cut a big apple in two and gave me the largest half," and Maria put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I always thought a great deal of you, Maria; let us examine Planchette again."

Maria approached Planchette with awe, and John proposed they would try to work it on the paper on which it lay. "How will I do it?" said John, who did not choose to let Maria know he was already expert in its working.

Maria explained to John the course she saw her friends pursue. "You are to be the positive, and I the negative; I think those are the terms," she said; and they placed their hands on the piece of wood. For a little while Planchette stirred not, and Maria was becoming satisfied it would not work. At length it began to move in an erratic manner. At first its answers were vague and wild, and the pencil made marks undistinguishable.

"Planchette," said Maria, "tell us whose hands are on you?" and Planchette wrote plainly "J. C." then "M. P."

"That's true," she said, "John, tell me,

is it the spirit of any of our friends moving the pencil? Do you believe the spirits come back?"

John said sometimes he thought they did—sometimes he thought they did not; and after awhile Maria asked the question, "Will John be married soon, Planchette?" and John nerved himself for a suitable reply.

John brought his will to bear on the answer. He held his fingers in such a position that the electricity ran in streams to their tips. He willed that Planchette should write "Very soon," and Planchette wrote plainly those two words. John was playing a game for a wife, and he played it skilfully.

"Very soon!" said Maria, in half-astonishment; "won't you tell us, Planchette, who John will marry so very soon," but Planchette moved not.

"Perhaps Planchette is angry with you," suggested John; and Maria asked the question in a more tender and soothing manner.

"M—" and Planchette stopped. Maria grew impatient, and coaxed Planchette, but Planchette would not move. At last Planchette did move. "M-a-i-a," and then stopped again.

"Maria!" said the girl, "what Maria can it be, John?"

"It must be yourself," said John, "if Planchette is truthful. Will you have me, Maria," and Maria gasped for breath.

Planchette again moved. The pencil wrote slowly while John threw his will into the effort, "P-l-e-a-s-a-n-t-f-a-c-e," and as the last letter was formed Maria swooned away, and he caught her from falling. John was at first alarmed, but as she came to she said: "Is it not strange, John. I cannot understand it. Oh! John, do you think it is the spirits?"

"It is very strange," said the young man. "Will you have me, Maria?"

"I always did like you, John, but I looked on you as a friend. I think I love you," and John led her to the sofa, where he told his love, and made arrangements for an early wedding.

It was all settled as they sat on the sofa, and the day was fixed. But a streak of light flashed on the mind of the girl.

To one of John's questions she gave a hesitating reply, then burst into tears.

"What is it, Maria?"

"I was too hasty, John. I ought to have made the conditions. Don't you smoke?" and John replied "Well—ye-eyes. What of that?"

"Only this—I will never marry a man that smokes. I cannot consent to live in the midst of the fumes of tobacco. Will you give it up?"

"Have some reason about you, Maria. You know I only smoke cigars."

"No reason about it. I hate smoking—and it will ruin your health. It will be necessary to give it up."

And John sorrowfully made the promise and re-arranged for the wedding day.

CHAPTER III.

"All's well that ends well."

The marriage between John Comstock and Maria Pleasantface was duly solemnized by the Rev. James Merriam, and the announcement appeared in the daily papers. The happy couple spent their honeymoon by a tour to Niagara Falls via Boston, returning to St. John by the way of Montreal and the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Augustus Benedict read the announcement, then urged his suit with Miss Pinkerton. When the ceremony took place in one of the churches "all Eastport was astir," especially the young ladies, who compose so large a portion of the community. Augustus transported his fair flower from the Passamaquoddy to the St. Croix, where she became a useful member of the community, highly respected and esteemed.

Shortly after his marriage two letters were returned from the Dead Letter Office, and for the first time did he ascertain the mistakes he had made. No longer did he wonder at the silence of his former correspondent. What could have become of the third, he thought. "Could she have got it?"

Samuel Pearson's old coat was taken from the garret about a year after it was laid away, and his mother felt something inside the lining. "I wonder what it is,

she said to her daughter Amelia. I do believe it's a letter!"

The letter was drawn out, and Mrs Pearson held up her hands in astonishment. After she had read the address, she had the letter delivered quietly to Mrs. Comstock by Samuel himself, who expressed his regret at the occurrence. "No matter," said Mrs. C. "I am much obliged, Samuel."

After the boy had left she opened the letter, read it two or three times, and cried heartily. Then she became calm, and was enjoying herself with a good laugh as Mr. Comstock came into the house. Showing him the cause of her merriment, she said: "How lucky I did not get it. I must ask papa to raise Sammy's wages; he says he is very attentive. He did not mean to do this. How glad I am!" and she laughed again heartily at the mistake. John Comstock wrote Augustus a letter a few days later, enclosing the long lost document, and explaining how it had been mislaid.

Here the chapter of mistakes ended; old friendships were renewed; and all parties were satisfied with their domestic arrangements.

Augustus Benedict says fate ordered it in the way in which it resulted. "What will be, will be;" and he thinks that when he attempted in the three letters unintentionally to thwart his destiny, his actions were wisely overruled for his own happiness. He takes good care now, however, to address his letters properly, and examine them a second time before mailing at the Post Office. "ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

THE MODERN REVOLT.

BY E. LYNN LINTON.

The late remarkable outbreak of women against the restrictions under which they have hitherto lived—the Modern Revolt, as it may be called—has two meanings: the one, a noble protest against the frivolity and idleness into which they have suffered themselves to sink; the other, a mad rebellion against the natural duties of their sex, and those characteristics known in the mass as womanliness. And among the most serious problems of the day is, how to reconcile the greater freedom which women are taking with the restrictive duties of sex; how to bring their determination to

share in the remunerative work of the world into harmony with that womanliness without which they are intrinsically valueless—inferior copies of men, having neither the sweetness, the tenderness, the modesty of the one sex, nor the courage, the resolution, the power of the other.

The first point in this modern revolt is the cry of women for leave to work. This surely is a mere cry, not a cause. There is work for them to do if they will do it; work waiting for them, and sadly needing their doing. But this is not the work they want to do. What they want is a share in that which men have appropriated, and which is undeniably better fitted for men than women. And in their attempt to get hold of this they are leaving undone that which Nature and the fitness of things have assigned to them, like children who quit their own tasks which are within their compass, while wanting those apportioned to the elders. Yet what have women to complain of in the way of wanting work? In reality very few careers are closed to them. To be sure the law and the church, the army, navy, and Parliament, are crypts into which they may not penetrate, but all trades and commerce, and the financial world outside the Stock Exchange, are open to them; they may be merchants, bankers, traders of all kinds, ship-owners, and ship-builders, artists, writers, teachers, farmers,* and they can practise medicine under restrictions, besides being nurses. All these and more modes of gaining a livelihood are free to them; and they have moreover their own more special work.

But let us confess it honestly, if sorrowfully—hitherto they have made no class mark in anything, and only a very few women, and those quite exceptional, have done what they might do. It is said that this want of class distinction is owing to the want of education. Granting the plea generally, who has educated women if not women themselves? No man has prevented women from giving to girls an education as broad and sound as that given by men to boys; the wretched thing called female education has not been men's doing, nor has the want of anything better been in deference to men's wishes. The education of her daughters is essentially the mother's care and a woman's charge; and as a proof of this, now that a desire for better things has sprung up among women, men help them to get the best that can be given. It has been because mothers have willed it so, that their daughters have been

* Only quite lately a farmer, Mrs. Millington, of Ash Grove Farm, near Bicester, took the prize for good farming over the heads of her male competitors; and there was, probably is still, a lady of rank, who owns a dairy at Notting Hill, who attends to the business herself, and drives her pair of bays to the door of those of her customers who have had any complaint to make, to see into their case herself.

fimsily taught and flashily accomplished, and handed over to men neither intellectual companions nor useful house-managers.

Let us go over the list of what has been especially woman's work, and say candidly what she has made of her talent. All that concerns domestic and social life is hers—maternity and the care of the young, the education of the daughters, the management of the house, the arrangements of society, the regulation of dress and fashion. And whatever we may think about woman's right to a more extended sphere of action, we cannot deny that these are her principal duties; whatever we may add on to these, these must always remain her primary obligations.

But how are these duties performed?

In the question of maternity lies the saddest part of the Modern Revolt. God alone knows what good is to come out of the strange reaction against the maternal instinct, which is so marked a social feature in America, and which is spreading rapidly here. Believing, for my part, in the progress of humanity, and in our unconsciously working to good ends even by crooked means, I find my faith in ultimate historic improvement severely exercised by this phenomenon. Formerly children were desired by all women, and their coming considered a blessing rather than otherwise; now the proportion of wives who regard them as a curse is something appalling, and the annoyance or despair, with the practical expression, in many cases, given to that annoyance as their number increases, is simply bewildering to those who have cherished that instinct as it used to be cherished. The thing is as I have said; the moral or historic end to be attained through it no one has yet discovered. It may mean an instinctive endeavor to check a superabundant population; but proximately it seems due to our artificial mode of life, and the high pressure under which we live, whereby we are taxed to the utmost we can bear, with no margin to spare; our civilization thus recurring to first principles and repeating the savage's dread of unnecessary mouths in his tribe. Still, however it may come about, or whatever it may mean, the modern revolt against the maternal instinct is something for the student of humanity to examine. Let us hope that before long he will explain to us the ultimate outcome of it.

The care of the young ranks as one of the most important of all things to the State and the race, and one on which no pains bestowed could be too much. Yet how many mothers understand the management of the young in any scientific sense? How many study the best modes of education, physical or moral, and bring

their studies to good issue? How many mothers will even receive advice and not consider it interference in their own distinct domain? and how many are there who so much as doubt that maternity of itself does not give wisdom, and that by the mere fact of motherhood a woman is fully capable of managing her child without more teaching than that which she gets from instinct? We give less thought (not less love), less study, less scientific method, to the management of our own young than to the training of future race-horses or the development of the prize heifer on the farm. The wildest ideas on food, the most injudicious fashions in dress, amusements which ruin both body and mind, such as children's evening-parties, theatres, and the like, make one often think that the last person to whom her children should be entrusted is the mother. Add to this a moral education, good or bad, according to individual temperament, an ignorance of psychological laws as dense as that of the physiological and hygienic, and the personal care of the little ones delegated to servants, and we have the basis on which the modern nursery is constructed. This delegation of the mother's duty to servants is as amazing in its contravention of instinct as the revolt against maternity. Every woman sees how nurses treat the children of other mothers, and every mother trusts her own nurse implicitly, and gives into the hands of a coarse and ignorant woman, the temper, the health, the nerves, the earliest mental direction, and the consequent permanent bias of the future of her child, while perhaps she goes out on a crusade to help people who need example rather than assistance. This is no overcharged picture. The unscientific management of children, and the absolute surrender of them while young, and therefore while most plastic, into the hands of servants, is too patent to be denied.

Of education we have already spoken, and because of the present better methods we need not go back on the past mistakes; but how about housekeeping?

The fashions of modern life are not favorable to good housekeeping. Here and there we meet with a woman who has made it an art, and carried it out to a beautiful perfection; but the number of those who have done so is small compared to the indifferent, the inefficient, those who interfere without organizing, and those who have given up their office to servants, retaining merely that symbol of "keeping the keys." Few women above a mediocre social position do anything in the house; and the fatal habit of fine-ladyism is gradually descending to the tradesman's and mechanic's classes; fewer still try to elevate the system of housekeeping altogether

and make it possible for ladies, even our artificial product, to take an active part in it with pleasure and profit to themselves. Yet French and German women keep house actively, and do not disdain the finer portions of the work. With the help of the machines which American need has fashioned for the home, this does not seem a very degrading task for women. One consequence wherever ladies of education are active housekeepers is, that a more scientific, compact, cleanly, and less rude and wasteful mode of cookery obtains. And indeed that cooking question is a grave one, belonging especially to women, and quite as important in its own way as the knowledge of drugs and the mixing up of pills. Women do not consider it so, and ladies are rather proud than otherwise of their ignorance of an art which is one of their elemental natural duties. But they want to be doctors, if they object to be cooks. Yet how it can be considered honorable to get meat by manipulating *asafoetida*, and degrading to attend to the cooking of that meat when got—beneath the dignity of a woman's intellect to understand the constituent elements of food and what they make in the human frame, yet consistent with that dignity to understand the effects of drugs—why the power of bringing back to health should be a science fit for the noblest intellects to undertake, and the art of keeping in health an office fit only for the grossest and most ignorant to fill—is a nice distinction of honor, the quality of which I, for one, have never been able to understand; nor why that *imperium in imperio*, the kitchen, is a better institution than the centralization of authority dating from the drawing-room. Society in its simplest aspect is, as it were, the radical of our own more complex conditions; and do as we will, we cannot escape from the eternal fitness of this division of labor—the man to provide, the woman to prepare for use and to distribute. While, then, our housekeeping generally is bad because not undertaken with heart or intellect, and while our national cookery is still little better than “plain roast and boiled,” we cannot say that we have gone through this lesson from end to end, or exhausted even this portion of our special acre.

Over dress and fashion one's dirges might be unending. And here again women are the arbiters, and dress only to please themselves, without any reference whatever to men or nature. Now the fashion is a steel balloon which gets into everybody's way, and in the vortex created by which lies disaster to all crockery and light furniture; now it is a long train, mainly useful in sweeping up dirt and tripping up human feet: sometimes we get headaches by over-

crowding our heads, sometimes face-aches by leaving them wholly unprotected; high heels destroy the shape of the leg and the foot alike, as well as comfort in walking; and stays not only create deformity, but also disease, and maybe death. Still, though the need is so great, no woman has yet cared to invent a perfectly beautiful, simple, and useful dress: She struck out Bloomerism, which was too hideous to be adopted by any woman holding to the religion of beauty and the need of looking charming; and she clings to trains, which, however graceful in line, are inconsistent with work or activity; but, save in the modern “costumes” which are overloaded with frills and ornaments, she has not come near to the desideratum—a dress which the peasant and the duchess could wear alike, graceful with the one, serviceable with the other, and beautiful in their degree with both. Much has been said and written of the cruelty of needlework, and of the precious lives which women have offered up to the Moloch of stitchery. Yet who has set the fashion of unnecessary stitches but women themselves? It is they who have crowded work upon work in all the garments which pass through their hands; and while bewailing the hard slavery of sewing, and considering it as one of the real curses of their condition, multiply frills and flounces, and gussets and seams and bands, as if the main object of the garment was to contain as much superfluous needlework as possible. Meanwhile, a tailor's work is simple, strong, and not fantastic, and a dressmaker's is flimsy and complicated; almost all body-linen is too elaborate, both in the shaping and the stitchery; and the greatest blessing of its kind, the sewing-machine, instead of lightening our labor has been the means of greatly increasing the complexity of sewed work.

Thus, in the duties special to women and the part in life appointed to them, we find nothing brought to its possible perfection, nothing wrought out to its ultimate. I cannot say it commends itself to one's calmer judgment, that while their own appointed duties are in such an unsatisfactory state, they should be clamorous to take from men work of an untried character, and which, if men perform only *tant bien que mal*, it cannot be asserted women will perform better.

There is more than a living, there is a fortune to be made by the woman of taste and refinement who will undertake the task of perfecting the womanly duties—of top-dressing the woman's acre. But no one will attempt it. The women who want to be clerks and apothecaries will not go out as lady-nurses, nor as lady-dressmakers, nor as lady-cooks. They

flock to take service to tend wounded men, because of the excitement, the *kudos*, may-be the instinct involved; but ask them to take service to nurse little children—ask them to exhibit so much enthusiasm for the perfecting of the future as they do for healing the present generation, and will you get a response? Yet the right management and noble nurture of the young is perhaps more important than the tender nursing, by women, of wounded men, of whom their comrades would also be very tender! Again: ask them to be lady-dressmakers, teachers of taste and fashioners of beautiful garments; or ask them to make themselves first-rate cooks, and give lessons in the art, or go out as dinner superintendents,—will they do either? Yet they might thus make a good living by useful work which they discard, while they prefer a wretched pittance by fancy work which no one wants, by miserable art which breaks the hearts of kindly “hangers,” by attempts at teaching where they have everything to learn. The woman who would copy this manuscript at twopence the folio would think herself degraded if advised to try and make a fortune as Soyer and Worth made theirs.

Many ladies of good but not immense incomes want this kind of help—and would pay for it. The “little” dressmaker cannot be trusted with anything better than a garden gown; Court dressmakers are simply ruinous; the women who go out to work have neither skill nor taste; and the maid wants the help of direction. A refined, tasteful, artistic woman to direct a maid, and give her ideas and patterns, is an institution as yet not established. Yet the woman who would do this first would open a new path for her sisters. So of cooking; but any help in the house beyond the charwoman and the day-worker, neither of whom is worth her salt, is, as every housekeeper knows, absolutely impossible in this great London of ours, where the cry goes up of “Work for women—for pity’s sake, work!”

It must be owned that this disinclination of women with anything like culture, to work under women only richer, not intrinsically better bred than themselves, is mainly due to the scant courtesy with which many ladies treat those of their own sex whom they meet on paying terms. And they have not found out the way yet to enforce respect by what they are, independent of what they do. And as they themselves have degraded their natural work, consequently the position of the workers is held cheap and low. This can be reformed only when women of education and refinement shed their own lustre on their natural duties; and as old Antæus gained strength when he touched his mother earth, so will they gain the womanly

glory and the influence they have lost, when they turn back to the old sources and take up again the discarded work. All that they did in early times—things that kings’ daughters did, that the noblest and stateliest lady did, and lost nothing of her nobleness in doing—they have degraded and relegated to the lower hand. Even the profession of medicine, about which there has been so much warm controversy, was once the lady’s work, till she herself forsook it and let it fall from her hands into men’s. All but one branch; and that she gave into the keeping of the coarsest and most ignorant old wife of the village. Only so late as Charles II. midwives were “Dames” by legal right: we know what they are in the present day; though here also there has been great improvement and a wiser state of things begun.

What, then, I contend for in this question of woman’s work is, that in her own world, which is so beautiful, so useful, she has unexplored tracts and unfulfilled duties; and that it is a fatal mistake in her not to put her intellect and an extended education into social and domestic details, so that she may make her own work perfect—not by lowering herself to the condition of a servant, but by raising her duties above the level of the servant.

But is not the truth something like this—that women crave public applause, an audience, excitement, notoriety, more than mere work? They want to be lecturers, professors, entitled to wear gowns and hoods, and to put letters after their names; and perhaps the desire is natural; but let us call it by its right name—personal ambition—and not be ashamed to confess the truth: and if they can do the work well, let them have it at once. The best is not a question of sex, though we may have our own ideas as to who is most likely to be the best. Still, if women like to try their powers, why deny them the opportunity? Public opinion and the proof of experience would be sufficient to prevent an influx of weak incapacity in avenues already crowded by the capable and the strong; and the law of fitness would soon find them out and place them according to their deserving. Restrictions, which are hindrances of free-will only, and not defence work against evil-doing belong to a childish state of society; and the best thing that could be done for women would be to open all careers to them with men, and let them try their strength on a fair field, and no favor.

The second demand of the modern revolt is surely just—their right to the franchise. Stress is laid by the opposition on the difference between a natural right and a political privilege. They affirm that the franchise is not the natural right of every man, but a privilege accorded for

purposes of policy to some men. Wherefore, they say, women cannot claim as an equal right what is not intrinsically any one's right. And so with this they set the claim aside, and will continue to do so till women are in earnest to enforce it. So long as the majority of women do not care for the franchise, the minority who do care for it will not get it; the argument being always at hand that to grant a political privilege for the purpose of creating a political conscience, would be the exact reverse of all the modes of government hitherto practised and found to answer. The denial presses heavily on those who wish for it; but this too will pass away by the creation of a public opinion favorable to the demand; until then nothing will be done for the sake of equity, equality, or logic.

The third right of women on hand, but settled partially for the moment, is the right of married women to their own property. And the revolt of women against the undue power of their husbands, against the virtual slavery of marriage, has not been without cause. Not that they have revolted, but that they have borne so long, is the wonder. A state of things which put them wholly in the power of a man when once he was the married master—which allowed him to ruin them without redress, and to treat them with every kind of cruelty, save an amount of personal brutality dangerous to life, yet held them to their bond, and held them close—was sure to produce misery, as it was sure also to create evil; human nature not being able to bear unchecked authority without letting it run into tyranny. Now, however, things have got somewhat put to rights in that quarter, and by and by more will be done, till it is all worked through, and the theory of marriage will be no longer based on the enslaving of one but on the equality of two.

Men say that this question of the rights of women to do such work and enter into such professions as they desire, to exercise the franchise, and to possess their own property, being wives, is eminently a peace question, and that if a war broke out we should hear no more of it. The time would then be the man's time, the hour of physical strength and of all other essentially masculine qualities; and these woman's rights, with other products of peace, would be trodden under foot forthwith. Granted: and the fact of its being a peace question proves its value. Nothing grows in war-time, and only weapons of destruction and strong hands to wield them are of value; so that to say a question is a peace question is to say that it belongs to the growing time of society, that it is part of its development, its improvement; and to ignore its claims on this ground, and because we should hear nothing about it

if a war broke out, would be about as just and rational as to despise the fact of the corn-field, because the troops must trample down the grain in passing to the front.

But there is also another reason, beside peace, why all these questions have arisen now, and the modern revolt has gained such head among us: the immense disproportion of the sexes in England. There are not enough men to feed and protect all the women, so that some of them must work for themselves, and protect themselves as well—which, may be, is the harder thing of the two. And as they will not work in their own natural portion of the field of labor, and get money and dignity by raising the offices they have degraded to servants, they are clamorous to take the offices of men, and enter into competition with them on their own ground. And if they succeed, one result must inevitably arise—the further drainage from the country of men, beaten out of the field by women. For though women never can compete with men in the amount of work turned out to time, and therefore never can make the same amount of wages, yet they may flood the market with cheaper work, and so ruin men by underselling them. This, and not “jealousy,” is the reason why men look askance at the introduction of female hands in any branch of trade which they have hitherto kept to themselves; for we must remember that the man represents the family, a woman generally only herself, and that the workman's jealousy is as much for his wife and children as for himself. All things considered, would it not be wiser if women took their own work out of the lower hands, and did it better and more beautifully than it is done now? And if the effect of this was to create an extensive emigration of good, honest, lower-class women, and of that miserable class next to them, neither ladies nor servants, who go out as shop-girls and nursery governesses, who do not marry early, and who know nothing by which they can make a sufficient income, it would be the best thing that could happen to England where women are redundant, and to the colonies where they are so sadly wanted.

But if we can do without so many women as we have, we cannot do without the womanly virtues. We want the purity and love of women to refine the race which the magnanimity and justice of men ennoble. We want their power of sacrifice by which the future is preserved; their tenderness, their impulsiveness even; their sense of beauty, and their modesty. When women are bad, all is bad. Their vice poisons society at its roots, and their low estimate of morality makes virtue impossible; while the frivolous woman, devoted only to dress and pleasure, creates an atmosphere about

her in which no sublimity of thought, no heroism can live. Yet some men admire only such women, and say that a woman's sole *raison d'être* is to be beautiful in person, graceful in manner, to dress well, look nice, and amuse men; and that it does not signify two straws whether she is good or bad so long as she is pleasant and pretty, and does the drawing-room business well. These men prefer these living dolls to real women out of fear—fear lest the future woman in losing her frivolity will lose also her grace—in gaining independence will gain also hardness and coarseness, and for every intellectual increase will lose correspondingly in womanliness and love.

Others, again, think that neither intellect nor reasonableness should be exclusively a masculine attribute, and that the wiser women are the nobler they will be, and the more likely to be faithful to them as well as true to themselves. And, indeed, it is not really the largest-minded women who swagger about, bad copies of a bad style of man, talking of everything they should not, reviling maternity, deriding woman's work, scorning the sweet instinctive reliance of the weaker, and affecting to despise the sex they ape. These are of the fools with which the world of women, as of men, abounds; and it is by a simple chance of physical organization that they are manish fools rather than weak ones, given to slang and defiance rather than to slipshod and frivolity. And these, though they form undeniably a part, are not the main body of the Modern Revolvers.

In this main body the desire to enlarge the circle of women's activities springs from a lofty motive. If it is taking a wrong direction, it will put itself right before long, and by its recognition of error will repair the evil it may have done. It can do no evil if, while careful for intellectual culture, it holds the great instinctive affections as the highest in a woman's catalogue of duties; while enlarging the sphere of her activity, it maintains the righteousness of her doing first, thoroughly, that class of work called emphatically woman's work, before she invades the offices of men; while enriching her life by intellect, and ennobling her work by her own dignity, it still keeps to the pleasant prettiness, the personal charms, the lighter graces of her sex; while giving her freedom of action and the power of self-support, it does not take from her modesty, tenderness, or love; nor in making her the equal and companion of man, make her less than his lover—and his rival, not his mate. Without these provisos the Modern Revolt will be the ruin of our womanhood; with them, its most precious, its most royal gain and gift. And so may God and the good conscience of women grant.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE STUDY OF WORDS.

The triumphs of the modern science of language are for the most part achieved by studies in etymology. They are won by examining the structure and history of single words and letters. These continents of thought are coralloid, resting on the results of millions of microscopic observations.

When a student begins Greek or German, it seems to be an interminable series of long words, all different, all strange, all slippery. When he learns that they are all made by putting together in different ways a few simple roots, it is as great a discovery as that the written words are all made up of a few letters. If he can remember any one of the roots, he will generally be able to remember the whole word. The student in rhetoric who can never remember what *epanorthosis* means, may keep it straight by noticing that the *ortho* in it is the same as in *ortho*-dox, and means *straight, right*. Many a man who has been puzzled to define *heterodoxy* has fixed it when he learned that *heter* means *other*, and, as the wits say, *orthodoxy is my doxy, heterodoxy is another man's doxy*. *Atonement* is clear as at-one-ment.

These root elements of words are generally names of familiar material objects or actions, so that pictures may be made of them which will fix the word in the mind. *Imbecile* suggests the picture of an old man leaning on his staff (*in bacillo*); the schoolmaster displays the dactyle, with its one long syllable and two short, by holding up his own *dactyle* or *finger*, with its one long joint and two short. Many such figures are poetical. Poets since the time of Chaucer have delighted to celebrate the *daisy*,

“Or elles the *eye* of *day*.”

A few are humorous. It was some *Æsop* who saw the airs of his light mistress displayed in the barnyard, and called her *coquette*; or who named her *caprices* from the *capering* of the goat (*capra*).

Students of language have always noticed chance specimens of this kind of what Emerson calls fossil poetry and fossil history; but the comparison of different languages has led modern philologists to make systematic collections of them, and so has led to important discoveries in ethnology, the primeval history of man, and mythology. Some remarks of this kind are found among the writings of the ancients. Cicero thinks it illustrates the Greek and Roman character, that the Greeks call a banquet *symposion*, a drinking together; while the Romans call it *convivium*, a living together, the feast of reason and the flow of soul. If he had known that our Anglo-Saxon ancestors

called it a *ge-beór-scipe*, taking *beer* together, he would have thought that also characteristic. The old English grammarian, Wallis, noticed that our names of meats are of Norman origin, those of the living animals of Anglo-Saxon. "Old Alderman Ox," says Wamba in "Ivanhoe," "continues to hold his Saxon epithet while he is under the charge of serfs and bondmen such as thou; but becomes *beef*, a fiery French gallant, when he arrives before the worshipful jaws that are destined to consume him." So *calf* becomes *veal*, *sheep* becomes *mutton*, *deer* becomes *venison*; they only saved their *bacon* in Anglo-Saxon. Thus we are let into the social relations of the early English.

A word often discloses relations between nations. When Paul divides the world into Jews and Greeks, it shows that the Greeks were to him the most prominent of foreign nations, just as the calling all Europeans *Franks* in the East shows that the French were most prominent in the Crusades, or the calling all Americans *Yankees* shows how prominent the New England sailor used to make himself abroad, *Slave* tells a story of the *Slavi*, or Slavonians, which all the glory of Russia cannot fade out. *Punic faith* suggests to the thoughtful philologist centuries of war between Rome and Carthage, as *perfidie Albion* does between France and England. War is the mother of lies and slanders. *Stratagem* is a mild word for the leading of armies.

Letters change according to regular laws. The back part of the tongue is much harder to move than the tip, and letters made by moving it often slip forward. For example, *k* in *kirk* slips into *ch* in *church*, or into *c* with the sound of *s*; thus *Kikero*, as the Romans called him, became *Chichero*, and then *Cicero*; *c* and *g* were pronounced hard before *e*, *i* and *y*, just as before *a*, *o*, *u*, by the Romans and Anglo-Saxons, but have now softened. The soft letters do not harden; *kirk* is older than *church*.

When we know the laws of letter-change, we can tell which language retains the oldest forms of a word; and of two languages we can tell whether one comes from the other, or both come from a common parent. It is plain that French cannot come from Spanish, or Spanish from French; both must have sprung from a common parent, and we know what it is—Latin. So the Anglo-Saxon cannot spring from the High German, or the High German from Anglo-Saxon; nor can the Latin come from Greek, or the Greek from Latin. Examination of the tongues of Europe and Western Asia shows that almost all of them belong to eight sister families, descended from one common primeval speech, of which we have no literary remains, or even a whisper of tradition.

Modern philologists have made out this theoretical Indo-European parent speech, one letter at a time, and one word at a time by studying up letters and words which, assumed as the original forms, will give by known laws of change all the different words now existing.

The grammatical forms thus arrived at have been profoundly studied, and may be found together in Schleicher's "*Vergleichen Grammatik*." A dictionary of this theoretical speech has been made by Fick, and has reached a second edition.

We can also tell whether a word has been borrowed in late times from a foreign language. Thus, in English, words of the common stock, when they were used by the Anglo-Saxons, had their letters regularly changed according to the habits of that people; while modern derivatives from foreign tongues are not so changed. *Two* and Latin *duo* are from the common stock, *d* is changed to *t*, but *dual* is from the Latin; *three* and *tres* are from the common stock, *t* is changed to *th*, but *trinity* is from the Latin; *acre* and Latin *ager* are from the common stock, *g* has changed to *c*, but *agriculture* is from the Latin.

In such facts we have the material for history; because, if a word belongs to the parent speech of two peoples, the thing or the thought named by it must have been familiar to the common ancestors who used the speech. The common words connected with agriculture belong to both Greek and Latin; and so we know that before there were any separate Greeks and Romans the people from which both sprang were already tillers of the soil. That was a long time ago. In was a good deal longer when the common ancestors were yet living of Greeks, Romans, Persians, and the Indians who spoke Sanskrit; and still longer to the time when the ancestors of Anglo-Saxons and the Russians split off from the old family; but the words common to all these tongues carry us back to the primitive Indo-European race, and enable us to sketch their condition with lines surer than those in which the geologist traces his early history of the world.

The readers of Mommsen's "History of Rome" find his account of these pre-historic times clear and precise. "To the master of social science there are many sure inferences to be drawn from the names of *horse*, *dog*, *sheep*, *ox*, *bear*, *wolf*; from *house*, *door*, *wagon*, *boat*, *oar*, *rudder*, *silver*, *copper*, *iron*, *wool*, *meat*, *cake*, *salt*. The moon measured *months* for this people. They counted by tens, but there is no common word for *thousand*. They valued the social relations, and worshipped a Supreme Being. Mythology was fast growing.

With these Indo-Europeans the philologists have stopped. The next thing seems to be to find common ancestors for the Jews

and Indo-Europeans. This the present masters of philology seem to have given up. No linguistic remains have put us in a position to reason back to them. Possibly hereafter something may be made of new material, gleaned from old monuments, or from collections of old geographical names of mountains, rivers, and the like. Such names outlast the nations that give them. Here, for example, the aboriginal names of the *Ohio* and *Mississippi* remain fixed. The names of this kind in Europe and Asia, which as yet baffle solution, are numerous, and may possibly afford data from which science may make out the theoretical speech from which the Semitic and the Indo-European sprang. That, however, as yet is only a great hope, and there are hundreds of other tongues to be explored. When so many enthusiastic explorers of the history of fossil fishes and ferns are found, we may surely look for earnest students of this scientific fossil history of man.

SENSING THINGS.

BY THOMAS K. BEECHER.

I like that word "sensing." True, it is not in the dictionary, or what is worse, its first cousin "sensed" is noted as "not in use." We hear with the ears, we see with the eyes, we taste, we smell, we touch; and thus we have specific verbs, describing certain specific acts of sense. Now, as a word including all these, why not have as a verb transitive the word *to sense*? As descriptive of a man who is wide awake, gathering in all the information that can be gathered by the senses, why not say he is all the time *sensing*, and therefore is a sensible man?

Scientists have a delightful pride in noting the many things which moderns are able to sense and describe, which eluded the senses of ancients. Some of the latest and most widely boasted discoveries of modern science have been *sensed* by comparatively few men; by those only whose senses have been "sharpened by reason of use," and helped by very delicate apparatus.

I suppose that there are not fifty skilful spectroscopists in the world; yet the newspapers are declaring, as amazing discoveries, the hydrogen of the sun's envelope, with traces of sodium and other *ums* in it, and the composition of Sirius, the dog-star; and yet not ten in the whole fifty of the world's spectroscopists have been able to verify by experiment either one of the truths stated by their five or six high priests.

Three or four independent investigators, French, English, or German, have success-

fully experimented upon heat and motion as convertible terms—"heat a mode of motion," as Prof. Tyndall, their orator, phrases it. Not ten persons in the world have performed these extremely difficult and delicate experiments, but still it is the glory of the nineteenth century to have *sensed* these facts; and because of these "amazing," these "astounding" discoveries, there is springing up all through the civilized world, a crop exceedingly green and thrifty of scepticism, or rather of scientific bigotry, which ignores the facts of revelation and spiritual experience as being "indemonstrable;" as not belonging to the categories of science, and, therefore, they alone are wise who trust scientific apparatus so-called, and with pious delight *oh* and *ah* every time the high priest comes out of his laboratory and says "I have discovered," "I have seen," "I can prove."

A Christian believer does not deserve his name if he be not grateful to men of science for all that they have discovered; or if by so much as a syllable he discourages the boldest scientific investigation. So also it seems to me that a man of science does not deserve the name, when at the outset he declares that he will not recognize any phenomena as facts unless they will agree to report by instruments which he has already invented, or make themselves known in his laboratory. There was once a time when the instruments of science would not detect atmospheric air. There was a time when the profoundest physiologists knew nothing of the circulation of the blood. Indeed time would fail me to perfect a catalogue of the things that stared science in the face, yet were themselves unseen.

This whole matter of *sensing* things seems to me in fact and in history to resolve itself into a very simple law.

Scientific sensing is, at present, accomplished through the nerves. The senses of man may be graded according to the distance from which they can bring their reports, and the subtlety of the medium which conveys the impression to the receptive sense. The sense of touch residing in the educated finger-tip, makes its report only after actual contact. In other words there is no other medium between the thing touched and the finger-tip that does the touching. The olfactory and gustatory nerves are able to recognize flavors removed a little space from them, though the facts which they sense, particularly the gustatory nerves, are usually very near at hand. In the case of some nightly prowling and highly odorous visitant of our hen-coops, the nose, by the help of the atmosphere, is able to report with accuracy upon a fact transpiring half-a-mile away. Ten miles at sea or twenty miles inland, we are able to snuff the odors of vegetation or the

aroma of salt marshes respectively. A man's nose will reach further than his fingers.

But the ear, noting vibrations in the atmosphere more subtle than any that come to the nostrils, makes its report of facts at greater and greater distance; while the eye, depending not upon the air but upon some subtle ether whose very existence is as yet widely questioned, is able to recognize and bring in a report from the insect under the microscope, or from the horizon twenty miles away, or from the star whose distance is so vast that figures are worthless to express it.

Furthermore, it is highly probable that many animals, as the dog, the horse, the carrier-pigeon, and migratory birds in general possess still another sense of which most men are destitute. Call it *polarity*—a certain sense, possessing which birds and beasts are never lost but know their way, and are to themselves accurate guides whithersoever they need to go. Hunters and backwoodsmen seem to acquire something of this same mysterious faculty. They cannot get lost.

Further still, I suppose that the evidence is satisfactory to most men of science that certain impressible subjects are able to discern "magnetic flames" and "movements" and "vortices" which to most eyes are quite invisible.

He is therefore a painfully bigoted man of science who is so fascinated by what he is able to discover with five senses, that he cannot or will not admit the possibility of a sixth or seventh, or eighth sense.

While, then, every Christian believer accepts with scientific humility the marvelous statements as to the luminous atmosphere of the sun, why should it seem incredible to a man of science that spiritual agents and spiritual phenomena should be *sensed* by a class of people, who in addition to the five senses of common men have developed the sixth sense of a Christian?

To make my meaning plainer: If I ask the half dozen great spectroscopists of today to show me the hydrogen flames and sodium traces in the sunbeam, they will ask me at once "Have you paid any attention to the subject? Do you know what the solar spectrum is? Are you familiar with Fraunhofer's lines?" If I say "No," they will reply: "You have a great deal of work yet to do before you can see the hydrogen of the sun and the unmistakable sodium lines, for they are *scientifically discerned*." "Can I ever see them?" I ask. "Oh, yes," they answer. "The schools of science are open, and if you are docile and watchful, and persevere in them, you will be able to *sense* all these facts, these amazing facts of modern science."

In so speaking to the scientific neophyte, my learned friends are only declaring in their department precisely the same truth which Paul declared in his, when he said, "The natural man discerneth (senses) not the things of the spirit; neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned (sensed)."

That there should exist then in the eternal spaces where reigns the supreme Former of worlds and Father of men, from whom radiate all the lines of life,—that there should exist, I say, a subtle ether, whose vibrations are *sensed* neither by eye nor ear nor by any rude faculty of man in the flesh, but by them alone, who first believe that God *IS*, and that He is the rewarder of them who diligently seek Him; and that they thus come into possession of a sixth or seventh or eighth sense, and do truly *sense* and verily know the things which they declare, touching the power of the world to come and the indwelling and guidance of the eternal God; is neither an absurd nor even an improbable hypothesis.

On the contrary, the substantial agreement of the humble-minded and pious in all religions, in their discoveries and in their teachings as to the things of God and his administration in the affairs of men, is proof that mounts up almost to demonstration, that there is possible to man such a sense as a spiritual sense, and that there are objects and agents not dreamed of in our philosophy that are never *sensed* by "the wise and prudent," but are "revealed unto babes and sucklings."

If asked then to declare in scientific phrase what is practical religion, I should answer, it is a wise and persevering and philosophic culture of this spiritual sense, so as to be able, with men of faith in all ages, to walk as seeing Him who is invisible. If then the men of sense have, and I grant that they have, reason to be proud that they are able to see that which is hidden from the eyes of the laity, equally, I affirm, a humble Christian has reason to rejoice and give thanks that he, too, is able to see and to know that which no merely material philosophy can reveal, the things of the spirit which are *spiritually sensed*.

One drop of ink will blacken a whole glass full of pure water. So will one evil communication make the whole heart foul. O, beware of those evil words. You might drop in many, many drops of pure water into the inky tumbler, but it would have no perceptible influence. So it will take thousands of good precepts and good instructions to root out this evil word.

Young Folks.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

BY JEANNIE BELL.

"Come, come, Nellie! you don't object to learn how to churn and wash butter!" So said a sweet-faced, silvery-haired old lady as she saw her pretty grand-daughter curl her lip when the servant asked if Miss Graham would help with the churning.

Nellie Graham was a city girl, and had not been in the country since she was a child. For some years back she had been so busy with music teachers, French masters, &c., that she had no time to visit her grandmother. Although Nellie Graham knew little about housework, and was somewhat afraid of soiling her white hands, she was, nevertheless, a sensible, kind-hearted girl; and when mamma proposed that, now her education was finished, she should visit her grandmother and learn something of housekeeping, Nellie was not only willing but very glad to go.

Nellie dearly loved her gentle old grandmother; and country sights and sounds were charming to one cooped up all her life in a crowded, dusty city. Nellie, so far, had been delighted with her visit. Every morning she rose early, and went out with the servant to milk the cows. She was a little afraid of old Brindle, and dared not use much liberty with Brownie, but, in spite of her fears, was learning to milk. At the same time she enjoyed the unwonted sight of more than one beautiful sunrise; and the flowers were so fresh, so fragrant, ere the hot July sun withered them! Oh, yes! Nellie did love the country; but this day Nellie felt out of sorts—perhaps it was the heat. Anyway, Nellie felt disinclined for work. Although it was still morning, she sighed as she thought of her piano and new music; and, when the servant called her to assist with the churning, she felt disposed to rebel.

Her answer, "What is the use of my learning to make butter. I won't need to do that, grandmother," brought no signs

of yielding to the old lady's face. She only added to the opening sentence in this sketch,

"Well, Nellie, if you assist Jessie with the butter, I will tell you a story that will convince you that I am right in wishing you to learn all that a good housekeeper should know."

Nellie went without further word, and when finished, washed her hands, folded away her large linen apron, and, drawing a stool to her grandmother's feet, sat down. The old lady smoothed the shining brown hair from her grand-daughter's upturned brow, then, pushing up her spectacles—always a sign of excitement with grandmother—began:

"Then you have never heard the history of my early trials, Nellie; but you could not, child, for I never told this before. Only if it be a lesson to you, dearie, I will be repaid for any sad feeling the retrospect may cause.

"Well, Nellie, I was born and bred in a large town just as you have been; but, unlike you, I had neither brothers nor sisters. Father and mother died when I was a very little girl, leaving me to the care of a widowed aunt. Poor Aunt! but a few years a happy wife, when God took her husband. Shortly after her child died—a beautiful boy of two years. You may know how gladly I was welcomed to her sad, lonely home, and how much I was indulged. Petted and wilful I certainly was; but as aunt rarely said me nay, we lived very happily. Aunt was truly a godly woman, and from her I learnt many a lesson of goodness. Kindness to the poor; self-sacrifice, that I might have more to give to charitable schemes,—all this I learnt from her example.

"Aunt was not a rich woman; but the pension derived from her husband's office was ample enough to supply us with all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life.

Like you, I did not need to do housework. My aunt wished me to learn housekeeping; but I disliked it so much, and made such a noise when asked to soil my hands with cookery, that my indulgent aunt soon left off asking me to do anything but what I pleased. Time went on, until I met your grandfather. It was a case of pure love, Nellie, for William was young, and had little of this world's wealth; and I had more than one good offer—but your grandfather's smile was more to me than the riches of all my other suitors. Aunt did not approve of our marriage. I was too young and inexperienced for a poor man's wife; but if I would marry him, we should wait until Mr. Elmslie could keep me in the position I had been accustomed to. Willie and I were young and inexperienced, truly. We thought William's salary quite sufficient for every comfort. William was sure I would make a thrifty wife, and I was sure I could do anything that love bade me do.

"Well, we married, and for a short time were very happy. I had a very young servant; but then aunt's old domestic came over every day and helped with the dinner—so I had no responsibility. A few months after our marriage, aunt died. I could not afford to keep aunt's servant; besides she had to go home to nurse her mother, who was old and infirm. I can scarcely tell you how gradually William found out what a useless wife he had. The dinner was spoilt every day. If we had a roast it was either under or over done; the toast burnt; potatoes either boiled to a jelly, or like a stone at the heart. My husband scarcely ever had a comfortable meal. Sometimes he would rise from the table without having eaten almost anything, or he would say, 'Really, Nellie, I cannot eat meat cooked like that. Mother always had everything so nice.'

"I told you before, Nellie, that I was petted; so of course I did not take even such gentle rebukes quietly. Sometimes I would pout, sometimes cry, and by degrees thought your grandfather one of the hardest of men to deal with. Instead of that I saw afterwards how very patient he was—always giving in to me, and hoping I would improve in time. But no; indulged as I had been, I could not settle to try what I

disliked so much to do, and soon the fault-finding came oftener—at least I thought so—and I brooded over my trials till I thought myself one of the most miserable women alive, wishing I had never seen your grandfather, for I was sure he did not love me, or he would be better pleased with my housekeeping.

"You see, Nellie, I knew little of the Bible precepts to 'Be not easily provoked;' to forgive and bear with one another. I mean that I knew the letter of them; but the Spirit was a sealed book to me.

"Well do I remember this sad day I am about to tell you of. Your grandfather had invited an old friend to dinner, and I was told to have a good one, although I should order it all at the cookshop. Determined to try for once, I set about making a good dinner; but I knew nothing of cooking, and my girl as little. However, the turkey looked very well, and I was hoping my husband would be pleased.

"I may say, Nellie, the whole dinner was a failure. The turkey was pretty well roasted, but the stuffing was tasteless—I had forgotten the seasonings; the plum-pudding wasn't over half-boiled, and I suppose the vegetables were little better. Well, I had tried my best, and this to be the result! A frown upon my husband's brow, such as I never saw, and before a stranger, too, was more than I could bear; but I was proud, and kept up well until William and he went out; then I shut myself up in my bedroom, and wept—oh! such bitter tears. An hour after William came in, sat down at the fire, looking pleasant enough, although he never spoke, doubtless expecting me to apologize for the poor dinner. Feeling aggrieved, I determined I would not own my failure; so I kept my face buried in the sofa-cushion, thinking hard thoughts of my husband, and planning what was to be to both the heaviest trial we had ever known. Yes, Nellie, thinking I was ill-used, and had lost my husband's love, I planned to leave him on the morrow; and when he was asleep, I wrote a note, telling him I was going where he need not look for me, and that I would prove to him yet that I was not altogether the useless woman he thought me; I concluded with saying that as he no

longer loved me, it was better that we should part.

"I slept none all night; but next morning I was as determined as ever, and I was too proud to speak, although my heart felt like breaking. Well I nearly confessed all; for, just as your grandfather was going out at the door, he turned and, catching a sight of my tear-stained face, he put both his hands on it, saying with a sad look: 'My poor, proud, little wife!' but he did not kiss me, so I repressed the longing to throw myself into his arms, and let him go without a word. Then I set about packing; taking only a few of my plainest things, and when this was completed, I took a sad, farewell look at the dear old rooms.

"When I reached the station I did not know where I should go; but a train just about to start northwards, reminded me of my aunt's former servant, who lived north in a village some two hundred miles off. I pass over old Sarah's surprise, her sympathy with and her kindness to me. I was lonely that first night from home—memory was busy and the still small voice of conscience whispered that I had done wrong. I remembered when too late, how patient and forbearing my husband had been; I remembered, too, that I had never really set myself to please him. Now, I thought, I have estranged my husband's love forever; for William was proud, and he would be very sensitive to the remarks made about his wife's leaving him.

"Sarah tried to comfort me, telling me that doubtless the Lord had a good purpose in this trial; that, perhaps, through it I should be brought to know Himself, and the future might have more happiness for me than the past.

"Alas! the sin against my Heavenly Father had hitherto seemed a secondary thing; now in the quiet, lonely days I passed, I thought much of my sinful conduct. Yes, I felt myself exceeding sinful and could find no peace. Added to this, the misery my husband would be enduring at my desertion haunted me ever. If I went for a walk when the sun was gilding the hill-tops with a crown of gold, the brightness seemed to mock me, my spirit was so dark; if I went in the twilight, when the hush of evening was over the village, the

peace and quiet which reigned around reminded me that I had not only mocked my own peace, but that of another so much nobler than myself.

"The Sabbath came, and although I had wept and prayed for forgiveness, I was still as unhappy as ever. Sarah persuaded me to go to church—I shall never forget that village church; it was a sacred, holy place to me, for it was there I found the 'pearl of great price.' I know not whether there were many or few people there, for until I heard the footsteps of the minister on the pulpit stair I never raised my head; when I did it was to see a reverently bowed head in prayer. A noble, kindly face had the minister; and I remember the softened light of the sun through the frosted window threw a sort of halo round the silvered head, reminding me of the pictures I had seen in childhood of the patriarch Abraham. That beautiful hymn 'Just as I am,' was given out; I knew the hymn long before, but never had it seemed so suited to my need. My softened heart could do nothing but weep. An earnest prayer followed; then the 14th Chapter of St. John's Gospel was read, and the 27th verse chosen for the text. I need not tell you how he spoke first to those who had this peace, and secondly to those who had not yet found it. I only know that I realized that this peace was offered to me; hungering and thirsting as I was for peace, my soul received the blessed truth with gladness, and a sweet peace filled my heart—even that peace which the world cannot give, and, thanks to God, can never take away. When the last hymn was sung the choir and organ seemed to sing triumphantly peace, peace; yea, I even thought I heard a sweeter, softer music than that of earth, even the angelic host taking up the echo and adding 'Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will to men.'

"Soon after this I told the minister my history; but added that I could not think of going home until I would make a better wife, but if he thought it right, I would write to my husband and beg his forgiveness. The minister urged me to write, but said if I did not wish my husband to find me, he would get a friend in the same

town to post the letter there. The letter was therefore sent under cover to this friend, and my husband could get no clue to my hiding-place. This kind minister sought me scholars, and I soon had a large school which I taught for a twelvemonth. Morning, noon, and night were mostly spent in assisting Sarah in her household duties. As she was a thoroughly clever woman, I soon became quite a good house-keeper; so good at some kinds of cookery that Sarah declared "her bread and biscuit nowhere beside mine." Love made labor light, for I thought if my husband would ever receive me home I would surprise him with my housewifely qualities.

"Well all this year I would have been very happy (for I was usefully employed, and I had the peace of God in my heart) but ever and anon the thought of my husband's lonely home would intrude, banishing any happy feeling I had.

"I had been in the village a year when with the concurrence of the minister, I wrote to my husband confessing all my faults, and asking him, if he still loved me, to come to the village of N—, where I had taught school during the past year. I was happier than I had been for a twelvemonth after my letter was dispatched; but when three days had gone by and no letter came, I was almost sick from excitement. The fourth day gone, and now in the evening I had given up all hope of forgiveness. Filled with my burden of sorrow, I wandered back and forth and at last into the parlor, almost dark in the fast setting in of night. Feeling my burden greater than I could bear, alone I knelt down by the side of the window, praying for strength to bear this crushing sorrow, when lo! as I prayed a footstep I knew well drew near; but so paralyzed was I that I could not stir from my kneeling posture. The door quietly closed. Two strong hands lifted me from the ground to a better resting-place, and I knew from my husband's kind words and caresses that I was both loved and forgiven. When I attempted to confess my many faults, he silenced me saying,

"Nellie, my darling wife, you have as much to forgive as I; we have both been

to blame; but if God spare us in the future we will try so to live as to atone for the past.'

"Not caring to hear the remarks of old friends, William bought and removed to this farm; here were all my family born, and here William and I spent twenty as happy years as any two could spend on earth. Then came the dark messenger for my loved one; but he was ready, and smiled his good-bye as he bade me be ready, for in a little while we should meet again, never more to part. I hope," continued the old lady, "that when God calls, my granddaughter will join us in that home prepared for those who love the Lord." Nellie's tears had fallen fast as she listened to Grandmother's touching story, and when the old lady had finished Nellie's tender kiss promised as much as her words that never again would she refuse to do any kind of useful work; and Nellie never forgot the lesson.

MOTH AND RUST:

PRIZE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TALE, PUBLISHED BY HENRY HOYT, BOSTON.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER V.

THE RUST.

"He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver; nor he that loveth abundance with increase."

The trailing arbutus, loveliest flower of spring, garlanded the roadside; all the woods were vocal and fragrant; the log schoolhouse had been scrubbed, white-washed, and trimmed with evergreen; and to her little kingdom marched the royal Stella, followed by her subjects,—Brown Brothers and Company lagging in the rear, bearing their sole possessions, a paper of bread and beef and a ragged reader, being less burdened with this world's goods than their trans-Atlantic relatives.

A summer's work, and a year of Sabbath-school and temperance society, had not been lost on the children at Dodson's Mill. Stella, reaping of what she had sown, found herself sovereign of a half-civilized, rather than a barbarous community. Booths for eating dinner and learning lessons on warm days were constructed; an oven for roasting apples, potatoes, and chestnuts was prepared; no word of the teacher was needed to bring bouquets to every desk; and once again Sanders's First, Second, and Third Readers were

studied in a high, sing-song, peculiarly district-school key, which Stella's utmost efforts could not tone down. Again Richard made havoc with Rollin, and ruthlessly destroyed any number of emperors and potentates, and legions of common soldiers, before he ate his dinner; again Frank failed to be interested in interest, either simple or compound; and Freddy fell violently ill over polysyllables, was attacked with bronchitis while bounding the United States, and suffered from St. Vitus' dance over the multiplication table. Despite all these distresses, despite a small rebellion over jackstones, and an internecine war between Peter Perkins and Richard Morley, Stella's kingdom increased in population and intelligence, grew rich in marbles, kites, and popcorn, and was solvent in apples and chewing-gum.

Capital punishment was seldom necessary; and the debtor's prison, a corner assigned to bankrupts in general information, was usually without occupant. Stella had been busy with her pencil all winter, and now gave less time out of school-hours to her pupils, and more to her drawing. The happiness of being sketched in diverse attitudes compensated the children for the loss of their teacher's society; and Stella sketched with zeal, as she was not working without an object.

The temperance society having been a success, Stella established an anti-swearing society. From the box which had held the blue and white badges came a number of circular bits of tins with a red star in the middle: each had a narrow red ribbon to pass around the wearer's neck. These badges were bestowed on all who were willing to abolish bad language. As long as the terms of agreement were kept, the badge might be worn; at every failure, it must be hidden in the pocket for two hours. The tin badges were eagerly appropriated, and a decided improvement in forms of speech was noticeable among the juveniles at Dodson's.

It cannot be supposed that life at the Mill was very desirable to Stella. She was deprived of books, society, and religious privileges; she had not, like her Uncle Ralph, an absorbing and daily gratified passion for money-making, to compensate her for the loss of all these advantages. She stayed at Dodson's solely on account of her grandmother; and if she could have persuaded that dear old lady to go back to Pittsburg, smoky and dirty as is that famous city, she would have returned thither without delay.

Early in May, Father Honest, staff in hand, toiled up the wooden heights, and presented himself at Dodson's Mill. Ralph Morley believed he owed him a grudge, but nevertheless received him like a friend and brother. Stella was at school, of

course; and her guardian had the whole day to discuss business with her uncle. Ralph showed his guest the mill and the lumber, and rubbed his hands as he told of the money he was making. They finally found themselves behind the mill, Father Honest luxuriously seated on a pile of lumber, and Ralph accommodated on an ancient stump, while near them slowly creaked and turned the dripping wheel.

"And how is Stella enjoying herself?" asked Honest.

"Finely, finely, getting plump and rosy. It is healthy up here among the pines."

"I wish to settle about her board," said Father Honest, with a quick glance at this money-making uncle, to see if he were not ashamed.

"Yes, yes, certainly; easily done," said Ralph.

"Have you made out the bill?" asked the guardian.

"That's a very simple matter,—so many months at so much a month. Since the fall term closed."

"And what has she been doing this winter?"

"Oh! a little of everything, just as she pleased."

"Has she not been acting as governess to your children?" asked Father Honest.

Ralph's face became the color of a cedar log that lay beside him.

"No, he had never regarded her as *governess*. She had heard the children's lessons,—a small matter; she was their cousin."

"And she is your niece, and her board is a small matter," said Father Honest. "Set one against the other; it is the least that can be done. You are not doing yourself justice, Mr. Morley. You are letting the accumulation of a fortune absorb your whole mind, and eat up your natural kindly impulses. Excuse my freedom. Are you not growing less liberal, less genial, thus shut out from the church and from society, and bound to one idea?"

"It might be so," Ralph slowly admitted; "but it would not be for long." His children were growing up, and were to be provided for; it was necessary, it was duty, to make money for them. "In a few years, Ralph would see his way clear to go back to the bosom of the church and of society, and should have money enough to do good with; he did not wish to be misunderstood."

"I do not wish to misunderstand you," said Father Honest; "but do not forget that the best of weapons can be destroyed by rust."

That little word "rust" meant a volume to Ralph: "None but himself knew how conscience had used it to sting him; none but he knew how it had been set before him on the sacred page as in letters of fire

It stirred within him the mouldering embers of repentings and good resolutions; his face softened a little from its pride, its coldness, its sharpness. "There, we will call up this matter no more," he said. "I regret that it was ever mentioned; it was a mistake."

Yes, it was a mistake; but all Ralph's life of late had been mistakes.

Old Stacey had been known to Father Honest years ago. She felt moved to speak her mind to him, when he stopped by her kitchen-door to polish his boots, cheerily asking, meanwhile, "Well, Stacey, how do you get on?"

"I get on mighty bad," said Stacey. "My heart pretty nigh broke over Mr. Ralph. He allus was keen after money, and mighty sharp a lookin' after hisself when he was a mite of a boy; but he's sot his heart on dis ebil and wicked worl', so it spilin' him drefful."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Father Honest. "But he has many good feelings, and I hope they will get the upper hand of him yet."

Stacey scrubbed her table with needless vigor as she responded, "Don't de wise man say de wicked blesseth de covetous whom the Lord abhorreth! Thar now! I don't lay out to be such. No, not even for Massa Ralph, like I nussed when he was a baby. Might just as proper be Nebuchadnezzar settin' up his golden image to get it worshipped; and I shan't do it. And I tell you now, Mr. Waters, his ole mudder just walkin' in a furniss of fire on 'count of him, if ebber anybody did it. And I tell you nodder thing,—de good Lord walkin' right straight 'long wid her. Thar now!"

Stacey's speech was incoherent, her ideas confused, but she was in earnest; and she finished her scrubbing with a heavy sigh, and dropped a tear into her scrubbing pail, as Mr. Waters hung up the blacking-brush, and went into the family sitting-room.

"Have you got any clew as to what Stella's father tried to tell her before he died?" asked Ralph of Honest.

"Not in the least."

"And you've searched every thing carefully—drawers, closets, tables?"

"Every thing thoroughly."

"I'd give a good deal to know what the 'back part of the lowest' meant," said Ralph.

"So would I," said Father Honest; "but I don't think it likely we ever will."

Father Honest did not stay long at Dodson's. He said nothing to his ward about returning to the city; for he saw she was doing her duty, and a good work in her new home. When he went away, he passed out at the gate near the kitchen; and Ralph went with him so far, to shake

hands politely, as he said, "Good-bye! come and see us again."

Father Honest grasped Ralph's hand, and looked closely in his face, saying, "My friend, set your heart on higher things than riches of this world. They are not to be depended on; for, when we cling to them most, they 'take to themselves wings and flee away, as an eagle towards heaven."

"You're out there," remarked Stacey, who had overheard him, to her favorite tea-pot, as she scoured the handle. "Don't none of Mr. Ralph's riches fly towards hebben, to my certain knowledge. I'se libed wid him fourteen year; and, if he ebber sent a hundred dollars to hebben, why, I'm mighty mistaken. Pore chile! he don't know what's for his own good."

Old Mrs. Morley had long pondered on the unhappy course of her son, and wept and prayed in secret as she saw him daily getting farther and farther from God. She was shut up in her own room for a short time, suffering from a heavy cold; and Ralph dutifully went up to see her each day, for half an hour after supper.

"I'm sorry you ever came here, Ralph," said his mother.

"I'm not," said Ralph. "It's the best stroke of business I ever did. I'm getting rich."

"And what good will your riches do you?"

"A great deal," said Richard cheerfully; "and my children too."

His mother shook her head. "Brought up in this way, without religious training and example, your boys may become such men that a large fortune will be wasted in ruining them, while, under other circumstances, a small property would have been amply sufficient to make them successful men. As for yourself, Ralph, you may grow old in a grand home, and with money in plenty; but, if you have lost your hope of a home above, and have no treasure in the skies, what shall it profit you?"

"Why, you're rather hard on me, mother," said Ralph. "Don't you think I'm"—he wanted to say, "a Christian?" But the word stuck in his throat; he changed it for the phrase, "Don't you believe in my religious profession?"

The old gray-haired mother looked at her son a moment, and burst into tears. "O Ralph! Ralph! I'm afraid it is but a profession! Could you for money tear yourself from the house of God and from pious friends, and from help heavenward? Could you neglect your Bible, waste your Sabbaths, forsake family-prayer, and be so indifferent to the salvation of your wife and children, if you were indeed a Christian? O my son! my son!"

Alas for Ralph Morley, so often warned, so often half-repenting!—the Devil stood

at his ear, and whispered that his mother was weak and nervous, and she must be soothed; that her anxieties were causeless, and he must not share them; that there was a subject that could be looked at in many ways, and his view was as good as any.

He said pleasantly,—though, truth to tell, beneath the pleasant words there was for himself a sting, a smart, and a fearful chill,—“You misjudge me, mother. I hope I’m not so far out of the way as you think. I may be a little rusty now,” he stumbled accidentally on the word and it hurt him,—“but I shall be done here by and by, and go back where I can have all the advantages I have left, and you shall see how brightly I will come out.”

“That might satisfy you, my son, if you were sure of living until that day, and sure that, if it came, the hope and faith long neglected, would awake in strength. They may perish before then,” said Mrs. Morley wiping away her tears.

“Don’t be down-hearted, mother,” said Ralph. “You must get well, and be about the house again. You are melancholy, shut up here.”

“No man,” says Scripture, “liveth to himself.” Ralph Morley proved that this summer.

That poor, ignorant sinner, John Thomas, had been much touched by the sermons and exhortations of Luke Rogers. He had read the little books that the colporteur had scattered about among the cabins, and had treasured up the scraps of information his children brought from the Sabbath-school. Moved by the example of the little temperance band, the poor fellow had given up drinking. He was feebly struggling to reach light, like a plant in the dark; but he was grossly ignorant, and the Testament and the tracts, unexplained, gave him little help. He was ashamed to go to the Sunday-school, or to address himself to Stella for instruction; but he had heard Mr. Morley spoken of as a church-member, and he supposed that meant a Christian; and being rendered very anxious by reading a plain tract, asking, “Why will ye die?” he went in his trouble to his employer.

John Thomas took an unfortunate hour; for he watched Ralph going into the mill one Sabbath morning; and, having brushed himself up a little, he followed him thither. Ralph had just got himself comfortably established, his chair tipped back against the wall, his feet up on his desk, a cigar in his mouth, a paper of estimates lying near, *The Times* at his right hand, and his day-book open on a chair.

The quiet morning of the Lord’s Day would have been a suitable time for a Christian to welcome and instruct a sinner seeking Christ; but Ralph was annoyed and mortified, when, after a fumbling at

the door-latch, John Thomas entered the mill-room. However, Ralph concluded that John could make no reflections on the inconsistency of his Sabbath occupation; so he said, “Ah! John, good morning. Want any thing this morning?”

“Yes, sir,” said John, nervously. “That is, I wanted to ask,”— He took off his hat and nervously changed it from hand to hand.

“Want some money? Is that it?” asked Ralph.

“Well, no, sir; I’m not in a hurry before pay-day comes.”

“Want leave to go off for a day or so?” hazarded Ralph.

“Well, sir, no. It is a longer going I’m worried with. See, sir, *that* vexes me!” He held out the soiled tract; and Ralph took it, supposing it a Pike’s Peak or El-Dorado advertisement. He started when he saw the title.

“What is this?” he asked.

“It’s a bit book I picked up, and it worried me.”

“Well,” said Ralph, ill at ease. “I suppose you know you’ve got to die some day.”

“Aye, aye. I knew that always.”

“And what then? What’s the fuss!” asked Ralph, feeling himself utterly incapable of saying a word in season to this weary heart.

“It’s the being ready, sir,” said John Thomas anxiously. “I thought, being as you was pious like, and belonging to the Church, as I’ve heard, you’d tell me what to do.”

“Haven’t you got a Bible?” asked Ralph desperately.

“Yes, sir. But I can’t understand it; and if anybody would talk a little simple-like to me, until I could take hold of it. Why, sir,—there—I’ve tried to do better. I quit drinking two months bye.”

“Yes, yes,” said Ralph, eagerly catching at a straw. “I’m very glad to hear it. It is very creditable to you, I don’t see but you are doing very well. Read the Bible: it is plain enough; and, if you keep on reading, you’ll know what it means.”

“Is that all, sir? I’m that vexed and worried,” said John, “I take no rest for fear I’ll die all wrong.”

“Oh, no!” said Ralph. “You ain’t expected to do more than the best you can. Quit drinking, be steady and honest and industrious, and the rest will come. Rome wasn’t built in a day. You’re doing very well; and there, now, Mr. Rogers will be along in two or three weeks, and you can talk to him. I’ll mention your state of mind; and, being a minister, he’ll know what to say.”

Ralph took up his paper. He *could not* go on with this conversation. John Thomas looked bitterly disappointed. His

expression of trouble and anxiety and fear cut Ralph.

"Don't drop reading your Bible. Do the best you can, and you'll come out all right," he said. "There, now, cheer up, and wait until Mr. Rogers comes."

I leave it to the public if any worldly-minded man, who had never made a pretence of piety, could not have dealt as well with poor John Thomas as Ralph Morley, member in good and regular standing of the — Church of Fenton.

O Ralph Morley! why could you not say something better to this wounded spirit? Why, feeling yourself so cold and far away, did you not have honesty enough to send him to your mother, or your niece, or even to old Stacey?

Day by day, with the trouble darkening on his face, John Thomas waited for Luke Rogers's coming; and, in all these days, Ralph gave him no word of comfort or of counsel. Precious days of opportunity going, going, gone forever! For one morning, busy in the mill, this poor John Thomas was caught and dragged in the machinery for a few horrible instants that seemed ages; and then what had just been a strong, striving, sorrowing man was but a shapeless, gory corpse.

Ralph was there; and when the men placed this lifeless clay, that had been John Thomas, upon a shutter, and decently covered it from sight, Ralph dropped on the floor like a dead man; and the mill-hands said, as they carried him home, that they never "knew the master had such a tender heart."

A black day was that for Ralph; and, when he could no longer control himself, he stole out of the house when the family were at supper, and rushed off into the pine-woods, and screamed, and tore his hair, and groaned, almost cursing himself in the bitterness of his self-reproach. Then, in the midnight, when he lay in his bed, his grief having worn him out, the Devil came to his pillow, and told him that John Thomas was safe. God would not desert John Thomas because Ralph Morley could not speak. Ralph's will had been good, but he had not known how. Many men did not know how, and no blame to them. This distress was idle over-sensitiveness. Had he not sent John Thomas to the Bible? What better could he have done? So, when Luke Rogers came next day, Ralph cheered up, and told him he had reason to believe John Thomas, deceased, was a converted man; he had reformed, read his Bible, and he, Ralph, had had some talk with him, and was very hopeful of him. And thus they buried John Thomas.

Ralph won golden opinions from the men by sending the widow a barrel of flour and a barrel of pork, and giving the eldest boy work in the mill. And now, whether

John Thomas was saved or lost, the blame to Ralph Morley remained the same. He had spoken no good word for Jesus; he had made no effort to save a soul from death; he had been, when eternal interests were in jeopardy, a silent traitor to his profession and his public vows.

The verdict over John Thomas's body was accidental death; but, if his soul was lost, it had been miserably slain with that rusty sword, Ralph Morley, professor of religion.

It was very long before Ralph could stand in the mill on the spot where he witnessed John's death; he did not feel himself as free of blame as he pretended; and John's widow and John's children were daily torments to his galled conscience, reminding him of his short-comings.

The summer passed away, the harvest months were ended, and Ralph's life had borne no spiritual fruit, gathered no harvest save of earthly gain. Darker and darker grew the change in Ralph's outward conduct. The Sabbath morning, spent in secular employments, was followed now by a long afternoon walk, and a nap as long. On one pretence or another, family prayer on Sunday morning had been dropped, and no one ever saw him Bible in hand.

Old Mrs. Morley had morning and evening worship in her room for whoever would come; and these were generally Stella, Stacey, and the two younger children.

After Luke Rogers came and went, Dodson's Mill had no visitors save a stray pedlar or two; and of one of these Stacey purchased a new tin cup, which, much to her indignation, went to the well one day and never came back. Stacey asked for it, and looked for it, but was not rewarded by discovering the hiding-place of the cup, and its loss became a standing grievance. Stacey had little troubles, over which she made much complaint; she had greater troubles which she kept to herself. Yet, with all the little troubles and the big troubles, Stacey was not unhappy; she had a source of comfort unknown to Ralph, amid all his money-making.

Winter came on, cold and stormy enough, away up among the hills. Within doors, fires were many and cheery in the big fire-places; and Ralph, going into the kitchen one evening, found it clean and shiny, and Stacey comfortably placed before the fire. "Well, Aunt Stacey," he said, "you enjoy sitting before the fire, don't you?"

"Yes, Mr. Ralph, I enjoy it when my work's done, mighty well; but dere's another ting I enjoy a proper sight more,— and dat's religion. Yes, truly, Mr. Ralph, it's a heap of comfort to poor humanity, Hope you feel it?"

"Well, not as much as you do, perhaps.

People differ," said Ralph, looking uneasy. He dreaded Stacey's plain speech.

"De Lord don't differ none," said Stacey; "and, if you don't enjoy de light ob his face, it's your fault, and tain't his'n, Mr. Ralph. 'Pears like you're digging so constant in 'beggarly elements' dat you don't enjoy noffin'!"

Stacey never said a truer word. Ralph enjoyed nothing. "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled;" but "he that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver, nor he that loveth abundance with increase." Ralph had set himself upon having that which never satisfies a craving spirit. Years ago, what he now possessed seemed as much as he wanted; but, now it was obtained, it whetted his appetite for more. Making money, growing rich, successful in business, prosperous in worldly things,—all this could be said of Ralph Morley; but lines of care were written on his brow, his eyes were restless, his hair sprinkled with gray. He was weary, anxious, fretful, growing less tender and thoughtful to his family. The husband, the father, the son, and the uncle were being lost in the money-maker, and—shall we write it—in the sharper.

Three years had passed away since Ralph Morley brought his family to Dodson's Mill; three years they were of spiritual loss and material gain. Next to the ill effects of life here upon Ralph, must be counted the change for the worse in his son Richard. Richard was growing coarse, noisy, and idle. Mrs. Morley said her son was awkward, and needed good society to tone him down. Richard said he hated Dodson's, and wanted to go away. He had been alone in his studies now for a long while; he had no ambition to excel, and would not study. He asserted, that, if he could go to boarding-school, he would take a pride in learning his lessons, and would keep at the head of his classes. Ralph was too busy to govern his son Richard,—too busy to be a companion for him; and Richard, running with the most wicked lads for miles about Dodson's, was a much worse boy than his parents suspected. Richard must certainly go away to school. Ralph had said he must make money to educate his children, and here was a demand for it. A school was selected; and Ralph escorted his first-born to the new sphere, where, being his father's son, he had no doubt but he would shine.

A serious matter this,—the going of the child from the restraints, the care, and the affection of home, to the bustle, the selfishness, and the temptation of a distant school. Ralph loved money; but he had not yet arrived at the point where he loved it for its own sake: he loved it, thus far, for what it would buy for himself and hi

family, and because it would make him honorable in the eyes of the world. He, as we know, told himself that by and by he would love his money for the good it would do on a large scale. But he that is unfaithful in that which is least will be unfaithful also in much; and the man that is stingy when he has moderate means is not likely to be a generous millionaire.

Ralph meant to do well by his oldest boy; and he felt himself very magnificent when he selected an expensive school, and supplied him with fashionable clothing. He saw to it that the boy's room possessed every convenience,—looked, indeed, a little better than the rest; got him a supply of well-bound school-books; ordered him to take good care of them, so that they would do for Frank; gave him three times too much pocket-money (that most dangerous temptation to a young boy); bade him be careful how he spent it, and not be wasteful; asked the principal to have an eye to Richard's welfare, and casually mentioned that he had two other boys to follow him some day; and then, with a charge to Richard to mind rules, dress like a gentleman, be at the head of his class, and not go with wet feet, this man, who called himself a Christian father, left his son to fight it out with the world, the flesh, and the Devil, as best he might!

Ralph Morley had not looked out for a school where Richard should have *religious* training; where the teachers were pious men, who remembered that their pupils had hearts and souls as well as heads. There were enough of such safe schools as these under the auspices of the Church to which he belonged; but, though his old mother charged him to make the religious tone of the school a chief point in his selection, he had not made it a point at all. Where was the Christian counsel, where the prayer and the earnest benediction, that a child might naturally expect from a professedly Christian parent? Manifestly, these were not in Ralph Morley's line. They should have been; but his daily life was such that they would have been incongruous. And yet what thousands of fathers are just in Ralph Morley's case, scarcely considering that this state is dangerous, not only to their own souls, but to the eternal interests of their children. Few, very few, are the parents who can go to destruction alone!

Hardly had Ralph returned home, when Father Honest made his appearance at Dodson's Mill. Father Honest was manifestly uneasy in his mind. The world had somehow run counter to his wish; and how it had done so, he made known to the family when the children had been sent to bed, and the seniors were quietly established in the parlor.

"I've got bad news for you, Stella," he

said. "There's a man named Rudkins brought a claim against the estate for several thousand dollars."

"I don't believe father had an unpaid debt," said Stella.

"Neither do I; but we cannot prove it. We have nothing to show for the payment of this note. The man held it back, and only brought it in at the last legal minute. He said he did not wish to press you, as your property was small. We have held off payment, and searched everywhere for information; but the upshot is, that we must sell the house and pay up."

Stella grew pale. It was a bitter thing to her to sell the house. She had hoped to go back to live in it one day.

All the household had something to say.

"It's scandalous," said Ralph; "a complete swindle."

"I wouldn't pay a penny," observed Mrs. Ralph inanely.

"What will be left for Stella when that is paid?" asked grandma.

"It must be settled. It is better to suffer than to do wrong," said Stella.

"The interest of what is left will not be enough to support you, Stella," said Father Honest.

And here Mrs. Ralph Morley came out with a brilliant proposition. "She need not limit herself to the interest. Why not use the money as she wants it, and get married by the time it is gone?"

"Reduce myself to getting married for a home and a support!" cried Stella, her eyes flaming the indignation her lips did not utter.

"One need not put it just that way," said her aunt. "You would marry somebody you liked and respected."

"And now, suppose I used up the money, and by some accident became blind or crippled, or an invalid, would I do without either marriage or property?" asked Stella, the practical.

"That is not a likely case," said her aunt.

"I shall not run the risk," said Stella.

"I shall support myself."

"I am glad to hear you speak so independently," said Ralph, that model uncle. "You can go on with this school here, and perhaps I can get the pay raised somewhat. And, when we move, I will get you a school elsewhere."

"Thank you, uncle," said Stella calmly. "I am economical; but I cannot live on a hundred dollars a year, especially if I am ever to own a book or a picture, or make a journey."

"There, my darling," said grandma, "do not worry. I have a little money; and an old woman needs nothing, if she has a good home as I have. Your Uncle Ralph is not a poor man; and you are his own

niece. Of course, he would make up all you needed; so why say any more about it."

Father Honest stole a look at this fond uncle who was not a poor man, and saw he neither relished the idea of providing for Stella, nor of having Stella share with her grandma.

As for Stella, she did not steal any looks at any one, but responded promptly, "You are the best grandma that ever lived, and much obliged to Uncle Ralph,"—graciously pretending that he had accorded with his mother; "but I should be better and happier providing for myself; and, if Mr. Waters will wait until to-morrow, I will tell him what I want to do."

Up-stairs that night Stella studied the contents of several portfolios for some time; then covered a sheet of foolscap with intricate calculations, and at midnight retired satisfied.

Next morning she started for school an hour before time, Mr. Waters walking with her. And, as they went, she unfolded her plan. Stella was going to New York, to learn designing and engraving. She would spend part of her little capital in acquiring her business; and, when that was done, she could earn a good income. To make her expenses less in New York, she would have a friend there procure her a place to teach penmanship and drawing in a ladies' school. She would stay at Dodson's two months longer, to make her preparations, and give her uncle time to find a teacher in her place.

"It will be hard to leave grandma, and she will miss me," said Stella; "but never mind, I will do my best; and some day, when I am able to take care of myself, grandma shall come and live with me, and I will furnish some rooms, and do my work at home. Won't that be lovely?"

Mr. Waters having consented to his ward's plan, it was put in execution,—Uncle Ralph repining a little at the loss of a better teacher than he could expect to hire for Dodson's; grandma sorry to lose her best companion, but seeing it right for Stella to go; and Stella at the last greatly grieved to leave her school, her Sunday-school, and her temperance society.

"I am glad, dear," said grandma on that last evening of Stella's stay at Dodson's Mill, "that your heart is set on something higher than money. This loss of property would be harder if you loved money well. I know you feel it as it is."

"Certainly I do," said Stella, "but it is not overwhelming. Was I not always taught, 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust do corrupt, and thieves break through and steal?' This is a case of thieves, I suppose, from what I can learn of it; but thieves

cannot steal our best treasure, can they, grandma?"

Ralph Morley was smoking on the door-step; and it came to him that thieves could steal his best treasure; and he remembered how many night-hours he was disquieted by fear of thieves and fire. Surely Ralph's enemies were many,—thieves and flames, and moth and rust.

(To be continued.)

CHARLIE'S LITTLE CART.

BY MARY L. BOLLES BRANCH.

"O dear! I want a little cart!" said five-year old Charlie, lying on his back on the floor, and kicking his feet up in the air. "I don't know what to do, gran'ma, I want a cart, and nobody ever gets me carts. I want one as big as a mountain, like Uncle Peter's, to carry my marbles to market in."

Grandma looked round from the little jacket she was cutting out, and saw the marbles rolling all around on the door-step.

"It is time they were gathered in for market, I declare," she said. "Next thing some one will step on them and fall down. Let's see if we can't find a cart somewhere. How will this do, Charlie?"

And she took down from the corner cupboard a low box without any cover. It was about eight inches long and five inches wide, and an inch and a half deep. Grandma had used it to keep seeds in through the winter; but the seeds were all in the ground now looking out for themselves, and the box was empty.

"Ho!" cried Charlie, who had jumped up and run after her; "there ain't anything for the horse to drag it by!"

"O, you don't know!" said Grandma. "See here!" And she took a gimlet from the shelf and bored two holes in one end of the box, and then fastened a long cord in the holes, so that Charlie could harness himself in, and be a little horse.

Charlie was a very happy little galloping horse for a minute; but Grandma had no sooner got back to the jacket, than there he came and stood pulling the corner of her apron.

"Gran'ma," he said, soberly, "my little cart ain't a cart. It says it wants wheels, and wants four, and they must turn round."

"O, that's what it says, is it?" said dear Grandma. "I didn't understand what it said. Well, then, Charlie, run and get me those two little long pine sticks I see in the kindling box."

Then Grandma took a sharp knife and whittled the ends of the sticks out small, and with four of her little carpet tacks she

nailed the sticks on the bottom of the cart, so that the sharp ends stood out on each side.

"There are the axletrees," she said; "and now for the wheels."

Charlie couldn't think where the wheels were coming from; but Grandma found four empty spools in her work-basket, which she slipped on the slender axletree ends, and then drove a tack gently by each one so it would not come off.

"There, now it is a real little cart," she said; "go and gather your marbles for market."

"O, Gran'ma! you're the best gran'ma for little boys ever I saw!" exclaimed Charley; and then he was a nice little horse trotting off, and then he was a little man by the door-step picking up marbles and loading his cart, and then he was a little horse again, drawing them steadily to market under the big arm-chair in the corner.

Now wasn't she a real bright grandma, to know how to make such a nice little cart for Charlie?—*School-Day Visitor.*

"GRAN'MA AL'AS DOES."

BY H. A. POE.

I wants to mend my wagon,
And has to have some nails;
Jus' two, free will be plenty.
We're going to haul our rails.
The splendidest cob fences,
We're makin' ever was!
I wis' you'd help us find em,
Gran'ma al'as does.

My horse's name is Betsey;
She jumped and broke her head,
I put her in the stable,
And fed her milk and bread.
The stable's in the parlor;
We didn't make no muss.
I wis' you'd let it stay there,
Gran'ma al'as does.

I's goin' to the cornfield,
To ride on Charlie's plow;
I spect he'd like to have me;
I wants to go right now.
Oh, won't I gee up awful,
And whoa like Charlie whoas?
I wis' you wouldn't bozzer;
Gran'ma never does.

I wants some bread and butter:
I's hungry worstest kind;
But Taddie mustn't have none,
Cause she wouldn't mind.
Put plenty sugar on it;
I tell you what, I knows
It's *right* to put on sugar;
Gran'ma al'as does.

SECRET PRAYER.

Words by J. D.

Music, GERMAN AIR.

1. A - lone with thee, my God; Like A - bra - ham of old,
 3. A - lone with thee, my God; Like Dan - iel in the den,

1. A - lone with thee, my God; Like A - bra - ham of old,
 3. A - lone with thee, my God; Like Dan - iel in the den,

When, for the ci - ty doomed, he made Pe - ti - tion bold.
 Who hun - gry li - ons o - ver - came And an - grier men.

When, for the ci - ty doomed, he made Pe - ti - tion bold.
 Who hun - gry li - ons o - ver - came And an - grier men.

2. A - lone with thee, my God; In me - di - ta - tion sweet
 4. A - lone with thee, my God; Like those who sought thy face;

2. A - lone with thee, my God; In me - di - ta - tion sweet
 4. A - lone with thee, my God; Like those who sought thy face;

Like I - saac when he strayed a - field Thy gift to meet.
 As mine their gra - cious pri - vi - lege, Be mine their grace.

Like I - saac when he strayed a - field Thy gift to meet.
 As mine their gra - cious pri - vi - lege, Be mine their grace.

GETHSEMANE.

TRIBLE.

1. Be - yond where Ke - dron's wa - ters flow, Be - hold the suf - fring
2. He bows be - neath the sins of men; He cries to God, and

ALTO.

3. With gen - tle re - sig - na - tion still, He yield - ed to his
4. The Fa - ther heard; and an - gels there Sus - tained the Son of

BASS.

TENOR.

Sav - iour go To sad..... Geth - sem - a - ne; His coun - te -
cries a - gain, In sad..... Geth - sem - a - ne; He - lifts his

TRIBLE.

ALTO.

Fa - ther's will, In sad..... Geth - sem - a - ne; "Be - hold me
God in prayer, In sad..... Geth - sem - a - ne; He drank the

BASS.

nance is all di - vine, Yet grief ap - pears in ev - ry line.
mourn - ful eyes a - bove, "My Fa - ther can in this cup re - move.

here, thine on - ly Son; And Fa - ther, let thy will be done."
dread - ful cup of pain, Then rose to life and joy a - gain.

The Home.

INCOME.

"Out of debt, out of danger," is one of those well-worn old proverbs that will bear wearing. If there is to be any comfort in the hearth and home there must be a careful calculation of means and expenditure. Whatever the income is, the outlay for the household and personal wants must be brought within it: a margin ought to be left for contingencies, as, sickness, losses, sudden expenses—which all families are liable to, and which, if there is no reserve fund, will subtract from the comforts and impoverish the resources of the household.

It is a common saying with some, "How is it possible we can save anything? We can hardly make both ends meet."

If this excuse is really valid, of course life is one of pecuniary struggle, and the ordinary uncertainty of all human things is much increased. Far be it from me to say that this wearing anxiety as to resources is not the portion of multitudes, even among the middle classes; and where from any special causes it is not preventible, the lot is very hard. One chief misery in this condition is, that people weary of the efforts to meet their difficulties, and become careless, in which case they surely come to ruin.

The peace of mind, the honorable sense of independence which makes the home feel doubly homely, the house more completely the castle of its owner, is worth any effort of economy and forethought to attain, while the wearing anxiety, the restless harass of debts that cannot be met, expenses that are beyond means, break down temper, health, reputation, usefulness, in fact all that make life desirable.

The safe rule is, whether the income be much or little, live within it.

If it is a fixed income that you have, calculation is easy whether management be easy or not. When George Stephenson was a poor working man, just bereaved of the wife of his youth, and trying to work off the acuteness of his grief among strangers, near Montrose, in Scotland, his wages were below those of a skilled mechanic now-a-days, yet he contrived, by living plainly and using no expensive and dangerous luxuries, to save £28 in the year that he stayed in that employ.

Hard won and carefully saved money! It enabled him to show his gratitude; for

when he returned to his native place he found his poor old father disabled, blinded by an accident, and he paid £15—more than half his savings—to release his honest parents from a debt incurred by their misfortune, and from that time he put them into a cottage and maintained them. Rather a better way of spending his money than if he had put it in his pipe and smoked it, as many young men now do.

One of the chief aids to success, when the young enter upon the work of self-culture, is rigid economy. The good and wise Dr. James Henderson, when a student at Edinburgh, lived chiefly upon oatmeal and milk, and managed to obtain a first-rate medical education and get a physician's diploma, solely by his own exertions and ceaseless abstemiousness, and wise use of his brief leisure time. Economy, perseverance, prayer, were the three ladders by which he climbed to eminence—ladders which all may use, and which never break down, though all may not have equal strength in climbing them.

The first inquiry that a young wife should make when she enters on her new duties, is, "What can be afforded for housekeeping?" A good husband begins by reposing entire confidence in his wife on money matters. Alas! for those who have any misgiving as to the prudence of their choice, and resort to mean evasions and paltry suspicions, which are sure to produce coldness and distrust. A man who has chosen wisely will have no reserves. The interest of married love is not merely mutual; it is identical. Therefore he makes no secret of his income. He may choose to have the lump regulations of the expenses—as, so much for rent and taxes, so much for housekeeping, so much for clothes, so much for sundries—as servants' wages, charity, religious obligations—and so much reserve fund.

It will soon be found that it is in the living and clothing, and only in these, that some savings by thrift and management may be made. Rent and taxes are fixed items. So also, to Christian people, are the claims of the sanctuary and of charity. John Wesley's rule that all in a church should be either givers or receivers, helping others or being helped, is a very righteous rule. There is no real economy in shutting the hand of benevolence, or withholding the tribute due for

the maintenance of religion. "The silver and the gold are mine," saith the Lord, and if He gives us all surely we should rejoice to lay out somewhat in promoting His glory and the good of our fellow creatures.

This kind of liberality never yet made any family poor.

The wine merchant, the tobacconist, the milliner, and jeweller; the giving parties because Mrs. Stately—with double the income, and treble the spare time that her neighbors possess—gives them; the senseless desire to vie with, and, if possible, out-do others in some folly of dress and display—it is these things that absorb the means, and bring all into a tangle of confusion and ultimate ruin.

The wife who has her husband's full confidence in money matters, must make him conscious of deserving it by showing him that she is quite as skilful at saving, as he is at earning. Her economy need not, and ought not, to curtail the comfort of the house. It is the perfection of economy to annihilate both waste and want, and yet to have all nice, neat, appetizing, and agreeable about the house, at the table, and in the attire.

People who live in London, and other great, expensive cities, if their house is in a good situation, have to pay fully a fourth, sometimes a third, of their income for a dwelling-place. This cannot well be avoided, for it is of great importance that health and respectability should be well studied in selecting a place of abode. But, unless the house is needed for some business or profession, the rent should not be allowed to be so high as greatly to cramp the means. Some plan should be resorted to, either to share the dwelling with another family, or to receive a boarder. If this is not to be thought of, then there is often great comfort in residing in well-selected lodgings, where the outlay can be distinctly calculated, and where there is, necessarily, greater independence as to the aid of a servant. Whatever be the decision, the amount of rent in relation to income should, in a private residence, be brought to a fourth of the income.

Cookery, needlework, and ironing are three most useful items of knowledge for a wife where the income is small. If she add to these, *taste*, so as to make her diners look pretty by the way they are served, and her inexpensive garments graceful by the way they are made and worn, and her muslins and linens beautiful and ornamental for their clearness and whiteness, then she certainly may claim to be an accomplished housewife, which, rely on it, is a kind of accomplishment that is only at a discount amongst simpletons. It is ever at a premium among sensible people.

It is of such a thrifty, managing matron that the Bible says:—"Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

A WORD ABOUT MOTHS.

BY MRS. H. W. BEECHER.

Moths in the winter! Pray don't speak of them! Some weeks later will be time enough to stir up our minds by way of remembrance. The vexatious little torments! They surely don't work in winter! And yet I have noticed several little spots, or holes, that looked as if eaten by moths. I am sure they were not there early in the fall—couldn't understand it; but was so confident that moths did not do their mischief in winter, that I have been trying to find some other cause for these marks.

Ah! there was where you were mistaken. There are two kinds of moths,—one a large silver colored fly—its worm is shaped somewhat like those found in chestnuts. The other was first noticed some eight or ten years since, by the upholsterers. It is smaller, of a brown or dark drab color. It is governed by no times or seasons; but works steadily on, summer and winter—the heat of our city homes, or furnace-heated country houses, may promote this uninterrupted activity. The moth, or fly, it is said, finds its way into a sofa, or chair, between the back or seat under the lining, where, among the springs, it finds a safe and convenient hiding-place. They will often secure a home in these secret places, within a week of the time that furniture, right from the cabinet-maker's has been brought into the house. If they do, they are so enormously prolific that in a month or two they can be numbered by thousands. We cannot but think that when in a carefully kept house, these moths are found in new furniture, they must have been first introduced through poorly prepared hair, or material, with which the article was upholstered; or the hair, having been wet, was used before it was carefully dried. This theory may be only an imagination of our own, but every year's experience confirms the idea—upholsterers to the contrary notwithstanding.

It is said that these moths will not eat pure, curled hair; but only use it to fasten their cocoons upon, as being secure from any disturbance, through the elasticity of the hair. They use the inside of furniture only for propagation, and here at the same time may be found the fly, the worms, and the eggs. From this concealment the worm escapes to feed on the plush, or woollen materials, or, falling to the floor, feeds on the carpet. Plush being made with cotton back generally, they seldom eat through

that, though they do sometimes cut through the muslin backs of sofas, etc. Little protection may be hoped for from the use of cayenne pepper, Scotch snuff, camphor, turpentine, or all other remedies against the large moth. Continual watchfulness is the only safety.

At least once a week, the furniture should be moved away from the walls into the middle of the room and well brushed and beaten with a "furniture whip" or braided rattans. After brushing carefully all around the buttons with a furniture-button-brush, pull up the material which will lie in loose folds or pleats about the buttons, and hold them up with one hand while you brush off all lint or dust that may have settled in these folds. These are nice little hiding-places for the worm and must be looked after. As fast as each piece of furniture has been faithfully brushed and whipped, set it into the next room and keep the doors closed.

While cleansing, turn each chair or sofa bottom-side upward and beat the backs and under part of the seats, to dislodge any that may have found shelter inside. When the furniture has been all well cleansed and removed, give the carpet a thorough cleansing by going over it with a "carpet-sweeper." Nothing so effectually gathers up the worms or eggs, and the carpet is less worn than when swept with a broom. Of course in the corners and around the edges, where the "carpet-sweeper" cannot work, you must use a small whisk broom and dust-pan, and this must be done before going over the main part of the carpet.

In using a "sweeper" be careful to empty it once or twice while going over a large room, pulling out all the strings and hair that may, when gathered up, have twisted around the axle of the circular trunk inside the box. If not removed it will soon obstruct the motion and its operation be ineffectual. In using a "carpet-sweeper" have everything out of the way of the machine, that you may have a clear surface across the whole length of the room, if possible; hold the handle up nearly straight, so as to bring all the brush underneath in contact with the carpet; press down, and with a firm hand run over the breadth from one end of the room to the other, going by the seam or thread-lengthwise. When at the farther end lift up the box so that it will not touch the carpet, and, turning round, proceed till the whole length of carpet has been swept, then begin widthwise and proceed in the same manner. If the "sweeper" is turned round while resting on the floor, the dirt is apt to drop out in rolls by the process of turning. It requires a little experience and good judgment to use a "carpet-sweeper" judiciously; but once understand it and you will

not be willingly without one. When this work is done, empty all the dirt from the "sweeper" and comb the rolling-brush with a coarse or "fringe comb."

But to return to the moths. If they get inside your furniture, they may be destroyed by taking off the muslin under the seats, the outside ends, and the backs, where they most naturally seek privacy. If this must be done, take each out to the yard, or on a back veranda, after you have removed the lining; spread down an old sheet and set them on it, and beat with a stick to dislodge them. Watch for the flies and worms that you have routed, and kill them as fast as they are seen. If you do not succeed in killing all of them, by repeating this operation a few times, they will be disturbed and leave the furniture, as they seek to be left in quiet. If they attack the carpet they generally begin under the sofas and chairs or on the edges of the carpet in the corners of the room. In this case, as soon as you find the first intimation of their ill-omened presence, spread a wet sheet on the carpet, and pass a hot flat-iron over quickly—keep a number of irons heating, and change often. The heat and steam will destroy both worm and egg.

But do not let this success beguile you into any remissness. "They can creep slyly through a tiny space," and in a few weeks, if they find you sleeping on your post, will effect an entrance, and will have increased and multiplied until the last state of that furniture will be worse than the first.—*Christian Union.*

HINTS ON RAISING TOMATOES PEPPERS, &c., IN-DOORS.

For many years we have been in the habit of procuring an early supply of vegetables by starting them in-doors. It is most easily done, and, with very little care and expense, is within the reach of all. The last week in February, or the first week in March, we procure large raisin-boxes from the grocer, or use cigar-boxes, or any such receptacle. These we fill with unfermented horse-manure—if not found in the stable, any street will furnish it; of this we place a layer two or three inches thick. It is our practice to stow away good, rich earth in the cellar, purposely for seeds; but if this has not been done, you can dig up a portion from the richest part of your garden and place in the cellar to thaw; or you can put it into the oven and bake well, in order to kill all eggs of vermin. When well heated, pour over it one quarter of its bulk in sand (scouring-sand will do), and mix well together with the hands (putting on gloves, if fearful of injuring your hands). Rub it

all fine, then turn into boxes, having first made divisions through them with slips of pasteboard or wood, so as to enable you to take up your plants easier, and to prevent the various kinds mingling together when watered.

While the earth is warm to the hand, plant your tomatoes, peppers, verbenas, and anything you desire to start: egg-plants also will do well thus raised. Sprinkle sand all over them; and if you desire them to sprout in three days, cover tightly with a thick piece of old flannel, and water with lukewarm water every morning over the flannel. Set the boxes in a warm place on the mantel-shelf of a range, behind a stove, or near a register, for three days, and you will find, upon raising the flannel, that the tomatoes and peppers have vegetated. Now, dispense with the flannel, and, if possible, cover the box with panes of glass (care should be taken not to fill the box with soil to within an inch and a half of the top of it), and place it in all the sunlight you can find—changing its position so that it shall catch both the morning and the afternoon sun, as this is a great help to the plants. The seeds should be sown one by one, and full an inch apart, so as to give the plants room to grow vigorously and healthy, and to prevent them from becoming drawn up. Watering with a weak solution of horse-manure and warm water is of the greatest benefit, but must not be tried until the young plants are nearly, if not quite, two inches in height.

Verbena-seeds are of slow vegetation, and it is often three weeks before any sign of life is visible, but if kept in a warm place, and the flannel is well watered (sprinkling with a hand-broom dipped in warm water), and the soil is never allowed to become dry, we sometimes are rewarded by the sight of their tiny leaves in ten days or even a week. They require a great deal of warmth to make them vegetate well. The seeds sown in open ground never sprout with us until the warmest days of May. Many complain that they cannot raise verbenas from seeds; but with care and attention it is easily accomplished, and the plants are much finer than those raised from cuttings; their branches are much more robust, and their blossoms more profuse. Indeed, our florists raise hundreds of plants every spring. All the new varieties are thus obtained; and it is as simple an operation to raise verbenas as tomatoes. We consider one quite as much a necessity in the flower-garden and parlor as the other is among vegetables and on the table. One year we raised seventy seedling verbenas, and we had a splendid show in August. They were planted in a sandy soil and grew most luxuriantly: the garden was newly laid out, the soil fresh

(which verbenas always require) and the results were magnificent. Our beds attracted the attention of every passer-by. We did not possess any of the named varieties of the greenhouses, and would not have exchanged our pets for their greatest prize.

Now, such a display of flowers is within the reach of us all. Twenty-five cents buys a paper of seeds (if you were not fortunate enough to save your own), and by sowing them according to our directions, you will be fully repaid for all your trouble. Be careful not to transplant them until the cold winds of spring are all past. Verbenas are very hardy, but a chilling wind cuts their tender growth worse than frost. The middle of May, or even later, is early enough to transfer them to the open border.

Our tomatoes, peppers, etc., will require more roomy quarters than the raisin-boxes afford before we can transplant them. Tin cans which have held fruits or tomatoes are excellent for this purpose, though if one can procure the common red earthen pots, they are more desirable. Birch-bark sewed together, with a circular bottom sewed tightly in with strong linen-thread, answers our purpose admirably. When desirous of transplanting, the bark is torn off, and the tomatoes, etc., placed in the ground without the least disturbance of their roots, which is really the great secret of successful transplanting. Many do not succeed in growing plants started in-doors—not because their plants do not grow well while thus kept, but because they fail in transplanting them—breaking the soil, disturbing the roots, and, in many cases, killing the plant. These birch-bark pots are very excellent on that account. Smaller ones are made for verbenas and other precious seedlings. They need not exceed two inches in diameter for these delicate plants, but for tomatoes, peppers, etc., we make them from four to five inches across. They are well drained through the stitches, and can be placed on a shingle to protect the window-sills. We find the kitchen-window admirably adapted for forcing plants. The heat and steam there engendered imitate a greenhouse. Slats placed across the middle of the window are very desirable. In this way, with two kitchen-windows, facing the sun, one can easily raise all the early plants needful with very little care and attention. A good watering with the weekly suds should always be applied. They who allow the suds from the weekly wash to be thrown away, waste the equivalent of a wheelbarrow-load of manure.

Tomatoes bear a great amount of stimulants. We have made ours double in size in two or three weeks by the use of liquid horse-manure. To those not within reach

of stable-manure, one part urine to four parts water produces a stimulating fluid of great value for heliotropes, geraniums and tomatoes, but is rather too strong for verbenas. An invigorating fluid is manufactured from 4 oz. sulphate of ammonia, 2 oz. nitrate of potash, 1 oz. white sugar, and one pint hot water, of which, when well dissolved, add one tablespoonful to one gallon of water, and water your plants freely. Keep the bottle tightly corked, as its strength will evaporate, and use twice a week for plants that you desire should make a rapid growth. This is an English recipe, highly recommended, and is said to prove as beneficial as guano, without its horrid odor. Give all the air on pleasant days that is practicable, for plants languish for this, as well as human beings. When the days are warm, set the pots in the open air all day, so as gradually to inure them to a change from the kitchen. Indeed, as the spring advances, a sunny chamber will prove a very desirable place, if well located and not too chilly. We do not desire our plants to grow tall and slender, but strong and healthy. Tomatoes should have stems as large as a finger before they are transplanted.—*Hearth and Home.*

WOMAN'S WORK.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

"Man works from sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done,"

says the old rhyme. Standing the other day in one of the great New York bazars, with weary-looking women behind the counters and anxious-looking women before them; with velvets, and silks, and laces, and ribbons, and feathers, and flowers flashing back their rainbow-colors in the light; and the Babel of voices going on, discussing fabric and fashion and price, in every manner and almost in every language under the sun, the thought came forcibly, "What do women work for?" Emerson says, in one of his admirable essays: "We have never seen a man! Have we ever seen a woman? The woman of leisure, self-poised, serene, untroubled by anxious thought, uncumbered by Martha-like serving, enfranchised from that task-master, "her sewing"—what a sight she would be? But, wherever we go, we see women—old and young, plain and handsome, bright and sombre—wearing upon their faces in repose the unrestful look, keeping ever the murmuring undertone, the thought of the so much to do; the burden that is taken up every morning, and not laid down again every evening. The young girls hurrying through their last school-years, under ever-accumulating

loads of mental arithmetic and moral philosophy, get the frown, born of worry and hats without brims, written in faint lines on their foreheads; and it grows and deepens, till it is only now and then that we see a smooth brow, soft and serene, upon the face of one who has arrived at middle age. There are different kinds of serenity, of course; and there are gutta-percha natures, which bound back after every blow, as inane and characterless at the last as at the first. There are people to whom life is a battle, and who needs must come through it bearing battle-scars. To neither of these classes do most women belong. Their days are filled with little cares, and their souls are worn out by attrition—the attrition of pebbles and grains of sand.

"If you only had a machine," says Mrs. Brown to Mrs. Smith, whose basket is surging over with garments in every stage of advancement; "why, you could get through your winter's work in a week, and you'd have time to visit, and read, and write letters, and rest yourself." So Mrs. Smith, after much careful balancing of the merits of this and that, gets a machine, with all the latest improvements. It comes in, like a beneficent brownie, able and willing; and, with cheerful hum and lightning speed, bounds over the long seams and round the circling hems, and stands, like Oliver Twist, forever asking for "more." Alas! this cry of "more" is the weird voice of the sewing-machine. Its possessor feels bound to answer it, and the desire grows with the days. She who used to be charmed with six tucks on a skirt aspires now to sixty. Plainly-made clothing is despised, its cheated maker being deceived by the swiftness with which results are achieved into the idea that she is doing less than formerly. So into the hopper of "the sewing" still goes the grain of life, and life's best and brightest is ground up in the inexorable mill.

"I have given up all my correspondents," says a young mother, looking up with pleased eyes from a letter that had just come to her. "With three babies, one cannot find time to write. This letter was such a delight! Before my marriage I used to receive them almost every day." It is the same with music, with painting, with the numberless graceful and beautiful things that were once so prized and sought for. They are given up; and the heart-hunger that they helped to satisfy goes on asking for bread, and asking in vain.

Women, dear, who are always moaning that you have "no time," take thought! You have "all the time there is." How are you economizing it? Remember who it was whose sweet voice said: "Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?"—*Independent.*

A WOMAN IN STATE STREET.

It is a great deal of trouble not to have money; but then it is also a great deal of trouble to have money. I am sure I do not know from which I have suffered most—the want of it or the bother of it. Few things can be more awkward than to find yourself in a hackney coach, driving from the railroad station to your hotel, and suddenly discovering that you have not a penny in your purse; but then, the moment you get a dozen dollars ahead in the world, you are tormented with the fear of losing it, and have to pin up your pocket, and clutch your purse, and bestow your money in unsuspected nooks of your dress, and keep your thoughts about you, till life becomes a burden, and you sigh for a return to impecuniosity, when you may walk among your fellows fearing no evil.

Once I had a thousand dollars. I don't expect to be believed, and I acknowledge it is an enormous sum for one person to have; nor do I in the least know how I ever became possessed of it; but I certainly did have a thousand dollars, and because the country was in trouble, and I wanted to uphold the government, I put it into government bonds, and I suppose I have received the interest of it a thousand times. But I always went after it with a man, and to go with a man means to walk down street having a good talk, and when you get to the right place, be put in a chair and wait a few minutes, and then have the money laid in your purse, and go back. That is all.

But when you have money in government bonds you must take the interest every January and July, or you will have no end of trouble. I did not know this, and I forgot all about the interest—January coupons they call it—and when July came, there I had them both on my hands, and my man-servant, the Judge, gone skylarking out West. So I telegraphed to the Judge, "What shall I do?" And the Judge telegraphed back, "Go yourself." But he did not tell me where to go. I remembered that it was State Street, and I thought I could tell the look of the door; but I walked and wandered and wondered, and the farther I walked the stranger it grew; and then it came to me that it must be the custom-house, for I knew it was a government building. So I enquired for the custom-house, only to learn that the custom-house is not a bondholder; and then I put my pride into my pocket, and walked into the first nice-looking place to ask where bonds were held. It was balustered and carpeted and upholstered in that expensive and luxurious way which men have of feathering their own nests, and in the dim light I discerned a gentleman sitting at the farther

end of the room. I approached him dubiously, staring steadfast, and he stared with equal steadfastness at me; and then we broke into mutual astonishment, for it was my next neighbor at home, and I should as soon have thought of encountering the man in the moon; whilst he was expecting the old woman that lived in the shoe more than me. I am proud to say that I had presence of mind enough to invent an errand "betwixt the masthead and the sea," and then turned and went into a neighboring office; and as soon as I could discern through the dim religious light that the man to be accosted was not my blood kin, I asked him if he could tell me where to go to get government bonds.

"To buy bonds?" he inquired, briskly.

"No: to sell them—that is, to get money for them—I mean, to get the interest on them," blundering blockhead that I am!

"Oh! you want your coupons?"

"Yes, that is it."

"Sub-treasury. Right up a few doors. You know where the Post-office is?"

And there I had been roving to and fro, moon-struck, before the very doors, and yet missed them.

But to go to the Sub-treasury is only to be passed from pigeon-hole to pigeon-hole—to be told at the first that you are at the wrong place; at the second that you are the wrong person, or not known to be the right one, which amounts to the same thing; at the third that you can't get your money, even if you are all right, because you have delayed beyond three months, and must now send to Washington and get a power of attorney, and dear knows what red tape, which red tape is undoubtedly a very important, but equally undoubtedly a very inconvenient thing. To your blank imbecility the clerk kindly says that he keeps a power of attorney there, and hands you a printed paper, whereupon you arise and depart with a paper elephant in your hands. Then you telegraph to the Judge, "What shall I do?" and he telegraphs back, "Send your power of attorney to me, and I will take it to Jay Cooke and get the money." And you send your power of attorney to Minnesota, and breathe freely till a withering letter comes back—"Goosey-goose; your power of attorney was not filled out, and was worth no more than so much blank paper. Suck your thumbs till I come back!"

Goosey-goose, indeed! Is there no man in the world but the unjust Judge? I will yet humble him to the dust. I go to my friend the lawyer. He fills me out a power of attorney, sends it on to Washington, gets me back an order on the Sub-treasury, and again I am passed from pigeon-hole to pigeon-hole, and have to stand in a row and wait my turn, which is dreadfully de-

grading; and I am afraid some one will come in and see me; and mentally vow, if I am carried safely through, never to be caught in it again. But, for once, I am determined to fight it out on this line, and the clerks have forgotten all about me, and again I have to go through the process of disproving myself an escaped convict, and finally the gold is in my hands; gold eagles and a quarter eagle—an eagle's wing, you might say, and the tip of his beak—a gold dollar.

What shall I do with it? All gold is good for is to sell, that I know. Into the first hospitable-looking door I poke my silly, scared face (I am not a silly woman—I am a sensible one—but on this occasion I know I look silly, and I know I feel scared, and I only wonder I am tolerated), and ask, idiotically, "Can you tell me any place where they buy gold?" and am directed to a cellar! It is horrible; but a woman who has penetrated the Sub-treasury is equal to anything, and down I go. Now, in aiming to use the technology of knowledge, I am fearfully liable to bungle, and if I have a check to pass am sure to ask if I "can have this money cashed," *cash*ed sounding so professional. Determined not to fall into error this time, I take my place before the counter among a row of men, and speedily become absorbed in watching them. What interest—what jargon—what persistency about a half per cent! What sums they deal in! How intent they are on their business—how oblivious of everything else! I never saw anything like it. They mind me no more than if I were a fly on the window pane, and I forget to be scared, and only stare, till the man behind the counter startles me out of it, and then I avoid the old pit only to go down quick into a new one, and stammer, hurriedly, "I should like to get this check cashed."

"Check?" repeats the clerk.

"Oh! I mean I want the money for this," in a still greater hurry, for time seems so valuable to him. I am afraid he will be cross.

"Want to sell the gold, you mean?"

"Yes;" and I am ashamed to ask how much he pays for gold, so there is no crush counting the bills he gave me, and I crush them into my hand and come up out of the cellar, give one swift glance around to see if I am detected, and scurry up into Washington Street, where I may feel once more like a woman and a sister.

But I give the government fair warning never again to undertake a great war counting upon my support, for I cannot contract to put my money into any place where I must go through tens of dens of lions to get it out again.—*Harper's Bazar*.

TO MAKE HOME ATTRACTIVE TO CHILDREN.

Mothers, you are the divinely-appointed teachers and guides of your children; and any attempt to free yourselves from your duty is in direct opposition to the will of God. If you neglect them, the consequences are swift and sure, and how fearful they are, let those broken-hearted mothers tell who have bowed in anguish over their lost sons; who, neglecting them in childhood, have at last seen them dead to every manly virtue.

Let me say to you who still have the opportunity to do so, train your children, whether boys or girls, to usefulness. Give them something to do. As soon as they can walk, teach them to bring any little thing to you, and as they grow older let them do all they can to help you. Spend most of your time with your young children. Sleep near them; attend to washing and dressing them; let them eat at the table with father and mother; read, talk, play, walk with them; be their companion and guide in all things and at all times. When the father can leave his work to take a little recreation, let him take it with the children, making it a special holiday. Don't be in haste to send them to school, but teach them at home. Oral instruction can be given while you are doing your work, and for a while will be of much more benefit than many hours of study. As soon as they want playmates, see that they have those of their own age who have been well cared for at home, and are truthful. Let them play in or near the house, that you may observe the character of their intercourse. Never send children to school to get rid of the care or trouble of them at home, but when the right time comes, let them see that it is wholly for their good that you part with them. If possible, go often to the school-room yourself—nothing gives children so much encouragement. Always allow them to tell you all that has happened to interest or annoy them while absent from home. Never think anything which affects the happiness of your children too small a matter to claim your attention. Use every means in your power to win and retain their confidence. Do not rest satisfied without some account of each day's joys or sorrows. It is a source of great comfort to the innocent child to tell all its troubles to mother, and do you lend a willing ear. For know you, that as soon as they cease to tell you all these things, they have chosen other confidants, and therein lies the danger. O mother! this is the rock on which your son may be wrecked at last. I charge you to set a watch upon it. Be jealous of the first sign that he is not opening all his heart to you.

Boys who are thus cared for and trained

find more to please and amuse them at home than away. They are thus saved from temptation. But if they are neglected until they arrive at the age when they would wish to go out evenings, there is small hope that any but arbitrary measures will prevent or secure obedience, and then it hardly can be called obedience. It is much more pleasant to apply the "ounce of prevention" than the "pound of cure" in such cases. When boys know that their society is valued highly at home, and that all its pleasures are marred by their absence, they will willingly stay if they can have something to occupy their time.

Let me give you a simple programme, which I have seen followed with the best results: On Sunday evening, call all your children around you, and let them, in turn, tell you all they can remember of the day's services, and in their own way explain what they relate. You will then, in this way, have an opportunity to correct any wrong impressions. On Monday evening, let them give an oral account of the life and character of any noted person whose life has furnished a good example for them to follow. On Tuesday evening, ask for all they can give you of the history of our own country. On Wednesday evening, take any one state, have them find out when it was settled, for what its principal cities are noted, and everything they can learn about it. On Thursday evening, let them take the principal river and describe it, drawing maps at the time, and locating the principal towns, and showing where the tributary streams unite with it. On Friday evening, some natural production of the earth, vegetable or mineral; tell where it may be found, how obtained, and what it is used for, changing the subject to make the evening correspond to the same one each week. When Saturday evening comes, review the subjects of the week, give them those you have chosen for the next, and have them write them down, so that each will have an opportunity to prepare their answers; after which, the Sabbath-school lessons can be rehearsed. I do not advise this to be done as a task, but as a pleasant exercise, not to occupy more than an hour each evening. Such exercises should end pleasantly with music (singing by the children is the most pleasant of all music) before retiring. Give them plenty of out-door exercise in the day-time.

If you act upon this plan, you will find that these exercises, together with reading some pleasant book or illustrated paper, and all the work that a mother can plan for boys to do in and about the house, will occupy their time so entirely that going out is not to be thought of, except the rules should be suspended to give all the family a chance to go to a lecture or some

evening entertainment, which they will enjoy much better if father and mother are with them; and you also will find your interest in your family more absorbing, day by day, until you will not wish to "go abroad for joy, but have a feast at home."

And now, dear mothers of boys, don't say, after reading this article, that it is easier to preach than to practise, for the writer has practised twenty-one years before preaching, and, by the blessing of God, has been successful.—*M. W. C., in Hearth and Home.*

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

Celia Burleigh appears before the public as a lecturer this winter. She is one of the most talented and finished writers and speakers of which America can boast. Her lecture for the season is on "The Rights of Children." Among many excellent things she says:—

"At a much earlier age than is customary with most parents, I would have them begin to teach the child to provide for his own wants and meet the exigencies of his own daily life. And there need be no such difference between the sexes in this matter as custom has led us to suppose. The boy, no less than the girl, can be taught to take pride in a neatly kept room, in orderly closets and tastefully arranged bureau drawers; to have a place for everything and everything in its place; to know what garments will be needed for the coming season, and to ask father or mother to go with him to select them, instead of having everything provided without thought or care on his part. I have even a secret conviction that the mastery of his own buttons might be acquired by a boy of average intelligence, and that to take care of his own room would not necessarily lessen his chances of a noble and self-respecting manhood.

"As for the girl, I see no reason why she should not be taught the use of the jack-knife, the hammer, and the saw, to drive a nail, tighten a screw, or put up a shelf in her room. Every girl should, if possible, have a garden, and learn to take a pride in her acquaintance with nature, in her robust health, and her ability to endure fatigue. Each should be taught what is traditionally proper for the sex to which he or she belongs, but I should be very far from saying, 'Only this and nothing more.'"

In an exchange we find the following, which relates to the same subject:—

"There is no reason why boys should be allowed to leave articles scattered all over the floor, because they are boys, nor any reason why they should not be able to sew on buttons and strings, or mend a

rent, and also be provided with the implements to do it. It is this eternal "picking up" after disorderly men and boys, who learn to think that picking up after them is women's business, which makes the labor of women so interminable. Were each member of a family careful not to make work, the labor of nearly all households would be half lessened. In fact, the principal secret of a happy household is teaching the children how to help themselves and to help others."

CROUP.

BY AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN.

There is no sound more alarming to an inexperienced mother than the hoarse, barking cough of a child at night, indicative of an attack of croup. There is something in the sound itself of such a cough which is frightful. Those who hear it for the first time often start up alarmed as if a stranger had entered the room. But to the experienced mother or nurse, the croupy cough excites other and far more painful apprehensions. It indicates the onset of one of the most dangerous diseases of childhood. She knows full well that a relentless inflammation has laid its hand upon the throat of her child, and that all the skill of medicine and her tenderest care may not be able to relax its fatal grasp.

What is croup, that it should be so dangerous? Simply a slight inflammation of the windpipe, just where the vocal-cords are drawn across the larynx. At that point, the air-passage is narrowed to a mere slit, and through this small aperture respiration is carried on. If, now, the soft tissues surrounding this aperture should swell, however slightly, the opening would be diminished in size, and respiration more or less impeded. This is precisely what occurs in croup. The inflammation involves the soft parts about the vocal-cords; they swell and gradually fill up this little slit-like opening; respiration becomes more and more difficult; and if the case proves fatal, the child dies of suffocation or exhaustion.

Croup is peculiarly a disease of early childhood, rarely occurring after the age of ten years. In a hundred deaths by this form of inflammation, it is estimated that 13 will occur in the first year of life, 25 in the second, 22 in the third, 16 in the fourth, 11 in the fifth, and 12.3 in the succeeding five years, while the remaining fraction, 0.7, will represent the proportion of deaths beyond ten years of age. Croup is most frequent at that season when there are the greatest fluctuations of temperature—as early in the spring, and late in the fall. It is more common among males than females. It is very fatal, because the

inflammation is so peculiarly situated; tenfold the inflammation that here destroys life would scarcely excite an apprehension if located on the skin. It is often limited to a surface of the size of the thumb-nail, but it happens to be located at the very entrance of the breath of life to the lungs.

There are two kinds of croup—false and true, or spasmodic and membranous. The false or spasmodic is a harmless spasm of the muscles of the larynx, coming on suddenly, and as suddenly disappearing, without fever or other disturbance of the system. The true is attended with fever, often slight, and terminates with the formation of a membrane lining the cavity of the larynx, or limiting itself to the vocal-cords and the space between them.

The vital element in the treatment of croup is the confinement of the patient to a uniform temperature of about summer heat, or ranging from 72° to 75° Fahr. The air should also be saturated with moisture. The object sought by this treatment is to so medicate the respired air with heat and moisture as to render it soothing to the irritated membrane of the air-passages, and thus relieve the congestion, when used early, or inflammation, when resorted to after this process has been established. To be successful, this treatment should be persevered in until all hoarseness disappears, and not intermitted for an hour, night or day. The greatest danger occurs at night, between midnight and five o'clock in the morning, when the external air is coldest, and the fire is allowed to go down or out, and the mother or nurse sleeps soundly. If the thermometer falls below 70°, all the symptoms immediately grow worse. To this treatment should be added rubbing the neck and chest with camphorated oil, and the application of several folds of flannel to the throat and neck, and oiled silk to the chest. Occasional doses of ipecac, when the cough is dry, are very useful. This treatment, persistently followed, will save the majority of cases of true croup.—*Hearth and Home.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

OYSTER PIE.—Line a deep dish with good puff paste, not too rich. Roll out the upper crust, and lay on a plate just the size of the oyster-dish; set it on the top of the dish and put into the oven, as the crust must be nearly cooked before the oysters are put in, for they require less time than the crust. While the crust is baking, strain the liquor from the oysters; thicken it with the yolks of eggs, boiled hard and grated—three eggs for seventy-five oysters; add two tablespoons even full of butter, and the same quantity of bread or cracker crumbs; season with pepper, salt, and mace

or nutmeg—a very little of either—and be sure and taste to be sure that you do not season it too much; to add is very easy, but to take out seasoning in cooking is a difficult task. Let the liquor just boil; then slip in the oysters, and as soon as they come to a boil, stir well and remove the plate and top crust, and pour them and their gravy into the bake-dish; place the top crust over and return to the oven for five minutes, and send to the table hot.

POTATO SOUP.—Pare your potatoes, slice them (crosswise and) thin, wash and put in a kettle with some cold water. If you have a dozen small potatoes you will need two quart dippers of water and two ounces of salt-pork cut in small pieces. When the potatoes are done, then mix two tablespoonfuls of wheat-flour with a little sweet milk—or cold water will answer—beat well, (so as to have no lumps) put in some pepper and stir into the soup. Let it boil, stirring it meanwhile, and it is done. Some like to put pieces of bread in the soup-dish—a good way to eat bread which is dry.

SAUSAGE DUMPLINGS.—Make a pound of flour and two ounces of dripping, or chopped suet, into a firm paste, by adding just enough water to enable you to knead the whole together. Divide this paste into twelve equal parts, roll each of these out sufficiently large to be able to fold up one pork sausage in it, wet the edge of the paste to fasten the sausage securely in it, and, as you finish off each sausage dumpling, drop it gently into a large enough sauce-pan, containing plenty of boiling water; and when the whole are finished, allow them to boil gently by the side of the fire for one hour, and then take up the dumplings with a spoon free from water, on to a dish, and eat them while they are hot.

TONGUE TOAST.—Take cold boiled tongue, mix it with cream, and to every half pint of the mixture allow the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. Place over the fire, and let it simmer a minute or two. Have ready some nicely-toasted bread; butter it, place on a hot dish, and pour the mixture over. Send to table hot.

TO BOIL RICE.—This is a vegetable that is very seldom prepared properly. Pick over the rice carefully, rinse it well in cold water till it is thoroughly cleansed; drain off the water, then put it in a pot of boiling water, with a little salt. Allow as much as a quart of water to a teacup of rice, as it absorbs the water very much while boiling. Boil it seventeen minutes; then turn the water off very close; set the pot over a few coals, and let it steam fifteen minutes with the lid of the pot off. The

beauty of the rice boiled in this way is, that each kernel stands out by itself, while it is quite tender.

CHEAP SPONGE CAKE.—Beat up four eggs, yolks and whites separate; add to the yolks a teacupful and a half of sugar; beat them together, and add to them four tablespoonfuls of cold water, and one teacup of flour. Stir the flour into the yolks and sugar, then add the whites of the eggs, after they have been beaten to a froth. Lastly, add a teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in water. Flavor with a few drops of essence of vanilla or of lemon. Bake about an hour.

LEMON CHEESE-CAKE.—A quarter of a pound of butter, a quarter of a pound of sugar, a wine-glass of milk or cream, two ounces of sponge-cake, three eggs, the grated rind of one and juice of half a lemon; slice the cake, and pour over it the milk or cream; beat the butter and sugar together, and stir into it; mash the sponge-cake very fine, and add to the above; grate the yellow rind, and squeeze the juice of half a lemon, and stir in. Cover the pie-plates with paste, fill with the mixture, and bake in a moderately hot oven.

DERBY SHORT-CAKE.—Rub half a pound of butter into one pound of flour, and mix one egg, a quarter of a pound of sifted sugar, and as much milk as will make a paste. Roll this out thin, and cut the cakes with any fancy shapes, or the top of a wine-glass. Place on tin plates; strew over with sugar, or cover the top of each with icing, and bake for ten minutes.

BAKED APPLES.—Core some Baldwins, Pippins, or any other fine-flavored tart apple. Sprinkle sugar on the bottom of a deep dish, and set the apples into the dish with two or three on top. Fill the holes with sugar; cover the lower apples with water, and bake one hour. A little cinnamon, nutmeg, or lemon will be an improvement for those who like fruit seasoned.

QUICK MUFFINS.—Two teacups of butter-milk, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, and four eggs. Thicken with prepared flour.

GLUE.—Break an ounce of glue into small pieces, put it into a tin can with a tightly-fitting top, cover with alcohol, and let it stand for three or four days, when it will be ready for use. In very cold weather it may be necessary to set the glue can into warm water to soften it, so it can be readily applied.

Literary Notices.

THE EARTHLY PARADISE. A Poem, by William Morris. Author of "The Life and Death of Jason." Part IV. Boston: Roberts Bros. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

It is now a little more than three years since Mr. Morris commenced this extensive poem, which in its length and style is a new thing in the world of modern poetry. Following in some measure the plan of Geoffrey Chaucer, to whom he gives the fond title of his Master, he brings together a number of people who spend a year in telling stories to each other; each story forming a separate poem. There are five-and-twenty stories in all. The scene is laid "in some western land," and the speakers are composed, in part, of the natives, who are descended from old Greek colonists, and in part of Norse adventurers who have been vainly searching for an Earthly Paradise of which they have heard vague rumors. This plan gives the author the advantage of a wide range for his stories, which he selects at will from classic mythology, mediæval romance, and northern fable.

Part IV., in which the work is concluded, gives the tales entitled "The Golden Apples," "The Fostering of Aslaug," "Bellerophon at Argos," "The Ring Given to Venus," "Bellerophon in Lycia," and "The Hill of Venus." These stories are handled in a masterly manner, though the author decidedly lays himself open to the criticism of the *Saturday Review*, which accuses him of "occasional undisguised appeals to the sensual instinct, and a frequent contemplation of death as the end and consummation of all things." "Purged of these," the critic remarks, "the *Earthly Paradise* would stand alone in our day in its peculiar kind of excellence." It is impossible by any extracts to give an adequate idea of the poem; but, we will give a few passages which will enable our readers to form some conception of Mr. Morris' style.

Take the following pretty picture from "The Fostering of Aslaug":—

"On a calm, sunny afternoon,
Within a cleared space of a wood,
At last the huge old warrior stood
And peered about him doubtfully:
Who, when nought living he might see,
But 'mid the beech-boughs high aloft
A blue-winged jay, and squirrel soft,
And in the grass a watchful hare,
Unslung his harp and knelt down there
Beside it; and a little while
Handled the hollow with a smile
Of cunning; and behold, the thing
Opened, as by some secret spring—
And there, within the hollow, lay,
Clad in gold-fringed well-wrought array,
Aslaug, the golden-headed child,
Asleep and rosy. But she smiled
As Heimer's brown hand drew a-ear,
And woke up free from any fear,
And stretched her hands out towards his face."

In "Bellerophon in Lycia" the description of the Chimæra by its victims could scarcely be surpassed for vague horror. One says—

"Smitten then I thought I was
By sudden sickness or strange coming death;
But even therewith in drawing of a breath,
A dreadful shriek rose from them; and mine eyes
Saw such a shape above the wall arise
As drave all manhood from me, and I fell
Groveling a-down. Nor have I words to tell
What thing it was I saw; only I know
That from my feet the firm earth seemed to go,
And like a dream showed that fair country's side,
And grown a mockery, needs must still abide
An unchanged picture 'gainst the life of fear
So fallen upon me.

Htarken, O King,
The while I try to tell thee of the thing
What like it was. Well, lion-like say I?
Yea, as to one who sees the teeth draw nigh
His own neck, like a horror of the wood,
Goat-like, as unto him who in drear mood
Sees monsters of the night be-mock his love,
And cannot hide his eyes or turn to move—
Or, serpent-like, e'en as to such an one
A serpent is, who, floating all alone
In some untroubled sea all void and dim,
Beholds the hoary-headed sea-worm swim,
Circling about him, ere he rise to strike—
Nay, rather, say the world hath not its like,
A changer of man's life, a swall'ring dread,
A curse made manifest in devil-head."

Another man who had also escaped from the fangs of this dread monster, describes it somewhat differently.

"And thus I saw a mass, from whence there came
That fearful light, as from a heart of flame,
But black amid its radiance was that mass,
And black and claw-like things therefrom did pass,
Lengthening and shortening, and gray flocks of hair
Seemed moving on it with some inward air
The light bore with it; but in front of me:
An unpeered dark bulk did I see,
That my heart told me was the monster's head,
The seat of all the will that wrought our dread;
And midst thereof two orbs of red flame shone
When first I came and then again were gone,
Then came again as lights on a dark sea
As the thing turned. And now it seemed to me,
Moreover, that despite the dreadful sound
That filled my very heart and shook the ground,
Mute was the horror's head, as the great shade,
That sometimes in deep sleep we are laid,
Seems ready to roll over us, and crush
Our soul to nought amid its shadowy hush."

But it is not only in describing the horrible that Mr. Morris has great skill in word-painting. The well-known legend of the blossoming of the Pope's staff as a sign that none were too wicked to be forgiven if repentant, is embodied in the last poem and contains the following passage, with which we conclude our very inadequate description of this work:—

"He moved and stooped down for his staff; still bright

The sky was, as he cast his eyes adown,
And his hand sought the well-worn wood and brown.
With a great cry he sprang up; in his hand
He held against the sky a wondrous thing,
That might have been the bright archangel's wand,
Who brought to Mary that fair summoning;
For lo! in God's unfaltering timeless spring,
Summer and autumn had that dry rod been,
And from its barrenness the leaves sprang green.

And on its barrenness grew wondrous flowers
That earth knew not; and on its barrenness
Hung the ripe fruit of heaven's unmeasured hours;
And with strange scent the soft dusk did it bless,
And glowed with fair light as earth's light grew less,—
Yea, and its gleam the old man's face did reach,
Too glad for smiles, or tears, or any speech.

Who seeth such things and liveth? That high tide
The Pope was missed from throne and chapel stall;
And when the frightened people sought him wide,
They found him lying by the garden wall,
Set out on that last pilgrimage of all,
Grasping his staff—'and surely,' all folk said,
'None ever saw such joy on visage dead.'

THE SNOW MAN. A novel, by George Sand. Translated from the French, by Virginia Vaughan. Boston: Roberts Bros., 1871. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

The enterprising Boston publishers, Roberts Bros., are now giving to the American public an English translation of the best of Madame George Sand's novels. "L'Homme de Neige" is a Swedish romance. The plot is as follows:—The hero, who passes by the Italian name of Christiano Waldo, brings to Sweden an Italian marionette theatre, and exhibiting it in various places, attracts great attention by the extraordinary originality and excellence of the dramas which he caused the puppets to act. He is invited to conduct a performance at the chateau of a powerful baron, who is hated and feared by all, and who popularly receives credit for having made away with his elder brother and his family, in order to obtain the inheritance. Christiano is accidentally lodged in an old castle which belongs to the domain, with an elderly lawyer of great repute, with whom he becomes very friendly, and to whom he tells his story. He informs him that he knows absolutely nothing of his parents or his country; that he had in early childhood been hurriedly taken to Italy, and delivered up to a worthy couple who were seeking for a child to adopt by a strange man whom no subsequent effort could trace. By these he was carefully nurtured and well educated; and after their deaths he passed through a variety of adventures, and at length resolved to see the world and pursue various scientific investigations, at the same time gaining his living by exhibiting his puppets. The lawyer seems much interested, especially in various vaguely-remembered legends of his childhood; and we are surprised to find, as the plot gradually develops itself, that Christiano turns out to be the son of the baron's brother, whose birth and existence had been sedulously concealed by friends that he might be saved from his uncle's malice. The bold baron dies suddenly in the midst of the gay entertainment, and the excellent Christiano is proved to be his legal successor, though the malice of the disap-

pointed heirs keeps him long out of his inheritance. As probably but few of our readers are familiar with George Sand's style, we give an extract which will be sufficient to give an idea of it. This occurs when the hero himself, unable to obtain his baronetcy, is earning his living by working in the mines:—

Christian tried to make himself happy by working hard, and doing good to others; for happiness is what man always seeks, even when he sacrifices himself. He took care of the sick and wounded in the mine. When accidents occurred, he, with heroic courage, was always the first to hasten to the spot, and he taught the workmen, moreover, to guard against these terrible dangers by exerting ordinary common sense and prudence. He tried to refine their manners, and to cure them of their fatal passion for brandy, the too fruitful source of quarrels and fights that often terminated in the terrific duel with knives in vogue in this part of the country. They both loved and esteemed him; but, since he devoted all his wages to helping cripples, orphans and widows, he remained poor.

"Decidedly," he often said to himself, as he stepped into the bucket to descend to the bottom of the immeasurable shaft, "I was born a seigneur—that is to say, as I understand it, the protector of the feeble—and for that reason I am not permitted to live in the light of the sun."

"Christian," cried the inspector, one day, through the speaking-tube at the frightful mouth of the mine, "stop working for a while, and go to the bottom of the inclines, to receive some visitors, who want to see the large halls. Show them round in my place—I have no time to come down."

As usual, Christian lighted the great resinous torches which are kept ready in all parts of the excavations, and went to meet the visitors. But when he recognized Minister Akerstrom and his family, and Lieutenant Osburn with his young bride, Martina, leaning upon his arm, Christian handed his torch to an old miner whom he knew, and, saying that he had been seized with cramp, begged him to conduct the visitors in his stead. Pulling down his tarred cap over his eyes, he stepped back, rejoicing in his inmost heart to see his friends happy, but unwilling to be recognized, lest they should be distressed about him, and should make known his situation to Margaret.

He was about to withdraw, after having listened for a moment to their cheerful and animated conversation, when Madame Osburn turned saying:

"Why does not Margaret come? The little coward will never dare cross that plank bridge!"

"Oh, you were very much afraid yourself, my dear Martina!" replied the lieutenant. "But you need not be anxious; M. Stangstadius is with her."

Christian, forgetting all about his cramp, ran swiftly along the steep, vaulted passage that led to the plank bridge, which was really very dangerous, and which Margaret was to cross in company with M. Stangstadius, the man of all the world who knew best himself how to fall to advantage, but not, perhaps, the most capable person in the world of protecting others.

Margaret was really there, hesitating and dizzy, together with Mademoiselle Potin, who, hoping to encourage her young friend, had already crossed the planks quite bravely, with the assistance of M. Stangstadius. The lieutenant returned to assist them, and to quiet his wife; but, before he could reach the spot, Christian stepped up, took Margaret in his arms, and crossed the subterranean torrent in silence.

Certainly Margaret did not recognize him, for she shut her eyes tightly to avoid beholding the chasm beneath. He put her down near her friends, intending to make his escape as quickly as possible, but Margaret, who was still frightened, tottered, and he was obliged to take her hand, and to draw her away from the precipice. His fingers, blackened by his work, left a mark upon the young girl's delicate green gloves, and he saw her, a moment afterwards, wipe it off carefully with her handkerchief, while saying to her governess:

"Give some money quickly to that poor man who carried me."

The poor man had run away with his heart a little swollen; he was not angry with the young countess for liking clean gloves, but he said to himself that it was quite impossible for him, for his part, to have white hands.

He returned to the forge, where he was having some tools made after an improved pattern, suggested by himself and approved of by the inspectors; but after an hour's labor, for he often lent a hand himself to help on his men, he heard the visitors returning, and could not resist his desire of again seeing the young countess. She had seemed to him a little taller, and greatly improved; beautiful enough, indeed, to madden the blindest and sulkiest of the Cyclops.

As the voices again became more distant, he entered, without any precaution, a gallery through which the party would be obliged to pass, when suddenly, in a brightly-lighted hall, he met Margaret face to face. Now that she had become a little accustomed to the terrific noises and gloomily sublime aspect of this subterranean world, she had recovered her courage, and was coming forward alone in advance of the others. She trembled on seeing him;

she thought that she recognized him. He pulled his cap quickly over his forehead, and she knew him then, beyond a doubt, by the care he took to hide his face.

"Christian!" she cried, "it is you. I am sure of it!" and she held out her hand.

"Do not touch me!" said Christian. "I am all black with powder and smoke."

"Ah! what do I care for that," she replied, "since it is you? I know all now. The miners who have been showing us about have been talking all the while of a certain Christian, a very learned man and a famous workman, who would not tell his family name, but who has the strength of a peasant and the dignity of an earl, who is courageous for all and devoted to all. Our friends did not suppose for a moment that it could be you, there are so many Christians in this Scandinavian land! But, for my part, I said to myself: 'There is only one answering to that description; it is he!' Come, then, shake hands! Are we not still brother and sister, as at Stollborg?"

How could Christian help forgetting the little offence of the wiped glove? Margaret held out her hand to him ungloved.

"You do not blush, then, to see me here?" he said. "You know that I have not been driven to come here by bad conduct, and that if I am working to-day, it is not to make up for days of idleness and folly?"

"I do not know anything about you," replied Margaret, "except that you have kept your word given formerly to Major Larsson, to be a miner, or a hunter of bears, rather than continue an occupation of which I did not approve."

"And I, Margaret, do not know anything about you, either," he replied, "except that your aunt intends to have you marry the Baron de Lindenwald, my suit against whom it appears is lost."

"It is true," said Margaret, laughing. "My aunt hopes, in that way, to console me for the death of Baron Olaus. But since you guess so well what is going on, you ought to know, also, that I do not intend to marry at all."

Christian understood this resolution, which left him free to hope, and he vowed in his heart that he would make a fortune, even if he should have to become an egotist. In spite of all he could say, Margaret would not consent to hide the fact of his being there from the lieutenant and the minister's family, who drew near in the midst of their tête-à-tête.

"Is it he!" she cried, running to meet them; "it is our Stollborg friend—you know who I mean! This Christian, this friend of the poor, the hero of the mine, is the baron without a barony, but not without honor and heart, and if you are not as happy as I am to see him again—"

"We are, we are!" cried the minister, shaking hands with Christian. "He is setting a grand example of true nobility and religious faith."

Christian overwhelmed with caresses, praise, and questions, was obliged to promise to go and take supper in the village with his friends, who intended to pass the night there before returning to Waldemora, where Margaret was spending a fortnight at the parsonage.

Notices and Correspondence.

THE LATE GENERAL PRIM.

Don Juan Prim, Comte de Reus, Marquis de los Castellazos, who was assassinated in the streets of Madrid in January last, and whose portrait appears in the present number of the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY*, was born at Reus, in Catalonia, in Dec., 1814; entered the army at an early age, and made his first campaign in the civil war which followed the accession of Isabella II. to the Spanish throne. He was a devoted adherent to the Queen's mother, at that time Regent, who rewarded him with the rank of Colonel in 1837. After her flight, he joined the *Progresistas*, in opposition to the dictatorship of Espartero. Accused

of complicity in the insurrection at Saragoza in 1842, he fled to France, where he again attached himself to the Queen's mother, assisting her in her efforts to bring about a restoration. He headed an insurrection against Espartero at Reus in 1843, which was unsuccessful. Espartero shortly afterwards fell; and on the restoration of the Queen, he was raised to the rank of General, and appointed Governor of Madrid. Troubles soon came upon him again, for, in attempting to suppress a rising in Barcelona, he made such a disposition of his troops as to keep Catalonia in revolt for a whole year. For this he was disgraced by the Queen and tried for high treason and complicity in the attempt to as-

assassinate Narvaez. On the first charge he was found guilty, and suffered a few months' imprisonment. After a few years inactivity, he was again heard of as serving in the Ottoman army during the Crimean War, winning great distinction. In 1855 he was elected to the Cortes, and in 1858 he was made Senator. He commanded a division in the war with Morocco, and achieved many brilliant successes. He commanded the Spanish forces in the joint expedition of occupation of Mexico, which was undertaken in 1861 by England, France and Spain, for the purpose of compelling redress of grievances. Disagreeing with General Forey, the French commander, he withdrew with his troops to the island of Cuba, and shortly afterwards returned to Spain. After three years inactivity, he headed an insurrection which was suppressed; as also another attempt in 1867. He took an active part in the revolution of the following year, which displaced Isabella the Bad, and from that time, to the date of his assassination, he occupied a prominent position in Spanish affairs. He it was who, with Bismarck, brought about the dispute over the Hohenzollern candidature which resulted in the present war. It was he who persuaded the young Duke of Aosta to accept the Spanish Crown, although he did not live to see his enthronement. In the hour of the achievement of his designs, he was struck down by the bullet of the assassin.

Deep, dark, and designing, fond of personal aggrandizement, Prim fell a victim to the spy system, of which he was too great a patron. His loss will be severely felt in the councils of the new King of Spain.

To the Editors of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

VOLUNTEERS AND INCIDENTS OF 1837.

BY G. S. P., QUEBEC.

GENTLEMEN,—An article under the above heading appears in the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY for November, which, no doubt unintentionally, contains some misstatements and inaccuracies. I held a situation at the time, of great importance, responsibility, and anxiety, and was, perhaps, more intimately con-

nected with all the events that took place than almost any other person,—the whole and sole management and superintendence of forwarding all troops, arms, ammunition and stores from Quebec to headquarters, Montreal, devolving upon me, with no interference from staff officers; and I am happy to say that I can look back with much satisfaction to that period, as not, in one instance, during my onerous duties, was there an accident, *contractemps*, or life lost. Before I proceed to point out the mistakes of "G. S. P.," I may mention one or two incidents as illustrating those dangerous, troublous times. Just about the time of Colonel Gore's inglorious retreat from St. Denis, I had loaded the steamer "British America," Captain Jesse Armstrong, with a large quantity of arms and military stores of all descriptions, including a field battery of six pounders. She was to leave at 4 p. m. with the flood tide. About half-past three o'clock, Captain Armstrong came to my office and reported that a number of strange-looking men, with bags and bundles, were coming on board, and he did not like their appearance at all, and he was quite sure they could not be raftsmen, it being too late in the season. I went on board with him and found some 200 very suspicious-looking fellows skulking about on deck and below, who, on being questioned, answered they were going to Montreal as steerage passengers. I immediately sent an orderly—there being always one detailed for me—with a note to the commandant, explaining and requesting that a guard might be sent on board. In the course of half an hour a subdivision of the 66th Grenadiers arrived, and I requested the officer in command to take up his position on the quarter-deck, facing the bows, and load with ball cartridge. This had a marked effect, for these *soi-disant* steerage passengers were soon sneaking ashore from every outlet, by threes and fours. We learnt afterwards, from an undoubted source, that a plot had been entered into to seize the boat on the way up, at Sorel, and carry off the arms, &c.

"G. S. P." says: "No training or muster of militia had taken place for years." This is not quite correct. A Brigade of Artillery, eight batteries, under Lt.-Col.

Perrault, did exist, and, although there was not much drill, mustered every summer—the officers being in uniform and having a very fine band. When the troubles took place, I, as Adjutant, called a meeting of the officers to take into consideration the expediency and necessity of beginning regular drill at once. I am sorry to say, the majority voted against it. This corps, of course, became extinct afterwards.

Colonel Gore's defeat having become confirmed by despatches to the Governor-General, Lord Gosford, several gentlemen were sent for, among them the Hon. D. Daly, Messrs. James Hastings Kerr, A. Campbell, T. Lloyd, Lt.-Col. Irvine, and myself, and empowered by His Excellency to raise at once, for an indefinite period, companies of 84 men each, to be formed into a Battalion, and styled the "Loyal Quebec Volunteers;" to have army pay, but to receive extra rations; namely, the wives of the men full, and the children half, with a quart of peas to every family.

Having been fortunate enough to fill up my company, the Grenadiers, in twenty-four hours (the very first company raised at this time in Quebec), I became the senior Captain; and my old friend, Lt.-Col. Irvine, had the "Light Company," and was not then in command of the Regiment; nor was Col. Hope, of the Grenadier Guards, in command of the Garrison, as "G. S. P." says he was; the latter officer not having arrived in the country till the Spring of '38 with his Regiment.

Col. Baird, of the 66th, being nominally our Colonel, Capt. Hale, of the 52nd, on leave from Gibraltar, volunteered to take the Adjutancy, and had the rank of Major; but I had, virtually, the command of the Regiment, which was immediately placed in Barracks, having been augmented to nine companies by the addition of a company of "Highlanders" from Megantic. The "Queen's Pets," composed of sea-faring men—a jolly, rollicking lot, armed with cutlass and pistol, and having two six-pounders, under Captain Rayside, not a naval officer, as "G. S. P." states, but a much respected master in the merchant service—were also attached to us.

As soon as our Regiment became sufficiently drilled, it took its regular turn of

duty with the Queen's troops, the 15th and 66th, all the Regulars not having been withdrawn from the Garrison, as "G. S. P." infers. Our orders were to furnish a strong, "inlying picket for the Citadel" when required, about three or four times a week; and, if the alarm was given (three guns in quick succession from the Battery opposite the Royal Artillery Barracks) the whole Garrison were to turn out and take up the positions allotted to the several corps. We, the "pork-eaters," had to protect the whole of the Lower Town, from St. Roch's to the Coves; besides, during December and January, we were, owing to reports and scares, very often under arms from midnight to daylight; and in several instances some of the men were very dangerously frozen. In consequence, some lives were lost; and now, *apropos* of the *soubriquet* of the "pork-eaters"—which was given to our Regiment, because the men, having the option of beef or pork, nearly always chose the latter, it being better adapted to convert their ration of peas into soup—the only other corps raised similar to the "Loyal Quebec Volunteers," or "pork-eaters," was the Garrison Artillery, three batteries, under Captains Lindsay, McCord, and Bowl. With regard to the remaining corps, they were principally gentlemen volunteers, receiving no regular pay, and only turning out occasionally. One of the first and best companies among them was raised by the Hon. John Young, who was indefatigable in his exertions in forward the movement. Sergt. Wily, of the 83rd, had been detailed as Drill Instructor, with the rank of Adjutant to the unpaid Volunteers, being ("pot-bellies" included) under the command of Col. Sewell. "G. S. P." mentions only the arrival overland of the 43rd. The 85th, a Field Battery of Artillery, and the 34th also made the same arduous and perilous journey during the winter, quite as dangerous and fatiguing as the much-vaunted Red River expedition, if not more so. The two former Regiments and the Field Battery were forwarded on to headquarters at once, the latter remaining in Garrison till the Spring.

"G. S. P." is wrong again as to the escape of Theller and Dodge. The Household Troops, under Sir James McDonald, did not arrive in "men-of-war" till the Spring of '38; nor did the above-named sympathizers elude the vigilance of the guards till the close of that year. In the Spring of '38 I moved to Montreal, was promoted, and served with the "Montreal Light Infantry" till the end of the revolt.

With your permission, I may again trouble you with some further reminiscences of those eventful times.

JOHN DYDE.

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