Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- [x] Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur
- [ ] Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée
- [ ] Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- [ ] Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque
- [ ] Coloured maps / Cartes géographiques en couleur
- [ ] Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- [x] Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- [ ] Bound with other material / Relié avec d'autres documents
- [ ] Only edition available / Seule édition disponible
- [ ] Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure.
- [ ] Additional comments / Commentaires supplémentaires:

- [x] Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- [ ] Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- [ ] Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- [x] Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- [ ] Pages detached / Pages détachées
- [x] Showthrough / Transparence
- [x] Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression
- [ ] Includes supplementary materials / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- [ ] Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été numérisées.

THE

NEW DOMINION

MONTHLY.

VOL. 1.

(From October, 1867, to March, 1868, inclusive.)

MONTREAL:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

126 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET.

Price One Dollar per annum.

INDEX TO VOL I.

From Hon T. D. McGee

VOL. 1. NO. 1.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

October, 1867.

Dep

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

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY,

A Magazine of Original and Selected Literature.

OCTOBER, 1867.

CONTENTS.

TERMS.

SUBSCRIPTION.—One dollar per annum in advance; and to clubs of eight one copy gratis.

POSTAGE ON THE "MONTHLY."—Mailed to any part of Canada, one cent each number, payable by receiver. In large quantities sent to one address, the rate is one cent for every 4 oz. (or fraction thereof) in weight.

When mailed to the United States, the Canadian postage must be *pre-paid* as above. To Britain (*pre-paid*) the rate is two cents per number. When postage has to be pre-paid, it is to be added to the subscription.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—Neatly displayed, the whole width of the page, 20c. per line, nonpareil, or $1 for five lines. Special terms arranged for special pages. The usual discounts allowed to large advertisers.

SPECIMEN NUMBERS sent upon application.

All communications and orders to be addressed to the Publishers,

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

No. 126 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET,

MONTREAL.

☞ *See Mr. Grafton's advertisement on last page of cover.* ☜

PROSPECTUS

OF

"THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY."

CANADA has long felt the want of a Monthly Periodical of a high literary character, and several attempts have been made to supply it. These attempts, however, have all proved abortive hitherto, for want of sufficient patronage; and it is partly on account of the wider field, resulting from the Confederation of the British American Provinces, that success may be hoped for the present enterprise.

The wealth, and still more the mental culture, of Canada are also constantly advancing with giant strides; and, consequently, an enterprise which was unsuccessful a few years ago, may succeed well now. Another difficulty in the way of a Canadian Magazine has been, the idea that it should be composed exclusively of original matter; in consequence of which, and the small number of writers in Canada accustomed to compose articles for the periodical press, previous magazines had a somewhat heavy character. The Editors of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY are resolved not to err in this way; and, unless original matter is both good and interesting, they will prefer to cull from the most spirited and successful periodicals of Britain and the United States. They, however, hope that, by degrees, the proportion of original matter, of a really suitable kind, will increase in each number; and so soon as the circulation of the MONTHLY will afford it, they mean to pay a fair rate of remuneration for native talent.

Another cause of failure has been, the high price, rendered necessary by paying for original matter, and consequently small circulation; but the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY aims at a very large circulation at a very low price. In fact, it is meant to give more value for the money than can be found elsewhere, and to leave the enterprise with confidence to the patronage of a discerning public.

TERMS.

The NEW DOMINION MONTHLY will be published at the beginning of each month, or shortly before, commencing with October, 1867, at one dollar per annum, strictly in advance, with a gratis copy for a club of eight.

The postage is one cent per number, payable by the receiver; or, in case of large parcels, one cent for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Subscribers residing in the Maritime Provinces or United Ssates should remit for Canadian postage in advance.

To Canvassing Agents a handsome commission will be allowed; and to News-men and Booksellers taking a quantity, a large discount will be made from the selling price of TEN CENTS per copy. Canvassers are desired to communicate with the Publishers for terms, &c.

Advertisements, illustrated or otherwise, will be inserted on the cover, or on leaves stitched in with the Magazine, at the following rates:—

Outside page of cover	$12.00
Inside " "	10.00
Other pages, half-page	4.00
" " whole page	6.66
" " two pages	10.00
Circulars printed on both sides, or two pages, when furnished by advertiser	6.66
Do. do. one page	5.00
Advertisements measuring seven lines or under, running across the page, equal to 14 lines single column	1.00

Each additional line 12½c., with a discount to large advertisers.

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

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
PUBLISHERS
"NEW DOMINION MONTHLY,"
MONTREAL.

Publishers' Notice.---"The New Dominion Monthly."

It is often said, "there are too many magazines," but that cannot be said of the Dominion of Canada, which has only this one of a general literary character; and, as it is very cheap, and is intended to contain the cream of British and American magazines, it is hoped that it will be liberally sustained.

It will take about 6,000 subscribers, and a reasonable advertising patronage, to render the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY self-supporting; and, when it reaches that point, there will be every disposition to pay for the highest class of Canadian literary talent. Meantime, we can only invite contributions, which, if sufficiently interesting, will be thankfully inserted, and acknowledged as aids to the establishment of this Canadian magazine.

These explanations will set the character and claims of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY clearly before the public of Canada; and it is hoped that a prompt and liberal support, in the way of subscriptions, will be received from all parts of the Dominion of Canada.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON

September, 1867.

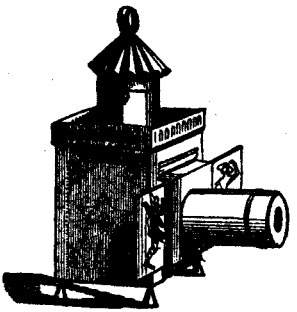
CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S FESTIVITIES.

Amusement

AND

INSTRUCTION

COMBINED.



Home Pleasures

FOR

WINTER

EVENINGS.

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

C. HEARN, OPTICIAN,

242 & 244 NOTRE DAME STREET,

MONTREAL.

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

SHEET-MUSIC

FOR

Sabbath-Schools, Social Gatherings,

AND THE

FAMILY-CIRCLE.

—oo—

Gentle Words.
Climbing Up Zion's Hill.
Something To Do in Heaven.
Shall We Meet Beyond the River.
The Shining Way.
The House Upon a Rock.
Your Mission.
Shall We Gather at the River.
Evening.
Hurrah for Canada.
Angels' Welcome.
Waiting By The River.

Price, postpaid, Fifty Cents per 100 Copies.

JUST PUBLISHED, AND FOR SALE AT THE OFFICE OF THE

Montreal Witness, New Dominion Monthly, and Canadian Messenger,

126 GREAT ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL.

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met seven wives.
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits.
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were going to St. Ives?

The New Dominion Monthly.

Vol. I, No. 1. Oct., 1867.

THE END OF EMMET'S INSURRECTION.

(From Dickens' All the Year Round.)

The savage, half-drunken pikemen, without commander,—for Emmet had no power over them, and they were now split up into parties by the soldiers,—murdered every suspicious and obnoxious person they met. A police-officer and John Hanlan, the tower-keeper, were two of the victims. Col. Brown, a man respected by all Dublin, was also brutally assassinated as, misled by the darkness, he was trying to join his regiment. Ignorant of the precise movement of the rebels, he got entangled in their chief masses, was struck down by a shot from a blunderbuss, and instantly chopped to pieces. All enemies and neutrals, of whatever rank, who were not murdered, had pikes thrust in their hands, and were compelled to follow the cruel madmen to face the English soldiers.

Emmet, an hour ago confident of success, now felt his utter powerlessness to tame the horrible Frankenstein which he had invoked. His men were scattered; an attack on the Castle was impossible. The people could not be rallied to it. They were only intent on murder in the street, and were beset by police and soldiers wherever they collected. A few brave fellows, staunch as bull-dogs, had flown at them, and were holding grimly on till the huntsmen could arrive. Mr. Edward Wilson, a police-magistrate, with only eleven constables, had the courage to push on to Thomas street, where three hundred pikemen instantly surrounded his small detachment. Undismayed, Mr. Wilson called to the rabble to lay down their arms, or he would fire. The rebels wavered and muttered together; but one villain, savage at the threat, advanced, and stabbed the magistrate with a pike. Mr. Wilson instantly shot him dead, and his men fired a volley. The undisciplined Celts are always the same,—furious at the onset, without fear and without thought; in the retreat impatient, fickle, and headlong. The rebels fell back confused over their dead, and opened right and left to let their men with fire-arms advance to the attack. Mr. Wilson then thought it time to retreat slowly towards the Coombe.

Lieutenant Brady was soon after equally venturous with forty men of his regiment, the 21st Fusiliers. He subdivided his small force, and placed them in positions useful for keeping up a cross-fire. The soldiers were tormented by bottles and stones from every window, and by random sharpshooters from the alleys, yards, and entries; but they kept up a rolling and incessant fire till the pikemen at last broke, shouted, and fled. Lieutenant Coltman, of the 9th Foot, with only four soldiers and twenty-four yeomanry from the barrack division in colored clothes, also helped to clear the streets and apprehend armed men or rebels seen firing. And now horses could be heard, sabres came waving down the street, bayonets moved fast and close, drums beat louder, and then the rebels were charged fiercely, and shot down wherever they resisted. Then they fled to the suburbs and to the mountains. Before twelve the insurrection was quelled.

Poor Emmet! so passed his dream away. The bright bubble of his life's hope had melted into drops of human blood. He and about fourteen other armed men fled to the Wicklow mountains, and skulked about from farm-house to farm-house, from glen to crag, from valley to village. As the pursuit grew hotter, and the troops began to come winding round the Scalp, and scattering along the blue rocky mountain-roads, the fugitives separated, each to look after himself. Emmet could, it was said, have escaped in a friendly fishing-boat to France, but a wild impulse of love and reckless despair seized him. He turned back from the sea, and set his face towards Dublin, once more to clasp Sarah Curran in his arms, and bid her farewell for ever. He regained the disturbed city safely, and took up his quarters again in his old place of refuge at Harold's Cross, in the house of a clerk, named Palmer. He was known

there as Mr. Hewitt. He had planned a mode of escape, if any attempt at arrest should be made, by escaping from a parlor window into an out-house, and from thence getting into the fields. But an indefatigable pursuer was soon on Emmet's track. On the evening of the 25th of August, Major Sirr rode up to the house, accompanied by a man on foot. Mrs. Palmer's daughter opened the door, Sirr instantly darted into the back parlor. There sat a tall young man, in a brown coat, white waistcoat, white pantaloons, and Hessian boots at dinner with his landlady. Sirr instantly gave him into the custody of his man, and took the landlady into the next room to ask the stranger's name, as it was not in the list of inhabitants wafered on the door of the house according to law. While Sirr was absent, Emmet tried to escape, and the officer struck him down with the butt-end of his pistol. Sirr then went to the canal-bridge for a guard, placed sentries round the house, while he searched it, and planted a sentry over the prisoner. Emmet again escaping while Sirr was taking down the landlady's evidence, Sirr ran after him, and shouted to the sentinel to fire. The musket did not go off. Sirr then overtook the prisoner, who surrendered quietly, and on being apologized to for his rough treatment, said, "All is fair in war." At the Castle, Emmet at once acknowledged his name.

On the 31st of August, Emmet was tried and pleaded not guilty, but made no defence. Curran had sternly refused to defend his daughter's unhappy lover.

Mr. Plunket, who prosecuted for the Crown, said, in the opening of his speech:

"God and nature have made England and Ireland essential to each other. Let them cling to each other to the end of time, and their united affection and loyalty will be proof against the machinations of the world.

"And how was this revolution to be effected? The proclamation conveys an insinuation that it was to be effected by their own force, entirely independent of foreign assistance. Why? Because it was well known that there remained in this country few so depraved, so lost to the welfare of their native land, that would not shudder at forming an alliance with France, and therefore the people of Ireland are told, 'The effort is to be entirely your own, independent of foreign aid.' But how does this tally with the time when the scheme was first hatched,—the very period of the commencement of the war with France? How does this tally with the fact of consulting in the depot about co-operation with the French, which has been proved in evidence?

"So much, gentlemen, for the nature of this conspiracy, and the pretext upon which it rests. Suffer me for a moment to call your attention to one or two of the edicts published by the conspirators. They have denounced, that if a single Irish soldier—or, more faithful description, Irish rebel—shall lose his life after the battle is over, quarter is neither to be given nor taken. Observe the equality of the reasoning of these promulgators of liberty and equality. The distinction is this: English troops are permitted to arm in defence of the government and the constitution of the country, and to maintain their allegiance; but if an Irish soldier, yeoman, or other loyal person, who shall not, within the space of fourteen days from the date and issuing forth of their sovereign proclamation, appear in arms with them; if he presumes to obey the dictates of his conscience, his duty, and his interest; if he has the hardihood to be loyal to his sovereign and his country,—he is proclaimed a traitor, his life is forfeited, and his property is confiscated. A sacred palladium is thrown over the rebel cause, while, in the same breath, undistinguishing vengeance is denounced against those who stand up in defence of the existing and ancient laws of the country. For God's sake, to whom are we called upon to deliver up, with only fourteen days to consider of it, all the advantages we enjoy? Who are they who claim the obedience? The prisoner is the principal. I do not wish to say anything harsh of him; a young man of considerable talents, if used with precaution, and of respectable rank in society, if content to conform himself to its laws. But when he assumes the manner and the tone of a legislator, and calls upon all ranks of people, the instant the provisional government proclaim in the abstract a new government, without specifying what the new laws are to be, or how the people are to be conducted and managed, but that the moment it is announced the whole constituted majority is to yield to him,—it becomes an extravagance bordering upon frenzy; this is going beyond the example of all former times. If a rightful sovereign were restored, he would forbear to inflict punishment upon those who submitted to the king *de facto;* but here there is no such forbearance: we who have lived under a king, not only *de facto,* but *de jure* in possession of the throne, are called upon to sub-

mit ourselves to the prisoner, to Dawdall, the vagrant politician, to the brick-layer, to the baker, the old-clothes-man, the hodman, and the ostler. These are the persons to whom this proclamation, in its majesty and dignity, calls upon a great people to yield obedience, and a powerful government to give a 'prompt, manly, and sagacious acquiescence to their just and unalterable determination!' 'We call upon the British government not to be so mad as to oppose us.'

"Gentlemen, I am anxious to suppose that the mind of the prisoner recoiled at the scenes of murder which he witnessed, and I mention one circumstance with satisfaction,—it appears he saved the life of Farrell; and may the recollection of that one good action cheer him in his last moments. But, though he may not have planned individual murders, that is no excuse to justify his embarking in treason, which must be followed by every species of crimes. It is supported by the rabble of the country, while the rank, the wealth, and the power of the country are opposed to it. Let loose the rabble of the country from the salutary restraints of the law, and who can take upon him to limit their barbarities? Who can say he will disturb the peace of the world, and rule it when wildest? Let loose the winds of Heaven, and what power less than omnipotent can control them?"

Emmet bowed to the court with perfect calmness, and addressed it with fervid and impetuous eloquence. He said:

"My lords,—What have I to say that sentence of death should not be passed on me according to law? I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, nor that will become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have labored (as was necessarily your office in the present circumstances of this oppressed country) to destroy,—I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your minds can be so free from impurity as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter. I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breast of a court constituted and trammelled as this is. I only wish, and that is the utmost I expect, that your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbor to shelter it from the storm by which it is at present buffeted.

"Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of the law, which delivers my body to the executioner, will, through the ministry of that law, labor, in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy; for there must be guilt somewhere,—whether in the sentence of the court or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. A man in my situation, my lords, has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the forces of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice. The man dies, but his memory lives; that mine may not perish,—that it may live in the memory of my countrymen,—I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port,—when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field, in defence of their country and virtue, this is my hope,—I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High; which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the forest; which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more than the government standard,—a government steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which it has made."

[Here Lord Norbury interrupted Mr. Emmet, observing that mean and wicked enthusiasts, who felt as he did, were not equal to the accomplishment of their wild designs.]

He then avowed his belief that there were still union and strength enough left in Ireland to one day accomplish her emancipation. He sternly rebuked Lord Norbury for his cruel and unjust efforts to silence him, and repudiated his calumnies. He denied that he had sought aid from the French except as from auxiliaries and allies, not as from invaders or enemies.

"I have been charged," he said, "with that importance in the efforts to emancipate

my countrymen as to be considered the keystone of the combination of Irishmen, or, as your lordship expresses it, 'the life and blood of the conspiracy.' You do me honor over-much: you have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this conspiracy who are not only superior to me, but even to your own computation of yourself, my lord; before the splendor of whose genius and virtues I shall bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves disgraced to be called your friend, and who would not disgrace themselves by shaking your blood-stained hand.

[Again the judge interrupted him.]

"What, my lord! shall you tell me on the passage to that scaffold which that tyranny, of which you are only the intermediary executioner, has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor; shall you tell me this, and shall I be so very a slave as not to repel it?

"I do not fear to approach the Omnipotent Judge, to answer for the conduct of my whole life; and am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality? By you, too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed in your unhallowed ministry in one great reservoir, your lordship might swim in it.

[Here the judge interfered.]

"If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life, —O ever dear and venerable shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have, even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now about to offer up my life.

"My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors that surround your victim, it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for nobler purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to Heaven. Be ye patient! I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom! I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world, it is the charity of its silence! Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudices or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done!"

The judge was remorseless and the government was stern. Emmet suffered the penalty for high treason in Thomas street, the very day after the trial. He ascended the scaffold with a calm resignation and an unswerving courage. He avowed himself a sceptic. To Dr. Dobbin, who importuned him as they rode together in a hackney-coach to the place of execution, he said:

"Sir, I appreciate your motives, and thank you for your kindness, but you merely disturb the last moments of a dying man unnecessarily. I am an infidel from conviction, and no reasoning can shake my unbelief."

Curran, when he defended Owen Kirwan, the tailor of Plunket street, derided the rebellion of Emmet as a mere riot; but there can be no doubt that if the first hundred pikemen had made a rush at the Castle they might have seized that stronghold, and drawn on themselves a later but an equally certain destruction, after much bloodshed and murder. The Fenians now talk of Emmet as "rash and soft," but Englishmen can only pity a young and enthusiastic genius, whose dirge Moore sung with such pathos,—

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,"

and lament that such a gallant spirit should have squandered itself on such mischievous chimeras.

MUSICAL INCAPACITY.

How many young persons we see who spend a vast amount of time in the practice of music, but who evince by their little progress that if they were to pass their entire mortal existence at their instrument they would never become good musicians. At best, they in the end can only succeed in the performance of a few pieces in a third-rate manner, just to put their hearers in mind how much better they have heard them played elsewhere by others who had real genius for the science of harmony. The conversation, too, of these misdirected ones is often a sad commentary upon misspent time. So great has been the sacrifice of their hours, that they have devoted but little time to reading, and the po-

verty of their general information is on the same plane with that of their skill in music. Yet, had the minds of many of these young persons been turned in another direction, they would have been found to possess a capacity, a genius, as eminent as their genius for music is defective. Had they been supplied with books and encouraged in the work of storing their memories with useful knowledge, until they had become habitual readers, they might have been brighter ornaments to their social circle than any musical talent could have made them. Musical practice, at best, is an alarming absorbent of time, and at that period of life when time is most valuable,—the years of youth when the character and habits are in a process of formation,—the precious moments cannot be too carefully spent. We would say to every parent, weigh well the capacity of your child, and the probability of his success in the difficult science of music, before making too great a sacrifice of time and money in that direction.

THE TRAITOR.

The evil days came. It had been necessary to leave palaces and cities; the imperial party had had to fly, hunted like bandits. One man alone remained to the Emperor. Lopez had followed his master; with him he had left cities and palaces. For three years the Emperor had loved him, and in his flights, where everything was wanting, Maximilian had always divided with him the bread of the fugitive, occasionally they had been hungry together. Nevertheless, Lopez had remained to him; what a friend, and how Maximilian's essentially loving nature must have loved him!

"Go," the Emperor would say to him at times, "Go, Lopez; leave me, to follow me is death. Save thyself, thy devotion is useless; go, that in dying I may at least have the consolation that thou livest happy in the midst of a beloved family." Yet Lopez remained. Ah! if any one had raised his hand against him, the Emperor would have thrown himself before the blow, and allowed himself to be killed for him.

But misfortunes grew daily more overwhelming, and the hour came when there was no longer hope but in flight. The Emperor, with a few faithful ones, shut himself up in Queretaro; the siege was long, and in the meantime the Emperor, abandoning the Empire which he had defended step by step, might reach the mountains and the sea, where a vessel awaited him. He told all this to him from whom he hid nothing. The conversation had been long, and the Emperor, being fatigued, went to sleep, his dream conducting him, perhaps, to that beloved country where his childhood had been passed, and which he hoped soon to see again. He slept tranquilly, for he knew that a friend watched,—he had given him his hand before closing his eyes.

It was then that this man, this traitor, this monster, arose and looked around him. What was he seeking? During the years that he had been with the Emperor, and in his flights, he had enriched himself by robbing his benefactor. He looked; there was nothing more, no more gold, no more jewels to be sold, nothing, nothing but the Emperor himself. "It is time," he said, and went out. As he went, he looked at him who trusted in him so confidently, and who would have died for him, but this look was not one of regret, it was but to assure himself that the poor fugitive slept soundly. Then he ran without hesitating, went right to the gate of the city, and sold his master. How was the bargain made? no doubt they would try to beat down the price; then the ounces of gold were there, but he must count them, must assure himself that not one was wanting. All this would take time, and during this time might they not have assassinated this traitor, and penetrated into the town without him? No: he must have provided for everything beforehand; and then there are, perhaps, in this country, delicate laws which regulate treason, and protect the interest of traitors. When the thousandth of gold was counted, Lopez smiled, as one smiles in spite of himself, who thinks that he has made a good bargain. A thousand ounces of gold, eight thousand francs for a friend, was he not well paid? Then the assassins entered into the town. Lopez walked before them lightly and rapidly

under his thirty kilogrammes of gold: he opened the doors to them. "He is there," he said, and disappeared. They awoke the Emperor. Maximilian opened his eyes and at once comprehended that it was implacable death that disturbed his sleep. Then he looked around him. Whom was he seeking? Answer traitor.

"Where is Lopez?" he asked.

Then they told him all. Betrayed by you, you, the only friend who remained to him,—he could not restrain a sigh, the first of his agony. Mechanically he followed the soldiers; the rest mattered but little to him; he commenced to die. What did you do then? what were you doing at the time of the execution? did the noise of the gold, as you counted it, smother the sound of the fire-arms and the cries of the savages as they mutilated the corpse? You might at the last hour have rushed into the midst of the balls, and have died at the side of him who had already pardoned you. * * * No, you counted your gold. And now, traitor, speak: Where will you go? What will you do? Do you hope for honor and consideration from those to whom you sold the martyr? However base they may be, they will despise you, they and the whole world; in whatever country you may go, they will point at you and say, "Behold the traitor." Your wife, herself, will fly before such infamy; and what will you say to your children when they say, "Father, other children send us from them; they say that thou hast killed the Emperor." Will you be able to bear this continually? No. Will you kill yourself? No; traitors are afraid of death; they are cowards. No; perhaps, carried away some day in a moment of anger, you will kill an accuser; then, there will be the galleys, where you will still be alone; for even the galley-slaves, who always combine together, will hunt you from them. He is a traitor. Go, pariah; go far from all, and let no one ever hear of thee again, that we may forget that there was, in this century, a soldier who sold his friend.—*Translated from the French of Ivan de Woestine, for The New Dominion.*

MIDSUMMER.

Past many a shady nook,
The babbling meadow brook,
'Twixt grass-grown banks with feathery fern abounding,
Glides on its devious way
Through all the livelong day;
While fields and woods with summer songs are sounding.

Far off across the vale,
Where the light vapors sail,
Veiled with thin mist the purple hills are sleeping;
And in the ripened field,
Amid the summer's yield,
The farmers now the golden grain are reaping.

Beside the cottage porch,
The sunflower's shining torch,
That marked with rings of flame the summer's coming,
Stands in proud splendor there,
Where all the noontide air
Is drowsy with the sweet bee's idle humming.

Within the garden blows
The fragrant summer rose,
Whose blushing leaves with sweet perfumes are laden;
And swaying gently there,
The lily, passing fair,
Hangs her meek head, like some retiring maiden.

Oh, glorious summer! stay,
Nor hasten yet away
From the sweet fields with thy warm beauty glowing;
My life has reached its prime,
Its radiant summer time,
And all my blood with added warmth is flowing;

The day at last declines,
The west with splendor shines,
As slantwise now the sun's last beams are falling,
And all the dazzling air,
Bright with the sunset's glare,
Is filled with myriad voices blithely calling.

— Be not too slow in the breaking of a sinful custom; a quick, courageous resolution is better than a gradual deliberation; in such a combat he is the bravest soldier that lays about him without fear or wit Wit pleads; fear disheartens; he that would kill Hydra, had better strike off one neck than five heads; fell the tree, and the branches are soon cut off.—*Quarles.*

THE OLD MAN'S LEGACY.

Mr. Wilson—of the firm of Sandford & Wilson, manufacturers, Stockton—sat alone at his well-furnished breakfast table. Apparently, he did not want more agreeable companions than his own thoughts,—at least, if one might judge from his countenance, which expressed a considerable degree of self-satisfaction and self-gratulation.

Mr. Wilson supposed he had reason to be in a peculiarly happy and contented frame of mind. He had that morning, early as it was,—and it was not yet nine o'clock, —made what he called an excellent bargain. The manufacture in which he was engaged, was one in which there was considerable consumption of coal, and of course it was an object to obtain supplies of so necessary an article at as reasonable a rate as possible. He had that morning ridden over to the village of Thorley, a distance of several miles, in order to see an old man, the proprietor of a small field under which ran a valuable vein of coal.

This field joined one of the mines belonging to the firm, and the object of Mr. Wilson's visit was to inquire the terms upon which they could obtain a lease of the ground for the purpose of excavation. It was the very satisfactory result of this negotiation which imparted so much cheerfulness and buoyancy to the countenance and manner of Mr. Wilson.

But there is no perfect happiness in this world, and a doubt which he could not entirely suppress as to what might be his partner's opinion on the subject of his bargain—served to destroy the perfection of his. However, it was impossible,—as he proved to his own satisfaction during his walk to the manufactory,—quite impossible that any man, not an absolute fool, could raise any objection to an agreement so obviously for their joint interest. As it certainly was not a failing of his own, it did not enter into Mr. Wilson's calculations that a man, without being an absolute fool, or indeed a fool at all, might think that some consideration was due to the interest of others as well as his own; and that the precept, to do as you would be done by, was not quite so obsolete but that some might be found old-fashioned enough to look upon it in the light of a moral obligation.

No two persons could differ more in character than those two partners. They were both excellent men of business; keen, industrious, and energetic. But whilst Mr. Wilson considered stratagem allowable in business, as in love and war, and held the doctrine that the end sanctifies the means (and the end constantly before his eyes, that of getting riches, sanctified many means not strictly honorable or even honest, but all in the way of business, of course), Mr. Sandford would not, to promote the success of the most promising speculation, have taken the advantage of the ignorance, or practised on the credulity, of the poorest or most simple person with whom he had to deal. To render to every one that which was justly his due, was his maxim in business.

On his arrival at the counting-house he greeted his partner with a—

"Well, Sandford, I have seen old Richardson about that bit of land, and he is very willing to let us have it. He says it has never been anything but a plague to him, and he shall be very glad to be rid of it. 'Tis a very fortunate thing I thought of riding over this morning, for I understand Morton has been thinking of getting it from him, and sinking a shaft there; but I have made every arrangement, and we are to have it for fifty pounds a year. It will be a capital speculation."

"The man must be entirely ignorant of the value of his own property to agree to such terms," said Mr. Sandford. "Did you tell him the purpose for which it was wanted."

"O yes; of course I told him we thought there might be coal. I did not see the necessity of entering into particulars; he knows nothing about mining, and he will, upon these terms, make a deal more by his land than he has ever done yet."

"Perhaps so, but not so much as he ought to make by it. If he does not know its value, we do; and I cannot consent to profit by what would, you know, be an imposition upon him."

"Nonsense; you are so over-particular. No one but yourself would think of making the slightest objection to a thing so much to your advantage, especially as the man is perfectly satisfied. He would not know what to do with more."

"Do you think he will be perfectly satisfied when he learns that he is not receiving more than half of what he has a right to expect? But even supposing he were, that does not alter the question; so far as we are concerned, we should be equally taking an unfair, and, in my opinion, dishonest advantage, to bind him to such terms."

"Well, I don't know how it is," said Mr. Wilson, who was losing his temper; "but it is impossible to do anything to please you. I never make an arrangement that you have not some objection to advance, some fault

to find. If you might have your way in everything, the concern would soon come to nothing."

"Nay," said Mr. Sandford, laughing, "that is asserting more than you can prove, I think. You know that I believe no one loses in the long run by plain and straightforward dealing; so that, setting aside all but selfish motives, I act only in such a manner as I think will best promote our interest."

"Well, if you can make out that it will be for our interest to pay one hundred instead of fifty pounds a year for the right of mining under that field, well and good, but I confess I cannot; and I must say, it will be very absurd of you to make any alterations in the terms agreed upon. They are satisfactory to Richardson, and advantageous to us, and what more would you have?"

"I would have nothing more than justice and common honesty dictate," replied Mr. Sandford. "I would give Richardson, what, were I in his place, I should expect myself, as the rent of that land,—say one hundred a year. This would be right towards him, and still advantageous to us; and what I lost in money I should expect to gain in kindly feeling and confidence in my upright intentions,—capital which is always secure, and which brings larger returns than those who do not employ it can conceive."

"Well," said Mr. Wilson, greatly irritated, "it is no use arguing with you; I will have nothing more to do with the affair; manage it as you like."

So saying he sat down to his desk and wrote letters with great rapidity and energy.

Accordingly, that same evening, Mr. Sandford rode over to Thorley. He found the old man at work in his garden, busily engaged in digging up potatoes, in which occupation he scarcely paused to return Mr. Sandford's salutation.

"My partner was here this morning, Mr. Richardson," said that gentleman, "speaking to you about a piece of land of yours, and I understand you partly made an agreement with him to let us have a lease of it at a rent of fifty pounds a year."

"Why, yes," replied he, "you ar'na far wrong; there was something o' the kind talked on 'atween us."

"Well," said Mr. Sandford, "perhaps you do not quite understand for what purpose we want that field of yours, and are not aware of its value to persons in our business. It is worth much more to us than fifty pounds a year; and it was to make what I consider an equitable proposal for both parties that I came to see you this evening. If you are willing to accept one hundred a year for it, I shall be glad to have a lease of the land upon such terms, as it is contiguous to one of my pits; but farther than this I am not prepared to go."

The old man paused from his digging, and looking up at Mr. Sandford with an admiring twinkle in his eye, said,

"I've always heard say, sir, as you was a right down good un'; an' now I believe it. You see, sir, I con'na say as I understand much about the vally of coal an' such like; but I seed as Mester Wilson were mighty anxious to get the field; an at after he had gone, I turned it over i' my mind, an' I thought, as he seemed so willin' to give fifty pounds, which is above the real vally of the land, as land, he might be willing to go a little further if I hung back like. Just as I were thinking i' this way up comes Mester Morton, an' says he,—

"'I heerd as you was wanting to sell that bit o' ground o' yours as gines up to Mester Sandford's coal-pit.'

"So says I, 'I rather think you heerd wrong, sir, for I wasna thinking of selling it at all.'

"'O,' says he, 'perhaps it was letting it, then, you was thinking of? It cou'na be of much use to you; an' I dare say you would make more by it that way; now, s'pose I was inclined to make a bargain with you, what would you let it me for?'

"'Why,' says I, 'I've partly promised it, you see, to Mester Wilson for fifty pounds a year;' an' then he fires up, and says,—

"'Well, what an imposition; it's downright disgraceful; you mustn't accept it, Mester Richardson. I'm willin' to give you seventy or even eighty; so you'll consider my offer, an' let me know what you decide on to-morrow;' an' with that he rode away.

"But you see, sir, I did na like Mester Morton's offer no better than Mester Wilson's; for I thought they was both 'birds of a feather.' I wasna quite so soft as they thought me. But, sir, I think you are honest (no offence); for you tell me what you want the land for, an' make an offer you're willin' to stick by; an' so, sir, you shall have it, that you shall, even if they offer me a hundred and fifty; and you may send a lawyer to draw out the lease as soon as you like."

"Very well; then I may consider the matter settled? The lease shall be drawn out as quickly as possible, and will, I hope, be ready for your signature in a few days."

So saying, and wishing the old man good

evening, Mr. Sandford turned towards home. Richardson stood some minutes looking after him, spade in hand, then calling to a neighbor who happened to be passing by, he said,—

"I say, John, dost know who that gentleman is there upo' the brown hoss?"

"No," replied his friend, "I canna say as I do."

"Well, then, I'l tell thee; it's the honestest man i' Stockton, let the other be who he will; an' that's Mester Sandford. He's put fifty pounds a year i' my pocket; an' please God, he shanna lose by it i' the end; for I'll leave him all I have when I'm dead; an' it's no so little, for I've naither kith nor kin, an' it'll do some good that way, more than I shall ever do with it, I doubt; for they say he's as open-handed an' kind-hearted to the poor, as he's honest and straightforward."

In the meantime Mr. Sandford rode home, ignorant of Richardson's benevolent intentions towards him; and though, in a few days, what had been said was repeated to him, it was no sooner heard than forgotten, and, in the press of business, the whole affair passed from his mind.

It occasioned little surprise in Stockton when, in a short time after this event, it became known that Messrs. Sandford and Wilson were about to dissolve partnership. The wonder was, how two persons differing so much in their manner of conducting business should have continued together for so long a time.

It now remained to be seen whether Mr. Wilson was correct in his prediction as to the probable fate of a business carried on in strict accordance with the rules and principles advocated by his late partner. It would scarcely be justice to him to say that he wished for the accomplishment of his own prophecy, or that he would not, supposing it in no way detrimental to his own interest, have done anything in his power to avert such a catastrophe; but still, as he said, "knowing Sandford's Quixotic opinions, such a thing would not have surprised him in the least;" nor, at the bottom of his heart, have grieved him, either; for it is rather a dangerous experiment to place self-esteem and benevolence in direct opposition. In such cases, the former will more generally prove victorious than people are willing to admit.

However, Mr. Wilson was spared any such conflict. Months and years passed on, and still Mr. Sandford's business grew and prospered; so also did the estimation in which he was held, and the influence he possessed in his native town; for, though riches alone will always buy a certain degree of outward respect and attention for their possessor, be his character what it will, it is entirely distinct from the influence which high principle, and undeviating, consistent rectitude of conduct, must always command, and which is felt even by the most ignorant and careless.

It was, perhaps, this difference, presenting itself in an undefined manner to his mind, that gave rise to and kept alive in Mr. Wilson a kind of rivalry; a continual wish to place himself in contrast and comparison with Mr Sandford, in order, if possible, to humble him and display his own superiority. So far had he allowed this feeling to gain ground, that when, in compliance with a requisition, numerously and respectably signed, Mr. Sandford consented to come forward as a candidate for the representation of the borough of Stockton, Mr. Wilson immediately offered himself in opposition. Their politics were similar, their talents for public business pretty equal, though Mr. Wilson had considerably the advantage as a speaker.

But the electors of Stockton were not to be diverted from the choice which their inclination and judgment alike approved. At the hustings, the show of hands was all in favor of Mr. Sandford. The day's polling saw him several hundreds in advance of his opponent; and, amidst the acclamations of the people, he was declared duly elected. Mortified and humbled, Mr. Wilson talked of a petition to console his wounded pride; but his committee knew better. Not one person could be found to second his wishes, as they well knew such an attempt would prove as fruitless as it would be discreditable and vexatious.

It was on a bleak and gusty morning in early spring that Mr. Sandford's family was assembled in the breakfast room; the table ready spread, and the fire giving that cheerful glow so desirable on one of our raw March mornings. The time-piece told the hour of half-past nine, and several little faces were beginning to look anxious for breakfast, and many were the exclamations of—

"Mamma, what can papa be doing? I wonder where he is; surely, he cannot be very hungry."

And the eldest hope had just given it as his opinion that they had better not wait any longer, when the well-known footstep was heard. The breakfast-room door opened, and Mr. Sandford made his appearance, looking even more good-humored than usual,

while a half-suppressed smile lurked about the corners of his mouth.

"Well, my dears, I suppose you wonder what has made me so late this morning?" said he.

A very general look of assent was the result of this inquiry.

Mr. Sandford proceeded,—"A singular and most unexpected circumstance has happened to me. John Simpson and William Wood came to my counting-house this morning, and said, if I were at leisure they wished to speak to me on business of consequence. Their looks were so full of importance that, though it was then time to come home, I could not refuse.

"They then told me that old Richardson, the man from whom I have rented that field containing the valuable stratum of coal for so many years, is dead, and has left me all his property, except a small sum to each of themselves, as executors. After enjoying my surprise, they brought to my recollections what John had told me of the old man's intentions when I first agreed to take his field upon a lease. I thought nothing of it at the time, and I do not think it has ever entered my head since.

"The men detained me some time longer by the accounts they had to give of their old friend. It is now several years since I have seen him, as he removed to a small farm of his own at some distance from his former residence; but previous to his leaving Thorley I had several conversations with him, in which I endeavored to impress upon his mind the duties he owed to his fellow-creatures; and, it seems, these conversations produced some effect, for the old man has, I understand, been much more kindly and benevolently disposed of late years.

"The property, of course, is not large, though considerably more than he was supposed to possess; but I shall value it much, not only as a tribute of sincere respect and regard, but as a testimony to the truth of my principle,—that even as a matter of self-interest, to give no higher motive, the simple rule, 'to do as you would be done by,' will be found most successful.

"I was much amused, as I came along, to see what an excitement this news had caused. One after another rushed breathless out of their houses, with a 'Sir, do you know old Richardson 's dead, and has left you all his money?' One man was actually at the trouble of running a considerable distance to overtake me, in order to give me this wonderful information. So now I think you cannot wonder at my being so late for breakfast; eh, little Mary?"

"No, indeed, papa; and I think that old man was very wise to give you all his money." This remark caused a general laugh, but there were many others who agreed with little Mary.

Amongst the poor the feeling was very general; they knew that he regarded riches not as a means for self-indulgence or personal aggrandizement, but as a loan entrusted to his care for the benefit of others, especially the poor; and that the richer he was, the more his power to serve them would be increased, and his means of doing good multiplied.

The wealth which Richardson so carefully hoarded, and which, in his possession, was like a sealed fountain of pure water, has, by being usefully and benevolently employed, like the same fountain released from confinement, spread into innumerable small streams, refreshing, fertilizing, and diffusing plenty and contentment in their course; and hundreds have had reason to bless the old man's legacy.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

God bless little children!
Day by day,
With pure and simple wiles,
And winning words and smiles,
They creep into the heart;
And who would wish to say them nay?

They look up in our faces,
And their eyes
Are tender and are fair,
As if still lingered there
The Saviour's kindly smile!
So very meek they look, and wise.

We live again our play-time
In their play;
Their soft hands lead us back,
Along a weary track,—
The pathway of our years,—
Unto the time when life was May.

Oh! when my days have ended,
I would rest
Where little children keep
Their slumber long and deep:
My grave be near the little mounds
I know that God hath blest!

—*George Cooper, in the Round Table.*

— A French paper mentions the fact that two grains of alum to a pint of water will clarify water which is unfit to drink, and the taste of the alum will not be perceived.

CATS.

The Egyptians adored the cat as a divinity, and the Swiss have chosen it as the symbol of liberty. History rarely condescends to mention it, and the poets in general ignore it, for, however valuable its qualities, the cat is not poetical. Yet Goldsmith has given it a place in his exquisite "Hermit":

> "Around in sympathetic mirth,
> Its tricks the kitten tries;
> The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
> The crackling fagot flies."

It is a common thing enough to call men "dogs," but Volumnia, in "Coriolanus," calls them "cats." In speaking of her son, she says:—

> "'Twas you incensed the rabble;
> Cats! that can judge as fitly of his worth
> As I can of those mysteries which heaven
> Will not have earth to know."

As to "the brindled cat" that mewed thrice before the three witches, in "Macbeth," entered the cave, we can only applaud Shakspeare's good taste in giving her the precedence in that grand scene.

For nearly a thousand years Western Christendom scarcely knew the blessings of cats; and how the rats and mice were kept down when no four-footed policeman patrolled the kitchen is more than we can guess. In the tenth and eleventh centuries very high prices were given for good mousers. They were of Nubian origin, and descended from those domestic cats which the Egyptians certainly possessed, which exist to our own day in the form of mummies, and are represented on many monuments of Thebes. No one knows how they found their way into Europe; but there is reason to believe that the Romans imported them from the banks of the Nile in small numbers and at rare intervals. Our ancestors had so high a sense of the usefulness of this animal that Howel Dha, or Howell the Good, inserted among his laws one expressly concerning it. The price of a kitling before it could see, was to be a penny, and when it had killed a mouse, twopence. If its hearing or seeing was imperfect, if it had not whole claws, did not go on killing mice, or proved a bad mother, the seller was to forfeit to the buyer the third of its value. If any one stole or killed the cat that guarded the prince's granary, the fine he had to pay was a milch ewe, with her lamb and fleece, or as much wheat as would cover the cat when held up by the tail with its head touching the floor. No reduction was to be made. The very tip of the pussy's tail must be covered with the culprit's wheat. Thus, the price given for cats was high, considering the value of specie at that period; and the fact of laws being made to protect the breed of an animal which multiplies so fast, shows that, in the middle ages, it must have been scarce in Europe.

INDIAN TRIBES IN AMERICA.

A correspondent of the St. Louis *Democrat*, who has been passing several months on the Plains, furnishes some *data* in regard to the present strength of the Indian tribes of the west of the Mississippi river. The correspondent says: "The present numerical strength of the Indians is estimated at 350,000; out of this number 70,000 are semi-civilized. According to statistics furnished us by an officer qualified by long experience and intercourse with Indians, they may be classed according to their tribal organizations as follows: Cheyennes and Blackfeet Sioux, 9100; Arrapahoes, 1200; Brule Sioux under 'Red Cloud,' 3000; Ogallalla Sioux, 3600; Minneconjos 2400; Uncapas, 2400; Yanctonnais, 4200; Arickaries, Assiniboines, Gros Ventres, Mundans, 9000. In the northern part of Montana are the Flatheads, 600; Kootennais, 300; Pend d'Oreilles, 900. In the Indian country lying north of Texas, and west of Kansas, may be found the following peaceful tribes, who are semi-civilized: Choctaw Nation, 15,000; Chickasaws, 5000; Quapaws, Senecas, and Sawnees, 670; Osages and Neoshos, 3200; and the Wichitas, 2800. In Kansas and Nebraska are the Pawnees, 2800; Winnebagoes, 1900; Omahas, 1000; Iowas, 300; Otioes and Missourias, 700; Sacs and Foxes, 800. These Indians are all friendly. There are also Chippewas, Ottawas, and Pottawatomies, numbering some 7924.

In Oregon, Washington, Arizona, New Mexico, and Mexico and Texas, are the Tualips, Skokamish, Lumnis, 1900; Makahs, 1400; Puyallups, Nisquallys, Squakskins, and Chehalis, 2000; Quinailts, Quillehutes, 600; Yakamas, 3000; Spokanes, 1200; Colvilles, 500; Cayuses, Walla-Wallahs, 1200; Wascoes, Klamates, and Modoes, 3500; Snakes, or Shoshomes, 1000; small bands scattered, 1250; Pimos and Marricopas, 7500; Papagos, 5000; Cocopas, Yumas, Majaves, Yavapais and Chemihuevis, 9500; and lastly, the most warlike tribes on the American continent, the Kiowas, Camanches, Apaches, and Navajoes, 15,100.

In Nevada, Utah, and the Indian country east of the Rocky Mountains, are found the following: The Pah-Utes and other tribes, 8500; Bannacks and Shosones, 4000; Gosha-Utes, 800; Weber-Utes 800; Timpanoag, 200; Unitah-Utes, 3000; Pah-vauts, 1500; San Pitches, 500; Utahs, 3000; Pueblos or Villiage Indians, 7000; Tahequache-Utes, 4500; and the Creeks, civilized, 14,500.

PUT A GOOD FACE UPON IT.

If you wish to succeed in life, if you wish to find friends, if you wish your relatives or associates to enjoy your company, wear a cheerful face; everybody dislikes and shuns a sad one, if it is habitually sad. Everybody but God grows weary of being reminded of sorrow, and the heart that is always full of bitter waters will be left alone. Pretend to be happy if you can do no more. Coax sunbeams to your eyes, smiles to your lips. Speak hopeful words as often as you can; get the name of being cheerful, and it will be as incense to you. Wherever the glad face goes it is welcome; whatever the laughing lips ask, it is apt to be granted. If you are starving, for want of food for either body or spirit, it is better to laugh than to cry as you tell the tale. Laugh to keep from crying. Never give up to gloom; it is a wrong to those about you. Sad faces add to the weight of trouble that life lays upon every heart. Woe to us if we cannot look about us and see bravely-cheerful faces to encourage our hearts! Let us be careful that each one of us has one of those faces. A man who carries a glad face does an amount of good in the world impossible to compute, even if he is too poor to give one cent in charity; and a man whose face is sad does, every day of his life, more harm than can be reckoned. This is a hard world, full of all manner of troubles; but every one of them can, for much of the time, be wrestled out of sight; and every living man and woman, as soon as the first distress is a little past, can, at the very least, assume cheerfulness. This is decent. More than this, 'tis duty. Nobody has any right to go about, a perpetual dampener of enjoyment. And no one has just reason for habitual sadness until he has lost his soul.

SODA-WATER.—Priestly was the first who impregnated water with carbonic acid gas. This was about the year 1767, or one hundred years ago. He found that fixed air could be liberated from chalk or marble by the action of oil of vitriol, and he contrived apparatus for impregnating water with its own weight of gas, and thus manufactured the first soda-water ever used.

—A good man, who has seen much of the world, says: "The grand essentials to happiness in this life are—something to do, something to love, and something to hope for."

"HOW HAPPY I'LL BE."

A little one played among the flowers,
In the blush and bloom of summer hours;
She twined the buds in a garland fair,
And bound them up in her shining hair;
"Ah me!" said she, "how happy I'll be,
When ten years more have grown over me,
And I am a maiden, with youth's bright glow
Flushing my cheek, and lighting my brow!"

A maiden mused in a pleasant room,
Where the air was filled with a soft perfume;
Vases were near, of antique mould,
Beautiful pictures rare and old,
And she of all the loveliest there,
Was by far the loveliest and most fair;
"Ah me!" said she, "how happy I'll be,
When my heart's true love comes home to me!
Light of my life, my spirit's pride,
I count the days till thou reach my side."

A mother bent over the cradle nest,
Where she soothed her babe to his smiling rest;
"Sleep well," she murmured, soft and low,
As she pressed her kisses on his brow;
"Oh! child, sweet child, how happy I'll be,
If the good God let thee stay with me,
Till later on, in life's evening hour,
Thy strength shall be my strength and tower!"

An aged one sat by the glowing hearth,
Almost ready to leave the earth;
Feeble and frail, the race she had run
Had borne her along to the setting sun,
"Ah me!" she breathed, in an under-tone,
"How happy I'll be when life is done!
When the world fades out with its weary strife,
And I soar away to a better life!"

'Tis thus we journey, from youth to age,
Longing to turn to another page,
Striving to hasten the years away,
Lighting our hearts with the future's ray;
Hoping on earth till its visions fade,
Wishing and waiting, through sun and shade;
Turning, when earth's last tie is riven,
To the beautiful rest that remains in heaven.

BLIND ROBERT.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

One day I met a little boy in the street, who was going along very slowly, feeling his way by the houses and the fences; and I knew that he was blind. If he had had eyes to see with, he would have been running and jumping about, or driving a hoop or tossing a ball, like the other boys in the

street. I pitied him. It seemed so hard for the little fellow to go about in the dark all the time; never to see the sun, or any of the pretty things in the world; never to see even the faces of his parents, and brothers, and sisters. So I stopped to talk with him. He told me that his name was Robert, that his father was sick at home, and that his mother had to take in washing, and work very hard to get a living. All the other children had some work to do, but as he could not see to work, he was sent after clothes for his mother to wash. I asked him if he did not feel sorry because he was blind. He looked very thoughtful and solemn for a moment, and then he smiled (smiled just as an angel might smile in heaven) and said, "Sometimes I think it hard to creep about so. Sometimes I want to look at the bright sun that warms me, and at the sweet birds that sing for me, and at the flowers that feel so soft when I touch them. But God made me blind, and I know that it is best for me, and I am so glad that he did not make me deaf and dumb too. I am so glad that he gave me a good mother, and a Sabbath School to go to, instead of making me one of the heathen children, that pray to snakes and idols."

"But, Robert, if you could see, you could help your mother more." I said this without thinking, and was sorry as soon as I said it; for the little boy's smile went right away, and big tears filled his blind eyes, and ran down his pale cheeks.

"Yes," he said, "I have often told mother so; but she says that I help her a great deal now, and that she wouldn't spare me for the world; and father says I'm the best nurse he ever had, though I am blind."

"I am sure you are a good boy, Robert," I answered quickly.

"No, sir," he said, "I am not good, but have got a very wicked heart; and I think a great many wicked thoughts; and if it wasn't for the Saviour, I don't know what I would do."

"And how does the Saviour help you?"

"O, sir, I pray to him, and then he comes into my heart, and says, 'I forgive you, Robert; I love you, poor blind boy! I will take away your evil heart, and give you a new one.' And then I feel so happy; and it seems to me as if I could almost hear the angels singing up in heaven."

"Well, Robert, that is right; and do you ever expect to see the angels?"

"O, yes, sir! When I die my spirit will not be blind. It is only my clay house that has no windows. I can see with my mind now, and that, my mother tells me, is the way they see in heaven. And I heard father reading in the Bible the other day, where it tells about heaven, and it said there is 'no night there.' But here it is night to blind people all the time. O, sir, when I feel cross because I cannot see, I think about heaven, and it comforts me!"

I saw now that Robert began to be uneasy, and acted as if he wanted to go on. I said, "Don't you like to talk with me, Robert?"

"Yes, sir, I do; and it is very kind of you to speak so to a poor blind boy; but mother will be waiting for the clothes."

This evidence of the little fellow's frankness and fidelity pleased me. I had become much interested, and made up my mind to find out more about him. So I took some money from my pocket, and gave it to him to buy something for his sick father. Again the tears filled his blind eyes.

"O, sir," he said, "you are too good! I was just wishing I could buy something for poor, sick papa; he has no appetite, and we have nothing in the house but potatoes. He tries to eat them, and never complains; but if I could only get something good for him, it would soon make him better, I know it would. But I don't want you to give me the money; can't I work for you, and earn it?"

I made him take the money, and then watched him, to see what he would do. He went as fast as he could for the clothes; then bought a fowl to make soup of; then a loaf of bread, for toast; and felt his way home, trembling all over with delight. I followed him without his knowing it. He went to a little old-looking house, that seemed to have but one room. I saw that he put the bread and fowl under the clothes, and went (as I thought by the sound) close to his father's bed before he showed them; then dropping the clothes, he held up the loaf in one hand, and the fowl in the other, saying, "See, father; see what God has sent you!"

He then told about my meeting him, and giving him the money, he added, "I am sure, father, that God put it into the kind man's heart; for God sees how much you wanted something to nourish you."

I am afraid, children, that there were some tears in Uncle John's eyes, as he turned away from the blind boy's home.

How beautiful to love God and to trust in him, as poor Robert did! Could you be so contented and happy, if you were as poor as he was, and blind too? Think about it, dear children; and perhaps I'll tell you more about blind Robert some other time.

AUTUMNAL TINTS.

(From the Atlantic Monthly.)

Europeans coming to America are surprised by the briliancy of our autumnal foliage. There is no account of such a phenomenon in English poetry, because the trees acquire but few bright colors there. The most that Thomson says on this subject in his "Autumn" is contained in the lines,—

"But see the fading, many-colored woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green to sooty dark":—

and in the line in which he speaks of

"Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods."

The autumnal change of our woods has not made a deep impression on our own literature yet. October has hardly tinged our poetry.

A great many who have spent their lives in cities, and never have chanced to come into the country at this season, have never seen this, the flower, or rather the ripe fruit of the year. I remember riding with one such citizen, who, though a fortnight too late for the most brilliant tints, was taken by surprise, and would not believe that there had been any brighter. He had never heard of this phenomenon before. Not only many in our towns have never witnessed it, but it is scarcely remembered by the majority from year to year.

Most appear to confound changed leaves with withered ones, as if they were to confound ripe apples with rotten ones. I think that the change to some higher color in a leaf is an evidence that it has arrived at a late and perfect maturity, answering to the maturity of fruits. It is generally the lowest and oldest leaves which change first. But as the perfect-winged and unusually bright-colored insect is short-lived, so the leaves ripen but to fall.

Generally, every fruit, on ripening, and just before it falls, when it commences a more independent and individual existence, requiring less nourishment from any source, and that not so much from the earth through its stem as from the sun and air, acquires a bright tint. So do leaves. The physiologist says it is "due to an increased absorption of oxygen." That is the scientific account of the matter,—only a re-assertion of the fact. But I am more interested in the rosy cheek than I am to know what particular diet the maiden fed on. The very forest and herbage, the pellicle of the earth, must acquire a bright color, an evidence of its ripeness,—as if the globe itself were a fruit on its stem, with ever a cheek toward the sun.

Flowers are but colored leaves; fruits, but ripe ones. The edible part of most fruit is, as the physiologist says, "the parenchyma or fleshy tissue of the leaf" of which they are formed.

Our appetites have commonly confined our views of ripeness and its phenomena—color, mellowness, and perfectness,—to the fruits which we eat, and we are wont to forget that an immense harvest which we do not eat, hardly use at all, is annually ripened by Nature. At our annual Cattle Shows and Horticultural Exhibitions, we make, as we think, a great show of fair fruits, destined, however, to a rather ignoble end,—fruits not valued for their beauty chiefly. But round about and within our towns there is annually another show of fruits, on an infinitely grander scale,—fruits which address our taste for beauty alone.

October is the month of painted leaves. Their rich glow now flashes round the world. As the fruits and leaves and the day itself acquire a bright tint just before they fall, so the year near its setting. October is its sunset sky; November, the later twilight.

I formerly thought that it would be worth the while to get a specimen leaf from each changing tree, shrub, and herbaceous plant, when it had acquired its brightest characteristic color, in its transition from the green to the brown state, outline it, and copy its color exactly, with paint, in a book, which should be entitled, "*October, or Autumnal Tints*";—beginning with the earliest reddening,—Woodbine and the lake of radical leaves, and coming down through the Maples, Hickories, and Sumachs, and many beautifully freckled leaves less generally known, to the latest Oaks and Aspens. What a memento such a book would be! You would need only to turn over its leaves to take a ramble through the autumn woods whenever you pleased. Or if I could preserve the leaves themselves, unfaded, it would be better still. I have made but little progress towards such a book, but I have endeavored, instead, to describe all these bright tints in the order in which they present themselves. The following are some extracts from my notes:—

THE RED MAPLE.

By the twenty-fifth of September, the Red Maples generally are beginning to be

ripe. Some large ones have been conspicuously changing for a week, and some single trees are now very brilliant. I notice a small one, half a mile off across a meadow, against the green wood-side there, a far brighter red than the blossoms of any tree in summer, and more conspicuous. I have observed this tree for several autumns invariably changing earlier than its fellows, just as one tree ripens its fruit earlier than another. It might serve to mark the season, perhaps. I should be sorry, if it were cut down. I know of two or three such trees in our town, which might perhaps be propagated from, as early ripeners or September trees, and their seed be advertised in the market, as well as that of radishes, if we cared as much about them.

At present, these burning bushes stand chiefly along the edge of the meadows, or I distinguish them afar on the hillsides here and there. Sometimes you will see many small ones in a swamp turned quite crimson when all other trees around are still perfectly green; and the former appear so much the brighter for it. They take you by surprise, as you are going by on one side, across the fields, thus early in the season, as if it were some gay encampment of the red men, or other foresters, of whose arrival you had not heard.

Some single trees, wholly bright scarlet, seen against others of their kind still freshly green, or against evergreens, are more memorable than whole groves will be by-and-by. How beautiful, when a whole tree is like one great scarlet fruit full of ripe juices; every leaf, from lowest limb to topmost spire, all aglow, especially if you look toward the sun! What more remarkable object can there be in the landscape? Visible for miles, too fair to be believed. If such a phenomenon occurred but once, it would be handed down by tradition to posterity, and get into the mythology at last.

The whole tree thus ripening in advance of its fellows attains a singular preeminence, and sometimes maintains it for a week or two. I am thrilled at the sight of it, bearing aloft its scarlet standard for the regiment of green-clad foresters around, and I go half a mile out of my way to examine it. A single tree becomes thus the crowning beauty of some meadowy vale, and the expression of the whole surrounding forest is at once more spirited for it.

A small Red Maple has grown, perchance, far away at the head of some retired valley, a mile from any road, unobserved. It has faithfully discharged the duties of a Maple there, all winter and summer, neglected none of its economies, but added to its stature in the virtue which belongs to a Maple, by a steady growth for so many months, never having gone gadding abroad, and is nearer heaven than it was in the spring. It has faithfully husbanded its sap, and afforded a shelter to the wandering bird; has long since ripened its seeds and committed them to the winds; and has the satisfaction of knowing, perhaps, that a thousand little well-behaved Maples are already settled in life somewhere. It deserves well of Mapledom. Its leaves have been asking it from time to time, in a whisper, "When shall we redden?" And now, in this month of September, this month of travelling, when men are hastening to the sea-side, or the mountains, or the lakes, this modest Maple, still without budging an inch, travels in its reputation,—runs up its scarlet flag on that hill-side, which shows that it has finished its summer's work before all other trees, and withdraws from the contest. At the eleventh hour of the year, the tree which no scrutiny could have detected here when it was most industrious is thus, by the tint of its maturity, by its very blushes, revealed at last to the careless and distant traveller, and leads his thoughts away from the dusty road into those brave solitudes which it inhabits. It flashes out conspicuous with all the virtue and beauty of a Maple,—*Acer rubrum*. We may now read its title, or *rubric*, clear. Its *virtues*, not its sins, are as scarlet.

Notwithstanding the Red Maple is the most intense scarlet of any of our trees, the Sugar-Maple has been the most celebrated; and Michaux, in his "Sylva," does not speak of the autumnal color of the former. About the second of October, these trees, both large and small, are most brilliant, though many are still green. In "sprout-lands" they seem to vie with one another, and ever some particular one in the midst of the crowd will be of a peculiarly pure scarlet, and by its more intense color attract our eye, even at a distance, and carry off the palm. A large Red-Maple swamp, when at the height of its change, is the most obviously brilliant of all tangible things, where I dwell, so abundant is this tree with us. It varies much both in form and color. A great many are merely yellow, more scarlet, others scarlet deepening into crimson more red than common. Look at yonder swamp of Maples mixed with Pines, at the base of a Pine-clad hill, a quarter of a mile off, so that you get the

full effect of the bright colors, without detecting the imperfections of the leaves, and see their yellow, scarlet, and crimson fires, of all tints, mingled and contrasted with the green. Some Maples are yet green, only yellow or crimson-tipped on the edges of their flakes, like the edges of a Hazel-Nut burr; some are wholly brilliant scarlet, raying out regularly and finely every way, bilaterally, like the veins of a leaf; others, of more irregular form, when I turn my head slightly, emptying out some of its earthiness and concealing the trunk of the tree, seem to rest heavily flake on flake, like yellow and scarlet clouds, wreath upon wreath, or like snow-drifts driving through the air, stratified by the wind. It adds greatly to the beauty of such a swamp at this season, that, even though there may be no other trees interspersed, it is not seen as a simple mass of color, but, different trees being of different colors and hues, the outline of each crescent tree-top is distinct, and where one laps on to another. Yet a painter would hardly venture to make them thus distinct a quarter of a mile off.

As I go across a meadow directly toward a low rising ground this bright afternoon, I see, some fifty rods off toward the sun, the top of a Maple swamp just appearing over the sheeny russet edge of the hill,—a stripe apparently twenty rods long by ten feet deep, of the most intensely brilliant scarlet, orange, and yellow, equal to any flowers or fruits, or any tints ever painted. As I advance, lowering the edge of the hill which makes the firm foreground or lower frame of the picture, the depth of the brilliant grove revealed steadily increases, suggesting that the whole of the inclosed valley is filled with such color. One wonders that the tithing-men and fathers of the town are not out to see what the trees mean by their high colors and exuberance of spirits, fearing that some mischief is brewing. I do not see what the Puritans did at this season, when the Maples blaze out in scarlet. They certainly could not have worshipped in groves then. Perhaps that is what they built meeting-houses and fenced them round with horse-sheds for.

THE ELM.

Now, too, the first of October, or later, the Elms are at the height of their autumnal beauty, great brownish-yellow masses, warm from their September oven, hanging over the highway. Their leaves are perfectly ripe. I wonder if there is any answering ripeness in the lives of the men who live beneath them. As I look down our street, which is lined with them, they remind me, both by their color and form, of yellowing sheaves of grain, as if the harvest had indeed come to the village itself, and we might expect to find some maturity and *flavor* in the thoughts of the villagers at last. Under those bright rustling yellow piles, just ready to fall on the heads of the walkers, how can any crudity or greenness of thought or act prevail? When I stand where half-a-dozen large Elms droop over a house, it is as if I stood within a ripe pumpkin-rind, and I feel as mellow as if I were the pulp, though I may be somewhat stringy and seedy withal. What is the late greenness of the English Elm,—like a cucumber out of season, which does not know when to have done,—compared with the early and golden maturity of the American tree? The street is the scene of a great harvest-home. It would be worth the while to set out these trees, if only for their autumnal value. Think of these great yellow canopies or parasols held over our heads and houses for miles together, making the village all one and compact,—an *ulmarium*, which is at the same time a nursery of men! And then how gently and unobserved they drop their burden, and let in the sun when it is wanted, their leaves not heard when they fall on our roofs and in our streets; and thus the village parasol is shut up and put away! I see the market-man driving into the village, and disappearing under its canopy of Elm-tops, with *his* crop, as into a great granary or barn-yard. I am tempted to go thither as to a husking of thoughts, now dry and ripe, and ready to be separated from their integuments: but, alas! I foresee that it will be chiefly husks and little thought; for as you sow, so shall you reap. —*Thoreau.*

THE TWO BUCKETS.

A great deal of trouble is borrowed by the habit of looking at things "wrong end foremost."

"How disconsolate you look!" said a bucket to his fellow-bucket, as they were going to the well.

"Ah!" replied the other, "I was reflecting on the uselessness of our being filled; for, let us go away ever so full, we always come back empty."

"Dear me! how strange to look at it in that way," said the first bucket. "Now, I enjoy the thought that, however empty we come, we always go away full. Only look at it in that light, and you'll be as cheerful as I am."

THE BEAR-STEAK.

A GASTRONOMIC ADVENTURE.

The American's predilection for beef-steak, as well as the Englishman's, is almost proverbial; but we fancy it would take some time to reconcile either of them to a bear-steak, however much might be said of the superiority of its flavor over that of the ox, or however confidently it might be asserted that the bear was a most delicate feeder, selecting the juiciest fruits of the forest and the most esculent roots of the earth, for his ordinary nourishment. The following gastronomic adventure, related by a modern French traveller, proves that the Frenchman finds it just as difficult to surmount his aversion to feeding on the flesh of Master Bruin as the Anglo-Saxon.

M. Alexandre Dumas, after a long, mountainous walk, arrived about four o'clock one fine autumn afternoon, at the inn at Martigny. Exercise and the keen mountain air had sharpened his appetite, and he inquired with some degree of eagerness at what hour the *table d'hôte* was usually served.

"At half-past five," replied the host.

"That will do very well," rejoined M. Dumas; "I shall then have time to visit the old castle before dinner."

Punctual to the appointed hour the traveller returned, but found, to his dismay, that every seat at the long table was already occupied. The host, however, who appeared to have taken M. Dumas, even at first sight, into his especial favor, approached him with a courteous smile, and, pointing to a small side-table, carefully laid out, said,—

"Here, sir, this is your place. I had not enough of bear-steak left to supply the whole *table-d'hôte* with it; and, besides, most of my guests have tasted this bear already, so I reserved my last steak for you: I was sure you would like it."

So saying, the good-natured host placed in the centre of the table a fine, juicy-looking steak, smoking hot and very tempting in appearance; but glad would the hungry traveller have been could he have believed that it was beef, and not a bear-steak, which now lay before him. But he could not find it in his heart to be so ungracious as to express a dislike to food which the host evidently considered as the choicest delicacy the country could afford. He accordingly took his seat at the table and cut off a small slice of the steak; then, screwing his courage to the sticking-point, and opening his mouth wide, as if about to demolish a bolus, he heroically gulped the dreaded morsel. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.* He had no sooner achieved this feat than he began to think that bear's flesh was, after all, not quite so bad a thing as he had expected. He swallowed a second morsel. It was really the tenderest and most juicy steak he had ever tasted. "Are you sure this is a bear-steak?" he inquired of the landlord.

"Yes, sir, I can assure you it is," replied the good-natured, bustling man, as he hurried off to attend upon his other guests at the *table-d'hôte*. Before he returned to M. Dumas at the side-table, three-quarters of the steak had disappeared; and, highly gratified at finding his favorite dish was so much approved of, he renewed the conversation, by observing,—

"That was a famous beast, I can tell you; it weighed three hundred and twenty pounds."

"A fine fellow indeed he must have been," rejoined the traveller.

"It cost no small trouble to kill him."

"I can well believe that," rejoined M. Dumas, at the same time raising the last morsel to his mouth.

"He devoured half the huntsman who shot him?" added the loquacious landlord.

Hastily flinging aside the loathed morsel, which he had just placed within his lips, the traveller indignantly exclaimed, "How dare you pass such jokes upon a man when he is in the middle of his dinner?"

"I can assure you, sir, I am not joking," replied the landlord, "I am only telling you the simple truth."

The traveller, whose appetite for further food was by this time effectually destroyed, rose from the table. The host, nothing loth to hear himself talk, continued the story as follows:

You must know, sir, that the man who killed this bear was a poor peasant belonging to the village of Fouly, and named William Mona. This animal used to come every night and steal his pears, giving a special preference to the fruit of one fine pear-tree laden with bergamottes. Mona at first imagined that it was some of the children of the village who committed these depredations in his orchard, and, having loaded his gun with powder only, placed himself in ambush that he might give them a good fright. Towards eleven o'clock at night he heard a distant growl. "Ho, ho!" said he, "there is a bear somewhere in the neighborhood." Ten minutes afterwards a second growl was heard; but this time it

was so near at hand that he began to fear he should scarcely have time to reach a place of refuge, and threw himself flat upon the ground, in the earnest hope that the bear would be satisfied with taking his pears instead of devouring himself.

A few minutes of anxious suspense ensued, during which the bear, passing within a few paces of the terrified peasant, climbed the pear-tree with agility, although its branches creaked beneath the weight of its ponderous body; and having secured for himself a comfortable position, committed no small havoc among the luscious bergamottes. Having gorged himself to his heart's content, he slowly descended, and returned in tranquil dignity towards his mountain home.

William Mona was a brave and resolute man, and he said to himself, as he watched his enemy's retiring steps, "He may go home this time if he pleases, but, Master Bruin, we shall meet again."

The next day one of his neighbors, who came to visit him, found him sawing up the teeth of a pitchfork, and transforming them into slugs.

"What are you about there?" he asked.

"I am amusing myself," replied William. The neighbor, taking up one of the pieces of iron, turned it over and over in his hand, like a man who understood such things, and then said quietly,—

"If you were to own the truth, William, you would acknowledge that these little scraps of iron are destined to pierce a rougher skin than that of a chamois."

"Perhaps they may," replied William.

"You know that I am an honest fellow," resumed Francis (for so was the neighbor called); "well, if you choose, we will divide the bear between us: two men in such a case are better than one."

"That's as it may be," replied William, at the same time cutting his third slug.

"I'll tell you what," continued Francis, "I will leave you in full possession of the skin, we will only share the flesh between us, together with the bounty offered by government for every bear that is killed, and which will give us forty francs apiece."

"I should prefer having the whole myself," replied William.

"But you cannot prevent me from seeking the bear's track in the mountain, and placing myself in ambush on his passage."

"You are free to do that, if you please." So saying, William, who had now completed the manufacture of his slugs, began to measure out a charge of powder double in amount to that usually placed in a carbine.

"I see you intend to use your musket?" said Francis.

"Yes, of course I do; three iron slugs will do their work more surely than a leaden bullet."

"They will spoil the skin."

"Never mind that, if they do their work more effectually."

"And when do you intend to commence your chase?"

"I will tell you that to-morrow."

"Once more, then,—are you quite determined not to let me share the chance with you?"

"Yes: I prefer managing the whole matter myself, and sharing neither the danger nor the profit."

"Farewell, then, neighbor. I wish you success."

In the evening, as Francis was passing Mona's dwelling, he saw the huntsman quietly seated on the bench before his door, smoking his pipe.

Francis knew nothing of Mona's proceedings during the remainder of that evening. He had tracked the bear, and followed its traces as far as the border of William's orchard. Not liking to trespass upon his neighbor's territory, he took up his post on the borders of the pinewood which lay on the slope of the hill overhanging Mona's garden.

As it was a clear night, he could observe with ease from this spot all that was going on below. He saw the huntsman leave his house, and advance towards a gray rock in the centre of his little enclosure, which stood at the distance of about twenty paces from his favorite pear-tree. There Mona paused, looked round as if to ascertain that he was quite alone, unrolled his sack and slipped into it, only allowing his head and his two arms to emerge above the opening. Having thus in a great measure concealed his person, he leaned back against the rock, and remained so perfectly still that even his neighbor, although he knew him to be there, could not distinguish him from the lifeless stone.

An hour elapsed in patient expectation. At last the bear appeared in sight. But, whether by accident, or whether it were that he had scented the second huntsman, he did not on this occasion follow his usual track, but diverging towards the right, escaped falling into the ambush which Francis had prepared for him.

William in the meantime did not stir an inch. The bear appeared quite uncon-

scious of an enemy's presence, and advanced with rapid strides towards the tree. But, at the moment when he rose upon his hind-legs to clasp the trunk with his fore-paws, thus leaving his breast exposed, a bright flash illuminated the face of the rock, and the whole valley re-echoed with the report of the double-loaded gun, together with the loud howl which proceeded from the wounded animal. The bear fled from the spot, passing within ten paces of William without perceiving him. The latter had now taken the additional precaution of drawing the sack over his head, and rested motionless as before against the face of the rock.

Francis, with a musket in his hand, stood beneath the shelter of the wood, a breathless spectator of the scene. He is a bold huntsman, but wished himself at home when he saw the enormous animal, furious from its wound, bearing down to the spot where he stood. Already the bear was within a few paces of the pine-wood, when suddenly the wounded animal paused, raised his nostrils in the air, as if catching some scent which was borne by the breeze, and then, uttering a furious growl, turned hastily round, and rushed back towards the orchard.

"Take care of yourself, William,—take care!" exclaimed Francis, at the same time darting forward in pursuit of the bear, and forgetting everything else in his anxiety to save his old comrade from the danger which threatened him. He knew well that if William had not time to reload his gun, it was all over with him: the bear had evidently scented him. Suddenly a cry of terror and agony rent the air: "Help! O, help! help!" A dead silence ensued; not even a moan succeeded the cry of anguish. Francis flew down the slope with redoubled speed; and, as he approached the rock, he began yet more clearly to distinguish the huge animal, which had hitherto been half-concealed beneath its shade, and perceived that the bear was trampling under foot and rending to pieces the prostrate form of his unfortunate assailant.

Francis was now close at hand; the bear, intent upon his prey, did not seem aware of his presence. He did not venture to fire, for he feared he might miss his aim, and perhaps shoot his unhappy friend. He took up a stone and threw it at the bear. The animal turned immediately upon this new foe, and raised himself upon his hind legs. The hunter was so near that the animal was pressing the point of his gun with its shaggy breast. He at once pulled the trigger. The bear fell backwards,—the ball had this time done its work effectually. The huntsman, leaving the struggling animal upon the ground, now hastened to his comrade's side. But it was too late for human assistance to be of any avail. The unfortunate man was terribly mutilated. With a sickening heart, Francis hastened to call for help.

Before many moments had elapsed, almost all the inhabitants of the village were assembled in poor Mona's orchard, and his wife among the rest. I need not describe the dismal scene. A collection was made for the poor widow through the whole valley of the Rhone, and a sum of seven hundred francs was thus raised. Francis insisted upon her receiving the government bounty, and sold the flesh and the skin of the bear for her benefit. In short, all her neighbors united to assist her to the utmost of their power. We innkeepers also agreed to open a subscription-list at our respective houses, in case any travellers should wish to contribute a trifle; and, in case you, sir, should be disposed to put down your name for a small sum, I should take it as a great favor.

"Most assuredly," replied M. Dumas, as he rose from the table and cast a parting glance at the last morsel of the bear-steak, inwardly vowing never again to make experiments in gastronomy.

HOW THINGS ARE IN "THE LEWS."

(From the Glasgow Herald Correspondent.)

You would scarcely believe what a primitive state of things is to be found lingering in this most northerly of the Hebrides. Of course, I don't refer to Stornoway, which is a great centre of civilization here, and is believed by the natives to stand precisely in the centre of the universe. In point of fact, it is a thriving little place, very much like any other Scotch town of its size.

Even in Stornoway, however, there are one or two features that attract the attention of the stranger. The larger shops, though called drapers', druggists', and so on, as in the south, are more like American stores on a small scale. You will find a draper selling cutlery, and filling one of his windows with gingerbread. The grocer sells shoes; the druggist prints bills to order, and will supply you not only with drugs, but with screw-nails, ropes, and agricultural implements. The style of doing business, too, is peculiar. A man from the country comes in to buy (let us say) a

bonnet. He goes first to the draper's, and, after lounging about in the shop, looking about him, and perhaps offering an occasional remark on the weather and other general subjects, as if he had no intention of making a purchase, for the people here consider the space outside of the counter to be public property,—he at last approaches the business that brought him. He tries on a variety of bonnets, asks the prices, and takes particular note of the bonnets that suit him. He then leaves the shop, and proceeds to another draper's where he goes through the same process; and, having gone round the town in this way, returns to the place where he thinks he will make the best bargain, and, after a great deal of haggling to bring down the price, perhaps makes the purchase; but, if not satisfied, he will go away, to return some other day, and see if he cannot get the article for a penny or a halfpenny less. This style of doing business is not confined to the Lews. A gentleman connected with the Perth and Inverness Railway told me, that when that line was first opened, some of the natives accustomed to the foregoing style of doing business would often make their appearance at the little stations in the north, when some such dialogue as the following would ensue:—

Native—"What is the price to——?"

Ticket-clerk—"Two and eightpence."

"What!"

"Two and eightpence."

"Two and eightpence! Hoch, never! I'll give you two shillin's."

"There is no reduction. The fare is two and eight."

"Make it two and tuppence, and it's a bargain."

"I tell you the fare is two and eightpence."

"It's only thirty miles."

"It doesn't matter what it is. That's the fare."

"I'll give you two and threepence."

"It won't do."

"Two and fourpence, then."

"No, nor two and fourpence."

At two and sixpence the man, perhaps, would make a dead stand, and finding the clerk inexorable, would actually go away and wait till the next train, to return then with his offer of two and sixpence, in hopes of finding the clerk more accommodating.

But it is only on leaving Stornoway and penetrating into the other parts of the island that one comes on the more curious features of society here. What would you think now of naked little boys playing along the side of the public road. The cotters' houses, too, are strange habitations for the nineteenth century to find here. Low and mound-like, built usually of turf and covered with thatch, they give a village much the appearance of a Kaffir kraal. Each hut has but one door or aperture, by which the human beings and cattle go in and the peat-smoke tries to get out. The family sleep under one end of the roof, and are sometimes separated from the lower animals (at least from the larger species of them), by a screen of board or tattered blanket. These people speak nothing but Gaelic, and in the remoter parts of the island are in a state of almost Egyptian darkness as to the outer world. These cotters, however, are for the most part happy and contented. Their wants are few; they have plenty to eat and drink; and, notwithstanding all the circumstances described, their morality will bear very favorable comparison with that of people in the south, who would no doubt call them barbarians. They would almost seem, as one said, to have been born before the Fall. Crime is rare, and at present, I am told, the prison at Stornoway is empty.

WOMEN IN THE LEWS.

Some of the manners and customs of this class, however, would astonish and scandalize our Social-Science Reformers. The women, for instance, do all the heavy work. They dig, delve, and hoe; they carry heavy loads of manure to the fields, and in the peat season you may see them all day carrying creelfuls of peat from the bog. You will often see a man trudging along the road beside a woman; but the creel is always on the woman's back. If they come to a river or ford, the woman crosses first, deposits her creel on the other side, and then returns to carry the man across. I only saw this once; but the farmers tell me it is a thing of every-day occurrence. When the creel is empty, the man sometimes slings it over his own shoulders, and then mounts upon the back of the woman, who carries them both across together. This, I am told, is the only occasion on which by any chance you see a creel upon the back of a man.

The woman in the rural districts here is, in fact, a beast of burden; and men, in looking out for wives, look largely to muscular development. A story is current among the English-speaking farmers that illustrates this conception of woman's mission. In the middle of one peat season, when labor was much in demand, a man, who was supposed to be a confirmed

bachelor, suddenly married. A friend met him some days after.

"What for did you take a woman like that?" said the friend.

"Did you'll no hear," replied the man, "that my horse was deed?"

That this state of things should continue to exist in our own country, within two or three miles of Stornoway, and within 200 miles of Glasgow, as the crow flies, seems almost incredible.

THE CHURCH AND CLERGY.

Scarcely less astounding are the position and power of the clergy. It may be necessary here to state that out of Stornoway the entire mass of the population belong to the Free Church. Even in Stornoway, the Established Church is gradually emptying, and the new U. P. Church, though progressing, is small. But, over the rest of the island the Free Church is practically the only Church; the Established churches are deserted; their ministers, some of them men of high culture, have little or nothing to do; and I have heard of more than one whose Sabbath ministrations are confined to family worship at their own firesides.

The Establishment ministers, though they don't do (because in fact they get no opportunity of doing) the ministerial work of the island, yet occupy the manses and glebes. This is a sore point with the people. I do not know that the Romanists in Ireland feel more keenly in regard to the Irish Establishment.

To their own ministers they are generally much attached, and loyal to a fault. I doubt if many people in the south have any idea of the deference that is paid here to ecclesiastical authority, and the extent to which that authority is sometimes exercised. The people are exceedingly religious in their own way; and whenever a communion is held, thousands upon thousands of them flock to it, sometimes from the remotest parts of the island, and even from a greater distance.

The old practice of calling people up to be rebuked in church would seem still to be common here. It is said that in some parts of the island, when persons are about to emigrate, and apply for their certificate of church connection (without which they will not leave the island, they are compelled, if any misdemeanor is still in the books against them, to make public confession of it, even though the offence may have been committed many years before.

This sort of discipline is said to exercise in general a healthy influence. One of the Lews farmers told me that one season the crofters began to appropriate his turnips, not in ones or twos, but in creelfuls. He went and complained to the minister, who took the matter up, preached a sermon against stealing in general, and turnip-stealing in particular; called the people together in different houses to warn them; and finally succeeded in putting an end to turnip-stealing, for that season at least. The appropriation of turnips, however, would seem, like the cattle-lifting of old days, and the embezzlement of books and casual umbrellas amongst ourselves, to be regarded by the poorer cotters as scarcely coming within the range of the eighth commandment. In other matters they are honest, sometimes to scrupulosity; and you find amongst the poorest of them much of that high principle of honor and that native dignity that belong to the true Highlander.

PRAXITELES AND PHYRNE.

BY W. W. STORY.

A thousand silent years ago
The starlight, faint and pale,
Was drawing on the sunset glow
Its soft and shadowy veil;

When from his work the sculptor stayed
His hand, and turned to one
Who stood beside him half in shade,
And sighing said, "'Tis done."

"Phyrne, thy human lips shall pale,
Thy rounded limbs decay,
Nor love nor prayers can aught avail
To bid thy beauty stay;

But there thy smile for centuries
On marble lips shall live,—
For Art can grant what Love denies,
And fix the fugitive.

Sad thought! nor age nor death shall fade
The youth of this cold bust;
When the quick brain and hand that made,
And thou and I, are dust!

When all our hopes and fears are dead,
And both our hearts are cold,
And Love is like a tune that's played,
And Life a tale that's told,

This counterfeit of senseless stone,
That no sweet blush can warm,
The same enchanting look shall own,
The same enchanting form.

And there upon that silent face
Shall unborn ages see
Perennial youth, perennial grace,
And sealed serenity.

And strangers, when we sleep in peace,
Shall say, not quite unmoved,
'So smiled upon Praxiteles
The Phyrne whom he loved.'"

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

PIERRE'S PET LAMB.

BY A. L. O. E

Brightly shone the summer sun on the home of Jacques Lefoi, a pretty little *chalet* (or cottage) nestling among the Swiss mountains. It could only be reached by a steep path up from the valley; and a great lofty peak towered behind it,—a peak so high that the snow on it never melted, even in the hottest day of summer. The *chalet*, seen from a distance, looked like a toy-cottage, with its carved beams and wide overhanging roof, which had stones on the top to prevent the fierce mountain gales from blowing it away. The pretty little diamond panes of its windows were glittering in the sun; but, though all looked so bright outside the *chalet*, there was a sad sight of sorrow and mourning within it. The small parlor was crowded with Swiss mountaineers, men and women, who had just come back from attending the funeral of the wife of Jacques. Her body had been carried that morning to the graveyard, down in the valley, and the mourners who had borne the coffin, and those who had followed it, had now returned to the widower's home to partake of a little refreshment. All the guests looked grave and sad, and spoke in a low tone of voice; for Jacques himself stood in the doorway, silent and tearless, uttering no complaint, but feeling that the very sunshine was strange, and that with the dear wife whom he had lost all the brightness had gone from his life.

In the darkest corner of the room sat Pierre, his little son, on the floor, hiding his face in his hands, that no one might see the tears that were gushing fast from his eyes. His heart was almost breaking, for dearly he loved, and sorely he missed, the mother whose voice he would never more hear upon earth. No one attempted to comfort him; even old Bice, his grand-aunt, who sat close to him, never spoke a word to the boy. Poor Pierre had one solace for his grief; he said in his heart, for he could not speak aloud, "My mother is with God, and *God is love!*" These words the motherless boy repeated over and over to himself, while he kept so still that his presence in that dark corner was almost forgotten by the guests, even by the old woman against whose chair he was leaning.

The only being in the room who smiled was the one who had perhaps sustained the heaviest loss. Little Marie, a plump, merry baby, scarce six weeks old, lay laughing in her basket-cradle. She knew not—it was a happy thing for her that she could not know—that death had taken from her a mother. The infant's merry crowing, as she lay looking up at the shining window, attracted the notice of Louise, a young Swiss girl who was seated beside old Bice.

"Poor baby! what will become of her now?" said Louise to the hard-featured, stern-looking great-aunt. "Her father is out all day on the mountains, and even were he not so, he could hardly tend and bring up by hand so young an infant as that."

"I'm to bring her up," said old Bice shortly, looking down with her cold stern eyes at the baby laughing in her cradle.

"It will be a great charge for you, at your age," observed Louise, who could not help pitying the poor little creature who was to be placed under that great-aunt's care.

"A charge indeed," replied Bice peevishly; "but there is no one else to take it. I've been here this last week to look after the child; but I can't be stopping away from home any more, so I'm to carry the little thing with me. It's almost a pity," muttered the old dame, "that when the mother was taken the baby was left."

The words were uttered in a low tone, and scarcely intended to reach any ear; but they fell on that of little Pierre like drops of burning lead. Anger, grief, pity, love, struggled together in the heart of the boy. His little sister, his mother's darling, was she to be given to the charge of that stern, unfeeling woman, who cared so little for her that she thought it would have been just as well if the baby had died with her mother, and been buried in her grave! Pierre did not trust himself to say a single word to old Bice, but he started up from his seat on the floor, and, gliding through the crowd of mourners, went up to Jacques, who still stood in the doorway, took his hand, and drew him into the open air, beyond the hearing of the guests.

"What do you want with me, my poor boy?" asked Jacques.

"Oh, father, why should baby be sent away?—we should miss her so—she is all our joy now!" cried Pierre, hardly able to speak from emotion.

"What can I do? I wish that we could keep her," replied Jacques with a sigh; "but I cannot tend a young baby, even if I had not often to be from home as a guide to strangers on the mountains."

"*I* would take care of baby," cried Pierre eagerly; "I have watched Aunt

Bice washing and dressing her, and feeding her out of the bottle. I would tend her night and day; she should never want anything that I could give her. Oh, father, do not send our little darling Marie away."

Jacques Lefoi looked doubtful and perplexed; he could not, without a sore pang, part with his only daughter, nor did he feel satisfied with her having his old stern aunt as a nurse; but still he thought that Pierre was far too young to have charge of a little baby.

"Nay, it would not do," replied Jacques sadly; "Aunt Bice is not all that I could wish, but still she has experience—"

"But I have *love!*" exclaimed the young brother. "Oh, father, I must tell you what I heard Aunt Bice saying just now;" and the boy repeated her words.

The cheek of the widower glowed with indignation as he listened, and his voice sounded hoarse as he said, "Pierre, you have told me enough; I will never, never part with my babe while I have a home to give her. You are young, my boy, but you have at least a heart; you shall have the charge of my precious motherless child."

"God will help me to take care of her; God loves little children," whispered Pierre, pressing the hand of his father. The boy made a resolve in his warm young heart that never should that father have cause to regret having confided to him such a trust.

There was a good deal of surprise expressed by the guests in the *chalet* when Jacques returned and announced to them his intention of keeping little Marie at home.

"It is the maddest thing that I ever heard of!" exclaimed old Bice, looking more sour than ever; "give Marie to the charge of Pierre! why, I would not trust such a child with a cat, far less with a baby. Well, one thing is sure, the poor little thing will soon be out of her troubles. For my part, I'm glad to be rid of the charge; nothing but pity for my nephew would ever have made me undertake it. But I give him fair warning,—the baby won't live for a week."

Jacques, notwithstanding the warning, kept firm to his resolution, to the great comfort of Pierre. It was, however, a relief to the boy when all the guests had departed; some taking the path up the mountain, some that which wound into the valley. When old Bice was fairly out of sight, Pierre ran to his infant sister, caught her up from the cradle, and pressed her to his heart. "Little darling, my own pet lamb!" he exclaimed, "now you are quite, quite my own."

Very faithfully did Pierre fulfil the charge which he had undertaken; fondly did he cherish and watch over the motherless babe. For hours would he dandle and dance Marie in arms that seemed never to grow weary; speaking to her, singing to her, calling her pet names, and pressing fond kisses upon her soft little lips. At night, the child's feeblest cry would rouse her brother from sleep, and bring him to her cradle in a moment; Pierre cared neither for food nor for rest if Marie needed his care. When Pierre drove his father's goats up the mountain to pasture, he fastened the little basket-cradle to his back with stout thongs, and in it carried the infant, who smiled when her fond young brother turned his head to speak and chirrup to his own pet lamb. It was hard labor for the boy to ascend the steep paths with so heavy a weight on his back; but love made the burden lighter, and though Pierre's young limbs often ached, and his breath came in short gasps, and the toil-drops stood on his brow, he never for a minute wished his lamb under the care of Aunt Bice.

Jacques was often for days together absent from his home; but Pierre did not find time go wearily while Marie was left to his charge. He would sit and watch beside her while she slept, and when twilight darkened into night, and the stars came out in the sky, the brother would kneel down and pray by the cradle in words like these:—

"O God of love, high above the stars, look down on me and my little lamb; take care of us both, and bless us. Make us Thy children indeed. Let us grow up to know Thee, and love Thee, and walk in Thy ways; and then, for the sake of Thy Son, take us at last to that happy home to which our dear mother has gone."

The winter came on, and piercing was the cold on the wild Swiss mountains. Sometimes the snow that fell would quite block up the door of the *chalet*, till Jacques, after hours of toil, had shovelled the white heaps away. In the stillness of the frosty nights would be heard the thundering sound of avalanches,—huge masses of snow which came tumbling down the mountain, making the paths very dangerous, sometimes blocking them up altogether. Bitter as was the weather, Marie suffered little from its effects: she had the warmest place by the fire, the softest wraps covered her cradle. Pierre often put his cloak round the baby, when he himself was shivering

with cold. Aunt Bice often said to her husband that the first sharp frost would certainly kill the infant; but month after month of winter rolled on, and Pierre's little pet lamb was thriving and growing, and cooing and laughing still.

But, in that wild mountain land, there were other dangers to be feared than those brought by winter blast or falling avalanche of snow.

On one piercing day in February, when Jacques had gone down into the valley to purchase food, Pierre went to milk his goats in the stable. As the weather was very bitter, instead of taking his pet lamb with him, Pierre left her warmly wrapped up in her basket-cradle near the fire. Pierre left the door of the *chalet* a little ajar, that he might hear if the baby cried, as the stable was almost adjoining. Pierre could see the door from the place where he was milking the goats.

"Ha! what's that?" exclaimed Pierre suddenly, starting up from the wooden stool on which he was seated. "Something like a dog has just run into the *chalet*. I must hasten in and see that my little lamb is all safe."

Pierre quickened his steps to a run when he saw footprints on the snow that were neither those of goat nor of dog. Quickly was he at the *chalet* door, which had been pushed wider open by the creature, whatever it might be, that had just passed through. What was the terror of Pierre to behold a large wolf, that, pressed by hunger, had come down from the wilder parts of the mountain, and ventured into the dwellings of men!—a thing that seldom happened save when winters were long and severe. The terrible creature was slowly, stealthily approaching the cradle in which, fast asleep, lay the unconscious baby, so well wrapped up that only a part of her chubby face and plump pink hand could be seen.

Pierre was in an agony of fear. He knew that his strength was no match for that of the wolf, which could pull him down in a minute. The creature was between him and the cradle, on the side furthest from the fire, which it, like other wild beasts, dared not approach very near. For a moment Pierre felt inclined to fly and shut himself up in the stable; to attempt to save the baby would but be to share her fate. But faithful, loving, brave Pierre would not desert his own pet lamb. Was she not under his charge; had she not been trusted to his love; would he not rather die with her than leave her to perish alone!

There was little time for thought, and yet in that little time much darted through the brain of Pierre. *God is love*, came like a sudden beam of hope, and "O God, save us!" burst as suddenly in prayer from the terrified boy. Then, by a quick impulse, Pierre sprang towards the fire, on which lay a pine branch but half consumed, the nearer end of which the flame had not yet reached. Pierre caught up the brand, blazing with the bright keen light with which dry pine twigs burn, and rushed with a yell towards the wolf, that was at the other side of the cradle. Pierre felt almost desperate when he made that wild charge at the beast, and was almost as much amazed as delighted when the wolf, startled by the blaze or the yell, turned round and fled out of the *chalet!* Pierre flew to the door, shut, locked, and barred it; then falling down on his knees, thanked God who had saved both him and his darling.

Then little Marie awoke from her sleep, opened her blue eyes, and stretched out her arms to her brother, who was trembling still from excitement. Fondly Pierre raised her and kissed her; and dearer to him than ever was his little rescued pet lamb.

The love between brother and sister became only stronger as time passed away. What a delight it was to Pierre when Marie first, with tottering steps, could run into his arms! It was a still greater pleasure when she became old enough to understand something of religion. The first text which Pierre taught his sister was his favorite one, *God is love.*

Many years had rolled away when, on one bright summer day, Pierre, then a fine young man, walked home with Marie from attending service in the church in the valley.

"Ah, Pierre," cried the girl, "how beautiful was what our *barbe* (clergyman) told us to-day of the love of our blessed Saviour for us, His helpless flock! Did he not tell us how the Good Shepherd gave His life for the sheep? I do not think that any one in the church could understand the greatness of that love better than your little Marie."

"And why so, my darling?" asked Pierre.

"Because no one has known more of earthly love," replied Marie, fondly pressing the arm of her brother, on which she was leaning. "I say to myself, 'Ah! if my heart warms with gratitude to a brother who watched over, cared for me, and loved

me when I was a helpless babe ; if it stirs my soul to think how he risked his life to save me ; if I feel that I would rather die than lose that brother's love ;—how much rather should I delight in serving Him who bestowed my Pierre on me ; how should I love the Heavenly Shepherd, who not only *risked*, but *gave* His life for His sheep !' "

"Truly *God is love*," said Pierre, in a low, reverential voice.

Marie's blue eyes were moist with tears, but they were not tears of sorrow, as she gently added, "Ah, yes ; and *we love Him, because He first loved us*"

FREEDOM IN BRAZIL.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

With clearer light, Cross of the South, shine forth
In blue Brazilian skies;
And thou, O river, cleaving half the earth
From sunset to sunrise,
From the great mountains to the Atlantic waves
Thy joy's long anthem pour.
Yet a few days (God make them less!) and slaves
Shall shame thy pride no more;
No fettered feet thy shaded margins press;
But all men shall walk free
Where thou, the high priest of the wilderness,
Hast wedded sea to sea.

And thou, great-hearted ruler, through whose mouth
The word of God is said,
Once more, "Let there be light!" Son of the South,
Lift up thy honored head.
Wear unashamed a crown—by thy desert,
More than by birth—thy own.
Careless of watch and ward, thou art begirt
By grateful hearts alone.
The moated wall and battle-ship may fail;
But safe shall justice prove:
Stronger than greaves of brass or iron mail,
The panoply of love.

Crowned doubly by man's blessing and God's grace,
Thy future is secure;
Who frees a people makes a statue's place
In Time's Valhalla sure.
Lo! from his Neva's banks the Scythian Czar
Stretches to thee his hand,
Who, with the pencil of the Northern star,
Wrote freedom on his land.
And he whose grave is holy, by our calm
And prairied Sangamon,
From his gaunt hand shall drop the martyr's palm,
To greet thee with "well done!"

And thou, O Earth, with smiles thy face make sweet,
And let thy wail be stilled,
To hear the Muse of prophecy repeat
Her promise half fulfilled.
The Voice that spake at Nazareth speaks still,
No sound thereof hath died;
Alike thy hope and Heaven's eternal will
Shall yet be satisfied.
The years are slow, the vision tarrieth long,
And far the end may be;
But, one by one, the fiends of ancient wrong
Go out and leave thee free.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

THE HORRORS OF NUREMBURG CASTLE.

Come with me to this old town, enter some of these edifices, and look upon the administration of government as it was in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. We enter one of the towers of the castle, and find ourselves in a museum, where are preserved the books and records giving us a history of the past ; and not only books, but implements and instruments which show more clearly than written words the administration of those days with which the government of the United States is now compared. Here is a post four feet high in the centre of the room, with two curious fixtures on the top, having some resemblance to gun-locks.

What is this ? The girl who acts as our usher raises the hammers, which come up with a click. She touches a spring and they go with a snap that startles you,—forced down by strong springs with a whack that would have smashed your fingers to a jelly had they been under the hammer. This is a finger-crusher, a delicate little instrument used to extort confessions from reluctant witnesses or suspected criminals. Here are bracelets for the wrists, not of gold or silver, but of iron, and the parts which touch the wrists are set with needles. Put them on your arms, and turn a screw, and they close upon the flesh, the needles piercing through cords, tendons, flesh, and bones. It is one degree more excruciating than crushing the fingers.

Here is a head-dress,—a crown which has been worn by many men and women. It has sharp knives, which cut through the scalp to the skull. Here are chains and weights, locks and keys, handcuffs, and clasps for the ankles, stocks for the feet, weights to hold your feet to the floor, and pulleys to draw your head at the same time to the ceiling. Here is a bench of solid oak, with a corrugated surface, upon which many men have been laid, held down by cords, to undergo the kneading process ; and

that rolling-pin, knotty and knobby, also of oak, which lies upon the table, has been rolled backward and forward over the naked forms of men and women, kneading live flesh to bloody dough. Time and space would fail me were I to enumerate all the instruments of torture here, or to set forth their uses. We can only look at the cradle, the bottom and sides thickly set with pins, in which many victims have been rocked to death. Think of lying on a bed of oaken pins, rolling to the right, to the left—always against pins—till the flesh becomes livid jelly. Here is a string of oaken beads, each bead sixteen-sided, about as large as hickory nuts. This was for sawing off legs and arms.

Here is an instrument shaped like a pear. It is iron, but to all appearance a harmless thing. But just take it for a moment in your mouth, and let me give a gentle pull at the string attached to the stem of the pear, and it will no longer be a pear, but a full-blown lily, an iron lily, unfolding its leaves so suddenly and violently that your jaws are forced open till the joints crack in the sockets, while the delicate petals become pincers, which grasp your tongue. No outcry now. No utterance of words. No screaming to raise the neighborhood. Moans and sighs only from the sufferer. One twitch of the string, and the tongue is torn out by the roots.

We must leave this museum without mentioning the hundreds of curiosities. We go into the courtyard, stopping a moment to pluck a leaf from a lime-tree which was in full vigor seven hundred and nine years ago; and then we enter another door, descend a longer flight of steps, to dark, dismal dungeons, where no light ever falls except through narrow, iron-grated windows. Here are ladders with windlasses and pulleys, on which victims were stretched till bones snapped, till the joints leaped from their sockets, and cords and tendons were torn asunder. Here are racks and wheels, pillories and stocks, whips and manacles. This was the place of torture. We leave these and creep through a narrow passage, through doorway after doorway, and reach at last, far under ground, far beneath all sight or sound of the world, a darker dungeon. This is the room of the "Iron Maiden."

Here is the statue or image—a maiden with a hood upon her head, an iron ruffle around the neck, and enveloped in an iron cloak. Suddenly the folds of the cloak are thrown apart, and by the dim light of the candle, you see that the lining of the garment is set with sharp spikes. Take one step forward and the folds inclose you. Iron spikes pierce your body, and into your eyeballs,—clear through to the vertebræ, they penetrate. Not a quick embrace, but slowly, you are enfolded; one turn of the screw, just enough to penetrate the flesh, just enough to touch the apple of the quivering eye; then, after an age of anguish, another turn, and a hundred spikes reach a little nearer to the nerves; and then as heat, thirst, and fever rack the body, another age of torture, and then one more advance of the spikes toward the vitals, till death comes on, and the maiden, unfolding her arms, drops her victim through a trap door, down, down, down into unknown depths! We drop a pebble and hear the faint splash of waters far beneath.

Here is a skull. Anatomists say it is the skull of a female. You may put your fingers into the holes where the spikes which entered their eyes came through! No name on record. God only has the book of remembrance.

We think of this dungeon as connected with the barbarism of the middle ages; but we are not far removed from those days of rigorous administration of law. Till Napoleon, with his legions of France, came across the Rhine, overthowing all obstacles, this iron maiden held out her arms to receive offenders against the law. On the approach of the federal army in 1803, the *Virgin*, as it is called, with other instruments of torture, were thrown into a cart, and despatched in haste out of the town, but fell into the hands of the victorious army. Not till then did the world know what sort of punishments were meted out to the offenders of the law.

We are to remember that Nuremburg was a free city. About thirty patrician families for a long time monopolized authority, and chose a Council of State, consisting of eight persons, who formed the Executive. This Executive was an irresponsible body. The world knew nothing of their secret administration of affairs. Men disappeared, and none knew what became of them. Another Virgin exists in Austria, at Neustadt. There are other horrors, enough to curdle the blood, not of the Roman Inquisition, but of German governments. The heart almost ceases its beating when you look upon their devilish inventions, and think, that, though 1867 years have rolled away since Christ came to redeem the world, yet we are only half a century removed from these horrors.—*Coffin.*

[For the NEW DOMINION.

THE MANIAC.

BY MRS. J. STREET.

"'Tis nothing but the wind," she said; "the wind
That drives me backward with such cold, harsh haste,
And onward howls across the desolate waste,
For ever bleak and dark.

List, my mad foe: I used to read of thee
Long since, when girlhood smiled upon my brow,—
Thy fanning zephyrs, spicy breaths; but now
Thou hast a demon's wing.

Ha! how thou shriekest past! But I will face thee;
Will laugh at thy coarse rage, thy viewless scorn.
These tattered rags, this gaunt and crazy form,
Old comrades—thou and I.

Comrades, I said, or foes—just as you like it.
I had a little bower one moon ago;
Too gay it looked beneath the sun's warm glow,
Dressed out with wond'rous care.

There I could sit and sing all undisturbed,
And weave me wreaths, for I have bonny hair.
He said so. What awoke me to despair?
Thy rustle, evil thing.

See how they toss about! Is it the leaves?
Oh, no; it is his ship! O, raving blast,
I, too, can rave, now it hath all but passed,
Yon seething, gaping wave.

Naught but the wind! Oh, God! see how the billows,
Maddened to life, leap upwards, and then fall
Prone on the sea. Dear love, was that thy call—
Thy fast, last call to me?

'The sea it is deep, the sea it is wide.'
Dearie me, dearie me;
My love he sleeps beneath its tide,
Dearie me, dearie me.

O, how pretty its white foam glows,
Its shells as pink as garden rose:
But over it the wild wind blows;
Dearie me, dearie me.

'Tis nothing but the wind, the weary wind,
That whistles through this wan and wasted form;
But calm, they say, comes ever after storm.
I'll lay me down and rest.

I am so tired—so very, very tired;
My journey hath been long—ah! me, so long;
But, lo! the sunset gates are opening
To welcome me with song.

Hush, beating heart; I lose myself in bliss.
It is my mother's voice at evening time.
'Our father.' Yes, forever—ever mine.
Night! 'tis my dawning, this.
Mother, I sleep—one kiss."

A HORRIBLE STORY.

Since the time when the Ancient Mariner told the terrible tale of the curse-laden ship with her crew of ghastly corpses, no more thrilling story of the sea has been related than that of the whale-ship "Diana," that recently drifted into one of the Shetland Islands.

A year ago she left the Shetlands on a whaling voyage to the Arctic regions, having on board fifty men. From that time nothing was heard of her. The friends of those on board became alarmed. Money was raised and premiums offered for the first vessel that would bring tidings of the missing ship; but all to no avail. Hope was almost abandoned.

On the 2nd day of April, the people near Roan's Voe, in one of the Shetland Isles, were startled at seeing a ghastly wreck of a ship sailing into the harbor. Battered and ice-crushed, sails and cordage cut away, boats and spars cut up for fuel in the terrible Arctic winter, her decks covered with dead and dying, the long-lost "Diana" sailed in like a ship from Deadman's Land. Fifty men sailed out of Lerwick in her on a bright May morning last year. All of the fifty came back on her on the 2nd of April, this year; the same, yet how different!

Ten men, of whom the captain was one, lay stiffened corpses on the deck; thirty-five lay helplessly sick, and some dying; two retained sufficient strength to creep aloft, and the other three crawled feebly about the deck. The ship was boarded by the islanders, and as they climbed over the bulwarks, the man at the wheel fainted from excitement; one of the sick died as he lay, his death being announced by the fellow-occupant of his berth feebly moaning: "Take away this dead man." On the bridge of the vessel lay the body of the captain, as it had lain for four months, with nine of his dead shipmates by his side, all decently laid out by those who soon expected to share their fate.

The survivors could not bear to sink the bodies of their comrades into the sea, but kept them so, that when the last man died, the fated ship that had been their common home should be their common tomb. The surgeon of the ship worked faithfully to the last; but cold, hunger, scurvy, and dysentery were too much for him. The brave old captain was the first victim, and died blessing his men. Then the others fell, one by one, until the ship was tenanted only by the dead and dying.

One night more at sea would have left the "Diana" a floating coffin. Not one of the fifty would have lived to tell the ghastly tale.

JAMIE'S HOME.

The twilight was gathering, on a chill February day, when James Cameron left his counting-room and took his way homeward. There was a shade upon his brow, a deeper shade on his spirit. Sadly, very sadly, his thoughts ran back over the past seven months, to loving eyes that used to welcome his coming, a gentle voice that ever came in affection's music to his ears, quietly busy hands that made his home replete with comfort. But those eyes were closed in a sleep that should "know no breaking"—that loved voice hushed—those hands resting for ever.

Her place was occupied, as to household care and provision, by his maiden aunt, and she had charge of his most precious remaining treasure,—a bright, generous-hearted boy of eight years. Two little ones slept beside their mother; and the father's heart turned with a deep yearning towards the boy, his first-born and namesake. His bright brow and eager tones of welcome were the chief attraction in the picture of his home as it rose before his mental vision, and he quickened his tired footsteps, and soon reached his dwelling.

But Jamie did not spring to meet him as he entered. The tea-table stood ready-spread, faultless in its neatness; the fire burned cheerfully in the grate; but the tall, spare figure of his aunt rose in sharp contrast with the image in his thoughts; and his boy was not at his side.

"Where is Jamie?" he was about to ask; but his question was forestalled by his aunt's quick tones,—

"You'll have to do something with that boy or he will be ruined. He is beyond *me*."

To the tired, sorrowing man this was chafing in the extreme. But he tried to speak calmly.

"Where is he? What has he been doing?"

"I locked him up in your room, to stay till you came home," was replied. "He is so utterly disobedient, obstinate, and saucy, that I cannot and will not bear it. If I'm to stay here, and keep your house, and mend all the clothes he contrives to tear and rend and burn, I'm to be treated civilly. He ought to have a severe whipping; and if you value the child's good, you'll give it to him."

"But, aunt, can you not tell me definitely what he has done?"

"I have told you," she answered, sharply, and straightening her figure, "that he won't mind me, and is as saucy as he can be,—and I won't stand it any longer!"

Mr. Cameron was a man of good principles, a kind heart, and a judgment usually clear; but his mind just then was in so perturbed and wearied a state that it was difficult for him to see the right course to pursue. He rose from the arm-chair, where he had thrown himself, and, taking a lamp from the mantel, went slowly upstairs, trying to think what to do.

Constant complaints from his aunt fretted him beyond measure. Hitherto he had paid little heed to them, so far as action was concerned. But the thought occurred to him that it might be Jamie was a very trying boy to govern; he knew him to be full of mischief and roguery, though to him he had always been obedient, and no complaint had ever come from the lips of his gentle mother. Mr. Cameron felt irritated with his aunt, his boy, himself; and, half resolved to punish Jamie, once for all, he opened his chamber door.

But the child was not to be seen. A terrible fear shook the father's heart, and he stood a moment as if paralyzed. Had his high-spirited boy been pushed so far by his aunt's overbearing ways and continual chafing that he could endure it no longer? The bay-window of the room below occurred to his mind. And, though not an easy thing to clamber over it, he knew Jamie's daring spirit would not hesitate to attempt it, should his inclination tend thereto.

But a low, struggling sob met his ear, and, going quickly around the bed, he found his child asleep on the floor, his cheek still wet with tears, his eyelids swollen, and his hand nervously clasping the daguerreotype of his mother. It was too much for the father's heart. Instantly, his vexation melted away, and tears filled his eyes, as he tenderly lifted the boy. Sitting down with him in his arms, he laid Jamie's head on his shoulder, and, taking the picture, gazed long and earnestly upon it. The memory of the hour which wrote its record in fire on his heart swept over him, and he could not, if he would, put it aside. The meek pleadings of those eyes, the earnest tones of his wife, as she said, "James, for

my sake, deal tenderly with our boy," came home with a thrilling power.

Jamie awoke, and looked up in his father's face with a half doubtful, half pleading expression, then nestled down to him again.

"Tell me frankly, my boy, what is the difficulty between you and your aunt?" Mr. Cameron spoke very gently. "She says you are disobedient and saucy. But, at any rate, I can trust to your *honesty*, my son."

Well did he know how to approach his child. The same manly and unfailing truth that characterized the one was fast developing in the other. Roguish, Jamie certainly was; with an indignation which unjust treatment quickly aroused, wilful he could be,—but never mean or false.

"You know, father," Jamie began, "Aunt Patty tells me to come directly home from school. Well, to-day, just as school was done, (you know it is prime sleighing), Mr. Preston came in a double sleigh, with two splendid horses, to take Frank and Willie to ride; and he asked me to go. The boys wanted me to go very much, and I knew you would be willing; so I went. I ran home from Mr. Preston's without stopping there a moment; but as soon as I came in, Aunt Patty began to scold me for not coming home right after school, and asked me if I had been a bad boy and kept in, or off playing. I tried to tell her about it, but she would not listen to me. And oh, father, she said *mother* had spoiled me by her silly indulgence. I could not bear that, father. Indeed I could not—and I said—'I guess you won't be troubled, Aunt Patty, with *seeing* mother again, for she is in Heaven, and it'll be a long time before such people as you get there.' Then she called me the most impudent boy any one was ever plagued with, and said she would teach me better; and she locked me up here, and told me to expect a thrashing when you came home, for I richly deserved it. Oh, father, I try to mind her; but she is so strict and fussy and cross. Mother never fretted me,—it was easy to be good with her,—and she used to love me, and call me her good boy, and her blessing. Oh, father, I wish we could go to mother now, and let Aunt Patty have the house to herself." And the boy again burst into tears.

His father tenderly soothed him, and when he was quieted, said gently,—

"My son, you were not to blame for going to ride. I am always glad of your having a reasonable pleasure, as you know. And I certainly do not wonder that you were grieved and impatient at what Aunt Patty said. But do not lay it up against her. She tries to do right, I think; but she is very different from your sunny-tempered mother—and, indeed, there are few like mother. Aunt Patty has never been used to children, and has had a good deal of crossing and trouble in her life. I think she cared for mother, though she always thought her too lenient with you. Now, what I want of you, what will help to comfort me, is to be kind and respectful to Aunt Patty, and let little things pass without notice. She takes good care of your clothes, and, if you were sick, would do anything for you in her power. Tea must be ready by this time."

Jamie went down stairs with his father, and quietly took his place at the table. Aunt Patty looked keenly at the child across the tea-tray, and, noting his swollen eyelids, inferred that the prescribed dose of birch-oil had been duly administered; and, though pluming herself greatly thereon, began to feel some relentings towards the little patient; for her heart was not really hard, but her temper was quick. Her early life had been marked by bitter disappointment, and while the worst aspect of every one around her seemed to be ever the most prominent to her view, she knew no government but that of fear.

"You'll have to do something with him."

The petulant words recurred to Mr. Cameron's mind as he stood that night beside his sleeping child, and for days Jamie's tearful face seemed to follow him, and his words to ring in his ears.

"Poor boy! I shall, indeed," he thought, "but not as you mean it, Aunt Patty."

"For the sake of his mother, Emily, will you take Jamie to board with you a while, at least, through the summer?"

These were the concluding lines of a letter which found its way, a few months later, to a pleasant country home about twenty miles distant. Emily Clement, to whom it was addressed, was the playmate of his own and his departed Anne's childhood, and in after years the dear and trusted friend of his wife. Her gentle tones had often made music in their home while Anne lived, and her sweet face was linked in Jamie's mind with that of his mother.

She was scarcely twenty-eight; but one sorrow had swept over her, piercing to the very depths of her womanhood. At the time of Anne's marriage, she was betrothed to one truly worthy of her guileless heart.

But her hope found no earthly fruition. Through the slow wasting of consumption, she ministered to her lover with the tenderness and devotion of a wife; and, with his hand clasped in hers, received his farewell kiss. For a season she was overwhelmed; but she arose from the baptism of grief with a new strength and depth of character, an endurance born only of pain. The parting from Anne Cameron was another severe trial. But so quietly and earnestly she went about her daily duties, so cheerful was she in her home, that not even her father, mother, or sister knew how deeply she was wounded.

She readily consented to receive little Jamie, and the father's mind was relieved.

"So far, so good," he said to himself, as he folded her letter. "It may be that Jamie can remain a year or two with Emily, and attend school in her neighborhood; but, at any rate, this gives me several months to look about and determine what to do."

Jamie was wild with delight at the prospect of an entire summer with his "Aunt Emily," as he had called her ever since his babyhood. At the thought of absence from his father, however, his feelings wavered; but the arrangement finally made, included a weekly visit from the latter from Saturday night till Monday morning.

It was not strange that these visits prepared the way for a change in Mr. Cameron's half-formed plans, or that they imparted to Emily's quiet life a warmer coloring; for, be it remembered, they did not meet as strangers, but as lifetime friends, with a congeniality of character, taste, and culture, many ties and associations in common, and a like sorrow. The summer was far advanced ere either realized how dear the other had become. Emily was startled when she found herself looking forward to Mr. Cameron's coming with a nervous eagerness, and dreading the approach of autumn; while upon her friend's mental vision arose more and more frequently, pictures of a home rebuilt and reconstructed by a holy affection and an earnest life.

"Emily," he said to her, one evening, as he sat in the summer twilight, on their return from a woodland ramble with Jamie, when the boy had said good-night, "*our* loved ones await us at home; but will our life-journey, or our re-union, be less blessed, if we walk side by side, and hand in hand, each ministering to the other, mutually guiding Anne's child, and *truly* loving, though not for the first time."

Early in October,—for Miss Clement's true heart and strong practical sense justified her friend's reasoning against delay,—a quiet wedding occurred at Chestnut Glen, and Mr. Cameron, with Emily and Jamie, returned to his city home.

A new day had dawned for Jamie. His wants were again supplied with a loving as well as faithful care. His faults found no license, but met a firm, though gentle correction. Encouragement and appreciation of real effort never failed him, and the daily, hourly *influence* of her who proved, in all save birth, truly a mother, was as sunshine to the flower, while his father found his home all that had been its wont; and though his sainted one was never displaced in thought or affection, Emily was all he could ask, and loved as she deserved to be.

What did people say?

"Only a year since his wife died! What a shame!"

OUR EYES.

(From Harper's Weekly.)

There is a line in an old psalm: "The Lord hath eyes to give the blind." A quick, large-eyed friend of mine discovered it one day, and forthwith it was reduced to a symbol. It was transferred from the religious sphere, and in our cipher communications respecting the people we meet every day, to "have eyes" means to see things that should be seen, and in the right time. The whole line, recited with emphasis, expresses our despairing contemplation of the persons who never see any thing—far less two things at once.

Why didn't the "Country Parson" write an appendix to his essay "Concerning People of whom more might have been made," and call it "Concerning People of whom more couldn't have been made, because they hadn't any Eyes."

From that everlasting apple of Isaac Newton's down to the last pine-tree blossom, or the West India orchid, whose wonderful fructification an observing German physician discovered, because he opened his eyes and looked at it, there has been no end of great results in science from the accident of Eyes and Things brought into connection.

Thoreau was certainly an incomplete sort of man, at least in our thinking. He went all to eyes. He simply stared straight at the Walden novels all his life, till the lids fell, and the flowers, the mosses, the odd birds and beetles, were left alone again. That such a man—without philosophy or

invention or philanthropy, without human love or common interest,—should have made a name and written books that are read,—is simply an example of what it is worth only to observe. Cambridge, with its smoothest sentences, will not make him great. It is enough to write on his stone,

"Here lies a man who saw."

The pine-tree blossom we were speaking of is rather a special example. Probably everybody, from Walter Raleigh down, had observed the peculiar sweetness of the pines at certain seasons of the year. Possibly some may have noticed the purple tint of the little cones for a very few weeks; but to call them blossoms, or to understand the law of their blossoming, escaped the wisest botanists, till one day Mr. Darwin opened his eyes and looked at a pine-tree, in the right place and at the right time. The right place chanced to be the tip-top. There was the part of the flower without which what had been noticed before was insufficient: the pistil and the pollen—and the mystery was explained. However, all this is an external kind of seeing—a cool, indifferent kind. It has nothing to do with nerves and comfort. It is just a matter of abstract truth.

Nobody gets exasperated with his next-door neighbor because he doesn't make a new botany or complete electric science. My friend of the Psalm never has internal convulsions or fever-fits because her acquaintance fail to see how wings can be adapted to the human form, though we all believe it is only waiting to be seen. But isn't there a kind of blindness fit to drive one mad?

Consider this scene:

A garden arbor, in perfect June twilight; the young lawyer in the village, of whom Annette has been noticed to say nothing at all for some time, though mysterious bouquets and books have appeared on her table every few days: he sits here with Annette—her face flushed as the damask rose-bud she holds in her hand; both rather still. Enters cousin Sophia, of uncertain age and the best disposition in the world:

"Oh, good evening, Mr. Barnes—so glad to see you! why it's pleasant out here—guess I'll sit down."

She sees nothing. Annie in the house, who has eyes, appears with an unconscious air, and

"Cousin Sophy, could you as well as not show me about that pattern to-night?"

Or this:

Major Stearns boards at the Minturn House. It has been ascertained that he was in the same regiment with the son of Mrs. Carter, a fellow-boarder, and that they were friends. He is introduced to the mother, and an evening set when poor Mrs. Carter can bear to hear some items, and ask some questions about the last scenes. She sits by the fire, pale with grief and the effort to speak the sacred name to a stranger. The Major delicately brings up every soothing circumstance. Enters Mrs. Caruth, who knows the whole situation, and thinks it will be interesting to hear the story. She sees nothing, even when the Major leaves quite abruptly, and Mrs. Carter turns the conversation to the Freedmen's Fair.

How delightful if all the losses and griefs could fall to such natures! the sum total of pain would be so lessened that we should have the Millennium coming on in such a hurry that the Millerite dress-makers would be driven insane, and the Jews wouldn't be half ready to leave their "wares for wars." The sanguine friend of mine who is always expecting to make his fortune by engineering the Palestine pontoon-bridges on that occasion would come to his wealth suddenly.

But about the eyes. It isn't all to see where one isn't wanted: once in a while it is good to know where one *is* wanted.

"My dear," says Mr. Monson, coming into the room where Mrs. M. sits embroidering her baby's cloak, and telling her a story to quiet her—"my dear, has baby had her dinner? It is past time; that's what makes her so fretful?"

"Oh, well—yes—it is about time. Dear me, the arrow-root is out; I'll make some more right away. There! there! baby be patient."

Exit Mr. M. in a fever of vexation, slamming the door because he can't help it. Mrs. M. flushes: she is so tried with James's quick temper. Baby meanwhile passes from fretting to screaming,—suffering the pangs of hunger and incipient dyspepsia—and this for the twentieth time, all because the most loving, patient, self-denying of mothers has no eyes. Mrs. Monson can not see how much might be prevented by having the arrow-root ready, and giving it to the baby in season. When the arrow-root stage is past, there will be a succession of scenes quite as trying.

Mr. Monson will come in some night exhausted, his head on fire, and every way in want of immediate care. Mrs. M. will look up. "You are very still to-night, James! Why, you really look sick! Don't you want to take something? Here's that book Mrs. Hoyt lent us; don't you believe it would

make you feel brighter to read aloud from it? Besides, you know we planned to have reading every night. But, Nellie, it is very near your bedtime. You'd better go now, before father begins to read. And blow your lamp out to-night. It's silly to be afraid of the dark: the dark can't hurt you. There, kiss mother good-night."

Nellie departs in bitterness of spirit on account of the reading, which is her special delight, and need not have been mentioned until she had gone; and she lies awake an hour in mortal terror of robbers and ghosts,—the fearful phantoms of the darkness. Mrs. Monson breathes a silent prayer for the repose of her dear daughter, and is glad she succeeds in being so systematic with her. Mr. M. frowns, and sits in moody silence by the fire. Warm water at the feet and cold water on the head, with a little wifely soothing, would have been a rather better prescription at this particular time than even Motley's Netherlands. Ah, well, if I were to write Mrs. Monson's epitaph, it would be, "The blind receive their sight;" for in that heaven to which such saintly and tormenting souls are transported the absence of all these annoyances must imply some such miracle.

Somehow this want of perception is more noticeable and exasperating in women than in men. If a man lacks it, the wife or daughter, or some one else, can come to the rescue with her ready tact. She can interrupt the hanging which the unconscious gentleman is relating with emphasis to the grand-daughter of the unfortunate victim by a dexterous question, a turning remark, and slip the conversation into another channel.

But if there is any class of men whose success depends on "Eyes," it is clergymen. How many there are who never know that they are driving all the young people to the church on the corner by persistently reading the long chapters of Jewish history on beautiful summer Sundays, when all nature puts melody and perfume into the heart, and a sense of fitness would suggest a psalm, or some peaceful passage from the words of the Saviour! How many give out a prosaic, disconnected hymn at the close of a sermon, that needed only to have its strain prolonged by the subtle response of adapted poetry, to sink without recall into the hearts of the congregation!

In conducting funerals and other such services, it is to be hoped most ministers have better use of their eyes than the one who blundered on to this text for his senior deacon's funeral: "The rich man also died and was buried." The suggestion of the rest of the verse being hardly consoling. Or the one who, in the missionary concert, called on the brother who was to be married the next Wednesday to report on the "Home Field." Or the excellent man, who, on first going into a new parish, went to a tea-party where the family consisted of a widow and an only daughter—the daughter's face white and rigid with speechless mourning, with dark eyes whose covered fire would have warned back most persons. Mr. Baker after tea notices a portrait on the wall:

"Oh, who is this, Miss Avery?"

"My father."

"Ah—and when did he die?"

Steps on and notices another: "and who is this?"

"My brother."

"Ah—and when did *he* die? This is a fine picture. Where was it done? How long was he in the army? He looks young. What a pity that so many of our soldiers were so young! The marches and all were so hard for them. I suppose we can hardly conceive what they suffered in those prisons. Seems to me, Miss Avery, your brother looked like you." The room meanwhile so still that all could be distinctly heard.

This might have been the brother of the man who, while his third wife was dying with consumption, would calmly reach by her chair to get a copy of the funeral sermons preached on the death of the other two to lend to parishioners. Then the wedding, where the bride was the pastor's daughter, and was married in church, and at the close "Naomi" was given out, and sung quite through to the journey's end; or the other one, where the desponding voices quavered through "China"—"Why do we mourn departed friends?" Why, surely; and why should it be spoken of just at that time?

There is no end to instances of this distressing want of eyesight. To recollect all one has known appears as hopeless as it did to a certain humorous Englishman to erect an asylum for the insane. "For all the insane!" he exclaimed in despair; "I would much sooner undertake to build one to hold all the sane." The greater number of the "de-ranged" being to his mind those who were never "ranged."

One can tell from the atmosphere if he is in the presence of thoroughly perceptive persons. They have as fine and pervading an influence as the jars of preserved rose-leaves which our grandmothers used to perfume their winter parlors. Visit such a

person, and you are directly aware of feeling extremely comfortable. You are understood. You are gently made aware of your best position in the new relations of things.

In fact, there is nothing that loosens nervous tension, and gives a chance for a long, restful breath, like the consciousness of "Eyes" that see separate things and combinations, contingencies and loop-holes, and are ever to be relied on.

Don't be grateful for intellect, or beauty, or any other of the desirable things we hear most about; but if you have the smallest suspicion of possessing the gift of sight, hang up shields in every temple, and build a perpetual altar to the Good Genius.

TWO WAYS OF COUNTING MONEY.

BY GRACE MIDDLEBROOK.

The Sabbath service was over. Mr. Willis had preached his annual foreign missionary sermon, over which he had worked so hard for a month. The collection had been taken up and brought home in a clean handkerchief, and now they were to count the money. It was a pleasant day, and most of the rich men were there; and, oh, how the pastor hoped that the collection would prove larger than last year!

So Mrs. Willis came to help him to count the money, as interested as if it was all for herself instead of her Master. The currency was committed to her, while Mr. Willis looked over the bills. "Ah, yes: Mr. McPrindle has done very well." Five bright, crispy twenty-dollar greenbacks, folded together. "One hundred dollars: he never gave more than thirty before. Oh, how pleasant it must be to be rich!" thought poor Mrs. Willis; "especially to be able to give so liberally." And then her eye fell on her own contribution, a five-dollar bill which she had saved so long that even the creases in it seemed familiar to her.

It had been kept toward the purchase of a water-proof cloak; but when the year came round, and the collection was to be taken up, she could spare nothing else. This was her own, and all she had; and now she felt a little discouraged to think that, of all the collection, three hundred and eighty-nine dollars, hers seemed so small a part. Suppose she had kept it; there would be then three hundred and eighty-four dollars, and that seemed almost as much. Hers was but the seventy-eighth part, and she did need the water-proof. She laid it down by the new greenbacks, but without a murmur, for, thought the resolute little woman, "How miserable I should be to have a collection go off without any of my money! Better wear my old blanket shawl the rest of my days."

Then they re-counted the currency and pennies, to make sure that they had reckoned right. There were some bright fifty cents in currency, one or two of doubtful value, and the usual proportion of dingy tens and stingy threes. Among the coppers they found one English shilling, rather pewtery-looking, as if it needed the friction of daily use, but with the genuine ring. Mrs. Willis took it into her hands, for real silver was a rare sight to her, and she said she supposed it would be worth more than thirty cents, and yet it seemed more valuable than paper currency of any value. Then she wondered if ever again silver would pass from hand to hand in daily use; and, if those days should ever come, whether it would be a more golden age for ministers' families.

"Mother, tea is all ready; and I made the toast and burned only one piece, and that I am going to eat myself. May we have molasses this evening, because it is Sabbath day?" And yet another little voice said, "I can't learn my hymn, the words are so hard; and what does *marshalled* and *bestud* mean? Celia says she knows, but she can't tell." "And, mother, Georgie went out into the snow-drift, and his feet are so wet I am afraid that he will have croup again."

And the mother took up the burden of her hourly cares, varying but never ended, and patiently decided every perplexity, and lessened, if she did not remove, every little sorrow. Mr. Willis followed his wife, locking as he went his study door; not to keep out robbers, but lest the little ones might disturb the money consecrated to the Lord of all.

The door was locked, they had both gone, and yet the room was not empty. In the quiet study, growing a little dusky in the gloaming, a presence might be felt, and gradually from the shadows appeared—I cannot say *came*, but as if, already there, it had hitherto been unseen—a bright form.

Little by little it grew distinct, and yet the room seemed darker; one could hardly say whether the visitant absorbed the light of the room, or whether the study only seemed dark in the presence of such brightness. The form grew clearer and clearer till it was as distinct as a statue. But so illuminated, so translucent, was its white-

ness, that the clearest transparency seemed in comparison dim and muddy. Even the snowy garments were bright with an unearthly lustre, as if light were woven into the very substance of the fabric. There was nothing of the solemn repose, the death-like stillness of the sculptured marble: the form was instinct with life, even with radiant buoyancy. There was nothing of the fearful mystery hanging around an imaginary ghost, but the brightness of embodied light. Oh, why should we fear to see angels?

The bright messenger had come on an errand, for [illegible] any of earthly workmanship, and yet I think he called them "the balances of the sanctuary." Every contribution, even to the pennies, was tried in these balances. And as he weighed, the scales did not drop or tremble; they remained in true equipoise; but the money changed. Two fifty-cent pieces were thrown in, and one grew so dull and dingy that it seemed of little value, and the other grew bright with a ray of the angel's brightness. Alas, that some money, bills, currency, and copper, seemed of so little worth! "Grudged money" was the angel's only comment.

Soon the bright twenty-dollar green-backs were cast in. One hundred dollars given to the Lord! Oh, why did they shrivel and wither till they seemed like sere leaves of autumn? "Ah!" said the angel, "only a two-hundredth part of his profits for the year; why, last year he gave a full hundredth; at this rate, if he grows rich fast, he will soon only give a thousandth! And yet he dared to feel pleased to think how much larger than any other was his contribution, and he gained most of his fortune by one contract for shoddy stockings. It will only be good enough for helping to heat the Missionary House. It will keep the fires going a while, or help to pay taxes; but it will not ever reach the heathen directly."

The five-dollar bill, the wife's offering, was now put in the balances, and the dull, worn, ragged-edged bill seemed glorified. A brightness concealed or removed all earthly imperfection, till it seemed a leaf from one of the trees on the bank of the infinite river flowing by the throne of God. And the bright one looked at it with delight. "This is for the Lord's own treasury. She hath given her all, and it shall be laid up with the two mites. Oh, what joy shall overwhelm this woman when she shall find herself remembered with Mary who broke the alabaster box, and the woman who gave her cake to the prophet! She hath done it unto the Master, and in token of his acceptance of it she shall not lose by her self-denial even now. A kind friend shall provide for her garments such as she never dared to hope for. Good measure, pressed down, running over, shall she receive even now"

And many pennies were brightened by that wondrous test. Little children's money, given with faith and prayer, the angel promised should buy Testaments which should be for the healing of the nations. And I saw that all money given with love was of value; that all given with faith was [illegible] ; and that the pennies, even, of self-denial, have an everlasting value.

Last of all, the dull English shilling was thrown in. Oh, who can describe the glorification of that one piece of silver? Its brightness was more overpowering than any diamonds. The sun in his strength has not such light or heat. And I thought in the glory of its radiance the grudged money shrunk and faded away still more. And the joy of the angel was as wondrous. "It is worth a soul, a gem for the Master's crown. It was earned by a poor lame girl who will never walk till she runs through the streets of the New Jerusalem. She is growing feeble. This is the last money she ever earned, and she can earn no more. It was paid to her for some needle-work a year ago, by an English lady, and ever since she has been saving it for the foreign missionary collection. She will not be on earth for another, she knows, and since she earned it she has been always praying that her last gift might save a soul. And the Lord says,—I hear his voice,"—"'Be it unto her even as she will.' It will save the soul of a young man in Syria, and he shall become a faithful preacher, with the power of the Spirit resting on him, and he shall win souls who will lead others to Christ, and the power of the money shall last till time is over,—yes, while immortality endures. And she shall find it after many days. Oh, the eternal blessedness of her who is coming into his kingdom out of great tribulation!" And a soft response, "Even so, Father, for so it seems good in thy sight," was followed by a chorus, which seemed to come from the cloud of witnesses, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

. . . . . .

The minister returned to his study. He found the money just as he left it. Not until eternity shall he know how the angel counted it.—*Sabbath at Home.*

THE MOTHERLESS TURKEYS.

BY MARIAN DOUGLASS.

The White Turkey was dead! The White Turkey was dead!
How the news through the barn-yard was flying!
Of a mother bereft, four small turkeys were left,
And their case for assistance was crying.
E'en the Peacock respectfully folded his tail,
As a suitable symbol of sorrow,
And his plainer wife said, "Now the old bird is dead,
Who will tend the poor chicks on the morrow?
And when evening around them comes dreary and chill
Who above them will watchfully hover?"
"Two each night I will tuck 'neath my wings," said the Duck,
"Though I have eight of my own I must cover!"
"I have *so much* to do! For the bugs and the worms,
In the garden 'tis tiresome picking;
I have nothing to spare,—for my own I must care,"
Said the Hen with one chicken.

"How I wish," said the Goose, "I could be of use,
For my heart is with love over-brimming:
The next morning that's fine, they shall go with my nine
Little, yellow-backed goslings, out swimming!"
"I will do what I can," the old Dorking put in,
"And for help they may call upon me too,
Though I have ten of my own that are only half grown,
And a great deal of trouble to see to:
But those poor little things, they are all heads and wings,
And their bones through their feathers are stickin'!"
"Very hard it may be, but O, don't come to me!"
Said the Hen with one chicken.

"Half my care, I suppose, there is nobody knows,—
I'm the most overburdened of mothers.
They must learn, little elves! how to scratch for themselves,
And not seek to depend upon others."
She went by with a cluck, and the Goose to the Duck
Exclaimed, in surprise, "Well I never!"
Said the Duck, "I declare, those who have the least care,
You will find, are complaining forever!"
And when all things appear to look threatening and drear,
And when troubles your pathway are thick in,
For some aid in your woe, O, beware how you go
To a Hen with one chicken!

MEXICANS AND INDIANS.

There is much vagueness connected with the idea of an Indian. If the attention has previously been directed to Hindostan, there are suggestions of Rajahs riding on elephants, and of such skilled workers in cotton, wool, and silks, that their fabrics are unapproachable in excellence. And we imagine all that we have read or heard of that land. A Seminole Indian in the Swamps, hunted and killed at an immense expense to the nation's treasury, has nothing to liken him to the first, except his name of Indian. How did such widely different people come to be called by the same name? And what is an Indian? Let us examine.

As Columbus calculated that he should reach the original Indians—in Asia—by sailing westward, he gave the same name to what he did discover. The King of Spain, to whom the Pope granted perpetual dominion over all the Americans,—the bull is still in force, although a little obsolete,—entitled himself "King of Spain and the Indias," as any one can read on the Spanish coins. All the inhabitants of America at its discovery, and all since descended from them, are, accordingly, Indians. He that is not of European origin must be an Indian.

Asiatic blood might give the title of Indian, but it may be assumed as the common opinion that an American Indian is one whose ancestors were either originally created on this continent, or came hither previously to its discovery by Columbus. The belief that the entire human race has descended from a single pair, we might expect would be accompanied by a feeling of equality, and of unity in general capabilities, motives, affections, and destiny. Yet a vast number of those who religiously profess to believe in this origin of man, and moreover that at a later period all the human race was destroyed except the eight individuals saved in the ark of Noah, have denied to one race essential characteristics and rights which they claim for their own.

The old historians speak of expeditions of discoveries and colonization which sailed away, and which were never heard of afterwards. Those who have observed the winds and currents have given data which show the possibility and facility with which these ships could have been driven to the American coast. The early Catholic priests declare that they had found a cross carved before the arrival of the Spaniards, and explain it as a result of the preaching of St. Thomas or one of the original apostles. (I

can add in witness of this discovery nothing except the statement recorded by those holy men.) But, among other certain remains, I have examined and measured the Aztec Calendar, which was buried beneath the plaza of Mexico before the entrance of the conquerors, where it remained for 270 years unknown. Its outer circle measures eleven feet in diameter, and the stone weighs 49,500 pounds. It is well cut out of hard volcanic rock, which must have been brought from the mountains outside of the valley over the intervening lakes and swamps. On it are sculptured their astronomical system, the days of their month, etc., in accordance with Aztec manuscript, before discovered. The buildings of Central America, and the golden figures found in the graves in abundance, indicate that the makers in their age were not of very inferior race or education.

When, therefore, we speak of a Mexican as an "Indian," and intend by this to disparage him, we may be naming a descendant of the Phœnicians, of the men of Babylon, Assyria, or Egypt. Researches, yet to be made into their antiquities and languages, still living and spoken extensively, and especially the study of the people themselves, may resolve the question as to their origin. Several of their languages exist in manuscript, and for three centuries past in printed books, which can be occasionally bought at the price of their weight in gold, or some multiple of the same, and which enrich private libraries and are read by no one. Those who would know this people must separate their real character from that which has been formed by their education.

It would seem that many have been misled by the word "Indian" to associate the Mexican with those Northern varieties of the tomahawk and war-paint, or with the less offensive individuals of the same race. There could not be a greater mistake. And it has been thought that the best people in Mexico are those of European origin, and that its regeneration is to come with the extinction of the native races. This is a gigantic error, and the attempt to execute such a diabolical plan has ended with the destruction of one despot, and may be followed by that of his accomplice. The best blood in Mexico is of the American and not of the European races.

It is not an accident that the chosen President of the Mexicans, Don Benito Juarez, is an "Indian," nor that Altamarino, the author of the vigorous and eloquent reply to Minister Campbell's request for clemency to Maximilian, is also of native stock; but these brave and faithful patriots, free from the false education the priests have forced upon a part of this people, and educated in a reasonable and liberal way, may be taken as representative Mexicans.

The imperialist and companion of Maximilian in Mexico, M. d'Auvergne, speaks of the robberies in the palace by the Emperor's officers, and how Col. Lopez amused Maximilian by his dexterity in that line. D'Auvergne says:—

"The people by whom he was surrounded were a most despicable set. * * * Lopez was at this time commandant of the imperial chateau (Chapultepec), and Maximilian laughed a good deal at these pleasantries. It is known now the extent to which Lopez has since pushed them (only betraying Maximilian at Queretaro). There was, however, only one honest man among the set: this was the Grand Marshal of the Palace, an Indian known and estimated [esteemed?] in Paris, Gen. Almonte, who represented only yesterday his unfortunate master at the French capital, and who was grossly calumniated at the outset of the unfortunate Mexican expedition."

Juan Nepomuclus Almonte, son of the priest Morelos, chief of the Army of the Independence, after the Cura Hidalgo had been degraded by the Inquisition and shot by the Spaniards; and the fanatical but bravo Gen. Thomas Mejia,—are examples of these people when badly trained. I have known Mexicans of the same family entirely different in character, owing to their different education and ideas. But it was not necessary to leave our own country to find such examples, where we had the disturbing element of negro slavery, as the Mexicans had that of the Spanish religion.

I have lived among Mexicans in friendship and intimacy and know them well. With permission of the philosophers, who may consider it a truism, I shall mention that they are essentially like other people, and are not, so far as I have seen, inferior to our own Anglo-Saxon races, except in not having had our advantages of education and experience. In some things which do not depend on external influences they have shown me that they are very excellent. I have proved their kindness of heart, generosity, and fidelity. They have more *spirituality* than our race evinces at the present time, but have not the same material force, especially in getting and keeping money. They are polite and considerate of each other's rights; patient and long-suffering, and tolerant even of injustice which perhaps ought not to be tolerated. I speak principally of the mass of the people who

are not partisans of the clergy; for this relation vitiates the natural qualities, which are what I am describing. But even the latter class often show their good natural qualities. I do not think they are more given to robbery than the Anglo-Saxons, and not so much disposed to murder. Nor have I seen that they exceed in any crime.

I take into consideration the absence of checks on the part of the Government, and give credit to the individual who is moral and just without outward compulsion. Where money is carried through uninhabited regions in diligences, without a guard, whose passengers carry no arms, and insist on carrying none, it is not surprising that the coach is occasionally robbed. On the road to the interior a woman, clothed in male attire, has repeatedly taken the purses of the passengers, who supposed she had force concealed in the vicinity. But they do not attack when there is a prospect of resistance. This may indicate a fault of government, but I am not treating of the government and laws, but of the people. So it is not true, that when a Mexican wants money he "kills somebody to obtain a few dollars;" on the contrary, he will borrow it in the politest manner, promise to pay it at a certain day, and will pay it—if he has it. Nor do I speak of the many who are prompt and who keep their word.

There is not room here for a multitude of instances which I could bring up to illustrate the Mexican character. But I may admit one example which shows the people of purely Mexican origin, or as they may be called "Indians." The locality is remote from the great centres, and has not had the benefit of European civilization. I could give its geographical position, but do not thus publicly, for fear some such civilizer might be led to abuse the simplicity of these people. On arriving at this village, I was told that there was "a man of my nation" there; and it was mentioned that "he was infirm." I accordingly asked to be taken to see him. I found a Cornish miner, troubled, indeed, with rheumatism, but not otherwise in need of charitable aid. He told me that having been left unpaid for work in opening a mine for a Spaniard, he reached this place destitute, and sick with fever and rheumatism from exposure during the rainy season. The women nursed him most tenderly, and the men offered to ride many leagues to bring him medicines. This friendship had continued, and he had been aided to do a little business. He now owned ten mules, which carried salt from the coast to the mines; he bought cheeses at five for a dollar during their season, and sold them at a dollar each in the months of scarcity; corn he bought at a dollar and a quarter the load at harvest time, and sold for six to the mule trains during the dry season. "Do you propose returning to England?" I asked. "Why should I?" he answered; "I should never find friends like all of these." These are Mexican "Indians."

I have been where they did not know leagues of distance nor hours of time, and where, in reply to inquiries as to the distance to a place, I was told, "Start at sunrise, and you arrive when the sun is there," —indicating its position at three o'clock in the afternoon, for example. Yet these people have names for their mountains, streams, etc., in great detail. They know the names and qualities of their plants. They put questions to me which prove their sympathy with science and with affairs of human interest. I enjoyed their society much more than I probably should that of certain materialists and sordid people, who would not admit that these Indians have any merit, and who occasionally utter the blasphemy that they would be better destroyed from off the face of the earth.

I know perfectly well that Mexico has produced some exceedingly bad men, the natural fruit of bad systems; that these ought to be restrained from doing harm. But I know as well that the youth have noble qualities, and I am confident that better times and the cessation of foreign interference will make it clear to the world that Mexicans are capable of forming and sustaining a national existence. As yet other races have done but little to aid them: those who have gone to Mexico have been, to a great extent, adventurers, or at least almost entirely anxious to acquire wealth in the most easy manner. The last incursion of the French and the Austrians has been the worst. It has made the Mexicans abhor and hate everything European, and has almost brought them to mistrust our own people who are of their enemies' blood. Nevertheless, the Mexicans know that the American people are opposed to their being a prey to the European tyrants, and would welcome such alliance with us as one free people can make with another.

—A good man, who has seen much of the world, says: "The grand essentials to happiness in this life are—something to do, something to love, and something to hope for."

SEA-MEWS IN WINTER TIME.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

"I walked beside a dark gray sea,
And said, 'O world, how cold thou art!
Thou poor white world, I pity thee,
For joy and warmth from thee depart.

Yon rising wave licks off the snow,
Winds on the crag each other chase,
In little powdery whirls they blow
The misty fragments down its face.'

The sea is cold, and dark its rim,
Winter sits cowering on the wold,
And I, beside this watery brim,
Am also lonely, also cold.'

I spoke, and drew toward a rock,
Where many mews made twittering sweet;
Their wings upreared, the clustering flock
Did pat the sea-grass with their feet.

A rock but half submerged, the sea
Ran up and washed it while they fed;
Their fond and foolish ecstasy
A wondering in my fancy bred.

Joy companied with every cry,
Joy in their food, in that keen wind,
That heaving sea, that shaded sky,
And in themselves and in their kind.

The phantoms of the deep at play!
What idless graced the twittering things;
Luxurious paddlings in the spray,
And delicate lifting up of wings.

Then all at once a flight, and fast
The lovely crowd flew out to sea;
If mine own life had been recast,
Earth had not looked more changed to me.

'Where is the cold? Yon clouded skies
Have only dropped their curtains low
To shade the old mother where she lies,
Sleeping a little 'neath the snow.

The cold is not in crag, nor scar,
Not in the snows that leap the lea,
Not in yon wings that bear afar,
Delighting, on the crested sea.

No, nor in yon exultant wind
That shakes the oak and bends the pine.
Look near, look in, and thou shalt find
No sense of cold, fond fool, but thine!'

With that I felt the gloom depart,
And thoughts within me did unfold,
Whose sunshine warmed me to the heart:
I walked in joy, and was not cold."

A RIDE IN A BALLOON.

About eight years ago, in the State of Illinois, a little girl and boy took a ride all alone in a balloon.

About seventeen miles from where they lived there was, in the month of September, an agricultural fair, where the farmers bring their horses, cattle, and pigs, and their wheat, corn, vegetables, and fruit, to show; and those who have the best get a premium, or, as you would call it in school, a prize. The farmers' wives and daughters bring butter, cheese, preserves, embroidery, blankets, and many other things, to exhibit, and get premiums on them too. As a great many people from all around generally go to fairs, it is a good place for any one who has anything to show, or anything to sell.

The State Fair is held in different places in the State every year. The fair I am speaking of was held in Centralia, on the Illinois Central Railroad.

A gentleman went to this fair with a balloon, to let the people see him go up in it; but he was ill, and could not do it, so he invited another gentleman, Mr. Samuel Wilson, to take his place.

Mr. Wilson went up about two miles in the balloon, remained up some time, and, after sailing through the air about seventeen miles, came down upon the farm of Mr. Benjamin B. Harvey.

The grappling-iron caught in a small tree, and Mr. Harvey and his son helped Mr. Wilson to get the balloon down.

It was a great curiosity to Mr. Harvey, his family, and the neighbors, who all gathered around it, having never seen one before. It was nearly dark; but they asked a great many questions about it, and wished they could ride in it. Mr. Wilson fastened the anchor to the fence, and Mr. Harvey got in the car; and his sons and some of the neighbors let him up a few feet, holding on to the rope. Mr. Wilson charged them to be careful and not let the rope slip, or the balloon might carry them off.

When Mr. Harvey was satisfied, the children wanted to try it, or at least sit in it, and see what it was like. He placed the three youngest in the car of the balloon. After sitting there a few moments, Mr. Harvey lifted his oldest daughter out. The other children (Martha, eight, and David, three years old) were so light, when she was lifted out, that the balloon jerked away from the fence, and sailed into the air.

The children screamed out, "Mother! mother! take us down!" But they were soon out of sight and hearing, and looked as if

they had gone up among the stars. All who were looking on were frightened and amazed. The poor father and mother were half distracted. Mr. Wilson said all he could to comfort them; telling them that the balloon was in such a condition that he did not think it would stay up more than two hours, or go more than twenty miles away, as the evening was so still, and there was no wind; and that the ropes around the car or basket were so many, and so close together, he did not think they would fall out.

Men were sent on horseback in every direction. The messenger who went to Centralia had a newspaper extra printed, telling about it, sent off on the railroad cars. Despatches were sent by telegraph, and the news spread everywhere. Very few who were at the fair slept much that night for thinking of the little children sailing away off by themselves, nobody knew where; and their poor father and mother, so frightened about them, thinking perhaps they would fall out of the car, or come down in the woods, where they never would be found, or maybe sail over to the Mississippi River, and come down in the water, and be drowned! And how do you think the children felt, going up in that strange way, in the dark and chilly evening, almost to the moon, they must have thought?

It was Friday evening when they started on their unexpected ride. The next morning, eighteen miles from Mr. Harvey's in a south-easterly direction, a Mr. Atchison got up very early and went out. Not far from his house, suspended above a tree, he saw a very queer-looking thing. Going as near to it as he could, he heard a little girl's voice, calling,—

"Pull us down! please pull us down! do it easy: David's asleep!"

Of course he was very much surprised to see that great balloon floating there, the anchor having caught in the tree, and to hear a child's voice.

Mr. Atchison obtained assistance, and took the children down. Little David was asleep, with Martha's apron over him. "David said he was cold, when we were away up in the sky, and I took my apron off and put it over him, and he placed his head in my lap and went to sleep," she exclaimed.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey received the glad news that the children were safe at two o'clock in the afternoon, and the little ones were carried home about eight o'clock in the evening.

Such rejoicing! Father and mother, brothers and sisters, and all the neighbors, were so glad they could not kiss them, or ask them questions enough about it. Martha said, "David was asleep most all the time we were in the balloon."

Mr. Wilson recovered his balloon, which was not much damaged.

Boys and girls, when you tell them a story, always ask, "Is it true?" So let me inform you, my young friends, this is a true story, as a great many people in Illinois can tell you; for there was quite an excitement about it at the time it occurred, particularly before the people found out what had happened to the children.—*Our Boys and Girls.*

[For the NEW DOMINION.

THE NEW MINISTER.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN AN AUNT AND NIECE.

Niece.

"Such earnest eloquence! such fire!
Such poetry of truth!
Such wondrous pleadings, strong desire!
And then he's but a youth."

Aunt.

"All in a flutter, and so warm!
Dear Nell, I almost think
Good notions round you effervesce,
But seldom deeper sink."

Niece.

"Now, Aunt, take off your spectacles,
And do not look so grave;
You'll hear him for yourself to-night,
And own I did not rave."

Aunt.

"Where was the text?"

Niece.

"Well that indeed
I could not quite find out;
But then the subject was so good,
And such good things about.

So graceful all his movements were;
His tone so rich and clear;
His words now passionate, now sweet;—
I could do naught but hear.

I'm sure he'll do a world of good:
We needed *something new.*
'You hope so, but you fear';—nay, then,
Adieu, dear Aunt, adieu."

TRUE HAPPINESS.—Guilt, though it may attain temporal splendor, can never confer real happiness. The evil consequences of our crimes long survive their commission; and, like the ghosts of the murdered, forever haunt the steps of the malefactor. The paths of virtue, though very seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace.—*Scott.*

HOUSE AND HOME PAPERS.

THE RAVAGES OF A CARPET—HOUSEHOLD FAIRIES.

[The following is the very best of the House and Home Papers, written for the *Atlantic Monthly*, by Mrs. Harriet B. Stowe, under the name of Christopher Crowfield :—]

"My dear, it's so cheap !"

These words were spoken by my wife, as she sat gracefully on a roll of Brussels carpet which was spread out in flowery lengths on the floor of Messrs. Ketchem & Co.

"It's *so* cheap !"

Milton says that the love of praise is the last infirmity of noble minds. I think he had not rightly considered the subject. I believe that last infirmity is the love of getting things cheap ! Understand me, now. I don't mean the love of getting cheap things, by which one understands showy, trashy, ill-made, spurious articles, bearing certain apparent resemblances to better things. All really sensible people are quite superior to that sort of cheapness. But those fortunate accidents which put within the power of a man things really good and valuable for half or third of their value, what mortal virtue and resolution can withstand ? My friend Brown has a genuine Murillo, the joy of his heart and the light of his eyes ; but he never fails to tell you, as its crowning merit, how he bought it in South America for just nothing,—how it hung smoky and deserted in the back of a counting-room, and was thrown in as a makeweight to bind a bargain, and, upon being cleaned, turned out a genuine Murillo ; and then he takes out his cigar, and calls your attention to the points in it ; he adjusts the curtain to let the sunlight fall just in the right spot ; he takes you to this and the other point of view ; and all this time you must confess, that, in your mind as well as his, the consideration that he got all this beauty for ten dollars adds lustre to the painting. Brown has paintings there for which he paid his thousands, and, being well advised, they are worth the thousands he paid ; but this ewe-lamb that he got for nothing always gives him a secret exaltation in his own eyes. He seems to have credited to himself personally merit to the amount of what he should have paid for the picture. Then there is Mrs. Crœsus, at the party yesterday evening, expatiating to my wife on the surprising cheapness of her point-lace set,—"Got for just nothing at all, my dear !" and a circle of admiring listeners echoes the sound. "Did you ever *hear* anything like it ? I never heard of such a thing in my life" ; and away sails Mrs. Crœsus as if she had a collar composed of all the cardinal virtues. In fact, she is buoyed up with a secret sense of merit, so that her satin slippers scarcely touch the carpet. Even I myself am fond of showing a first edition of "Paradise Lost," for which I gave a shilling in a London book-stall, and stating that I would not take a hundred dollars for it. Even I must confess there are points on which I am mortal.

But all this while my wife sits on her roll of carpet, looking into my face for approbation, and Marianne and Jane are pouring into my ear a running-fire of "How sweet ! How lovely ! Just like that one of Mrs. Tweedleum's."

"And she gave two dollars and seventy-five cents a yard for hers, and this is"——

My wife here put her hand to her mouth, and pronounced the incredible sum in a whisper, with a species of sacred awe, common, as I have observed, to females in such interesting crises. In fact, Mr. Ketchem, standing smiling and amiable by, remarked to me that really he hoped Mrs. Crowfield would not name generally what she gave for the article, for positively it was so far below the usual rate of prices that he might give offence to other customers ; but this was the very last of the pattern, and they were anxious to close off the old stock, and we had always traded with them, and he had a great respect for my wife's father, who had always traded with their firm, and so, when there were any little bargains to be thrown in any one's way, why, he naturally, of course —— And here Mr. Ketchem bowed gracefully over the yardstick to my wife, and I consented.

Yes, I consented ; but, whenever I think of myself at that moment, I always am reminded, in a small way, of Adam taking the apple ; and my wife seated on that roll of carpet, has more than once suggested to my mind the classic image of Pandora opening her unlucky box. In fact from the moment I had blandly assented to Mr. Ketchem's remarks, and said to my wife, with a gentle air of dignity, "Well, my dear, since it suits you, I think you had better take it," there came a load on my prophetic soul, which not all the fluttering and chattering of my delighted girls and the more placid complacency of my wife could entirely dissipate. I presaged, I know not what, of coming woe ; and all I presaged came to pass.

In order to know just *what* came to pass,

I must give you a view of the house and home into which this carpet was introduced.

My wife and I were somewhat advanced housekeepers, and our dwelling was first furnished by her father, in the old-fashioned jog-trot days, when furniture was made with a view to its lasting from generation to generation. Everything was strong and comfortable,—heavy mahogany, guiltless of the modern device of veneering, and hewed out with a square solidity which had not an idea of change. It was, so to speak, a sort of granite foundation of the household structure. Then, we commenced housekeeping with the full idea that our house was a thing to live in, and that furniture was made to be used. That most sensible of women, Mrs. Crowfield, agreed fully with me that in our house there was to be nothing too good for ourselves,—no rooms shut up in holiday attire to be enjoyed by strangers for three or four days in the year, while we lived in holes and corners,—no best parlor from which we were to be excluded,—no best china which we were not to use,—no silver plate to be kept in the safe in the bank, and brought home only in case of a grand festival, while our daily meals were served with dingy Britannia. "Strike a broad, plain average," I said to my wife; "have everything abundant, serviceable; and give all our friends exactly what we have ourselves, no better and no worse";—and my wife smiled approval on my sentiment.

Smile! she did more than smile. My wife resembles one of those convex mirrors I have sometimes seen. Every idea I threw out; plain and simple, she reflected back upon me in a thousand little glitters and twinkles of her own; she made my crude conceptions come back to me in such perfectly dazzling performances that I hardly recognized them. My mind warms up, when I think what a woman made of our house from the very first day she moved into it. The great, large, airy parlor, with its ample bow-window, when she had arranged it, seemed a perfect trap to catch sunbeams. There was none of that discouraging trimness and newness that often repel a man's bachelor-friends after the first call, and make them feel,—"Oh, well one cannot go in at Crowfield's now, unless one is dressed; one might put them out." The first thing our parlor said to any one was, that we were not people to be put out, that we were wide-spread, easy-going, and jolly folk. Even if Tom Brown brought in Ponto and his shooting-bag, there was nothing in that parlor to strike terror into man and dog; for it was written on the face of things, that everybody there was to do just as he or she pleased. There were my books and writing-table spread out with all its miscellaneous confusion of papers on one side of the fireplace, and there were my wife's great, ample sofa and work-table on the other; there I wrote my articles for the *North American*, and there she turned and ripped and altered her dresses, and there lay crochet and knitting and embroidery side by side with a weekly basket of family-mending and in neighborly contiguity with the last book of the season, which my wife turned over as she took her after-dinner lounge on the sofa. And in the bow-window were canaries always singing, and a great stand of plants always fresh and blooming, and ivy which grew and clambered and twined about the pictures. Best of all, there were in our parlor that household altar, the blazing wood-fire, whose wholesome, hearty crackle is the truest household inspiration. I quite agree with one celebrated American author who holds that an open fireplace is an altar of patriotism. Would our Revolutionary fathers have gone barefooted and bleeding over snows to defend air-tight stoves and cooking-ranges? I trow not. It was the memory of the great open kitchen-fire, with its back-log and fore-stick of cord-wood, its roaring, hilarious voice of invitation, its dancing tongue of flame, that called to them through the snows of that dreadful winter to keep up their courage, that made their hearts warm and bright with a thousand reflected memories. Our neighbors said that it was delightful to sit by our fire,—but then, for their part, they could not afford it, wood was so ruinously dear, and all that. Most of these people could not, for the simple reason that they felt compelled, in order to maintain the family-dignity, to keep up a parlor with great pomp and circumstances of upholstery, where they sat only on dress-occasions, and of course the wood-fire was out of the question.

When children began to make their appearance in our establishment, my wife, like a well-conducted housekeeper, had the best of nursery-arrangements,—a room all warmed, lighted, and ventilated, and abounding in every proper resource of amusement to the rising race; but it was astonishing to see how, notwithstanding this, the centripetal attraction drew every pair of little pattering feet to our parlor.

"My dear, why don't you take your blocks up-stairs?"

"I want to be where oo are," said with

a piteous under-lip, was generally a most convincing answer.

Then the small people could not be disabused of the idea that certain chief treasures of their own would be safer under papa's writing-table or mamma's sofa than in the safest closet of their own domains. My writing-table was dock-yard for Arthur's new ship, and stable for little Tom's pepper-and-salt-colored pony, and carriage-house for Charley's new waggon, while whole armies of paper dolls kept house in the recess behind mamma's sofa.

And then, in due time, came the tribe of pets who followed the little ones and rejoiced in the blaze of the firelight. The boys had a splendid Newfoundland, which, knowing our weakness, we warned them with awful gravity was never to be a parlor-dog; but, somehow, what with the beggings and pleadings on the part of Arthur and Tom, and the piteous melancholy with which Rover would look through the window-panes, when shut out from the blazing warmth into the dark, cold veranda, it at last came to pass that Rover gained a regular corner at the hearth, a regular *status* in every family-convocation. And then came a little black-and-tan English terrier for the girls; and then a fleecy poodle, who established himself on the corner of my wife's sofa; and for each of these some little voices pleaded, and some little heart would be so near broken at any slight, that my wife and I resigned ourselves to live in menagerie, the more so as we were obliged to confess a lurking weakness toward those four-footed children ourselves.

So we grew and flourished together,—children, dogs, birds, flowers, and all; and although my wife often, in paroxysms of housewifeliness to which the best of women are subject, would declare that we never were fit to be seen, yet I comforted her with the reflection that there were few people whose friends seemed to consider them better worth seeing, judging by the stream of visitors and loungers which was always setting towards our parlor. People seemed to find it good to be there; they said it was somehow home-like and pleasant, and that there was a kind of charm about it that made it easy to talk and easy to live; and as my girls and boys grew up, there seemed always to be some merry doing or other going on there. Arty and Tom brought home their college friends, who straightway took root there and seemed to fancy themselves a part of us. We had no reception-rooms apart, where the girls were to receive young gentlemen; all the courting and flirting that were to be done had for their arena the ample variety of surface presented by our parlor, which, with sofas and screens and lounges and recesses, and writing and work tables, disposed here and there, and the genuine *laisser aller* of the whole *ménage*, seemed, on the whole, to have offered ample advantages enough; for at the time I write of, two daughters were already established in marriage, and a third engaged, while my youngest was busy, as yet, in performing that little domestic ballet of the cat with the mouse, in the case of a most submissive youth of the neighborhood.

All this time our parlor-furniture, though of that granitic formation I have indicated, began to show marks of that decay to which things sublunary are liable. I cannot say that I dislike this look in a room. Take a fine, ample, hospitable apartment, where all things, freely and generously used, softly and indefinably grow old together, there is a sort of mellow tone and keeping which pleases my eye. What if the seams of the great inviting arm-chair, where so many friends have sat and lounged, do grow white? What, in fact, if some easy couch has an undeniable hole worn in its friendly cover? I regard with tenderness even these mortal weaknesses of the servants and witnesses of our good times and social fellowship. No vulgar touch wore them; they may be called, rather, the marks and indentations which the glittering in and out of the tide of social happiness has worn in the rocks of our strand. I would no more disturb the gradual toning-down and ageing of a well-used set of furniture by smart improvements than I would have a modern dauber paint in emendations in a fine old picture.

So we men reason; but women do not always think as we do. There is a virulent demon of housekeeping, not wholly cast out in the best of them, and which often breaks out in unguarded moments. In fact, Miss Marianne, being on the look-out for furniture wherewith to begin a new establishment; and Jane, who had accompanied her in her peregrinations, had more than once thrown out little disparaging remarks on the time-worn appearance of our establishment, suggesting comparison with those of more modern-furnished rooms.

"It is positively scandalous, the way our furniture looks," I one day heard her declaring to her mother; "and this old rag of a carpet!"

My feelings were hurt, not the less so that I knew that the large cloth which co-

vered the middle of the floor, and which the women call a bocking, had been bought and nailed down there, after a solemn family-counsel, as the best means of concealing the too evident darns which years of good cheer had made needful in our staunch old household friend, the three-ply carpet, made in those days when to be a three-ply was a pledge of continuance and service.

Well, it was a joyous and bustling day, when, after one of those domestic whirlwinds which the women are fond of denominating house-cleaning, the new Brussels carpet was at length brought in and nailed down, and its beauty praised from mouth to mouth. Our old friends called in and admired, and all seemed to be well, except that I had that light and delicate presage of changes to come which indefinitely brooded over me.

The first premonitory symptom was the look of apprehensive suspicion with which the female senate regarded the genial sunbeams that had always glorified our bow-window.

"This house ought to have inside blinds," said Marianne, with all the confident decision of youth; "this carpet will be ruined, if the sun is allowed to come in like that."

"And that dirty little canary must really be hung in the kitchen," said Jane; "he always did make such a litter, scattering his seed-chippings about; and he never takes his bath without flirting out some water. And, mamma, it appears to me it will never do to have the plants here. Plants are always either leaking through the pots upon the carpet, or scattering bits of blossoms and dead leaves, or some accident upsets or breaks a pot. It was no matter, you know, when we had the old carpet; but this we really want to have kept nice."

Mamma stood her ground for the plants, —darlings of her heart for many a year,— but temporized, and showed that disposition towards compromise which is most inviting to aggression.

I confess I trembled; for, of all radicals on earth, none are to be compared to females that have once in hand a course of domestic innovation and reform. The sacred fire, the divine *furor*, burns in their bosoms, they become perfect Pythonesses, and every chair they sit on assumes the magic properties of the tripod. Hence the dismay that lodges in the bosoms of us males at the fateful spring and autumn seasons, denominated house-cleaning. Who can say whither the awful gods, the prophetic fates, may drive our household divinities; what sins of ours may be brought to light; what indulgences and compliances, which uninspired woman has granted in her ordinarg mortal hours may be torn from us? He who has been allowed to keep a pair of pet slippers in a concealed corner, and by the fireside indulged with a chair which he might, *ad libitum*, fill with all sorts of pamphlets and miscellaneous literature, suddenly finds himself reformed out of knowledge, his pamphlets tucked away into pigeon-holes and corners, and his slippers put in their place in the hall, with, perhaps, a brisk insinuation, about the shocking dust and disorder that men will tolerate.

The fact was, that the very first night after the advent of the new carpet I had a prophetic dream. Among our treasures of art was a little etching, by an English artist-friend, the subject of which was the gambols of the household fairies in a baronial library after the household were in bed. The little people are represented in every attitude of frolic enjoyment. Some escalade the great arm-chair, and look down from its top as from a domestic Mont Blanc; some climb about the bellows; some scale the shaft of the shovel; while some, forming a magic ring, dance festively on the yet glowing hearth.. Tiny troops promenade the writing-table. One perches himself quaintly on the top of the inkstand, and holds colloquy with another who sits cross-legged on a paper-weight, while a companion looks down on them from the top of the sand-box. It was an ingenious little device, and gave me the idea which I often expressed to my wife, that much of the peculiar feeling of security, composure, and enjoyment, which seems to be the atmosphere of some rooms and houses came from the unsuspected presence of these little people, the household fairies, so that the belief in their existence became a solemn article of faith with me.

Accordingly, that evening, after the installation of the carpet, when my wife and daughters had gone to bed, as I sat with my slippered feet before the last coals of the fire, I fell asleep in my chair, and, lo! my own parlor presented to my eye a scene of busy life. The little people in green were tripping to and fro, but in great confusion. Evidently something was wrong among them; for they were fussing and chattering with each other, as if preparatory to a general movement. In the region of the bow-window I observed a tribe of them standing with tiny valises and carpet-bags in their hands, as though about to depart on

a journey. On my writing-table another set stood around my inkstand and pen-rack, who, pointing to those on the floor, seemed to debate some question among themselves; while others of them appeared to be collecting and packing away in tiny trunks certain fairy treasures, preparatory to a general departure. When I looked at the social hearth, at my wife's sofa and work-basket, I saw similar appearances of dissatisfaction and confusion. It was evident that the household fairies were discussing the question of a general and simultaneous removal. I groaned in spirit, and, stretching out my hand, began a conciliatory address, when whisk went the whole scene from before my eyes, and I awaked to behold the form of my wife asking me if I were ill or had had the nightmare that I groaned so. I told her my dream, and we laughed at it together.

"We must give way to the girls a little," she said. "It is natural, you know, that they should wish us to appear a little as other people do. The fact is, our parlor is somewhat dilapidated; think how many years we have lived in it without an article of new furniture."

"I hate new furniture," I remarked, in the bitterness of my soul. "I hate anything new."

My wife answered me discreetly, according to approved principles of diplomacy. I was right. She sympathized with me. At the same time, it was not necessary, she remarked, that we should keep a hole in our sofa-cover and arm-chair; there would certainly be no harm in sending them to the upholsterer's to be new-covered; she didn't much mind, for her part, moving her plants to the south back-room, and the bird would do well enough in the kitchen: I had often complained of him for singing vociferously when I was reading aloud.

So our sofa went to the upholsterer's; but the upholsterer was struck with such horror at its clumsy, antiquated, unfashionable appearance, that he felt bound to make representations to my wife and daughters: positively, it would be better for them to get a new one, of a tempting pattern, which he showed them, than to try to do anything with that. With a stitch or so here and there, it might do for a basement dining-room; but, for a parlor, he gave it as his disinterested opinion,—he must say, if the case were his own, he should get, etc., etc. In short, we had a new sofa and new chairs, and the plants and the birds were banished, and some dark green blinds were put up to exclude the sun from the parlor, and the blessed luminary was allowed there only at rare intervals when my wife and daughters were out shopping, and I acted out my uncivilized male instincts by pulling up every shade and vivifying the apartment as in days of old.

But this was not the worst of it. The new furniture and new carpet formed an opposition party in the room. I believe in my heart that for every little household fairy that went out with the dear old things, there came in a tribe of discontented brownies with the new ones. These little wretches were always twitching at the gowns of my wife and daughters, jogging their elbows, and suggesting odious comparisons between the smart new articles and what remained of the old ones. They disparaged my writing-table in the corner; they disparaged the old-fashioned lounge in the other corner, which had been the maternal throne for years; they disparaged the work-table, the work-basket, with constant suggestions of how such things as these would look in certain well-kept parlors where new-fashioned furniture of the same sort as ours existed.

"We don't have any parlor," said Jane, one day. "Our parlor has always been a sort of log-cabin,—library, study, nursery, greenhouse, all combined. We never have had things like other people."

"Yes, and this open fire makes such a dust; and this carpet is one that shows every speck of dust; it keeps one always on the watch."

"I wonder why papa never had a study to himself; I'm sure I should think he would like it better than sitting here amongst us all. Now there 's the great south-room off the dining-room; if he would only move his things there, and have his open fire, we could then close up the fireplace, and put lounges in the recesses, and mamma could have her things in the nursery,—and then we should have a parlor fit to be seen."

I overheard all this, though I pretended not to,—the little busy chits supposing me entirely buried in the recesses of a German book over which I was poring.

There are certain crises in a man's life when the female element in his household asserts itself in dominant forms that seem to threaten to overwhelm him. The fair creatures, who in most matters have depended on his judgment, evidently look upon him at these seasons as only a forlorn, incapable male creature, to be cajoled and flattered and persuaded out of his native blindness and absurdity into the fairy-land of their wishes.

"Of course, mamma," said the busy voices, "men can't understand such things, What *can* men know about house-keeping, and how things ought to look? Papa never goes into company; he don't know nor care how the world is doing, and don't see that nobody now is living as we do."

"Aha, my little mistresses, are you there?" I thought; and I mentally resolved on opposing a great force of what is called *backbone* to this pretty domestic conspiracy.

"When you get my writing-table out of this corner, my pretty dears, I'd thank you to let me know it."

Thus spake I in my blindness, fool that I was. Jupiter might as soon keep awake, when Juno came in best bib and tucker, and with the *cestus* of Venus, to get him to sleep. Poor Slender might as well hope to get the better of pretty Mistress Anne Page, as one of us clumsy-footed men might endeavor to escape from the tangled labyrinth of female wiles.

In short, in less than a year it was all done, without any quarrel, any noise, any violence,—done, I scarce knew when or how, but with the utmost deference to my wishes, the most amiable hopes that I would not put myself out, the most sincere protestations, that, if I liked it better as it was, my goddesses would give up and acquiesce. In fact, I seemed to do it of myself, constrained thereto by what the Emperor Napoleon has so well called the logic of events, —that old, well-known logic by which the man who has once said A must say B, and he who has said B must say the whole alphabet. In a year, we had a parlor with two lounges in decorous recesses, a fashionable sofa and six chairs and a looking-glass, and a grate always shut up, and a hole in the floor which kept the parlor warm, and great heavy curtains that kept out all the light that was not already excluded by the green shades.

It was as proper and orderly a parlor as those of our most fashionable neighbors; and when our friends called, we took them stumbling into its darkened solitude and opened a faint crack in one of the window-shades and came down in our best clothes, and talked with them there. Our old friends rebelled at this, and asked what they had done to be treated so and complained so bitterly that gradually we let them into the secret that there was a great south-room which I had taken for my study, where the carpet was down, where the sun shone in at the great window, where my plants flourished and the canary-bird sang, and my wife had her sofa in the corner, and the old brass andirons glistened and the wood-fire crackled,—in short, a room to which all the household fairies had emigrated.

When they once had found *that* out, it was difficult to get any of them to sit in our parlor. I had purposely christened the new room *my study*, that I might stand on my rights as master of ceremonies there, though I opened wide arms of welcome to any who chose to come. So then it would often come to pass, that when we were sitting round the fire in my study of an evening, the girls would say,—

"Come, what do we always stay here for? Why don't we ever sit in the parlor?"

And then there would be manifested among guests and family friends a general unwillingness to move.

"Oh hang it, girls!" would Arthur say; "the parlor is well enough, all right; let it stay as it is, and let a fellow stay where he can do as he pleases and feels at home," and to this view of the matter would respond divers of the nice young bachelors who were Arthur's and Tom's sworn friends.

In fact, nobody wanted to stay in our parlor now. It was a cold, accomplished fact; the household fairies had left it,— and when the fairies leave a room, nobody ever feels at home in it. No pictures, curtains, no wealth of mirrors, no elegance of lounges, can in the least make up for their absence. They are a capricious little set; there are rooms where they will not stay, and rooms where they will; but no one can ever have a good time without them.

THEY SAY.

They say—ah, well! suppose they do!
But can they prove the story true?
Suspicion may arise from naught
But malice, envy, want of thought;
Why count yourself among the "they"
Who whisper what they dare not say?

They say—but why the tale rehearse,
And help to make the matter worse?
No good can possibly accrue
From telling what may be untrue;
And is it not a nobler plan
To speak of all the best you can?

They say—well, if it should be so,
Why need you tell the tale of woe?
Will it the bitter wrong redress?
Or make one pang of sorrow less?
Will it the erring one restore,
Henceforth to "go and sin no more?"

They say—oh! pause and look within!
See how thy heart inclines to sin!
Watch, lest in dark temptation's hour
Thou too shouldst sink beneath its power!
Pity the frail—weep o'er their fall,
But speak of good, or not at all!

DOONIE'S "QUEER LITTLE BRAIN."

BY SOPHIE MAY.

Doonie was her name except when she was naughty and then it was Julia. Until the day she was five years old she never suspected she was not as grand a personage as Queen Victoria.

"This is a great day," said she solemnly. "I'm glad I've lived to it! Papa, I s'pose you won't go to the store."

"Yes, dear," laughed her father, "I shall be obliged to go down a little while."

"I don't ever remember of myself's having a birthday before," added Doonie lost in thought, "I s'pose they will do something down town; will they ring the bells?"

You must not think Doonie was quite a simpleton. She supposed all birthdays were public affairs, and her own had been talked of for weeks as an epoch quite equal to the fourth of July. But now that it had really come she began to feel disappointed. It seemed, after all, as if things went on just about as usual. Grandma asked for the use of her little arms in winding a skein of yarn, and never even changed her own cap. Deacon Small came in and pinched his little friend's ears five times without so much as offering her a peppermint. To be sure there were three or four presents,—gaiters and handkerchiefs and things of that every-day sort—and ice-cream for dinner; but on the whole Doonie could not see that she had received very much attention. And another thing was rather strange, she looked and felt no older than usual.

"Why mamma," said she in sweet perplexity, "you said yesterday I should be five years old to-day, and I've looked in the glass, and I'm just as big and no bigger'n than I was before."

"Come here, Doonie," called dear old Mrs. Park from her green rocking-chair.

The child bounded to her grandmother's side so suddenly that she overturned the work-basket.

"Oh, there now, be patient, grandma, and I'll pick them all up," said Doonie, stooping and creeping about after the runaway spools.

"I'm making an apron for myself, and I'll tell you what I want," said Mrs. Park, "it's some fine black sewing-silk; will my little grand-daughter run to the store and buy me some?"

"Well, its my birthday," replied the little one after a pause, "but then I don't know as 'twill do any hurt. Yes, grandma, I'll go."

"Here are two pieces of five-cent scrip," continued Mrs. Park, "you may put them in your own little porte-monnaie and give them to Mr. Barrows."

"Yes'm, so I will. I love to do things for my dear grandma with her pretty little wrinkles."

So off trudged Miss Doonie, and in five minutes was looking up in Mr. Barrow's face, asking in a lisping voice for "some sewing-silk for grandma, black, fine; and here's the *skipt* to pay for it."

Mr. Barrows smilingly handed her two skeins, but the child drew back.

"O no, sir, she said sewing-silk."

"And this is it, my dear."

"That!" cried the child, pointing at the skeins with her finger. "Why, you can't sew that, you know! Could folks make an apron out o' threads? She wants sewing-silk, sir, to wear for an apron, my grandma does."

"Ah, indeed," said Mr. Barrows patting her head, "perhaps you'd better run home, my little dear, and ask her to give you the errand over again."

"Yes, sir, I will; but I always knew what sewing-silk was!"

So Doonie started off, her head rather higher than usual; for she thought Mr. Barrows very unreasonable not to measure off a yard of silk forthwith.

"He doesn't know I'm five years old, and never'll be four again," thought she under her hat, "and can go errands as well as a lady! how grandma will laugh!"

She had the two pieces of scrip between her thumb and finger, and one fell by the wayside; but she ran on without missing it.

"Only think, Grandma, he wouldn't give me any sewing-silk, and you can't have an apron 'thout you send me back over again: he said so."

Grandma laughed at Doonie's mistake. "But where is the other five-cent piece, dear?"

"Oh, I dropped it, I guess."

"Dropped it? Why, Chickie, this will never do! It was only last week you lost half a dollar of mine. But here is more money. Run back and get the skeins Mr. Barrows wished you to take."

"Doonie's finger was in her mouth when she returned to Mr. Barrows, and her voice was so low that he could scarcely hear her. It was a day of trials; but worse was to come. When she got home her mother led her into the nursery and said:

"My dear little Doonie, you are five

years old to-day, and I think it is high time for you to learn a lesson."

"Oh, but mamma, I don't know how to learn lessons."

"Not a lesson in a book. But there are several things, Doonie, that you don't know yet, and one is that you have no right to lose other people's things."

"Oh, mamma, that skipt! Why, it lost itself right out of my fingers."

"I know you didn't mean to lose it, Doonie, but it was grandma's; it wasn't yours; and what are you going to do about it?"

"Let me see," said Doonie winking fast. "I'll ask grandpa to get her some more."

"But that wouldn't be right. It was Doonie that lost it, and Doonie must give it back to grandma."

"But I couldn't find it," said the child, shaking her head, "the wind blowed it away, or a man, or a horse, or a little girl stepped and tore it all up."

"But, Doonie, you have some money of your own in a little red box; will you give grandma five cents of that? Then you'll be honest; and, besides, it will make you remember next time not to be careless."

"Why–ee!" moaned Doonie, "Give five cents to grandma! O dear! O dear! Why grandma's got a whole pocketful. O mamma Tenney, she has! And my red box is a tinty one, only covered so deep on the bottom! O mamma!

"But, darling, if grandma had ever so much money, don't you think you ought to give her what you have lost of hers."

"O no, mamma, I don't, cause she don't need it! I wish you'd ask her to give me five cents, cause I do need it! I haven't but a little tinty-tonty mite."

"Here Doonie threw herself on the lounge and gave way to tears.

Her mother said to herself with a smile, "What queer little brains children do have! But I mean to try to make Doonie understand this; for she is becoming so careless that we cannot trust her to go on errands."

Then she said aloud.

"Suppose your grandmother should happen to lose some of your money, Doonie, what then?"

"O does she go to my box," cried the child suddenly springing up, "What makes you let her go to my box, mamma?"

"Why, Doonie, she never did such a thing. I was only thinking how you would feel if she should go shopping with your money,—to buy you a doll, we will say,—and should lose five cents coming home; wouldn't you expect her to pay it back?"

"There now," said Doonie, struggling with her tears, "If she's going to buy me a doll, I'd rather she'd take her own money, mamma."

Mrs. Tenney hid her smiles in her handkerchief. What could she do with such a wee bit of a mind?

"But, my child," said she presently, "if your grandma or somebody else were to lose your money, it would be honest for them to give it back to you; now wouldn't it?"

"I don't know," replied Doonie, sobbing afresh at the bare idea, "but I wish they would. They oughtn't to lose it; cause I'm keeping it for Kismus!"

Mrs. Tenney thought it wise to say no more now.

"You may think it over, Doonie; and perhaps you will see that you owe your grandma five cents. If you think so, you may come and tell me."

"I know now what I think," groaned Doonie from the depths of the cushion. "I think I don't ever want to go to the store for grandma any more when she s'pects me to give her some of my skipt."

Grandma and mamma had quite a laugh over Doonie's funny way of reasoning, and grandmother said she would rather give the child five dollars than to take away from her any of her precious little bits of money.

But that night when the house was all still, Doonie ran into her mother's room in her "ni-dress."

"O mamma," said she, "the *kilt* got off o' me, then I waked up, and I wanted to give grandma five cents this minute. See it—here it is! It's prettier'n hers was!"

"There's my dear honest little girl," said her mother, kissing her.

"It's cause she's got such pretty little wrinkles," continued Doonie, "and I thought how I loved her and she gave me her oranges; and if she wants my money so bad, she may have it. But you ought to heard me cry!"

"Poor little Doonie! Grandma hasn't gone to sleep. You may go give her the money if you like."

Grandma was very much obliged, as indeed she ought to have been for such a very precious piece of "skipt," but she said Doonie might keep it herself, she did not wish for it.

"Then will I be honest?" said the child, catching her breath for delight.

"Yes, for I give it to you. Now kiss me good night and run back to bed."

Doonie was fast asleep in two minutes, dreaming of flowers and rainbows, one would think from the smile on her lips. She

had "saved both her money and her credit," and had learned a lesson in honesty, which pricked its way through her "queer little brain" ever so many weeks afterward. She never was so careless again; and so, on the whole her fifth birth-day did her a great deal of good.

THE DISRAELI FAMILY.

BY JAMES PARTON.

Most of us pronounce the name of the English minister wrong. He pronounces it himself, Diz-*ray*-el-ly. So at least I am told by those who have frequented his society. Mr. Disraeli asserts, in the preface to his father's works, that this name has never been borne by any other family on earth; and he also explains why his family enjoys this monopoly. The grandfather of the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, who settled in England in 1748, was an Italian Jew, a descendant of one of the wealthy Hebrew families who had been driven from Spain, two hundred years before, by the Inquisition. The family, upon settling in Venice, dropped their ancient surname, and, as Mr. Disraeli remarks, "grateful to the God of Jacob who had sustained them through unheard-of perils, they assumed the name of Disraeli—a name never borne before or since by any other family—in order that their race might be forever recognized."

In Venice, the Disraelis were rich and flourishing merchants—"merchants of Venice." If any one would know the position of this family there, its wealth, and the disabilities under which it labored, he may form some idea of it by reading the Shylock scenes in Shakespeare's play of the "Merchant of Venice."

A hundred and twenty years ago, the attention of the head of the house was drawn toward England as the land of free commerce and religious liberty. Perhaps the old gentleman, the chief of the Disraelis, had read Voltaire's recent work upon England, in which that author describes the great London exchange, where Jews and Christians, Catholics and Protestants, Presbyterians and Baptists, Quakers and Episcopalians, "do business with one another as though they were all of the same religion, and call nobody an infidel unless he is bankrupt." Nothing is more likely than that, through this little work, the head of the house of Disraeli was induced to send his youngest son, Benjamin, to settle in London, At least he did do so, in the year 1748.

This Benjamin Disraeli, grandfather of the minister, prospered in England. In 1765, he married the beautiful daughter of a Jewish family, and became, in due time, the father of the celebrated Isaac Disraeli, the author of the "Curiosities of Literature." Not long after the birth of this son, his only child, he retired from business, went into the country, where he lived to the year 1817, when he died, nearly ninety years of age.

Isaac Disraeli, the author, puzzled, grieved, and disappointed his parents. His father had formerly destined him to a commercial career, and his mother—who abhorred the Jewish race to which he belonged, from the social stigma then attached to it—appears to have cherished the hope that her own son would redeem by a successful career in business the odium which she supposed to be attached to his name.

The boy was not destined to realize these hopes. "A pale, pensive child!" says his son, "with large dark-brown eyes and flowing hair, had grown up beneath this roof of worldly energy and enjoyment, indicating, even in his infancy, by the whole carriage of his life, that he was of a different order from those among whom he lived. Timid, susceptible, lost in revery, fond of solitude or seeking no better company than a book, the years had stolen on till he had arrived at that mournful period of boyhood when eccentricities excite attention and command no sympathy. His mother, not incapable of deep affection, but so mortified by her social position that she lived until eighty without indulging in a tender expression, did not recognize in her only offspring a being qualified to control or vanquish his impending fate."

Such was the youth Isaac Disraeli, who was to convert a name which his mother deemed ignominious into one of glory and renown. His parents resorted to every means they could to cure him of his passion for books and awaken in him a love of business. His mother tormented him to such a degree, by her stinging and contemptuous remarks, that the boy ran away from home, and his father found him lying on a tombstone in a churchyard. The father embraced him, led him home, "and gave him a pony." Nature had her course. The youth struggled into literature, and became famous.

Enjoying an independent fortune, this book-worm of genius lived, for sixty years, in his library, and produced a series of works which, to this day, are reckoned

among the classics of English literature. His sons say of him: "He was a complete literary character, a man who really passed his life in his library. Even marriage produced no change in these habits; he rose to enter the chamber where he lived alone with his books, and at night his lamp was ever lit within the same walls." And so, in the peaceful pursuit of literature, he lived on to the age of eighty-two, when he was still so robust that his life was only terminated by the attack of a violent epidemic. For some years before his death, he was blind, but, by the assistance of his daughter, he continued to perfect and enrich his works. He was an exceedingly beautiful old man, with marked Jewish features. He used to wear a small black-velvet cap, from beneath which his snowy hair flowed down in curls upon his shoulders. In all his walk and conversation through life, he was as innocent, simple, and joyous as a child.

How strange that from such a being should have sprung that master of sarcasm, that audacious parliamentary leader, the Right Honorable Benjamin Disraeli, in whom the pristine energy of his race lived again, after so long an interval of suspended animation! The author of the "Curiosities of Literature" had two sons, both of whom are living and both hold high office in the English government: the elder is Chancellor of the Exchequer, and leader of the House of Commons; the younger is Registrar of the Court of Chancery, an important office, though not so conspicuous as that of his brother.

Isaac Disraeli, it appears, associating with the leading men of his time, had obtained the promise of a situation in a public office for his eldest son. To fit him for this place, the youth was apprenticed to a solicitor; but after a short experience of the drudgery of a lawyer's office, it became so disgusting to him that his father concluded not to force him into the career for which he was intended.

The young man, being the heir to a large fortune, assigned the place in the public office to his brother, who has since risen by regular gradation to the post which he now fills.

Benjamin, thrown upon the world of London at an early age, endowed with remarkable beauty, and with striking talents for conversation, had a brilliant career in the circles of fashion, and every one seems to have predicted for him future distinction. When he was twenty-one years of age, his novel "Vivian Grey," appeared, which obtained immediate celebrity; not from its merit, which was small, but from the freedom and audacity with which living characters, well known in society, were either delineated or burlesqued. The success of this ill-constructed and tedious book established Mr. Disraeli as a fashionable author, and a long series of tales in a similar style issued from his pen. These novels are surcharged with the spirit of Byron, and were truly characterized by Southey as belonging to the "Satanic School." They abound in gorgeous pictures of the extravagance and vice prevalent in the fashionable circles of the time, and no human creature was ever benefitted by reading them.

Not content with literary success, Mr. Disraeli, in his twenty-eighth year, presented himself, as a candidate for parliament, in the very county which he now represents. He has often been taunted with having professed liberal principles for the purpose of gaining a seat in parliament. This was not the case. He is a tory in grain, as his father was before him, and he professed tory politics from the first, and was defeated by the Whig candidate. In the year following, he made his second attempt, again professed conservative principles, and was again defeated by the Whigs. It was on this occasion that, when somebody in the crowd taunted him with being an O'Connell man, he styled the Irish agitator, "a bloody traitor," which extorted from O'Connell one of the bitterest retorts on record:

"For ought I know," said Mr. O'Connell, "the present Disraeli is the true heir-at-law of the impenitent thief who died on the cross."

At length, in the thirty-second year of his age, his long-cherished ambition was gratified by his election to represent the conservative borough of Maidstone in the House of Commons. His first attempt to address the House was not merely a failure. It was chiefly a vituperation of his old enemy, O'Connell, in delivering which he was carried away by the fury of his hatred, and indulged in excessive and absurd gesticulation. His voice was drowned in the laughter of the House, and he closed his speech with these words:

"I am not surprised at the reception I have experienced. I have begun several times many things, and I have often succeeded at last. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me."

For nearly two years he was silent in the House, but in July, 1839, his prediction was fulfilled. He made a speech to which the whole House listened with attention,

and which called forth from the press favorable comment. From this time his power as an orator increased, until he became the acknowledged leader of the conservative party in the House of Commons. His forte was sarcasm, which Carlyle says "is the natural language of the devil." When the great Sir Robert Peel covered his later years with glory, and saved the British Empire from revolution by repealing the corn-laws, it was Mr. Disraeli who nightly assailed him with sarcastic abuse, and drove him from the place which he honored. I remember hearing him deliver one of his cutting, rasping philippics, which seemed to me a very trivial and small performance; and I could never understand how so able and honest a man as Sir Robert Peel should have regarded such harangues any more than the whistle of an east wind. He did, however. Disraeli was a thorn in his side.

During his present tenure of office, Mr. Disraeli has shown considerable adminstrative ability. He has induced his party, and will probably induce the House of Commons, to accept a reform bill sufficiently liberal to appease, for a time, the clamor of the people for an extension of the suffrage, and to prepare the way for that complete triumph of the democratic principle in England which is inevitable and not far distant.

The merits of this man are his own. The faults of his character can be clearly traced to that insensate prejudice against the Jews which raged in Christendom for fifteen centuries, making them a class isolated and despised, and excluded them from honorable competition in honorable pursuits. A man like Benjamin Disraeli, who has abandoned the religion of his fathers, and who is only tolerated by Christians, occupies a position in this world most unfavorable to the development of his better nature, and he should be judged with charitable reference to this fact. How he has avenged his mother, whose blood was turned to gall by her position as a Jew in Christian England! The aristocracy of the realm have been compelled to accept him, not as their servant nor as their equal, but as their chief. Happily, the prejudices which, for so many ages, divided men into hostile sects, castes, clans, parties, and nations, are dissolving before the light of this better day, and man is beginning to value his fellow according to his worth as a man.

— If you charge your servants with lying they will soon become liars, if they are not so already.

AN ENIGMA.

Ye philosophers, hark!
My complexion is dark,
Education and silence my character mark.

No record on Earth
Discovers my birth;
Long reign I in solitude, silence, and dearth.

I travel away,
In sombre array;
But my turban and sandals are silver gray.

Majestic my mien,
And my dark form is seen
All sparkling in gems like an African queen.

One pearl I wear
Is more brilliant and rare
Than the loveliest gem in a princess's hair.

My stature is tall
But at seasons I crawl,
Or shrink myself almost to nothing at all.

Invisibly hurled,
I traverse the world.
And o'er every land is my standard unfurled,

I silently roll
Round the icy-bound pole,
And long the wide region endures my control.

From the earliest time
I was grave and sublime;
But often am made the accomplice of crime.

My intellect teems
With visions and dreams,
And wild tales of terror, my favorite themes.

Yet sorrow and pain
Oft welcome my reign,
And eagerly watch for my coming again;

For a handmaid of mine,
With aspect benign,
Deals out at my bidding, a soft anodyne.

My sister down there
Is transcendently fair,
But we never once happened to meet anywhere

Advancing behold
Her banners of gold!
Then I must away with my story half told.

HABIT.

Habit at first is but a silken thread,
Fine as the light-winged gossamers that sway
In the warm sunbeams of a summer's day;
A shallow streamlet, rippling o'er its bed;
A tiny sapling, ere its roots are spread;
A yet unhardened thorn upon the spray;
A lion's whelp that hath not scented prey;
A little smiling child obedient led.
Beware! that thread may bind thee as a chain;
That streamlet gather to a fatal sea;
That sapling spread into a gnarled tree;
That thorn, grown hard, may wound and give thee pain;
That playful whelp his murderous fangs reveal:
That child, a giant, crush thee 'neath his heel.

PLAYS AT A PARTY.

While Mary and Louisa were together at Mrs. Gay's, William proposed to his mother one day that she should let them have a party. They could play about on the grounds for an hour or two, he said, and then could come into the house and have games in the kitchen. Mary Ann had said she was willing to take the trouble in providing for them. So Mrs. Gay consented, and said that, whenever the mercury in the thermometer was at sixty degrees at eleven o'clock in the morning, they might have their party that afternoon.

At last the cool day came, and William and Mary and Louisa went out with the gig-cart, and at once invited their guests. The children all came in good season. Some came a quarter of an hour before the time. Some of the company were girls, and some boys. But girls or boys, the first thing that attracted their attention was the gig-cart. The boys all wanted to draw it, the girls to ride in it. So William determined to try the plan of arranging a team of four of the small boys, and then giving the girls a ride in turn.

After riding about with the gig until all the girls had a ride, and swinging, too, in the grove until they all had a swing, William called four or five of the oldest boys—though they were all pretty small—away from the rest, and told them he had a plan of a concert in the barn, and that they were to be the performers. The rest, he said, might remain where they were, swinging and watching the squirrels until the concert was ready, and then, when they heard the whistle blow, they might come.

"Now," said William as soon as they got there, "the first thing is to make the seats for the audience."

He then, asking the biggest boys to help him, moved some empty boxes from a little room where grain was kept in the winter, out to the "barn-floor," as it is called,—that is, a large open space in the middle of the barn. He put the two largest boxes back against the wall, at a certain distance apart, and the smallest ones in front of them; and then brought two long boards which he placed upon these boxes, in such a way as to make two seats, one higher than the other, and the highest one back against the wall.

"There!" said he, "those are the seats for the audience. Now for the instruments."

He took out of his pocket a large whistle, which would blow very loud, and said, "Here's one. Who'll be the whistler?"

The boys all began to call out, "I," and "I." "Let me be the whistler." In fact, they all wished to be the whistler, partly because the whistle was an instrument that would make a loud noise, and partly because it was one easy to play upon. Seeing this, William put back the whistle into his pocket and said he would decide on that by and by.

Then he proceeded into a corner where there were some tools, and brought out a barn-shovel, and afterwards went and found a round stick of hard wood to knock upon it with. He said that was a bass-drum. He also got a cow-bell, which was hanging upon a peg near by, and a set of sleigh-bells, jingling the cow-bell and the sleigh-bells as he took them down in such a manner as to make all the boys want them. Several of those who first asked for the whistle, now wanted the shovel or the bells; and so he had no longer any difficulty in assigning the different instruments.

There were still, however, several boys not supplied; but William contrived very soon to provide for them all. He gave one boy a big crow-bar, which was as much as he could lift, and an old hammer to pound upon it with. To another an old tinpail, and two sticks for drum-sticks.

"Now, boys," said William, when they were all provided for, "you must sing as well as play, for this is going to be a vocal concert, as well as an instrumental one. Some of you must bark like a dog, and some mew like a cat, and some growl like a bear; and if any of you know how, you may howl like a wolf."

The boys all said they did, and they immediately commenced the most frightful howling that could be imagined, so that William was obliged to hush them immediately, saying, "That will do! Wait till the concert begins!"

"Now," said he, "I'm to be the conductor. I shall beat time with this whip-handle, which is to be my baton. As long as I keep waving this about in the air you must go on singing and playing as loud as you can; but when I hold it up high, you must stop as quick as you can. Stop in an instant, the very moment you see the baton go up. I want to see how quick you can all stop."

William then led all the performers into the grain-room, and told them they must remain there, and not speak a word above a whisper, until the audience had come in and taken their seats. Then he went to the door and blew a long, loud blast with his whistle, and all the girls came running in.

William conducted them to the seats which he had placed for them. As has al-

ready been said, there were two seats, one higher than the other. William intended the high seats for the tallest girls, and the other for the younger ones; but they all climbed up at once to the highest seat. Indeed, the younger and smaller the girls were, the more eager they seemed to be to get to the topmost places.

When they were all seated, William went out to bring the band in, as he said. The children waited on the seats in wondering expectation. Their curiosity had been excited by hearing a suppressed jingling of bells, and clanking of iron, and a confused whispering, which came from the grain-room; but when they saw the performers coming in, they looked at first utterly astonished, and then some of them began to laugh. Some of the youngest of them, however, looked very grave, and even somewhat anxious, as if they did not know but that there was some reason for being frightened.

The musicians took their places in front of the audience, and then William, in a very pompous manner, said:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, there are to be two tunes at this concert. We have not got any programmes. They did not come home from the printer's in time. But the name of the first tune is the 'Song of the Morning Birds.'"

William then, turning to the band, called out aloud to them, "Begin," and immediately commenced waving his baton in the air. Of course the boys, as soon as they began, what with the instruments and what with the voices, made a most dreadful din. Such a thumping and jingling and clanking and rattling and barking and mewing and howling was never before heard,—certainly such a noise was never made by the songs of the morning birds.

After the performance had continued for a minute or two, William suddenly raised his baton in the air, and the musicians immediately stopped, all except the boy who was beating on the old tin pail, who, not happening to be looking at William at the moment, did not perceive the signal, and so went on drumming a little while after the rest had stopped.

As soon as silence was restored, all the girls began laughing and clapping their hands, calling upon William to "do it again."

But William happened to think just then that perhaps striking the crowbar with the hammer might have the effect of bruising the iron a little, and so making it rough for the workmen's hands; and as he was always very careful not to do any mischief in his plays, he went to examine the bar, and found that the hammer was in fact bruising it a little. So he took it away, saying it was out of tune, and instead gave the boy a big ox-chain, which had been hanging there upon a peg, and with which he could make a prodigious clanking by alternately raising the end in the air, and then letting it down again, so as to cause the links to fall upon each other.

In a few minutes, when the audience had become somewhat quiet, William called for the second tune, the name of which he said was "The Gentle Flowing Stream." The second tune was, if possible, more loud and boisterous than the first; for this time the audience joined, and calling to each other, to look at this and that performer, and clapping their hands, added to the general din,—so much so that the noise penetrated to the house, and Mary Ann came to the kitchen door to ascertain what it was. She stood a moment at the door listening, and then, with a smile on her face, went back to her work, saying to herself, "I'm glad they have sense enough, when they wish to make such a noise as that, to make it in the barn."

It had been arranged that, after the children amused themselves by playing about the grounds for an hour or more, they were to come into the house, and play for a while there; and Mary Ann was to ring the bell when she was ready for them. The bell was rung just as the second tune of the concert had been performed, and so they all set out for the house. William and two or three of the other boys remained a few minutes to put all things where they had found them. One of these boys was named Orlando. He used often to come and play with Mary and Louisa when they were visiting at Mr. Gay's.

"It was an excellent concert," said Orlando, when they had put everything away, and were following the other children toward the house. "It was the best concert I ever heard in my life."

"Yes," said William, "only according to Watt it was no concert at all. He says a concert is keeping together, and I am sure we did not keep together."

"No," said Orlando; "every body did just what he pleased, and that was what made all the fun."

(To be Continued.)

—If everybody would mind their own business, more business would be done.

—If we would talk less about other people, other people would talk less about us.

SELECTIONS.

A LIVING DEATH.—A sad tale was recently told at an inquest held at Biddeford, Eng., by the brother of a man who was killed while looking for gulls' eggs on the cliffs which form the Island of Lundy, in the Bristol channel. James and John Braund were thus occupied, when, straying apart from each other for a few minutes, John heard a fall. He went to the edge, and, looking over saw his brother some yards down the side of the cliff, hanging by his hands to a little jutting piece of rock, and searching with his feet for the smallest foothold. It was in vain; the rock was as hard as adamant and as smooth as glass, and there he hung, a chasm of full three hundred feet yawning below him. Help from above was impossible; a foothold below there was none, and certain death stared him in the face. With the iron grip of despair, the poor fellow hung on for a few minutes, that seemed like hours to his helpless brother watching from above, and at last, with a wild scream, James Braund released his hold and plunged headlong down, his head being shivered to fragments against a projecting crag in the descent.

DEVOTION OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.—Physicians, as a class, are among the most devoted of men, where the interests of humanity and of their profession are concerned. A French paper gives an account of the death of a surgeon and his two assistants at Heidelberg, under circumstances which prove the truth of this statement. The three had been to attend a bad case of diphtheria, and trachiotomy was found necessary. During the operation a small clot of blood fell into the child's windpipe. Not having the proper instrument, the surgeon sucked the wound in order to extract it. Having failed, the others in succession applied their mouths to the wound, and at last succeeded in their object. They, however, all caught the malady, and succumbed to it in the course of a few hours. This is only one of many instances constantly occurring, which evince the unselfish benevolence of the medical profession. There may be exceptions, but they are few.

OLD LANDMARKS DISAPPEARING. — Old London is disappearing almost as fast as old Paris. In the latter city, English visitors will soon look in vain for the house near St. Germain l'Auxerrois, in which Coligny was slain, in which the Duchess de Monthazan (whose death made her young lover, De Rance, turn Trappist) died, under the wreck of her beauty, by small-pox, and where the most audacious of French female wits, Sophie Arnould, was born. The hand of the demolisher is on it. With us here at home, Tower Hill no longer shows us those historical houses, from the windows of which many a broken heart silently sent forth its last greeting to friend or kinsman mounting the adjacent scaffold. Within a few days only, the old College of Physicians, with its gilded pill on the top, in Warwick lane, has gone down into the dust. It was built by Wren, after the fire had destroyed the old college at Amen Corner, to which corner the members had migrated, after long meeting in the house of their founder, Linacre, in Knightrider street. The college in Warwick lane was occupied from 1674 till the removal of the members to the present building at the corner of Trafalgar square, some score of years ago. Another feature of Old London has silently passed away in what used to be called New Mall (made by order of Charles the Second), in St. James's Park. The once gay, open-air dairy, with its crowd of cows and fashionables, which dwindled down, indeed, to penny ginger-beer stalls, and children and slip-shod girls who could not pay for the beverage, has been swept away altogether. Those who only remember its seedy condition can hardly realize what it once was, when bareheaded beaux fluttered round it, and gallant young curates in new sashes handed fresh milk from the cow to simpering ladies, and Frenchified fops went about with their hands in their pockets, holding up their plaited coats to show their silk breeches; and the flirtations of lovers and the discussions of senators were interrupted only by the cry of the milk-venders, —"Can of milk, ladies! Can of red cow's milk, sir!"—*London Athenæum.*

WANT OF DECISION.—A great deal of labor is lost to the world for want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they had only been induced to begin, would, in all probability, have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that in doing anything in the world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances; it did

all very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterward; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and consults his brothers, and his uncles, and his particular friends, till one day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age, and that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and friends that he has no more time to follow their advice. There is so little time for over-squeamishness at present, that the opportunity slips away. The very time at which a man chooses to venture, if ever, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of a little violence done to the feelings, and efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculations.—*Sidney Smith.*

THE MUSTARD TREE.—I had observed, in crossing the plain of Esdraelon, just before coming to Nazareth, that the mustard plant was by no means uncommon there; but yet, though some of the stalks which I took pains to measure were quite large, they were still not so large as I had expected to find them, and not large enough, as it appeared to me, to suggest naturally the illustration in the parable. I was therefore disappointed. Some days after this, as I was riding across the plain of Acre, on the way to Carmel, I perceived at some distance from the path what seemed to be a little forest or nursery of trees. I turned aside to examine them. On coming nearer they proved to be an extensive field of the plant which I was so anxious to see. It was then in blossom, full grown, in some cases six, seven, and nine feet high, with a stem or trunk, an inch or more in thickness, throwing out branches on every side. I was now satisfied in part. I felt that such a plant might well be called a tree, and in comparison with the seed producing it, a great tree. But still the branches, or stems of branches, were not very large, or apparently very strong. "Can the birds," I said to myself, "rest upon them? Are they not too light and flexible? Will they not break or bend with the superadded weight?" At that very instant, as I stood and revolved the thought, lo! one of the fowls of the heavens stopped in its flight through the air, lighted down on one of the branches, which hardly moved beneath the shock, and then began, perched before my eyes, to warble forth a strain of the richest music. All my doubts were now charmed away. I was delighted at the incident. During the same day I witnessed a repetition of the occurrence.—*Halket.*

SARATOGA WATERS.—The high price of mineral waters away from Saratoga is owing chiefly to the cost of the bottles and of transportation. The Congress and Empire Spring Company being unable to procure all the bottles which they needed, have established manufactories of their own at Congressville, and will thus, in future, be able to supply the greater demand. If the water could be confined in large quantities, so as to retain its gaseous and mineral qualities after transportation, it could be sent away by hundreds of hogsheads, the flow from some of the springs being estimated at between one and two hundred gallons per minute. The flow of the Congress water, however, is not more than two quarts per minute, and but very little of it is now wasted. The Congress spring was discovered in 1792, 25 years after Sir William Johnson visited the High Rock spring. The discoverers were three gentlemen who were hunting in the valley, one of whom—John Taylor Gilman, of New Hampshire—was then a member of Congress, which fact suggested the name of the spring. The low ground about the spring was then a swamp, and the mineral water issued in a stream from an aperture in the side of the rock which formed the margin of the brook. It was caught by holding a glass to the side of the rock; and, as this means soon became insufficient to satisfy the demands of visitors, an effort was made to confine it. The result was the complete loss of the water for some time. Gideon Putman, an enterprising settler of Saratoga, observed bubbles breaking up from the middle of the brook, a few feet south of the rock. He turned the stream from its course, and dug down about eight feet, when the mineral water rose from several places in the marl. He prepared a square tube of planks, and, placing it over several of the little fountains, replaced the earth around it, and thus secured the spring. It was first bottled as an article of merchandise in 1824, and is now sent to all portions of the world.

AN INSECT THAT IS "NOT PARTICULAR."—While cockroaches partake largely of the common articles of diet in a ship's stores, they also rather like books, clothes, boots, soap, and corks. They are also partial to lucifer matches, and consider the edges of razors and amputating knives delicate eating. As to drink, these animals exhibit the same impartiality. Probably they do

prefer wines and spirits; but they can, nevertheless, drink beer with relish, and even suit themselves to circumstances, and imbibe water, either pure or mixed with soap; and if they cannot obtain wine, they find in ink a very good substitute. Cockroaches, I should think, were by no means exempt from the numerous ills that flesh is heir to, and must at times, like human epicures and gourmands, suffer dreadfully from rheums and dyspepsia; for to what else can I attribute their extreme partiality for medicine? "Every man his own doctor," seems to be *their* motto; and they appear to attach no other meaning to the word "surgeon" than simply something to eat: I speak by experience. As to physic, nothing seems to come wrong to them. If patients on shore were only half as fond of pills and draughts, I, for one, should never go to sea. As to powders, they invariably roll themselves bodily in them; and tinctures they sip all day long. Blistering-plaster seems a patent nostrum, which they take internally, for they managed to use up two ounces of mine in as many weeks, and I have no doubt it warmed their insides. I one night left a dozen of blue pills carelessly exposed on my little table. Soon after I had turned in, I observed the box surrounded by them; and being too lazy to get up, I had to submit to see my pills walked off within a very few minutes by a dozen roaches, each one carrying a pill. I politely informed them that there was more than a dose for an adult cockroach in each of these pills; but I rather think they did not heed the caution, for next morning the deck of my little cabin was strewed with the dead and dying, some exhibiting all the symptoms of an advanced stage of mercurial salivation, and some still swallowing little morsels of pill, no doubt on the principle of *similia similibus curantur*; from which I argue that cockroaches are homœopathists, although had they adopted the *other* homœopathic theory first, and taken infinitesimal doses, they would then have experienced the full benefit of that noble doctrine, and the medicine, while doing them no good, would have done them just as little harm.—*Chambers's Journal.*

BRAZILIAN PETS.—They have strong tastes here in the matter of pets. Large serpents are in especial favor, and a gentleman who ought to know the commercial value of the article tells me he will pay five dollars per foot for any healthy snake measuring over fifteen feet in length. Black tigers, too, are scarce and in request. I am assured by the same gentleman that a pair of fine ones might be sold for £100, and a fellow wanted to sell me a little pinchi monkey for the modest sum of twenty-five dollars, gold. At the Consul's warehouse there is a serpent which has been an inmate of the establishment for the last four years, and is probably as tame as a snake ever becomes. His home is a large box, where he is supposed to pass his time in the tranquil observation of the various commercial operations of the house, and in digesting his last rat, (eaten two months ago.) In point of fact, however, the box is empty, and his snakeship inhabits the darkest recesses of the warehouse; where, hidden among the various packages of cocoa, seringa, coffee, etc., he keeps out of view for the most part, frequently being invisible for a week at a time, when some inquisitive customer will be startled by a hiss, sounding like the escape-pipe of a steam-engine, and find himself nearly on the coils of a serpent fifteen feet long. A few days since an Irishman was directed to bring out a barrel supposed to be empty; but on lifting it he thought it partly filled with rubber, and was directed to empty it accordingly. He reached his hand toward the bottom of the barrel, and was instantly seized by the serpent, which had carefully coiled itself away in the empty flour barrel. The hand was bitten entirely through, nor could the fangs be disengaged from the mangled flesh until the assistance of a couple of tapuyos had been obtained, who, by pulling the hand back and prying the jaws forward, succeeded in loosening the fangs. When I first saw the reptile, he was out of temper through having been routed by the removal of some packages among which he had taken up his quarters. He had one turn of him around a nail-keg, and I was invited to test his power by tugging at his tail, which I did; but he came about with such a startling hiss, and exhibited such an open expression of countenance, that I involuntarily dropped the tail, to the intense delight of half a dozen grinning darkeys. There is absolutely no danger to be apprehended from these pythons; even the deadly *Ma' de agua* is seldom seen; so hard to find even, when some naturalist desires a specimen, that traders and travellers scarcely give the danger a thought. There is far more to be dreaded from the lesser reptiles, such as centipedes, black scorpions, and tarantulas; but the traveller or naturalist in this region will find that the insect tribe are much more troublesome than all large reptiles and beasts combined.—*Para Correspondent Philadelphia Press.*

THE THREE BUNCHES OF BEADS.

BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL.

We are seldom aware, I think, how keen a sense children have of any injustice done them, and how bitterly they feel it. This remark recalls an incident of my own child-life, which not only made a vivid impression at the time, but which left a serpent-trail across my path for many a long year afterwards. I was fond of visiting at the house of a kind lady, a Mrs. I., whose little girl was my chosen friend and playmate. One day I sat watching her, with my head resting upon my hands, and my elbows upon my knees, while she was making a chain of braided silk and steel beads, till in my earnestness I sighed heavily. Looking at my serious, anxious face, she said playfully:

"A penny for your thoughts, Bella."

"Oh," I said, blushing and stammering, "they are not worth a penny: I was only thinking how nice it would be if I could make one of those pretty chains."

"Well, why not?" said my friend.

"Oh, well, I couldn't, you know—and—and—they are not made out of nothing, Mrs. I."

"No, that they are not," was the laughing reply; "but, supposing I pay you for so honestly telling me your thoughts, by giving you these three bunches of beads I have left, what would you do with them?"

"Why, I would get some silk from mamma, and try—Oh! I *would* try hard, to make a chain for papa, and bring it to you to see how I got on." And I jumped up and danced about at the bare thought.

"Well, then, here they are for you."

My joy was unbounded. I skipped over the ground homewards, hugging my treasure, rich as ever Crœsus was, thinking every moment long till I could show them to my mother. The silk was promised, and then they were carefully stowed away, in cotton wool, in a snug corner of my work-box, till a convenient time for it to be given me. That afternoon, an aunt called to see us, and, full of my happiness, I brought out my beautiful bright bunches to show her. Taking them in her hand, and looking at them for a moment, she said to my mother:

"Oh, Julia, those steel chains are all the fashion now, and I have been wanting to make one ever so long. That child will only waste these good beads, and they are very hard to get; give them to me."

"Very well," said my mother, carelessly, "You can have them; you will make a better use of them than she will, I'm sure. I'll give her something to make up for them."

It was in vain I remonstrated, and said they were *mine*. My aunt quietly dropped them into her pocket, and I was sent from the room sobbing bitterly, with a slap for my rudeness and my temper. Next day my mother called me, and laid a small bundle of soiled ribbons and faded silks before me, saying they were sent by Aunt Betsy for me, in return for the beads I had behaved so ungraciously about. Not a step did I stir to take them, but an "I don't want them, mamma!" and a fresh burst of tears, as I thought of my lost treasures, ended in the bundle being put into my hand, and I myself being turned out of the room as before, and called "a naughty cry-baby" for my pains. Wiping away my tears, and crushing down my sobs, I slipped quietly out at the back-door, and round to the gate, where I stood till I saw a beggar girl pass, into whose hands I crammed the hated bundle and then flew back, feeling lighted because I had rid myself of it. A few days after this, I was sent by my mother on a message to the other part of the town, to my aunt. I found her in her sitting-room working at the chain; already a bit was done. There lay the shining silks, and there close by were my lovely beads,—one bunch unthreaded in a saucer, the other two glistening with all their might at its side. The dark shadows of anger, envy, and revenge, at once filled my breast; and while my aunt for a moment left the room to execute my mother's message, I seized one of the bunches, slipped it into my pocket, and made for the hall-door as fast as my legs could carry me. The bolt was stiff, and before I could undo it, a

heavy hand was shaking my shoulder, and a voice saying:

"You naughty, wicked child! you have stolen one of my bunches of beads; I did not think you could be so bad; give it up at once, little thief that you are."

This added fuel to the fire, and with an insulted scream, I replied:

"I did not steal; the beads are *mine*, and you robbed me of them," and with an emphatic "*I* am not the thief," I dashed the beads upon the oilcloth at her feet and fled. I heard a voice calling after me a "tell mamma," but I ran on, and cried on, till I cried myself calm again. I fancied she put her threat into execution some days after; but whether my mother forgot it, or whether she thought I had been punished enough, I cannot say, for I heard no more about them. It was some time, however, before I was allowed to visit Mrs. I. When I did, she said kindly:

"I am afraid, Bella, I did not give you a very suitable present in those steel beads; I heard what became of them, and must make up for your disappointment by giving you these," taking from her box two large bunches of bright blue and red ones; "they are for dolly, and Aunty will not rob you of them."

I took the beads, thanking her warmly; and strange to say, what pleased me most about it was her use of the word "rob." Funny, childish heart, it comforted me; she had recognized the act as an unjust one, and called it *rob*. I hugged her for the beads, but the hug was tighter because I saw she understood my sorrow and called it a rob. Years have passed since then, and I trust my childish passion and revengeful feelings have been, with many other sins, repented of, and washed away by the precious blood of Jesus. My Aunt and I became friends again; but I consider that that act of injustice was the wedge which prevented my heart's tendrils from closing round her as firmly as they ought to have done; for, do as she might, and forgive her as I might, I never confided in her, nor trusted her again, and I never saw a bunch of beads that I did not associate her with them. I think, however, my own little ones have fared the better for their mother's painful experiences, and the deep impression made by her sorrow over the loss of her three bunches of beads.

QUEBEC, August, 1867.

MONTREAL IN THE OLDEN TIME.

The style of doing business in Montreal forty years ago, or thereabout, was very different from what it is now. Then, instead of palatial stores and dwellings, everything was plain in the extreme; and the iron doors and shutters, which were almost universal, gave the city a heavy, prison-like air. Many of the stores and houses were also vaulted, and their thick stone walls, as hard almost as solid rock, would have been proof against small cannon. All this spoke of a time when the inhabitants dreaded the assaults of enemies, or the torch of the incendiary, and carried one back to the early wars of the first settlers with Indian tribes and British Colonies. The fortifications of Montreal proper had been removed some time before the date of which we speak, so as to throw the city and its various suburbs, as it were, into one, a sure proof of the growing feeling of security that prevailed under British rule. The walls commenced with the Citadel, or what is now Dalhousie square, passed along Fortification lane at the back of St. James street, and down to the water again, nearly parallel with McGill street. The old Congregational Church, St. Maurice street, was built upon the ground which had been occupied by the city wall. But while the houses and stores within the walls were thus almost fire-proof, the houses in the suburbs were nearly all built of wood, covered with shingles. Fires were, consequently, not infrequent there. When they occurred, the tocsin sounded furiously, until every man turned out to form long lines, and pass buckets to and from the creek, which ran in an open stream along the centre of Craig street. Along these lines full buckets passed with great celerity one way, and empty ones the other; and thus

the fire engines of those days were mainly supplied with water. The water-carts, too, which regularly supplied water in the suburbs from the river, came thundering along the streets, all wishing to gain the prize which was awarded to the first on the ground. To this end, the water-cart men always had their puncheons full at night, ready to start at the first sound of the bell. There was, however, one season of the year when, for a day or two, the bells did not ring even for a conflagration. The reason for this strange omission was, that the bells were away to Rome to get the Pope's blessing, and therefore could not ring in Montreal. True, the similitude of them hung in the tower just as usual; but it was only smilitude: the substance was gone on its distant and rapid journey. At least this was the popular belief. Once, indeed, it was said, in a case of extreme need, the ecclesiastical authorities brought them back suddenly from Rome before the usual time The bell of the English church, however, did good service if a fire occurred on the days in question, which was seldom. Fires within the city were very rare, and never went beyond one house; for, in addition to the thick walls, tin roofs, and iron door and window shutters, partition walls rose above the roof, and separated each house completely from those adjoining.

Montreal merchants, whether wholesale or retail, instead of having suburban villas, as at present, usually lived above their stores, and were always at hand for business. Nor did they attend to the store alone; they did the marketing for the household also, and on market days it was common enough to see grave, elderly merchants coming home from market, each bringing his goose or turkey or string of fish in his own hands.

For the most part, however, the British merchants were not married, but lived in hotels or boarding-houses; their object being, not to settle in the country but to make money and return home. And it was a happy change for Montreal when married merchants became the rule and unmarried ones the exception. It was this position of the British merchants and their *employees* which mainly caused the terrible conflict between them and Mr. Papineau.

A merchant employing scores of Canadian carters and laborers, each of whom kept house, and consequently had a vote, would have no vote himself, because he boarded out; and neither, probably, would any of his clerks, for the same reason. This the English mercantile class contended was most unjust; but Papineau replied that, as they did not contemplate making Canada their home, they had no permanent interest in it like the poor men, who were bringing up families in, and for, the country. Each side had a measure of reason; and it was a pity that this and other similar questions excited such bitterness and enmity as to culminate in open civil war a few years after.

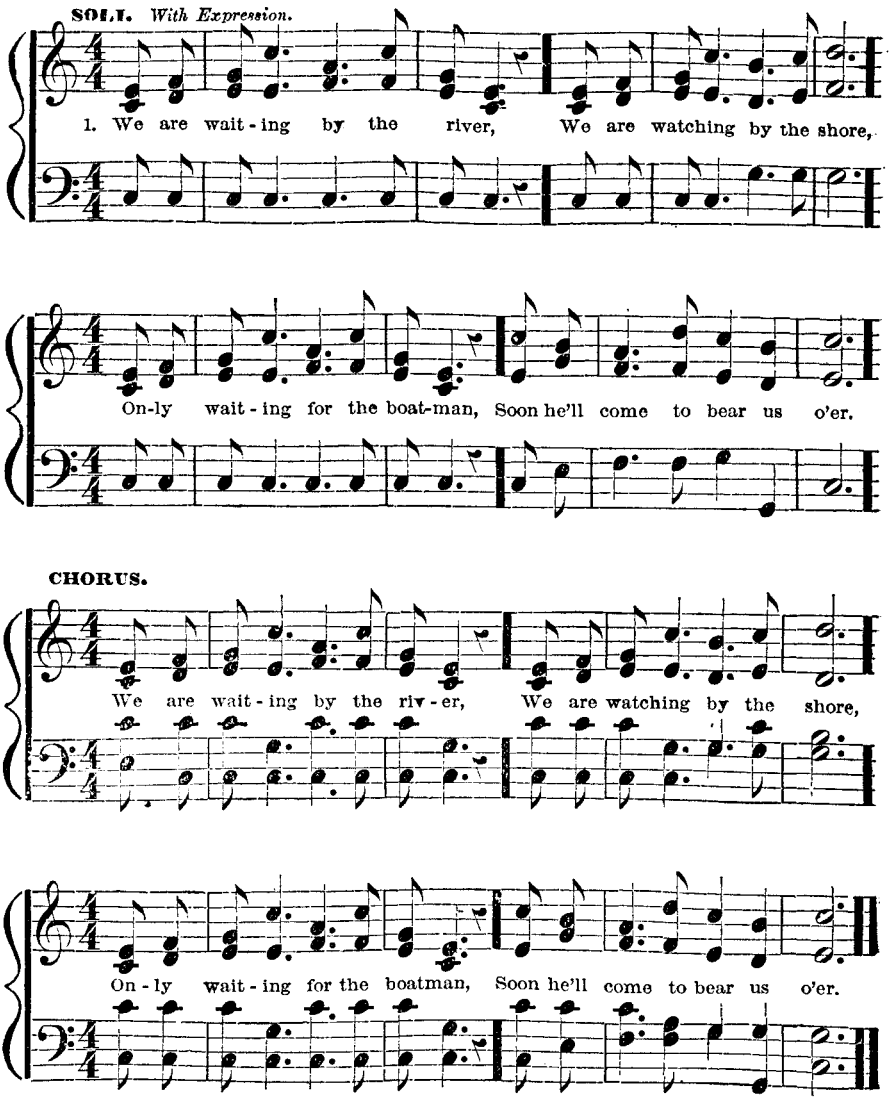
There were not many old-country mechanics at the time we speak of, but there were a few, who, for the most part, became employers — a good proportion of them ultimately filling positions of affluence and influence.

There were, at that time, in Montreal, a good number of Americans, in proportion to the whole number of business men; and they generally stood high for enterprise and business ability. The commission business, and the hardware and stationery trades, were pretty much in their hands.

The reason for this influx of Americans was the dullness of business in the States, and scarcity of money during the early part of this century; whilst in Canada money, owing to the large expenditures of British capitalists, was plentiful. Canada was at that time, to the Northern States, something like what California became afterwards.

As an illustration of this state of things the writer of these notes may state that he was astonished in travelling through New England in 1828, to see the extraordinary importance attached to every cent that changed hands. A genteel young man who had ridden in the stage, for instance, would stand for several minutes disputing with an equally respectable driver, about a cent or two; the question being the exact distance he had ridden, reckoned at three cents a mile. The "Poor Richard" frugality of those days in the States, was an extraordinary contrast to the recent lavish and reckless expenditure of all classes there.

WAITING BY THE RIVER.



II.

Tho' the mists hang o'er the river,
And its billows loudly roar;
Yet we hear the song of angels,
Wafted from the other shore.

III.

And the bright celestial city,
We have caught such radiant gleams,
Of its towers, like dazzling sun-light,
With its sweet and peaceful streams.

IV.

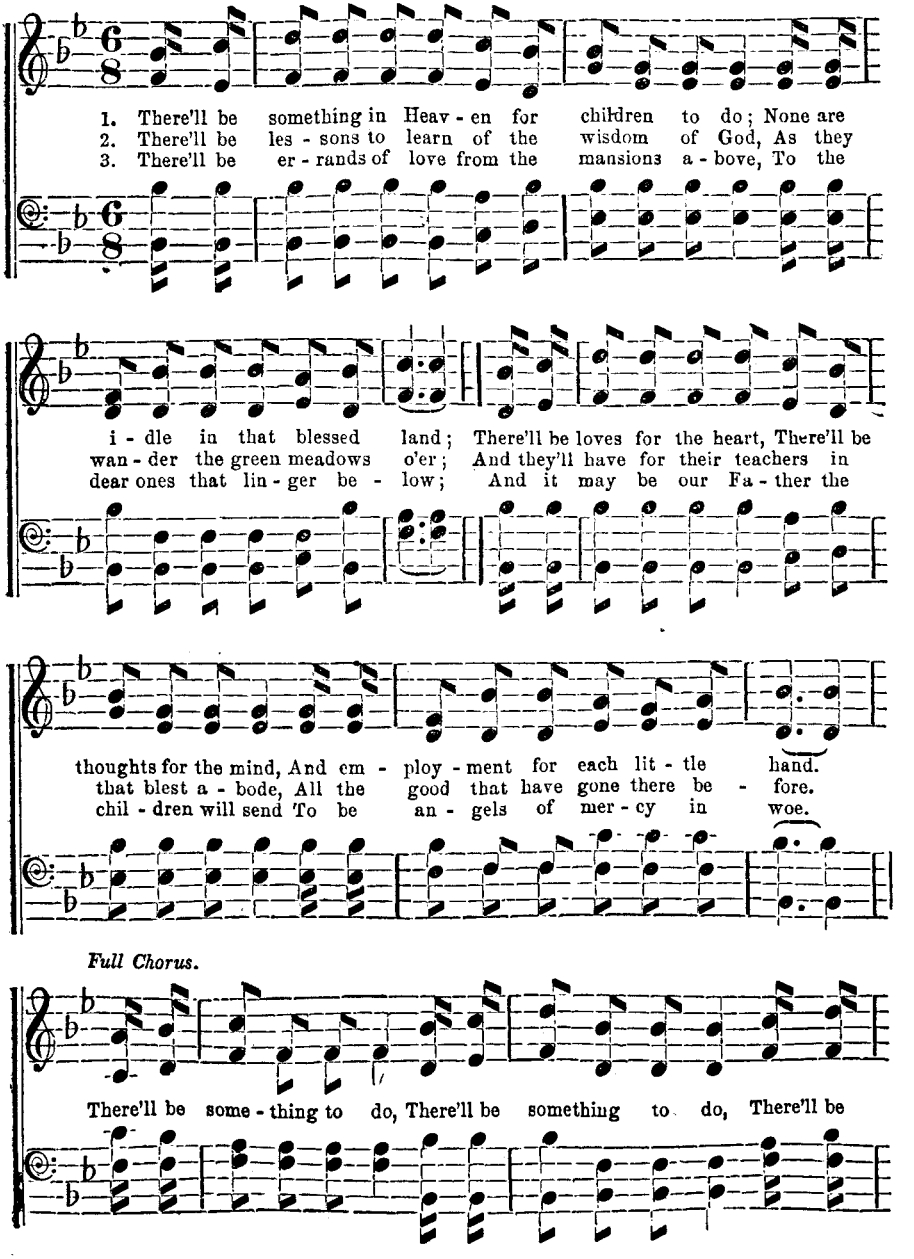
He has called for many a loved one;
We have seen them leave our side;
With our Saviour we shall meet them,
When we, too, have crossed the tide.

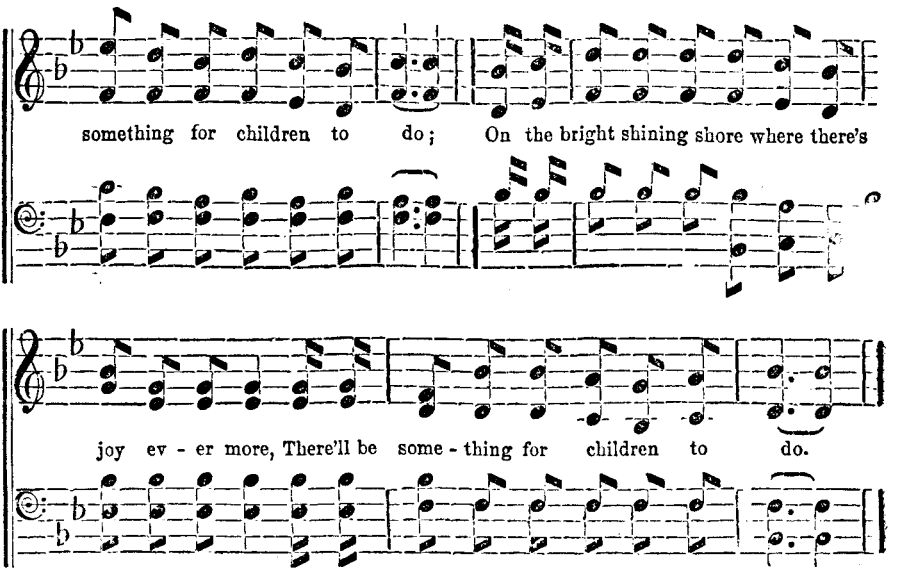
V.

When we've passed that vale of shadows,
With its dark and chilling tide,
In that bright and glorious city
We shall evermore abide.

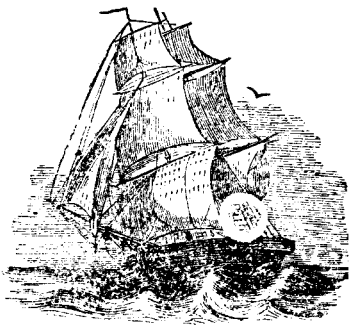
SOMETHING TO DO IN HEAVEN.

Words by R. S. Taylor. From "Golden Censer." W. B. B.





CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



THE LITTLE BIRD AND THE OWL.

A black storm was sweeping over the great Atlantic Ocean. It was midnight.

In the darkness and the tempest, a little ship was hanging, now on the top of some high wave, and now sliding down the great heap of water into a foaming abyss. It seemed as though it would never come up again.

By the flashes of lightning could be seen a man with a determined look standing at the wheel. The thunders rolled around him, but he did not listen to them. The waves sometimes dashed over the ship, but they could not sweep him overboard; he clung to the wheel, kept his eye on the compass, and the little ship went on its way.

Listen! There is a sweet sound coming from the cabin. It is not like the dashing and the rushing of waters. It is not like the wind shrieking through the cordage. It is the voice of praise.

They sing to Him who is Master of winds and waves, at whose word the sea had once become calm, and to whose feet it had been as solid marble. Listen! They sing again.

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

The little band who sang that hymn were missionaries on their way to Africa. They heard Jesus saying to them in the storm, "It is I," and they were not afraid.

The little ship did not sink. The tempest died away, the winds lulled, the waves sank to a level, and the next morning the sun rose upon a dead calm.

The missionaries came out upon deck. They told each other how the water had got into the rooms, and how at times they had thought they should never see morning. But now the sky was clear, and they thought of Him "who spreadeth out the heavens like a curtain."

It had been a long and wearisome voyage, and eagerly they wished to be in port. As yet they had seen no signs of land.

"I think," said one, "I see far in the horizon, a little bird, which does not look like a sea-bird."

The telescope was brought. It was a bird, and it was making towards the ship. The little ones clapped their hands, for they had been so long from the land where they had heard them sing in the woods, that it was a real treat to see a little bird.

The little wings kept working away. The bird grew larger and larger as it came nearer the ship. It seemed very tired; but never mind: it has friends on the ship, and it can rest there. No hand will be raised against it.

Even the sailors have gone down into the forecastle to bring up some crumbs, for the little stranger must be hungry, and they will scatter them upon the deck that it may eat.

And now it has almost reached the ship. It will soon be safe. It is near enough for them to see that it is a land-bird. How comes it there?

"Oh," says the captain, "it has been aboard some ship, and has escaped from its cage."

Poor little thing, it thought it was going to be free. It went out upon the waters, but, alas, it found no place for the sole of its foot. It looks as though it must have been out all night in the storm. How frightened it must have been when the lightning flashed among the spray and waves. How it must have been blown about in the winds.

But never mind, it is safe now. Here it comes towards the ship.

Ah—what—it has turned back; it will not come; it is almost ready to drop into the water, it is so tired.

"Come, birdie, come," cry the children.

The old sailors whistle to it, and throw the crumbs upon the deck. "Here, birdie—here, birdie," they say coaxingly, and they go to the other side of the ship, so as to give it a chance to come without being touched.

Still it does not come. It wishes to come, but it *will* not, it is afraid. It flies round and round. It longs to rest itself. It wants to eat the crumbs, and yet it will not come near enough to pick up one.

"I've found out why it won't come," said an old sailor. "Look up there!"

They all looked, and saw sitting among the rigging a very sober-looking owl.

"That's a bad sign," said the sailor who discovered it; "that's a very bad sign. I never knew a ship to have good look after one o' them things came aboard."

Most of the men looked upon him as a very wise old sailor, and they all seemed very much afraid.

"Shoot the owl," said one, "and then the little bird will come aboard."

"That would be worse luck than ever," said the old sailor. "I'd almost as soon you'd shoot me."

The wind is springing up, and the ship begins to move quite fast before it. Little birdie, you will have to fly fast to keep up. Will you not come on board?

No, he would not come,—he followed the ship. The captain, the sailors, the missionaries, and the children stood and watched it. They tried a thousand ways to tempt it on board.

Its fatigue became more and more plain. Once they saw its wing touch the water.

At last, as the sun was setting, the little bird fell into the waves, and rose not again.

Many a tear was dropped on the ship when they saw it drown. Even the old sailor turned away his face and said, "poor little thing."

Foolish little bird. If you had gone aboard that ship you would have met your best friends, and in two days you might have been in your native woods, for in two days the ship entered port.

When the ship was coming in sight of land, the dismal-looking owl spread his wings and left the ship.

The little bird is like every little child.

The cage from which it escaped is like the laws of God from which all children have fled.

The water is like the destruction into which they bring themselves.

And the ship is like Christ.

The owl is like the great enemy, which frightens them away from Christ.

My dear little children, will you let Satan frighten you from Christ? Never mind, though he be standing near; fly to the bosom of Jesus and find rest.

Though you may love Christ, Satan will keep near to you till you enter the port of heaven; but then he will leave you as the owl did the ship, and you will see him no more.

But if you do not come to Christ, though He, and his ministers, and his friends, beg you to come, at last you will sink beneath the waters, though the ship is in sight which would have saved you. You will be lost for ever, though the Saviour of sinners was standing by your side.

THE BOY WHO WAS ASHAMED TO PRAY.

Early one morning in the month of September, 184—, Mr. Ward's family was assembled around the family altar for prayer, to implore the blessing and protection of their heavenly Father in behalf of their only boy, who was about leaving his home for a distant school.

Thomas, a boy of about twelve years, was deeply affected by the solemn services; and as he rose from his knees, his eyes filled with tears, thinking, perhaps, that he might never be permitted to enjoy that delightful privilege again. His father prayed particularly that God would take care of his boy, during his absence from his parents; that he would preserve him from all dangers; that he would be near him in all temptations, and, if they should not meet again on earth, that they might all—father, mother, and son—meet where the "wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." He endeavored to impress upon his mind the necessity of prayer, and that he should never neglect it.

The striking of the clock announced that in a short time he must be off. The most trying point had now come,—he must bid his parents farewell. Clasping his arms round his mother's neck, he said, "Oh! my mother, my mother! shall I ever see you again!" and with a kiss to each, bade his affectionate parents adieu, and, valise in hand, walked hastily to the station.

Having procured his ticket, he seated himself in the carriage, and in a few moments left the affectionate home of his childhood for the P—— H—— school, at B——. His heart was sad, as he thought of the many happy hours he had spent "at home" with his kind parents, and a tear stole silently down his cheek. These sad and melancholy thoughts, however, were soon banished from his mind by the magnificent scenery of the country through which he was passing.

He thought "the country," as it was called in town, was the loveliest place he had ever seen. Thomas's mind became so much engaged with the picturesque scenery —mountains, lakes, and valleys,—that he reached his destination ere he supposed he had travelled half-way; in fact, he had gone one hundred miles in five hours.

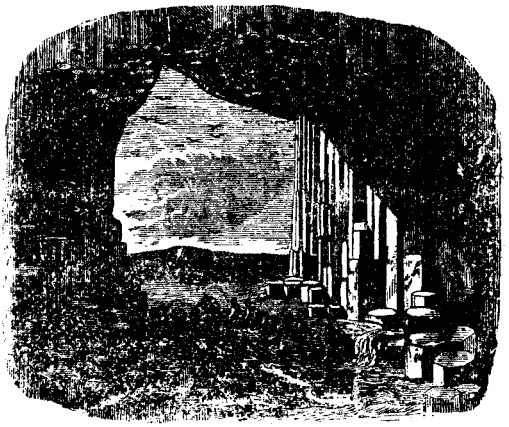
He met the school principal at the station awaiting his arrival, and in a few moments they were on their way to the school. Nothing of interest occurred during the remainder of the day, with the exception of the boys laughing at Thomas, and calling him "town-boy," etc., "initiating" him, as they termed it. When the time for retiring to rest drew near, and one after another of the boys fell asleep, Thomas was surprised that not one of them offered a petition to God, asking Him "to take care of them during the silent watches of the night." He knelt beside his bed, and attempted to offer a short prayer; but his companions were laughing and singing, and he rose from his knees, wishing that he was at home, where he could, in his quiet little chamber, offer up his evening devotions. Some of the boys were actually so rude as to call him "Parson Ward," and ask him "if he intended holding forth next Sabbath?"

The next night Thomas felt so ashamed that he determined not to pray, and laid his head on a prayerless pillow,—a thing he had not done since he was able to say, "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild." The last words of his father, "Don't be ashamed to pray," came to his mind; thinking about them as little as possible, he soon fell asleep.

In a short time Thomas became the ringleader of the gang in all that was bad, and soon learned to curse and swear worse than any of his companions.

One beautiful Sabbath morning, instead of going to church, he wandered off, and finding nothing to engage his thoughts, determined to take a bath. He had scarcely been in the water five minutes, when he was seized with cramp, and sunk to rise no more. The last words that lingered on the lips of the drowning boy were, "Oh! my mother!" The awful death of Thomas speaks for itself. May it serve as a warning to those who violate God's holy commandments, and are ashamed to pray.

FINGAL'S CAVE—STAFFA.



The island of Staffa is one of the most singular and beautiful of the Creator's works. It lies on the seaward verge of the group of islands along the western coast of Scotland. It is about one mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, and its cliffs are about one hundred or one hundred and fifty feet high. It is entirely basaltic; that is, a cluster of stone pillars, huge prisms or crystals of stone, have been upheaved from the depths of the ocean to form a temple of exquisite beauty. Although it is within sight of the island of Mull, which has been inhabited for centuries, and of Iona, which was the first spot in Great Britain to receive the gospel, it seems never to have been visited until the middle of the last century; and even now comparatively few travellers have visited this gem of the Hebrides. A brief description, accompanied by an engraving, cannot but please and instruct our young readers.

We left Oban, on the coast of Scotland, one fine morning in June, in a steamboat built expressly for this route, with about twenty fellow-passengers, for a day's excursion to Staffa and Iona. Passing by the ruins of several old castles famous in history, and along the shores which are made memorable by "Ossian" and the "Lord of the Isles," and amid the finest mountain scenery in Scotland, we sailed around the island of Mull, and, about noon, anchored in front of Fingal's Cave. Rising from the water almost as regularly as if hewn and shaped by the hand of man, were innumerable columns, about seventy feet in height, packed together like huge bamboos, and surmounted with an immense entablature or covering of earth, mixed with irregular formations like those below. Sea-gulls and other ocean birds were flying and chattering around the island,—the only inhabitants. Happily for us, the sea was perfectly calm, so that we were enabled to enter a small boat, and row directly into Fingal's Cave. Frequently the steamer is compelled to return without landing her passengers, on account of the roughness of the sea. We were more favored. And a more beautiful sight is rarely to be seen than that ocean cathedral, built without hands, in which we now found ourselves. It is 230 feet long, and perhaps 30 feet wide, and 70 feet high. Nearly straight columns, about twenty inches in diameter, and of varied forms, surround the entrance, and extend along the sides of the cave. The roof is composed of the ends of similar columns, coated here and there with a stalactical matter of various tints; and the floor is seen, through the green sea-water, to consist of the same mosaic basalt. From the extremity of the cave comes a deep, solemn note, carried by the heavy surging of the Atlantic through some hidden channel, and singing its perpetual anthem in this wonderful temple.

There are many other caves in the island, some of which are very interesting, but none are as large and beautiful as Fingal's. Looking out to the south-west, from the entrance to this cave, you see the famous island of Iona, where Columba and his twelve companions landed thirteen hundred years ago, and established their mission for Scotland and Ireland. The ruins of their buildings still stand, and the tower of the old cathedral is yet visible from Staffa.

OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD.

Thomas and Gerald were brothers. One cold day, when the ground was frozen, they were playing with their hoops, when Thomas, who was foremost, fell with great violence upon his bare hands and face. Gerald, who was close behind him, could not stop running, and fell with his whole weight on his brother. This made Thomas very angry, and he began to scold and storm. Instead of returning *angry words*, Gerald put his hand in his pocket, and took out a stick of candy, and gave it to his brother. Gerald loved his Bible, and remembered the words, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."