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# NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

JUNE,

1870.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL.

# PROSPECTUS

OF THE

## NEW DOMINION MONTHLY

### For 1870.

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Notwithstanding the addition of a picture and music to each number of the **NEW DOMINION MONTHLY**, and the pre-payment of postage—none of which expenses were contemplated when the subscription was placed so low as one dollar per annum—a d notwithstanding the rich and varied contents of each number, we find that its circulation does not increase and that we are actually publishing it at a loss. The difficulty, in the country, of finding bills to remit, and the proverbial dilatoriness which makes many put off the small matter of remitting a dollar, that would be readily paid at once if any one called for it, probably account for the falling off which takes place in the renewal of subscriptions; and the absence of pecuniary motives to get-up clubs or canvass for this magazine, which is a necessary consequence of its low price, greatly limits the accession of new subscribers.

Taking these matters into consideration, and seeing that some change must be made to enable us to carry on the magazine, and, if possible, pay contributors, we have come to the conclusion that its price, beginning with 1870, must be advanced fifty per cent.,—not so much to give the publishers a better price as to present greater inducements for canvassers, clubs, booksellers, and news-agents, to increase its circulation. Concurrent with this advance in price, however, we propose to add some attractions to a magazine which, even without them, would, notwithstanding the advanced rate, be still the cheapest and, we think, the most attractive to Canadian readers of all the magazines published.

The additional departments will be a fashion plate, with a summary of the fashions for the month, and a literary department, giving notices and reviews of new books. We shall, also, beginning with the new year, commence serial story.

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N.B.—An old subscriber, obtaining one new one, will be entitled to one dollar commission; that is on his remitting \$2, the two copies, worth \$3, will be sent. This provision alone should double our subscription list annually, and it is for that purpose it is made. The old subscriber may, of course, send more than one new one at the same rate.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON,  
MONTREAL.

November, 1869.



HON. SIR A. T. GALT, K.C.G.M.



HON. J. S. MACDONALD.



HON. WM McDOUGALL, C.B.



HON. GEO. BROWN.

# The New Dominion Monthly,



THREE GESE. (See page 49.)

JUNE, 1870.

# NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

JUNE, 1870.

## UP THE NILE.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE THRESHOLD OF EGYPT.

From England the shortest and most pleasant route to Egypt is through France to Marseilles, and thence by steamer to Alexandria. Our steamer sighted Alexandria on a dark and lowering Sabbath morning. The sight of the African coast, after some seven or eight days at sea, and the news that we would shortly enter the famed harbor, roused each passenger to high spirits and hasty preparation for landing. Before, however, the pilot could come on board, one of the sudden and "tempestuous winds," for which the Mediterranean is notorious, which the historian Luke calls "Euroclydon," and modern sailors a *Levanter*, caught our ship and drove us out to sea again. For three weary days we had to fight the storm on the open water. Five times have I crossed the Atlantic, once in an unbroken gale of fifteen days, and often in stormy weather have I coasted along the boisterous shores of the British Islands; but never before, or since, did such three days happen to my lot. Our cabin-table, at each returning meal, while the weather was good, was crowded with brave and hungry representatives from almost every nation in Europe; but, before the first of the three terrible days came to its close, the saloon was swept of its occupants, ominous silence reigned, and two lonely *voyageurs*; one a Scotchman, on his way to Bagdad, and another, an Englishman, on his way to Beyrout,

remained the envied masters of the field. The calm came, however, as suddenly as had come the storm, and, gliding swiftly through a smooth sea, we dropped anchor on a bright, warm morning in the month of January, in the harbor of Alexandria.

Of all countries easily accessible to the European traveller, none is more interesting than the land of Egypt. This deep and abiding interest it derives from several circumstances. It is to us an interesting country because of its connection with Jewish and Christian history from the days of Abraham to the Mahometan conquest; because of its intimate relation to the arts, literature, philosophy and theology of Greece and Rome; because of its stupendous monuments; because of its strange physical character—a narrow line of verdure and fertility amid the pathless desert—and because of the part, lying as it does on the highway of the eastern world, it is yet destined to play in the politics of Europe. When to attractions of this kind we add the attractions derived from its balmy winter, from the complete refuge in its more remote districts it affords to the hackneyed in business, from the thoroughly oriental character of its people and cities, and from the delicious repose of life on its river, the wonder is that so few visit it.

The first view of this ancient coast, obtained from the deck of the steamer, reminds one forcibly of a Dutch landscape, of the usual type, with its low-lying, sandy coast and busy windmills. It is not, however, long permitted the traveller to indulge in observation or reflection as he

stands on the threshold of this ancient kingdom. The arrival of the steamer in port has aroused the crews of some thirty Arab small boats. They rush towards us as birds hastening to their prey; but it is impossible faithfully to describe the onset without causing the reader to suspect some overcoloring, which, at the outset, I promise to avoid. One after another the boats shoot alongside with shouts and screams from the tawny, ragged, red-capped rowers. Disdaining the usual approaches, they clamber on deck by ropes, chains and such like chance means.

The Orientals know only two states,—that of the most complete repose, enjoying the fumes of their darling weed, or that of intense and overpowering excitement. This latter mood is now on these Arabs, and it requires some knowledge of eastern habits to be able calmly to withstand the rude encounter. For nearly three days these boatmen have lain in a state of sluggish repose. For three days more this will probably be their condition. The excitement that is now in them is a brief interlude—a tempest that is all the stronger from the calm that precedes and follows it. A circle of these men is formed round each passenger. In broken English and harsh, guttural Arabic they beg, beseech, implore, and their petitions they urge with outstretched arms and wild impassioned looks; and what, the reader may naturally ask, is the burden of their request? The privilege simply of rowing a passenger and his baggage ashore, for which they expect the fee of one shilling English. As a protection from their violent importunity, one should always call for the commissioner of the hotel to which he intends to go. Under his protection all annoyance ceases, and the shore is reached in peace.

The tempest that had driven us out to sea, had brought, the day before we landed, heavy rains to Lower Egypt. The streets of Alexandria were deep in mud, and thickly covered with pools of stagnant water. We were able to secure a wheeled conveyance belonging to one of the hotels. Our drive to the Frank quarter revealed a painful amount of poverty, filth and misery in the Mahometan portion of the city.

Nothing worse, saving always dramshops and drunkenness, have we ever seen in the lowest quarters of Edinburgh, Glasgow or London. Is this Alexandria? one is inclined to ask. At the height of its power this city was enclosed by a wall fifteen miles in circumference, contained a population of 600,000, and was second only to Rome itself. Even in the seventh century it contained 4,000 palaces, 6,000 baths, and 400 theatres. Its ruin was caused mainly by the loss of its transit trade through the discovery, in 1499, of a passage to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope. Slowly recovering that trade, by the railway to Suez and the canal now open, Alexandria is once more lifting up its head, and can now boast of some handsome streets and a population not much short, at this date, of one hundred thousand.

“Sweet is pleasure after pain.” The best instance we know of this maxim is the first day on shore after enduring for a period the buffeting of a raging sea. We will ever cherish pleasant thoughts of that Alexandrian hotel; of our bedroom, with its cool, clean, brick floor; of the dining-table, with its groups of English returning from India, and of free and easy Americans on their way up the Nile; of the big, burly Maltese waiters, and of the good, kind, attentive hostess. For the content in general, we, indeed, know no better cure than a week’s imprisonment in a French Mediterranean steamer, and a good dose of sea-sickness. The pain, indeed, is worth enduring for the sake of the additional beauty with which it invests everything on land. It was, therefore, in no fault-finding mood we set out, a company of eight released prisoners, ladies and gentlemen, on the afternoon of the day of our arrival in port, “to do the lions” of Alexandria.

## CHAPTER II.

### DAYLIGHT AND THE DONKEYS.

The day, with the thermometer standing somewhere about eighty degrees in the shade, felt sultry and oppressive. To walk was, therefore, out of the question. From all doubts as to our means of conveyance we were soon relieved by the crowd of donkeys and boys that gathered

in front of wher we stood on the steps of the hotel. A scene similar, in wild excitement, to that witnessed in the morning on board the steamer, only of a more laughable character, is here again enacted. Around each of us, as we one by one descend to the place of conflict, a circle of donkeys is formed with as much despatch as a British regiment ever formed square. Each donkey is under the protection of a bold, eloquent, and, we fear, somewhat unscrupulous patron in the shape of a half-naked, keen-featured Arab boy, who extols the merits of his beast by asseverating that "he is berry good donkey," that his donkey is Mehemet Ali, Sir Colin Campbell, or Lord Derby, as the case may be; and that, indeed, to sum up every virtue in one sentence, his "donkey is like horse." Once mounted on one of these animals, the rider is no longer a free agent. He has resigned all control of his own movements to the donkey-boy, who does not, however, seem to be himself under the control of any fixed principles of locomotion. At times the cavalcade creeps along at a solemn funeral pace, affording the riders a good opportunity of seeing around them. All of a sudden, and without the semblance of a reason, a simultaneous attack is made on the animals by their drivers with those formidable goads that each boy carries as his rod of office. The poor animals are so well acquainted with this *a posteriore* argument that it does not need much of it to convince them that the maximum of speed is the conclusion sought. Away the troop gallops till it is brought to a halt, as sudden and unaccountable as the start, by a vigorous and general pulling of tails. We were struck more than once by the nice discrimination of sound possessed by this much maligned quadruped. In passing through the bazaars of the city, the boys occasionally lingered behind, tempted by sweetmeats or sugar-cane, and, as there is always a fixed proportion between the speed of the boy and the speed of the donkey, the donkeys lingered too, and neither threats nor kicks nor kindness could induce them to go faster than a very slow walk. The boys, however, awakened after a little to the folly of spending precious time in the pursuit of pleasure, made, all of a sudden, a very

impetuous charge to catch up with their animals. No sooner, however, did these creatures, attentive and wide-awake, catch the sound of the naked feet of their pursuers on the hard road, than without further warning, they scampered away, as for dear life, to preserve the necessary distance between their posteriors and that stick, whose weight they had so often felt. In many a long and interesting donkey ride through Egypt we learned to sympathize with these ragged boys. We found them intelligent and free-spoken enough truly, though their speech was not always to the credit of the travellers from whom they had learned a smattering of the English language, and a very extensive vocabulary of English oaths. They were generous, patient of fatigue, anxious to teach and to learn, and almost invariably very ambitious of and rising in the long run to, the rank of *dragomans*, to guide travellers up the Nile and through the ruins of Upper Egypt.

The antiquities of Alexandria are few, and, with the exception of what is known as Pompey's Pillar, insignificant. To us there is more interest in the people that throng the bazaars and ply the different trades of the city. The most of our time on this occasion, and on a second visit, was spent, therefore, in lounging in the bazaars, in visiting their churches and what few schools exist, and in wandering over the mounds and wastes that lie around the city, where, at all hours of the day, noisy groups of children are busy at play. This mode of spending time was more interesting to us, because it was in Alexandria we made our first acquaintance with eastern manners. On the streets of Marseilles one sees a great variety of dress, and hears some variety of tongues; but from the streets of Marseilles to Alexandria is as great a leap as from a romance by Lamartine to a story in the "Arabian Nights." The shop of Europe is here exchanged for the small box, with one side open to the street, called a bazaar, and the pushing urgency of the Frank salesman for the stolid indifference of the Turkish merchant. Instead of feathers and hoops, ladies wear an outer garment, strikingly akin to the dismal sheet in which our credulous forefathers were

wont to clothe the ghosts that did duty in their churchyard stories. Europe, Asia and Africa seem here to meet. Here you see every variety of costume, from the flowing dress, with belt glittering with pistols and daggers, of the wealthy Turk, to the scanty habiliments of the laborer and the Nubian slave; here you meet every variety of color—white, black, brown, bronze and olive; here you see every nationality—Turks, Arabs, Greeks, Copts, Syrians, Franks; here you listen to every tongue, from the liquid Italian to the guttural Arabic; here you can join on the Christian Sabbath in Protestant worship, while the bells are summoning worshippers to the Greek, Latin and Coptic Churches, and the Muezzins are calling the followers of the false prophet to the Mosque; here you can sit on the balcony of your hotel to listen to the latest news from England by some on their way to India, or the latest news from India by some on their way to England; while below you in the street a crowd is gathered to admire the feats of a serpent-charmer, or the wail is heard for the dead as they are carried to their long home.

### CHAPTER III.

#### NIGHT AND THE DOGS.

A night in the city of Alexandria is, to the European traveller, as interesting and peculiar in its way as is the day. A stranger cannot venture out without an escort and a lantern, for the streets are not lighted, neither is the police force very effective. As a general thing it is, therefore, wise to spend one's evenings at home. In the Frank hotels there is seldom lack of pleasant company to him who is himself a passable companion. Here is an Englishman from Calcutta, who amuses us by recounting an adventure of the day. He had gone out it seems with the laudable intention of doing Alexandria before embarking for Southampton. Determined upon executing his task thoroughly, he pushed his explorations, as men are sometimes apt to do, beyond lawful limits, and was warned off the forbidden ground by a Turkish sentinel. Deeming it beneath the national dignity to desist from his pleasure

at the instance of such a contemptible being, he gave no heed to the remonstrance, till the matter ended in his being taken into custody. We all knew the famous passage in Cicero about scourging a Roman and so forth. A climax—not however so tragic as crucifying—awaited the British *civis*; for not only was he taken into custody, but he was imprisoned in a filthy cell, where fleas seemed to hold a sort of carnival, and there, highest indignity of all, he was kept until the Turkish colonel had done with his mid-day *siesta*. After a brief trial he was discharged; but, like those who possess a guilty conscience, he carried his punishment with him, and, not till he had divested himself of every stitch of clothing, did he get rid of his thousand tormentors. Our friend was full of fire and fury against the Pasha of Egypt and the Sultan of Constantinople; but we have failed to notice that the British Government has yet demanded indemnity in his behalf.

“They return at evening; they make a noise like a dog and go round about the city; they shall wander up and down for meat and grudge or howl if they be not satisfied.” Our first night in Alexandria taught, as experience only teaches, the full meaning of these verses. In the East, dogs are public property. They fare, therefore, as public property often fares, that is, they are kicked by everybody, cursed by some, used by all, and cared for by none. During the day they are sluggish and silent; but, with the coming of night, they enter on their work with frightful energy. In one respect, at least, they resemble the Highland terrier referred to by the author of “Rab and his Friends.” “Life is full of seriousness to them—they seem just never to get enough of fighting.” Those learned in such matters say that eastern cities are, on some occult principle, parcelled out among different tribes of dogs as Europe is parcelled among the nations. In this fact, possibly, may be some explanation of the fierce battles that rage under the cover of darkness. The yelping and the howling may be the protest of some oppressed nationality. The strong, insolent bark, answered back in a feeble treble, may be some ambitious Russia crushing some expiring

Poland, or some Teutonic league pushing to the wall some brave little Denmark. However this may be, one thing is undoubted—that, as among ourselves, much of this war is nothing else than fighting for a living. These battles have their advances and retreats, their truces, their skirmishes, their victories and defeats. That much any one with a good ear can learn in one or two nights; for much sleep is out of the question, and it is safer and wiser to study the campaign from a distance than to venture on becoming a combatant, as an American friend of ours once foolishly did. Enraged at the want of sleep for the first night, he resolved to rid the neighborhood of the nuisance before the close of the second. The window of his bedroom was on the ground floor, and, during the day, he prepared for the conflict by depositing a heap of stones beneath it on the inside. We distinctly heard him opening fire about midnight, when some canine battle was at its height. He gained a temporary advantage. It was, however, only very brief. So new was this enemy, and so unusual was his mode of warfare, that friends and foes united against him. He dealt good shots and wounded some of the enemy, as we inferred from some sore yelling; but, finding no end to the work, and his ammunition running out, he desisted, and never, to our knowledge, renewed the war.

The season for going up the Nile was already far advanced, and we, therefore, hastened to prepare for that interesting voyage. With a smattering of French—some have maintained that the single word *combien* (how much) is enough—a traveller can make his way, with the help of time-tables and guide-books, through the greater part of Europe. In the East, the case stands differently. Language, customs and modes of travelling are essentially different from anything known in Europe. It is, therefore, necessary for the traveller to secure at the outset the services of some one that knows both English and Arabic; that knows how to exchange money and make purchases; that knows the river and its chief cities, and that knows how to manage the Arab crews that man the river boats. The necessities of the case have called into existence a class of men possessing, in

varied degrees, the required qualifications, who are known over the East as *dragomans*—the Turkish name for an interpreter.

On board the Mediterranean steamer we had made the acquaintance of one of the ubiquitous Smith family,—an intelligent and obliging young man on his way to Syria after having spent a winter in his old home in England. In Alexandria he fell in with a Syrian dragoman from Beyrout, with whom he was well acquainted. He introduced him to us as one that wanted employment, and who would probably give us satisfaction. We found on enquiry that his name was Ibrahim Amaturi; that he had received an excellent English education from the American missionaries at their college in Lebanon, with a view to missionary work; that he spoke at least four languages—English, French, Italian and Arabic—with considerable fluency, and that he knew every town and village from Damascus to the Cataracts of the Nile. He showed us testimonials from several English travellers, and a silver watch bearing a flattering inscription—the gift of Sir Moses Montefiore, whose family, some time before this, he had guided through Egypt and Syria. With this man we entered into a contract for a voyage to the first Cataracts of the Nile and back again to Cairo. We allowed him so much per day for each of us five for a certain time; but he was to receive nothing additional should the voyage be of longer continuance than the time specified. We deemed this latter condition necessary to protect us from the frequent imposition of delaying the boat on every pretext, in order to spin out the time and increase the pay. In consideration of the sum received by him he was bound to charter the best boat he could get, to stock it with provisions, to employ a good cook, and to bear all the minor expenses incidental to the trip. The contract was drawn up in English and Arabic, and signed, sealed and witnessed at the English Consulate. Accompanied by him we repaired to the canal, where several boats lay moored. Our choice fell on the “Zineh,” a light, commodious boat. A description of it, of its motley crew, of our voyage to Cairo, and our experiences there, will form the subject of our next paper.

## ANCIENT CIVILIZATION IN AMERICA.

BY E. FURLONG, CALEDONIA, HALDIMAND CO., ONT.

Every schoolboy knows that when America was discovered by Columbus, there existed two mighty empires, one in North and the other in South America. These were the empires of Mexico and Peru. It is also known that these empires were highly civilized, that of Peru much more so than Mexico, inasmuch as the inhabitants of the former professed a much milder form of religion than those of the latter. But whence came this civilization? and whence came the inhabitants of these empires, and, indeed, the inhabitants of the entire continent? The traditions of the Indian races are vague and unsatisfactory. No records exist to satisfy the seeker after knowledge of the present day, save the rude *quippas* or knotted cords of the Peruvians, and the picture-writings of the Mexicans, and these throw but very little light on the subject. But there existed a civilization anterior to that of Mexico and Peru. A mighty nation lived and died, fought, married and gave in marriage, and passed away leaving no other trace of its existence than the mounds and fortifications scattered along the banks of the Ohio. A mighty nation it must have been, for the monuments of its power still exist in these mounds to attest its greatness. An ancient people it must have been, for three generations of long-lived trees have grown, flourished and decayed upon these mounds since this people passed away. The Indians known to the Anglo-Saxon inhabitants of this continent, know nothing of them—in their traditions no place is given to this primeval people. They must have flourished at a period coeval with the Egyptian and Assyrian empires; and while the Pharaohs were oppressing God's chosen people, while Semiramis was engaged in her wars with the people of India, or in beautifying the city of Babylon, this people were, in all probability, building their mighty works which remain

to-day to confound the antiquary and puzzle the speculator.

These mounds seem to have been burial places in some instances—fortifications in others. If they were fortifications, there must have been wars, with their concomitant battles and sieges, and how happens it that no Homer arose among them to recount the long siege and final fall of the mighty fortress, the remains of which still exist in Ross County, Ohio, two thousand eight hundred feet in length, and one thousand eight hundred feet in breadth, surrounded by minor works. But no, all is mystery, and whoever they were, whence they came, and what was their fate, remains to this day an unsolved riddle. If we might hazard a conjecture, we would say that they were the work of the Aztecs, prior to their occupation of Mexico. The Mexican tradition is, that a mild and unwarlike race, the Toltecs, were the aboriginal inhabitants of Mexico; but the Aztecs, a fierce and warlike people *from the north*, came and conquered the Toltecs and occupied their country. Perchance a lengthened war had occurred between the Aztecs and some neighboring nation, resulting in the overthrow of the former and compelling them to seek new homes. Driven southward, they would come upon the empire of the Toltecs and conquer them, as above stated. The conquerors of the Aztecs, having no one to quarrel with, would have no use for the fortifications of their vanquished enemies, and, consequently would allow them to fall into disrepair, and the lapse of time would cause the recollection of the strife to fade entirely from the minds of the descendants of both conquerors and conquered. This is one theory; not a very satisfactory one it must be confessed, but such as it is our readers are welcome to it, and may take it for what it is worth.

But when the Aztecs arrived in Mexico,

it was already inhabited by a civilized race, the Toltecs; and whence came they or their civilization, and whence came the civilization of the Peruvians?

The latest theory is, that this civilization came from China. But one little fact is sufficient to demolish this theory, and that is that the art of writing was known to the Chinese from time immemorial. Of course it follows that if China colonized America, the colonists would have preserved the art of writing as well as the other elements of civilization. But the Mexicans and Peruvians did not possess the art of writing, properly so called, and, at all events, the picture-writing of the Mexicans, and the *quippas* of the Peruvians, are as different as possible from the writing of the Chinese.

Having thus demolished one theory, we are in duty bound to construct another, which we will guarantee to rest on as good grounds as any theory in existence relative to American civilization anterior to the time of Columbus.

Many things indicate that the civilization of Mexico and that of Peru were obtained from different sources, but the chief one, that of religion, seems to be conclusive on this point. The Mexicans worshipped idols, the Peruvians did not. The Mexicans offered human sacrifices, the Peruvians, so far as can be ascertained, never did so. Now for our theory.

In the seventh century there arose in Arabia a man who founded a new religion and propagated it by the sword. In a very short time his followers had spread themselves east and west, conquering and converting in their career every nation with which they came in contact. Among other countries overrun by these enthusiasts, was the Peninsula of Hindoostan. The Hindoos had possessed a civilization as ancient as any in the world. Now, being overcome by the conquering votaries of Mahomet, and forced to choose between the creed of their victors and the sword, what more natural than that some of them should seek new homes in another land? Granting this, and that they landed in Mexico, where their superior civilization was a passport to power, they could of course introduce their worship of idols, and, as in

their own country, propitiate those idols with human sacrifices. No other part of the continent of America sacrificed human beings but Mexico, and no people in Asia excepting the Hindoos offered such sacrifices. This last reason is, we think, conclusive. Of course, when the Aztecs conquered Mexico, they would adopt the civilization and religion of the conquered Toltecs just as Rome adopted the civilization and religion of conquered Greece.

As to Peru, the same people which conquered Hindoostan also conquered Persia, and of course the same results would follow; some of the conquered Persians, unwilling to adopt the religion of their conquerors, would emigrate, and we assume that these emigrants would land in Peru. The chief deity of the Persians was the Sun; that luminary also was the object of the worship of the Peruvians, and the same remark which we have made above, with regard to Mexico, as to religion, holds equally good with regard to Peru. The Peruvians were the only people in America who worshipped the Sun; the Persians were the only Asiatics who did so. It is quite true that the Peruvian traditions place the arrival of Manco Capac some four hundred years after the conquest of Persia by the Mahometans; but we must bear in mind that, though Persia was overrun by the Caliphs shortly after the death of Mahomet, still it was centuries before the last Guebre chief was conquered, and in fact the fire-worshippers are not exterminated to this day. Fierce battles were fought between the Mahometan Lieutenants of the Caliphs and the Persians, long after the establishment of the Mogul Empire in India; and, of course, while a single chief tain kept alive the sacred fire on the mountains of Persia, no Guebre would desert his country. Therefore, we think the arrival of Manco Capac in Peru must have been soon after the completion of the Mahometan conquest of Persia.

But, aside from this, although the traditions of the Peruvians only go back some four hundred years before the conquest of their empire by Pizzaro, and only give twelve Incas to the empire of Peru, still it is but tradition, and, like the seven kings of

Rome, these twelve Incas may have represented as many dynasties. This, if true, would place the arrival of Manco Capac back a sufficient length of time to coincide with the conquest of Persia by the Mahometans.

But, after all, the similarity and indeed the identity of religion between Mexico and Hindoostan, Peru and Persia, is an exceedingly strong argument in favor of our theory.

But we fancy we hear some sharp reader object: "Do you mean to assert that the Hindoos and Persians were ignorant of the art of writing?" By no means; but we do assert that the knowledge of writing was in the one case confined to the Brahmins, and in the other to the Magi, and that in either country every other class was ignorant of the art of writing; and if no priests accompanied the wanderers from India or Persia, as is quite likely, then it would be impossible that they should teach an art

of which they knew nothing to the savage tribes of America.

On the other hand, in China, education was confined to no particular class or caste, but every Chinese enjoyed the blessings of education if he so chose, and, in point of fact, every native of China is more or less educated.

Our readers will observe that we have all along assumed the fact that America was inhabited prior to the advent of the civilizars. This we fancy must have been the case, as, of course, it could easily have been reached from Asia either by way of Behring's Straits on the north, or the Pacific Archipelago from the south. It may be, of course, that the peopling of the continent and its civilization were simultaneous, but this can hardly have been the case, for, if so, then the whole continent would have been civilized, whereas only two spots, so to speak, were blessed with the light of civilization.

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## AN HOUR WITH THE WILD FLOWERS.

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

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Oh, morn so sunny and serene,  
Oh, glorious Sabbath morn!  
The forest boughs are tinged with green,  
Where russet-brown so late was seen;  
For June has just been born.

Yet in the woodland, on the lea,  
Fair Flora's gifts are spread:  
In rich profusion, lovingly;  
And many a joy they bring to me,  
When other joys have fled.

Lo, here Aronia's blossoms spread  
Their petals to the breeze;  
And though they cannot perfume shed,  
They cheer the path I love to tread,  
Among the forest trees.

And pure Viola, blue or white,  
In meekness bows its head;  
A sober, modest little sprite,  
Rejoicing in the warmth and light,  
Around its dwelling shed.

And Epigæa, blushing,  
From out its winter gloom,  
Peeps shyly up at thee and me,  
Oh, cheering morn, most lovingly,  
And smiles in peerless bloom.

And here, where blades of grassy green,  
From earth in myriads rise;  
Fragraria's unassuming mien,  
In smiling gratitude serene,  
Invokes the genial skies.

Here, too, doth spring the little flower,  
By lovers prized and sought;  
By poets sung in thoughtful hour,  
A thing of joy, and love, and power,  
The sweet Forget-me-not.

The woods and fields are full of praise;  
The opening flowers declare,  
The skill the Architect displays,  
Who bids them in their beauty blaze,  
And scent the grateful air.

What man that lives but worship feels,  
And with true reverence warms;  
As in a morn like this he steals,  
To where the Father's love reveals,  
Itself in floral forms.

Oh, dead indeed must be the soul,  
That sees not written there,  
Upon the way-side, vale and knoll,  
Design, and wisdom, and control,  
And love, love everywhere.

## MARGUERITE:—A TALE OF FOREST LIFE IN THE NEW DOMINION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GENTLEMEN ADVENTURERS IN ACADIA," &C.

(Concluded.)

### CHAPTER I.—PART IV.

Soon after the foregoing conversation the party broke up, but not before Captain Hay promised Madame and Monsieur de Tourville to pay his respects to them at their château. Captain Hay and several of his brother officers then went off to their respective quarters, which were situated some distance from the Governor's residence. The moon was now rising above the western hills, and diffusing a silvery radiance over the bosom of the St. Lawrence, which swept tranquilly below the town. The churches and convents looked more quaint than ever in the dim light, which only made visible the darkness and gloom of the narrow streets. At that midnight hour one might, with hardly a stretch of the imagination, believe himself passing through some ancient town of Normandy or Bretagne.

All the cabarets appeared to be closed for the night as Osborne and his friends went by, but in two or three some chinks of light escaped through the shutters, and the sound of laughter showed that there were some revellers yet awake.

"It is not difficult to tell that there are a lot of *coureurs des bois* just now in town," said one of the party as they passed a small inn in a street near the water, from which there came snatches of an old French *chanson*. As the party came opposite the door, they paused for a moment, as some of the officers lived in a different direction and had to say "good night." At that moment the door of the inn suddenly opened and a man stepped upon the little platform in front of the building, apparently to see what the night was like. The light from the room, where several men could be seen seated at a table, brought his

figure out in full relief. He was dressed in the ordinary costume of a *coureur des bois*, red shirt, leggings of deer-skin, and a gaudy handkerchief tied around his head; but what made Hay start back in astonishment was the recognition of one he had not seen for many years. He could not mistake the deep-set eyes and gloomy features of the Acadian spy—Gaspard Leoville.

Before Hay had recovered from his surprise at so unexpected a meeting, the spy turned into the house, the door of which was locked immediately, for the former could hear the key turned in the lock. This *rencontre* naturally gave Hay matter for much reflection as he went home slowly by himself, for he parted from his friends at the door of the tavern. Seven years had passed since they had seen or heard of the spy. He was convinced that he could not be mistaken as to the identity of Gaspard, for the events which had impressed his face on his memory were of too startling a character to be easily forgotten. Nor was it strange that he should have been seen at that time and place—the rangers of the woods were made up of just such individuals as the spy. In all probability, ever since the fall of Louisbourg, Leoville had been wandering through the forests of the West, and trading among the Indian tribes. It was also most probable that he had been brought to Montreal in company with other *coureurs des bois* by the troubles in the Western country. Then the thought flashed across Hay's mind as he remembered Black Cloud's past career. Might he not have some connection with the great conspiracy of which Pontiac was at the head? He was certainly too formidable an enemy of the British not to be looked after.

With these reflections passing through his mind, Hay reached his quarters. Early next morning he made enquiries at the tavern for the *coureur des bois*, but to his surprise found that he had left a few hours before in company with some others who were on their way to the West by the Ottawa. The landlord knew nothing of him, as he had only come to the tavern late in the evening that he was seen by Hay. From the description, however, that he received of his person, Hay had no doubt that his suspicions were well founded. He sent some runners after him, but they returned in a few days with the news that though they had overtaken a party of *coureurs* on the Ottawa, the person they were in search of was not to be found among the number. Nor had the *coureurs* seen any one answering the description during the few days they had been in Montreal; but they stated that there was another party which had started about the same time but had gone further up the St. Lawrence, and it was probable the individual in question was with them. It was evident that the runners had followed the wrong party, and as nothing more was heard of the spy during the next four or five weeks, they forgot him in the excitement of the news that was constantly coming from the West.

#### CHAPTER II.

Then a batteau man passed the song,  
Rolling a volume full along:  
Up, up the waters pole we now,  
Ever sing merrily, boys, sing merrily,  
Tramp, tramp, tramp on each side of your prow,  
Onward so merrily, thus go we. —FRONTENAC.

A few weeks later Hay was at Fort Chambly, on the banks of the Richelieu, which he reached in about a day's journey from Montreal through a finely cultivated district; for the country between the Richelieu and the St. Lawrence had, at an early period in the history of Canada, been divided into *seigneuries* and settled by the proprietors. The Richelieu is a river remarkable in the Canadian annals, for it was by that route that the Iroquois, those "Romans of the New World" generally came on their warlike expeditions against the Hurons and the French. Fort Chambly

itself had been built some years previous to the Conquest of Canada by a distinguished Frenchman, after whom it was called, and was the most pretentious edifice in the Province. Built of white stone, after the style of some European fortress, it presented quite an imposing appearance to the eye of the visitor who looked at it from the opposite side of the beautiful basin of Chambly; but now, like many other relics of the old times when the French held dominion in Canada, it has yielded to the ruthless touch of time, and the stones of which it was made have tumbled over, one after the other, into the river which flows tranquilly by, until now hardly anything remains to tell that that shapeless mass of rubbish once formed part of one of the defences of the Richelieu.

At the time of Hay's visit to the fort, a number of voyageurs were camped on the banks of the Richelieu, waiting to accompany him up the river and through Lake Champlain, as he had been ordered to report on the posts and carry despatches to Sir William Johnson, the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, who lived at Johnson Hall, not far from Albany. Several of these voyageurs had passed many years in the West, but the unsettled state of the country had paralyzed the fur trade and thrown a large number out of employment. Some had returned to their little farms, but others, unable to resist their restless propensities, gladly became carriers for the English upon the present occasion. A reckless, daring class of men, they were ready for any sort of adventure.

The party of which we are speaking were resting for the night before they resumed their voyage on the next day up the river. They were seated around a huge fire which they had lit on the beach to keep off the flies, and were listening to some story of forest adventure which one of them had encountered some years previously. When the story was done, they called on another of their number, Bibaud by name, for a song.

"*Bien*," replied Bibaud, a handsome young fellow, with bright eyes, and a humorous expression of face, "give me time to think what I am going to give

you." After a moment's pause he continued, "Here's a song which I heard at Quebec a month ago, from pretty Lisette, at Dame Gregoire's."

"Go on, go on!" called out several of the party in the same breath.

Bibaud then sang the following song in a rich full tenor :—

THE VOYAGEUR'S SONG.

A year ago last Spring, Vévette,  
Sometime in merry May,  
By the river I thee first met—  
I've loved thee from that day.

When we row upon the river,  
Or camp in some maple grove,  
Thine eyes are before me ever,  
Bright as the stars above.

Oh, surely! thou wilt believe me,  
Nor doubt such love as mine!  
Look straight into my eyes, and see,  
No other image but thine.

Come, Vévette, a kiss ere I go;  
I see a smile on thy face;  
Adieu, my comrades below  
Are calling me to my place.

When Bibaud had finished his song, which was vociferously applauded by his comrades, he called out to a voyageur who was sitting a few paces off, near one of the batteaux, mending a broken oar.

"Did I not hear you say something about Le Noir?"

"Yes," replied Marmontel, "I am sure I saw him to-day."

"Where? what could he be doing in this little frequented part of the country? I thought he was somewhere in the West."

"I thought so too, and can hardly believe I saw him. Yet I could not mistake his face, for it was a peculiar one. It is at least nine months since I saw him at Detroit, on his way to the Upper Lake."

"But you have not yet told us where you have seen him last."

"You know when I went across the basin this morning, to see old François Marraud, who is an uncle of mine, and has settled there since the war, he told me that a party of Indians had been encamped in the woods, about a mile off, since the previous afternoon. As far as he could learn they had come up the Richelieu, and were on their way to some of the tribes in Western New York. As they camped so

far from the shore, François judged that they were desirous of avoiding the observation of the British in the Fort. As I was returning homeward I caught a glimpse of the Indians as they were about resuming their march with their light canoes which they were carrying above the rapids. They had vanished before I could come close enough to speak with certainty as to their tribe, but they appeared to be Abenakis. Indeed, I was not very anxious to be seen by them, for they might not be on a friendly mission, and might be very ugly, if they concluded I was following them. I was returning, when suddenly I heard the noise of a step crushing the branches a few steps off and saw the figure of a man moving quickly through the bushes. He looked at me for an instant, and if my eyes did not play me false, I would call the Holy Virgin to witness that it was Le Noir that I saw. Before I could recover from my surprise, the Indian, or whoever it was, had disappeared in the direction the Indians had taken. I never was so surprised before, but that you may guess, lads, without my telling you."

When this conversation had been repeated to Hay by one of his men who had been present at the time, he was exceedingly perplexed for several reasons. He questioned the voyageurs, Bibaud and Marmontel, who alone appeared to know anything about the man, and ascertained some facts which were so much corroboration of the impression he had already formed in his own mind, that this Le Noir was a French emissary. The Le Noir the voyageurs spoke of had been known to them as a fur trader, and a man of much influence among some of the Western tribes; but they were unable to give any reasonable cause for his unexpected presence in that part of the country. It was necessary, however, that Hay should take some decided action after the information he had received from the voyageurs. The movements of the Indians might be easily explained by the fact that they were on their way to the Council of the tribes which had been called by Sir William Johnson, at his own residence, with the view of conciliating the Indians and restoring peace to the country,

which was so distracted by the news of the movements of Pontiac and his allies throughout the West. But what caused him alarm was the fact that there was a stranger, evidently a Frenchman, in company with these Indians. This fact was not to be passed by without notice at a time when there were doubts as to the fidelity of the Canadian Indians, and rumors were prevalent that there were emissaries of the Western tribes endeavoring to excite them into taking part in the great contest which Pontiac hoped would drive the English pale-face for ever from the land.

As the Indians were already some distance above the rapids, Hay determined to set out early next morning on a visit to Isle-aux-Noix, which he had not intended making until the following week. It was just probable, he concluded, that he would see or hear something of the Indians if he lost no time in following them; but as there were already some hours before dark, he thought it a wise measure to send out a voyageur in whom he had confidence, and one of the rangers in the Fort, who was well known as a scout, to overtake the Indians if possible. A point about two miles above the Rapids was chosen as the place where the scouts would meet him and his party early next morning.

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### CHAPTER III.

His nervous hand the paddle drew,  
And soon within the light canoe,  
With fearless and belabored stroke,  
Out o'er the sullen wave he broke;  
But now the river seemed to grow  
More loud and furious in its flow.

*Hiamorah.*—CARROLL RYAN.

Some streaks of crimson athwart the Eastern sky, just above the verge of the horizon, gave promise of the rising of the sun and a glorious summer day, when Hay and his party started for their trip up the Richelieu. It was Hay's intention to start for the Lake in batteaux a short distance above the Rapids, as soon as he had effected the purpose which had hurried his departure; and accordingly he only took five men with him,—three rangers and two voyageurs—and gave orders to the others to meet him on the evening of the same

day, at a place where there were boats and canoes ready for use. As they left the Fort and moved through the woods, they caught glimpses of the rapids rushing tumultuously around the prettily wooded islets at the entrance of that beautiful expansion of river called the Basin of Chambly. Away beyond could be seen the charming heights of Belœil, which overlook the river and form so prominent a feature in the landscape. The whole aspect of the scene was delightfully peaceful; nothing broke the prevalent stillness except the noisy waters as they rushed headlong over the rocks, through a wilderness of foliage, still wet with the dews of night.

Hay found the scouts awaiting him at the rendezvous above the rapids, with the welcome news that they had succeeded in overtaking the Indians, who were then camping close to the river side, about a mile further up. As they had been instructed by Hay, they had not gone into the camp; but they were sure that the party were Abenakis, and that they were on a peaceful mission, for they were evidently careless of being seen; but they were dressed in all their finery, and evidently on an important business. It was singular, however, that they could see nothing of the stranger. It was just probable he had not accompanied the Indians, but the fact that they were delaying their voyage up the river rather strengthened the surmise of one of the voyageurs, that he was absent somewhere in the woods, and the party was awaiting his return. If the latter surmise were correct, then, Hay argued, he must have gone up to the Fort for some purpose or other.

Hay determined to pay a visit to the Indians before he proceeded further on his journey, and accordingly gave orders to launch the canoes, which were concealed a short distance further up, for the use of men who might be visiting Isle-aux-Noix and other stations on the Richelieu. Under the guidance of the scouts, Hay had no difficulty in finding the Indians, who were unconcernedly lolling about the camp, smoking and eating. They were Abenakis, as the scouts supposed, and were

only ten in all, but fine looking men—apparently men of influence amongst their tribe. They awaited Hay's approach into their midst with the utmost indifference; but as soon as he entered the circle, with one of the voyageurs who had a smattering of Indian, (whilst the rest remained a few paces off, on the verge of a little clump of trees opposite the camp,) a tall Indian, evidently a chief, arose immediately, and said in his own language:

"My brother is welcome."

Hay acknowledged the courtesy, and then said:

"What brings the Abenaki chief so far from his village? Why did he not call and see the British at the Fort?"

After a pause, the chief answered: "The Abenakis go to visit their brethren near the Big Lake; when they return perhaps they will call and see my brother."

"The Abenakis must call and see their friends, the English, who will give them the best they have."

"The Abenakis require no gifts," said the chief unconcernedly; "they have plenty to eat."

Hay asked some further questions, with the object of obtaining some insight into their feelings towards the English; but they returned such cool, evasive replies, that he found it useless to pursue the enquiry further. He ascertained, however, one fact, which corroborated the surmise he had formed, that they were deputies of their tribe to the conference to be held at Johnson Hall, a few weeks later.\* He then

\* While Bouquet was fighting the battle of Bushy Run, and Dalzell making his fatal sortie against the camp of Pontiac, Sir W. Johnson was engaged in the more pacific yet more important task of securing the friendship and alliance of the Six Nations. After several preliminary conferences, he sent runners throughout the whole Confederacy to invite deputies of the several tribes to meet him in council at Johnson Hall. The request was not declined. From the banks of the Mohawk, from the Oneida, Cayuga, and Tuscarora villages; from the valley of the Onondaga, where, from immemorial time, had burned the great council fire of the Confederacy, came chiefs and warriors to the place of meeting. The Senecas alone, the warlike tenants of the Genesee Valley, refused to attend, for they were already in arms against the English. Besides the Iroquois, deputies came likewise from the tribes dwelling along the St. Lawrence and within the settled parts of Canada.—*Parkman's Conspiracy of Pontiac.*

turned to another subject, which was of the deepest interest to him, though he put it in a quiet, unconcerned manner, so that he might not awaken the suspicions of the chief.

"My brother has had a French visitor to see him? Why has he not remained to welcome his English friend?"

The chief heard him without moving a muscle of his face, and replied with the most perfect indifference,

"The Lynx"—such appeared to be the chief's name—"does not understand the English chief. He has no French brave in his camp—he has not seen any stranger since he left his village by the Great River."

Hay and his party remained for some hours at the camp, with the hope of obtaining a clue to the whereabouts of the stranger, but to no purpose. The Indians resumed their former indifference, and seemed perfectly careless of the presence of the English officer and his party. Hay, however, saw in this very indifference an attempt on the part of the Indians to lull any suspicions he might have. He then resolved to try a stratagem before he gave up his design of entrapping the stranger, and gaining some knowledge as to the mission of the Indians.

Hay took a ceremonious leave of the chief, who accompanied him to the shore, and stood watching the party whilst it moved up the river, apparently with the intention of making as much progress as possible in the direction of St. Johns that afternoon. This part of the river was much broken by rapids and impeded by shallows, but the voyageurs, well used to its navigation, propelled their canoes rapidly over the picturesque stream. In the course of an hour they had reached a point where there was a prettily sequestered cove, and sheltered by overhanging trees. Here Hay gave orders to land and make preparations as if it was their intention to remain there during the night, whose shadows were already commencing to creep over forest and river. He had thought it very probable that the Abenakis would send one of their party to watch his movements, and this suspicion was soon strengthened by

the report of one of the voyageurs who had gone into the woods for some dry wood, and had seen a man crouched under a tree, near the river side, evidently watching the movements of the party. He did not see the voyageur, and after a few minutes moved away in the direction of the other Indians, very probably satisfied as to the intention of the Englishman to remain there that night.

It was a little after dark when Hay and his companions again launched the canoes, and made their way over the still waters of the Richelieu until they came to a point about a quarter of a mile from the Indians. They landed as noiselessly as possible, and concealed themselves cautiously, whilst one of their number went off to reconnoitre. He returned very shortly with the information that the Indians were still at the same place, and that the chief was addressing them with much animation; but he had been unable to see anything of the stranger. From the gestures of the chief in the direction of the fort, the scout judged that he was the subject of his remarks. More than once, whilst the chief was speaking, one of the Indians started up, as if he heard some sound, and went out to the bank of the river, where he stood for a minute or two anxiously looking across to the opposite side, as if he were expecting the arrival of some one.

Hay determined to wait a short while longer in the same spot, with the hope that his patience would be eventually rewarded; for he could not bring himself to believe that the Indians and the stranger were not associated for some purpose or other. Drawing the canoes carefully under the shelter of the aspens that fringed the banks, Hay and two others took a position where they could get a good view of the river. Another voyageur was sent a few yards further up to a point where the river took a sudden bend.

The night was now extremely fine. The moon had been slowly rising above the forest, which stretched away beyond, and was now sending its rays through the recesses of the woods, and throwing a brilliant glamor over the bosom of the peaceful river, or giving a silvery gleam to the

foam of the distant rapids, whose murmurings alone broke the stillness of the breathless evening.

Hay and his companions were, at last, making their minds up to agree that they were engaged in a wild goose chase, when they were startled by the appearance of the voyageur, who was sent farther up the stream.

"A canoe, Monsieur," he whispered hurriedly in French. "I can see it just leaving the opposite side. Only one man in it."

One of the voyageurs thereupon imitated the hootings of an owl—the signal on which they had agreed—and, in a few moments, they were again assembled, and a brief consultation took place as to the next measures they should take. It was necessary to intercept the approaching stranger before he could rejoin the Indians, who might be disposed to assist him in resisting the English officer and his party. Quickly entering the canoes, they remained under the shadows of the overhanging trees, and awaited the approach of the strange canoe, which could be seen moving swiftly in the direction of the place where the Indians were encamped. The prospects for his capture were excellent, when an unfortunate *contretemps* occurred, which threatened to mar all their previous vigilance.

One of the men accidentally lost his hold of the branch of a tree, by which he was keeping the canoe steady under the shadow of a lofty spruce, which was hanging over the bank, and, therefore, tumbled headlong into the stream. This trivial incident, which, under different circumstances, would have provoked much merriment, caused the canoe to shoot outside of the tree by which it was concealed and appear in full relief. The stranger was now within a short distance of the spot where Hay and his party were lying in ambush, and, as he saw the canoe suddenly dart out, he stopped for an instant as if perplexed, and then, changing his course a little, paddled rapidly for the shore a little farther down stream. Hay and the voyageur in the other canoe, however, had seen the action of the stranger, and darted quickly in pursuit. Hay kept well in shore, with the view of preventing

the stranger from reaching the land on the right, whilst the men in the other canoe, after the few moments' delay, caused by the incident just related, made for the opposite side, so as to intercept him there also. The stranger saw that his only chance of escape depended on his ability to outstrip his pursuers and then land some distance below, and for some time it seemed likely that he would succeed; for, under his dexterous management, the light canoe fairly skimmed the bosom of the river. Hay was being left behind; but the voyageurs in the other canoe altered their course and made straight for the stranger, when they saw he was likely to escape from Hay. Prevented at last from reaching the shore on either side, his case became desperate, and he redoubled his efforts with almost superhuman energy; but, in the excitement of the pursuit, none of the men had seen that they were come to a dangerous part of the river. The voyageurs in the canoe, which was now rapidly nearing the fugitive, were the first to see the glistening foam of the fretting waters as they hurried over the rocks. Hay also saw the necessity of greater caution, unless he wished to have his canoe whirled by the impetuous current among the rapids, which, rushing tumultuously over rocks and logs, fell into the Basin of Chambly. The voyageurs plied their paddles vigorously for some minutes, and brought their canoes to a safer position close to the banks; but the pursued, seeing that his landing was impossible, unless he wished to become a prisoner, appeared to have formed a desperate resolve. The night was almost as bright as day, and the rapids could be seen quite clearly sparkling among the foliage of the trees that dipped in the troubled waters, and it was just possible for a man with a steady arm, and a knowledge of the obstacles, to shoot the river in its fierce descent into the basin that slept so peacefully below.

Beneath the shadow of the trees, away into the raging waters, was whirled the stranger. The river seethed and foamed whilst, with a firm hand and courageous heart, he guided his frail canoe safely by drifting logs, and through

chasms of angry flood. A few moments more, and he would be safe on the smooth bosom of the basin; but he saw not till it was too late, that sharp rock jutting out of the foam directly ahead. He drove his paddle dexterously into the whirling waters, but the canoe struck on that dangerous rock, and in an instant was tossed by the angry flood like a football. As the canoe was tossed from rock to rock, its occupant was carried among the ruthless logs, and into a deep chasm, where his dark face, all gashed and bruised, ever and anon mingled with the white foam.

Early next day the canoe was found on one of the rocky islets that overshadow the rapids with their foliage, whilst the body of the daring fugitive was picked up in the shallows at the entrance of the basin. Though it was all bruised by the rocks on which it had been tossed, Hay could trace the features of the man who had been so strangely associated with his career in America. The voyageurs buried the body of Gaspard Leoville on the banks of the Richelieu, beneath the shadows of some sombre spruce. No priest performed over him the last obsequies of the dead, and a solitary stone was long the only mark to tell the place where he had been laid, and even that in the course of years was levelled with the earth, and nothing now remains to distinguish the spot from any other part of the mossy river side.

Hay saw no more of the Abenakis, but he afterwards heard that there was a deputation present at the council, which was held at Johnson Hall, some days after his visit to the Superintendent. As respects the spy, Hay learned at the Fort another circumstance which bore out the conjecture he had formed. On his return to Chambly, he heard that a stranger, apparently a *habitant*, had come to Chambly on the previous day, professedly on a visit to some family on the river, and after a few hours delay in the Fort, he had hurriedly left. From the description given of the stranger, there was no doubt that it was the spy, and that he had visited the Fort to carry out some secret design. Hay himself always entertained the opinion that he was one of the emissaries of Pontiac; and certainly

for such a purpose no one could be more fitly chosen than the Indian chief, who hated the English with as much intensity as he loved the French, and whose perfect knowledge of the habits and language of the savage tribes of the forest enabled him to influence them at his will. In all probability he hoped to be able to prevent the Indian tribes, who were to assemble at Johnson Hall, from listening favorably to the proposals of the English; and in case of his success, it would be well for him to ascertain the nature of the defences on the Richelieu. History, however, has not condescended to give us any information respecting the career of such subordinate characters in the stirring drama that was then being played throughout the West, and might have been acted throughout Canada, had the French and Indians in that country been persuaded to rise against their British masters.

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CONCLUSION.

"The book is completed  
And closed like the day,  
And the hand that has written it  
Lays it away."

The closing scene in this story is very different from that which we have been attempting to describe in the foregoing pages. It is a lovely summer evening, only a few weeks previous to the pursuit and death of the adventurous spy; two persons are slowly walking up and down the well-trimmed lawn in front of a spacious mansion, situated in the midst of an exquisitely undulating expanse of meadow in the fair County of Devon. The air is laden

with the perfume of honeysuckles and roses that grow in great luxuriance in the gardens close by. The house itself is a noble specimen of old Elizabethan architecture—rich in historic memories—whose chambers have seen many generations of England's chivalry and beauty live and die, and could tell many a tragic tale of the love, jealousy, ambition and pride of the men and women, whose portraits stare down from the walls. The well-cut lawn, the wide extent of undulating lands, the groves of noble elms and oaks, the gardens with their choice flowers,—these and many other things attest the wealth and comfort of the owner.

As the two persons of whom we are writing, stand looking on the fair landscape that stretches far and wide, we can hear them speak.

"How strangely different," says the lady, "does everything look from what we saw only a few brief months ago across the ocean. I would think it was a dream if you were not here to tell me it is a reality."

"Yet, Marguerite—I love your old name best"—said the man, looking fondly on the fair girl by his side, "for that country we have so lately left I shall ever retain the deepest affection; for it was amid its forests that I found one who is dearer to me than the possessions around me. Yes, Marguerite, this England of ours is a lovely land; and yet, perhaps, a century later, in that new world, now hardly more than a primeval wilderness, there will have arisen another England, replete with vitality and vigor, and cherishing fondly the traditions and history of the fatherland."

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WAITING FOR ME.

BY H. R. D.

My thoughts in their wand'rings go restless and far  
Waiting the dawn of the bright morning star,  
Away, and away, over land, over sea,  
Where I know there is somebody waiting for me.

Oh! best of all hopes, while the white winter snow  
Lies thick on the flowers that are buried below;  
As the spring-time awaits with its sunshine and dew,  
So somebody surely is waiting for you.

Who in his sorrow so grieved and so low,  
But deep in his bosom the faith-star may glow,  
That away in the future, the far and the dim,  
Somebody's waiting and watching for him?

Go, gather the fruits till the harvest year closes,  
Bearing the thorns that are mixed with the roses;  
Patient, enduring, while knowing that thus  
Somebody, somewhere, is waiting for us!

## A TRUE STORY.

There is always a melancholy interest attaching to a man who has fallen from high position almost into the depths of degradation.

Nor is this interest in all cases merely idle curiosity; such may be the case with casual observers, but to an observant man there is an impressive lesson taught by the career of one whose hopes have been ruined, especially if that ruin were the necessary outgrowth of his own folly.

It has been my lot, within the past few years, to be a witness to a most mournful case of self-abasement; and now in the hope that it may be of benefit to some, I will narrate it.

My familiarity with the most minute details of this wretched young man's life and death, arise from the fact that I was, during a greater part of his disastrous career, the attendant physician of his family.

It was seven years ago that I first made the acquaintance of Walter B——. He was then seventeen years of age, a young man of surprising promise, and with a versatility of talent which, in one of his ages, I had never seen before. His manners were frank and friendly; his conversation remarkably interesting and graceful; his personal bearing easy, and, for one of his age, mature. With these and other social qualities, which made him often and everywhere the centre of attraction, he had experienced no difficulty in finding many friends; though I regret to say that I have since had reason to believe that most of his friendships were injudicious, and very injurious to himself. He had just returned from a noted preparatory school, where, after winning the highest honors of his class, and bidding farewell to the associations of three years, he had indulged, I fear not for the first time, in some extended revelries, which had injured him to such an extent as to necessitate my care. I was accordingly called to the youth's aid

When I entered the sick-room I saw a scene which, as the prelude to what is to come after, I shall long remember.

Reclining upon a couch was Walter, very pale save when an almost instantaneous flush indicated the presence of fever. His eyes were a little bloodshot, and his attitude indicated a person worn by those indulgences which will in time undermine the strongest constitution, and lay in ashes the noblest mind. Beside him stood his mother. She specified to me, in a few words, that Walter had been fatigued by his studies and long journey, and would, she thought, require my advice; then having introduced me to her son she withdrew. It needed but little examination to convince me that the cause of his malady was drink; and I was reassured of it when, in answer to my question, he frankly said, "Yes, Doctor, it was that cursed whiskey; but do not tell mother, it would break her heart."

His case was not an aggravated one, and after a few weeks he recovered. I saw nothing more of him professionally during the summer, and early in the fall he set out for College to enter one of our largest institutions. I doubted the judiciousness of sending him to so exposed a position; but the choice was not mine, and I hoped that the experience of his school life would warn him against the perils of the course he had pursued. He left behind him a home full of hope and love for him—trusting and affectionate hearts; to them he was their chief hope, their dearly loved one.

Two years rolled rapidly away, but what a fearful change? Walter had returned home—called suddenly to his mother's deathbed. Happy was it for her that he arrived too late to plunge her heart in deepest despair by his presence, which could not then have lent a single cheering ray. I had been the attendant physician during the whole of his mother's illness, and was present at her death. She then

charged me with messages for Walter. It was in the afternoon she expired. Late the same evening Walter arrived. In obedience to his mother's wish, I called early the next day, and, as he was not yet up, I took the liberty of introducing myself, unannounced, to his sleeping apartment. I had come to deliver the messages of death to life; but the scene which met me there was fitter to greet the call of death to death. Wet with his own blood, his hair and hands streaming with gore, was Walter. Scarcely had I closed the door, when, with a fiendish laugh, he sprang at me, brandishing the remains of a bottle which he had crushed in his maniacal gripe, and from the broken pieces of which he was now bleeding. I called for assistance, and, with some difficulty, succeeded in quieting him. His attack was a terrible one, and left its marks upon him during the brief remainder of his life. When he had sufficiently recovered, which was not until winter, he took upon himself solemn pledges to reform; and, as his father dreaded the influence which college life had had upon him, he was sent to Europe to study and travel. In a little less than three years he returned a hopeless wreck. What liquor, the efficient cause of all his woe, had failed to do in completing his physical and moral ruin, other and viler forms of dissipation had fully effected. He was a loathsome mass of disease. Had

he never been addicted to drink, from this he might have, in a great measure, recovered; but from the two it was impossible to reclaim him. What he suffered during the remainder of his life—the inef- fable tortures, physical and, above all, mental, the consciousness of the noble talent he had ruined, of the life he had embittered and destroyed—it is beyond my power to portray. Often have I entered his sick-room to find him tossing his head to and fro in the wildest agony. Often have I seen him supplicate with tears for a drop of poison, which would rid him of a hopeless, helpless existence; and, while I labored almost without hope to save him, I have prayed that his example might be the means of saving others from the unutterable woes of a drunkard's existence.

At length, after eighteen months of intense suffering—of almost sleepless nights and days, to which no other earthly tor- tures can furnish a precedent—we laid him in the grave. The tortures of his physical existence were over—he was at rest; but what woes await him beyond the veil it is not mine to presume. Happy was it for that mother that she did not live to witness his deepest degradation. Happy will it be for those who may be warned by his example to shun that cup whose end is bitterness, and to remember that “in the end it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.”

## THE GIFT OF FLOWERS. •

MOST GRATEFULLY ADDRESSED TO MRS. F——, OF SOREL, BY M. ETHELIND KITTSOON.

Accept my thanks, devoted friend, through trial and  
distress,  
Thou ever hast remembered me with touching stead-  
fastness;  
This is my birthday's morning-tide, and newly-gath-  
ered flowers  
Waft o'er my soul the incense of the emerald-tinted  
hours!  
I have not made this simile because the sun's first  
ray  
Sheds over thy dawn-crested Isle the baptism of the  
day;

The sapphire's tenderest azure should the summer's  
emblem be;  
The softly-floating topaz light in ripening sheaves  
we see;  
And winter is by diamonds of purest radiance kissed,  
When the lone star, king of the North, shines through  
the parting mist.  
Spring is the emerald of Time, its virgin hues are seen  
Amid these wavy-margined leaves of undulating  
green;  
And those palmately veined a breeze of living per-  
fume shed,

As o'er the Rose Acacia bloom their shadowings  
are outspread.  
Thine offering is encircled by the aureole of thought—  
The harmony of color in each beauteous contrast  
sought;  
As if the sevenfold crescent on a cloud of balmy  
showers  
Had lingered lovingly until it wept itself to  
flowers.  
In richly-royal purple clad the spice Carnation  
glows,  
And slender sprays of forest Moss their scarlet lips  
unclose.  
The Cape Heath's bugle-clefted bells are delicately  
fair  
Upon their quivering stemlets bowed by faintest  
thrills of air.  
The Amy Vibert struggles through the Fuschia's  
crimsoned gleam  
Like twin-flakes of unrippled snow its curving petals  
seem.  
This alien flower, which trembles still with almond-  
scented dew,  
Beside a tropic stream amid the queenly Lotus grew.  
Look at the Amaranths, which twine the noblest  
wreath of fame,  
Their halo rests triumphant o'er each glory-sculp-  
tured name.  
The still unwearied Heliotrope uplifts its yearning  
gaze  
To where the latest sunbeam on its earthly mission  
strays.  
The silvery-fringed Geranium there is nestling close  
beside  
The roseate-tipped Verbena, with the lute-string  
Grasses tied.  
This single Primrose hath a spell, the old world of  
the past  
Is shadowed back on memory's tears all changes to  
outlast!  
These clustering Fern Buds meekly wave their crosier  
folded grace.  
Above the Stars of Bethlehem a holier light we trace.  
The maple-leaved Abutilon its gorgeous censer  
swings,  
Beneath its plamy elegance the Ivy foliage clings.  
Those Lilies of the Valley, in the star-wreathed twi-  
light born,  
Unveiled their perfect loveliness as bridesmaids of  
the morn.  
The bright Lantanna bendeth down its cymes of  
orange bloom  
Rich as the dyes once intertwined upon the Tyrian  
loom.  
Are not these wood Anemones, which slumb'rous  
zephyrs bring,  
Arrayed in all the lightness of the maidenhood of  
spring?  
Those waxlike Pendants, fragile, pure, are only half  
unsealed.  
The tasselled Honeysuckles here their odorous  
manna yeld.  
One pale Syringa blushingly reflects the brilliant  
red  
Of this wide Blossom, with its long, black filaments  
o'erspread.

See that superb Gazinea in its golden waverings  
glint  
Above the white and fluted edge of apple fragrant  
Mint.  
This softly-grey Auricula, like velvet's silky  
plush,  
Is sheltered underneath the rare Lobelia's dazzling  
flush.  
That fully-blown Petunia round its sunset purpled  
breast,  
Has drawn its snowy surplice o'er the stamens'  
downy rest.  
The graceful Jasmine's honeyed-stars, laburnum-  
tinted droop;  
The eyelids of the mist wept o'er this lowly Violet  
group.  
The flower dawn of that opening bud, in radiant  
beauty seen,  
Shines through the twilight dewiness of sepals  
darkly green.  
One azure-frilled Forget-me-Not, in loneliness looks  
up  
Like an awakening memory from its slightly-parted  
cup.  
Thou regal Font of Baptism, lift thy pearly tissued  
form,  
Unshadowed by the passing gloom of far o'ersweep-  
ing storm!  
Thine elder sisters wave around each reed-encircled  
isle  
Embosomed on the stillness of the Pleiad crested  
Nile.  
Those glorious Heartsease have enshrined the night-  
fall's darkest hue  
When silence, echoless as thought, fills heaven's  
unlighted blue.  
Gaze on these Snowdrops, veinless, cold, in their  
unsullied white.  
As the cloud wreathings throned upon a glacier-  
shrouded height.  
The cherubims of sunlight, from their rainbow glit-  
tering sphere,  
Gave to the earth that Hyacinth—"the one without a  
peer."  
It is well named "Victoria," so exquisitely bright  
In the rich golden lustre of its scarlet flashing light,  
Unfolded on the beauteous scroll of this imperial  
Rose,  
The emblem of Old England's power in all its  
triumph glows.  
A branch of glossy Myrtle has the floral Eve  
entwined  
Imperishable love and faith in one strong clasp to  
bind,  
Perchance our Mother bent beneath the angel's pity-  
ing eyes,  
To grasp these living records of her home in Para-  
dise!  
Upon each bud, each tendril leaf, and violet petal  
still  
The balmy dew of Friendship falls each chalice depth  
to fill,  
As memory writes upon the leaves of pure and grate-  
ful thought  
The poetry of Blossoms in thy hallowed offering  
brought.

## THE TROUBLES OF A DEAF-MUTE EMIGRANT.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

LONDON.

The August sun had risen as usual over the struggling world of the metropolis of Old England. Everybody was "out of town," except those who were obliged to remain, and the streets presented the usual appearance at that time of the year. The roll of thousands of vehicles of all kinds and the tramp of the ever-toiling millions continued their course, in spite of the dust and heat, and smoke and sweat. About five hundred poor, unemployed printers then paraded Fleet street, and the busy scene seemed to enliven their drooping spirits. Myself and a companion in misfortune were among them; and, for the hundredth time, we entered the compositors' rooms in Racquet Court, to pass the best part of the day, as usual, in poring over the uninteresting columns of the daily papers. Prominently in each paper a few suggestive head-lines met our eye—"Steam to Quebec," "Steam to New York," "Steam to Boston," &c.—which we read with pleasure until we came to the £. s. d., when we laid the paper down with a heavy heart.

Something prompted us to set off to the office of the Emigration Commissioner—we wanted to emigrate, to escape from our forced idleness. We were not long in finding the Commissioner, in the shape of a little fat gentleman, comfortably seated in a huge arm-chair, with his gouty feet resting on a hassock under the table before him.

As we approach the great man, we commence our business.

"We want a free pass to Quebec," I wrote on my slate, and handed it to the Commissioner.

"I can't give you one," was the reply.

"To New York?" my companion put in.

The Commissioner shook his head in the negative.

"To Boston?" I wrote, much discouraged, knowing that business in London must be got through with despatch, and brief queries and answers is the rule.

The great man again shook his philosophical head.

"How can we get to America then?" I continued.

"Australia and New Zealand are the only places we help emigrants to," he replied.

"Too far; we want to go to America. What can we do?"

"Don't know. See the Government Commissioners, Pall Mall —."

Three gentlemen entered at this moment and put an abrupt termination to our interesting interview with the London Emigration Commissioner, and we were bowed out.

We presented ourselves at the Government Emigration Offices, Pall Mall, and were civilly conducted up a tedious flight of winding stairs, and found several clerks waiting to transact business for those who came on the subject of emigration. After laying our business fully before the chief clerk, he sat down and perused a ledger, then a law book, and got up and communicated a verbal order to a clerk at the end of the room, whose head appeared like magic above the desks, and we were desired to be seated. We believed that a pass to Canada was being made out for us, and we congratulated ourselves on the success of our endeavors, and my companion began to talk learnedly on the importance of *perseverance*. I fully concurred in what he said in regard to it. After waiting an hour, the clerk appeared with a large folio sheet of paper, written over from top to bottom, and handed it to his superior, who perused it, copied it into a book and then handed it to another clerk, who took it up-stairs. When he returned with it, he handed it

back to his superior, who again inspected it, and put it into a large, blue envelope, on which was printed, in large capitals, "On Her Majesty's Service." Finally, he handed it to me and resumed his seat. When we got into the street, the drizzling rain and the concourse of pedestrians prevented us from perusing the document, so elaborately made out for us, which we believed to be our passage-warrants.

I cannot describe the intense mortification and disappointment that came over us when we found that this precious document was nothing else than an exact copy of the "Emigration Laws" between England and America! "No deaf and dumb, nor blind, nor lame, nor old women and young children are permitted to emigrate, unless accompanied by friends, and a guarantee given that such will not become a burden to the State." Such was the language of the law! To this was added the penalties imposed on captains of ships who brought such imperfect forms of humanity to the shores of the New World! My companion became disheartened at this disappointment, and turned away and walked no more with me; but at last after a little trouble all was ready, we—myself and "better-half,"—were soon on our "Western tour"—a term more respectable than "emigration," in the mind of many a proud but poor Londoner, who is obliged to seek foreign shores to obtain work he cannot get at home.

A WIRY AFFAIR.

As we arrived at Doncaster, heavily laden trains of race-seers were arriving from all quarters to behold the famous St. Leger; and, before we could get out of the train to look after our baggage, we saw the last of it disappear into the London Mid-day Express, and away it whirled—not to Liverpool, but back to London!

Amid the tumult, it was most trying for a deaf mute to speak to the officials at the station and explain his mishap, when the trains were arriving and departing every five minutes. I went to the chief clerk's office and explained all to him. He kindly attended to us by telegraphing to the nearest station where the mail train would

stop—some sixty miles off. But the train seemed to outrun the telegraph in the confusion consequent on the races, for the reply returned was short and plain—"Train passed on, no luggage left." Another telegram was sent off to the next station—Derby. No reply. Another telegram and no reply. Still three more telegrams and two replies, but in vain! We had to stay all night at Doncaster, and it was impossible to find a bed in that town, they being let during the races at from £2 to £50 each for the three days which the races occupy. All this was bad enough; but I recollected after a while that all our clothes and our passage-warrants were in our trunks which had taken flight, and, worse still, the steamer by which we were to leave Liverpool was to sail next day!

The "wires" were again resorted to. I sent a message to the chief office of the Montreal Ocean Steamship Co., and notified them of our unfortunate position, and asked to transfer our berths to the next vessel that was to sail; to which they agreed and replied by telegraph. In the meantime, the railway officials telegraphed to London again, and received the reply that the luggage was at Retford. The station clerk despatched a message to that place to have it sent up by the first train; but, as there was a mail train in the station about to start, I was told to jump in and go for the luggage myself. At the rate of sixty miles an hour, I was soon at Retford, and learned that the luggage had just left by the mail for Liverpool! I returned as I went, empty handed. However, next day, Messrs. Allan & Co., at Liverpool, telegraphed to say the luggage was safe and awaiting further orders. Scarcely had I finished reading this when two other telegrams came in—one from Liverpool and the other from London—the first briefly thus:—"All right;" while the London telegram merely said, "At Liverpool." We had a week to wait for the next vessel for Quebec, but we were soon *en route* for

LIVERPOOL.

It is needless to enumerate the troubles we experienced in Liverpool prior to

embarking, for all who have come from that port to the New World, well know how artfully the emigrants are cheated. It will be sufficient here to say that we were duped over and over again by the impostors in the shape of "Emigrant Runners," whose name is Legion. The last imposition played on us was the third payment for our baggage being carried on board the tug, only fifty yards, for which we had to pay 10s.; and we were afterwards informed by the steward of the "Hibernian," that the Montreal Ocean Steamship Co. had servants to do that duty "free gratis and for nothing," and expressed his indignation at the cruel treatment we had experienced.

The noble "Hibernian" was lying at anchor, with steam up, in the middle of the Mersey, waiting for the passengers to get on board. All was activity and confusion. We followed the rest, encumbered with a load of tins and miscellaneous articles "necessary" for the voyage, and crowded on board the tug boat, which, when full, immediately steamed off to the "Hibernian." The confusion on embarking was almost indescribable. English, French, Germans, Dutch, Italians and blacks constituted the crowd; and as we entered at a side door of the huge vessel, the pictures of all creation entering Noah's Ark came to my mind,—the only wonder is that no artist has as yet taken a faithful picture of that memorable scene! The emigrants were all heavily encumbered with innumerable domestic articles—both useful and useless—for the voyage; and, in the wild confusion, tins and bundles were dropped as they entered the vessel, over which the passengers stumbled and scattered their own loads of property, and caused a general scramble. The most trying time for the patient and forbearing servants of the ship had arrived. The countenances of the emigrants of different nationalities were sadly distorted, in their vain endeavors to make their voices heard above the noise and confusion, calling for their berths; and the stewards were turning the male passengers into one department and the females into another. Our luggage disappeared into the

dark hold, and we saw no more of it until it was hauled out at Point Levi.

In half an hour after we got on board, everyone seemed to have got over the excitement and confusion, and the last of the passengers appeared in the tender with the mails. We were then driven to one end of the vessel upon deck like a flock of sheep, and before us was placed a rope, with a small opening at one end to admit one at a time to pass the Government Medical Commissioner and the ship's authorities, by whom our tickets and personal appearance were criticised. My fears were now aroused, for the copy of the law which I got at Pall Mall, London, set such as myself down as illegal candidates for emigration. I must confess, as my turn came to pass the gauntlet, I felt very nervous and uneasy. But recollecting that the calamity of deaf-muteism cannot be detected in personal appearance, and that I might as well pass like the rest, I boldly walked past, showing my certificates for the voyage, and was agreeably surprised to find that they were satisfactory, and I got through to my berth again—merely to see that it had not been usurped, or my worldly goods abstracted.

All was ready. The anchor was weighed, and the captain went upon the bridge and anxiously looking around, gave the orders to steam away, and we were in motion. Liverpool speedily disappeared from view, and we were gliding pleasantly to Queenstown. The weather was glorious, and, as we took a last look at the shores of Old England, we felt almost sorry at the step we had taken. As night approached, I saw my wife in her berth and went to my hammock, and quietly committed myself and all on board to the protection and safe-keeping of Him who rules the heavens and the earth, and gently rocked to sleep for the first time on shipboard—which was on the 19th Sept., A.D., 18—.

• QUEENSTOWN.

On awaking the next morning, we found the "Hibernian" lying at anchor off Queenstown, and the green fields of Erin spreading out before our view in beautiful order, over which the glorious orb of

heaven was shining with all its splendor. We were not permitted long to contemplate this beautiful scene, for in the distance appeared a steam-tug, heavily laden with the goods and chattels of the sons of Ireland, as if the Irish were going bodily to America; and the scene at Liverpool was again enacted. Perched on an eminence, I calmly viewed the interesting spectacle.

The first of the Irish nation that embarked was a young man of slender build, strongly reminding us of the humorous sketches of the Irish. His hat seemed to have been passed from grandfather and father to son, and the numerous patches on his clothes made it difficult to distinguish the original material they were made from. His only luggage was a small bundle in an old handkerchief, and, under his arm, he carried a huge, well-worn umbrella. Several old women next followed on board, each carrying a band-box, and the rest crowded on board bodily, among whom was one I strongly suspected to be a Fenian, and my suspicions was soon confirmed by being afterwards informed that, as soon as he stepped on board, he exclaimed, "Ould Erin shall be free yet," and, uttering a curse on the Saxon race, he went below, and we saw no more of him for two or three days.

#### THE VOYAGE.

Everything was now in order and ready to weather the broad Atlantic, and about five o'clock in the evening, the noble "Hibernian" steamed away, and soon plunged into the foaming ocean, and most of the passengers hastened below to their berths in anticipation of sea-sickness. Bad weather and a rough sea immediately commenced, and sea-sickness became universal, especially in the women's department. While all around were miserably sick and presented a most wretched spectacle, I feared that my turn would come next; but, instead of this, I felt my appetite growing more and more acute. I did ample justice to the abundance of good and substantial provisions provided for us, which, throughout the voyage, was creditable to the owners of the vessel. My time was wholly occupied, during the voyage, in

attending to my sick wife, and taking notes of every little event, which was no easy task when the huge vessel rolled violently more or less every day until we entered the Gulf of the St. Lawrence.

#### LIFE IN THE STEERAGE.

*Sept. 20th.*—This is our first day at sea, with a strong head wind before us, and a violent sea rocking the ship, the rain falling in torrents. It is impossible to go on deck, and very few of the steerage passengers have, as yet, come out of their hammocks. In the countenance of every sea-sick passenger despair is depicted, and they seem utterly helpless, and careless of what their ultimate fate may be. The violent rolling made it a matter of extreme difficulty to keep one's feet. Our first meal consisted of hot rolls, butter and coffee, which a few managed to devour as best they could, by planting their feet firmly against an invisible object under the table, and holding the tin vessel containing the coffee in one hand, and the buttered roll in the other. After breakfast I hastened to the female department to see what effect the voyage had on my wife, and found her and every other female passenger in their little wooden cells, sea-sick and lamenting their unfortunate lot. The ship's officers commenced their "household duties" as if they were experienced domestic servants, and speedily cleaned the floor and distributed, indiscriminately, an abundance of chloride of lime, that filled the female berths with an unsufferable odor, which, however, failed to dislodge the sea-sick passengers, who seemed powerless to help themselves. One o'clock. To our places at table we rush like hungry fowls. Hot pea-soup is given out with the utmost alacrity; and, before we could dispatch the same, potatoes and boiled meat are brought round and put into our soup vessels without any ceremony whatever. Soup, potatoes and beef, all in one vessel, sufficient to constitute the mid-day meal of three customers of a London eating-house, made up our bill of fare for the mid-day meal. We struggled out of the "dining saloon" with our tin plate and knife and fork to wash at the pump, to be ready for the next meal.

Our supper consisted of hard sea-biscuit and hot tea. The sea still continues high, the rain falls fast, and the "Hibernian" rolls more than ever in her battle with the watery elements. Finding it impossible to stand or walk on deck, or read below, we all prepare our hammocks and get in.

*Sept. 21st.*—The sea still very rough and rain falls incessantly. The ship rolls alarmingly, and heavy seas inundate the deck. Few have any appetite for breakfast, and the poor women are at the extremity of wretchedness. I managed to get breakfast, and then went to the assistance of my wife. The women were helplessly sick, and their little children crying and struggling uncared for by their mothers' sides; while, as the ship rolled violently, the moveable articles which were lying about on their beds rolled about, spilling their contents. Sometimes little children and their mothers were pitched out of their beds. While I went up the ladder for a can of hot water, the heavy roll of the vessel pitched me head foremost upon a large bull-dog, chained to a kennel close by, and the effect of the hot water on the animal produced a formidable display of ivory, and a spring at me; but, fortunately, the ship suddenly rolled back, and pitched me head-over-heels down the ladder, and thwarted the brute in his intentions. I think that a sprained shoulder and a few insignificant bruises were preferable to the imprints of a bull-dog's teeth. Our meals were the same as yesterday—always good and plentiful.

*Sept. 22nd* (Sunday).—The bad weather and roughness of the sea still continue. The passengers are recovering from their sickness. After breakfast the sun broke through the dark clouds, and the effect on the poor emigrants was like magic. Several went on deck for fresh air. The effect of the change was wonderful, and from this day we commenced to enjoy the best of health. I was afterwards told by the steward of the ship that the deck was the best remedy in the world for sea-sickness, and I can bear testimony to the truth of this from experience. We were, however, soon driven below again by the rain and heavy seas washing the deck. The cheering intelligence that we were to

have fine weather on the morrow revived our spirits. A good and substantial dinner was served out, and all on board seemed to appreciate it with thankfulness. Several numbers of the *Leisure Hour* and religious tracts were distributed among the emigrants by some kind clergyman on board. No religious service was held to-day in the steerage, and soon after tea we retired, anxiously wishing for the promised fine weather on the morrow to enjoy the deck.

*Sept. 23rd.*—The prophecy of fine weather was premature, for the rain continued and the sea became more rough. Towards noon something like a gale came on, and our misery was great. The officials commenced their usual round of duties, in scrubbing the floors and scattering chloride of lime, making below as disagreeable as above. Among the kind helpers of the poor women is a man of color, who has earned the respect of all on board by his frank and courteous manners, and his kindness in helping everyone whose misery and sickness excites his commiseration. He seemed to be the servant of the women, helping them in a hundred ways, and nursing their babies, by which he soon became their favorite.

*Sept. 24th.*—I am informed that the vessel made 384 miles yesterday,—very good under the circumstances. We are now nearing the middle of the Atlantic. The ship rolls awfully. At noon one of the emigrants, carrying hot water down the ladder for the women, was pitched over upon them, and the hot water severely scalded the head of a poor infant at its mother's breast. The poor child's screams and struggles, and the mother's agony, were pitiable. The ship's surgeon and officers rendered every assistance, and the little thing was soon out of danger. We returned on deck for a change of air in spite of the rough weather, but soon crawled back to our beds.

*Sept. 25th.*—The weather still very rough, with rain and a heavy sea. The rolling of the ship last night was very violent, and few could sleep. The ceremony of scrubbing was renewed, and we passed another miserable day.

*Sept. 26th.*—Only 210 miles was run yesterday. Distance from Liverpool 1095 miles. The sun pours out its genial rays, but the sea is such as few dare venture on deck. Everyone seems to have recovered from the sickness, and to be able to crawl about to the seats.

*Sept. 27th.*—We are relieved by the ship rolling less violently and the weather moderating. The deck is drying up, and we enjoy the refreshing air. Our fellow passenger, the polite black, begins the exercise we much needed by engaging in a dance, and his example is followed by a good many others, who continue at it until a late hour by the aid of a lantern.

*Sept. 28th.*—About noon to-day, several icebergs came in sight, and presented a beautiful spectacle. As the sun shone out upon them, they resembled ponderous masses of molten silver drifting southward. This sight brought hundreds of the passengers on deck. One of the icebergs had a striking resemblance to the shape of the Tower of London, but apparently much larger. We now experienced intense cold for the first time, by the wind coming direct upon us over the floating ice, and many were obliged to hasten below.

*Sept. 29th (Sunday).*—I was on deck this morning before the sun had risen. The sea was beautifully ruffled, having just settled down, and the wind moderated. As the sun arose the coast of Newfoundland came in view, and we found ourselves in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence. The emigrants flocked on deck, attired in their Sunday apparel, and all looked happy, which betrayed their intense satisfaction at the welcome change. The deck became the principal resort during this blessed day. It was warm and genial, and we enjoyed it. After breakfast a notice was posted up in the steerage, announcing that "Divine service would be held in the saloon at 10.30 a.m.;" but whether this was an invitation for the poor emigrants to attend in the saloon, I do not know. None in the steerage went there, and I only saw the notice after the time appointed for the service to be held. We had a good dinner of wholesome soup and beef, and a plentiful supply of well-cooked raisin pud-

ding. In the evening the steerage emigrants held divine service in their portion of the vessel. One of them commenced the service by singing from a Wesleyan hymn book, which he carried in his pocket, and a respectable group of about 150 surrounded him, and joined heartily in the singing.

*Sept. 30th.*—Land in view to-day. The cold northerly wind blowing in our faces when on deck, chilled us and made many run below for blankets and overcoats. On the left the bleak, inhospitable-looking coast presented an uninviting panorama of land, destitute of vegetation, and without a single dwelling to be seen. The only vessels that we fell in with during the voyage were in the Gulf. Passed Father Point last night, and took in our pilot. The steward informed me we should be in Quebec to-morrow evening, and promised to see us safely landed. He also told me that he would see that we were *not* cheated, as we were at Liverpool, and that he would be our friend until we were on board the train, bound West; and, moreover, he said he had been six years in the M. O. S. S. Co's service, and if I wanted any one to speak of his character, he would refer me to any of the ship's officers, and if they did not speak of his straightforwardness and honesty, he would eat his cap! I thanked him, and he afterwards kept his word faithfully.

*Oct. 1st.*—Very cold. The most beautiful order of things now comes before our view. We pass villages, churches, farm-houses, islands, and numerous small craft on the river. All is animating and cheering. Many passengers run below and commence packing up their bedding, &c., impatient to land. The pilot fixed the time for arriving at Quebec at half-past six this evening. As that time approached, the river became narrower, and by the time the last rays of the setting sun sank into the distant west, the noble "Hibernian" glided smoothly and majestically over the waters under the fortifications of Quebec; and I stood silently contemplating the grandeur of the scene and the exploits of the intrepid General Wolfe on the heights of Abraham, just over the way. The

"Hibernian" had now accomplished her voyage, and lazily rounded on the smooth water to allow our landing at Point Levi. The first thing that struck us as remarkable, was the total absence of the usual crowd of porters, emigrant runners, cabs, 'busses, &c., commonly witnessed on the arrival of large vessels in English ports. Before we could land, it became quite dark, and no trains were to leave that night for the West, so we were obliged to remain on board all night. Long before day-light next morning many of us were astir to see the village of

## POINT LEVI.

A description of this unpretending landing-place need not be given here. We were very glad, indeed, to find that we were the only crowd that composed the assembly on the landing-place, where many of us stood to view the noble vessel that had brought us across the Atlantic in safety, and felt a shade of regret at parting with her. Point Levi and Liverpool—what a contrast! We anticipated similar troubles at Quebec on our arrival as we experienced at Liverpool on embarking; but, no! We had only to walk about the length of the ship to the depot of the G. T. R. and our luggage was carried thither for us free of charge—how kind! Here we had the first taste of Canadian welcome and hospitality in this convenience. If the passengers coming from the Old World wish to escape being pestered, swindled, and bewildered on landing in New York or elsewhere, let them try Point Levi. The good people of this place appear not at all surprised at the arrival of a ship-load of emigrants of different nationalities, and the wise precaution taken by the authorities for the protection of such on their arrival is very creditable.

## CONCLUSION.

We had four days and four nights on the Grand Trunk before our "Western tour" was brought to a close. This was such a railroad ride as many of us will never forget! The jolting of the cars; the wretched accommodation; the slow pace at which we travelled; the numerous stoppages; the

cold incivility of the officials, coupled with the exorbitant charges of refreshment rooms, fairly eclipsed all our preceding troubles. Had the immortal Pickwick been in this G. T. R. journey, I verily believe he would have wrung his hands and wept in despair. The children began to cry; women fainted, and stalwart men who never complained before, began to murmur and showed signs of impatience. But over this scene let us draw the curtain.

At S—— we met with the first act of kindness and sympathy in Canada, at the hands of the worthy station-master and his lady, who treated us to an excellent meal and made us comfortable until we were prepared for the last part of our journey, which was by stage northward. On Sunday morning, after three weeks tedious and fatiguing journey, we found ourselves comfortably refreshed and in wonderfully good health and spirits on a Canadian farm, and our troubles were at an end.

## A TRIP TO ANTICOSTI.

Some time ago, when looking through the pages of a schoolboy's geography book, I lit upon the following passage: "Anticosti is an uninhabited island, situated at the mouth of the river St. Lawrence, entirely destitute of bays or harbors calculated to afford shelter to shipping; its soil is unpropitious, and its aspect forbidding." The only further particulars I was able to glean from this very practical work were that the "length of the island is about 160 miles, its greatest breadth about 30."

This terse description of an island (which the public knows little about, and never even thinks of, save in connection with storms, breakers, shipwreck, ice and everything else uncomfortable and nasty, not forgetting Lever's "Black Boatwain") does not at first sight seem to hold out much inducement to the traveller; but on second thoughts, in these days of travel, what can be a greater inducement to a tourist to visit a country than the very fact that it is little known? and what hopes must it raise in his mind, should he happen also to belong to that strange, unaccountable, selfish order of people called "sportsmen," whose greatest pleasure seems to consist in killing some particular animal or animals, in some particular way, in some remote, uncomfortable corner of the world, and then gloating over his victim unseen by the rest of his species?

Impelled by the bumps of curiosity and destructiveness, which are both (I am told) largely developed in my cranium, I found myself in the month of May, immediately on the opening of the navigation, on board the fore-and-aft schooner "Despatch," lying in Bathurst harbor, Bay of Chaleurs, and bound to Gaspé with a cargo of potatoes. For the consideration of fifty dollars I was to get a set down in Anticosti. Our crew consisted of the master, D.O., the first mate his son Dan, and an able-bodied seaman Hughy. The passengers were a young lady bound for Gaspé, myself and party, including an Irishman who never did anything he was told to do, a terrier from the same country and with the same tendency, and two Micmac Indians from the Restigouche. The hold being full of potatoes, my traps—viz., 1 Micmac canoe, 1 skiff, 1 barrel flour, 80lb. biscuit, 1 cwt. fat pork, tea, sugar, brandy, tobacco, kettles, blankets, axes, and sail—were stowed away on deck; my guns and ammunition I found room for in the little cabin. As our worthy master, thought a perfect "gentleman" in his way, and "a judge of liquor," was not a scholar," I took upon myself the task of keeping the log of the Despatch; and at the risk of boring my readers, I shall transcribe a few of these unsailorlike entries verbatim.

May 8.—6 o'clock p.m., put off from wharf. At 6.15 aground (tide rising). At 6.45 we got off, but in a very few minutes we run into a mud bank, and, as it was now high water, we have to remain there for the night. N.B. In our cruise the Despatch ran aground so often that I shall not weary my readers by detailing each subsequent occasion.

6th.—5 a.m., set sail. Wind S.W. Channel marked with small spruce trees bushy end up. This is all very well, but we are too much down by the bows, and won't steer; and so on the next mud bank we shift our cargo and trim the little tub. I am not favorably impressed with the seamanship of our "boss." He uses bad language to his son and orders him to port; the son uses worse language to his parent, and without hesitation starboards; and the son is right. Our lady fellow-passenger has but a slender stock of provisions for her voyage, viz., half a dozen biscuits and a junk of maple sugar and some spruce gum wrapped up in a handkerchief. These delicacies are generally handed round about this time. This gum is chewed by the women as tobacco is by the men, and assists the flow of saliva. I am taken to task by our courteous boss for calling our fellow-passenger a "girl" (N.B. There is no such animal in these parts as either woman or girl; the British North American female is a "lady" on all occasions.) 12

noon, heavy rains, and squalls from S.E. The boss, mate, the lady, myself, and dog, occupy the cabin, 8ft. square, with a smoky and very unsteady stove in the centre. Hughy steers. (N.B. Hughy always does-ster, as well as make sail, shorten sail, &c.) My men turn the skiff bottom up on deck, and creep under it for shelter. At 3.30 p.m. we make the Canada side of the bay, and an acrimonious discussion arises between father and son as to the whereabouts. In this case the strong language is about equally divided, and they are both wrong in their calculations, but one of my Indians being admitted into the council sets them right, and soon after we drop anchor in Carlisle Bay. On board the Despatch there is but a very limited knowledge of navigation. When we lost sight of land the boss produces the fragments of a chart, marks our position with a finger like a Bologna sausage, and steers his course by my pocket compass, as he, "guesses" it is truer than his own. He is a lumberer, but a year or two ago he took it into his head to go to sea; so, chopping his ship timbers in the woods, he rafted them down to the seaboard, and using, I very believe, no other tools but his axe (for your true bushman despises the little devices of the carpenter), he fashioned out the fairy form of the Despatch. My Indians paddled me ashore through the surf, keeping the canoe end on to the swell, and, waiting their opportunity, rushed her high and dry on the beach through the breakers. Wet, cold, and hungry, we took a bee line to the houses, being guided by a native to "where a man kept" (Anglicé, to an hotel). On our way he beguiled the time with anecdotes, and informed me with just pride that this was "where the man was hung." He favored me with full particulars of the crime, describing with hideous minuteness the length, depth, and breadth of the wound which did for the victim and gave Carlisle a place in history; "and," continued this man of horrors, with a sudden burst of enthusiasm, "considering it was the first hanging business that has ever occurred in the country, he stood it like a man."

10th.—Sail at 5 a.m.; fine breeze N. W. Pass Paspebiac fishing village. A very peculiar strip of beach—in fact, a natural breakwater some two miles in length—makes out into the sea and forms Paspebiac Bay, in which numbers of little vessels and fishing boats ride at anchor. They are all in the employ of the Messrs. Robin, Jersey merchants, who have been established, fathers and sons, on this coast for upwards of 100 years, and monopolize the fish trade. They have a large establishment at Paspebiac, and ship off yearly immense quantities of dried cod fish. Their houses,

stores, boat-houses, &c., are all in uniform, white, with bright red roofs, doors, and windows, and the effect is gay. We also pass Port Daniel, Big and Little Pabos, and drop anchor in Grand Bay. The only peculiar features about these fishing villages are the stages or platforms for drying fish. They are like huge ladders lying side by side in a horizontal position some three feet from the ground; these platforms are covered with a layer of spruce boughs, on top of which the cod fish when split and salted are exposed to dry in the sun. In front of each house, where one is accustomed to see a garden, there is instead one of these stages, blooming, not to say fragrant, with cod fish. The inhabitants of this coast are chiefly French, and would not buy from us at Grand Bay because it happened to be a saint's day, so we weighed anchor, and slipping round Cape Despair anchored in Percé Bay. The former cuts boldly out into the sea like the stem of a vessel; a cross on the summit marks the grave of a drowned mariner. Nothing can be finer than the view from deck this evening. Inside us lies the little village of Percé, walled in on three sides by precipitous hills. The houses, chapel, stores, &c., are all in the gay livery of the Messrs. Robin, whose boats, to the number of about 200, fill the bay and the little beach; there must be one at least to every soul in the place. Outside us Percé Rock rises perpendicularly out of the sea higher than the main truck of a ship; on the summit countless sea birds build their nests. Formerly there were two perfect arches in the rock, from which it took its name. One fell in some years since, leaving a chasm, but the other is still perfect, and I paddled under it in the canoe. The fishermen in Messrs. Robin's employ are Frenchmen, Jersey men, and a few Irishmen; and I am told the latter have to be kept apart from the others, or else they fight. For this same reason no grog is allowed to be sold in the village. However, Michel, that old *voyageur*, managed to pick up a bottle of gin, for which, together with a box of matches and lodging and supper for his comrade and himself, he only paid 3s. (The rascal speaks French.) The Boss sells his potatoes at 100 per cent. profit. Plenty of snow on the hills.

11th.—Boss still selling potatoes, as he swears, "at an enormous sacrifice, and only to oblige the people;" so we paddle on to Mal Bay in our canoe, and feel very small as we glide along in our little craft at the foot of horrid rocks 300 feet sheer up above our heads, spruce and birch trees on the summit, snow and ice in every chink. Now and then brooks swollen into rivers by the melting snow tumble over into the sea. Occasionally landslips, which

occur at this season, make a report like thunder. We arrived at Mal Bay in the evening. On our way we visited a sugarie, or sugar camp, and bought some maple sugar, of which we ate rather more than was good for us—mild dissipation! An Indian, his squaw, and boy have made nearly 600lb. of sugar this spring. At night we camp on beach, and the fishermen haul a seine close to us. This is a wonderful coast for fish. As for herrings, no one here would think of selling them; we are welcome to as many as we can eat. Herring is herring, mackerel is mackerel, but cod is "fish." The average take of cod along this coast is about 10,000 per boat per annum, and for some years the number of fishing boats in the St. Lawrence has been increasing at the rate of 1000 boats per annum, and the take of fish has been increasing also, but not in the same ratio as the boats. The fishermen complain that the fish are decreasing! To-day I have seen geese, ducks, puffins, and sea pigeons in great numbers; also some strange-looking inhabitants of the deep, viz., a sea hedgehog, two little pink lobsters with blue eyes that live in shells, one variegated sculpin, a little skate not bigger than a penny, and an armor-plated star-fish (I fear my nomenclature would puzzle a naturalist).

13th.—At last we start for Anticosti, pass the entrance to Gaspé basin, and steer for Cape Rosier. At this juncture I discover that neither skipper nor crew have ever been to Anticosti before, and as we have no proper compass, and the skipper knows rather less about navigation than an oyster, I am in despair. Besides, it is one thing to stick on a mudbank in the Bay of Chaleurs, and quite another thing to get on the rocks of Anticosti. The Indian's eyes, my pocket compass, and an old chart of Admiral Bayfield's are my only hope. Mentally I resolve to take charge of vessel myself on first emergency, which arises sooner than I anticipated. As we were slipping along with a fair wind towards Cape Rosier, a sudden squall from off the highlands took us right in the teeth. I at once constituted myself "Boss," took in the mainsail, and ran before the wind under the foresail into Gaspé. The skipper took this proceeding of mine in such good part that I did not make him walk the plank, nor did I land him on a desolate island with a few biscuits and a jack knife (the only luggage allowed on these occasions), although I had an indistinct idea that this was the proper course to be adopted by mutineers; neither did we cut down the captain's boy with an axe as he was ascending the companion ladder—a proceeding that I believe to be strictly orthodox. No; we did things quietly, and ran for shelter

into the splendid harbor of Gaspé. Here we were storm-stayed for two or three days, as were also two officers from the garrison of Quebec, bound on the same errand as I was, and whom I had the good fortune to meet at the Gaspé Hotel. They bristle with revolvers, and talk of bears.

Gaspé is a great mineral country. Silver and lead abound, and also, it is believed, gold and copper; red ochre too, which accounts for the brilliant appearance of the houses. The oil wells are very promising; I visited one close to the village. I was surprised to learn that it was 686ft. deep. The workmen had been ninety days in attaining that depth, and they informed me that they intended to bore as much deeper, unless they "struck ile" in the meantime. These oil works are very primitive affairs. In a small partial clearing in the woods on the top of the hill, and approached by a corduroy road, may be seen a couple of little shanties, and an affair like the skeleton of a church steeple. Inside the shanties are a small 15 horse-power engine and a forge; outside an immense puncheon for oil, and heaps of firewood. Three men and a boss are employed here; the latter insisted not only on my smelling the oil, but also made me taste the nasty stuff.

16th.—Set sail at five a.m., and, as usual, get aground on the bar. While waiting for the tide, a shoal of white porpoises appeared, and played under the bows of the schooner. I put a bullet through one fellow, but we did not get him. The white porpoise is from 20ft. to 30ft. in length, and yields upwards of 20lb. worth of oil. Light baffling winds, and the Despatch makes little headway.

17th.—Light head winds. How I hate the sea!

18th.—Ditto, ditto, ditto. Another day of abject misery, and I give up all hopes of ever reaching Anticosti. Whales blow, porpoises roll, seals dive, ducks fly, and other schooners sail; but we drift hopelessly down the Saint Lawrence. Our firewood is done, and we burn the lining of my skiff. Our water is brackish and nasty. It is cold on deck, and there is a bad smell in the hold. However, a breeze springs up in the night, and next morning—

19th.—We find ourselves within three miles of the island; and, as the water is smooth, we load our little craft, and with thankfulness bid adieu to the Despatch. We land at Lac Salé, called for shortness "Sal-ly," where I find my acquaintances of Gaspé, who have already shot two bears, and are in great feather. They give us a capital supper, and we pitch our tent alongside theirs.

The north shore of Anticosti resembles the adjacent country of Labrador, and is bold

and rugged; but the south is low and flat, and in that respect not unlike the opposite coast of New Brunswick. Along high-water mark a sloping ridge of pebbly beach, some 12ft. high at the land side, separates the salt water from the numerous swamps and lagoons. About half a mile outside of this a line of breakers stretches almost uninterruptedly along the south coast of the island, and will probably at no very distant day resolve itself into a beach, such as the one I have described. Within the line of breakers the water is shoal, and in fine weather as smooth as a duck pond. Outside it is also shoal for a long way out. The bottom is flat, shelving rock, as smooth and polished as a London pavement, so that there is literally no anchorage for vessels. When the wind blows in shore, a nasty sea gets up at once, but falls as suddenly as it rises, owing to the shoalness of the water.

The island is part wooded and part plains, plentifully dotted over with small lakes and ponds; but all along the beach, or the lagoons which adjoin the beach, a stunted growth of spruce and fir, not more than six feet in height, but so thick that it is sometimes possible to crawl along the top of it, forms an impervious hedge, varying in width from a few yards to half a mile. This hedge never wants clipping; the cold winds of the Gulf of St. Lawrence keep it down. The soil is mostly a black peat of great depth, and many of the unwooded places are exactly like the bogs of Ireland; so much so that my Irishman remarked that "it was the prettiest place he had seen since he left the Bog of Allen." The woods consist of spruce, fir, willow, dog wood, white birch, and an occasional tree of pine, tamarack, and ash. They are of small growth, generally gnarled and ragged, and unfit for timber.

Every league or so along the coast are small rivers or brooks, which form at their junction with the sea nice little coves or harbors for small boats and canoes. Near some of these coves may be seen little houses or shanties, ten or twelve feet square, containing a stove, a stool, and a table. These are the winter residences of trappers from the mainland—sweet spots for a man to winter in by himself! But in fine weather, in the months of May and June or in the autumn, camping out in Anticosti is one perpetual picnic. Here the traveller can have a charming little harbor for his canoe, a dry grassy bank to camp on, and a fragrant bed of fir boughs or dry grass. If he is given to sea bathing, no better place could be desired; if he prefers fresh water, a walk of a few yards will bring him to a clear pebbly pool; if table, chair, or roof of shanty be required, the materials for making them

lie close at hand, in the shape of boards of all shapes and sizes with which the beach is strewn, Firewood is plentiful enough, goodness knows, in the Canadian and New Brunswick forests; but then there is the trouble of chopping it. Here the best and driest of firewood, cast up by the sea and dried by the sun, is piled in immense profusion along the beach. In addition to all these luxuries, the traveller or the sportsman is for the time being also lord of the manor, and can always keep his own larder well supplied with game or fish, ducks, geese, salmon, trout, herrings, cod-fish, capelin, or lobsters. One or more of these delicacies can always be procured at short notice, and in spring, fresh eggs in abundance.

On two occasions in Anticosti I camped entirely by myself for two or three days at a time, my men being weatherbound with the baggage. There are so many little things to be done on these occasions, that one never feels the least lonely. One time I shot and skinned two bears. My bill of fare was usually—breakfast, tea and biscuit; dinner, tea, fried pork or fish, and pancakes, *i. e.*, flour and water fried in pork fat; supper (the meal of the day), boiled black duck or goose, tea, and biscuit. When I am in a hurry I cook a bird as follows: Having lit my fire, I put on a kettleful of water with a slice of salt pork in it; by the time the water boils my bird is plucked or skinned, as may be. Chopping it into quarters, I pop it into the kettle with a little pepper, and if possible an onion and a doughboy. In twenty minutes it is cooked. A black duck thus treated is not a bad dinner for a hungry man; but a goose is a better one. A man with gun and hook and line need never starve in the summer time here; but in winter I can well imagine that not a living thing is to be seen for days and weeks together.

The climate of Anticosti, so far as frost and snow are concerned, is not more severe than that of Quebec; but the summer is rather later. The bulk of the snow goes in May, but on the 12th of June there was still some left in ravines and under rocks. That particular day I have reason to remember. It was so bitterly cold that I was glad to let down the ear-flaps of my hunting cap, and, crossing a river in pursuit of a wounded bear, I got wet to the middle in snow water, and then sat shivering in a canoe for four hours. There must be days in winter, when the nor'-wester howls over this icy region, that no man could live on the open. On the 1st of July, or perhaps a little earlier, the hot weather commences, and with it come the flies, which I shall have to notice by-and-by.

The *débris* along high-water mark is astonishing. The variety of things, both

floatable and unfloatable, that find their way to this beach is almost incredible. Almost everything that is lost in the river St. Lawrence and its lakes finds its way here. In a five-mile walk along the beach I noted the following articles: 1. Parts of the wrecks of several ships, some embedded in the sand, others high and dry; 2. Sugar canes; 3. Carcases of seals; 4. Do. of a whale; 5. Ship's boat, in tolerable repair; 6. Sticks cut by beaver (there are no beaver on the island); 7. Iron handspike; 8. Child's boat (perhaps lost in Montreal, perhaps in Toronto. The owner little thought that it would one day be used to knead a loaf of bread in); 9. One bucket; 10. No end of empty puncheons and barrels; 11. Coal; 12. Empty bottles. Then, as I said before, the amount of driftwood is incredible, in every shape and form, from sticks as big as a man's finger cut by the beaver, to magnificent pine logs, the pick of the Canadian forests. Along one particular mile of beach I saw enough square timber to load a large ship, to say nothing of boards, deals, &c. In another place I found the figurehead of a vessel—a gentleman in blue, red, and gold, resembling the pictures I have seen of the discoverer of America. I cut off his head, intending to take it home; but, with many other relics, I was obliged to leave it behind.

Anticosti would be a charming place in summer were it not for the flies. They are an intolerable pest, and I think have done as much towards preventing the settlement of the island as anything else. Cold and heat can be endured, but I defy a thin-skinned person to exist in Anticosti during the months of July and August. It is the home of the black fly. Mosquitoes, too, abound, but not many sand flies. This plague is attributable to the quantity of swamp and stagnant water. It may be Irish, but I cannot help making the remark that the greater part of the land is water—lake, pond, swamp, and river. Though the lakes look shallow, the soft black mud is almost bottomless. One of the few inhabitants of the island when I was there fell into one of these ponds, while trudging along after nightfall with a gun and wild goose on his shoulder. He got out with great difficulty, at the expense of his gun and goose, and, to use his own expression, was obliged to "tough it out under a tree till daylight."

There are altogether six families on the island. Three are light-house keepers, and two more are in charge of the Government provision stores; the sixth is a professional wrecker; but I fancy none of them are above doing a little in that line when they get the chance. B., one of the store-keepers, informed me he has lived twenty-nine years on the island. He has provisions

enough under his charge to winter ten men, also clothes for them to wear, and a little house to shelter them. The Government sends a steamer twice a year with supplies to the different posts. These depôts of provisions were placed on the island in consequence of a great disaster that happened thirty-five years ago. Late in the autumn, a large ship called the "Granicus" went to pieces on the south-east point. The crew escaped the wreck in their boats, and got as far as Bel Bay on the northern shore, where they were frozen in. When their bodies were found in the following spring, one man had evidently only just died. He had lived for months on his comrades, some of whose bodies, neatly butchered, were found hanging up outside the camp. This could not happen now with a small number of men; but if a troop ship or an emigrant ship were to run on shore late in the fall, and the crew escape the wreck, nothing short of a miracle could save them from dying of starvation, which fate the other inhabitants of the island would in all probability, share with them. On Sable Island, I am told, a liberal Government turned pigs adrift for castaway mariners to eat; but the pigs got so hungry that they ate the castaway mariners instead.

I met two of B.'s sons going with their sister to pay a visit to their next neighbor, distant about fifty miles. They travelled in a skiff, camping on the beach at night. When I came across them they were in a trapper's shanty. I observed a looking-glass hanging up outside, so I knew that there was a lady in the case. Miss B. is about twenty-two years of age, and the belle of Anticosti. She had never seen any house but her father's. She is now "coming out," and may preside over a lighthouse yet.

The geology of the island must be very interesting; so numerous are the fossils, that it is almost impossible to pick up a handful of pebbles from the beach without finding one or two in it. Old B. offered to show me the fossil of a "lobster" (?) perfect in the rock some distance off. The prevailing rock is limestone. The soil is said to be very poor, though I saw capital crops of wild hay growing at the mouths of some of the rivers. The natives say that cattle will not live longer on the island than one year. Except in one place, they certainly do not live longer, because when the cow ceases to give milk she is made into beef, and a fresh one imported. B. has two hungry-looking animals, which, he informed me, had lived for a great part of the winter on the branches of the dogwood, as his hay ran short.

Anticosti has no animal peculiar to itself. It is not to be expected that it should have, but it is strange that it wants many—in

fact, most—animals common to both shores of the mainland: for instance, beaver, musquash, cariboo, squirrels, rabbits, &c., &c. For all these animals, and others that I have not named, it seems quite as well adapted as either shore of the St. Lawrence; indeed, it looks as if it were originally intended for the musquash, which thrives in every other part of British North America. The mink, too, is generally found along with the otter, but not in Anticosti. The list of wild animals comprises bears, foxes, otters, martens, and mice, and no others that I could see or hear of. Bears, though not so numerous as they once were, are still plentiful; so are otters. I observe everywhere that otters outlive the other fur-bearing animals, from their wandering habits, their strength, and their 'cuteness. They are more difficult to trap than any animal, except perhaps the carcajou and the fox. Foxes were very plentiful some years ago, chiefly cross foxes and silver grey; black foxes (the most valuable) and red ones (the least so) being about equally rare. But these valuable animals, together with martens, have of late years been destroyed by bungling trappers, by means of poison laid in little balls or pellets of grease. The grease allures the fox, and preserves the poison from the weather. Sometimes a crow flies off with one of these savoury morsels, and drops dead in the wood. A fox in turn picks up the crow, so that many more animals are destroyed than are found by the poisoner. The trappers speak of four different sorts of foxskins, which differ greatly in value; while the black, the silver-grey, and the cross or patch foxes are worth respectively 100 dollars, 60 dollars, and 25 dollars, the red fox is barely worth two dollars. The quality of the fur is equally good in all four varieties—it is merely the color that makes the difference. South of the St. Lawrence red foxes are the rule, the others varieties the exceptions. North of the St. Lawrence and in Anticosti silver-greys and patch foxes are the rule, while the others are the exceptions. In fact, as with all the other fur-bearing animals, the further north they are taken the more valuable will their fur be found; and I am inclined to think, notwithstanding the great difference in color, that they are merely varieties of the same species.

On a summer's evening, on the opposite shores of Canada and New Brunswick, the bull frogs, the night hawks, and the owls join in a chorus of sounds which one misses in Anticosti. Whether St. Patrick ever paid a flying visit to the island or not, I cannot say, but certainly there are no frogs, toads, or snakes on it, and I never saw or heard either an owl or a night hawk. Two partridges (so called) are found on

the island, viz., the "birch" (*Tetrao umbellus*) and the Newfoundland ptarmigan (*T. saliceti*), the latter only a visitor. The other birds that I noticed were the goose (*A. canadensis*), brant (*A. Bernicla*), black duck (*A. obscura*), Shell duck (*Mergus serrator*), blue-winged teal (*A. discors*), eider duck (*F. mollissima*), scaup duck (*F. marila*), surf duck (*F. perspicillata*), whistler (*F. clangula*), scoter (*F. americana*), buffel-head (*F. albeola*), old squaw (*F. glacialis*), and two or three other sorts of ducks. Of the divers I saw three, viz., the loon (*C. glacialis*), the red-throated diver (*C. septentrionalis*), and the black-throated diver (*C. arcticus*). Of seagulls and terns I saw a great many varieties, but I cannot give them their proper names; also two sandpipers and two cormorants; yellow-legs (*Totanus flavipes*), bittern (*Ardea minor*), crow (*Corvus americanus*), raven (*C. corax*), an eagle (which I took to be the sea eagle, *E. albicilla*), osprey (*F. halizetus*), hen hawk (*F. borealis*), and another very small hawk; the moose bird (*Garrulus canadensis*), pine grosbeak (*Pyrrhula enucleator*), the robin (*Turdus americanus*), swamp robin (*T. minor*), crow blackbird (*Quiscalus versicolor*), peabody (*Fringilla pennsylvanica*), chickadee (*Parus atricapillus*), also another black and yellow titmouse; kingfisher (*Alcedo alcyon*), great woodpecker (*Picus pileatus*), gannet (*Sula bassana*), sea parrot (*Mormon arcticus*), foolish guillemot (*Uria Troile*), black guillemot (*U. Grylle*). With the one exception of the brant, all the above-mentioned birds breed in Anticosti, and I have no doubt many more that escaped my observation.

(To be continued.)

### SOME ODD LIVINGS.

In no city in the world is greater ingenuity exercised to gain a living than in Paris, where there is absolutely nothing wasted. Before the chiffonnier gets the chance of picking anything of the smallest value off its hundred thousand rubbish heaps, the thrifty house-wife has usually put aside all that she can find a market for, and the servants have made their selection. Parisian industry, an ever-moving wheel, crushes, grinds and renews every particle of refuse which thousands of men traverse the streets day and night to collect—foul rags, half-gnawed bones, broken glass, matted hair, parings and peelings of fruits, cigar ends dropped from the lips of smokers, faded flowers, dry and mouldy crusts of bread, and other more or less repulsive rubbish, are carefully collected to serve as raw materials to obscure industries, which transform and send them forth again in well nigh all their pristine freshness.

Out of this refuse, ingenious men are continually realising fortunes, and thousands of people gain their daily bread. The profit made from the mere mud scraped off the streets of Paris is something incredible; more than one individual has achieved independence by buying up the crusts and crumbs that fall from prodigal Parisian tables; others have gained competencies by collecting the pieces of squeezed lemon thrown aside by oyster eaters, or by contracting with the "restaurateurs" for their scraps; and indeed there is scarcely any kind of industry out of the mere leavings of which somebody or other does not manage to glean sufficient for a livelihood. The manufacturing jeweller, after having burnt his ashes and the sweepings of his workshop, finds a ready customer for the ashes of his ashes, among thousands anxious to turn an honest penny to make both ends meet. There is always something to be gleaned, they believe, from the fields already reaped, and the wits maintain that anyone who would take the trouble might manage to live even upon the huissiers, those detested legal subordinates who live upon everyone else.

A few years ago an ingenious individual on observing some chiffonniers unload their baskets, was struck by seeing the numerous pieces of bread they all turned out. On questioning them, he ascertained how these scraps were disposed of, and forthwith conceived the idea of embarking wholesale in a trade which others were content to follow retail. Without loss of time he purchased a pony and cart, hired a large room in one of the old colleges, so numerous in certain quarters of Paris, paid a visit to the cooks of the different scholastic establishments, and proposed to buy up all their scraps of bread. They had hitherto been accustomed to give these to the chiffonniers, and stared incredulously when the proposition was made to them, although they were only too willing to entertain it.

Our dealer knew perfectly well what he was about, he was aware that boys are fond of wasting all the bread given to them which they cannot eat, that they fling it at one another, kick it about their playgrounds, and that stained with ink, and covered with dirt, much of it would lie soaking in a gutter or mouldering on a rubbish-heap, and he thought if, instead of undergoing these vicissitudes, all this bread were collected with care by the servants, a profitable market might be found for it. With the view of leaving no room for competition, he next made arrangements with the scullions of both the large and small restaurants, and knowing that the crust of bread was to be found everywhere, at the street corners, in the kennels,

and on the rubbish-heaps, he came to an understanding with a majority of the chiffoniers by offering them advantages which they could not obtain elsewhere.

When all his arrangements were complete, he established himself one morning at the market with sackfuls of pieces of bread, and some empty baskets to serve as measures, and with a notice in front of him announcing "Crusts of bread for sale." He knew Paris thoroughly, he knew that that portion of the population which frequented the barriers had a special liking for stewed rabbit, and that Paris rabbits were reared on bread as well as cabbages. Fowls, too, he knew were fattened on bread crumbs, and other domestic animals. Our dealer in second-hand bread offered a basketful for six sous, which being much below the price of ammunition bread, soon gained him the custom of all the little fowl and rabbit breeders of the environs. At the end of a month, on reckoning his profits, he found his idea had proved an extremely lucrative one. Every day for weeks following, he concluded fresh bargains with the tables d'hôte, the cafés, the cooks of grand houses, and the sisters of religious communities, and every month saw his profits steadily increase, until, four months after his first appearance at the markets, he had three horses and carts constantly occupied. In the course of business he was brought into contact with cooks, butchers, and "charcutiers," all fond of keeping dogs; and he gradually became initiated into the secrets of their different professions, when he learnt that all these men used considerable quantities of bread crumbs for cutlets, &c., and grated crusts for coating hams, and that they bought the former at eight sous the pint and a half. This determined him to become a manufacturer of bread crumbs and to sell the full litre measure of a pint and three-quarters for as low as six sous, which reduced price attracted nearly all the consumers to him, and in less than six months he had to procure additional horses and carts and to engage a complete staff of workpeople.

To his business of second-hand baker and manufacturer of bread crumbs, this real genius ere long added the making of "croutons"—those little lozenge-shaped crisp bits of baked bread so largely eaten in soup, and which he supplied to the grocers and small restaurants. All his proceedings, too, were regulated on such thorough economic principles, that not even the blackened crusts were wasted, but after being reduced to a fine powder and passed through silk sieves, were mixed with honey and spirits of peppermint, and sold to the chemists and perfumers for tooth paste, which, if not particularly effi-

acious as a dentifrice, had the merit of being innocuous.

By the time our second-hand baker had made a moderate fortune, another purpose to which refuse bread might be even more profitably applied was discovered. This was for the manufacture of common gingerbread, most of which came from Rheims. An ingenious individual, finding that crusts of bread were being sold in the market at such a price as precluded the idea that they could have emanated from a baker's shop, set to work to see whether it was not possible to reduce this bread into its pristine state for ulterior purposes. After a few experiments, he found that by submitting it to a certain heat in an oven constructed expressly for the purpose, it was possible so to harden it without burning it that he could grind it up again in a particular mill of his own invention, and so reconvert it into flour, which answered admirably for making common gingerbread. The various processes patented, the inventor became the master of the cheap gingerbread trade of Paris; for he could supply a sufficiently good article at fifty per cent. under all the other manufacturers, and even at a less price than ordinary bread was sold at.

Those who know the poorer quarters of Paris, are aware that there are places where a plate of meat can be obtained for a couple of sous, and a plate of vegetables for another sou, and that, lacking this amount of capital, it is possible to procure a draft of bouillon from a spout continually flowing, for just so long as you can manage to hold your breath, for a single sou. Those who prefer more solid food, and are withal of a speculative turn, can, for the same small coin, run what is called "the hazard of the fork"—that is, a single plunge of this useful instrument into a smoking caldron, with the privilege of banqueting upon whatever you may fish out, should you chance to fish out anything. If, however, you prefer the bird in the hand, and require to see your sou's worth before you part with your money, you can patronise a bijoutier (who is not a jeweller), and invest it in harlequins, which have no relation whatever to pantomime. For the harlequins of which one speaks are simply scraps of every conceivable edible substance served up by Parisian cooks, that chance to be left by dainty feeders on the sides of their plates. Of all colors and shapes when mixed together, they present a certain resemblance to the parti-colored garments of the citizen of Bergamo, and hence the name by which they have come to be known. Dealers in these delicacies have contracts with the scullions employed at the different ministries and embassies, and in all the more wealthy private households and the

chief hotels, but more particularly with those engaged at the great restaurants—men who spend the best part of their lives in a species of Turkish bath, at a temperature of from one hundred and forty to one hundred and eighty degrees, for a salary of five-and-twenty francs a month, on condition that all the scraps on the plates they have to wash up are their perquisites, said scraps being usually worth at least ten times the amount of their salary. Three francs the basketful is the average price they obtain for the scrapings of the platters that pass through their hands, all of which, from truffled turkey to trotters, from ortolans to haricots, is thrown pell-mell into a common receptacle. Every morning the dealer, or his agent, dragging behind him a closed cart, furnished with ventilators, visits all the establishments with which there is a contract, and basketful after basketful is flung into the vehicle, which, later in the day, deposits its contents at a particular pavilion of the Halles Centrales, set apart for the sale of cooked meats. Here each dealer sorts his nameless heap, where hors d'œuvres are mixed with the roasts, and vegetables with entremets, and where fishes' heads, scraps of cutlets, fricandeaus, and filets, half-picked drumsticks, and portions of ragouts and mayonaises are intimately blended with fragments of pastry, salads, macaroni, vegetables, cheese, and fruits; the whole being, moreover, impregnated with at least twenty different sauces. All that is recognizable in this conglomeration is carefully put on one side, cleaned, trimmed, and placed on plates. Out of regard for the stomachs of their customers, the bijoutiers perform this delicate operation of sorting in private, and it is only when all is finished, the discordant pieces duly assimilated, and the harlequins arranged in little piles, with the titbits—or jewels, as they are termed—temptingly displayed in front, that the public are invited to inspect and purchase.

Many poor people and workingmen engaged in the neighborhood of the markets, prefer these high-seasoned delicacies to a plainer style of living, and the consequence is that by one o'clock in the day every dealer in harlequins is nearly certain to be cleared out. All that is rejected during the sorting is sold as food for pet dogs, for whose special benefit certain bijoutiers convert these dregs into a succulent sort of paste, which is much sought after by fussy old ladies, the plethoric habit of whose Italian greyhounds evinces the high kind of living in which they are indulged. The bones, which have been preserved with care, are sold to the manufacturers of soup-cakes, and, after the gelatine has been extracted from them, they

are disposed of to the manufacturers of animal black. That the trade in harlequins is a good one, is evident from the fact that there are numerous retired bijoutiers in Paris, who have amassed incomes of from ten to twelve thousand francs a year after a few years' successful trade.

If the calling of bijoutier is a profitable one, that of "zesteuse" would appear to be hardly less so, as the reader will presently see. Some years ago, a certain Madame Vanard was left a widow at the interesting age of eighteen. Her husband, a practical chemist, who had established a little distillery at which he extracted essences for perfumers and pastrycooks, killed himself through overwork. During the few happy months he and his young bride passed together, the latter, while watching her husband at his employment, had learnt some of the rudiments of chemical science, and was able to replace him at his alembics at such times as he was obliged to be absent. When he died, desiring to carry on his business, and remembering his having one day remarked to her that an intelligent man might make his fortune out of the orange and lemon peel thrown away in Paris, she determined to see if she could not put the suggestion he had shadowed forth into practice.

With this view she went one day, basket on arm, into the Rue Montorgueil, where the oyster market was then held, and where there were numerous restaurants, at which these bivalves were the staple article of consumption, and where—as the Parisian, even to the workingman, invariably eats lemon juice with his oysters—the remains of squeezed lemons naturally abounded. On the hundreds of rubbish-heaps, where one chiffonnier after another had already reaped a harvest, she prepared to seek hers. The garçons of the neighboring restaurants and cafés, observing a young and pretty woman come regularly every morning to search where so many others had searched before, inquired of her what she was in quest of, and, on being told, promised to put the precious peel on one side for her.

Her next course was to find the people who swept out the audience portion of the Paris theatres, and to prevail on them, for a small consideration, to save for her the orange peel with which the floors were strewn. She then engaged washers and sorters, whom she set to work in a large room, round which horizontal wicker hurdles, piled up with scraps of orange and lemon peel, were arranged, reaching from the floor almost to the ceiling. In the centre of the apartment was a long table, at which a score or more of laughing, chattering girls would be busily engaged in "zesting"—that is, in removing the extreme

outside portion of the peel, with which men and boys proceeded to fill bags and boxes. After being weighed and done up in packets, this peel was dispersed, not only all over Paris again, but throughout France, and even abroad, where it was transformed into Dutch caraçoa, essence and syrup of lemon, orangeade, lemonade, &c. Such is the business which made the fortune of a charming woman, and which, spite of its having spread of late years into a multiplicity of hands, is still a profitable calling.

Another widow, older and not so pretty, or so elegant, or so intelligent, and, consequently, not by any means so interesting as Madame Vanard, made a fortune for herself out of what everybody else looked upon as rubbish. She was concierge at a house in the Rue du Temple, occupied almost exclusively by manufacturing goldsmiths, and one very severe winter, was possessed with the economical idea of burning in an old caldron that served her for a stove, all the sweepings of the house. The plan answered remarkably well, for she found what she had hitherto regarded as so much mere dust became, when mixed with turf and coal, an excellent combustible. Warmer weather having set in, the old lady went about the usual spring cleaning up of her place, and on clearing out the old caldron, was surprised to see some hard, glittering substance soldered, as it were, to the bottom of the utensil. On closer examination it proved to be gold; the old lady had unwittingly discovered the philosopher's stone, which so many have sought in vain. Keeping her secret so far as she was able, she proceeded to rent on lease the sweeping of the staircases in all the neighboring houses occupied by goldsmiths—paying to do that which people ordinarily pay to have done. With the profits resulting from this speculation, she bought several large plots of ground in the outskirts of Paris, on which she built theatrical-looking Swiss villages, and sold her chalets one by one to small tradesmen of bucolic tastes, who spend their Sundays there, fancying the adjacent Montmartre and the more distant Mont Valerien to be peaks of some neighboring Alpine chain.

One can understand a fortune being made out of an imperishable substance like gold, but can hardly conceive an independence being realized out of faded flowers, and yet this was done by an intelligent Parisian, who, at his wit's end for means to live, thus reasoned to himself one day: "Those expensive bouquets, of which one sees such an abundance every morning at the 'Marché aux fleurs,' must be constantly flung aside by the beauties to whom they have been presented, a long while before the flowers are really dead, and as a matter of course find their way to the rub-

bish heaps before their proper time. Early in the morning in the fashionable quarters of Paris these heaps are strewn with flowers still blooming. "Now," said our intelligent Parisian to himself, "if I were to go or send round early and pick up all these flowers, and could only succeed in finding out a way of reviving them, if merely for a short time, I might make a little fortune." He was not long in finding out all he wanted, whereupon he hired a small isolated house near the Barrière Montparnasse, and engaged a number of poor people to collect the flowers from off the rubbish heaps before the chiffonniers went their rounds and soiled them by turning all the refuse over; the flowers once in his house, this is how he set to work.

A number of women undid the different bouquets, sorted the flowers, cut off the ends of all the stalks, which they afterwards dipped into water almost boiling, thereby causing the sap to mount into the flowers, and rendering them as brilliant as though they were gathered that morning. The flowers were then mounted upon rush stems, arranged in bouquets and surrounded with fresh green leaves, and all was done. To get rid of the bouquets a band of little girls were hired, who, cleanly and tidily dressed, and with small baskets upon their arms containing the day's stock, and bunches of flowers in their hands, pestered the passers-by along the boulevards, who to get rid of their importunities generally made purchases. So well organized was the entire affair, that upwards of a thousand pounds a year was realized by our intelligent Parisian.

Much in the same way as it occurred to this individual that it might be practicable to utilize the castaway bouquets of Parisian belles, others were struck with the possibility of turning to account the ends of cigars already smoked. Still the calling, which is pursued in Paris to a great extent, is not a particularly profitable one, as any poor devil can scour the boulevards and the outskirts of the more frequented cafés, and pick up a share of the cigar-ends that fall from the lips of more than a hundred thousand smokers. After chopping these ends up small the collector can make up little packets of tobacco, and sell to a working man four times as much tobacco for a sou as he could purchase at a tobacconist's for the same money. The ends of the superior cigars he will sell to the cigarette manufacturers for a couple of francs and upwards per pound. Hundreds of men out of work pursue this calling in Paris, where nearly half a million of cigars are smoked every day, and the majority of them in the open air.

The chiffonnier is too well known to need description here; besides, to do him justice,

would require a small volume. Still there is one branch of the profession of the "chiffe" very little known, and on which a few words may be said. This is the "trieur," or sorter, who is charged with classifying the contents of all the baskets of the working chiffonniers, which the "ogres," who carry on "chiffonnerie" on a grand scale, purchase for a stated price. As soon as these various baskets are emptied into the sorting shed, the "trieurs," male and female, set to work to separate this mass of filth and rubbish, to winnow, in fact, the grain from the chaff. Thus all the white rags are put on one side to be sold to the paper-makers, all the colored and silk ones to the "unravellers," the paper to the cardboard manufacturers, the bones, according to their size, to the ivory-turners, the button-makers, or the refiners, the old iron, copper, zinc, and lead to the blacksmiths and founders, the old leather to the furbershapers of old boots and shoes, the hair to the coiffeurs, the wool to the mattress-makers, and all the fatty substances to the soap and candle manufacturers. These "trieurs" ordinarily work twelve hours a-day in a pestiferous atmosphere, which is at times so charged with noxious exhalations as to put out the very lamps they use.

Quite distinct from the chiffonnier, though of the same type, is the "ravageur," who rakes all the gutters that intersect the Paris pavements, with a piece of wood at one end of which is a sort of iron crook, with the view of fishing out any scraps of iron or copper, boot or other nails, or stray coins, that may chance to have fallen into these receptacles. The class, however, is far from a numerous one, and since open gutters at the sides and in the centre of the roadways have been for the most part done away with, is gradually becoming extinct.

The very mud one scrapes from off one's feet is turned in Paris to profitable account. In London, contractors are paid to cleanse the streets, and how indifferently they too often fulfil the duty we all of us know; whereas in Paris they pay six hundred thousand francs (twenty-four thousand pounds) a year for the privilege of keeping the city clean, and do their work admirably. The mud and other refuse which they cart away is deposited in the "poutrissiers" (rotting places) at Argenteuil, a few miles from Paris, and is eventually sold as manure to the thousands of suburban market-gardeners at from three to five francs the cubic metre of thirty-nine inches—two and a half millions of francs worth being thus disposed of annually.

The scavengers of Paris are a class by themselves. In the whole of the eighty brigades, of which they are composed, not a single real Frenchman is to be found.

The prefect's lancers, as the gamins of the capital delight to style them, are all either Germans, or Alsations, who are Germans in everything but nationality and name. Between three and four o'clock every morning they may be encountered descending upon Paris from the high ground of La Villette, or spreading over the city from the neighborhood of the Place Maubert, each with a broom or shovel on his or her shoulders, for men and women are employed indiscriminately. Clothed in ragged garments, which are frequently soaked through by the rain, spite of the oilskin cape with which many of them are provided, the men yet wear a smart glazed cap with a brass plate in front, showing that, although paid by the contractors, they are still the servants of the municipality. The women all wear coarse stuff or woollen dresses, and have colored handkerchiefs on their heads, falling in a long point behind, and fluttering with every breath of wind. To protect themselves from the cold, both men and women wear enormous gloves and gigantic sabots, or thick hobnailed shoes, stuffed full of straw, which some of them twist over their blue woollen stockings, half way up their legs, to serve as boots.

These sweepers, who must be under five-and-thirty years of age when engaged, are about one thousand six hundred in number. The eighty brigades into which they are formed give four brigades to each of the twenty arrondissements of Paris. Work commences punctually at four o'clock, and those not present at the roll-call lose their day's pay, which is at the rate of fourpence per hour for the time they happen to be engaged, which is, on an average, from four to five hours daily. The contractors pay them their wages, and the city of Paris provides them with their shovels and brooms. Each brigade of sweepers has its inspector, who, without a particle of pity for the fatigue which he has himself formerly undergone, sees that everyone under him performs his or her share of labor. Above the corps of inspectors come the sub-controller, the controller, the director, and finally the chief engineer of the city.

The houses in the Rues de Meaux and de Peubla, where the great bulk of the Paris street-sweepers reside, are sufficiently dismal looking. In their large and dirty courtyards swarms of children are generally playing in the mud, rags of many colors are hanging from all the windows, and stowed in the corners of the dark, damp passages, which emit a sickening odor of cabbage and fried bacon, are heaps of worn-out brooms. Most of the men are pale, scrofulous, and stupid-looking, and all the women resemble each other; the old seem never to have been young, and

the young appear already old. Not a dog, nor a cat, nor a bird even is to be seen, which is easily accounted for, as these animals cost something to keep, and produce nothing in return, which would not suit people of such thrifty habits as the Paris sweepers, who, out of the shilling or eightpence a day which they earn, invariably manage to save sufficient to enable them to return after a time to their native place, there to settle down for the remainder of their days in comparative independence.

One of the most ingenious of small Parisian industries is that of the "riboui," or maker of what is known as the "dix-huit," which is an old shoe become new again, hence its appellation of "dix-huit" (eighteen) or "deux fois neuf," which every one knows signifies both "twice new" and "twice nine." These shoes are made of old vamps, to which old soles turned inside out are added, plenty of cobbler's wax and numerous large nails being used to conceal the cheat. As a general rule they fall to pieces after a week's wear.

By far the most unscrupulous picker up of what most people regard as unconsidered trifles is unquestionably the "échantillonneur," or collector of samples, who has satisfactorily solved the problem that has perplexed all the economists, of how to live while producing nothing and consuming a good deal. His mode of proceeding is simple enough. He preys on all he can, and consumes or sells all he gets. On one pretence or another—a large foreign or colonial order, a municipal or other contract, a private connexion among the wealthy classes—he collects samples of every conceivable thing from all the manufacturers and wholesale dealers he can prevail on to trust him, and these he eats, drinks, wears, uses, and sells according to circumstances. Of course he uses up a number of firms every week; still Paris is a large city, and the directory furnishes a never-ending supply; besides which there are the provinces to work upon. Of course he gives the preference to new establishments desirous of pushing business, as they respond more liberally and with less hesitation to his verbal and written applications.

## HEALTH OF MINISTERS—LUNG TROUBLES.

BY REVEREND WILLIAM PATTON, D.D., NEW HAVEN, CT.

It has been deeply impressed upon my mind, for a considerable time, that I may owe a duty to my younger brethren in relation to their health and consequent usefulness. To discharge this duty, I will

draw upon my personal experience and observation. The items in relation to myself are stated for the encouragement of those who are feeble and fearful of an early close of their labors.

Of seven children the writer was the most feeble. He was so continuously feeble that few hopes were entertained of raising him. He was cared for with much anxiety until he was prepared for college, being then full six feet high and very slender, so much so that his college mates called him "the mathematical line—length without breadth." He was very narrow in the chest, and gave promise of soon dying with consumption. To this he had a lineal title, as his mother and several of his aunts and uncles, by the mother's side, had died with that incurable disease. In the spring of the Sophomore year he was taken with hemorrhage from the lungs accompanied with pain in the chest, and so reduced that, by direction of his physician and the advice of the President of the college, he returned home. The President advised him to give up all hope of ever entering the ministry and to seek some more active life. On the way home, by easy stages, he put up for the night at a country tavern, where, in reading the paper on the table, he met with the statement of Dr. Rush, Philadelphia, that "he never knew of a Philadelphia watchman or professed vocalist to die of consumption." The writer knew that the Philadelphia watchmen were exposed to all weathers, and particularly that they cried aloud the hour of the night, and also the state of the weather. This set him to vigorous thinking to ascertain the reason for so remarkable a statement. This he thought he discovered in the law that EXERCISE GIVES STRENGTH. That as the exercise of the right arm gives to the blacksmith his great strength in that member, so also the exercise of the lungs must give them strength. Under this conviction he at once entered upon a series of lung exercises, by reading, speaking aloud, always stopping and taking rest before sensible of weakness. This he persevered in through the summer, and with such success that, in the autumn, he returned to college much improved. He pursued his studies, but, in the spring of Junior year was again prostrated by bleeding from the lungs. The physician required absolute cessation of study and insisted upon his going home and giving up all thought of finishing his college course. The President also said: "Young gentleman, you must abandon all thought of the ministry." The reply was: "My heart is set upon being a minister of Christ, and I cannot stop as long as I can take another step toward that object." "Possibly," said the President, "you may struggle on to the ministry, but your first will be your

funeral sermon. My advice is, that you put a four pence half-penny on your tongue and keep it there." This was the rhetorical and classical way of telling him to keep silent and not use his lungs. Notwithstanding these discouragements he returned home, determined to resume and keep up his self-inaugurated lung exercises. Simple as was this method, and without resort to any medicines, he recruited so much that he returned in the autumn to his class. He went through Senior year, keeping up his lung exercise, and escaped another turn of bleeding. He studied theology, and was duly licensed to preach. He entered upon active and laborious ministerial duties, though for full twenty years he never preached a sermon without a pain in his breast following. He went out in all weathers, well clad, and kept up the constant exercise of his lungs, until for the last thirty years he has never known what lung weariness is, and can fill the largest house. He has been fifty-one years in the ministry—is now hale and cheerful, weighs over two hundred pounds, is regarded by his fellows as quite youthful in spirit and is ever ready to preach. Under God he owes his life and usefulness to his persevering efforts, by proper exercises, to strengthen his lungs and thus enable them to do their duty. He states these facts to cheer and encourage and save for a life work of usefulness, perhaps, some desponding ones who are ready to abandon the ministry and either seek some other occupation, or give themselves up to die young.

#### THE HOME OF THE LOCUSTS.

In the vast levels of the Sahara, extending with little interruption from the banks of the Nile to the Atlantic Ocean, you may, on a fine morning in spring, behold the sandy waste heaving with life, and from millions of matrices, discern multitudes, not of green, but of tiny black things, emerging into light.

With a rapidity which almost belongs to miracle, they augment in size, and direct their march toward the north, attracted thitherwards, we may almost be sure, by the scent of vegetation, which brings to their diminutive and infinitely fine organs the intimation that endless pastures are at hand. Then, if they belong to the Asiatic brood, they direct their footsteps towards Tadmor in the wilderness; and after devastating the palm-groves and desecrating the marble colonnades of Zenobia, where Longinus meditated on the Sublime, reach the verdant plains of Damascus, which they strip, and sear, and wither up, as if millions of burning rollers had been driven over the soil. From this point,

they diverge east and west from the vicinity of the Euphrates and the spurs of Taurus to the borders of the Serbonian bog, "where armies whole have sunk," maddening the lazy inhabitants of Syria, who, instead of displaying their energy in extirpating the seeds of what they are plagued with, wait in stupid apathy till it comes upon them with resistless force.

It is usual to remark that nothing turns the locust aside from the track that he has selected; but this must be understood of ordinary obstacles existing in a tolerably level country. He never attempts to scale Lebanon or Anti-Lebanon, from which he is scared away by the snows, the forests, and the moisture they hold in their embrace. He is a dry animal, and accords his horrid preference to hot and arid regions. It is only when he ceases to be a free agent that he traverses great rivers and seas, when he has been caught up in the gripe of the whirlwind, and dashed forward involuntarily into places which he knows not, and if any choice were left him, would shrink from with abhorrence. If, in June or July, you happen to be traversing the burning belt of the Tehama, extending from Akaba's Gulf to Bab-el-mandeb, you may often behold from your dromedary black clouds in the form of columns or shattered and broken awnings, extending raggedly over the sky for miles,—swarms of locusts hurrying before the west wind from the Sahara across the Red Sea. Sometimes the gust suddenly changing, submerges them in the waves; sometimes they are wrecked, and piled up in pestilential drifts from Jiddah to Mokha; sometimes by the strength of the hurricane, they are wafted far into the Hedjaz, and pollute the sacred precincts of Medina and Mecca. There is however, we believe, no instance on record of their invading the district of Tayt, where exquisite gardens lavish on the thirsty Arab a profusion of grapes, pomegranates, dates white and golden, bananas, quinces, apricots, peaches, and the sweetest strawberries in Asia. As soon as your dromedary sniffs, as he does from a great distance, the nauseous odor of the vermin, he becomes almost unmanageable; now bearing his long snake-like neck as high as he is able into the air, then ducking his head and thrusting his nose into the sand, as if wishful in some way to escape from the consciousness of the approach of the pest. If you give him the bridle, he instantly turns his back upon the enemy, and scours away in the opposite direction as swiftly as a moderate railway train,—that is, at the rate of about eighteen miles an hour.

Towards the beginning of the present century, a prodigious body of locusts was precipitated across the Red Sea upon the

steppe lying east of Odessa, where it committed the most indescribable devastation. To destroy the invaders, columns of serfs were marched down from the interior; but on arriving at the scene of action, were almost paralyzed by the phenomenon they witnessed. For miles, the whole surface of the plain converted, into a black color, seemed to be alive and in motion, for the scaly bodies of the locusts, closely pressed and locked together, presented the appearance of a huge dusky cuirass reflecting with a strange glitter the rays of the sun. The mass being in motion, advanced inland, slowly but steadily, murmuring like the surges of the ocean, putting the sheep, the cattle, the horses, and the inhabitants on all sides to flight. A stench not to be expressed by words was emitted from the host as it crawled forward, the living devouring the dead, for lack of other provender. Putting their mattocks, spades, pick-axes, and other implements into immediate requisition, the serfs speedily excavated a trench several miles in length across the track the locusts; but ere they had finished, the enemy was upon them, and soon demonstrated the futility of their device. In the course of a few minutes from their reaching the excavation, the foremost ranks had been pushed into it by those that followed, and filled it up from edge to edge, so that the multitude continued its march apparently without interruption; then everything combustible was collected and set on fire in front of the column, with the same result. The whole Black Sea seemed transformed into locusts, which, from its low shores, came up in countless myriads, setting at defiance all the arts and industry of man. Several columns of the invaders filed off towards the east, and alighted amid the vineyards of the Crimea, which they soon changed into a waste of apparently dry and sapless twigs. Russia appeared to be on the eve of a calamity like that which fell upon it about the middle of the seventeenth century, when the destruction of the harvests occasioned a famine, which was followed by a plague, so that the population of whole provinces was thinned almost to extermination. In the present instance, the elements came to the deliverance of man. Before a strong west wind, masses of black clouds came pouring up from the Bosphorus, which covered the atmosphere, and ultimately descended in floods of rain. At the touch of descending Jove, the locusts were paralyzed, and as the celestial moisture continued to drench them in pitiless fashion, they gave up the ghost, and bequeathed their filthy corpses to the husbandman for manure; not, however, without sundry fevers and dysenteries.

It is a notable fact that Egypt, though it

lies in the very heart of locust-breeding countries, is seldom visited by the pest, the reason probably being the extreme moisture of the air, saturated incessantly by exhalations from the Nile. People talk at present of locusts four inches in length, though we regard the estimate as greatly exaggerated; but if the vermin were naturalized in Egypt, it surpasses conjecture to imagine to what dimensions they would attain in its genial and prolific soil. The scarabæi about Esne and Thebes are undoubtedly sometimes found between three inches and a half and four inches in length, and almost as broad as the palm of a lady's hand; the grasshoppers, too, are colossal, and occasionally chirp with startling vehemence.

When the locust does arrive, he evinces by various tokens that he is an intruder and a foreigner. Instead of alighting on the rich plains of Memphis, he comes at night on the wings of the Khamsyn, or wind of fifty days, from the Sahara, and often strikes against the muezzin, as from his lofty minaret he calls in darkness the Faithful to prayer. Then the vermin descend on the roofs of houses where there is nothing to eat, but where they themselves are soon caught, cooked and eaten. Still, it is with a sensation by no means pleasing that the traveller's foot strikes against a cluster of locusts in the sand, for he immediately suspects they may be only pioneers or *avant-courier*. Advancing westward along the old bed of the Atlantic—for the Sahara is nothing else—you behold colonies of locusts, mounting as soon as their wings enable them into the atmosphere, and directing their flight towards the prodigious chain of Mount Atlas, which they never attempt to traverse on the wing. As they near it, on the contrary, they pay it reverence, and descend to the ground, looking about for some *col* or pass through which they may make their way to the Mediterranean provinces, and from thence, like their countrymen, the Moors, pass over into Andalusia and Granada.

It may certainly be affirmed that the locust is a product of barbarism which disappears as civilization increases. Niebuhr, father to the historian, whose *Travels* might still be read with no little profit and pleasure, maintains that the visitations of locusts could easily be prevented by a well-organized police. An illustration of the correctness of his theory was, in 1613, supplied in the south of France, when the locusts, for the last time, we believe, invaded that beautiful country. They first made their appearance in the ancient kingdom of Arles, whence they diffused themselves on all sides, attacking and devouring, as is their wont. But they reckoned without their hosts. Instead of having

to do with a horde of lazy orientals, they encountered active and sturdy peasants, who attacked, trampled, and pounded them to powder, whenever they could assemble in sufficient numbers. Still, the females succeeded in depositing their eggs in the soil, which, if left unmolested, would next season have produced swarms which the arbitrary and fanciful calculators of the time supposed would have amounted to five hundred and sixty thousand millions,—that is, quite enough to have stripped the verdure from all France. But the subjects of Louis XIII. were not inclined to see the experiment tried. They diffused themselves over the soil, by the direction of the municipal councils of Arles, Beaucaire, and Tarascon, and digging out the tubes and combs in which the eggs had been deposited, either crushed them to pieces or threw them into the Rhone. Similar exertions would gradually diminish, and in the end utterly destroy the locusts in Mesopotamia, the Nejed, and Syria. Of course the great agent in this destruction should be water, which is everywhere procurable, even in the desert, by sinking artesian wells. At present, nothing is done throughout the East by way of prevention. The people smoke, sip coffee, say their prayers, and trust in providence, without reflecting on the advice given in the old fable to the rustic whose cart stuck fast in a quagmire: "You are quite right," said the sage, "in calling upon Jupiter, but put your shoulder to the wheel." They will not put their shoulders to the wheel, but of calling upon Allah there is no lack.

Considering the immense importance of the subject, it is not a little surprising that in this age of science and research, no traveller should have made it his especial business to discover the homes of the locust, though to commerce and civilization such a discovery must be regarded as of infinitely greater moment than that of the source of the Nile. It would, therefore, in our opinion, be well worthy the enlightened policy of European governments to organize, equip, and send forth an expedition to examine those regions from which the locust swarms may be supposed to proceed. Some of their nests we ourselves have pointed out, but there are unquestionably many others lying somewhere in the heart of the wilderness, which have never been contemplated by human eye. Far away, secluded from scientific observation, the infinite multitude of locust-parents deposit their eggs in the sand, or in the clefts and fissures of fertile land, where they are hatched by the sun. No less mystery surrounds the sources of the most renowned rivers. To dispel this would be a great enterprise, and the work of the traveller or travellers who should

accomplish it would possess, for a scientific age, unparalleled interest. — *Chambers' Journal.*

## VIGILS.

It is the fall of eve ;  
And the long tapers now we light  
And watch; for we believe  
Our Lord may come at night,  
Adeste Fideles.

An hour—and it is seven !  
And fast away the evening rolls ;  
O, it is dark in heaven,  
But light within our souls,  
Veni Creator Spiritus !

Hark ! the old bell strikes eight !  
And still we watch with heart and ear,  
For as the hour grows late,  
The Day-Star may be near,  
Jubilate Deo !

Hark ! it is knelling nine !  
But faithful eyes grow never dim ;  
And still our tapers shine,  
And still ascends our hymn,  
Cum Angelis !

The watchman crieth ten !  
My soul be watching for the Light,  
For when he comes again,  
'Tis as the thief at night,  
Nisi Dominus !

By the old bell—eleven !  
Now trim thy lamps, and ready stand ;  
The world to sleep is given,  
But Jesus is at hand,  
De Profundis !

At midnight—is a cry !  
Is it the bridegroom draweth near ?  
Come quickly, Lord, for I  
Have long'd thy voice to hear !  
Kyrie Eleison !

Could ye not watch one hour ?  
Be ready ; or the bridal train  
And bridegroom, with his dower  
May sweep along in vain,  
Miserere Mei !

By the old steeple—two !  
And now I know the day is near !  
Watch—for his word is true,  
And Jesus may appear !  
Dies Irae !

Three—by the drowsy chime !  
And joy is nearer than at first.  
O, let us watch the time  
When the first light shall burst !  
Sursum Cordis.

Four—and a streak of day !  
At the cock-crowing He may come ;  
And still to all I say,  
Watch—and with awe be dumb,  
Fili David !

Five ! and the tapers now  
In rosy morning dimly burn !  
Stand, and be girded thou,  
Thy Lord will yet return !  
Veni Jesus !

Hark ! 'tis the matin call !  
Oh, when our Lord shall come again  
At prime, or even-fall  
Blest are the wakeful ones !  
Nunc dimittis.

—*Hymns of the Ages.*

## Young Folks.



### EVENINGS IN CALIFORNIA AND JAPAN.

BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL.

(Concluded.)

#### SECOND EVENING.

It was on board a large and splendid steamer we sailed out of the fine harbor of San Francisco. This steamer was one of a line running between that place and China, stopping at Yokohama, a seaport of Japan, on its way. The trade now between California and China is considerable, and the emigration of the hitherto exclusive Chinese immense. These steamers frequently carry as many as 1200 Chinamen at a time.

"How do they manage to keep such a refractory set of passengers quiet?" asked Mr. A. "One would think they would give trouble sometimes."

"Not often," was the reply. "The ships are well officered, almost like men-of-war, and have a large number of regular troops or marines on board, who drill daily. I never saw anything more perfect than this drill. Sometimes the alarm bell would be rung, and the cry 'ship on fire' go round. At once every man was at his post, boats told off, fire-engines ready, and the most perfect order and discipline prevailing. I was thankful, however, that these were only sham cries, for a fire at sea under any circumstances must be a terrible affair. I was told that a desperate insurrection did take place once among the Chinamen on board one of these ships, but that it was soon quelled by letting the donkey engine play hot water upon them—which soon settled them, as they have a horror of scalding. I saw this myself on my return voyage. A great noise and commotion in the steered one day was found to have been caused by a mischievous waiter throwing hot soup on some of those people. Immediately the surging mass was in motion, and no little

alarm was felt by the cabin passengers. The captain, however, went forward with a brace of loaded revolvers and demanded an explanation. Both sides were calmly heard, and then sentence pronounced that the offending waiter should be kept in irons the rest of the voyage. This satisfied the Chinamen's sense of justice, and they returned quietly to their steerage again, and we had no further trouble."

Our voyage to Yokohama occupied three weeks, and we were not sorry when the Islands of Japan were sighted. This cluster of islands, supposed to be about three thousand eight hundred, compose the empire. Some of them, however, are only islets or rocks, and most of them imperfectly known, because the coasts are difficult of access, being surrounded by rocks and a shallow sea. Formerly it was supposed that even the harbor of Jeddo could only float small boats, but Lord Elgin dispelled this notion on his expedition, by running the steamers to within a mile of the forts of Jeddo, and still having seven feet of water. The Japanese probably circulated this report to keep foreigners at a distance."

"The Japanese are more exclusive than the Chinese, are they not?" enquired Herbert.

"They are, though from different reasons; the Chinaman has always assumed a superiority over all the nations of the earth, and has considered himself, until lately, above adopting the improvements of civilization; while the Japanese rulers have kept their country shut up from the very dread of the love of imitation of their people leading them to insurrection or revolution. My experience of these facts

tallied exactly with a passage I met in a newspaper some time ago:—"That no one can doubt, who has visited the two countries, that the Chinaman will still be navigating the canals of his country in the crazy old junks of his ancestors, when the Japanese is skimming along his rivers in high pressure steamers, or flying across the country behind a locomotive." Jeddo, the capital city of the Empire, is in the 36th degree of latitude, and is said to be one of the finest cities in the world. The streets are wide and clean, and the fine views of the Gulf of Jeddo, with the high hills beyond, and the picturesque gardens, trees and temples nearer, make up many curious and beautiful views for a stranger to see. The Emperor lives in the middle of the town, in the castle, surrounded with three walls or enclosures. The nobles and great people all have very fine houses, built principally of wood, carved, stuccoed and ornamented. These houses are generally built in squares, the middle being the residence of the owner, the rest those of servants, dependants, &c. The gardens surrounding these places are laid out in good taste; every bit of ground taken advantage of, and mimic effects of scenery, such as tiny waterfalls, ponds, rock work, &c., very well got up. The Japanese bestow great care on the growth and culture of timber trees. The cedars grow to great height; the oak tree, the mulberry tree—many towns live entirely upon the silk manufacture; then the urusi or varnish tree, of which the people make the celebrated varnish known everywhere by the name of Japan—most of their furniture is coated with this, and all their plates, dishes and drinking vessels, as they do not appear to use glass or china ones; then the camphor tree, of which these puzzle boxes are made; the pepper tree, chestnut tree, walnut tree and many others too numerous to name. They are the most curious people for dwarfing all manner of trees and plants. Growing things are twisted into all manner of shapes, and flowers and fruit of one sort grown on plants and trees of other sorts, outvying even mother nature herself. The love of flowers is strong among even the very poorest of the people, and few are

without a pot or two, or some kind of tree or shrub grown against the back of the house, the arms, perhaps, reaching in through the windows, and loved and petted almost like children. On account of the populousness of this country, every inch of ground is improved to the best advantage, and not only the flats but the hills and mountains are cultivated, and made to produce such things as they can. The rice fields are a beautiful sight,—so well kept and drained, and irrigated so carefully. They are not unhealthy as in other places. Common vegetables are also grown in abundance; indeed, the poorer classes live principally on fish and rice, varied by vegetables or wild plants. Tobacco is also grown in quantities—the Japanese being great smokers. Their pipe has a very small bowl, and hangs by a button from the girdle or belt—the people having no pockets. These buttons are often highly ornamented and expensive, and the pipes themselves works of art. The tobacco is cut in fine shreds, a bag full of which hangs with the pipe at the waist. Nagasaki is the principal trading port with foreigners, having been the longest open to them. Decima, a small island close to this town, which is entered by a bridge, is the famous Dutch station, where for many years the Dutch people had a monopoly of trade with the Japanese—submitting to all sorts of indignities and close confinement for its sake; until within the past few years no foreign women were allowed in the place, and so the Dutch merchants had to bear this tedious exile from their families. Most of these indignities, however, were brought upon themselves, and richly deserved by their dishonest attempts to smuggle, and overreach an honest and trusting people. Sad, was it not, that those who bore the name of Christian should have less morality than the heathen with whom they had to do? The Japanese are not naturally a suspicious people, and we must lay at the door of intercourse with civilized nations their being so now. They have had a hatred and contempt for foreigners which it will take years of intercourse with some of the better class of English and Americans to do away with."

"Is there any hope of Christianity obtaining a footing in Japan?" enquired Mrs. A.

"In time there may be," was the reply; "but not till more God-fearing, earnest men go out. At the principal foreign seaport, Christianity is tolerated now,—a pleasant contrast from the time when the Dutch seamen's Bibles were all boxed up and hidden till their owners sailed away again; and several clergymen of different denominations have permanent residence there; but I was grieved and cut to the heart to see one of those—a Protestant clergyman—lax and unfaithful to his trust, dealing in forms and ceremonies on Sundays, and attending races, questionable tea-gardens and all sorts of idle amusements during the week, and that in the midst of a wonderfully intelligent heathen people, closely watching and observing and making contrasts between themselves and the so-called civilized Christians. Indeed, so terribly do many of our own people lower their standard away from the restraints of home, that I was often led to think that the Japanese would lose rather than gain by civilization—except where vital religion itself could be brought to bear upon them."

"I have often heard it said," observed Mrs. A., "that faithful missionaries have sometimes more hindrances to contend with from so-called Christians than from heathens themselves."

"I quite believe it," was the reply; "because their own people, when abroad, seem to throw off the restraints of civilization, and give loose rein to all their corrupt passions and vices. Somewhere about 1570 the Portuguese were enabled to make a settlement in Japan, and the devoted Jesuit missionary, St. Francois Xavier, and others, made many Japanese converts, even some of high rank; but the death of a prince, and a subsequent insurrection, in which the successors of the first missionaries were found guilty of intriguing, not only caused a persecution of the Christians, terrible to read of, but finally drove all the Portuguese out of Japan, and shut the door against all missionary effort for years and years. The story is too long to enter upon to-night; but the writings of these Jesuit Fathers,

Père de Charleboix, Bonhours, and others, though highly colored and touched with their own superstitions, will well repay the reading by one interested in missionary work. I was not long enough in Japan to be able to tell you much about the peculiar forms of religion or heathenism of the country. There seem to be many sects, the two principal of which are Sintoism and Buddhism. The Mikado or Spiritual Emperor is the great head or pope of the State, while the Tycoon or temporal Emperor is the administrator of the Empire. Both are kept very much secluded and shut up, and surrounded with forms and ceremonies, so irksome, as fully to bear out Shakespere's words: 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown'—in proof of which, abdication in favor of a son and retirement from the burdens of state is frequent; but, as I am not giving a lecture, I had better stop now and show you these curiosities."

"Oh, please don't stop," was the general reply; "we can look at these things and listen to you, too. We are so interested."

"What a lot of jewellery," remarked one of the children, "and see, most of it has flies upon it—common flies just like ours. I thought this one upon that glass ball was real, and tried to brush him off with my finger; but he wouldn't go."

"I suppose not," laughed Mr. P. "The Japanese are clever imitators, and excel in bronze work, of which these flies are made. Their ivory carvings are also beautiful. These figures are intended to be used as buttons, or to hang upon strings at the pipe belt. You have no idea what an amount of affectation there is about these pipe ornaments. The pointed collars and gay neckties of our Western fops are nothing to it. The women do not wear much jewellery; it is made more for foreign export than their own use. They decorate their hair principally; it is drawn up high into a chignon and fastened with large-headed colored pins."

"A chignon!" echoed Herbert; "one would have thought that was the folly of civilization and society."

"Politeness, Master Herbert,—don't be severe; remember you are talking of the

ladies. Yes, they probably invented chignons and "Grecian bends" too, and we copied them."

"Now you are joking Mr. P.," said the little ones.

"No, I am not. I really think the original Grecian bend came from Japan. The ladies there wear shoes with square bits of wood in the middle of the sole, which throws them off an even balance, then the dress is drawn up behind and supported by a wide sash round the waist, with large bows behind, forming a perfect Grecian bend. I thought the fashion was more useful there, however, than I had ever seen it in this country—for a Japanese mother would go to her door and call her little girl of about eight or ten to her, draw open the loose string which confines the dress round the neck of the child, and drop the baby of the family inside; then off would go the girl with seeming content and play on with her street companions as before, the baby resting securely or sleeping in the huge pocket on her back, the sash preventing its falling out. So you see," continued Mr. P., "in borrowing this costume from the Japanese, we have left out the only useful thing about it."

"Are the women pretty there?" enquired Katey.

"Yes, very, were it not that they disfigure themselves with powder and paint, the married women pulling out their eyebrows and blackening their teeth. They are a very neat, clean people, and keep very neat houses; the men wear flat straw sandals which they kick off at the door, and walk about the house in padded soled cotton socks. This sandal is held on by a strap which crosses the foot and passes between the toes. Indeed the people could hardly be otherwise than clean, they bathe so much, though the bathing is rather repugnant to our Western ideas, as they sit in their tubs on the pavement or inside of open doors with perfect indifference, nobody seeming to take any notice of it. Indeed, at all times, they wear very little clothing, and, except the higher classes, and on state occasions, seldom wear anything above the waist. The houses, as I said before, are built of wood, fronted with

a lattice work, covered with white paper run in upon grooves or slides instead of windows. When cold weather comes on, a thin wooden shutter is put in front of this to keep out the cold. These they use as seldom as possible, as they make the house dark. In some parts of Japan snow falls in winter to the depth of an inch, and though it melts soon, yet the weather is cold, and the poor people with these thin houses and light clothing suffer very much. They have no stoves, at least I did not see any, simply movable charcoal heaters placed in the middle of the room. As earthquakes are frequent it is impossible to build more substantial houses, and these light things, run up in a short time, are often destroyed by fire. The rooms have raised platforms all round the sides covered with soft matting. I fancy a Japanese lady would think herself in a curiosity shop or foreign warehouse were she introduced to some of our West-end drawing-rooms, for they waste no money in superfluous furniture, having no tables or chairs, and placing the food upon the floor, sitting round it leaning upon their elbows, and so they dine. The hotels strike one as very comfortless places with this absence of furniture, particularly after leaving the gorgeous palaces of San Francisco. A thin rolled mattress spread upon the floor serves for a bed, and a wadded quilt for covering. My own two servants cooked most of my food as I travelled through the country, and being Japanese they managed better for me than I could have done for myself. One acted as interpreter and kept my accounts. I soon, however, picked up words enough to make myself pretty well understood. The written character of the language looks very like the Chinese, though it must be more difficult to write; one may easily learn to chatter a little Japanese yet not write it. One of the old Jesuits, named Oyanguren, compiled a grammar of it, yet declined to explain the mode of writing it, which he said had been invented by the devil to perplex poor missionaries and hinder the progress of the gospel. My other servant, who took charge of my traps and saw after my comforts, prided himself on being a bit of a scribe also, and directed and marked

my name on all my belongings. One day seeing a little more writing than usual on the scarlet lining of a new cap, I asked a gentleman, who had been eighteen months in the country, to read it for me. He translated it: 'Mr. John P., an old gentleman, smokes frequently in this cap.' I told my fellow, to his dismay, that I should punch his head if he wrote so full a direction on my clothes in future. But I must tell you about the Japanese paper, as it forms an important item in their wants. They make it of the bark of the mulberry tree. The bark is boiled down and strained through a sieve, while rice is mixed with it. This mass is then spread into sheets and pressed between boards and laid in the sun to dry. So tough is the paper that you cannot tear it against the grain, though it is thin and transparent. It is used as a substitute for glass, and even covers the sides of their lanterns; forms the partition of the dwellings; wraps up every parcel, and a coarse sort torn into shreds forms twine to tie it with; cut into squares, it is sold in quantities as pocket handkerchiefs; it forms the groundwork of the *papier maché*, and covers their fans. It is used for every purpose we apply it to, and a great many more beside, except indeed the paper collars, and I did not see any of those in Japan; they are purely a Western dodge, I fancy. As to the fans, nothing strikes a foreigner more drolly than the universal use of these fans; no man is dressed without one, which is stuck in the belt by the side of the sword or pipe when not held in the hand. Grave officials, military or judicial, transact their affairs in the midst of a little flutter of fanning. It is used as an account book; a guide-book for travelling, and is whirled about instead of a cane by a dandy. The beggar even holds out his fan for alms. You know the Spanish ladies were once famous for the language of their fans, yet with them the fan was an ornament, a toy, a plaything; but, with the Japanese, it is an article of indispensable necessity. Some of these are beautifully ornamented, and the flowers, birds and landscapes adorning them shew this people to have great taste and skill in painting. But I must close my long story

with a few words more about the character of the Japanese themselves. I found them a polite, even-tempered, honest people, never illtreating their wives or children, and no loud angry altercations and quarrels heard in their streets; a silent reproach to more civilized countries. I have frequently been amused to see two beggars meet. 'How are you! how are you!' each ejaculates as he bends lower and lower till his head almost touches the ground. My watch and chain frequently excited the admiration of a crowd, and I sometimes took it off and handed it for inspection, while I went on with my purchases or stood gazing at the many curious things passing around me, and I invariably found some one waiting to hand it back when I was ready to receive it. I could not have done that with a New York or London crowd. As a general thing they are also incapable of bribery; there may of course be exceptions, but I speak from my own personal experience. For instance, this curious looking substance I hold in my hand, resembling spun glass or white horse hair fastened with sea weed, comes from their sacred island of Onesima, and the Japanese are forbidden to tell what it is. Hearing that *savans* are at present anxious to discover whether it be an animal or vegetable substance, I offered an old woman who sold it to me enough to make her rich for life if she would tell me all about it; but, she steadily refused, though I promised not to betray her. There is some superstition connected with it, but I could not fathom it, any more than I could many other of their curious customs and prejudices. When one sees so much of blind superstition in professedly Christian lands, and among those who call themselves by the name of Christ, one need not wonder at it in a heathen country. This tiny sword-blade I bought from a priest of a Buddhist temple. It is supposed to be a charm against injury by sword while worn. But I must stop, the lateness of the hour warns us that our evening is over. If I have in any way interested you in this wonderfully clever, simple, upright people, I shall feel amply repaid for any little trouble I may have had in taking

notes. My own feelings in regard to them were mixed ones—while deploring some dark practices which could not be touched upon here—the result of their heathen darkness—I could not but take constant self-reproach at the many lessons of gentleness, patience, forbearance, honesty, and uprightness they could teach us Christians, and mourned that the knowledge of the one true God and of salvation through the atonement of His beloved Son dying for sinners upon the cross, was not more extensively made known through the length and breadth of this lovely and interesting land, and to its highly intelligent and fascinating people.

“I left Yokohama, a seaport twenty miles south of Jeddo, which has only within the last few years risen to be of any importance, with great regret, after spending two delightful months in Japan, and came home by the same line of steamers to San Francisco. There I took the Pacific Railroad, and, in seven days’ time, without fatigue, reached New York, and, in a few more days, Canada, making the whole distance, from Japan to New York, in four weeks.”

THE END.

## SUSIE DAWSON.

BY S. WISE.

It was a bright frosty morning, and little Susie Dawson stood discontentedly by the frosted window. It was half-past eight o’clock and still Susie was making no preparations for school.

At last her mother said: “Susie, do you see what time it is? You had better put on your things at once.”

“Mother, I do hate to go to school with this dress, it is so patched; all the girls have new winter dresses; there is no one so shabby as I am, my cape is thin and cold too.”

“My little girl,” said Mrs. Dawson, “you know I cannot afford to get you new clothes this winter; you should try to be thankful that I am better, and can spare you to go to school again, and study hard and improve your time.”

By this time Susie was ready for school, discontent was still in her heart, and she could not enjoy her walk. The ground was covered with a pure white cloak of snow, and the frost was glancing and glittering in the sunshine like diamonds; but, poor Susie could not see the brightness outside because of the cloud within. She saw Carrie and Emma Jones on the opposite

side of the street with their handsome dresses and warm wraps, and she thought that it was very hard that her father had been taken from them, and that her mother and little brother had to work so hard for a living. She wished that they could live in a grand stone house, instead of a little dilapidated cottage. In short, she saw a great many improvements that she could make in her circumstances, if she only had the ordering of affairs in her own hands. And so she mused till she reached the school.

Susie was not a particularly bad or unamiable girl, but several little things happened to put her out of humor this morning, an event which often happens to little people and big people too. That morning Susie missed her lessons, and at intermission she did not go out to play with the other girls, but stayed in her seat with her head leaning on the desk. In a short time, Miss Ewart noticed the little forlorn figure, and immediately went over and sat down beside her, and talked to her so kindly that Susie soon opened her heart and told her teacher her troubles. Miss Ewart felt sorry for the little girl, and for

the rest of the day tried to make her feel more comfortable, encouraging her with her studies, and trying to draw her thoughts from the faded dress; and she did not stop there, for after she went home she set her wits to work to find some way of helping her little scholar.

How had Mrs. Dawson spent the day? After Susie had gone to school, she had again tried to think of some way of getting comfortable clothes for her little girl, but no way appeared. Dr. Duncan had taken her son Robert to run errands and cut wood part of the day, and for his services he gave him a dollar a week and sent him to the free school half of the day. Robert, like a dutiful son, brought the dollar home to his mother every Saturday, but that was all required for food; for Mrs. Dawson, who used to take in sewing, washing, and did anything she could get to do, had been ill for several weeks, and would have got on very poorly but for the help of kind neighbors. After puzzling her brains for some time in vain, Mrs. Dawson thought of her new boots, a New Year's gift from Mrs. Lewis, the minister's wife. She had not worn them yet, her old ones would last a little longer; but would it be handsome to part with her present? The poor cannot always do as they would; a thought of her daughter's shabby dress decided her; she knew they had been bought at Myrtle & Co's; she would try if they would take them back. Hastily putting on bonnet and shawl she wended her way to the store, and not till she stood before the counter did it occur to her what a disagreeable errand she had undertaken. A smartly-dressed conceited clerk stepped up to her and asked her what he could have the pleasure of doing for her, and she falteringly told her errand.

"We don't take back old goods here," was the answer.

The blood flushed crimson into Mrs. Dawson's face, and a lump rose up in her throat, and she turned to go without saying a word, when a hand was laid on her shoulder, and a rough but kind voice said:

"What's wrong, Mrs. Dawson? step in here and rest yourself a minute."

Mr. Myrtle, for it was he who had spoken, remembered Dawson as an honest, hard-working man, and he was kindly disposed towards the widow. When she had recovered from her agitation and told what she had been wanting, Mr. Myrtle said it was true they did not like taking back goods, but he would make an exception in her case, and he would see himself that she got what she required. He then showed her some nice pieces of wincey, and told her that she might have the value of the boots in wincey, and he would give her a bit of lining. After he measured off the dress, he tore off several yards of cotton to Mrs. Dawson's great astonishment, who said she could not afford to take all that cotton.

"Do they not line the skirts of dresses with cotton now?" said Mr. Myrtle, looking very demure. "I promised to give you lining; as it is torn off you had better take it; you can perhaps make some use of it, and it would only be in the way lying here," and the old gentleman slipped a few more trifles into the parcel, partly through generosity and partly to heal the wound his saucy clerk had made.

When Mrs. Dawson reached home she was quite exhausted, but after a little rest and refreshment she was able to do something to the dress. She was anxious to have it ready by the next week, and she wanted to finish it before Susie knew anything about it. When Susie reached home that night she felt in good humor after the kind notice her teacher had taken of her, and when she saw how worn her mother looked, she kissed her affectionately and bustled about to get the supper ready. In the evening Robert came home, he and Susie learned their lessons together, their mother helped them, and they spent a very pleasant evening.

That night, before Susie laid her head upon her pillow, she knelt down and prayed to God as she had never prayed before. She had always said the prayer her mother taught her, but this night she earnestly besought God to help her to govern her temper, to be content with such things as she had, and not wound her mother's feelings with useless repining.

And God, who hears the humblest prayer, heard little Susie's that night, and strengthened her good resolutions. Susie did not become very good all at once, but when the discontented feeling came on she looked upwards for help to conquer it, and after every victory was added more strength.

The next Sunday morning, after breakfast, Mrs. Dawson said to her children: "This is a lovely morning; we can all go to church to-day." Robert had gone alone for several Sundays while his mother had been ill. Poor Susie's first thought was how she would feel going with her old dress, and then she blushed with shame to think that was the way she was keeping her resolution. Her mother noticed it and smiled to herself, and told Susie to get herself ready. Susie said that would not take her long, and ran to get her cloak and hood; but, what was her surprise to see a nice, comfortable dress lying on the bed.

"Oh! mother," she said; "how did you get it? Where did it come from?"

Her mother told her never to mind but put it on, which she did, and Robert admired it to her heart's content, and the mother felt repaid for the sacrifice she had made when she saw her little girl's pleasure.

"Now, mother," said Robert, "put on your new boots."

"These will do for to-day," said Mrs. Dawson, and sent Susie away for her bonnet and shawl. While she was gone, she told Robert about the exchange she had made, and charged him to keep it a secret from Susie; but Susie overheard enough on her way back to let her into the secret too.

"Oh! mother, how could you give away your nice present? I could wear my old dress as well as you can your old boots."

"No, my dear," said Mrs. Dawson; "you had to go out every day, and it is a pleasure to me to be able to give you this dress. Do not let the thoughts of my boots spoil the pleasure you would otherwise have in your dress. It is time we were on our way to church."

During the service, although Susie tried

to be attentive, her thoughts wandered to her dress, to the sacrifice her mother had made for her, and she wondered if there was no way she could do something for her mother; but she could think of nothing. She at last determined to consult Miss Ewart, and she wearied for Monday to come.

On Monday morning she wondered how she would tell Miss Ewart, and was almost afraid to speak of it at all, when Miss Ewart came to where she was sitting and told her to come up to the desk at noon, as she wished to speak to her. As soon as the scholars had gone home to their dinners, Susie, without waiting to eat her lunch, hastened up to see what Miss Ewart could have to say to her; something pleasant, she was sure it was, by the way Miss Ewart had smiled. When Miss Ewart saw the eager little face she smiled again, and asked her if she would like to earn some money. Susie told her that she would very much, indeed; that she had just wanted to speak to her about it, and told her about the boots and the dress. Then Miss Ewart told her how anxious she had been to help her; and, as the woman that swept and dusted the school-room was going to move away, she had spoken to the managers about Susie, and they would give her twenty cents a week if she would make the school-room nice and clean every week. Susie was delighted, and was willing to commence at once. I will not enlarge upon how she persevered and cleaned the long rows of desks every night till she had earned enough to get her mother another comfortable pair of shoes; and how she did not stop then, but continued her work and contributed her mite to help her mother; how she often had nice long talks with Miss Ewart, who was determined to help her little *protege* to make something of herself, and cheered and encouraged her with her studies. But, if the young people are interested in the story of little Susie, I may at some future time add a sequel to my little tale; and if what I have written has the effect of making one little girl more kind and dutiful to her mother, or more diligent and attentive a school, it will not be lost.

## THREE GEESE.

SEE TITLE PAGE.

Jocky McLean went out one day  
His breakfast to eat 'mong the new mown hay;  
He supped his porridge with might and main,  
For very hungry was Jocky McLean.

But while he was sitting on the grass,  
Two geese happened through the field to pass:  
"Hiss, hiss," said the gander, "a chance I see—  
There's plenty of porridge there for three."

File, Jocky, where are your wits to-day?  
Haven't you courage to send them away?  
Afraid of the gander, is that your excuse?  
My dear boy, I wouldn't be such a goose.

## THE GHOSTS OF THE MINES.

"Willie, Willie, that will do, that will do," said Mr. Blake to his son one evening of the last winter, as that bright little fellow was throwing more coal on the already bright and cheerful fire. "That will be enough coal for the whole evening, and you may sit down and enjoy it."

And Willie sat down, and for a time they all enjoyed the blue flame, while Mr. Blake worked away at some drawings. At length Mrs. Blake, who was a very economical and thrifty housewife, broke the silence by asking,—

"What is coal worth now, husband?"

"Coal is cheap this winter," answered Mr. Blake. "The last ton I bought cost only seven dollars in money; but," he added, sighing, "heaven only knows how much it cost in blood!"

Mr. Blake said this in a very quiet, matter-of-fact way, as if it was a common thing to calculate and speak of the cost of coal in blood. But the children, and Mrs. Blake, too, did not take the announcement in the same quiet way, for they started up in astonishment.

"Blood, papa!" they exclaimed in chorus; "does coal cost blood?"

"Indeed it does. Each scuttle of coal which we use costs a terrible price in human blood."

"O papa! do tell us what you mean," pleaded Willie.

"Well, children, I will. Come gather around the table; wait until I can get my papers and sketch-book, and I will tell you all about the cost of coal."

Mr. Blake was not long in getting his papers ready; he soon sat down at the table, and at once began with his story of how coal is mined out of the earth, and how much sorrow and suffering and labor and life it costs to get it into our grates for burning.

"To begin with, children," he said,

"you must know that there is no life in the world which is fuller of adventure and danger than that of the miner. There are miners all the world over; miners in America and England and all Europe, in Siberia and Japan and China; miners in coal, lead, copper, salt, silver, iron, and gold; but of all miners the collier runs the greatest risks and meets with the most terrible disasters. The miners of gold and silver and lead are often lost in descending to and ascending from the mines; huge masses of falling rocks sometimes bury them alive; but they have no unseen enemies to battle with as have the coal-miners. It requires as much courage to work daily in a great coal-mine as it does to go into a great battle; perhaps even more, for in battle the soldier can sometimes see his enemy, and always feels that he is as strong as his foe; but the collier who goes down into the mine knows that he is surrounded by hidden enemies, against whom he is almost powerless, and from whom he can only run away. He cannot always do even that.

"You know that coal is taken out of the earth, and that in the old mines which have been worked for many years, the miners have to go down many hundred feet. Of course there is very little fresh air to be found in the deep mines, and fresh air is one of the things which a man cannot live without. Sometimes men who are engaged in digging wells not more than forty or fifty feet deep, are smothered by the foul air which collects at the bottom. Before they go down into a well, it is usual for well-diggers to let down a candle to test the air. If the light of the candle is extinguished, the work-men refuse to go down into the well, because they know that a man cannot live where a candle will not burn. If there is foul air forty or fifty feet down in a well, you can easily imagine that there would be much more of it several hundred feet down in a coal-mine. In England the mines have been worked for so many years, and have been pushed so far down into the earth, that they are very foul, and are ventilated by machinery,—that is, they have fresh air forced into them by pumps. There is one coal-mine in England, called the Ferndale Colliery, which requires three hundred and fifty men and boys, and thirty-eight horses, to work the pumps which force the pure air through the mines. The foul air often kills the work-men before they can get out of the mines, and many have been the means employed to furnish pure air for them to breathe. A French gentleman named Galibert has invented an apparatus by which the miner carries on his back a bag of air for the supply of his lungs; but the air, of course, soon gets fouled, and has to be replenished. Two pipes, you will see, communicate the

air from the bag to the man's mouth; but as he has to breathe this air back into the pipes and bag, it soon renders the air impure and poisonous. You do not know, perhaps, that almost the foulest, most poisonous thing in the world is the air which you expel from your mouth after it has passed through your lungs. It is so foul that if you had to breathe it over again it would soon kill you.

"There is another invention similar to this made by another Frenchman named Rougnayral, which consists of a strong metallic case filled with air and carried as the soldier carries his knapsack. This is an improvement on the first, because the air, after being breathed by the man, is not forced back into the reservoir of pure air to poison it, but is expelled directly from the mouth and nostrils. But as this soon exhausts the pure air in the case, it is by no means a satisfactory mode of saving life, and it is used only to explore foul mines.

"But," continued Mr. Blake, "though the foul vapors of the mines are so deadly, and cost the lives of so many good men every year, the most terrible enemies that the colliers have to encounter in the mines are the ghosts."

"The ghosts?" exclaimed the children in a breath, looking at their father in astonishment.

"O papa! how strange a story it is you are telling us?" said Willie, looking uneasily behind him, as if afraid he should see a ghost coming to haunt him. He did not know that there was one at that moment in the room glaring fiercely at him through one great, bright eye!

"Strange, Willie, but true for all that."

"Do you mean, papa, that the miners are all murdered by ghosts,—real ghosts?"

"Real ghosts, Willie," answered his father,—"the original ghosts, and ghosts of the most fearful character. They are invisible to the eye, but they make their terrible presence felt by all the other human organs. They issue from the caverns with a loud cry or a continued hissing that is horrible to hear; they smell ghastly and grave-like; you can feel their clammy presence on your brow, and if you inhale their breath you must die. They fly swifter than the birds; and, pursuing their victims, they surround them and slowly smother them or else blow them instantly into atoms."

"O husband! you will frighten the poor children out of their wits," exclaimed Mrs. Blake, as she put her arms around little Minnie, who had nestled closer to her, while Willie looked uneasily about him.

"They need not be afraid," said Mr. Blake, reassuringly. "The ghosts have been tamed, and will not hurt us here."

Willie took courage at this and urged his father to go on with the story, for it began to get very interesting.

"Don't be impatient," said his father, "or you will not understand all I am going to say. This foul air of which I have just told you is called choke-damp, because it suffocates or chokes; there is another more terrible enemy of the miner, which is called fire-damp, because it explodes and burns. When these explosive fire-damps were first discovered,—it was about two hundred and fifty years ago,—a famous old German chemist named Van Helmont called them "geists," which is the German for ghosts. Since that day we have originated another word, derived from the same German term, and have called these ghosts of the mines *gases*; and it is these *gases* which are the real terrible ghosts which the miners have to encounter.

"It would be impossible for you to understand how this gas is formed in the coal-mines, but when you are older it will form a very interesting study. In some coals it is very plentiful and dangerous. Sometimes it lies between the crevices of the coal in the mine; oftener it is in the coal itself, and is not released until the coal is burned. If you have ever seen bituminous coal burning, you have noticed the bright jets of gas burning with an hissing noise. When the coal is laid bare by the miner's pick, the fire-damp, or gas, or ghost inside, is set free and comes out with a hissing sound and a bad smell. This is what the miners call 'singing-coal,' and it sings many a poor fellow to his last sleep. When a crevice between the different lumps of coal is struck, the fire-damp bursts forth in a great body, and fills up the mine so suddenly that the men cannot escape or extinguish their lights, and thus explosions take place. Sometimes these crevices connect with others, and thus there is a continuous flow of gas for months at a time. Then the mines are filled with gas to such an extent that the miners dare hardly approach the entrance, and it is almost certain death to go down in them, even provided with fresh-air reservoirs like those I have shown you. There was a mine worked some years ago in Nova Scotia, which was so strongly charged with fire-damp that whenever the miner struck a vein with his pick it escaped with a loud report like that of a pistol. This mine was partly dug under a small river, and once, when a large vein of gas was opened, the water of this river was violently agitated, and it was found that the gas from the mine had worked through the earth and water, and now, turned to oil, was floating on the surface of the stream. One of the miners then applied a match to it and set the river on fire."

"O papa!" exclaimed Willie, "what

strange stories you are telling us about ghosts and setting the river on fire."

"Not strange stories, Willie, but strange facts. When you have lived as long as I have, you will find that facts are often stranger than any fiction you could possibly invent. It was, of course, not the water in the river which burned, but the floating gas or oil. This fire-damp explodes just like powder, and even with more terrible effect sometimes, for the whole air of the mines is then converted into one white cloud of flame. It fires the timbers and loose coal of the mines, and consumes them. When this flaming gas is exhausted, it is followed by the choke-damp, which fills the mine again until the ventilating engines can be put to work and pump a purer atmosphere into it."

"Now how many lives do you suppose are lost every year in coal-mines all the world over by fire and choke-damp? You will never guess that the number is at least two thousand."

The children could only express their amazement by looking at their father and at each other.

"We have not had many disasters in this country, because our mines are not deep down in the earth like those of England and Belgium and Germany, which have been worked for hundreds of years. Still, there have been explosions and loss of life in America, mainly in the Virginia mines. In 1839 there was an explosion in Heath's mines which killed fifty-three out of fifty-six miners. In 1841 and 1844 and 1854 there were other terrible explosions, in which many hundreds of lives were lost. In another explosion in England, one hundred and ninety-six men out of two hundred in the mines were killed. Thus you see that few of the miners escape when the ghosts are abroad. The reports of the collieries of England, show that for many years past, one thousand men have been killed every year while engaged in mining coal; and in the year 1866 fourteen hundred and eighty-four lives were lost in the mines.

"Of course," continued Mr. Blake, after a pause, "many things have been done to guard against such terrible disasters; but it seems that they are unavoidable, and none of the inventions are perfect successes. The best of them sometimes go wrong and fail; explosions still frequently occur; and so you see," added Mr. Blake, taking a bit of coal from the scuttle and holding it up,— "and so you see that each one of these 'black diamonds' costs almost enough blood to color it as red as a ruby or coral."

The children were again surprised at this statement, and wondered what their father meant by calling a lump of coal a diamond.

"Papa," said Minnie, "we don't know

what you mean when you call this dirty, sooty thing a diamond."

"It isn't a diamond like the one in mamma's wedding-ring," cried Willie.

"No," said their father, comparing the coal with the diamond which glittered on Mrs. Blake's finger; "they are not precisely alike, yet they belong to the same family."

"The same family!" exclaimed Willie.

"Do diamonds have families?"

"Coal and diamonds belong to the same mineral family, just as all human beings belong to the same human family. The diamond is one of the aristocrats of the mineral kingdom, while coal belongs to the democracy. The diamond is the purest of all minerals, while coal belongs to the lowest order; but you will find that it is far more useful than its beautiful cousin, for the diamond, like a great many other aristocrats, is not a very useful member of society. The diamond is only made to be admired, while there is no material which serves so many good purposes as coal. It not only warms us in winter, but from it is made the gas which gives us light at night. When mother is faint and sick, she puts a bottle of coal to her nose and calls it 'smelling-salts.' She wears a white silk dress to a party and gets it soiled and has it dyed blue, or crimson, or green, and never suspects that the dyes came from coal. She has the toothache, and sends Willie for some creosote to ease the pain, and never thinks that she is putting a lump of coal in her mouth, and a pretty big lump at that. Paraffine, paraffine-oil, naphtha, pitch, Prussian blue, and many other useful articles, are made of coal. So you see that 'black diamonds' and real diamonds are nearly akin, and that the useful democrat is the more valuable of the two.

"But come, we must put an end to this long lesson. It is time you and Minnie were in bed; so going to the nurse and have her bring the ghosts to your rooms."

"Ghosts in our rooms!" exclaimed the children, looking around, half terrified.

"The only real ghosts in the world," said their father; "but they will do you no harm. They are your servants, not your enemies now. Years ago some wise men thought it would be a good thing to save the gas which is in the coal and which escapes when the coal is heated, and so they devised means by which to separate the coal from the gas and save both. They put the coal into great tanks and cooked it, *boiled* it in fact, until the gas came out of the coal and collected in the top of the tank while the coal settled at the bottom. Then the gas was drawn off and put in a reservoir to cool; while the coal, which in its new condition was called coke, was used again for heating. Then the gas or ghost which was put up in great reservoirs,

was led through long pipes through the streets and into the houses, and there burned. And thus we have ghosts in our houses, under complete control, and they are such useful ghosts that I don't well see how we could get along without them. So off to bed, lighted by your good ghosts."

And so saying Mr. Blake kissed the children good night and wished them many happy dreams.—*Our Young Folks.*

## CANARY ISLANDS AND CANARY BIRDS.

BY JAMES PARTON.

Many of the readers of this Magazine, I suppose, when they hear anything about the Canary Islands, think of the pretty birds which bear the same name. I used to myself, being fond of a canary, and always liking to have one in the house to fill it with cheerful melody. There was a time, too, when I used to have one in the house to fill it with cheerful melody. There was a time, too, when I used to wonder whether the birds gave their name to the islands, or the islands to the birds. Neither is true. The word Canary (from the Latin *Canaria*) signifies *doggy*, and that name was given them because on one of the islands, when it was visited in the days of the Romans, a great number of large dogs were found, some of which were carried away, and given to one of the African kings. This breed of dogs has long ago disappeared, and only skeletons of them are occasionally found.

But there are plenty of canary birds in all the Canary Islands, as well as in the other groups off the African coast. Not yellow ones, such as we have in America, but of an olive-green color, dappled with black, or yellow, or both. About three hundred and twenty years ago, a small vessel from Leghorn came to these islands, and carried away as many of the little green singing birds as it could well accommodate,—the captain thinking, no doubt, that the people of Italy would be willing to pay a good price for such sweet musicians. But on his way up the Mediterranean the ship was blown ashore upon the Island of Elba, where it went to pieces, and many of the birds escaped to the land. They found Elba a pleasant abode, reared large families there, and thus the canary was introduced into Europe.

By careful breeding, their color has been changed from olive-green to light yellow, although I am told that, among a nest full of young birds, there will often now be found one almost as green as its forefathers. In these later days, the green birds have come into fashion again in Europe, and some of the bird-dealers take as much

pains to breed green canaries as they once did to get rid of the green. An English gentleman told me, the other day, that a very nice green canary, of a certain shape, will sometimes sell for fifty pounds in London, which is equal to more than three hundred of our dollars. For my part, I am well satisfied with a three-dollar yellow one.—*Our Young Folks.*

## THE CHILD OF THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

The light-house keeper said to his child,

"I must go to the mainland, dear;

Can you stay alone till afternoon?

Quite early I hope to be here."

She tossed back her hair with a girlish grace,

As she lifted to his a brightening face,

"Yes, father, I've nothing to fear.

"With Kit and Fide I'll have fine play,

When I've seen your boat glide by;

Then I'll gather shells and seaweed bright,

And watch the cloud-fleets in the sky.

Oh! time will merrily glide away,

And when you come ere close of day,

To get a good supper I'll try."

"God keep thee, daughter," the father said,

As he drew her close to his side;

His sun-brown hand on her golden head,

While the light skiff waited its guide.

Then in he sprung, and with arrowy flight

The little boat sped, like a sea-bird bright,

O'er the sparkling, shimmering tide.

The child stood still on the wave-washed sand,

Baptized in sun-light clear;

The father thought, as he waved his hand,

Of another yet more dear,

Who watched him erst from that gleaming strand,

Whose life-bark sped to the better land,

But leaving her image here.

Quietly, cheerily, fled the hours

Of that long, bright summer day;

But lo! far westward a storm cloud lowers,

Its shadow is on the bay.

"Oh, father I hope will not set sail,

In rash attempt to weather the gale!"

She thought as she knelt to pray.

"Then what if a ship should pass to-night?"

In anxious tone she said;

"But can I?—yes, I *must* strike the light."

She climbed with cautious tread,

Up and still up the circling tower;

And full and clear till dawnlight hour,

The lantern's radiance spread.

"The mist is thick—the bell must be rung,"

The girlish arm was slight;

But the woman's heart to effort sprung,

And out thro' dreary night

The bell pealed forth again and again;

While an anxious crew on raging main

Were toiling with all their might.

The morning breaks and the storm is past;

The keeper sets sail for home;

His heart throbs deep as his boat flies fast,

Amid dashing spray and foam.

She touches land, and the chamber stairs

Echo his footfalls as hearts echo prayers;

He turns to his daughter's room.

No shame to his manhood that tears fall fast,

As he bends o'er the little bed;

And wild kisses bedew the tiny hands,

Thrown wearily over head.

For those hands have wrought a mightier deed

Than were blazoned in story or song;

And the ship, with its wealth of human life,

To-day safely rides o'er the billows' strife,

Because the child's heart was strong!

—*The Century Plant.*

OUT IN THE COLD.

Words by JOHN S. ADAMS.

Music by L. O. EMERSON.

*With feeling and expression.*

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. It contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a piano accompaniment of chords and eighth notes. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is placed above the first few notes of the bass staff.

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system, maintaining the same musical notation and structure.

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the second system.

- |   |                              |
|---|------------------------------|
| 1. With blue cold hands and stockingless feet,        | Wander'd a child in the      |
| 2. Bleak blew the wind through the cheer-less street, | Dashing a-long the           |
| 3. She had no fath - er - she no mother,              | Sister none and never        |
| 4. Wandered she on till the shades of night,          | Veiled her shiv-er-ing       |
| 5. Out in the cold, lo, an angel form,                | Brought her white robes that |

The fourth system of music concludes the piece, showing the final notes of the melody and the piano accompaniment.

Out in the Cold.



cheerless street; mer-ci-less sleet; a broth-er; form from sight; were rich and warm;	Children were many who housed and fed, All furr'd and shawl'd, man, woman and child, They had pass'd on to star-worlds above, Then with her cold hands on her breast, Out in the cold on the sleep-ing child,	Loving-ly nestled, Hurried-a-long for the She remained here She prayed to her fath-er The sainted face of a
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dreaming in bed; storm grew wild; with nothing but love; in heaven for rest; moth-er smiled;	Carolled their joy in a land of bliss, They could not bear the i-cle blast, "Nothing but love," Ah! men did not know When hours had fled, 'neath the world's dark frown, A sis-ter pressed on her brow a kiss,	With-out a thought or a Win-ter so rude, on their What wealth of joy that Hunger'd and chilled she Led her 'mid scenes of
--	--	---



care of this; path-way cast; child could bestow; lay herself down; heaven-ly bliss;	They were warm in Hu-mani-ty's fold; But A-las! none pit-ied, no one consol'd So they went by and worshipp'd their gold, Lay down to rest while the wealthy rolled And angels gath-er-ed in - to their fold	But this lit-tle child was The lit-tle wan-der-er Leav-ing this lit-tle one In car-ri-ages past her That night a lit-tle one
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out in the cold : But this little child was out in the cold, Out in the cold.  
 out in the cold : This lit-tle wan-der-er out in the cold, Out in the cold.  
 out in the cold : Leav-ing this lit-tle one out in the cold, Out in the cold.  
 out in the cold : In car-ri-ages past her out in the cold, Out in the cold.  
 out of the cold : That night the lit-tle one out of the cold, Out of the cold.



## The Fashions.



### DESCRIPTION OF FASHION PLATE.

Fig. 1. Dress with quilled flounces and fluting. In the Parisian model this dress is of black silk trimmed with red. It is very pretty in colored woolen stuff with black velvet trimming, either plain or edged with a colored piping. The way the flounces are put on is very peculiar, the lower one only going round the skirt, while the others are confined to the back width. Lappets of the stuff with a border and bows trim the front width on both sides.

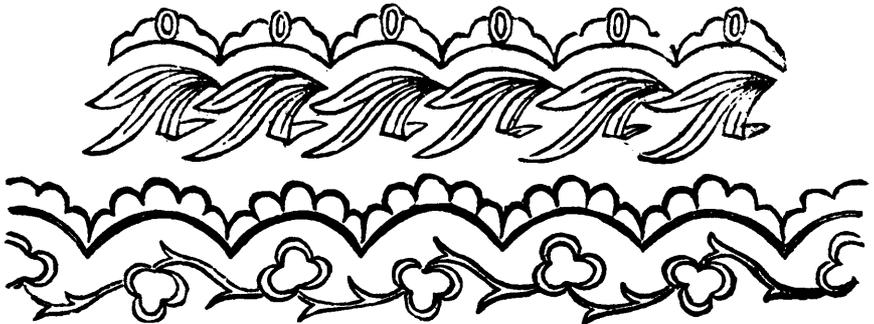
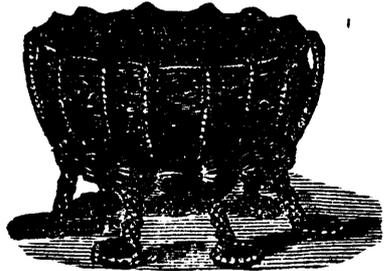
The waist is open in front and trimmed to match the skirt.

FIG. 2. Dinner Dress of deep blue silk, edged with a flounce nine inches wide. The tunic is open in front and caught up at the sides to form a bunch behind, which is finished at the waist with a few bows attached to the waist-band. The trimming consists of rows of dark blue velvet folded *a la Watteau* (in reversed pleats), and chenille fringe of the same color. Frill of embroidery and lace at the neck, with cuffs to match.

### WALNUT-SHELL EMERY-CUSHION.

*Materials.*—One-half of a large walnut-shell, large round bronze beads, gold beads, silver wire, copal varnish.

The inside of half a walnut-shell must be carefully cleaned, and the outside varnished with copal varnish. The frame on which the shell rests consists of a double circle of silver wire, on which large bronze beads have been threaded. On this circle fasten at regular intervals seven feet of silver wire, each two and two-fifths inches long, on which gold beads have been threaded, drawing the ends of wire through the double wire of the circle; at the lower end these feet are bent into loops, and at the top they are bent round the upper edge of the walnut-shell in such a manner as to fasten the latter on the frame, as can be seen on illustration. The cushion is placed in the shell.



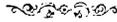
TWO EMBROIDERY PATTERNS.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.





## Domestic Economy.



### THE CHEAPNESS OF BEAUTY.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

We propose now to write an article on the subject of *beauty* as applied to the living rooms of houses.

We hold the truth to be self-evident that, in the arrangements of life, things should be so disposed as not merely to secure physical comfort, but also to produce the impression of beauty.

Now, here we are met at the outset by people who tell us that of course they want their houses handsome, and that when they get money enough, they intend to have them handsome, but that at present they are too poor, and because they are poor they dismiss the subject altogether apparently, and live without any regard to it.

We have often seen people who said that they could not afford to make their houses beautiful, who had spent upon them, outside or in, an amount of money which did not produce either beauty or comfort, and which, if judiciously applied, might have made the house quite charming.

We will instance one case. A man, in building his house, takes a plan of an architect. This plan includes, on the outside, a number of what Andrew Fair-service called "curly-wurlies" and "whig-maleeries," which make the house neither prettier nor more comfortable, and which take up a good deal of money. We would venture to say that we could buy the chromo of Bierstadt's "Sunset in the Yosemite Valley," and four others like it, for half the sum that we have sometimes seen laid out on a very ugly porch, that looked like a nightmare abortion, on the outside of a house. The only use of this porch was to cost money, and to cause every body who looks at it to exclaim as they go by: "Whatever induced that man to get a thing like that on the outside of his house."

Then, again, in the inside of houses, we have seen a dwelling looking very bald and bare, when a sufficient sum of money had been expended on one article to have made the whole very pretty. The thing has come about in this way:—

We will suppose the couple who own the house to be in the condition in which people generally are after they have built a house—having spent more than they could

afford on the building itself, and yet feeling themselves under the necessity of getting some furniture.

"Now," says the housewife, "I must at least have a parlor-carpet. We must get that to begin with, and other things as we go on." She goes to a store to look at carpets. The clerks are smiling and obliging, and sweetly complacent. The storekeeper, perhaps, is a neighbor or friend, and after exhibiting various patterns, he tells her of a Brussels carpet he is selling wonderfully cheap—actually a dollar and a quarter less a yard than the usual price of Brussels, and the reason is that it is an unfashionable pattern, and he has a good deal of it, and wishes to close it off.

She looks at it and thinks it is not at all the kind of carpet she meant to buy, but then it is Brussels, and so cheap! And as she hesitates, her friend tells her that she will find it "cheapest in the end—that one Brussels carpet will outlast three or four ingrain," etc., etc.

The result of all this is that she buys the Brussels carpet, which, with all its reduction in price, is one-third dearer than the ingrain would have been, and not half so pretty. When she comes home she will find that she has spent, we will say eighty dollars for a very homely carpet whose greatest merit it is an affliction to remember—namely, that it will outlast three ordinary carpets. And now because she has bought this carpet she cannot afford to paper the walls or put up any window-curtains, and cannot even begin to think of buying any pictures.

Now, let us see what eighty dollars could have done for that room. We will suppose, in the first place, she invests in thirteen rolls of wall-paper of a lovely shade of buff, which will make the room look sunshiny in the day-time, and light up brilliantly in the evening. Thirteen rolls of good satin paper, at thirty-seven cents a roll, expends four dollars and eighty-one cents. A maroon bordering, made in imitation of the choicest French style, which cannot at a distance be told from it, can be bought for six cents a yard. This will bring the paper to about five dollars and a half; and our friends will give a day of their time to putting it on. The room already begins to look furnished.

Now, let us cover the floor with, say, thirty yards of good matting, at fifty cents

a yard. This gives us a carpet for fifteen dollars. We are here stopped by the prejudice that matting is not good economy, because it wears out so soon. We humbly submit that it is precisely the thing for a parlor, which is reserved for the reception-room of friends, and for our own dressed leisure hours. Matting is not good economy in a dining-room or a hard-worn sitting-room, but such a parlor as we are describing is precisely the place where it answers to the very best advantage.

We have in mind now one very attractive parlor which has been, both for summer and winter, the daily sitting-room for the leisure hours of a husband and wife, and family of children, where a plain white-straw matting has done service for seven years. That parlor is in a city, and our friends are in the habit of receiving visits from people who live upon velvet and Brussels! but they prefer to spend the money which such carpets would cost on other modes of embellishment; and this parlor has often been cited to us as a very attractive room.

And now our friends having got thus far, are requested to select some one tint or color which shall be the prevailing one in the furniture of the room. Shall it be green? Shall it be blue? Shall it be crimson? To carry on our illustration, we will choose green, and we now proceed with it to create furniture for our room. Let us imagine that on one side of the fireplace there be, as there is often, a recess about six feet long and three feet deep. Fill this recess with a rough frame one foot high, and upon the top of the frame have an elastic rack of slats, make a mattress for this, or if you wish to avoid this trouble, you can get a nice mattress for the sum of two dollars, made of cane shavings or husks. Cover this with a green English furniture print. The glazed English comes at about twenty-five cents a yard, the glazed French at seventy-five cents a yard, and a nice article of yard-wide French twill (very strong) is from seventy-five to eighty cents a yard.

With any of these cover your lounge. Make two large, square pillows of the same substance as the mattress, and set up at the back. If you happen to have one or two feather pillows that you can spare for the purpose, shake them down into a square shape and cover them with the same print, and you will then have four pillows for your lounge—one at each end, and two at the back, and you will find it answers all the purposes of a sofa.

It will be a very pretty thing, now, to cut out what are called lambrikins of the same material as your lounge, to put over the windows, which are to be embellished with paper to match the bordering of your room; and the lambrikins, made of chintz like

the lounge, can be trimmed with fringe or gimp of the same color.

The curtains can be made of plain white muslin, or some of the many styles that come for this purpose. If plain muslin is used, you can ornament them with hems an inch in width, in which insert a strip of gingham or chambray of the same color as your chintz. This will wash with the curtains without losing its color, or should it fade it can easily be drawn out and replaced.

The influence of white muslin curtains in giving an air of grace and elegance to a room is astonishing. White curtains really create a room out of nothing. No matter how coarse the muslin, so it be white and hang in graceful folds, there is a charm in it that supplies the want of multitudes of other things.

Very pretty curtain-muslin can be bought for thirty-seven cents a yard. It requires six yards for a window.

Now, get your men folk to knock up for you, out of rough, unplanned boards, some square ottoman frames—the stuff the tops with just the same material as the lounge, and cover them with the self-same chintz.

Now you have, supposing your selected color to be green, a green lounge in the corner and two green ottomans; you have white muslin curtains, with green lambrikins and borders, and your room already looks furnished. If you have in the house any broken-down arm-chair, reposing in the oblivion of the garret, draw it out—drive a nail here and there to hold it firm—stuff and pad, and stitch the padding through with a long upholsterer's needle, and cover it with the chintz like your other furniture. Presto—you create an easy-chair.

Thus can broken and disgraced furniture reappear, and being put into uniform with the general suit of your room, take a new lease of life.

If you want a new centre-table, consider this—that any kind of table, well concealed beneath the folds of *handsome drapery, of a color corresponding to the general hue the room*, will look well. Instead of going to the cabinet-maker and paying from thirty to forty dollars upon a little narrow, cold, marble-topped stand, that gives just room enough to hold a lamp and a book or two, just reflect within yourself what a centre-table is made for. If you have in your house a good, broad, generous-topped table, take it, and cover it with an ample cloth of green broadcloth. Such a cover, two and a half yards square, of fine green broadcloth, figured with black and with a pattern border of grape-leaves, has been bought for ten dollars. In a room we wot of it covers a cheap pine table, such as you may buy for four or five dollars any day; but you will be astonished to see how

genteel an object this table makes under its green drapery. We set down our centre-table, therefore, as consisting mainly of a nice broadcloth cover, matching our curtains and lounge.

We are sure that any one with "a heart that is humble" may command such a centre-table and cloth for fifteen dollars, and a family of five or six may all sit and work, or read, or write around it, and it is capable of entertaining a generous allowance of books and knick-knacks.

You have now for your parlor the following figures:

Wall-paper and border,.....	\$ 50
Thirty yards matting,.....	15 00
Centre-table and cloth,.....	15 00
Muslin for three windows,.....	6 75
Thirty yards green English chintz, at 25 cents,.....	7 50
Six chairs, at \$2 each,.....	12 00

Total, .....\$61 75

Subtracted from eighty dollars, which we set down as the price of the cheap, ugly Brussels carpet, we have our whole room papered, carpeted, curtained and furnished, and now we have nearly twenty dollars for pictures.

Now for pictures.

You can get Miss Oakley's charming little cabinet picture of

"The Little Scrap-Book Maker" for...	\$7 50
Eastman Johnson's "Barefoot-Boy,"..	(Prang)..... 5 00
Newman's "Blue-fringed Gentians,"..	(Prang)..... 6 00
Bierstadt's "Sunset in the Yosemite Valley,"..(Prang).....	12 00

Here are thirty dollars' worth of really admirable pictures of our American artists, from which you can choose at your leisure. By sending to any leading picture-dealer, lists of pictures and prices will be forwarded to you. These chromos, being all varnished, can wait for frames until you can afford them. We have been through this calculation merely to show our readers how much beautiful effect may be produced by a wise disposition of color and skill in arrangement.

If any of our friends should ever carry it out, they will find that the buff-paper, with its dark, narrow border, the green chintz repeated in the lounge, the ottomans, and lambrikins, the flowing white curtains, the broad, generous centre-table, draped with its ample green cloth, will, when arranged together, produce a harmony of color and an effect of grace and beauty far beyond what any one piece or even half a dozen pieces of expensive cabinet furniture could. The great, simple principle of beauty illustrated in this room is *harmony of color*.

You can, in the same way, make a red-room by using Turkey red for your draperies; or a blue-room by using blue chintz. Let your chintz be of a small pattern, and one that is decided in color.

We have given the plan of a room with matting on the floor because that it is absolutely the cheapest cover. The price of thirty yards plain, good, ingrain carpet, at \$1.50 per yard, would be forty-five dollars; the difference between forty-five and fifteen dollars would furnish a room with pictures such as we have instanced. If our friends can afford it, however, the same programme can be even better carried out with a green ingrain carpet as the foundation of the color of the room.

Our friends who lived seven years upon matting, contrived to give their parlor in winter an effect of warmth and color by laying down, in front of the fire, a large square of carpeting, say three breadths, four yards long. This covered the little space around the fire where the winter circle generally sits, and gave an appearance of warmth to the room.

If we add this piece of carpeting to the estimates for our room, we still leave a margin for a picture, and make the programme equally adapted to summer and winter.—*Hearth and Home*.

### SELECTED RECIPES.

**LAMB CUTLETS AND SPINACH.**—Eight cutlets, egg, and bread-crumbs, salt and pepper to taste, a little clarified butter. Take the cutlets from a neck of lamb, and shape them by cutting off the thick part of the chin-bone. Trim off most fat, and all the skin, and scrape the top part of the bones quite clean. Brush the cutlets over with egg, sprinkle them with bread-crumbs, and season with pepper and salt. Now dip them into clarified butter, sprinkle over a few more bread-crumbs, and fry them over a sharp fire, turning them when required. Lay them before the fire to drain, and arrange them on a dish with spinach in the centre, which should be previously well boiled, drained, chopped, and seasoned. Peas, asparagus, or beans may be substituted for the spinach.

**CURRIED EGGS.**—Hard-boil a sufficient number of eggs to form a dish, cut each into four slices. Put two ounces of butter, or two tablespoonfuls of olive oil, into a frying-pan, and, when well heated, throw into it a good large onion and an apple, both sliced; fry briskly till well browned; add a breakfastcupful of either milk, cream, water, or stock, in which you have mixed a dessertspoonful of strong curry-powder, simmer for about ten minutes, and thicken with the beaten yolk of an egg. Arrange the sliced eggs in a hot dish; pour the curry over them, or just stew them in it for a few minutes. Some epicures have the yolks only of the eggs curried, and the whites minced fine to form a garnish, Tomatoes, chopped, savory herbs, celery, green peas, sliced cucumbers, button mushrooms, fresh or pickled, orange or lemon-juice, young capsicums, pickles of any kind, shred lemon-rind, shallot, or garlic in small quantity, or, indeed, almost any sort of vegetable, may be employed in a curry. Fillets of anchovies may be used as a decoration round

the rim of the dish, but observe that only cream or yolk of egg should rightly be made use of for thickening a curry.

**A GOOD MEAT-CAKE.**—Mince the lean of cold lamb or veal very finely; soak a large slice of bread in boiling milk; mash it, and mix it with the minced meat; also a beaten egg, some boiled chopped parsley and thyme, a little grated lemon-peel, pepper, and salt. Make it into small, flat cakes, and fry them in butter or lard. Serve them up dry, or with good gravy.

**PIE-PLANT SAUCE.**—Make a syrup of one teacup of sugar and one of water. Then slice the orange and not quite a pint of pie-plant, and throw them into the syrup. Let it boil up a few times, *without stirring*, and you have a good and handsome dish for tea. Do not peel the orange.

Pie-plant may also be used with any fruit, to help *make out* dishes, as it *gives no flavor*, but *receives* that of other fruit.

**PUDDINGS.**—The happiness of a family depends largely upon a wise regimen of food. Yet, as a general thing, there is too much cooking done. Rich cakes and pastry are not what children or even grown people should indulge in freely. But ripe fruit might with great advantage be used instead of hot breakfast dishes and unwholesome desserts. If it is desired to cook the fruit, excellent puddings, far more healthful than those compounded with the ordinary rich or heavy pastry, may be very easily made with apples, peaches, huckleberries, or any well-flavored and juicy fruit, in this way: take a fresh loaf of baker's bread, or better still, what are called "Sally Lunn's," cut in slices, spread with butter, and line a pudding-dish with them. Put in the fruit, properly prepared; when peaches are used, the flavor is better to retain the stones. If the dish is deep, put a couple of slices of bread-and-butter between the fruit. Cover the whole with slices, and bake. If the fruit is not very juicy a little water should be added. With a nice, sweet sauce the pudding is excellent.

**SPANISH CREAM.**—Make soft custard of one quart new milk, yolks of six eggs, with six tablespoonfuls of sugar. Dissolve three-quarters of an ounce of Cox's Gelatine in one-half pint water, add to the custard while hot, strain, flavor, pour into moulds and put into a cold place to harden.

**NICE LITTLE CAKES.**—To make with the white of eggs left from Spanish cream.

Whites of six eggs, three and a half cups flour, two cups sugar, one small cup butter, one cup milk, one teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar. Flavor to taste.

**CREAM CHEESE.**—Take a quart of cream, or, if not desired very rich, add thereto one pint of new milk; warm it in hot water till it is about the heat of milk from the cow; add rennet, (a tablespoonful;) let it stand till thick; then break it slightly with a spoon, and place it in the frame, in which you have previously put a fine canvas cloth; press it slightly

with a weight; let it stand a few hours; then put a finer cloth in the frame, and shift the cheese into it. A little powdered salt may be sprinkled over the cloth. It will be fit for use in a day or two.

**CREAM PIE.**—One pint sweet cream; one tablespoonful flour; sweeten to the taste; flavor with nutmeg. Line a good-sized pie dish with paste, fill with the cream and bake in a slow oven.

**ORANGE WATER-ICE.**—Take as many oranges as will be necessary, cut them in half, press the juice from them; take the pulp carefully from the rind and put it in a bowl, pour a little boiling water on it, stir it well and strain it through a sieve; mix this with the orange juice, and stir in as much sugar as will make a rich syrup. If the oranges are fine, rub some of the sugar on the peel to extract the essence. Freeze it like ice-cream.

**GINGERBREAD.**—One cup sour cream, one heap in g tea-spoonful saleratus dissolved in the cream, one cup sugar, one cup molasses, one table-spoonful of melted butter, one table-spoonful of ginger; knead soft as possible to roll out; put in a long pie-tin and bake half an hour slowly. When done, take a little milk or molasses and rub over the top to make it glossy. The butter may be left out, but have the cream quite thick.

**SWEET PASTE.**—This is suitable to fruit tarts generally, apples excepted, for which we recommend a puff paste. To three-quarters of a pound of butter put one pound and a half of flour, three or four ounces of sifted loaf-sugar, the yolks of two eggs, and half a pint of new milk. Bake it in a moderate oven.

**COFFEE CAKE.**—Five cups of flour, one cup of made coffee, one cup of sugar, half cup of molasses, one cup of butter, teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one of clove, raisins or currants.

**COCOANUT-CAKES.**—Peel the cocoa-nut and cut into thin slices, cut these again crossways into threads about half an inch long; put a pound and a quarter of brown, moist sugar, a teacupful of cold water, and the sliced cocoa-nut into a sauce-pan and boil for some time over a slow fire, stirring frequently to prevent it burning. Wring out a coarse kitchen-cloth in cold water, and lay it over a large dish; drop a table-spoonful of the mixture, at intervals, on the damp cloth. This is the way cocoa-nut cakes are made in Jamaica, and they are extremely nice.

**HOW TO REMOVE INK-STAINS.**—When the stain is fresh and wet, hasten to provide some cold water, [an empty cup, and a spoon. Pour a little of the water on the stain, not having touched it previously with any thing. The water, of courses dilutes the ink and lessens the mark; then ladle it up into an empty cup. Continue pouring the clean water on the stain and laddling it up, until there is not the slightest mark left. No matter how great the quantity of ink spilt, patience and perseverance will remove every indication of it. To remove a dry ink-stain, dip the part stained in hot milk and gently rub it; repeat until no sign is left. This is an unfailling remedy.

## Literary Notices.

**SELF-HELP**; with illustrations of Character, Conduct, and Perseverance. By Samuel Smiles; Author of the "Life of the Stevensons," "The Huguenots," &c. New York: Harper Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

This is a new edition, revised and enlarged by the author, of a very admirable work. It grew out of some lectures delivered before the young men of a Mutual Improvement Society, with the purpose of holding up before them examples of what other men had done, as illustrations of what each might, in a greater or less degree, do for himself. Some of the young men were found, in after years, to have profited so much by these hints and examples, that the author was induced to work up the subject of Self-help, and has formed out of the materials collected from many different biographies, a most interesting, and, at the same time, instructive work. He has gleaned his examples of industry, perseverance and success, from the records of all civilized countries and from all ranks in life, and has produced a volume that every young man who wishes to get on in the world would be the better of reading.

**A BRAVE LADY.** By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "A Life for a Life," &c. Illustrated. New York: Harper Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

This is perhaps one of the most perfectly finished works which Mrs. Mulock Craig has ever written. The two or three prominent characters in the story are depicted with singular power, and almost startling minuteness. The "brave lady" is a woman who, being united to a man altogether unworthy of her, suffers in silence and brings up her children well. Certainly no uncommon story, though perhaps one seldom used by the novelist. The book points out valuable moral lessons, but there is a certain vagueness of religious thought in the writer's mind which renders her books not altogether safe reading for the young. She speaks lightly and even scoffingly of the Evangelical party in the Church of England; gives a distorted view of Calvinistic doctrine, which she holds up to contempt, and of prayer she says:—"The doctrine of answers to prayer, literal and material, always appeared to me egregious folly or conceited profanity."

**THE BAZAAR BOOK OF DECORUM.** Harper Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

This is only to a very limited extent a book of Etiquette. It treats rather of health, morals and good taste than of the arbitrary rules of good society, and contains a great many valuable ideas. There are many important points in the care of the person, manners, etiquette, and ceremonials in which many err constantly through ignorance, and thereby inflict

much needless suffering upon themselves and their friends. The perusal of such a volume as this will often make such aware of these faults, which would otherwise remain unnoticed. Our readers will be interested in a few extracts. Here is a somewhat strongly worded protest against ear-rings:

### EAR BORING.

The ear is naturally one of the most retiring features of the face, and therefore less often offends than is offended against. We may suggest, however, the propriety of restricting to the private dressing-room all that is necessary for its toilette, as well as that of the rest of the person. The insertion of the finger or any instrument into the passages of the ear, however necessary for keeping that important organ in proper order, is entirely an operation of private, and not public interest.

We must here, even at the risk of a universal oh! from all womankind, protest against the barbaric practice of ear-boring, to which they cling with a singular persistence. It would be as difficult, probably, to dissuade our dames from making holes in their ears and hanging trinkets to them as it would be to induce a female Hottentot to forego the natural fashion of piercing the cartilage of her flattened nose and suspending from it a ring, large and heavy as an iron cable-link, or prevent a Feejee Islander from tearing with a jagged fish-bone a rent in the nether lip big and ugly as her voracious mouth. The practice, however, of so-called civilized women is no less barbaric than that of these savage females.

The woman of ancient Greece, true to the instinctive sense of beauty and cultivated grace of her race, trusted to the developments of her natural charms for attractive force, and scorned all adornments which were not inherent in her own person. Fancy those beautiful ear-pulps of the Venus of Milo, just peeping from below her wavy garland of hair, bored through and through, and dragged out from their cozy shelter by heavy pendants of gold, silver, or what not. Who would not be struck aghast at such a sacrilege of art and nature?

More modern art accepted these barbaric baubles. Titian, for example, puts them in the ears of his Venus, but in the voluptuousness of that conception how great is the change, we might say degradation, from the God-like chasteness of the Greek ideals of beauty!

So fixed is the attachment of modern women to this ugly and barbaric practice, that they not only persist themselves in wearing ear-rings, but enjoin it almost as a duty upon their daughters to do likewise. No sooner has the offspring of fashion, Miss Arabella Augusta, or plain Maggie of the common world—for the habit is universal—completed her first decade, than she is taken to some jeweller or surgeon (for there are even surgeons found thus to degrade their noble art) to have her ears bored. The little ones seldom go unwillingly, so early are they disposed to offer themselves as sacrifices to that exacting deity, Fashion. In fact, we know of one impatient little hussy who, unwilling to bide her mother's time, actually dropped the stocking she was darning, and with the great needle deliberately pierced holes in her ears, and left in each a string of yarn to fester and complete the mutilation.

The ordinary process of ear-boring is simple, and seldom either very painful or dangerous, although there are cases recorded of erysipelas and death having followed. The operator, be he jeweller or surgeon, holds a cork firmly against one side of the lobe of the ear, while from the other side he transfixes it with a needle or an awl, as a saddler punches a hole into a leather strap. Then a thread is

passed through and left to fester, so that the opening once made may not close again. Familiar as you are with the process, for it is being performed in each day's light of this civilized land, gentle and Christian dames, does not this description of it, when deliberately read, sound like that of the barbarous practice of savages in some far-off country of heathenism?

By hazard we once saw a young girl thus mutilated. She came into a jeweller's shop clinging to a great blowzy woman bejewelled all over from the lobes of her ears to the tips of her fingers, and her toes too, for what we know. The child was pale, but was biting her lower lip with a spasmodic fixedness of resolution. The operator, a great whiskered fellow, after fumbling about for his tools, finally brought out his awl and cork and began the operation. With the mere touch of the cutting instrument the poor child winced for the first time, and as the man, who was somewhat of a bungler, forced his way, boring through the tender flesh, a tear was wrung from each little eye, and drop after drop of blood fell and splashed, making great red stains upon her linen collar. The child only bit her lip more firmly, but evidently could hardly restrain herself, and would have cried if her vanity had allowed. The operator coolly wiped his bloody instrument, and the mother warmly scolded the child for letting the blood drop upon her collar, and, paying the price of her child's mutilation, walked away, still grumbling at the stains.

Mothers will sometimes, when pressed hard to answer for this barbarity, declare that boring the ears is good for the eyes. This is a vulgar error, and only worthy a greasy ship's cook or ignorant Maltese sailor, who wears ear-rings, as he says, for the same reason.

Neither is there beauty or fitness in the practice of hanging the ears with trinkets. The ear was intended to lie half concealed by the hair, and anything attached to it brings it into undue prominence. The ear-ring, however, precious and pretty in itself, does not add beauty to that rarest of possessions, a small and well formed ear, while it draws attention to a big oyster-like one and intensifies its ugliness.

#### PROPRIETY OF POSTURE.

Sprawling of all kinds is avoided by well-bred people, who shun excessive ease as much as excessive formality. It may not be amiss to remind the heedless and the young that, on entering the room of the house of a stranger or that of a visiting acquaintance, it is not becoming to throw themselves at once on the sofa and stretch out their legs, or into the easy-chair, and sink into its luxurious depths. The common seat will be selected by the considerate, and all the exceptional provisions for extra ease and comfort left untouched until the invitation to enjoy them is given.

A well-bred person is ordinarily disinclined to make a public demonstration of his most affectionate feelings and tenderest sentiments. He therefore rarely kisses, weeps, embraces, or sighs before strangers or formal acquaintances. Fuss is, above all things, his horror, and he strives to check every noisy or uneasy indication of emotion and passion.

#### UGLY TRICKS.

There is nothing more annoying to other people who may be present than the noise which a person will sometimes make by snapping a toothpick, jingling a watch-chain, creaking a chair, opening and shutting a pencil or knife, tapping the boot with a cane, or making any kind of noise or movement which irresistably and disagreeably attracts the general attention.

Every one should be particular to avoid acquiring in youth the habit of fumbling with any part of the person or thing appertaining to it. It is astonishing how fixed this may become. So completely are such habits, in cases of long practice, associated with the action of the person, that they seem to be incorporated into his very structure, as it were. There are people who, if suddenly deprived of the means of practising some ugly and habitual trick, will be so paralyzed in brain and tongue as to be incapable of continuing a train of thought or current of speech. We knew a lawyer, learned in Blackstone, and an eloquent advocate, who had acquired the habit of twisting a piece of paper and twirling it between his fingers during his addresses to Court and jury. Whenever some roguish brother, as sometimes occurred, would take the opportunity of the speaker dropping the paper momentarily during a pause in his argument to remove it, his embarrassment became extreme. He stared anxiously around, fumbled everywhere with his fingers about the law books and briefs, stammered out a few incoherent words, blushed (for even he, lawyer as he was, would blush on such an occasion), and was entirely unable to collect his thoughts and renew his speech until some merciful comrade (probably the guilty brother) had restored to his hands its plaything, and to his mind and tongue their cunning.

## Notices.

The continuation of our series of portraits of political men which appears in this number, embraces three leading men at present separated from active connection with either party. The fourth, the Hon. Geo. Brown, although not now in Parliament, cannot be left out of any list of prominent Canadian Statesmen, so great has his influence been in shaping the history of Canada. These likenesses have been engraved by Walker, nearly all from excellent photographs of Notman, who has taken every trouble to supply them.

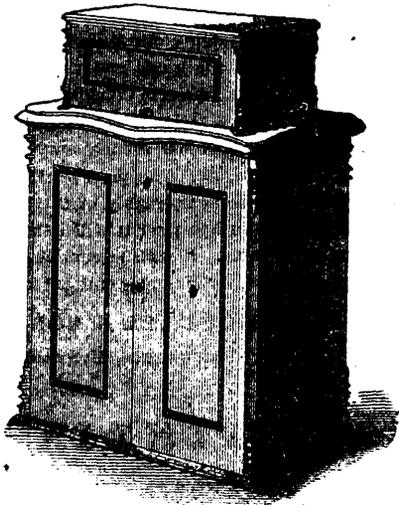
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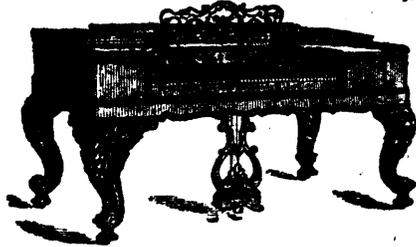
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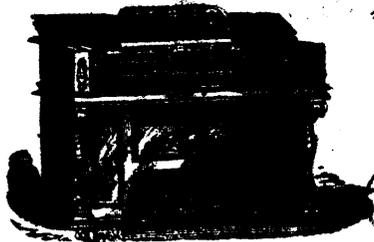
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