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MONTHLY.

March, 1868.



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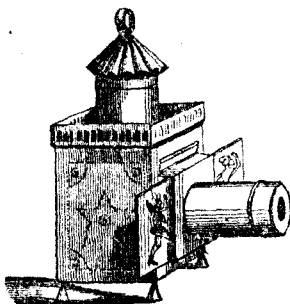
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THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY,

A Magazine of Original and Selected Literature.

MARCH, 1868.

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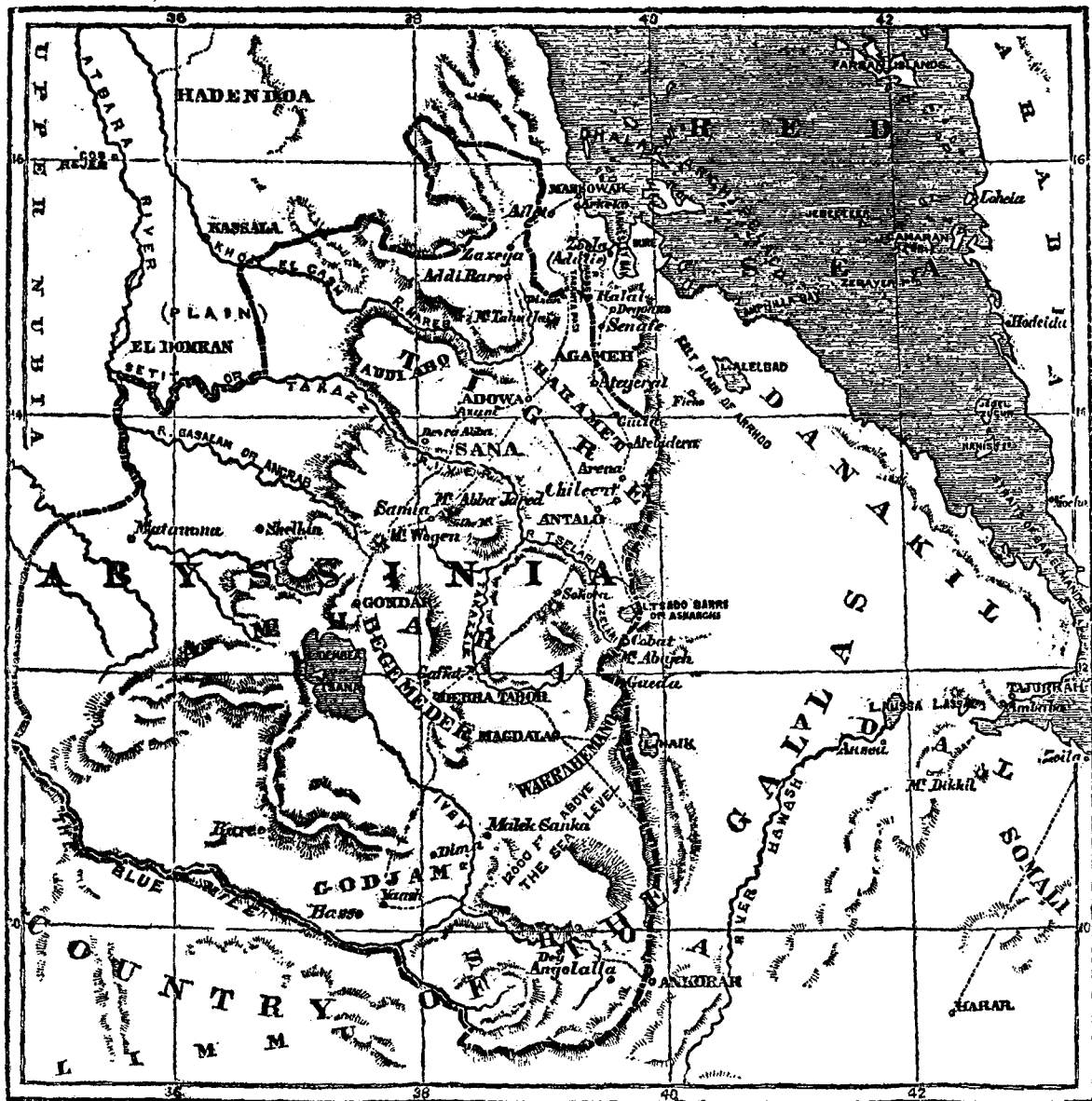
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MAP OF ABYSSINIA.

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Vol. I, No. 6. MARCH, 1863.



Original.

THE POETRY OF J. G. WHITTIER (*)

BY GERVAS HOLMES, COBOURG, ONT.

The late venerable author of the "Christian Year," who filled so well the Chair of Poetry in the University of Oxford, makes an important distinction between primary and secondary poets. In the first class he includes those who write from a sort of poetic impulse. "They sing," as one of his reviewers has well expressed it, "because they cannot help it. There is a melody within them which will out,—a fire in the blood which cannot be suppressed." The second class comprises those who, not possessing the divine, innate *afflatus* which compels the outpourings of the first and higher class, have made themselves poets; or, like some of their fellow-artists with the pencil, have been made by circumstances,—by superior learning, combined with a musical ear and a taste for literary culture; or by an intense admiration for the works of great masters awaking within them a consciousness of their own powers.

This is certainly a very attractive theory. It is, moreover, a fine scholarly exposition of the great fact that there exist a host of learned men with a skill in composition and felicity of language greater than many poets possess, who yet never, or rarely, exercise their gifts, because of the absence of that divine enthusiasm to which reference has been made, impelling them to give vent to the constraining spirit within. If, however, I were called upon to judge of the theory by the poet-lecturer's own appli-

(*)

1. The Poetical Works of John Greenleaf Whittier. In two volumes. 1862.
2. In War Time, and other Poems. By John Greenleaf Whittier. 18 mo. 1866.
3. Snow-Bound; a Winter Idyll. By the same. 1866.
4. The Tent on the Beach, and other Poems. By the same. 1867.—Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

cation of it, I should pronounce against it, as being, at best, partial and unsatisfactory in application. A principle which places Scott and Burns above Dante and Milton, at once stamps itself as defective, and will never command general acceptance in the republic of letters.

In regard, however, to all literary canons, there is just this practical difficulty,—that every critic has his own peculiar tastes and prejudices, which guide and mould their operation. And I incline to think that Mr. Keble's theory is faulty,—that is, his application of it. But it is far from my purpose to dispute either the one or the other. On the contrary, his principles of classification have been brought forward as an interesting illustration of a similar analysis, which, it appears to me, might be advantageously used to distinguish not merely the works of one poet from another, but also different portions of the writings of the same author.

This distinction may be briefly described. One class consists of those who, like Mr. Keble's primary poets, write under the influence of strong emotion,—a kind of innate enthusiasm, or *quasi* prophetic condition, which, like the "Deus" in Virgil's Sibil, overmasters them, and impels them to pour forth their

"Full and burning hearts
In song."

These utterances are not always of one class or grade of poetry. But whether they be the "thunderous chimes" of

"The mournful Tuscan's haunted rhyme," or the simpler, yet equally earnest and forcible lines of the New England poet, whose works are before us, they are all marked with a strongly emotional character. And as they frequently embody prognosti

ications of the future, I would call them, by way of distinction, *vaticinations*. The writers have certainly as much of the character of the classic *vates* (*) as the Latin poets who received the appellation, which was doubtless applied in the first instance in recognition of the *quasi* divine character of their genius.

Perhaps it may be as well in these days, when so much of so-called "rationalism" is everywhere to be met with, to guard against any possible misconstruction of the phrases "divine inflatus," "prophetic condition," and the like, made use of in the text. I wish to be distinctly understood as using them (as they are often, though perhaps too loosely, used in speaking of the productions of genius of different kinds) in a lower than the supreme and sacred meaning which they bear when used in regard to the writers of the Holy Scriptures. The inspiration of the "holy men of old," who spake and wrote "the oracles of God" (*τα λόγια τοῦ Θεοῦ*—Rom. iii., 2), is a sacred, solemn "moving by the Holy Ghost," which is peculiar to them; the "inspiration" of men of genius is a very different, and far lower kind of thing. But as the word "prophet" is used, not only by ecclesiastical writers, but in the New Testament itself, to signify "a preacher;" or, referring directly to the original, true, classical meaning of the word, "one who speaks for another," and hence, for God, excluding altogether the highest sense of the term, it is, in my view, perfectly legitimate to apply the word to those who speak for God in any way, whether they are Ministers of God in the strict ecclesiastical sense, or not; and, by parity of reasoning, the lower "inspiration" may also be used in a lower and broader sense than the theological one. In fact, Holy Writ itself sanctions this broader usage. Compare James, i. 17, with Exodus, xxxvi. 1-2. The same view is also most beautifully, as well as fully, expressed by the Rev. John Keble, in the

(*) "Sanctissima vates,
Præscia venturi."

—Virg. *Æn.* vi. 65, 66.

verses for "Palm Sunday," in the "Christian Year," beginning—

"Ye whose hearts are beating high
With the pulse of poetry."

The second class are simply artists. Some, indeed, of the most sublime character,—true creators, if a reference may be permitted to the trite expository English synonyme of the Greek word (*ποιητής*), whence we derive the word "poet;" while the less talented majority have yet pictorial skill of no mean order; and such have flung on their paper, like their brother-artists on their canvas, forms of gladness, and scenes of imperishable beauty which, to all cultivated souls, will remain "joys for ever."

The poetical works of John Greenleaf Whittier (whose very name shadows forth the ever-verdant bays around his brow) furnish excellent specimens of both kinds of poetic utterance.

In the "Voices of Freedom" (Works, vol. 1) are heard the grave tones of a prophet under his "burden,"—tones combining the vehement indignation of Ezekiel with the tenderness of Jeremiah. I can never forget how, years ago, my spirit was stirred to its inmost recesses while reading, for the first time, the poem from whose burning words we select the following:

"What, ho!—our countrymen in chains!
The whip on woman's shrinking flesh!
Our soil yet reddening with the stains
Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh!
What! mothers from their children riven!
What! God's own image bought and sold!
Americans to market driven,
And bartered as the brute for gold!

"Just God! and shall we calmly rest,
The Christian's scorn, the heathen's mirth,
Content to live the lingering jest
And by-word of a mocking earth?
Shall our our glorious land retain
That curse which Europe scorns to bear?
Shall our own brethren drag the chain
Which not even Russia's menials wear?

"Up, then, in Freedom's manly part,
From gray-beard old to fiery youth;
And on the nation's naked heart
Scatter the living coals of Truth!
Up—while ye slumber, deeper yet
The shadow of our fame is growing!
Up—while ye pause, our sun may set
In blood around our altars flowing."

Do not these verses tell of a prophet's power? Is not their vigorous tone like

"An ever-deepening trumpet's blast,
As if an angel's breath had lent
Its vigor to the instrument?"

And yet, notwithstanding all that the enemies of Truth and Freedom have said to the contrary, the trumpeter was no fanatic, —no lover of civil discord or strife. His own quaintly drawn portraiture of himself, in "The Tent on the Beach, is true to the life:

"Too quiet seemed the man to ride
The winged Hippogriff Reform.
Was his a voice, from side to side,
To pierce the tumult of the storm?
A silent, shy, peace-loving man,
He seemed no fiery partisan

To hold his way against the public frown—
The ban of Church and State, the fierce mob's
hounding down."

How often in the history both of individuals and of nations do we find this junction of quietness and strength! How much was achieved, both morally and physically, by the unassuming labors of the pious Oberlin! And, in a far different and wider sphere, what a great and heroic work was accomplished by "William the Silent!" In like manner, the faithful words and patient endurance of Whittier have had their reward. The quiet, good, peace-loving man, so strong to suffer, has found how blessed, sometimes, such suffering is as that which he has passed through. He was a true patriot, strong in his hatred of wrong; he was also a true man, and therefore, full of tenderness for others, especially for the oppressed. He was also a true "friend" in his patient endurance and sincere abhorrence of strife in any form, but especially of

"The glory and the guilt of war."

His faith in the perfect rectitude of the Divine Government of the world led him confidently to anticipate the time when the bonds of the slave should be broken for ever; but, at the same time, the prejudices of the Quaker interfered with the prescience of the Vates—the clairvoyance of the Seer. Hence we find in his poems concerning

slavery, and cognate subjects, a strange and yet, under the circumstances, perfectly natural conjunction of the "passionate outcry of a soul in pain," and the fierce denunciation of wrong (such as we have in "The Christian Slave," "Stanzas for the Times," and the sublimely eloquent "Address of Massachusetts to Virginia"), with such touching strains of patient trust as these:

"Not mine, sedition's trumpet blast,
And threatening word;
I read the lesson of the past,
That firm endurance wins, at last,
More than the sword.

"O clear-eyed Faith, and Patience, thou
So calm and strong!
Lend strength to weakness; teach us how
The sleepless eyes of God look through
This night of wrong."

—Works, vol. ii., p. 160.

He had yet to learn, in common with the great majority of his fellow-countrymen, that not without the bitterest suffering,—not without the offering of the costliest sacrifice,—their bravest and their best,—could the monster sin of slavery, persisted in for years, be purged away. Yet, so it was. The fiery trial was necessary to purify the nation; and, accordingly, it was sent. The dreaded sword was used as the instrument of discipline; but it was also a means of renovation, as a subsoil-plough, to bring under the mighty hand of God, "the imprisoned truth-seed to the light;" and developing, at the same time, new power,—renewed national life and vigor.

Is it not ever thus? Is it not as true of nations as of individuals that they are "made perfect through suffering,"—that, to use Mrs. Stowe's expressive words, "sorrow is the great birth-agony of immortal powers,—the great test of truth, revealing forces in ourselves we never dreamed of before?" Was not English liberty born of pain and sorrow, and perfected by years of suffering, including the same terrible ordeal of civil war? Was not Italian liberty so born; and is not that being perfected,—completed in the same way? It is, in short, one of the fundamen-

tal and controlling laws of the world that nothing great or valuable can be won or wrought out without pain. In physics, in politics, and in religion, the same great rule prevails,—“the highest virtue,” as Carlyle puts it, “is the daughter of pain.”
Via crucis, via lucis.

The next series of poems, entitled “In War Time,” shows that the stern “logic of events” did at last unveil the political application of this great truth to the mind of our poet. He begins that most beautiful and popular poem which introduces the series in the following pathetic words, which, to my ear and heart, sound like the sweetly solemn and tender wail of an Æolian harp :

“We see not, know not ; all our way
Is night,—with Thee alone is day :
From out the torrent’s troubled drift,
Above the storm our prayers we lift,
Thy will be done.”

The whole is in the same key as the introduction to Tennyson’s “In Memoriam,” of which it strongly reminds me. Take a single verse to compare with the above :

“We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.”

In Whittier’s case the “beam in darkness” did grow. He soon struck his harp with a firmer hand, using as a motto and key-note the well-known line of Martin Luther’s heart-stirring hymn,—“*Ein feste burg ist unser Gott!*” (a strong city is our God), and produced the truly sublime ode which opens thus :

“We wait beneath the furnace blast
The pangs of transformation ;
Not painlessly doth God recast
And mould anew the nation.”
Hot burns the fire
Where wrongs expire,
Nor spares the hand
That from the land
Uproots the ancient evil.”

I earnestly recommend the whole of this fine poem to those who are yet unacquainted with it, as it is too long to transfer in full to these pages ; especially as it is fitting

that we should now turn from these mournful echoes of

“The tumult of the time disconsolate,” to those softer breathings which exemplify the second class of poetic utterances,—the result of artistic ability.

In doing so, I would first draw attention to a lyric of singular beauty, which has a sort of claim to notice in this place, forasmuch as it is a fine combination of both the *vatic* (if I may coin a word) and the artistic character. Its subject—“the Legend of St. Mark”—has been illustrated by the pencil of Tintoretto, an original sketch of which was (according to a note quoting from Mrs. Jamieson) in the possession of the poet Rogers. The legend tells how the young slave of a lord of Provence, in the olden time, was delivered from the rack by “the good St. Mark,” before whose shrine he had been wont to pray for grace and strength to bear his wrongs. I give half-a-dozen verses from the middle of the poem, the æsthetic beauty of which cannot fail to be appreciated :

“Go bind yon slave! and let him learn,
By scathe of fire and strain of cord,
How ill they fare who give dead saints
The homage due their living lord!”

“They bound him on the fearful rack,
When, through the dungeon’s vaulted dark,
He saw the light of shining robes,
And knew the face of good St. Mark.

“Then sank the iron rack apart,
The cords released their cruel clasp,
The pincers, with their teeth of fire,
Fell broken from the torturer’s grasp.

“And lo! before the youth and saint,
Barred door and wall of stone gave way;
And up from bondage and the night
They passed to freedom and the day.

“O dreaming monk! thy tale is true;—
O painter! true thy pencil’s art;
In tones of hope and prophecy
Ye whisper to my listening heart!

“Unheard, no burdened heart’s appeal
Moans up to God’s inclining ear;
Unheeded by his tender eye,
Falls to the earth no sufferer’s tear.”

—Works, vol. ii., p. 89.

I now proceed to give a woodland scene from “Mogg Megone,”—a wild and terrible

tale of crime, of which it is only fair to say that it was "composed in early life;" and that "its subject" (to use the author's own remarks in the prefatory note to the poem) "is not such as the writer would have chosen at any subsequent period." The special purpose I have in view, taken in connection with the limited space at my command, precludes me from any particular notice of the story. My object is simply to submit a cabinet picture to the eye of the reader, in order to illustrate the skill of the artist. Here is one :

"Quickly glancing, to and fro,
Listening to each sound they go
Round the columns of the pine.
 Indistinct, in shadow, seeming
Like some old and pillared shrine;
With the soft and white moonshine
Round the foliage-tracery shed
Of each column's branching head
 For its lamps of worship gleaming!
And the sounds awakened there,
 In the pine leaves fine and small,
Soft and sweetly musical,
By the fingers of the air,
For the anthem's dying fall
Lingering round some temple's wall!
Niche and cornice, round and round,
Walling like the ghost of sound!"

— *Works*, vol. i., p. 35.

This vivid sketch of moonlight scenery will recall to the mind of every lover of the bewitching poetry of Sir Walter Scott, the inimitably beautiful picture of Melrose Abbey, in the second canto of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," where the poet, referring to a beautiful conjecture in regard to the origin of Gothic architecture, gives the reverse of the comparison of Whittier, thus :

"The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone
 By foliaged tracery combined;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
Twixt poplars straight the osier wand,
 In many a freakish knot, had twined;
Then framed a spell when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone."

It is not improbable that Whittier had this passage in his mind when he wrote the lines quoted above. Though inferior to Scott, on the whole, in the melody, and especially in the polish of his verse, he is certainly imbued with his spirit; and in

accuracy of description, so far as he goes, is fully his equal. As an example of this, we would invite attention to the pre-Raphaelitish exactness with which "the pine leaves fine and small" are delineated; and that, too, in the compass of half-a-dozen words. It reminds one of the graphic strokes of John Leech's pencil.

We will now give a beautiful companion picture,—an autumnal scene :

"'Tis morning over Norridgewock,—
On tree and wigwam, wave and rock.
Bathed in the autumnal sunshine, stirred
At intervals by breeze and bird;
And wearing all the hues which glow
In heaven's own pure and perfect bow,
 That glorious picture of the air,
Which summer's light-robed angel forms
On the dark ground of fading storms,
 With pencil dipped in sunbeams there;
And stretching out, on either hand,
O'er all that wide and unshorn land.
Till, weary of its gorgeousness,
The aching and the dazzled eye
Rests gladdened on the calm blue sky,—
 Slumbers the mighty wilderness!
The oak upon the windy hill
 Its dark green burden upward heaves;
The hemlock broods above its rill,
Its cone-like foliage, darker still,
 Against the birch's graceful stem;
And the rough walnut bough receives
The sun upon its crowded leaves,
 Each colored like a topaz gem;
And the tall maple wears with them
The coronal which autumn gives,—
 The brief bright sign of ruin near,
 The hectic of a dying year!"

— *Works*, vol. i., p. 45.

We now come to Whittier's *chef d'œuvre*,—"Snow-bound,"—which was first given to the public in the spring-time of 1866; while a magnificent edition, superbly illustrated, which has been justly praised as "the perfection of book-making," is one of the greatest attractions of the season. The illustrations, forty in number, are from drawings made at the actual scenes of the poem, "the faithfulness of which has been praised by Whittier himself." These, however, are not before me, and I confine my remarks solely to the poem itself; and even that must be noticed very summarily, for the limits of a magazine article are well-nigh reached.

The poem is well characterized by its

second title, as a "Winter Idyl." It consists of a series of pictures of country life in winter, in-doors and out, the scene being the homestead of the poet in the days of his boyhood. The photographic accuracy and vivid beauty of

"These Flemish pictures of old days"

are very striking, and give them a wonderful charm. Their fidelity will be acknowledged by every one who has passed even a few days in the country in winter.

The poem opens with a fine description of the "brief December day" before the storm, with its "hard, dull bitterness of cold," the doing of the "nightly chores" (a fine bit of word-painting), a brief notice of the snow-storm at night, and a graphic description of the "universe of sky and snow" which the next morning presented, with the cutting out of a path to the barn. The description of the inclement weather and its consequences is then continued. The silence of the familiar murmur of the streamlet is thus finely alluded to :

"We minded that the sharpest ear
The buried brooklet could not hear,
The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship;
And in our lonely life had grown
To have an almost human tone."

Then comes the building of the fire in the great open fire-place in-doors,—a splendid picture, drawn to the very life, which is very hard to pass by; but perhaps it is better to give the following consecutive views,—first, of the cold, cheerless outside; and then of the warm and genial inside of the old New-England farm-house kitchen, after it had

"Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom,"

including the touching reflections so naturally suggested to the poet by these memories of the past :

"The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,
Its lone snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
Took shadow, or the sombre green
Of hemlocks turn to pitchy black
Against the whiteness at their back.

For such a world, and such a night,
Most fitting that unwarming light,
Which only seemed, where'er it fell,
To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about;
Content to let the north wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast,
Shook beam and rafters as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed.
The house-dog, on his paws outspread,
Laid to the fire his drowsy head;
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall,
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And for the winter's fireside meet,
Between the andirons straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row;
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north-wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
O Time and Change!—with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day,
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now,—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more."

Space fails me to refer at length to the sketches of the circle of loved ones, and of their pleasant talk as they sit round the bright "ingle, blinkin' bonnily,"—the mother, aunt, sisters, guests, all charming pictures, bearing the stamp of reality. The tender and beautiful lines on the younger sister are unquestionably one of the most touching memorials ever penned. It is almost impossible for any one who has "loved and lost" to read them without tears. I give the first few lines :

"As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart
Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley braided mat
Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise.

Oh, looking from some heavenly hill,
Or from the shade of saintly palms,
Or silver reach of river calms,
Do those large eyes behold me still?"

The reader must furnish himself with the rest; and assuredly his shelf of choice books, his library or study table, will be sadly deficient, if this volume—these beautiful tableaux, be not there. He must not omit to dwell with studious observation and attention upon the closing pages, say from the line, "Clasp, angel of the backway look," to the end. Every line is full of thought and beauty.

Original.

THE BIRDS.

BY H. K. C.

Where are the songsters gone,
Whose notes so wild and sweet
Were wont last summer to enchant the ear?
The woods are silent now, and lone;
Naught answers to the rustle of my feet
'Mid the dead leaves, save that at times I hear
The little Titmouse, with his black-capped head,
Chirping and fitting through the brushwood
near,
Seeking his daily bread,
Regardless of the approach of winter drear.

All have flown
To the fair, sunny South, away;
There, in a warmer zone,
Among the trees and flowers gay,
They spend their bird-life merrily,
Yet still remembering, perchance, the time
When they were with us in this ruder clime.

Off in the summer past
Have I enjoyed your concerts, gentle birds!
Such pleasing memories last,—
Let fancy paint one scene in simple words:
It is a Sabbath morn; the risen sun
Has chased the gloomy mists of night away;
A calm rests on the landscape,—such a one,
So beautiful, befits the hallowed day.
The sky is brightly blue, the air is still,
Moved only by the fast-expiring breeze,
Which now and then descends from yonder hill,
And softly, gently, murmurs through the trees;
The air is still, yet vocal with the songs
Trilling from thousand tongues;
List to the varied lays,—
The birds are offering up their sacrifice of
praise!

The Robin on the tree-top high
Warbles out his melody;
From the bush beside the wall,
Carols forth the Rossignol;

Hid in leafy covert there,
Sings the red-eyed Fly-catcher;
On quivering wings the Goglu floats,
Pouring forth his gorgeous notes;
And all the lesser songsters try
To swell the glorious harmony;
While high above the rest, from the tall birch-
tree near,
Sounds the white-throated Sparrow's song, pro-
longed and clear.

Hail, wished-for Spring!
(Though distant still thou be, our call attend,)
Let not King Winter long protract
His icy reign;
But when March suns begin to act
Upon his snow and ice compact,
Haste thee to help, the melting shower send,
And give us back the cheerful birds against
QUEBEC, NOV., 1867.

THE DEVIL-FISH.

There are some books that are interesting in spite of their subjects; there are others that are interesting in spite of themselves,—that is, although inartistically written, their matter sustains them. The latter is the case with "Carolina Sports," by the Hon. W. Elliott of that ilk, a Confederate gentleman, who, as a sea-fisherman, seems hardly to have had an equal! His writing is verbose and newspaper-like, while, at the same time, it curiously imitates the jerky and spasmodic style of Christopher North, which, in an author who is not a man of genius, is intolerable; but, for all that, Mr. Elliott has so much to tell which is new and strange, at least to English ears, that his book is very welcome. The Carolina land-sports included in the volume are not worth reading about; neither is Nimrod nor as Ramrod does our author figure in any striking manner, but only as Fishing-rod,—or, rather, standing in the bows of his boat, with one foot advanced, and holding a harpoon in his hand, should his portrait be taken for posterity, as the first man who dared to spear a Devil-fish.

This is by no means the same terrible creature which we read of under that name in Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea;" it is not a *cephalopod* of portentous size, with fatal suckers and ravening mouth, at whose touch hope flies from the victim, no matter what his strength or weapons; but it is sufficiently weird and formidable too. "Imagine a monster, measuring from sixteen to twenty feet across the back, full three feet in depth, having powerful yet flexible flaps or wings, with which he drives himself furiously through the water,

or vaults high in air; his feelers, commonly called horns" (in compliment, doubtless, to his supposed likeness to his Satanic majesty), "projecting several feet beyond his mouth, and paddling all the small fry that constitute his food into that enormous receiver,—and you have an idea of this curious fish, which annually during the summer months frequents the southern sea-coast of Carolina."

This extraordinary creature has long been known to science, although very rare; and scarcely less formidable than its popular title is its classical name, *Cephaloptera vampirus*. "Our species is so large," says the editor of the "Zoology of New York," referring of course not to the size of American citizens, but of this Vampire of the Sea, "that it requires three pair of oxen, aided by a horse and twenty-two men, to drag it to the dry land. It is estimated to weigh between four and five tons. It is known to seize the cables of small vessels at anchor, and draw them for several miles with great velocity. An instance of this kind was related to me by a credible eyewitness, as having occurred in the harbor of Charleston. A schooner, lying at anchor, was suddenly seen moving across the harbor with great rapidity, impelled by some unknown and mysterious power. Upon approaching the opposite shore, its course was changed so suddenly as nearly to capsize the vessel, when it again crossed the harbor with its former velocity, and the same scene was repeated when it approached the shore. These mysterious flights across the harbor were repeated several times, in the presence of hundreds of spectators, and then suddenly ceased." This last astonishing statement (although our fisherman differs from his scientific brother in minor details concerning the fish itself) is quite borne out by Mr. Elliott. "I have often listened, when a boy," says he, "to the story of an old family servant, a respectable negro, whose testimony I have no reason to discredit, and which would seem to corroborate the instances already cited. He was fishing near the Hilton Head beach for sharks; and, accompanied by another hand, was anchored about fifty yards from the shore, in a four-oared boat, when a devil-fish seized hold of the shark-line. Whether he grasped the line between his feelers, or accidentally struck the hook into his body, cannot accurately be known; but he darted off with the line, dragging the boat from her anchorage, and moved seaward with such fearful velocity, that the fishermen threw themselves flat on their

faces, and gave themselves up for lost. 'After lying a long time in this posture,' said the old man, 'in expectation of death, I gained a little heart, and stealing a look over the gunwale, saw iron swim,—there was the anchor playing duck and drake on the top of the water, while the boat was going stern-foremost for the sea! At last,' said he, 'we cut loose when he had almost got us out to sea.' The earnestness of the old man, and the look of undissembled terror which he wore in telling the story, convinced me that he spoke the truth."

But we will leave hearsay, and take the personal evidence concerning this wonder of the ocean from Mr. Elliott's own lip. This gentleman appears to be the first, at all events in his own part of the world, who ever ventured to go a fishing for this very big fish, which was looked on both by the nigger and his master as something "uncanny," as well as exceedingly dangerous. He had gone, in 1837, with his family, for the benefit of the sea-air, to Bay Point, a small summer settlement in Port Royal Sound, Carolina, just as you and I, reader, might go to Herne Bay; and as we might go out for whiting-pout, so he tried his luck with devil-fish. On his first day there, he was so fortunate as to see eight of those monsters disporting themselves on the top of the water. "One was directly in my track, as I spanked away under a press of sail. He thrust up both wings a foot above the surface, and kept them steadily erect, as if to act as sails. I liked not the cradle thus offered me, and veered the boat so as just to miss him. He never budged, and I passed so near as easily to have harpooned him, if the implements had been at hand." But, notwithstanding his discretion at that time, the presence of these heretofore indomitable creatures disturbed our hero's rest, and "made him feel quite uncomfortable," because they were unsubdued. He set himself to provide what he conceived to be the best apparatus to this end. "A harpoon two inches wide in the barb, between two and three feet in the shank (a regular whaler), was turned out from the workshop of Mr. Mickler. Forty fathoms of half-inch rope were purchased and stretched. To one end the harpoon was firmly attached; the other, passing through a hole cut in the bottom of a tub, in which the rope was carefully coiled, was to be fastened to the forecastle. A six-oared boat was inspected, new thwarted, and new thole-pinned; and a cleat nailed firmly on the forecastle to support the right foot of the harpooner." And a day was fixed, and

friends and sportsmen were invited to repair to the field of action.

"Before a quarter of an hour had elapsed, 'There!' cried our look-out man. I followed the direction of his hand; it pointed to Skull Creek Channel, and I saw the wing of the fish two feet above water. There was no mistaking it; it was a devil-fish. One shout summoned the crew to their posts,—the red flag is raised to signal our consort,—the oarsmen spring to their oars,—and we dashed furiously onward in the direction in which we had seen him. Once again, before we had accomplished the distance, he appeared a moment on the surface. The place of harpooner I had not the generosity to yield to any one; so I planted myself on the fore-castle, my left leg advanced, my right supported by the cleat, my harpoon poised, and three fathoms of rope lying loose on the thwart behind me. The interest of the moment was intense; my heart throbbed audibly, and I scarcely breathed, while expecting him to emerge from the spot yet rippled by his wake. The water was ten fathoms deep, but so turbid that you could not see six inches beneath the surface. We had small chance of striking him while his visits to the surface were so sudden and so brief. 'There he is behind us! Stern all!' and our oarsmen, as before instructed, backed with all their might. Before we reached the spot, he was gone; but soon re-appeared on our right, whisking round us with great velocity, and with a movement singularly eccentric. He crossed the bow,—his wing only is visible,—on which side is his body? I hurled down my harpoon with all my force. After the lapse of a few seconds, the staff came bounding up from below, to show me that I had missed. In the twinkling of an eye, the fish flung himself on his back, darted under the boat, and showed himself at the stern, belly up. Tom clapped his unarmed hands with disappointment as the fish swept by him where he stood on the platform, so near that he might have pierced him with a sword? And now the fish came wantoning about us, taking no note of our presence, circling round us with amazing rapidity, yet showing nothing but the tip of his wing. We dashed at him whenever he appeared, but he changed position so quickly that we were always too late. Suddenly, his broad black back was lifted above the water directly before our bow. 'Forward!' The oarsmen bend to the stroke; but before we could gain our distance, his tail flies up, and he is plunging downward for his depths. I could not

resist; I pitched my harpoon from the distance of full thirty feet. It went whizzing through the air, and cleft the water just beneath the spot where the fish had disappeared. My companions in our consort (who had now approached within fifty yards) observed the staff quiver for a second before it had disappeared beneath the surface of the water. This was unobserved by myself, and I was drawing in my line, to prepare for a new throw, when lo! the line stopped short! 'Is it possible? I have him,—the devil-fish is struck!' Out flies the line from the bow,—a joyful shout bursts from our crew,—our consort is lashed to our stern,—E—and C—spring aboard,—and here we go! driven by this most diabolical of locomotives.

"Thirty fathoms are run out, and I venture a turn round the stem. The harpoon holds, and he leads gallantly off for Middle Bank,—the two boats in tow. He pushed dead in the eye of a stiff northeaster. His motion is not so rapid as we expected, but regular and business-like,—reminding one of the motion of a canal-boat drawn by a team of stout horses. On Middle Bank he approached the surface,—the rifle is caught up, but soon laid aside as useless, for no vulnerable part appeared. We then drew upon the line, that we might force him to the surface and spear him,—I soon found that was no fun. 'Tom, don't you want to play a devil-fish? I have enough to last me an hour, so here's my place if you desire it.' Behold me now reclined on the stern seat, taking breath after my pull, and lifting my umbrella to repel the heat of the sun. It was very pleasant to see the woods of Hilton Head recede, and the hammocks of Paris Island grow into distinctness, as we moved along under this novel, and yet unpatented impelling power! 'You will find this melon refreshing, friends, at twelve o'clock. Tom, why don't you pull him up?' Tom held up his hands, from which the gloves had been stripped clean by the friction of the rope. 'We'll put three men to the line and bouse on him.' He comes! George seizes the lance, but the devil-fish stops ten feet below the surface, and can't be coaxed nearer. George sinks his long staff in the direction of the one, feels the fish, and plunges the lance into him. It is flung out of his body, and almost out of the hand of the spearman, by the convulsive muscular effort of the fish. When drawn up, the iron was found bent like a reaping-hook, and the staff broken in the socket. The fish now

quicken his speed, and made across Daws' Channel for Paris Bank.

"Just where we would have you, my old boy,—when we get you near Bay Point Beach, it will be so convenient to land you!" He seems to gather velocity as he goes; he gets used to his harness; points for Station Creek, taking the regular steamboat track. As soon as he gains the deep channel, he turns for Bay Point. "Now, then, another trial,—a house on him." Three fellows are set to the rope,—his wing appears,—C— aims his bayonet, and plunges it deep into his body,—another shudder of the fish, and the bayonet snaps short off at the eye,—the blade remains buried in his body. "Now for it, George!" His bayonet is driven in, and, at the second blow, that is snapped off in the blade. Here we are unweaponed! our rifle and hatchet useless, our other implements broken! "Give him rope, boys, until we haul off and repair damages." At every blow we had dealt him, his power seemed to have increased, and he now swept down for Egg Bank, with a speed that looked ominous. "Out oars, boys, and pull against him." The tide was now flood,—the wind, still fresh, had shifted to the east; six oars were put out and pulled lustily against him, yet he carried us rapidly seaward, against all these impending forces. He seemed to suck in fresh vigor from the ocean-water. George meanwhile was refitting the broken implements; the lance was fixed in a new staff, and secured by a tie of triple drum-line; the broken blade of the bayonet was fixed on another staff. Egg Bank was now but one hundred yards to our left. "Row him ashore, boys." The devil-fish refused, and drew the whole concern in the opposite direction. "Force him, then, to the surface." He popped up unexpectedly under the bow, lifted one wing four feet in the air, and bringing it suddenly down, swept off every oar from the starboard side of the boat; they were not broken, but wrenched out of the hands of the oarsmen as by an electric shock. One man was knocked beneath the thwarts by the rebound of an oar, and was laid almost speechless on the platform,—quite *hors de combat*."

This much-striven-for prize was lost through the harpoon at last tearing out; and the crest-fallen crew had to return home, oarless and weaponless, like mariners who, after a hard conflict, had sunk a gallant adversary at sea,—for the thing was dead, without doubt, having, when last seen, "neither tail nor head, nor horns nor

wings,—nothing but an unsightly white mass, undistinguished by member or feature." On the next occasion, the struck creature not only is within a little of carrying them right out to sea, so that they seriously think of cutting the rope, but takes them far into the night. "The stars came out; but nothing seemed to break the general darkness, except the agitation of the oars in the water, and the rolling of the devil-fish, as he now and then emerged to the surface on a bed of fire." Finally, he ran them aground upon a shoal, where they killed him. "There he lay, extending twenty feet by the wings, and his other parts in proportion; and the waves, rippling in pearly heaps around his black form, which stood eight feet in diameter above the water." But they could not bring this trophy to land any more than the other. At last, they accomplish their full object. The same incidents take place as in the former ventures; and, as so often happens in the writhings and plunges of the prey, the harpoon tears out. "We drew it into the boat twisted and strained, but still unbroken. What a disappointment!—to lose him thus in his very last struggle! A gleam of hope shoots across us! In this last struggle, he might rise to the surface. It is possible yet to recover him. Let us prepare for it. In a moment, the harpoon is straightened, the staff is refitted, and scarcely is it done when, "There, by heavens! there he is! fifty yards ahead, floundering on the water! Now for it, boys!—reach him before he sinks!" Alas! he has already sunk!

"The turbid waters of the river have now given place to the transparent green of the sea, through which objects are distinctly visible for several feet below; and look, he is rising again from his depths! every struggle and contortion of the agonized monster is clearly to be seen as he shoots upward to the light. He is upon his back,—his white feelers thrown aloft above his head, like giant hands upraised in supplication. There was something almost human in the attitude and the expression of his agony; and a feeling quite out of keeping with the scene stole over me while I meditated the fatal blow. It passed away in an instant; and, as he emerges from the water, the harpoon cleaves the air, and is driven home into his head. A shout of exultation bursts from the crew. To have thus recovered him was indeed a gratification. The gun is once more brought to bear,—another shot, and he is still; all, to the singular movements of his feelers, which

plying recklessly about his head, curl and unfold with all the flexibility of an elephant's snout. Through the tough cartilage of one of these feelers the rope is passed, and we have him safe."

Oars and sails, however, little avail to bring the mighty beast to shore, and another boat has to lend its aid. This devil-fish measured seventeen feet across the back, and was so heavy that the force of fifteen men was insufficient to draw him to high-water mark, though sliders were placed beneath to assist his progress. Truly, this sort of fishing is sport for Titans, and a little self-congratulation on our author's part was quite excusable. "This monster, then," says he, "whose existence even was doubted, whose capture was matter of vague tradition, who had not been seen and touched by the two preceding generations of men at least, was here before us in his proper proportions, palpable to sight, and trodden beneath our feet!" There are endless variations in the incidents of this exciting chase; and, of course, divers risks (one very literal one, that of the harpooner pitching himself overboard). A thunder-storm sometimes takes place, which invests the "motive-power" with additional weirdness; and when harpooned, this frightful monster is often pursued by hammer-headed sharks, who cause him to plunge and swerve in a most erratic manner. On one occasion our author had the extreme satisfaction of giving one of these intrusive gentry a spare harpoon, and landing him safely in company with the original quarry.

Only once was our intrepid sportsman really frightened. He had got so used to these sea-devils, that upon one of them being dragged close to the bows of the boat, he ventured to strike it with a knife. "I passed my arm over the gunwale, and lunged at him as he lay a foot or so beneath the water. Suddenly, my hand was paralysed, and the reader will understand my feelings when, looking into the water, I found that the devil-fish had seized my arm with one of his feelers, and pressed it powerless against his body!" "He stays my arm,—pleads for mercy,—appeals, like an intelligent creature, to my humanity," was my first thought. "He has bound me to his fate," was the startling conviction that dispelled that first thought, and revealed to me the imminent peril in which I stood. A fate worse than Mазeppа's will be mine if he breaks loose again! "For God's sake, boys, hold on! He has clutched my arm, and if he runs again for bottom, my life goes with him!" How

long, then, seemed to me those few brief moments of uncertainty; but they are past, his force is exhausted, his hold on me relaxes, and in his very death struggle, my arm again is free! I took my seat with sober feelings, thinking by how narrow a chance the pursuer had escaped the fate of his victim!"

Beside the power, the ugliness, and the magnitude of this odd fish, there is something really weird about it which seems to justify its popular name. Once, after the rope which bound one of these creatures to our author's boat had parted, the released Thing still kept company with his enemies, "swimming close to the vessel, and following us with his horns projected on each side of the stern." The feeling of the crew must have been more uncomfortable even than those of the Admiral in the ballad when "at last he saw the creature that was following in his lee," for the night was dark, the sea brilliantly luminous, and the breakers roaring at a short distance. "Behind us, the devil-fish, mounted on the crest of an advancing wave, his wings outspread, his dark outline distinctly marked and separated from the surrounding waters by a starry belt of phosphoric fire,—he did indeed seem, to our excited imaginations, like some monster vampire." Mr. Elliott says he has been carried twenty-five miles, within a few hours, by this sometimes fiery dragon, with two boats in tow beside his own.

The motion of this creature is so rapid and bird-like, that none who have seen it will ascribe it to any other fish. "Sometimes, though not often, you may approach him while feeding in shallow water, near enough to strike; but the best opportunity is offered by waiting quietly near the spot where he has disappeared, until, having ceased to feed, he strikes out for the deep water, and, having reached it, begins a series of somersets that give the sportsman an excellent chance to strike him. It is a very curious exhibition. You first see the feelers thrown out of the water; then the white stomach, marked with five gills, or branchial apertures, on each side (for the fish is on his back); then his tail emerges. After a disappearance for a few seconds, the revolution is repeated,—sometimes as often as six times. It happens, occasionally, that in making these somersets, the fish does not rise quite to the surface, but is several feet below; so that his revolutions are detected by the appearance and disappearance of the white or under part of his body, dimly seen through the turbid water in which he

delights. Sometimes, indeed, he is unseen; but his presence is shown to the observant sportsman by the boiling of the water from below, as from a great caldron. With no better guide than this, the harpoon has been darted down, and reached him when twelve feet below the surface."

Finally, we may mention that the pursuit and slaughter of devil-fish is by no means mere wanton sport; for the liver yields an oil useful for many agricultural purposes, and the body, cut into portions, and carted out upon the fields, proves an excellent fertilizer of the soil.—*Albion*.

THE EARLY RECORDS OF THE CHURCH.

Modern scepticism has assailed the Christian records in many ways, and persists in the assumption that the means for recording and preserving the early history of the church was far inferior to what it is now.

I have found evidence in "Cave's Lives of the Fathers," to prove that *notarii* were actually employed in those early times as reporters are among us, and that these ancient short-hand writers were not a whit behind us in skill.

Origen, presbyter of Alexandria, who was born about A. D. 186, employed seven of these notaries and sometimes more, besides as many transcribers and virgins, to copy out in a fair hand what was taken down roughly from his (Origen's) dictation. Think of a literary man undertaking a commentary of the Holy Scriptures, fortified by a staff of fourteen to twenty scribes, nearly half of whom could take down his language as rapidly as he uttered it; and then contrast it with the comparatively idle habits of modern literary men.

Cave says in his life of Origen that these notaries "were able, not only to keep pace with, but to outrun the speaker," and adds: "That they were of frequent use in the primitive church is without all doubt, being frequently employed to write the acts of the martyrs, for which ends they were wont to frequent the prisons, to be present at all trials and examinations; thence they followed the martyrs to the place of execution, there to remark their sayings and their sufferings."

He shows that the art was used as early as the times of Clement of Rome (supposed to have been contemporary with St. Paul), and continually from that time during the second, third, and fourth centuries, in Rome, Greece, Asia Minor, and Africa.

Thus much from Cave. But inquiring

farther we find that Cicero employed notaries for reporting speeches fifty years before the birth of Christ. So the art must have been in its prime in the time of Christ and his apostles. No doubt can rest upon its use in Greece and Rome at this time. Now, when it is considered that Jerusalem was ruled by the Romans, and that many Greeks and Romans were living there, would we hazard much in the supposition that the art was known and used in Jerusalem during the life of Christ, and in the times of the Apostles? Did not "Our Correspondent" write from Jerusalem to Rome, and send a verbatim report of the speech of Peter on the day of Pentecost?

I am not able to show that this was the case; but from a careful investigation of the subject I am inclined to believe that the great cities of the world were as well provided with expert writers for such service as they are at the present time; and there is much reason to think the art was even in greater use then than now.

These facts have much significance. We see that legendary and unreliable accounts were no more likely in the first century of the Christian era than now; and that a total perversion of facts, such as some sceptics have supposed, is a moral impossibility.

While we cannot prove without direct evidence that a given circumstance was recorded in detail, it is worth much to know that the men in those times knew the value of *accuracy*, and that the cultivated *heathen* of that day were as likely to criticise closely as their modern followers.—*Lindsley*.

Original.

WOLF HALL.*

BY MRS. A. MOUNTAIN, OF ST. HILIER, JERSEY,
FORMERLY OF CANADA.

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With absent thoughts and listless pace,
And loosely-hanging bridle rein,
We've ridden since the day gave place
To Evening's shadow's length'ning train.

Why is it that the sunset throws
A sombre tint on every thought,
While in the rosy morning glows
Light-hearted mirth, with gay words fraught?

No vexing trial can we name,
Since we rode forth at early day;
But yet we hardly seem the same,
So quiet now—and then so gay.

* In Wiltshire—formerly belonging to Sir John Seymour, the father of Jane, third wife of Henry VIII.

Our minds must be like changeful flowers,
Affected by the rays of light;
They blossom in the morning hours,
But sadly close when comes the night.

Yet, pleasantly, the level sun
Gleams through yon boughs of elm trees tall,
And tips the poplars, one by one,
That guard the grounds of old Wolf Hall.

Thus brightly glanced the sun's last ray
Upon these gardens, years ago,
And bathed in purple parting day,
The lofty trees and flowers low.

May's snowy clusters, star-like, gleamed,
Amid the hawthorn's varnished green;
And Spring's sweet sounds and perfumes seemed
To fill the gentle evening scene.

The bow'ry paths, the moss-grown wall,
That circled high the garden old,
And partly hid the ancient Hall,
While she'll'ring from the rough winds cold.

All made a peaceful, calm retreat,
Where Beauty's self might safely rove,
And yield her thoughts to fancies sweet,
To dreams of friendship and of love.

And, even then, with absent air,
In richest dress and sweeping train,
Passed slowly on a maiden fair,
* St. Maur's proud heiress—queenly Jane.

Perchance it was the eve'ning hour
Oppressed her soul, and chilled her heart;
That blanched her cheek like hawthorn flower,
And caused that trembling, anxious start.

Eise why should one so rich and fair
(To-morrow, too, a royal bride),
Wear on that eve such shade of care,
Seem by such inward conflicts tried?

That night will bring her royal guest;
The morn will see her made a queen;
To greet her lover, then, she's drest,
In velvet robe and jewels sheen.

She'd reached the height of her desire,
Love and ambition in her power;
To what could then her heart aspire—
Whence came the sadness of that hour?

'Tis the last evening she will roam
Those gardens at her own sweet will;
Soon will a palace be her home,
Where state and pomp her days shall fill.

At length her straying steps she stayed
Beside the margin of a pool,
Where weeping-willows flung their shade
And dipt their boughs in waters cool.

The limpid waves were curbed with stone,
On which the moss grew soft and green,
And there the lady sat her down—
On her white hand her head did lean.

* The original name of Seymour.—See Miss Strickland's "Queens of England."

Her eyes were violets gemmed with dew,
Rich was her golden braided hair,
Her velvet robe of purple hue,
Her form was slender—bosom fair.

No wonder that so long she bent
O'er the dark water's quiet face,
For the smooth surface did present,
Reflected there, that form of grace.

Her snowy bosom heaved with pride,
Painting a crown upon the brow;
And then with tender love she sighed,
Remembered glance or whisper'd vow.

So sat the maiden, dreaming on,
In the last flush of dying day,
Till through the willows looked the moon,
On the dark pool its flickers lay.

Scarce had the wave the white beams kissed.
Shivering the tremb'ling leaves between,
When on its surface rose a mist,
In doubtful, drifting, shadowy sheen.

Fear chilled the lady's conscious heart,
Withheld her breath—forbade to fly;
For, by the soul's mesmeric art,
Her spirit knew *whose* hovered nigh.

She recognized the wan young face,
The hands that clasped the slender throat,†
The well-known form, of childlike grace,
As on the mist the moonbeams float.

And like a ripple sad and low,
Or broken-hearted, dying wail,
With earth's last anguish ebbing slow,
Moaned bitterly the lips so pale.

"Ah! cruel trait'ress—treach'rous friend!
"In days gone by so dearly loved;
"My miseries are at an end,
"And life's last torture I have proved.

"But should I now my hands undo
"And show the circlet round my neck,
"E'en *thou* would'st shudder at the view,
"And keen remorse thy triumph check.

"Yes, while this very day, at noon,‡
"Thou decks't thy braids with jewels rare
"To charm thy lover coming soon,
"Lay, steeped in blood, *my* tangled hair.

"The tresses that he used to twine
"In loving ringlets round his hand;
"The hand this night will clasp with thine,
"My death's red warrant did command.

"Yet, go! enjoy his guilty love,‡
"Be pressed within a murderer's arms;

† Anne Boleyn's neck was beautifully formed, and very slight. She is said to have clasped it with her hands and remarked that "it would not take long to dis sever it."

‡ Annie Boleyn was beheaded on the 19th of May. The same evening the King was at Wolf Hall, telling the news to his bride elect, whom he married the next morning.

"Place a queen's crown thy brow above—
"Taste Royalty's bright, treacherous charms.

"But take this bitter knowledge, too,
"Thy triumph has been dearly bought;
"Spring shall but once her flowers renew,
"Ere to the tomb thou shalt be brought.

"Thy fated House, with insane strife,*
"Shall madly seek each other's death;
"The heir thou'lt purchase with thy life,
"Shall drink in death-dews with his breath.

"Yet haste, thy bridegroom's joyous horn
"Comes ringing o'er the breezy down,
"Impatient telling how this morn
"Poor Annie's head gave thee a crown.

"Yet know (for in unhallowed grave
"A murdered queen sleeps ill at ease),
"Thou'lt hear me when the night winds rave,
"Thou'lt hear me in the evening breeze.

"Behind thy shoulder in the dance,
"Before thee in the pale moonbeam,
"Where'er shall fall thy startled glance,
"A white wan face shall ever gleam."

The wind sprang up, the mist swept by,
Flourished the royal trumpets loud;
To seek their mistress, hurriedly,
The menials round the fountain crowd.

She, roused from her mesmeric dream:
"Art sure it is my royal lord?
"To me the summons more did seem
"A death-gun, from the Tower heard." †

* * * * *

Oh! all in vain may woman try
To grasp at happiness through crime;
Her slender nerves are strung too high,
And vibrate with each pulse of time.

The mortal robe with which she's bound
Is but a covering so frail,
That, often, viewless hands around
From off her spirit lift the veil.

* Edward the Sixth died at the age of sixteen, having inherited his mother's delicacy of constitution. His two maternal uncles, after bitter quarrels with each other, both perished on the scaffold—the young prince being obliged first by one to sign the death-warrant of the other, and, a little later, another faction forced him once more to put his hand to the paper that consigned the second uncle to a bloody death. He was heard to weep when his uncles were mentioned, and exclaim, "Oh! how unfortunate have I been to those of my own blood; my mother I slew at my birth—and since then have been the death of her two brothers, haply to make way for the purposes of others against myself."

† A signal-gun from the Tower announced to Henry (who was awaiting the tidings at Richmond,) that the head of the luckless Annie had fallen.

But man is made of denser mould—
Recks not so much of the unseen;
No mystic glimpses him withhold
From fierce pursuit and triumph keen.

Thus the sweet lily droops its head,
Turns, dying, from the viewless blast;
While stands the thorn with arms outspread,
Scarce conscious that it rushes past.

So, on that fatal bridal-morn,
Small care did royal Henry take
How a sweet head, with tresses shorn,
Lay bleeding for his pleasure's sake.

He thought not of that fair young face,
Bedewed with drops of agony;
But, with high cheer and kingly grace,
Went to his bridal merrily.

"What ailed my Jane," he gaily said,
"Methinks a crown suits not her taste;
"How from her cheek the roses fled
"When in my hand the priest hers placed."

From that grave cheek, for evermore,*
The rose of innocence had fled;
White as May's blossom, still it bore
The memory of the injured dead.

Silent and grave the new-made queen
Moved stately 'mid the courtly throng,
Her thoughts were with another scene
Bright Wiltshire's peaceful downs among.

How gladly had she given all,
Her regal pomp, her queenly powers,
To live again in old Wolf Hall,
To rove its gardens and its bowers?

Her father's evening kiss to share,
And mother's loving tones to hear,
Her brothers gay, her sisters fair, †
Her childhood's home so far, so dear.

All wearily the splendour shone
For which her very soul she'd given;
Ah! who can to the dead atone,
Or turn aside the wrath of heaven?

Thus summer's roses came and fled
In silver-girdled Hampton Court,
The leaves were scattered, flowers dead,
October's days grew dark and short. †

* Miss Strickland says: "Jane Seymour supported her unwonted burden and dignity as queen with silent placidity. Either from instinctive prudence, or natural taciturnity, she passed eighteen months of regal life without uttering a sentence significant enough to bear preservation. As for her actions, they were utterly passive and dependent on the will of the king." May not her gravity have proceeded from anxiety for the future and remorse for the past, rather than from a "natural taciturnity?"

† Jane was the eldest of eight children.

‡ Edward VI. was born on the 12th of October, 1537, at Hampton Court.

When, from her chamber window high,
On Autumn's woods and river drear,
Poor Janette gazed with fading eye,
And felt her fated hour draw near.

How altered was the pallid face
From that which, in May's crimson eve,
Bent o'er the fountain with sweet grace,
The watery picture to perceive.

Now wan with care, and racked with pain,
Upon her dying couch she lay,
By Nature's anguish torn in twain—
Her life ebbed with the dark'ning day.

"'Tis hopeless, all," the watchers cry,
"The mother or the infant dies;
"To save them both we vainly try—
"Which, then, shall be the sacrifice?"

The words fell on her dying ear,*
And roused life's fleeting energies—
"Oh! mine, take mine—save England's heir!
"Mine be the forfeit," faint she cries.

Alas! poor mother, life's last taste
Was sweetest at thy dying gasp,
When, softly in thy bosom placed,
Thy infant lay within thy clasp.

"Hold up his little face to me,
"Let me once see my princely son,
"On his dear head my blessing be,
"And then my life's sad day is done.

"My life's short day! the morn was vain,
"Proud and ambitious was its noon—
"Fear and remorse brought ev'ning's wane,
"The night is coming—oh! how soon.

"Ill-fated Annie, all is past,
"Now let thy dreadful vengeance cease,
"Leave me this night—it is my last;
"And let my spirit flee in peace."

Was it the curtain moving slow?
Was it the midnight owl's cry?
Was it the shadow to and fro—
Or went some form unearthly by?

The Autumn wind was stormy, loud;
The Autumn night was dark as pall;
Hurried along the swift, dark cloud,
Creaked the dead vine against the wall.

And still, within that chamber high,
Went on the strife 'twixt life and death;
The struggling spirit longed to fly,
Yet waited for each panting breath.

But when the cold, gray morning light
Down through the curtained casement pressed,

§ The queen having suffered a long time, her physicians demanded of the king which they should save, the mother or the infant, as it was impossible to preserve the life of both. He replied, "the child, by all means, for other wives could easily be found." By others it is said that the queen herself entreated her attendants to take care of the infant in preference to herself.

It showed a face with death's stamp white—
The weary spirit was at rest.

She heeded not the trumpet's voice,
Rending with joy the morning air,
Bidding the wak'ning world rejoice
With England's monarch for his heir.

She felt no pang that he could joy
In what it cost her life to give;
She felt no pride her infant boy
Was born a kingdom to receive.

The world, with all its transient cares,
Was nothing to that bosom cold;
Its haughty triumphs, bitter tears,
Were as a tale forgot when told.

But yet that lifeless form they dressed
In regal robes and jewels bright,*
Rich cloth of gold the dead limbs pressed—
Strange contrast with the ghastly sight.

On the cold brow the crown was placed
For which her peace on earth was given,
Though ne'er in life her head it graced,
By judgement just of righteous Heaven. †

Thus, with high pomp of funeral state,
The lofty car, the waving plume,
The tramping steeds, procession great,
They bore her to the lonely tomb.

Back to the world the living went,
But, underneath the brilliant pall,
In the dark, lonesome charnel pent,
They left the maid of old Wolf Hall.

They left her with the dead alone,
Each hideous row ranged side by side;
Such were the splendours of her throne—
So ended all the dream of pride!

Full many a year has come and fled
Since Janette roamed those gardens fair;
And Death has laid full many a head
In those grim vaults so damp and drear.

And still when yawns the chasm drear
Another victim to entomb,

* The queen's funeral procession set out from Hampton Court and proceeded to Windsor, where she was interred in St. George's Chapel with all the pomp and majesty possible. The corpse was put on a car of state, covered with a rich pall, and over it was placed a statue in wax exactly representing her in robes of state; the hair flowing on the shoulders, a crown on the head, a sceptre of gold in the right hand, the fingers covered with rings of precious stones, and the neck with ornaments of jewels, the shoes and hose of gold and cloth and gems; the car was drawn by six horses.—See Miss Strickland.

† The coronation of Jane, as queen, was deferred in the early part of her marriage by a dreadful plague that was raging in Westminster and at a later period by her hopeful condition—so that she appears never to have experienced the desired honor.

How strangely o'er a mouldering bier
Gleams gold and crimson through the gloom.

It is the gorgeous funeral pall*
That covered Henry and his bride,
Where in the crypt of Death's black hall
They lay and mouldered side by side.

To touch that velvet should you dare,
And look beneath its noisome fold,
Nought would you see of Janette fair,
But dust to dust, and mould to mould.

A few dank bones of Henry great, †
All that bespeaks his giant form;
A little tinsel all their state
Left by the mildew and the worm.

Oh! who for cumbrous pomp should care—
And all its evanescent power?
Let me untrammelled breathe the air,
And rove at will from flower to flower.

Keeping my soul like mirror clear,
Wherein to catch a glimpse of heaven,
While gratefully enjoying here
All the pure pleasures it has given.

And when my dream of life is o'er,
Oh! shut me not in vaulted tomb,
Enclosing with its dungeon door
All horrid things in ghastly gloom.

But lay me 'neath the turf I love,
Let flowers bloom brightly o'er my breast,
Let sunbeams smile from heaven above,
And murmur'ing breezes lull my rest.

And when the twilight casts its spell
Of sweetened sadness, as this eve,
Perchance thou then wilt fondly dwell
On one for whom thou need'st not grieve.

Recall me as thou would'st an air
Heard long ago, one happy day;
Or fragrance of a flower fair
That cheered thee on a weary way.

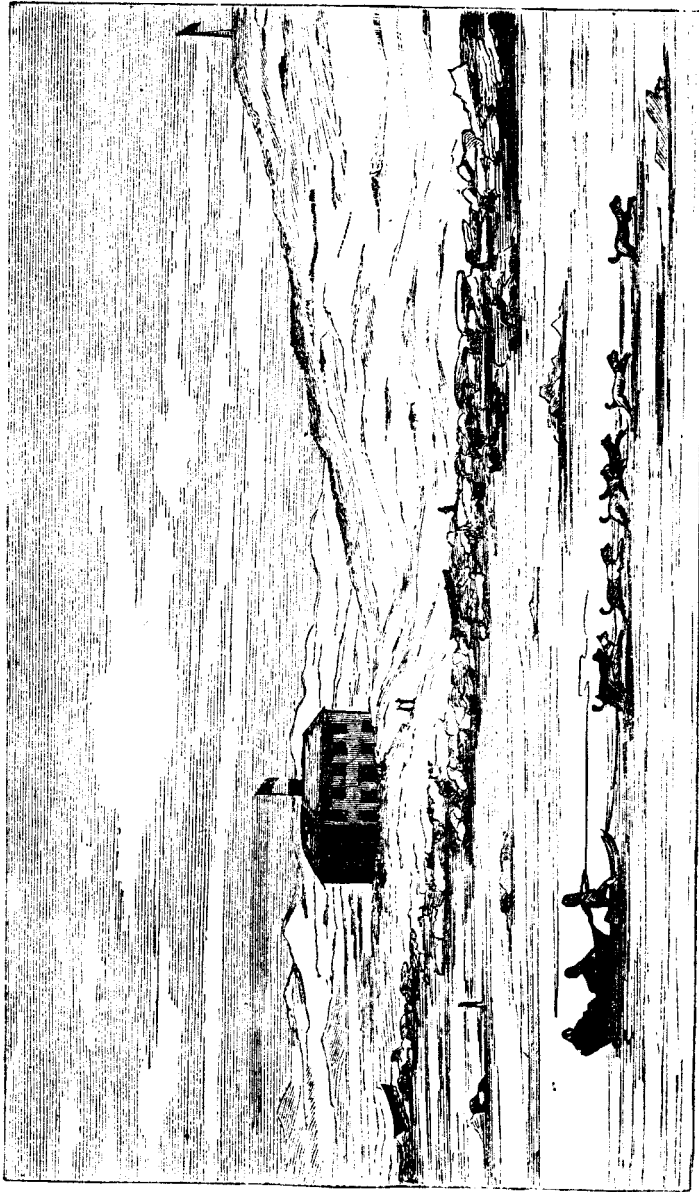
A pleasant mem'ry—scarcely sad;
But yet too tender for a smile,
So would I in your thoughts be had,
So keep me in your heart awhile.

* In excavating for the temporary grave of the Duchess of Kent, a small opening was made into the vault which contains the coffins of Henry and his queen, Jane Seymour. The coffins, and even the crimson on which are placed the coronets, were in a tolerable state of preservation.

† When George IV. searched the vaults for the body of Charles I., in 1813, Queen Jane's coffin was discovered close to the gigantic skeleton of Henry VIII., which some previous accident had exposed to view. Sir H. Halford, who examined the remains of Henry VIII., in his coffin, was astonished at the extraordinary size and power of his frame; he resembled the colossal figure of his grandfather, Edward IV., who was six feet two inches in height, and possessed of tremendous strength.—Miss Strickland.

THE BANK-NOTE LIBRARY.

The library of cancelled notes covers an enormous area under the offices of the Bank of England. These catacombs are filled with wooden racks, in which are placed more than 16,000 deal boxes of about one foot in height and breadth, and 18 inches in length. In these boxes or coffins lie, carefully packed, bundles of assorted notes, and on the outside are painted certain letters and figures, which, to the officers of these gloomy abodes, tell of the date and rank of the deceased. These notes are kept for seven years; and so complete is the arrangement that any single note, the date and number of which may be known, can be produced in five minutes by the person in charge of this department. The nominal value of these buried notes at the present time exceeds £3,000,000,000,—the actual number of notes being about one hundred millions. Strange and curious instances of the longevity of some of these flimsy bank-notes, are continually occurring, and their histories, if one could trace them, would afford abundant materials for romance. One-pound notes, which have long since passed away from circulation on this side of the Tweed, and which are now mainly associated in the minds of Englishmen with forgery and capital punishment, present themselves for recognition and payment at the average of about two per month. During the 30 years preceding that of the abolition of capital punishment for forgery there were not less than 1816 convictions for this crime, the majority of forgeries being of one-pound notes, and, of the persons so convicted, 628 were hung in various parts of the country. A few weeks since, a two-pound note, a kind of which a very small number were printed at the commencement of the present century, presented itself to claim its long-promised two sovereigns in gold. Some are worn to almost undistinguishable rags—the amount of the note has disappeared, but the date and signature afford the clue to its identification in the Bank ledgers. The oldest note in the possession of the Bank of England is one of 1698. A £25 note, more than a century old, was presented a short time since, when it was calculated that the compound interest on its amount, supposing it to have been recoverable would have been over £6000.—*London Scotsman.*



MISSION HOUSE, LABRADOR.

Original.
A STORY OF LABRADOR.

It is well known that Labrador extends along the North-American shores of the Atlantic, from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Hudson Straits; and to speak of anything having occurred in Labrador is, therefore, almost as indefinite as to say it occurred in Europe. A small portion of the southern end of this long shore-line lies within the Straits of Belle-Isle and the boundaries of Canada; and it is of this region that we write. The desolation of the "cold and pitiless Labrador" coast is proverbial; but no description can give an adequate idea of it. Rocks,—rocks everywhere, abound in rugged grandeur on the mainland; and rocky islands are scattered in wild profusion along the coast. Here and there a sheltered bay may have in some of its nooks a little patch of soil; and along the river courses there are some scanty bottom lands, and their banks are covered with a thick growth of spruce and birch trees, which, however, attain no great size. At the part of the coast to which we refer, one of the largest rivers of Labrador empties into the Straits of Belle-Isle. It is called the Esquimaux River,—a title which, of itself, would prove no precise indication, seeing that there are several rivers of the same name along the coast,—and near its estuary lies an island called Caribou Island, which is, likewise, probably a common name for many Islands.

The region from which the Esquimaux River descends has, perhaps, never been explored, except by the scattered and feeble tribes of Montagnais, or Mountaineer Indians. But it doubtless partakes, more or less throughout, of the rocky, mountainous character of the coast, or, more probably, of the shores of the Saguenay, where a portion of the same formation may be seen to advantage. On the few sheltered spots where cultivation is practicable, along the Labrador coast, grass, potatoes, and other vegetables may be raised; and the wildness of rocks is, for the most part, thickly

covered with low growing bushes, some of which yield very good berries.

To make up, however, for the almost utter desolation of the land, the adjoining sea abounds with inexhaustible supplies of the best quality of codfish and herring, and the rivers with salmon. It therefore comes to pass that this coast is, nearly along its whole length, visited annually in the summer season by fleets of fishing vessels, each of which, apparently by some common understanding, occupies a particular portion of it. The Newfoundland vessels go, for the most part, north of the Straits of Belle-Isle; whilst those of New England and Canada keep chiefly to the southward. There are, however, a few resident fishermen in almost every bay and estuary along the coast, who, with their families, form small scattered communities, with no means of intercourse except boats, in summer; and dog-sleighs, or *koomatics*, in winter. These hardy shoresmen, as they are called, who, in a state of isolation from the world, brave Labrador winters, belong to various nationalities. There are men of English, Scotch, Irish, French Canadian, and many other nationalities, mostly fishermen, who have, at one time or another, remained behind on the coast, taking to wife French Canadian women, or the daughters of families already settled there, or bringing wives from Newfoundland or Nova Scotia.

This population lead a very primitive life, moving alternately between their winter habitations,—which, for shelter, are built on the banks of some stream or inlet,—to their summer habitations on the coast, from whence they ply their trade of fishing. When successful, these fishermen live comfortably enough, obtaining flour, pork, butter, groceries, dry goods, &c., from the fishing vessels which purchase their fish, or from the "Rooms," as they are called, which large fishing companies, mostly belonging to Jersey and Guernsey, have established at one or two points of the coast. When the fisheries fail, however,—and this is by no means a rare occurrence latterly,—the shoresmen are plunged into

the most frightful distress, without a possibility almost of relief, from October till May, inclusive, that being the length of time that they are practically shut up by their climate from the outer world. The scattered character of the population, also, and their want of roads, or other easy means of communication, have rendered it impossible for them to establish schools or churches, even had they been so inclined; and, consequently, a population was gradually growing up in a comparative state of heathenism, even within the boundaries of Canada and Newfoundland. We do not speak here of the Esquimaux, who are not now found on the Canadian part of the coast; nor of the Montagnais Indians, who, sometimes, visit it from the interior. The former have several Moravian mission stations, far away to the north-west, among them; and the latter go for some weeks every summer to Mingan, to trade their furs, and obtain the ministrations of a priest. It is true the fishermen of the Labrador coast have, like the lumbermen in the shanties of the Ottawa for many years had, an annual visit of a priest of the Church of Rome; but there were, we believe, until within a few years no churches or stationary ministers of religion, of any creed, on that coast, and still less any schools or teachers.

The cool sea air of Labrador has long been considered very refreshing for invalids in the heat of summer; and about ten years ago, a young man, who had been brought up to the book trade in Greenfield, Massachusetts, but whose constitution was extremely delicate, went for the summer, by medical advice, to this coast. This was easily done, as a fleet of fishing schooners went every year, about the end of May, from Newburyport, Massachusetts, to that part of the coast which lies near the Esquimaux River before mentioned, and continued there for about three months, when they again winged their way, full of fish, back to Newburyport.

The young man we have mentioned, whose name was C. C. Carpenter, being an

earnest Christian, visited about among the shoresmen, and deeply commiserated their destitution of all religious and educational privileges. He distributed the few tracts and books he had, wishing for more, and otherwise endeavored to improve his opportunity for doing good to the uttermost. So deeply was the religious and moral destitution of these scattered and almost inaccessible little communities impressed upon Mr. Carpenter's mind by the experience of that summer, that on his return to the States, he importuned the American Board of Foreign Missions to send a missionary to the Labrador coast. This they could not do, but they directed him to a committee which had just been formed in Montreal for missionary work; and Mr. Carpenter's story of the destitution of the Labrador coast so impressed this committee, that they resolved to send a missionary there; and, after various efforts to find one, concluded that Mr. Carpenter himself, though he had never purposed entering regularly into missionary work, was the person providentially indicated for it. With diffidence and reluctance he accepted the call of the committee in the spring of 1858, and spent the next summer on the coast. In the summer of 1859, after being ordained to the mission by ministers of different denominations in Montreal, he returned to the coast, and superintended the erection of a Mission House on Caribou Island, the materials for which had been prepared in Montreal; and this Mission House, of which we give an engraving, has since been a centre of gospel light for that coast. There are frequently as many as a hundred fishing vessels, whose crews number about five hundred, in its vicinity, besides the resident population, which is, perhaps, more numerous at this part of the coast than any other, except Forteau Bay. Among those fishing vessels the missionary made stated circuits in his boat,* supplying each with a parcel of religious tracts, papers, and books, and

* This boat, named "The Glad-Tidings," was presented to the Mission by the Ladies of Newburyport.

exchanging these parcels from time to time during the two or three months they remained on the coast. On Sundays the Bethel flag* was hoisted on the Mission House, and many, both from the vessels and from the shore, came in their boats to public worship. There were also week-night services, which were pretty well attended; and, at all of these meetings, the Gospel was presented with earnestness and simplicity. Besides the efforts among the resident population, and the annual fleet of fishing vessels, Mr. Carpenter was able to send by boats in summer, and travelling parties in winter, parcels of tracts and books to every bay and settlement, for a great distance; so that he used pleasantly to remark that he controlled the literature of two hundred miles of coast.

How a school was opened for the children, and how Divine Providence raised up a succession of lady teachers for it, as well as a lady to visit in the families over a long stretch of coast, for the purpose of conversing with the mothers and daughters about matters of spiritual and temporal importance, will form the subject of another paper, which will be illustrated with a picture of the winter residence of the Missionaries on the banks of the Esquimaux River.

"I DWELL AMONG MINE OWN PEOPLE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARGARET AND HER BRIDESMAIDS."

Those who have a happy home will be most likely to realize the vast comprehensiveness of this statement. The composed dignity and contentment with which the Shunamite intimates to the prophet that there was nothing more he could give to her, such as would add to her happiness, indicates that condition of mind most to be envied, yet least likely to be realized on earth. Few amongst us have much, without requiring more; in the heart of the highest, as the lowest, there is mostly some

"Naboth's vineyard" that prevents our being perfectly happy and contented.

This state is not promised us here, yet the Shunamite was one of ourselves, and even lacked the common but inestimable blessing of children. But she was content—she "dwelt among her own people." Moreover, she was sagacious and thoughtful, and had observed the ways of the prophet, preparing for his use "the little chamber in the wall." She was by no means a person of dull, vacant mind, whose chief happiness consisted in being permitted to pass her time "among her own people," contented with the supine indolence of a self-satisfied life. On the contrary, she seems to have been enriched by those qualities of sympathy and enthusiasm which are characteristic of women, and which constitute their principal charm. Nothing escaped her observation; she suffered nothing to interfere with the feeling of the moment. One can imagine that a woman so quick, ardent, and sympathetic in character, might have found more happiness abroad than at home. But the Shunamite was a perfect woman, she knew quite well the value of her qualities, and in making her home happy by the exercise of them, she realized the full measure of the royal feeling—"I dwell among mine own people." She made their happiness, as they made hers.

This truly would be a sorry world if some who are contented with their own lot were not to be met with. As to country; home, neighbors, and business, there are many amongst us so happy as to be precisely in the situation not only best for them, but what they most like. Among those who have made themselves conspicuous in the world by peculiar gifts, by genius of one kind or another, by perseverance or by opportunity, nearly all can trace their success to the junction of "provision" with "inclination." The bent of their fortunes turned towards the bias of their minds, thus enabling them to reach a higher step in their vocation, than any one less fortunate, who had to work against inclination. Yet although we may be contented with our lot, our duties, our every-day work, we may chance to be far from the serene contentment of the Shunamite. "I dwell among mine own people."

It is to be feared that to the very fact of our "dwelling among one's own people" we attribute many pains and crosses. We could progress much faster, work more cheerily, devote more time to the business we love, were we not bound down by family claims, harassed by kinsman's

* This flag was presented by a Sabbath School in Montreal.

duties, worried by the jars and squabbles of relations. So far from finding one's happiness among one's own people, there is no peace or comfort to be got amongst them. To obtain either, one is obliged to rush into the world, and seek it among strangers.

But perhaps the largeness of heart and tenderness of soul which we may imagine to have been the peculiar characteristic of the Shunamite are wanting in our home. We know not how to cover with love the faults of those with whom we live. We are incapable of drawing forth the exquisite charity that "thinketh no evil," that "hopeth against hope," that will not see that which it is kindest not to see. The petty passion of an hour is indulged in, the angry tongue runs glibly, words are spoken that rankle, and the serene atmosphere of a happy home is rent and torn asunder as the lightning shatters a stately oak in a storm. The tree may put forth leaves again, but never more in the pride and glory of full perfection. No home can experience the royalty of happiness if subjected to domestic storms like these.

And how are we to guard against the recurrence of these? how take into our hearts the full measure of that contentment which delights in saying—"I dwell among mine own people?" Of course, many will say—happiness is to be found everywhere, if we will but seek it; it is not absolute at home only. We make our own happiness, wherever we go."

That is true; but there are few amongst us who do not feel the want and yearning for home love and forbearance. We go out and fight our way in the world, get jostled and thrust aside, but we know that at home, among our own people, we shall be tenderly treated, and our blows and bruises carefully healed, our wounded pride soothed and reinstated, so that we can start forth again, to have another tussle in the world, more buoyant and hopeful than ever. So wonderfully irresistible and invigorating is the power of family love.

This meaning of the words, "I dwell among mine own people," may be traced in different classes of society.

"My lord," in the country, is affable, excellent; conscious that he somehow deserves the deference which greets him at every turn in his ancestral home; but when he goes up to London, he finds himself nothing and nobody, but one in a crowd. As he passes along the swarming streets, unknown and unnoticed, the reflection must cross his mind that at home, "among his own people," he is something and somebody;

that the unheeding, busy, restless crowd about him are little aware what an excellent, amiable, affable personage they are jostling against. In his country town every man he meets touches his hat, every woman has her deferential curtsy ready, and when he is so condescending as to make little inquiries after their kinsfolk (which inquiries are often mal-apropos), then he tastes the pleasures of being so affable and amiable, and thinks with complacency of giving so much happiness at such little cost.

Of course it is right to go to London, it is a duty to show oneself among the great ones of the earth; but after all London is a bustling, money-making, vulgar town. And the habits of London are by no means healthy habits. It is a relief and a happiness to have done with London, where one is only an atom in the crowd, and to go down to the country, "to dwell among one's own people," who know how excellent, and amiable, and affable one is.

"My lady" also, who is supreme in the country, whose very nod was a condescension, whose one finger was a happiness, leads a very different life in London. In the country, she is the observed of all observers, the cynosure of fashion,—now she is as full of trepidation as a country girl, lest her train should be an inch too short, her chignon a shade too dark, or her dress a thought too high. She is in agony lest she should not be included in the first court, or not invited to some very aristocratic *fête*. In fact, she has descended from the state of a queen, to be an abject slave: and the change would not be bearable, but that fashion demands it, and fashion's demands must be complied with.

Nevertheless, it must be with feelings akin to those of a prisoner released from thralldom, that she leaves London and returns "to dwell among her own people." There she may wear a dress of any length, for it is sure to be admired. There she knows no party is considered worth notice unless she is present. There she is conscious that though Victoria is Queen of England, she is queen of Happylandshire, and envies no one in the world,—"she dwells among her own people."

Let us draw the simple, but laborious wife of a country parson out of her homely parsonage. She is invited to the annual dinner at the castle. She likes to go, notwithstanding that she has to drink out of the cup of mortification. She feels that though "my lord" consults "William" on all parish matters, and that though "my lady" is really kind and condescending,

she has nothing in common for her company. In spite of Martha's delighted exclamation—"Laws, mum, you do look beautiful!" she sees that her dress is dowdy—nay obsolete to the last degree. It appears, by "my lady's" style, that you cannot be too startling in the effects of dress. She remembers with sadness that she would not listen to the village milliner, but had this, her one new dress of the year, gathered in ample folds round her waist, just not touching the ground all round, in order that it might not get spotted. As to going it, the idea of wasting so much good stuff was something sinful; besides, how could she then make a Sunday frock apiece for her little girls out of it when too shabby for her? Fashion might be as extravagant as it pleased, she must think of the future. But nevertheless she was painfully conscious of the effect of her full, short skirt, its very lustre and freshness adding to its unfashionableness, when it was compared with the long trains, the straight waists, the fully-developed figures of the grand people with whom she had the honor to dine.

And without in her heart arraigning their manner to her, she was perfectly conscious that her company was only tolerated out of courtesy, and her appearance not laughed at, only because there was so much of pity mixed up with their amusement. Yet, with the strange waywardness of the human heart, she would rather endure this mortification than miss her only glimpse of the fashionable world. She was more keenly anxious to witness that which never could be hers, than alive to those qualities she possessed, superior to them all. But these qualities made themselves felt, as the fragrant perfume of mignonette greeted her at her humble home, and instantly brought with it the remembrance of her position at that home: she remembers how she was queen of it, and so absolutely necessary to its well-doing as to be almost the soul of it.

When she had passed the beds, and looked at her sleeping children, and saw the great basket of little clothes set aside to be mended on the morrow,—“William” begging her to remind him of some parochial duty to be done the first thing in the morning,—and Martha, too sleepy to make any comments on her mistress, surrendering to her arms a crowing, wakeful baby, the full measure of the happiness of her position burst upon her. Carefully putting away the old-fashioned dress, she took her baby into her arms, and as she crooned it to sleep she laughed herself at the odd figures great ladies suffered themselves to be made into

by fashion—wondered at their listlessness and apathy, considered with some awe as to what she should do had she no other duty to perform than to strive after every species of amusement, and to idle away the day in pleasure.

“Ah me!” she says to her baby, “I fear I should not be so amiable as they are. I am glad I have so much to do. There is good scattered everywhere for all of us, and nothing seems so good and pleasant to me as ‘dwelling in my own home among my people.’ Why should I long for that which would soon pall and disgust me? Why forget that my life has the dignity and importance of a Future attached to it, while theirs but seeks to evert the needs of the day?”

Did “my lady” think the same, as her maid divested her of her costly ornaments, her fashionable dress, and assisted her, tired out with pleasure, to bed? Fatigued though she was, “my lady” was as amiable and affable as “my lord.” She was not too tired to think of her unfashionable guest. “Poor little woman! what a figure she made. I wonder if she would be offended if I ordered her a proper dress from Milman’s. I hear she is such a good creature—working so hard at home, and yet so indefatigable in the parish. I wonder if ‘my lord’ has sent them a haunch of venison. I will remind him of that. But can they dress it? Perhaps game will be better. They are good people; but how could she make such a guy of herself?” These were the thoughts on which “my lady” fell asleep—forgetting entirely the ordeal she passed through in London, when she enacted the country lady with quite as much *mauvaise honte* as the little parson’s wife at the castle. These two instances show how absolutely necessary it is to true happiness to have one’s own home, one’s own people.

With what emotions of trembling ecstasy does the man with torn and wounded heart seek his long-forgotten home! He has grasped at shadows until, sick and depressed, he turns back to the substance, that Love which is the name by which the God of all has revealed himself to us. “Our people” may be dull and old-fashioned—our home may lack comforts and luxuries. But what wit and refinement can be substituted for love? What comfort or luxury can fill the place of forbearing affection?

Young men are very apt to go out into the world, despising the home in which they were reared, the old-fashioned but fond mother, the dowdy but loving sisters. The mother is too fussy, and teases them with

her tender ways; the sisters are too demonstrative, and have not that reticence which is such a charm in women. They are gushing, and must be snubbed. Thus they despise a love which is incomparably superior to that of a strange woman, who, caring nothing for the man, rules and tyrannises over him, often making him do deeds he would scorn to do for his own people.

To be independent of family ties, of the claims of kindred, of the several excitements of the loves and happinesses of our own people, is simply to be possessed of a hard and selfish heart. To live unloved, and die unlamented, is the proper, but the deplorable fate of such persons. And with an exquisite sense of beauty and of fitness one turns from such characters to one which had lived among and delighted in his own people, so dwelling among them that on his death-bed every one shall mourn him as their best friend; feeling that he was as a father to them, and that they give him the tears of sorrowing sons. Such an one has not only dwelt among his own people, but his happiness has been bound up in theirs. He has felt their sorrows as his, their joys have rejoiced him; he was as lenient and tender to their faults as if they had been his own. He was observant of their wants; even his poor relations had "their little chamber in the wall." The claims of his kindred, never ignored, so enlarged his heart, and opened the fountains of his kindly nature, that he won the love, admiration, and respect of all who knew him. It may be grand to be a hero—to be regarded as a mortal gifted with an immortal talent; but it is better far to be able to say, with sincere truth and full plenitude of content, "I desire not to be over rich, nor to be high in the ranks of the world, nor to be the possessor of one great magnificent gift, I am content—I dwell among mine own people."—*Argosy*.

Original.

ACCOUNTING FOR A BACHELOR.

BY JOHN RITCHIE, BUCKINGHAM.

The bachelor is an institution peculiar to no country or state of society. He is perfectly irrepressible, and is found everywhere. No community would be complete without its bachelor. He is as necessary as the Town Hall or public park,—he belongs to everybody in general, and to nobody in particular. When I speak of

bachelor, I do not, of course, mean your half-fledged individual of thirty or forty summers, who may, at any moment, change sides, and go over to the enemy. I mean the thorough veteran of fifty or upwards, who, of course, is inured to all the punctilio of bachelor life,—who is set, as it is called, in all his ways, fastidious in all his tastes, and who holds bridesmaids and babies as unnecessary additions to the sum of human life. Such an individual looms up in society like some grim fortress, having withstood all the assaults of beauty, and frustrated all the strategy of his matrimonial well-wishers. Bright eyes and ruby lips are utterly lost upon him; and he can talk with as much composure to a perfect Venus, as he would to his grandmother, were she still adorning this nether world. He is supposed never to have had a heart, or, if he had, to have got it petrified by some peculiar process. He is, therefore, very useful, as the young ladies can practise upon him without being accused of flirting, or of hurting anybody's feelings, as the poor bachelor is not supposed to have any. If you talk to him about matrimony, you will almost certainly be told that he never found anybody that he liked as well as himself, or that he never could get anybody to have him. Could we get at his secret history, however, we should most likely find that all this was true, only with this slight modification,—that at one time he liked somebody a great deal better than himself, and that a lover's quarrel, or some such trifle, had changed the once susceptible youth to the block of adamant we now behold. Or, perhaps, if we could follow the thoughts of this man, whom we regard as devoid of feeling, we should find them keeping vigil over some lonely grave, where, according to his notions, all that was lovely in female character, and beautiful in female form, lies entombed.

It was once my lot to come upon a solution of one of those bachelor mysteries, and, as it was a somewhat romantic one, I shall narrate the circumstances. When a young man, commencing life in the commercial

metropolis of Scotland, it was my privilege to become acquainted with Mr. H., a wealthy bachelor, well known in the community as a rich and successful merchant. He had come, when a boy, from Dumfriesshire to Glasgow, and had been, as it is called, the architect of his own fortune. He was now a man between fifty and sixty, but was as light-headed and joyous, apparently, as a young man of twenty. Nothing seemed to give him greater pleasure than to collect the young people of his acquaintance under his hospitable roof, and to lead them in all kinds of social hilarity. Often did the young ladies, and the old, too, for that matter, wonder why Mr. H. had never claimed as his own one of the fair daughters of Eve; for he was none of your crusty bachelors, but a genial, joyous, old man. Little did I then anticipate that I should afterwards come so unexpectedly upon a solution of the mystery. Years rolled on, and when Mr. H. had been gathered to his fathers, I was settled in America. One evening when at the house of a friend, I met a lady from the West, who, like myself, had spent her early days in Scotland, and we were soon discoursing about people whom we had both known. Those whom I had known as my seniors, she had known as her school companions, or, at least, as young people. Among others, she had known Mr. H. when a boy, her native place also being Dumfriesshire. She asked me if I had heard his early history, and, on informing her that I had not, she told me the following story.

THE OLD BACHELOR'S EARLY HISTORY

When a young man, or, rather, a boy, Mr. H. had, like a great many other youths, a sweetheart. She was a young girl of his own age, daughter to a neighboring farmer. They had grown up together, attended the village school together, and now that they were entering their teens, began to regard each other in the light of lovers. The young lady, whom, for the sake of convenience, we shall call Kate, was, of course, beautiful and accomplished; but, like a

good many others, Kate had a will of her own, and was, withal, a little of a Tom-boy,—fond of fun, and practical jokes. She doted on dogs, and was a perfect Die Vernon in horsemanship. They parted, as young people in their circumstances usually do, with promises of eternal fidelity, and Mr. H. entered an office in Glasgow. He had not been there long when he was paralyzed by hearing that his Kate had disappeared, and could not be heard of, though every effort had been made by her relations to discover her whereabouts. Months passed, and she was given up for lost. At last, she was heard from as a convict in Van Dieman's Land, then a penal settlement. And how, you naturally ask, did she get there? In the following manner. About the time that Mr. H. left for Glasgow, there was to be a great horse-fair in the county-town of Dumfries, and Kate and a young female friend of her own wished anxiously to be there, but their parents forbade their attendance. Nothing daunted, they resolved to go, and, accordingly, stole their brothers' clothing; and, attired as boys, attended the fair. They had not been long there, and were sauntering through the horse-fair, when a well-dressed man, apparently a gentleman, asked the boy, as he supposed Kate to be, to hold his horse. Nothing loth, she consented, but had not been long in charge when a great commotion took place,—a valuable horse had been stolen, and, horror of horrors! it was found in Kate's possession. The boy could give no explanation further than that he had been asked to hold the horse; and as that was not deemed sufficient, he was marched off to jail on a charge of horse stealing, then, in Scotland, ranking next to murder in enormity. But the boy was cool, and never for a moment lost his self-possession. Whether the idea of disclosing her sex, and explaining her respectability, occurred to the poor girl or not, we can only guess. Most likely the dread of exposure made her resolve on the bold course she pursued,—that of trusting to an acquittal, even in a criminal prosecution. Her companion

managed to get an interview with her, and was charged to return home, to say nothing as to her position, and to return as often as possible with appliances for enabling her to keep up her disguise. This was promised, and all too faithfully performed. The poor girl lay in the county jail for nearly six months before the Assize Court was held, and at last was brought up for trial. The case had attracted much attention on account of the youth and good looks of the thief, and the court-house was crowded on the day of trial. The father and brother of poor Kate were there, and gazed unconsciously on the long-lost treasure; and she, poor girl, experienced many a tremor as she looked on their careworn faces, and noticed the habiliments of mourning on her account. But she held, unflinchingly, to her course. Doubtless, she would be acquitted, and then she could explain all, without a public exposure. Such were her fond anticipations, mixed with anxious thoughts about her absent and now almost broken-hearted lover. The trial went on. Of course, the possession of the horse was early proved against her; and as she could neither satisfactorily explain how she got him, or describe the man she represented as having left him with her, it was deemed a great point against her innocence. Neither could she bring any one to prove her good character, nor give any satisfactory account of herself. Under these circumstances, although the Judge, in charging the jury, dwelt greatly upon the youth and innocent appearance of the thief, a verdict was rendered against her, and poor Kate was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude. It would be difficult to describe, or even imagine, what the poor girl's feelings must have been on hearing her cruel doom pronounced. It is difficult to conceive why, in this perilous emergency, she did not disclose her sex, and claim the protection of her relatives. Doubtless, shame and false delicacy had much to do with the resolution which she had formed of abiding the consequences of her indiscretion. But it is painful to think

of a young and beautiful girl immolating herself upon so unworthy a principle. But her decision was made, and, with unswerving firmness, she followed it up. In due course, she, with other condemned criminals, was put on board a transport, and sailed for Van Dieman's Land. Nothing remarkable happened in her experience till the vessel neared her destination, when it was whispered about among the other convicts that the young horse-thief was a girl. This rumor reached the ears of the Captain, who was a kind and humane man, and he immediately took our heroine to task on the subject. She saw there was no use in further concealment, and, accordingly, disclosed all, giving a full detail of all the circumstances connected with her case. On arrival at port, the Captain made the case known, so as to procure some amelioration of her condition in the interim, and, on his return, took Kate's deposition of facts, and other particulars, which he immediately placed in the hands of the proper authorities in Scotland. The case was investigated, and the other young girl who accompanied Kate was examined. Her evidence was deemed conclusive in the matter, and a release was sent out to the girl convict, together with the means of bringing her home; but, strange to say, though she accepted her liberty, she declined to return to Scotland. She remained in Australia, and became, in a manner, dead to all her relations and friends. Mr. H. still hoped to hear from her, and her romantic history made a deep impression on his heart. But years rolled on, and he heard nothing of her. Meantime he had acquired a handsome fortune, and had become a confirmed bachelor. More than thirty years had elapsed from the time of his love misfortune, when, one day, a middle-aged lady, dressed in deep mourning, and accompanied by three young ladies, also dressed in mourning, and bearing a strong resemblance to their guardian, arrived at one of the principal hotels in Glasgow. The lady had the appearance of having once been remarkably beautiful;

but care had stamped its impress on her noble brow, and silvery threads were interwoven with her luxuriant hair. A day or two after her arrival, this lady called on Mr. H., and proved to be no other than his early lost Kate. She had married a wealthy man in Australia, who had lately died, leaving her with three daughters and a large fortune; and she had returned to Scotland for the education of her daughters. This meeting must have been a trying one for both parties; but, of course, no one ever knew what really transpired. It was believed that Mr. H., finding his long-lost love in a state of freedom, tendered her his hand and fortune, but that she respectfully declined, and shortly after left Glasgow. And now my simple story is told; and I trust that I have satisfactorily accounted for, at least, one bachelor. Think kindly of the class for the sake of this one; and believe that Mr. H. was not the only one who has had a romantic reason for remaining in a "state of single blessedness."

SONG OF THE OLD WASHERWOMAN.

*Translated from the German of Chamisso
for N. D. Monthly.*

So active at her tubs, you see
Yon woman with the silver hair;
The busiest washerwoman she,
All in her six and seventieth year.
Thus ever she, by toil severe,
Her bread with honesty did eat,
And faithfully fulfilled the sphere
That God to her saw fit to mete.

In youthful days, when all seem'd fair,
She lov'd, hop'd, and was made a wife,
Her portion bore of woman's care,
And bravely met the tasks of life.
She tended her sick husband's bed,
She bore him blooming children three;
And in the grave she saw him laid,
Nor aught of hope or faith lost she.

Here then the little ones to feed
She labors brave and cheerfully;
To bring them up the right to heed,
Their wealth are thrift and industry.
Grown up, their livelihood to find,
Her dear ones forth with blessings sent;
Alone and old she staid behind,
All brave, and cheerful, and content.

Thoughtful, she saved and flax she bought,
And when her daily task was done,

Some hours she stole from sleep, and wrought
Her flax to finest yarn she spun.
And gave it to the weaver's skill;
With shears and needle shap'd and sew'd,
And made her shroud; she had thought ill
Were even this to others ow'd.

Her shroud, her garb of rest she treasures
And keeps in its own honor'd place;
It is the dearest of all treasures,
A jewel nothing could replace.
She puts it on each Sunday morn,
To listen to the Gospel blest,
Then lays it by till in it borne
To take her last and sweetest rest.

And I, in my life's evening, would
That I had, like that woman true,
Fulfill'd in all things, as I should,
The work that God gave me to do.
I would that I had also known
In life's cup such refreshment sweet;
And found, when other joys had flown,
Such pleasure in my winding sheet.

Ottawa, 1st Jan., 1868.

Original.

STORIES AROUND THE CHANTIER (SHANTY) CAMBOOSE-FIRE.

BY A. J. L.—(Continued)

None laughed heartier than did Murty at this jest, even although at his own expense. Amid such sallies,—perhaps at times none of the most select or polite, but, nevertheless, brimful of wit and humor,—the camp was broken up; and the process of loading canoes for another start proceeded with. Just as the sun, with his golden beams, began to tint the top of the mountains, or I should rather say hills, we were once more on the bosom of the water, gliding along under the rapid strokes of the paddle. The wild refrain of the canoe song, echoing from side to side of the hill-bounded river, sounding soft and mellow at times, and again as it was sent back by some rocky dell, it would ring out sharp and clear, dying away in a prolonged reverberation amid the pines, that clothed like a mantle the mountains, that here came down to the very margin of the rapid river.

This day was pretty much a repetition of the former, if we except the more frequent use of the tracking lines, and an accident resulting therefrom.

Tracking is simply attaching a line to the bow of the canoe, by which the men tow her up the current, where too swift to surmount by paddling, one man being left in the canoe to keep her out into the current with a pole. Accidents frequently occur, and sometimes of a serious nature, from the breaking of the rope when tracking.

One of our canoes had a narrow escape from this cause during the day, serious consequences only being averted by the admirable presence of mind, and excellent canoe craft, of our friend Tom, and shielded, no doubt, by an all-watchful Providence.

In going up a rough rapid, in seeking to avoid a projecting rock, the whole force of current caught the prow of the canoe; and, spite the efforts of the trackers, she slowly, but steadily, drew them to the edge of the water. Seeing the imminence of the danger, with a superhuman effort, they sought to regain the vantage, when snap went the line, and with a lurch that almost landed Tom in the stream, the canoe swung broadside on, into the boiling, foaming current. In a twinkling the brave fellow recovered himself, and, springing to the stern, seized a paddle; and, none too soon, with a desperate stroke, shot her clear of a sharp rock, on which, in another instant, she would have been dashed to pieces. Eagerly, with bated breath, we waited, totally helpless to render aid, expecting every moment to see him wrecked on the innumerable treacherous rocks that thickly dotted the channel he must pass. Had he only been midstream, all would have been well; but, owing to the route he was compelled to take, disaster seemed unavoidable.

Calmly standing in the stern of the canoe, he seemed fully to take in the whole situation at a glance; and just as you were wondering how he could possibly avoid a rock ahead, a dexterous stroke of the paddle would clear it. After many hair-breadth escapes, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him safely reach the foot of the

rapid, upon which a frantic cheer gave vent to our pent-up emotion.

This accident caused no inconsiderable delay, and, consequently, prevented us reaching the usual camping-ground; so we were compelled to seek another. Some little time before sunset we put into a wooded nook, on the alluvial flats; which where the mountains do not come down to the very water's edge, invariably skirt the margin of the river, at times only a narrow strip, but at others forming quite a breadth of the very richest land, as the hills recede a distance from the river.

On reaching the spot, we found that an Indian family had forestalled us, and built their wigwam in a well-chosen location. Selecting a place some little way from them, on the upper bank of the little creek into which we had run the canoes to effect our landing, all were soon engaged in the pleasing task of making everything comfortable for our sojourn. And almost as soon as it takes me to tell you, our fire threw its volume of curling smoke perpendicularly upward, as it crackled and burned under the lee of the rocky wall that a short distance off stood in many escarpments, rearing its alternately bald and wooded front towards the West.

The sun being yet high, a number determined to go and visit the Indian camp. Accordingly, several of us strolled over to it; and amongst the number our Hibernian friend, Dennis, whose ears had just been carefully stuffed with all manner of improbable stories of savage cannibalism, cruelty, scalping, and treachery, that the mind of his companion could concoct. With wondering curiosity he was, therefore, prepared to misconstrue the simplest acts and occupations of the Indians into anything diabolical. With many questioning doubts as to the safety of our present visit, his curiosity yet completely mastered his prudence, and hence he formed one of our party.

"Arrah, thin!" said he, turning to Murty, "sure they wouldn't ate me?"

"Feigs!" was the reply, "it's prayin' ye

ought to be this blissid minnit; that the black nagurs may not take a fancy to you."

"Fwhat do you mane, Murty; sure it's onny childer and babbys they ate, the murtherin' divils?"

"Whisht! ye fool ye; it's morthally feared I am, yer purty healthy-luckin' face may plaze thim."

"God be wid uz! Murty, yer onny jokin'?"

"It's hopin' ye'l find it's not all airnest I am, me poor boy!" continued his tormentor.

"Oh, whilliloo! whilliloo! murthur! It's back I'll go. O, Dinnis! Dinnis! fwhat! oh fwhat! ivir timptid ye to come to this murtherin' country? May the curse av Cora rist an it. Arrah, thin! if I ever raich home, may a hot corner an Kilkenny coals be my porshun, av ye catch me lave it agin!"

"Whisht yir noise, Dinny! an' come an'!" said his friend. "Don't ye see them luckin' towards uz. Hart o' me! it's at yerself I belave their gazin'!"

On hearing this, and observing the Indians look towards our party, Dinny became as suddenly silent as one dumb, and would at once have beat an inglorious retreat, as he afterwards told us, "onny the skulkin villans might maybe surprize an kill me, atune yiz and the camp."

On approaching the camp, we found it composed of ten individuals and a dog, —the latter a vicious-looking compound of fox, dog, and wolf, that snarled and barked most furiously as we drew nigh, appearing as though fully determined to take a supper (which, by the way, he looked much in need of) out of one of our number. Our assailant being quieted, with some difficulty, by a young squaw, who drove him with no gentle strokes of a stick into the wigwam, where he still growled out his hostility, we were left at liberty to take a leisurely survey of the scene.

This revealed to us three males, four females, two children, and a papoose, all evidently composing one family,—namely, grandfather, grandmother, two sons, two daughters, daughter-in-law, and three grand-

children, as we afterwards ascertained. The grand-dame, quite an old crone, sat near the entrance of the wigwam, busily engaged embroidering, with porcupine quills, a pair of deer-skin moccasins; the pattern, which displayed much taste, being wrought in different-coloured quills, so harmoniously blended in the design, as to form a most pleasing effect. As she wrought at her work, she, from time to time, pulled a string attached to the Indian cradle, which held the infant; and that was suspended from a limb of the gnarled oak, which threw its sheltering arms over the aboriginal domicile, chanting in a low, monotonous tone, meantime to herself, something that sounded very like a dirge, and which, by an imaginative mind, could easily be construed into a requiem over the departed glories of her tribe.

The two children that just now had been tumbling and rolling on the grass, engaged in a merry play, on our appearance hastily retreated into the hut, and could ever and anon be seen, with their glittering black eyes, and copper-colored faces, curiously and suspiciously peeping out of the unclosed slit that served as a door, at the white strangers, who so unceremoniously had frightened them from their amusement.

In a reclining position, on the slope of a sunny knoll near the wigwam, could be seen the patriarch of the camp. His long hair, white as snow, reaching to the middle of his back; and his bent form enveloped in a blue mackinaw blanket, denoted his extreme age. From his mouth and nostrils ascended a perfect cloud of smoke, allowed to escape, as best it could, apparently, from his nose and toothless mouth, the only effort, as far as we could note, being to draw it from the pipe-bowl. And such a pipe! It looked as though it had done service for at least ten generations.

Fancy a pipe with a bowl as large as an ordinary-sized breakfast cup, only longer and narrower, and weighing, probably, about a pound, made out of some kind of stone, and profusely carved on the outside

with several fantastic figures, rudely executed, the pipe shining like polished ebony, owing, doubtless, to its being thoroughly and completely permeated with tobacco-juice, and the repeated polishings received from its different owners; for we afterwards discovered it to be an heir-loom, and made so long ago that the date of its manufacture could not now be fixed. From this huge bowl protruded a stem (made of some kind of wood) about two feet in length, most elaborately wrought, and covered with designs in wampum and dyed porcupine quills, the mouthpiece being composed of a hollow bone, taken from the leg of some wild fowl, and nicely adjusted on the wooden stem, with a slight curve to fit the mouth.

As he reclined, the bowl of his huge pipe resting on the sward, his long white locks thrown into relief by the blue blanket, as they straggled in wild confusion over his back; his feet encased in a pair of neat moccasins; his eyes half-closed, as though dreamily wandering over the days of yore, he represented the very embodiment of enjoyment and content,—a living reproof to these so-called civilized whites, who, although rolling in the midst of plenty, and with scarcely a wish ungratified, yet continually fret and worry about they know not what; and instead of gratefully enjoying the beneficence of that good Being, who has accumulated blessings upon them, by their thanklessness and repining only more clearly demonstrate how unworthy they are of their possession.

Over the pot that bubbled and boiled on the fire, suspended from a pole supported upon two crotched stakes driven into the ground, immediately in front of the wigwam, stood apparently the mother of the children, her undivided attention being given to the preparation of supper, which, by the indications lying around, seemed evidently composed of partridge and beaver, joined with fish, but recently taken from the stream, as the fresh scales and blood on a fallen log near by attested. As we came up, she was engaged in seasoning the

unsavory mess, that cooked in the pot, with some herbs, ever and anon tasting it with a wooden spoon which she held in her hand. Our appearance did not in the least seem to interrupt her in her occupation. As, seemingly heedless of our presence, she addressed, in her native tongue, some words to the two young squaws at work close by, who, not quite so stoical, cast furtive glances towards us, as they continued their employment, making pretty dainty baskets from peeled birch bark, the elaborately wrought pattern on which, attested the nicety of taste and delicacy of touch of these dusky aboriginal beauties.

In the little glade, not more than a copper's toss from the latter, stood the father of the little ones leaning on his gurl, and apparently but recently returned from making provision for the evening meal. Near him a much younger man was engaged, evidently under his direction and superintendence, in putting together the skeleton frame of a bark canoe, the former doing nothing more than counselling and directing the latter, as he progressed with his task. The two men were splendid specimens of the native Indian, some six feet in height, straight as arrows, evidently full of muscular strength, and supple and lithe as panthers.

Contrary to the general rule amongst the natives, this family proved to be uncommonly clean and tidy; and, more wonderful still, judging from appearances, industrious also. What it has occupied me so long to narrate, was noted by a few rapid glances by us as we entered the warmly-sheltered glade, in which stood the Indian camp.

As we stood, looking curiously at the different members of the family engaged in their respective occupations, Dennis, who felt anything but comfortable, whispered to Tom, who stood next him:

"Masther Tom! fwhat's in the pot, avic?"

"Crows, water-snakes, partridge, and a bit of one of the Beaver family, I surmise, by the look of things," he added; "but go

and ask them for a bit, Dinny, to make sure."

"F'what's that ye say?" he asked excitedly, loathing and disgust depicted in every feature of his honest face, "Me go an ax fur a bit av that divil's broth?" and as the idea of cannibalism, in the shape of a bit of one of the Beaver family, flitted before his imagination, it nauseated him, and it was only by a great effort he settled his rebellious stomach. After accomplishing this feat, he turned, and, with a look of surprised indignation, addressed us: .

"An is it possible, thin! that yez will lave them to murder dacint pape in this way, an nivr a man av yez raise a han' to save the crayture? Shame on yez! Shame on yez all!" said he. Raising his voice excitedly, and shaking his clenched fist over towards the Indian *pater familias*, he shouted out, as the unconscious Indian eyed him with a stare of surprise:—"Ye bloody haythin' ye! yes, ye may luk; but, bad seran to me! I'me morthally timplid to bate the life out av ye. Don't luk at me that way! or else,"—and his voice rose to a perfect yell, as he became possessed with the idea that the Indian was coveting him as a dainty tit-bit,—“or else, by the piper that played before Moses! I'll hav yer hart's blood, and sind ye where ye'll nivr kill an' ate another Christian, ye murtherin' imp ye!"

• (To be Continued.)

A WOMAN'S WISDOM,

"Mary," said Mr. Randolph lifting his youngest boy from off his foot, which had been performing a series of journeys "to Boston and back again" for the last half-hour, "I discharged Tom this afternoon!"

"You have? Dear me, Luther!" If these words seem ambiguous on my paper, the tones gave them fullness of meaning and emphasis, and expressed surprise, regret, and some other feeling nearer disapproval than anything else.

The tender playfulness which had crept into the merchant's face during his frolic with his boy and girl was superseded by

another expression, the one that he carried into his office—among his warehouses—in his relations with his clerks and *employés*, and in his business dealings with men in general; a hard, stern, shrewd look, which he was very apt to leave outside when he turned the night key in his door and passed into the warmth and brightness of his home.

For, although this man was far from faultless, although he had the name among his brother merchants, and on 'change, of being shrewd and sharp at a bargain, and pretty certain to "line his own nest" warmly in all business transactions, there was still another side to Luther Randolph—he was thoroughly a *home* man.

That was the side of him which was warmest, and tenderest, and most genial; the side which was turned almost invariably toward his wife, and the girl and boy, who were the pride and delight of the man's life.

And well it was for Luther Randolph that he had taken to wife a woman so perfectly fitted to sympathize with, and develop all these home loves and instincts of a man's nature, to make of the house where he dwelt a little earthly paradise of comfort, and brightness, and beauty. In some respects, too, she was his superior—in social position and early cultivation; and there had been a time when her family regarded it as insufferable presumption, for a mere salaried book-keeper to dream of wooing the youngest and petted daughter of the house.

But notwithstanding fortune and family were in his disfavor, Luther Randolph had many qualities of person and manner which win the regard of women, and on this one he had set his heart and soul, and she was not unmindful of the tender, manly regard which she had inspired.

Time, perseverance, above all, a steady ascent up the ladder of fortune, triumphed, after several years waiting, over all obstacles; and Luther Randolph led to the altar the daughter of the old banker, Mary Marshall.

He was far into his thirties at that time, and so far, life had been literally a struggle with him. He had fought his way by the strength of his arm and the might of his will, without friends or fortune, and now, less than eight years after his marriage, he was a rich man, honored of all men, if somewhat feared and dreaded by his inferiors, and surrounded on every hand with evidences of the wealth which he had won for himself.

"Yes, Mary," he continued, with that

new hardness, which had settled into his face, sinking also into his voice; "I finished the matter up in short metre this afternoon, and gave him his quit papers. I am not the man to be tampered with the second time, as Tom found out to his cost, today."

"What was his offence this time?" inquired the lady; and the evening paper dropped unheeded from her lap to the floor, and she leaned her face down to the cheek of the little girl who was hanging on the side of her chair, and mother and daughter made a pretty picture at that moment, which Mr. Randolph would have keenly appreciated had not his thoughts just then been engrossed.

"O, it was the old thing; he got into bad company again, and, in short, came into the office so drunk this morning that he could hardly stand. I sent him back at once to sleep off the effects of his spree, and when he returned, pretty thoroughly scared and sobered this afternoon, I gave him his dismissal, with some sharp words that he won't be likely to forget at once."

"Such a smart, bright, pretty-behaved boy as he was!" said the soft, regretful voice of the lady. "It is such a pity!"

"I agree with you; but if boys or men will make fools of themselves and stand in their own light, who is to blame? I'd taken a fancy to the boy, and meant to do well by him, else I should have turned him away on the first offence."

"And what will become of him now, Luther?" asked the lady.

"It would be impossible for me to prophesy, my dear. The chances, however, are against him. He's made a bad beginning, and will be very likely to end in a police court and a term at the Tombs, and that's the end of a boy of course."

"O, dear!" said the lady, with a little start, and an unconscious glance at the mesh of brown, burnished hair that had nestled down on the hearth rug, "what a terrible picture, Luther!"

Mr. Randolph followed his wife's gaze. Perhaps he divined the association which suggested itself to her mind, for his tone was certainly modified as he answered:

"That is true, I need not have painted it quite so black. Perhaps Tom's future may not be so bad as my croakings. At all events, give your pretty little head no further concern on the subject, for the boy is unworthy of it."

"I can't help wishing, Luther, that you had given him one more trial," said the

lady, speaking more to herself than to her husband.

The gentleman turned upon his wife and regarded her with one of his pleasant smiles, in which lurked just the faintest tinge of irony.

"Mary," he said, "I regard you as a most exemplary woman, in short, as the very flower of your sex. In all relations, as wife, and mother, and mistress, I believe you to be unequalled. But in all business matters your judgment and opinions wouldn't be worth a six-pence, at least, on any subject where your interest and sympathies were enlisted. That soft little heart of yours would be certain to lead your good sense captive, and you'd be grossly imposed upon and deceived on every side. Ah, my dear, a man who has had to fight the battle of life, as I have done, and to make his own way in the world, knows better than all this. He may harden and toughen himself on every side. He can't afford to turn his store into a reform school, nor himself into a mere philanthropist. He must look at these things in a business point of view, else he will be ruined."

He spoke as the hard, sagacious business man, looking at life from a stand-point of self-interest; he had broader outlooks sometimes, but his horizon now was narrowed to one of money and gain.

The words grated along the finer instincts of Mrs. Randolph's nature. A faint shadow crept into her face, a fainter sigh from her lips. Perhaps, for almost the first time in her life, her womanly intuitions warned her of some latent hardness and selfishness in her husband's nature. She did not, however, attempt to argue with him, although she knew that his reasoning was in some sense false and superficial. Her question did not even touch his late remarks, but went straight to the discharged office-boy.

"How came Tom to fall into this bad company, Luther?"

"The answer is easy enough, Mary. It all came out of that cheap boarding house, and the folks inside of it. Boys with his salary have to put their heads where they can, and people who take them on low terms, with provisions at these starvation prices, can neither afford to be exclusive with regard to the class they take in, nor to offer an attractive home to their boarders.

"Tom, like the rest, bolted his food, I suppose, and had no place but the streets to pass his evenings in, and of course a green boy from the country afforded a fine chance to his fellow-lodgers to induce him into all

sorts of follies and sins, and he hadn't sense or strength to resist them."

"Poor boy! Ah, Luther, if he were ours;" and the mother's soft brown eyes glanced again toward the white heap of life, and brightness, and bloom which lay on the floor.

And again the father's eyes followed hers, and the hardness melted out of them now, and he said, fervently,—

"God forbid! I would rather lay my boy in his grave this hour, than know he should live to be turned adrift in his youth, on this great city, with no friends to protect, and with temptations lying in wait on every side to devour him."

"And Tom had a mother, too, and she must have loved him as we do ours, Luther. I almost hope she isn't alive now, for I can judge by my own heart, that it must break hers to know that her boy is lost."

"Yes, she is living." Mr. Randolph answered almost reluctantly. "I remember Tom told me so, that she was a widow, and he was her only son; although he had a little sister beside. Foolish boy, to run his neck straight into that trap!" added the gentleman, half angry at himself to find that his heart was beginning to relent toward the culprit.

Tears brimmed the eyes of Mrs. Randolph. From the first she had taken a fancy to, an unusual interest in, the bright-faced little office boy, whom her husband frequently despatched up to the house with some note or message for its mistress.

The boy's bright, prompt, pleasant manner, his quick intelligence, the courtesy of speech and bearing, which indicated careful home cultivation, had all attracted the lady.

And now her motherly heart was touched to its centre, thinking of that other mother, lonely and widowed, whose pride, and joy, and strength had been this one boy, now turned out on the world in shame and disgrace. She thought how smoothly the downward road winds along the days; she thought how the proud young spirit, stung with remorse and shame, would be likely to flash up into fierce recklessness, or settle down into sullen defiance. The lady's heart, looking on her own son, ached and yearned over this other mother's.

She rose up, she took her little boy in her arms and set him on his father's knee. "Luther," she said, "I will not argue or reason with you, for you will get the best of me there, but I plead for this boy in the name of your own, take him back; give him one more trial, for the sake of this!"

and she placed her hands on the child's head.

The child looked up with his sweet face full of bewilderment. Something in the tender, solemn face of his mother seemed to impress him. He reached out his fat, dimpled hands to his father, and cried in his pretty child voice, "Take him back, papa—take him back!"

Mr. Randolph was moved. He bent down swiftly and kissed the small speaker, and fancied himself guilty of a great unmanly weakness when he said, "O, Mary, you women, with your children, are enough to turn a man's brain. It's against my life-long principles to do what you ask."

But after all, the speech conceded much more than it denied, and Mrs. Randolph knew that if Tom was not gone beyond recall, he might have another chance with his master.

Three days had passed, and the year had stepped softly from November into winter, and the last month opened with smiles as radiant as those which kindle the face of June; with winds balmy as May's, and with no sign nor whisper of the long path of storm and darkness through which the road lay toward the spring, just as some lives lie in sweet warmth and security on the border land of awful experience of sorrow, and pain, and loss, through which their feet must walk into the eternal "rest" beyond.

And one morning of this "sunshine out of season," a youth somewhere about his seventeenth year might have been seen making his way slowly along one of the principal thoroughfares of the city.

If you had looked in his face you would have found it a bright, intelligent one, with eyes that held usually plenty of fire and spirit in them, but now carried some gloom, or sadness, or both. So did the step, slow and despondent, so did the slender boy figure, with the idle hands listlessly in the pockets, for want of some better employment.

"Now, Tom Haynes," buzzed the busy brain of this youth, "you're done for in this city, and the sooner you clear out and go off to sea, the better for you. The best you can do is to ship as a common deck hand, for a good long voyage round the world. You'll have a chance to see something of the world before you get back, and, perhaps you'll get into a good berth and be a captain some day. It'll be hard enough at first, and you must make up your mind to plenty of knocks; but it will be better

than loafing around the city, with your hands in your pockets and your last dollar going. There's no chance for you here, with your character gone and your situation lost, and you've nothing but yourself, as the old fellow told you when he sent you off. All your fine visions and pretty dreams of making money and setting up the folks at home are gone now.

"Poor mother, and little Ruth!" Ah, there was a twinge then, that made the boy start and shrink as one might at the touch of a coal of fire; he knew the poor, broken-down mother, the bright little sister, just three years his junior, had set all their hopes and pride on him as their one hope and trust, and that when they should come to hear the truth, that he was discharged and disgraced, and had run off to sea, they would never hold up their heads again.

Ah, if he could go back to the day on which he left them. Then the tears sprang up into his eyes; he was thinking of their last words—his mother's and little Ruth's. There was only one thought which was harder than that, and this was going back and looking in their faces and telling them the truth. And so reasoning after the fearful "logic of evil," the one wrong always involving another, he told himself, in despair and desperation, that there was no help for it; he must "run off now and go to sea."

And he who had been so weak to resist the temptations of the land, would expose himself to those increased a hundred-fold, on board the ship, among coarse and brutal companions, amid the lack of all moral restraint and influence which a long sea voyage necessarily involves.

Just at that moment a carriage turned the corner and drew up before the door of a large dry-goods establishment, and a lady alighted, in some haste, and the long silk scarf, which trailed down her cloak, dropped suddenly to the pavement.

Tom was instinctively courteous. He caught up the scarf, saying, "You have dropped your scarf, ma'am." Thus arrested, the lady turned suddenly. "O, thank"—then a look of recognition changed the sentence, and it ended in "Why, Tom! is that you?"

The boy's face was a fierce crimson. He wished that moment that the earth would crumble beneath his feet and take him in.

"Yes, Mrs. Randolph," he faintly articulated.

She looked at him, with her eyes full of pity. "O, Tom, I would not have believed it of you," she said sorrowfully.

He tried to speak, but instead there came a swift, smothered sob, beating out from his throat, before he could crush it down again.

She looked at him, this lady with the gentle, motherly heart. "Tom," she said, laying her hand on his shoulder, as his own mother might have done, "if Mr. Randolph should take you back again—if, contrary to all his rules, I could persuade him to do this, would you try once again to resist the evil as you never did before?"

"He would not take me back. You don't know," recalling the last words which his employer had used towards him; words which had festered and rankled in his heart ever since, and made him feel that, let come what might, swift freezing or slow starvation, he would never seek his old master again, even though forgiveness and help awaited him on the threshold.

Mrs. Randolph did not answer for a moment. Perhaps she smiled a little to herself, thinking that his wife ought to know Luther Randolph a little better than his office boy. At last she said, "Get in, Tom, and go with me," pointing to the carriage. And he went in without saying a word.

Mr. Randolph sat alone at his desk when his wife entered his office, accompanied by Thomas, who had been so ignobly driven out of it a few days before. She walked straight up to her husband, who glanced from the lady to her companion in silent curiosity and surprise. "I have found him, Luther, and brought him back," said she. "Try him once more for *my* sake."

"And make a fool of myself," growled the merchant; but there was something which encouraged further entreaty in the tones.

"No, Luther, I take all the blame, all the folly on myself; only try this once, and see if the end does not prove its wisdom."

Mr. Randolph looked at Tom. "You young rascal, you'll be serving me another trick one of these days," he said. "Sit down here and copy these papers."

The office boy tried to speak, but, instead, there came a great gush of sobs, with a rain of tears. And so Thomas Haynes was received once more into favor.

Mrs. Randolph's charity did not stop here. She procured him lodgings under a kindly home roof, in whose pleasant atmosphere the boy's nature expanded, and beneath which he found the peace and shelter that his inexperienced youth so much needed. He never fell into evil again. There is more than that to tell. The boy's quick

intelligence, his promptness and business capacity advanced him steadily in the house as the years went on, until at last the old mother and the pretty sister, blooming into her womanhood, came, in pride and joy, to live in the pleasant home which the young son and brother had earned for them.

There is more yet to tell. There came a time when a sudden business crisis fell upon and paralyzed the community. Old houses, whose credit had stood the storms of scores of years, suddenly tottered and fell. The house of which Luther Randolph was now senior partner tottered to its centre. In the midst of all this, he was taken seriously ill—being confined to his room and his bed. And at that time, had it not been for the senior clerk, for his knowledge of the business in all its relations, for his foresight and energy, the house must have been overwhelmed: As it was, it weathered the storm, and in gratitude therefor Thomas Haynes was taken into the firm by the other partners, and was thereafter its youngest one.

There is more yet to tell. When Margaret, the elder of the daughters of Luther Randolph, was in the bloom of womanhood, Thomas Haynes wooed and won her for his wife. After the bridal breakfast, which included only the families of the newly wedded pair, he turned to Mrs. Randolph, and calling her by the name of mother, he said, "All that I have, all that I am, I owe, under God, this day to you!" And then he told to those who will never forget it, and who heard it now for the first time, the story of the fall of his youth, and how Margaret's mother and his had saved him. I think there were few dry eyes in that room around that bridal breakfast table when he paused.

"Yes, mother," added Mr. Randolph, in a voice of strong emotion, as he looked down with the tenderness of his youth on the fair and gentle matron at his side, "your woman's wisdom was greater than all my boasted judgment then. I, and mine, will have cause to bless you for that work so long as we live."

And how many women, like this one, have work lying at their doors—work which they neglect to do? In their husband's offices, and stores, and warehouses, and manufactories, are clerks and *employés*, are men and women, for whom they might speak some kindly, timely words; in whose welfare they might take an interest, and whom they might rescue from wrong and evil, in their youth and need. To how many women, throughout the land, sitting

in ease and prosperity, in their luxurious homes, has the thought of the good which they might accomplish by speech or deed, never come home!

"Lift up your eyes, for the fields are already white to harvest, and the laborers are few."—*V. F. Townsend.*

Original Translation.

THE LITTLE DRUMMER.*

BY ASPIRANS.

(From the French.)

"Beat on! little drummer, thy call is unheeded
Beat on! thy companions can't answer thy call;
The sound of thy drum can no longer be needed,
And thou 'neath the snow-flakes art destined to fall.

'The clash of the sword and the musketry
rattle
Were silenced erstwhile at the tap of thy drum
Its sound oft decided a hardly-fought battle,—
But now it is powerless t' avert thy dark doom."

'Tap! Tap!' went the drum, and the snow-
covered valleys
Re-echoed the sound, that seemed weaker to
grow;
But oft as the lost one his waning strength
rallies,
The drum is heard louder from 'midst the deep
snow.

The soldiers above hear the poor drummer's
calling,—
Alas! 'tis in vain they would lend him their
aid;
For 'round them they see their companions are
falling,—
They know to sustain life their strength they
will need.

Still fainter the call of the drummer ascended,
As weaker and weaker his little arms grow;
His comrades at last knew his miseries were
ended,—
No longer they heard the drum sound in the
snow.

Blow on! Alpine winds, for his soul has de-
parted,—
His body no longer can feel your chill breath
Plunge on! rolling av'lanche, thy hopes have
been thwarted,
Already he sleeps in the cold arms of Death!

MONTREAL, December, 1857.

* As MacDonald's army was crossing the Alps; a little drummer was carried over a precipice, he fell unhurt to the bottom of the gulf, and there, deep down amid the snow, he continued beating the rapid strains which had so often rallied his companions.—*Headley's History of Napoleon.*

CURIOSITIES OF THE ABYSSINIAN CHURCH.

In a recently published book on Abyssinia, written by Mr. Henry Duftan, occurs an amusing description of the form of religion received in that country. We quote a few passages :—

THE PRIESTS.

The Abuna has the appointing of priests and other chief officers. The ceremony is performed by laying on of hands. Priests that are already married have the privilege of entering the sacred office, but none must marry afterwards. Their duties consist in reading the prayers, chanting, administering the sacraments and dancing, the latter being indulged in during religious processions, and consisting of a peculiar swaying to and fro of the body, rather than a free use of the legs. Upon them also devolves the duty of instructing youth, but not exclusively, for there is another class called *deberas* or learned men, who are schoolmasters as well as scribes. Some monasteries are found in different parts, but nuns are rare.

THE CHURCHES.

The churches are generally built on the summits of hills in the midst of cypress groves. They are round, with conical roofs, and divided after the Jewish model into three parts. The outer court is open, being the space between the wall and the posts supporting the roof, which extends about four yards beyond the main building. The second part, corresponding with the Holy Place, is the space between the outer wall and another, which incloses the holiest of all; and here the people congregate for divine worship. The holiest is only entered by the priest, and contains what is called the tabot or ark, in which the sacred vessels and books are kept. The exterior of this inclosure is profusely painted with sacred and historical subjects by native artists, which, to a European, are subjects of great amusement. Michael the Archangel, and St. George and the Dragon, nearly always occupy the door. In representations of the future world it is remarkable that they always paint angels and good men white, devils and bad men black, which, on one occasion made me ask a priest, by way of a joke, whether all Abyssinians, being black, went to the nether world.

CURIOSITIES OF ABYSSINIAN ECCLESIASTICAL ART.

The Philistines appear to have known the

use of the blunderbuss, and the Lord's Supper seems to have been conducted in the same manner as an Abyssinian feast. One representation amused me much. It represented the life, death and judgment of a man who had been a cannibal. Tableau the first showed the monster in the act of demolishing sundry human arms and legs. Tableau the second, the same individual bestowing alms on the poor on Friday, the feast day. Tableau the third, his death and coming to judgment, in which Christ is represented with a pair of scales, one of which is filled with the man's cannibalism, the other with his fasting and almsgiving, the latter having a slight preponderance. Tableau the fourth represents the devil disputing with Mary the justice of the decision, and forcibly asserting his claim by seizing the individual in question by the leg, the Virgin maintaining her hold of the head. Tableau the fifth, triumph of Mary, and the quondam cannibal's admission to paradise.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Sometimes the tolling of a bell, but in most cases the beating of kettle-drums, summons the faithful to prayer. The prayers are read in Ethiopie, a language which the people know nothing about, so that little profit can be derived from the service. Indeed, most persons content themselves with kissing the floor or walls of the edifice, and such is a criterion of a man's piety; "he kisses the church," they say, and so esteem him a good Christian. Some will utter a prayer. The petition takes a form similar to the following, which an old woman was heard to offer up during my visit, though the last clause is probably in most cases omitted: "O Lord, give me plenty to eat and drink, good raiment and a comfortable home, or else kill me outright." The sacrament is administered in both kinds, only that raisins are steeped in water to form the wine. Baptism is administered by immersion every year. The rite of circumcision universally prevails.

THE ABYSSINIAN CALENDAR.

Their calendar is crammed full of saints, and the days of the year by no means suffice for them all, so that they have morning celebrations and evening celebrations. One cannot wonder at this, when their latitudinarianism leads them to commemorate Balaam and his ass, Pontius Pilate and his wife, and such like doubtful saints. In addition to the heroes of the Bible and Apocryphal books, they have many local saints, who have at various times astonished Abyss-

sinia by their miracles and prodigies, particularly one called Tecla Haimanot, who usurps an importance in the Abyssinian mind often before Mary or even Jesus. He is said to have converted the devil, and induced him to become monk for forty days, though what became of him afterwards we are at a loss to know. I suppose that fasting and celibacy did not agree with him for longer than that term of trial, and therefore he became a "backslider." The same holy man wishing to ascend a steep mountain with perpendicular sides, similar to the Guimb, was accommodated in answer to a prayer with a boa constrictor, which took him up on its back.

Original.

THE ADVENTURES OF DONALD MCDUGAL.

BY J. A. H.

"Blessed," said Sancho Panza, "is the man that invented sleep." But more blessed, every student will say with me, is the man who invented Christmas holidays.

Who is such a book-worm that would not take advantage of this delightful break in the dull monotony of study, and exchange the measured tones of his "Alma Mater" for the merry ring of the sleigh-bells? On Friday, the 21st of December, our lectures closed; and the same night found me comfortably seated in one of the cars of the G. T. R., adding my share to the midnight music that was heard in every direction. We had a most tedious journey of nearly 12 hours, during which, if the conductor is to be believed, our unfortunate train encountered the most unheard-of difficulties; and, judging from the frequent stoppings, must have had considerable difficulty in overcoming them. At last, to my great relief, I heard the conductor announce the end of my journey, by shouting "Methot's Mills." Getting out into the cold, with the thermometer 10° or 15° below zero, is not very pleasant at the best of times; but when it is near the "wee sma' hour," and with the prospect of a twenty-mile drive, it is, to use the mildest term, inconvenient. However, there was no help for it; so, covering ourselves completely with the buffalo robes,

and getting as far down into the *cariole* as possible, off we started over the snows. After having driven a little while, we commenced to feel the cold; so, seeing a light in a well-known shanty, we pulled up, and went in to warm ourselves.

But I must stop a moment for an introduction; for the readers may not be as well acquainted with the occupants as I was. There were but two old people,—Donald McDougal and his wife. They have lived there since I can remember, but "they had seen better days." They have, however, lost all their property,—partly by misfortune, and partly by the mismanagement of Donald, who was too fond of the "whiskey, O!" and Mrs. McDougal had, for a long time, supported them by her unaided exertions. She is a remarkable-looking woman, nearly six feet in height, and has yet successfully resisted the power of three-score winters to bend her form. Her features are prominent, and strongly marked. Altogether, she still presents the appearance of great bodily strength, with decision of character, and firmness of will. Donald himself has a short, stumpy, clumsy form, almost as broad as long, with a fat, good-natured, though somewhat unmeaning face, over which passes at times a droll sort of shrewdness.

All this time Donald has been trying to make himself heard.

"Weel, Jamie, hoo are ye, mon; ye are a sight for sair een. Sit down, and warm yourself."

After the usual greetings, I asked Donald how he had been since I saw him last.

"Naething to brag o'," said he, "the rheumatism still troubles me, and what's waur, my head's sair a' the time, and my knees begin to fail me." He then went on to tell me that he had gone over to the village the day before, to get some things for the New-Year, which I strongly suspected might be contained in a certain stone jar, which Donald said held a "pickle ile for the lamp." Returning towards evening, his knees gave way, and down he fell flat on his face. "There had I lain yet," said

Donald, "had na' Leezie seen me, and brought the barrow, and lifted me in by the oxters, and hurreled me hame like a bag o' meal."

I remarked what a good thing it was to have such an excellent wife.

"Ay," says Donald, "she's weel enou'. If ye hae time, I'll tell ye what happened us when we came over to this country."

Of course, I was willing, and Donald went on with his story with no interruptions from me, and with sundry encouragements from "Leezie," always in the same words, and always when he seemed to transgress the bounds of probability: "It's e'en sae, Donald."

I wish I could tell Donald's story in his own words, more especially as I am aware that it loses half its interest in the translation; but it would be much too long without changing it a little.

It appears that in the year 1824, Donald was a comfortable gardener in "Auld Scotia"; but, like many another man, he thought he could better his condition by emigrating to America. Accordingly, on the 12th of May of that year, he sailed from Greenock in the good ship "Clyde." His wife came to the wharf to see him off; and the last person Donald could distinguish was his tall wife, towering above all the spectators, and waving her handkerchief as a farewell.

Mrs. McDougal had remained behind in order to close up matters at home, with the intention of following her husband the next spring, when he would have a home prepared to receive her; but, being a woman of great business powers, and, besides, distrusting the discretion of Donald out of her sight, she went to work with a will, and with such success, that within a fortnight she embarked for Canada, to look after her Donald. She had a remarkably speedy and prosperous voyage; and in three weeks and four days from her departure from Greenock, she landed safe in Quebec. But imagine her consternation and alarm when she found that the ship her husband had sailed in had not yet arrived

—had not even been heard of. There she was, in truth, a "stranger in a strange land," without friends, and almost without money. Bitterly did she lament that she had suffered Donald to go alone,—that she had not accompanied him,—when, if she could not have saved him, she might, at least, have died with him. However, she kept herself bravely up, spending most of the time on the wharves of Quebec, gazing down the river with an anxious eye for the first appearance of the "Clyde."

We must now return to Donald. After his native city had become so indistinct that even Leezie could no longer be distinguished, drawing his sleeve across his eye, he turned sorrowfully away, and sought as much of solitude as an emigrant-ship would allow of, not even rousing himself to take a last look at the blue hills of Scotland. To add to his troubles, Donald was soon very sea-sick, and remained so most of the voyage, which was rendered tedious by contrary winds and calms. At last, to the great relief of all on board, the good ship passed into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and they were soon sailing up the noble river that bears the same name. Donald roused himself a little, when, the ship shooting past the Island of Orleans, "Quebec!" was joyfully shouted by all on board. He gazed with increasing delight on the beautiful scenery on every side of him, but his attention was soon centered on the crowd gathered at the wharf. His hair commenced to stand on end, his mouth opened, his eyes extended to their widest stare, he stood first on one foot, then on the other, took off his bonnet, rubbed his eyes, and still stared. "Deil's in it!" at last burst from the thunderstruck Donald, "Is this Greenock?" for right on the wharf before him stood his wife, a head and shoulders above all the rest, vigorously waving her handkerchief as she caught sight of Donald's stumpy form and round face. Donald still stood gazing on the form of his gigantic wife in stupid amazement, gasping forth, at intervals, "It's a ghaist! Leezie's ghaist!" There he stood till a

boat left the wharf, and he soon found himself clasped in the arms of his veritable wife, whose hug would have done credit to a Canada bear, and who assured her affrighted and now breathless Donald that she wasna' a ghaist, but his ain Leezie!

Donald, however, was not the man to remain long dumfounded. Extracting himself from Leezie's loving embraces (although not without difficulty), he had recourse to his favorite expression: "Deil's in it, Leezie, what gars ye mak a fule o' yoursel'. Hoo cam ye here?" Leezie soon related the story, and, in return, listened to Donald's complaints, which lasted till it was time to think of leaving the ship. Donald, all importance, left Leezie, to procure a conveyance to take some of their things up to their lodgings, while she remained to speak to an acquaintance. Donald, staying longer than necessary, she, surmising he had got into some difficulty, sallied out to his relief. When she reached the wharf, he was nowhere to be seen; and, what was more strange, it was almost deserted. Going on a little further, she came to a crowd of excited and gesticulating land-sharks and cabmen, who, thinking Donald, as he went staring, open-mouthed, at everything strange (for all the world like Richard Moneplies in London) an easy prey, had surrounded him, and were now quarreling amongst themselves who would have the privilege of plucking him. One would pull him one way, and shout *charette* in his ear, and assure him in good French that he should come with him. One at the other side was equally vigorous in divining into the other ear that his *calèche* was the best in the city. Another at his coat tails extolled in a high tenor the merits of *La Maison du Peuple*. All were crowding round him, and shouting in his deafened ears protestations and assurances of all kinds, not one word of which could poor Donald understand. Breathless and panting, unable to say a word, he was helpless in the hands of his tormentors. Leezie comprehending his danger at a glance, with two or three indignant strides, made her

way through the crowd, which parted respectfully at sight of her gigantic form and firm attitude. Seizing Donald by the shoulders, she almost carried him to a less crowded place, where she set him down with a gentle dump to recover his breath. "Deil's in the chattering creatures," was his first exclamation, "they treat a body unco unceevol." Mrs. McDougal signing to one of the quietest of the cabmen, the trio again sought the ship to look after their gear. Here Donald again took charge of affairs by insisting on making a tight bargain with the cabman; he was, however, a little confused at the terms rhymed over by the man. He caught at the expression *trois chelins*, and offered him two shillings, which he agreed to. The next business was to get all their things collected, which was soon done, Donald taking great delight in ordering round his man, while Mrs. McDougal quietly did most of it herself.

"Go and bring yon bag," says Donald.

"Comment?" says Frenchy, not seeing the article at which he pointed.

"The bag," again shouted Donald, thinking his order was disregarded.

"*Je comprends pas*," was his answer.

"The bag," said the more excited Scotchman,—"the bag, the poke, the sack, ye ken."

"*Ah, oui, le sac*," said the enlightened cabman, and turning to go for it, he met "*la grande femme*," as he called Mrs. McDougal, with it on her back; and he opened his eyes in astonishment as she lightly threw it over the ship's side into the boat.

They arrived at their lodgings without further adventure, and the man, having performed his part, demanded his *trois chelins*.

Donald, taking an old tin tobacco-box from his pocket, offered him two shillings, which, to his surprise, was indignantly refused.

"*Encore, encore*," said the cabman, "*trois chelins*."

"Weel, mon," said Donald, "isna' tha

two shillings?" "Leezie," he continued, turning to his wife, "was it na' twa shillings I promised this chield?"

"Ay, Donald," said she, "It's e'en sae."

"And isna' yon twa shillings," said he, holding out the money.

"Aye, Donald, it's e'en sae," repeated his wife.

"Noo, then, ye tawpie," said Donald to the man, "tak your siller."

He still refused, and another scene was just prevented by a passer-by, who explained to Donald that *trois chelins* meant three shillings in Canada, and he was compelled, though sorely against his will, to pay the remainder—muttering, as he handed it over, "Deil's in the kintry; I'll gang the gait I cam afore I stay here. I didna' go though," said Donald, addressing me; and seeing that he was preparing himself to relate some more adventures, I seized the opportunity of bidding him and his good wife good-night, promising to call again and hear the rest of Donald's adventures. And why he decided to remain in Canada, and how he fared, and what he did, may afford matter for a future communication, if this simple recital of Donald's adventures is fortunate enough to excite curiosity. I would only say that Donald still lives, though pretty well broken-down, and is still fond of Leezie, of talking about his own fortunes, and, above all, of his brown-stone jar.

Original.

THE KNIGHT TO HIS LADY.

BY MARION.

Sweet lady, if you go with me,
You may not dwell in gilded hall;
But you shall roam the green wood free,
With me and love, the lord of all.

Sweet lady, if you go with me,
No maids and men will wait your call;
But you'll be served on bended knee
By me and love, the lord of all.

Sweet lady, if you go with me,
To others shall your heirdom fall;
But, crowned with roses, you shall be
His mistress, who is lord of all.

Sweet lady, if you go with me,
And leave the strong and guarded wall;
My bosom shall your fortress be,
And love the warder,—lord of all.

Sweet lady, if you go with me,
And mournful death should you befall;
That bosom shall your coffin be,
And love shall mourn us,—lord of all.

NEW AND REMARKABLE GEOLOGICAL THEORY.

A Cambridge geologist, Mr. W. Robinson, has lately propounded a theory of geology which seems to us well deserving attention. His statement of the theory is so concise that we have to quote almost verbatim. He commences by stating, what is the fact, that geologists have not yet been able to explain the recent submersion of the Desert of Sahara, neither have they given anything approaching to a satisfactory account of the drifts and boulders which abound on the earth's surface. He then proceeds:—

Prof. Hansen—"probably the most eminent authority among living astronomers upon the lunar theory"—believes that the moon's centres of gravity and magnitude do not coincide; and that, therefore, the hemisphere we see bulges into a mountain too high for water, atmosphere, or life,—the other hemisphere being proportionately depressed. If there be water on the moon, it must be all on the depressed side, where there may be also abundance of life. Moreover, the moon rotates once only while revolving round her primary, the earth, and the light of this world never reaches her farther side. Now, it is quite conceivable that her divided centres should be made to coincide, and that she should be made to rotate in fewer hours than now she requires for that purpose. And if these changes in their shape and motion were effected, they would roll a large part of the lunar water to the side we see, and would also modify the temperature of the whole of the moon, and invert the temperature of the parts now most depressed. The moon would then be a globe with water on both sides; but all her newest aqueous formations would be limited to one side, excepting that some portion of detritus borne by the shifting waters would be sprinkled over the surface of the hemisphere into which they rolled. In short, in these and various other ways, if such an alteration as has been supposed were to take place, there would be left evidence of that alteration for the investigation of future lunar geologists, if such geologists should ever be.

I submit that geology has already furnished us with evidence that before our era, and backward to a time remote and at present undefined, but perhaps extending to, though not comprising, the time of the old-

er tertiaries, the earth was shaped as the moon is thought to be, and rotated as the moon does; that is to say, rotated once only while revolving round her primary, the sun. I submit further, that we have evidence that by one of the last mighty changes, this world's previously divided centres were made to coincide, the northern hemisphere rising, and the southern sinking, to the mean level; and that at the same time the earth received its diurnal rotation. No question is now raised concerning the secondary and primary strata, or the yet more ancient part of the crust of the earth; nor would I at present start the interesting inquiry whether the rolling of the waters, oft-times from one hemisphere to the other, be not the normal mode of completing such globes as the earth, the moon, and Mars. The following paragraphs are strictly limited to the state of this world from our era backward to, or towards, the era of the oldest tertiary formations. My theory is, that the earth was formerly as the moon is now, having all her waters in the northern hemisphere; and that by the last great geological change, she received her present shape and her diurnal rotation.

1. It is commonly assumed that, from the time of the commencement of the primary strata, the water of the earth has been distributed in both hemispheres as now, and that in south and north alike, changes have been effected by the subsidence and elevation of different portions of the land. If this assumption was true, the geology of the north and south would correspond; in other words, the two hemispheres would be geologically twins. But as far as investigation has been carried, it shows that while this hemisphere was a great laboratory for the creation of the miocene and pliocene deposits in which northern latitudes abound, no extensive aqueous deposits between the older tertiary and a very recent geological era are to be found on the other side of the equator. Sir R. I. Murchison affirmed long ago that "such as South Africa is now, such have been her main features during countless ages anterior to the creation of the human race." Mr. Darwin informs us that "no extensive fossiliferous deposits of the recent period, nor of any period intermediate between it and the ancient tertiary epoch have been preserved on either side of the continent" of South America. From Mr. Woods we learn that the part of Australia of which he treats "is similar to what Europe was immediately after the secondary period." "Thus," says Prof. Sedgwick, referring to facts of this description, "we

may seem to be almost shutting out from the southern hemisphere the noble monuments of past time which decorate the middle period of the earth's history." To some apparent exceptions reference will be made in the sequel. At present, let it be observed that the geological difference between the two hemispheres is confessedly vast. No recognized scientific hypothesis accounts for that difference. All current theories clash with it. Assume that the water was formerly, and for a considerable geological age, all in the north, and the problem is solved. Can any other theory be conceived of, that will solve it?

2. Northern Africa is remarkable for a Desert of sand 800 miles in breadth, and double that extent in length. It stretches eastward into Arabia. It was recently covered by the sea. It perhaps re-appears in the same latitude in the great sand-bank of the Bahamas. Geologists have failed to find a cause for these phenomena. Now, if the waters were before the existing era all in the north, they found their coast-line at or near the latitude where the land rose above the mean level. Clouds would pass from them southward to a greater or less distance, according to the steepness or slowness of the rise of the ground; and the region of perpetual snow and glaciers would then be not near the North Pole, but toward the equator, leaving an extensive district between the sea-shore and the icy heights to be covered with vegetable and animal life. Thus may we, by the theory now propounded, account for those evident traces of the coast of the ancient ocean which have hitherto baffled all research.

3. Among the most puzzling of all the discoveries of modern times are those connected with the former state of the Northern Arctic regions. The remains of buried life detected there show that, at a period comparatively recent, the climate must have been as warm as is the climate of England now. The difficulty of accounting for this admitted fact has been found insoluble. Professor Haughton calls it the *opprobrium geologicorum*. Now temperature depends chiefly on level. The housewife knows that when the water-jugs are splitting with frost in the upper story, the wine and potatoes in the cellar are safe; and the traveller, finding the heat of northern Italy unendurable, after a few hours' climbing is surrounded by snow and rivers of ice. If our hemisphere were formerly sunk below the mean level, its northern parts being covered by the sea, save where the mountains rose above it, those parts would have a warm, not to say

a steaming, climate. And if it be thought that, in removing one difficulty, I am creating another by supposing the absence of the direct light of the sun, it is obvious to reply that the broad belt of the earth beyond the coast, in which the greatest abundance of terrene life would find its home, would receive light by refraction: that the chemical constitution of the atmosphere is admitted to have been changed; that what we now call the Northern Lights might play more vigorously and widely than now; that the greater part of the Fauna then living required probably but little light; and that a large proportion of the existing inhabitants of the world find light enough in the night.

4. In Milton and Cheadle's narrative of their journey over the Rocky Mountains, they describe, both verbally and pictorially, a hill rising from the left bank of the river Thompson: 40 or 50 feet above the bank is a very broad terrace: 60 or 70 feet higher a second, and 400 or 500 feet above the river a third. They are not masses of sand like the Sahara, but are composed of shale, sand and gravel, the detritus of the mountain. The popular opinion is that the highest terrace was once down about the present sea-level, and was gradually elevated by pressure from beneath, till the second terrace was level with the sea, when there was a pause in the upward movement, followed in process of time by similar upheavals, till the whole reached its present position. If this were the case, it is very marvelous that the terraces escaped "the enormous fractures and folding by which the whole crust of the world has been disturbed; and doubts harden into incredulity when it is found that on the opposite side of the river another hill rises, with three similar terraces, "of exactly the same height." The argument is still cumulative; for these travellers tell us that such terraces are found not only all along the banks of the river unto its junction with the Fraser, but also in various parts of the continent, and as far south as Mexico, and that "in nearly every case where they are found they occur in three successive tiers."* Assume that the waters have been moved and not the hills, that formerly the water stood at the height of the loftiest terrace, and was by a great change in the relative level of the two hemispheres lowered 300 to 400 feet, and by subsequent and slighter changes drained down

to its present place, and theory and fact are harmonious.

5. Among the most perplexing problems that await solution is that arising from the drift and boulders of the world, particularly the latter. They are found of every size and form, having generally moved in a southerly direction. To account for them, many geologists adopt the glacial hypothesis, by which it is assumed that some time between the tertiary and current epochs the northern hemisphere was capped with ice, from the pole to the forty-second or fortieth degree of latitude. No cause is assigned for this immense and temporary mantle of ice, or for its disappearance. Nor is there the slightest ground for imagining that it ever existed, except the fragments of rock that have been described and certain scratchings here and there apparent on the hill side. If science admit of such theorizing, it need not shrink from the scheme of interpretation given in this letter. Conceive that the water was formerly all in the north, and that by far the greater part of it was rolled to the south by that movement which raised one hemisphere and depressed the other till both found their present level, and the twofold cause accounts for the existence of boulders, for their motion, and the direction in which they have travelled.

6. Shortly before the human era, or, as some say, contemporaneously with man, there existed in great abundance animals of huge form. The visitor who glides by rail from London to the Crystal Palace can form some conception of the state of both continents at the era referred to. Those monsters of the pliocene age have not only disappeared from the face of the earth, but there is strong ground for believing their annihilation was sudden. "It is impossible," says Mr. Darwin, "to reflect on the changed state of the American continent without the deepest astonishment. * * The mind at first is irresistibly hurried into the belief of some great catastrophe; but thus to destroy animals, both large and small, in Patagonia, &c., up to Behring's Straits, we must shake the entire framework of the globe." And what then? Is it to be assumed, despite the evidence, that the entire framework of the globe has not been shaken because we do not understand how it could be shaken? Origny, an authority equal to Mr. Darwin—and that is saying much—finds no way of accounting for the state of the American continent without assuming, that the repose of the world was followed suddenly (*tout-a-coup*) by a vast geological convulsion which destroyed all the animals of these

* These three terraces are 'observable' on the high banks of the Murray River which falls into the Lower St. Lawrence at Murray Bay.—ED. N. D. M.

continents at a single stroke. He writes of accidental and simultaneous annihilation of the huge terrestrial animals which inhabited the American continents. Both these very eminent observers bring before us the appearance of wide-spread and sudden destruction. Mr. Darwin leaves the phenomena unexplained. M. Orbigny conceives them to have been produced by the upheaval of the Cordilleras, which, however, do not stretch over sufficient degrees of latitude. Accept the supposition that the waters of the south were all rolled thither from the north, and the traces of the destruction of life between the two poles, to which Mr. Darwin refers with the deepest astonishment, puzzle us no longer.

7. In those exceedingly valuable volumes by which Sir C. Lyell has laid us under great and lasting obligations there may be found abundant evidence of great effects produced by a sudden rush of water over a small area, such as roads torn up to the depth of fifteen feet, in some places, and in others, ground covered with detritus to that depth; water flowing for weeks as densely charged with earth as it could be, without being changed into mud; houses in Martigny filled with mud up to the second story, and huge stones rolled down and up hill. Sir S. Baker describes the state of the river Atbara at some seasons as follows:—"Its waters are dense with the soil washed from most fertile lands far from its point of junction with the Nile; masses of bamboo and driftwood, together with large trees, and frequently the dead bodies of elephants and buffaloes, are hurled along its muddy waters in wild confusion." The similar effects produced by a cataclysm which moved by far the greater part of the waters of the globe from one hemisphere into the other would be indescribably great. Detritus borne from the north would be strewn over the south; in some cases considerable deposits would be left; and wherever the waters found an outlet through a considerable valley into the deep cavities to which they rolled, the muddy traces of their exit would remain. Therefore, that there should be found in many parts of the south recent aqueous and terrene deposits, is quite in harmony with the theory now offered for consideration. One example must be given. The rushing flood, turned eastward by the Cordilleras, would roll down the valley which now finds the outlet of its streams at the mouth of La Plata, covering the valley with mud, in which would be entombed the remains of the living creatures destroyed by the Deluge. Thus may we account for the Pampas,

a district as large as France,—perhaps twice or thrice as large,—and which is described by Mr. Darwin as "a vast deposit of mud, in which are entombed mammiferous remains in wonderful abundance." No current geological theory accounts for the Pampas; for the sudden upheaval of the Cordilleras, it is presumed, none will accept as an established fact. Will the reader entertain as worthy of consideration the novel hypothesis now presented, which offers a solution of the problem?

A TRIP TO MUSKOKA LAKE.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D.D., OF PITTSFIELD, MASS.

Does my reader wish to take a new, wild, and curious journey with me—not among the shadows of the old towers and castles of the old world, but among the solitudes and beauties of the new world? Not for the sake of the journey do I tell the story, but for the sake of a single thought as I close my narration.

We leave the hospitalities of Buffalo, at the meeting of the American Board, where we were so kindly entertained, cross the lake and arrive at Toronto—a wide-streeted, neat city, not very unlike New England cities, except that everything moves, to us, so slowly and deliberately. One of the first things that strikes a stranger is, that the people are gentle; no angles, no abruptness,—polite and obliging. I did not hear a word of profaneness, nor see an instance of intoxication in Canada. Doubtless they are not ripe to be translated, but they impress a stranger most forcibly—that they mean to be kind and polite. The next thing that the stranger notices, is the climate—far milder than he supposed. In the gardens were things growing, and very perfect too, which we cannot raise in Berkshire—such as six or seven different kinds of the egg-plant, the Lima bean, melons and the like. Birds, too, such as the quail, the wild turkey, and the English pheasant, can live here. The most perfect home I ever saw—the model of all others—I found in Toronto. Others can spend more money; but here are, art, and taste, and money combined, and the seven acres,—seemingly fifteen, were so laid out that every view was new, gardens, fruits, deer-park, horses, shrubs, forests, picture-gallery, preserved birds and animals, everything that taste could suggest, were here—owned, earned and enjoyed by one of Nature's noblemen—

an exile from Europe—for the love of freedom.

Now let us be off. It is Monday morning, and with boxes of provisions, tent and so forth, we take the cars for Lake Simcoe. Here a little steamer takes us through the lake, winding about here and there, stopping to take in wood on the wharves; splendid wood, at one dollar the cord, delivered! At the further end of the Lake we stop at Orillia—a few years ago an Indian village. Here we find the friend to whom we had letters of introduction, R. J. Oliver, Esq., "Crown Agent" for the lands in this part of the world,—a gentleman, than whom few could be found more intelligent, none more kind, polite and delightful in manners. If John Bull is gruff at home, he is far from it in Canada. By the kind attentions of Mr. Oliver, we here found four Indians, with their bark canoes, waiting for us. Now hastily donning our "bush" dress, we enter the canoes. Our Indians are Ojibwas, or as they prefer, Chippewas, consisting of *Pah tah-se ga*—(Full Moon) *Anglice*, Peter Jacobs; *Wah-ge-nah wish-kung* (Walking Gentleman,) *Anglice*, Andrew Jacobs—*Nah-wah-qua-keshick*, (Noon-Day) *Anglice*, Charles Jacobs—*Wah-sah-keshic*, (Bright Morning) *Anglice*, John George, and the dog "Simcoe." The canoes are very light, and dance on the waves like corks. We pass through Lake "Couchiching" into the "Washbago" River—go down a long distance and make a portage of one mile over into the beautiful River "Severn." We follow this many miles till it expands into "Sparrow Lake."

Here we find a poor German family—in such poverty as I never saw before. The man was a minister in his Father-land. How he came here I know not, unless it was that he could here get "one hundred acre for one hundred dollar." In a poor, old log house, with but one room,—his books, perhaps a hundred volumes, smoked and dried up, on a shelf, he lives with his almost naked wife and children. Their tea was a wild herb gathered in the meadows, and potatoes and milk seemed to be their food. "Can you raise wheat here?" "I sow two and a half bushel—I raise two and a half bushel. Too much chip-muck." "Can you raise corn?" "I raise thirteen and a half bushel." This, with potatoes, was their year's supply. Their corn must be pounded by hand. How my heart ached, that I could not lay my hand on some second-hand clothing—almost anything for their comfort. Passing through Sparrow Lake, you still follow the Severn till you meet a little

wild stream. Hunter's River, into which you turn, I having first rode down a "rapid" or fall with the Indians, which they said no white man ever did before. The skill and adroitness with which they paddle the canoe over the foaming falls, were a marvel. Up Hunter's River, with many short portages, into "Morrison Lake," remarkable only for an island that almost fills it. Here "Simcoe" drove a noble buck from the island, and though we were hungering for venison, yet as we were loaded and the wind blew hard, he could paddle faster than we could, and we lost him—*i. e.*: lost sight of him—for that was all we ever had of him. Still going up Hunter's River, we came to "Leg Lake," a basin of water lying in a solid rock, and called "Leg" because its two parts lie parallel, and after going up one leg six miles and down the other as far, you have gained only a quarter of a mile! Here we found a perfect solitude. Not a living thing was to be seen or heard. But black bass were very abundant in the waters. Beaver houses were seen, as we passed along, and we found some most perfect echoes also, where the voice came back, bringing every syllable and tone, more distinct than when uttered. At the foot of the lake, under the shadows of a grand old forest, and near the Indian trail where weary feet had for ages trodden, bearing canoes, furs, food, and materials for other canoes, we pitched our tent, on our third camping place.

Our tent was a large, officers' army-tent, very hard to pitch, very heavy to carry, but noble when put up. In it we had a little stove, which we named "little spunkie," and which, with its tea-kettles, pails, frying-pans, gridiron, and all its pipe, weighed only about twenty-two pounds. The Indians pitched their simple tent directly in front of ours, then laying down two logs about five feet long, and five feet apart, and laying wood on them eight feet long, and half a cord at a time, we had a fire that kept both tents dry, and threw up a light that made the trees look like the tall pillars of some great temple, with the roof made of fretted silver. Hardly anything could be more wild or beautiful. Then spread hemlock boughs on the ground, and your camp blanket over them, eating the fresh fish which the Indians have cooked, and hearing the wolves howling in a dozen tones at once, and if you can't lie down and sleep, it must be because your conscience troubles you, or you are very difficult to please. You cut a stick three feet long, stick it in the ground, and your little iron

candle-holder into that, light your candle, and you can thus think over the dusky forms that have made this their highway, time without limits, and who have had no candle but a roll of white birch bark, no food but their game, no clothing but the skins of wild animals, no hopes that reach beyond to-morrow.

Our oldest Indian friend was a chief, —a very well educated man, once a captain for the Hudson Bay company, once a minister in London, once standing before royalty in his Indian dress in the Queen's Court, once a strong, noble character—who has educated two sons for the ministry, one of whom is no more, dying in the fullness of the promise of usefulness, and the other, now a faithful missionary. He was made for a bright jewel of a man—but alas, cast down, destroyed, wrecked by that which an Indian can hardly resist! O what a curse and woe, and how ardently does one wish, on seeing such a wreck, there could never be a drop more on this footstool of God.

ADVENTURE IN ICELAND.

THE CRATER OF MOUNT HECLA.

The place, the scene, and, withal, the sense of danger connected with it held me there by a sort of magnetic fascination, and I soon found myself strongly tempted to make a fatal plunge into the awful abyss.

Conscious that reason frequently loses her power at such times, I forced myself backward a few feet, but still remained fearfully near the opening, heedless of the frantic entreaties of my guide.

Giving no heed, therefore, to his earnest solicitations, I now determined, if possible, to sound the depth of the chasm before me, and then proceeded to examine the other.

For this purpose I pulled off a piece of lava, and stepping to the very edge of the chasm, dropped it down and listened to the hollow reverberations, as it went bounding from side to side, long after it was lost to the eye.

The depth was so immense that I heard it for fully a minute, and then the sound seemed rather to die out from distance than to cease from the block having reached its destination. It was a terrific depth, and as I drew back with a shudder, a gust of hot sulphurous air puffed upward, followed immediately by a steam-like vapor, and a heavy, hollow boom, as if a piece of ordnance had been discharged in the bowels of the mountain.

By this time I had regained my common sense, and became impressed with the dan-

ger that hung over me. I turned to fly, when all at once there came a rumbling crash, and the ground, heaving and shaking and rolling under me, began to crumble off into the dread abyss.

I was thrown down, and on my hands and knees praying to God for mercy, was tumbling over it and upward, to save myself from a most horrible fate, when two blocks, rolling together, caught my feet and legs between them and without actually crushing, held them, as in a vice. Then came another crash and crumble, the lava slid away from behind me, and I was left upon the verge of the awful gulf, now widened to some 15 or 20 feet, down into which I looked with horror-strained eyes, only to see darkness and death below, and breathe the almost suffocating vapors that rushed up from that seemingly bottomless pit.

Oh, the horrors of that awful realization! What pen or tongue can portray them? There, over the mouth of a black and heated abyss, I was held suspended, a helpless and conscious prisoner, to be hurled downward by the next great throes of trembling nature.

"Help! help! help!—for the love of God, help!" I shrieked in the very agony of my despair.

I looked up and around to catch sight of my guide, but he, with a commendable prudence, had sought his own safety in flight.

I had nothing to rely on but the mercy of heaven, and I prayed to God, as I had never prayed before, for forgiveness of my sins, that they might not follow me to judgment.

It might be a second, it might be a minute, it might be an hour, that I should have to undergo a living death; but be the time long or short, I felt that there was no escape from a doom which even now makes me grow pale and shudder when I think of it.

Above me a clear dusky sky—beneath me, a black and horrible abyss—around me, sickening vapors that made my brain grow dizzy. Rumbling and hissing sounds warned me that another convulsion might take place any moment, and another would be the last of me. Home and friends I should never see again, and my tomb would be the volcanic Hecla!

I strove with the madness of desperation to disengage my imprisoned limbs, but I might as well have attempted to move the mountain itself. There I was fixed and fastened for the terrible death I was awaiting. O God of heaven! what a fate!

All at once I heard a shout, and looking around, I beheld, with feelings that cannot be described, my faithful guide hastening down the side of the crater to my relief. He had fled in terror at the first ominous demonstration, but had nobly returned to save me, if possible, by risking his life for mine.

"I warned you, master," said he, as he came up, his eyes staring, and his countenance expressive of commiseration and terror.

"You did! you did!" cried I, "but forgive and save me, for I am perishing!"

"I will save you if I can, or perish with you."

The noble fellow instantly set to work with his iron-pointed stick to break the lava around my limbs, but had scarcely made any progress when again the earth trembled, and the rocks parted, one of them rolling down the chasm with a dull booming sound.

I sprang forward—I seized a hand of the guide—we both struggled desperately, and the next moment we had both fallen, locked in each other's arms, upon the solid earth above. I was free, but still upon the verge of the pit, and any moment might see us both hurled to destruction.

"Quick! quick!—there's not a moment to be lost!" cried the guide, "Up, up! and run for your life!"

I staggered to my feet with a wild cry of hope and fear, and half carried by my faithful companion, hurried up the sloping sides of the crater.

As we reached the ridge above, the ground shook with a heavy explosion, and looking back I saw, with a horror which no pen can describe, the dark, smoking pit where we had so lately stood. Without waiting to see more, I turned and fled over the rough ground as fast as my bruised limbs would permit.

We reached our horses in safety, and hurrying down the mountain, gave the alarm to the villagers, who joined us in our flight across the country till a safe distance was gained.

A few days later, when the mighty and long extinct Hecla was convulsing the island, and pouring forth its tremendous volume of melted lava, I was far out upon the Atlantic, on my way home, where I devoutly thanked God again and again that I had lived to tell my wonderful escape from a death in its burning crater.

Original.
IN THE COLD.

Cold, so cold, so bitterly cold!
A child is out in this biting air,
Hungry and weary, and starving to death,
And dumb with a heart's despair.

Cold, so cold, so bitterly cold!
In yonder garret a woman lies,
She has wrapped her babe in her own thin shawl,
Lest it freeze before her eyes.

Cold, so cold, so bitterly cold!
Hear that half-clad laborer's quick drawn breath,
If his scanty earnings were spent for clothes,
His children must starve to death.

Cold, so cold, so bitterly cold!
O fur-clad women, young and old
Enjoying the snow, and the bracing air,
Remember the poor in the cold.

Original.
TO A SNOW-BIRD.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND, BY JOHN READE.

Hail! gentle little comer
In wintry days—
Far more than songs of summer
I love thy lays.
They come when flowers are sweetest,
And leaves are green;
But thou thy song repeatest
In sterner scene.

In joyous days are many
The friends we find;
In dark ones scarcely any
To cheer the mind.
But friends in hours of sorrow
Far more we prize,
Than those that go to-morrow
If storms arise.

THE MUSICAL CAT.—Monerif, in his biography of Mlle. Dupuy, the celebrated harpist, states that she was convinced that she owed her artistic excellence to her favorite cat. As soon as she began a prelude on the instrument her cat assumed an attitude of intense attention. On coming to a passage of peculiar beauty the excited grimalkin went into a feline ecstasy; and so well measured was this sensibility according to the excellence of the playing and the pathos of the composition, that Mlle. Dupuy was able to judge of the quality of the music by the manifest emotions of her cat. She came to believe that the nervous creature was an exact prophet, foretelling precisely how the music would affect a human audience.

Young Folks.



MISS CARELESS.

A FAIRY STORY.

(Translated from the French of Jean Mace, by Miss Mary L. Booth.)

Miss Careless was a good little girl, who loved her papa and mamma dearly, but, as her name shows, she had one bad fault—she took no care of anything. When her parents scolded her, she hung her head, her large blue eyes filled with tears, and she looked so lovely and so unhappy that they almost reproached themselves for having given her pain, and involuntarily set to work to comfort her; but, their backs turned, all traces of repentance disappeared, and the disorders became worse than ever.

Careless had a brother a year older than herself, whose example and advice had a bad influence over her. It was the custom in that country, when boys had hardly begun to cut their second teeth—at the age when it is so pleasant to hear their prattling about the house in their pretty frocks, with their long curls falling over their shoulders—it was the custom, I say, to send them to great houses, built like barracks, where, after cropping their heads, they were dressed in military coats, buttoned to the chin, patent-leather belts, and soldier's caps perched over the ear, lacking nothing but swords to be equipped for battle. The poor children learned to play men, and to look down on their sisters. It was a thing agreed upon in this little world that a man who respects himself puts nothing in its place, and the example of the most celebrated personages, renowned for their absent-mindedness, who always put on their trowsers wrong side before, was quoted as a proof of genius. The grown persons of the house had told this to the tall lads, who had told this to the smaller boys, who had told to the little ones, and Careless's brother, who was one of the latter, had repeated it to her.

Armed with this imposing testimony, Careless thought it very absurd to require of her such minute attention to details so insignificant, and nothing seemed to her so tiresome as to put things in order one day which must be disturbed the next. She did not suspect what need she would have

in after years, when she would become a mother herself, and how disgraceful it is to a woman to have nothing in its place in her house. Her mamma, who was well acquainted with her faults, and who loved her too well to suffer this fatal habit to become rooted in her, knew not what to do to break her of it; she had exhausted everything—warning, prayers, threats and even tears, and she finally resolved to punish her.

It was not a difficult task to punish the dear little girl; her heart was so tender that a harsh look made her unhappy, and the sight of her mother in tears threw her in despair. Unhappily, all this sorrow was wasted, since she would not feel the importance of what was required of her. It always seemed to her that her parents were very wrong in making such a fuss about things that were so little worth the trouble, and that they made her unhappy without rhyme or reason. They were obliged, therefore to have recourse to more direct punishments, in order to make a stronger impression on her mind. If her bed was in disorder, she was forced to wear her nightcap all day. Every time she over-turned her inkstand, and this often happened, the end of her nose was inked. Whenever she left a handkerchief, or anything else, lying about the house, it was fastened on her back; I even believe that a shoe was hung there one day, which had been found far away from its fellow, astray on the stairs.

All this mortified her greatly, but did not reform her. She finally persuaded herself, indeed, that her parents no longer loved her, since they persisted in tormenting her in this way, and this unhappy thought hardened her in her disorderly habits. One day, at length, when her brother had a holiday, and between them, they had put everything out of place in the parlor and dining room, Miss Careless was told that she must not leave her room all the next morning. This was a punishment which she felt keenly, for the young gentleman's presence was a rare event since he had joined the regiment, and he now introduced into their plays those cavalier and domineering airs which rendered him still larger in the eyes of his little sister.

The next morning the rising sun found

her seated on her bed in tears, looking despairingly about her room, her prison till dinner. Her pretty dress, put on for the first time the night before in compliment to her brother's arrival, was thrown in a corner, half on the floor and half on a chair. One of her boots was under the bed and the other against the door. Two pretty grey silk mitts were on each end of the mantle-piece, and the little black velvet hat, of which she had been so proud, was lying on its side on the top of the water pitcher, with its great white plume falling into the basin.

Careless saw all this confusion with profound indifference, and only thought how tiresome it would be to stay alone for long hours in a room with nothing to do, since it did not occur to her to put things in order.

"How unhappy I am!" she cried. "Every one here hates me, and treats me badly. No body loves me but my dear Paul, and they won't let me play with him."

The fairy, Order, was at that moment making her rounds through the house. She had always avoided this neglected room, for she had a profound contempt for giddy and neglected little girls, and the young lady was not one of her favorites; but when she heard her gentle voice moaning so pitifully, she had compassion on her, and believing that she had repented at last, opened the door.

You may imagine how she frowned at the sight of the disorder. "Are you not ashamed?" she exclaimed, harshly, advancing to the foot of the bed.

"Of what, Madam?" answered the little girl tremblingly,

"Just take the trouble to look around this room."

"Well, what is the matter with it?"

"What! don't you see the frightful disorder that everything is in? There is not a single article of your dress in its place"

"Oh! if that is all, there is no great harm done. Paul says that it makes no difference where we put our things at night, provided that we find them in the morning."

"So you believe Master Paul, and think that it makes no difference where you put your things!" cried the fairy, angrily, "Well, you shall see."

With these words she touched the child with her wand, and behold! little Careless flew into pieces in every direction. The head went in search of the hat on the water pitcher, the body plunged into the dress across the chair, each foot regained its boot,

the one under the bed and the other against the door and the hands made their way into the mitts on each end of the mantle-piece: it was the work of an instant.

"Now," said the fairy, "I am going to send Master Paul to put all this in order. You shall see whether it makes no difference where you put things."

She went into the court-yard, where Master Paul was taking advantage of his mamma's absence to try to smoke the end of a cigar, that his papa had forgotten the night before. "Go up to your sister's room," said she: "she needs you."

Paul was not very sorry to be disturbed in an attempt which he was beginning to find unpleasant; nevertheless, he carefully laid the precious cigar-stump on the window-sill, and went to his sister's room, his head somewhat heavy.

"Well, what is the matter?" said he entering. He saw no one in the room. "Where are you?" he cried, furious at what he thought a trick insulting to his dignity.

"Here," groaned the head. "Come and help me quickly, my dear Paul; I am very uncomfortable on this water-pitcher."

"No," come here howled the body. "I can't bear this any longer; the corner of the chair is piercing me through and through."

"Don't leave me under the bed," said the right foot.

"Look against the door," said the left foot.

"Don't forget us on the mantle-piece," shouted the hands, with all their might."

Another little boy might have been frightened, but Paul was already strong-minded. Picking up the feet, hands, and head in the twinkling of an eye, "Don't be alarmed, my dear sister," said he, in an important tone; "I will set you to rights! it will not take me long."

The feet, head, and hands were soon laid by the side of the body, and, as Master Paul had said, the operation was quickly performed. Raising his sister on her feet, "There you are!" he exclaimed.

But scarcely had he looked at his work than he uttered a loud cry. The head was turned awry; one of the feet, in its boot, hung on the left arm, while one leg staggered, supported by a poor little hand that looked as if it was crushed beneath the weight.

"Oh! Paul, what have you done?" cried the unhappy Careless. And as she attempted to wipe her eyes, the toe of her boot caught in the braids of her hair.

The giddy boy stood thunder-struck before the disaster which he had caused. He

attempted to repair the evil by pulling his sister's head with all his might to put it in the right place; but it was too firmly fixed. He twisted the little girl's neck in every direction, and only succeeded in making her cry. Then fright and grief triumphed over all his courage, and he burst into a good hearty fit of crying, like a genuine little boy. The servants of the house ran thither at his screams, but they could think of no other remedy than to send for a physician. Some proposed Doctor Pancratius, who had cured so many little children; others the celebrated Dr. Cutall, who knew so well how to perform an operation. Everybody talked at once, and they were trembling for fear of the arrival of the parents whom such a sight might have brought to the tomb, when the fairy Order appeared in the middle of the room in all the lustre of her holy attire.

"Well," said she to the poor little girl, "do you think now that it makes no difference where you put things, and that children are to be trusted who despise order? Let this be a lesson to you! I forgive you because you are a good girl, whom everybody loves; but always remember what it may cost you to pay no attention to what you are doing.

Saying this, the fairy touched her once more with her wand, and head, body, feet, and hands found their right places.

After this terrible adventure the little girl became so careful and attentive that the fairy Order made her a favorite, and married her in after years to a prince as beautiful as the day, who was anxious above everything to see his house in perfect order, and who chose her as much for her neatness in all things as for goodness and beautiful face.

As to Paul, he ceased to believe that it made no difference where he put things, and refused to listen to the boys, on his return to school, when they made speeches that would have displeased his mamma.

Original.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

BY NELL GWYNNE.

How I came to be in possession of the name of one of the "merrie monarch's" mistresses is more than I can tell. However, that is neither here nor there. I do not purpose writing a history of my life, and so need not commence by telling how or where I got my name, or "I am born," like

David Copperfield. Let it be sufficient to say that the scene of my "early recollections" lies in Canada West, near the banks of that vast body of water called Lake Ontario. My earliest recollections are of school, being sent there very young; the very longest thing I can remember, being standing with my pinafore pinned to the knee of a kindly-faced old man, with an Irish accent, and feeling very much ashamed, which was, I suppose, what impressed it on my memory. There were not many of us at this school, though the school-house was very large, and we were all small; but I think I must have been the least among the lot, for I remember two girls quarreling almost every day about which would carry me home, which I had occasion to dread, for they would drag me from each other, and sometimes, to decide the contest, throw me at each other. We used to make O's and "top turns," as we called them, on our slates, and I think we sometimes said our letters. I have said we were all small, but there was one exception,—Matilda Mary Freer was a "big girl." I don't know how "big" or how old she might have been, I am sure, but she has always dwelt in my memory as a very giantess. Being a highly imaginative young person, with a sense of the beautiful, an appreciation of the horrible and wonderful, and with the most supreme contempt for the truth at all times, and on all occasions, she exercised a good deal of influence over our childish minds. Many and many were the tales she told us of her home, her friends, and her possessions,—tales to which the adventures of Sinbad the Sailor, or Jack the Giant Killer, were as Gospel truths. She had, according to her own say, squaw-baskets full of the most beautiful scarlet and gold and blue and amber beads, dozens of wax-dolls with flaxen ringlets, and all dressed in ball-room costume, no end of red silk dresses "trimmed with spangles," and I don't know what else of grandeur. Oh! she was a wonderful person, this same Matilda Mary Freer. She had excited my curiosity, by her flowery eloquence, to such

a degree, that I determined to go home with her, and see some of the grand things she was always telling us about. She had just been giving a glowing description of a wax soldier two feet high, dressed in scarlet and gold, which her father had given her for a birth-day present, when I informed her that my mother had given me permission to go home with her that evening after school. She seemed somewhat disconcerted by this piece of intelligence, and tried to dissuade me from my purpose, saying it was "so far," but I had had the scheme in my head for a long time, and was not to be put off. So when she started to go home, I started off with her. She said she was very much afraid it would be dark before we got there, and she did not know how in the world I was going to get back home again: though it struck me at the time that she did not appear to be particularly anxious about it, as she walked very slowly. I began to talk about her soldier, and she said, in an absent way, "Oh, yes! the one I gave away." "You gave it away," I said, a good deal surprised; for I did not remember hearing her say anything about giving it away. "Why, yes," she said, "you surely must remember hearing me say I had given it away this morning." "Oh, well," I said, a little crestfallen, "I can see your beautiful beads and dolls, and your nice silk dresses." These she informed me were always kept locked up by her mother, who would not allow her to show them to any person, on any account. She evidently expected me to turn back after receiving this piece of information, but I kept walking on. We had gone on in silence for some distance, when I was startled by Matilda Mary standing stock-still in the middle of the road, and exclaiming in a terrified voice, "Good heavens! what is that?" Standing still, I became aware of a low, whining sound, that on looking about I perceived to come from a shed on the side of the road, where there was a little black dog tied with a rope, and whining piteously. "Oh, what shall we do! what shall we do!" said Matilda Mary, in terror, "Look at its

eyes! It is mad! It will tear us both to pieces! Go home, Nelly! for heaven's sake go home!" and, jumping over the fence, she ran down through the field with a speed that was only rivaled by my own, as I turned homeward.

Matilda Mary left school not long after this, and gave us each a little calico printed mat, as a token of remembrance. She had two teeth growing down over her eye teeth like tusks, which she informed us she was going to have pulled, as her father had promised to give her a handsome piece of jewelry as soon as he saw her without them; and, sure enough, she came to school two or three days afterwards to say good-bye, minus her tusks, and with a pair of purple glass ear-drops, a couple of inches long, dangling in her ears. School was broken up shortly afterwards, Mr. McCord (which I had forgotten to say was the schoolmaster's name) removing with his family to the States. He parted with us very sadly. I thought, then, it was because he was sorry for leaving us; but I have thought, since, he was sorry for losing his living,—poor, old man. He talked to us a great deal on the last day of school,—I don't remember what about, exactly; but it was something about being good children; and, after distributing a number of marbles among the little boys, he gave me a torn and elaborately illustrated copy of "Mother Goose's Melodies," which was a source of delight to me for many years afterwards, though I don't remember his giving any of the other girls anything.

I now determined to satisfy my long pent-up curiosity, and pay Matilda Mary Freer a visit, and so set out the very next day after school was broken up, accompanied by four or five of the school-girls, who were as curious as myself. I don't know what kind of a place I expected to see, I am sure; but I had a vague idea that the house was built of glass, and that there were orange-trees in the garden. The school-house was at the edge of the town, while Matilda Mary lived a couple of miles out of it; so we had a long journey before us, but

we trudged along right merrily, speculating on what Matilda Mary would say when she saw us, till we came to the shed on the side of the road where the little black dog, that had been such a God-send to Matilda Mary the last time I came that way, had been tied; but there was no dog there now, so we sat down on the side of the road to rest. We were to pass a row of poplars that were close at hand before we came to our destination, which was all we knew about it. But we passed the poplars, and seemed no nearer than ever, the only house in view being a little brown, weather-beaten one, with moss-grown shingles, bending over to one side with the weight of years, with a lilac tree in front, which was also bent with age or with something; and a larger one a little farther on, which was likewise brown, and weather-beaten, but which did not look so old nor nearly so picturesque as the first one, its only peculiarity being that it had two doors very close together in front, showing that it had been built for the accommodation of two families. Going into the first house, we inquired if Mr. Freer lived about there anywhere, and were informed by a little rosy-faced woman that Mr. Freer " 'ad a-lived a' the nigh-hand side o' the double 'eouse," hard by, but that the family " 'ad ole gonod away a wik agon." We looked at each other blankly, and, for the first time, began to have our doubts of Miss Matilda Freer. We went into the house, however, which had a clean, sonsy, look all over, and was papered with newspapers; and we made the interesting discovery that the other end of the house was inhabited by a French potter, who seemed very glad to see us, and who made us more welcome than Matilda Mary would in all probability have done. He took his fiddle, which he kept hanging on the wall in a green baize bag, and played for us, wagging his head from side to side to keep time, and desiring us to dance, which I don't think any of us did, though we laughed, and had a great deal of fun. He brought us out into the garden, or field, behind the house, and showed us his

pottery, which was built of mud, and where there were a great many pots and pans of all descriptions, ready, he told us, to go through the enamelling process, though we thought them a great deal prettier as they were, they looked so fresh and clean. We were, of course, highly delighted with all this, and parted excellent friends with the old potter, he promising to have some dishes made for us by the time we came again, which we did in about a week, bringing pennies with us to pay for our little dishes, which he would not take. We amused ourselves this day by making cups and saucers of the potter's clay, but they always came to pieces as soon as they were dry. The old potter talked to us a great deal in broken English, bemoaning the day he left old France, where he said he had many a time a couple of hundred of his pots bought up by some rollicking young scapegrace of a nobleman, to be used by himself and his no less rollicking companions. " Ah, ha! that was the country to live in; you might make pots in Canada for a long time before any one would buy them to shoot at," he would say, with a shake of his head.

PHEBE BARTLET.

A little over one hundred and thirty years ago the great Jonathan Edwards, afterwards President of Princeton College, was pastor of a church at Northampton, Mass. It pleased God about that time to pour out His Spirit very copiously upon that town, so that great numbers of people were converted and gathered into the Church of Christ. This revival was so extraordinary in its power, and so marked in its characteristics, that it attracted notice far and near, and even among the ministers and churches of England. Having been requested to do so, President Edwards afterwards wrote a little volume, giving a full account of this wonderful work of grace.

One of the peculiarities of this revival was that a considerable number of children were hopefully converted; and it would seem that the conversion of children must have been regarded in those days as a very extraordinary thing, for President Edwards says in his book: " It has heretofore been looked on as a strange thing when any have

seemed to be savingly wrought upon and remarkably changed in their childhood; but now I suppose near thirty were to appearance so wrought upon, between ten and fourteen years of age, and two between nine and ten, and one about four years of age; and because I suppose this last will be with most difficulty believed, I shall give a particular account of it." Thank God that in our days of more abundant parental and Sabbath-school instruction we have become familiar with the ingathering of even very little children into the fold of the Good Shepherd! May the time soon come when every pastor, parent and Sabbath-school teacher shall be found laboring and expecting to see the children converted in early youth.

The little child of "about four years of age," above referred to, was named Phebe Bartlet, and President Edwards gives a detailed account of her conversion. From this account the following facts are drawn.

Phebe Bartlet was born in March of the year 1731. She became seriously impressed about the beginning of May, 1735. Her parents, who were pious persons, often addressed good counsels to their older children, but they had not directed themselves particularly to her, on account of her extreme youth. Probably Christian parents often make such mistakes, forgetting that the blessed Spirit is able to make the truth effectual to the salvation of the very youngest child capable of comprehending it. But about this time a little brother of Phebe's, about eleven years of age, had been himself hopefully converted, and began to talk seriously to her about the great salvation. How beautiful the picture of this little brother, only eleven years old, trying to lead his little sister, four years of age, to the feet of Jesus! Oh that brothers and sisters were oftener seen engaged in this Christ-like work!

God blessed the efforts of this loving little brother, and Phebe was soon observed to listen earnestly when her parents talked to the older children. She also began to retire, several times a day, to her closet for prayer. This practice became more and more frequent, reaching to five or six times a day, and she was so earnest that nothing could divert her. Her mother often watched her when difficulties interposed, or when Phebe was especially engaged, but never saw her omit her visits to her closet at her regular times. Many very remarkable instances of her putting aside difficulties and engagements for this purpose were mentioned. Phebe seemed to have learned

what it was to seek after God in the right way. And His promise to all children is, "They that seek me early, shall find me."

Once, of her own accord, she spoke of her lack of success in finding God. Still she persevered in offering her supplications. On Thursday, the last day of July, her mother heard her voice as she was engaged in her closet, in loud and earnest entreaty. Among her supplications she heard these, "*Pray* blessed Lord, give me salvation. I pray, I beg, pardon all my sins." After Phebe came from her closet she sat down by her mother, crying aloud and rocking her body to and fro, like one in great anguish of spirit. Her mother made some ineffectual attempts to quiet her. At length she suddenly ceased crying and said with a smiling countenance:

"Mother, the kingdom of God is come to me."

Her mother was greatly surprised at so sudden an alteration, but said nothing, when Phebe began to quote from her catechism a few words here and there, such as "Thy will be done," and "enjoy him for ever," which seemed to give her great pleasure.

The next time she came from her closet she said to her mother, with a bright and cheerful countenance,

"I can find God now," and added, "I love God"

"How much do you love God?" asked her mother—"better than you love your father or mother, or your little sister Rachel?"

"Yes," said Phebe, "better than I love anything else"

Her mother asked her whether it was the fear of going to hell that had made her cry so.

"Yes," she answered, "I was afraid, but now I shall not go there."

When the older children came home from school that day, they were greatly affected by the manifest change that had occurred in Phebe. On her side, she evinced the deepest anxiety that they too should seek and find God. She earnestly engaged in prayer for them, and when a neighbor found her in tears and asked why it was, she said it was because she feared her dear sisters would go to hell.

From this time there was a remarkable and abiding change in Phebe. She was very strict in her observance of the Sabbath-day, and longed for its coming. She loved God's house, and was always eager to go there. In divine services she was always very attentive. When asked why she liked so much to go to church, she said it was "because she wanted to hear Mr. Edwards preach,"

She was also very fond of listening to religious conversation.

In her intercourse with other children she always exhibited a tender conscience, was careful to avoid doing wrong things, and if she had done them inadvertently or without a full understanding of their nature, she would exhibit the most poignant regret.

She had a great love for her minister. On one occasion he had taken a long journey for his health. When Phebe heard of his return, she exclaimed to her childish companions, "Mr. Edwards is come home" Mr. Edwards is come home!" as if it were the most joyful tidings imaginable. She would by no means miss saying her catechism to her mother every night before going to sleep. She never omitted it but once, when she forgot it, and then immediately called out in tears to her mother, nor could she be quieted until it had been repeated.

Such is the account President Edwards gave of little Phebe Bartlet. Now many readers will be ready to say: Surely such a child died very young. Many children—and many grown people, too—have a very foolish idea that children who become pious very early, almost always die young. Phebe Bartlet did not die young. After she had grown to be a woman, she married Mr. Noah Parsons, and lived very happily to the advanced age of seventy-four years.

All through these years, as far as is known, she glorified her Saviour by a most consistent and exemplary life. How many souls she may have been instrumental in guiding to Christ during those many years we have no means of knowing, but one such instance is known and we must narrate it here.

When our little Phebe had grown to be a very old woman, she went to live with a relative in some other town at a considerable distance. Not far from her new home lived a lad named Justin Edwards, who was frequently at the house in which she lived, and became deeply interested in her. As she grew sick and infirm, it became a pleasure to him to minister to her wants in various ways. At last she died in triumphant hope, and departed to that blessed heaven she had been looking for ever since she was converted at four years of age. Justin Edwards was deeply impressed by her consistent and cheerful piety, and was made to feel deeply that there was a reality and value in religion. He knew the early history of Phebe, and he resolved without delay to seek her God and Saviour and her heaven. He did so, and found them, and consecrated his life to the service of Christ. He became an eminent

and honored minister of the Gospel, a wise and able instructor and author, and spent a long and useful life in the Master's service. Since his death his biography has been published in a volume, which relates how his serious thoughts and resolves were stirred by the holy example of the aged Phebe Bartlet.

May some of those who read these columns be affected by that example as he was, and led thereby to seek and find the blessed Saviour!—*S. S. Visitor.*

BURIED CITIES OF THE OLD WORLD.

AN ORIGINAL PUZZLE.

In case our young readers should not be familiar with this kind of puzzle, we will inform them that somewhere in the following story are hidden or buried numerous names of cities in the Old World. For example, such a sentence as this: "There I saw Anna polishing my boots," seems to be innocent of all geographical meaning; but, on a closer examination, we distinctly see the name "Annapolis." Again, "He came to my *succor* knife in hand," gives us the city of Cork. In the same manner, the diligent seeker will find some where between thirty and fifty names in this little story. Remember that the names are all of cities in the Eastern hemisphere, and that they are all correctly spelt. We invite our "young folks" to send us answers, to show their success. All who send us a complete list before the 1st of April will be acknowledged in the May number, under their real or assumed names. In case none are complete, the one who sends the largest list will be so acknowledged.

ATTACKED BY ROBBERS.

A party of American travellers were riding slowly through a rugged mountain pass in the north of Italy. They had spent, in their tour, some months very pleasantly, and were now on the point of leaving the country, expecting to reach the military cantonments in Sardinia before night. "Why do we go so slowly on such a beautiful afternoon, papa?" asked one of the children. "We have plenty of time,"

responded her father, adding, "You know, Isabel, fast as we may go, you are never quite satisfied. How delightful the air is!" "I am very cold," said his wife, shivering in her nankin travelling dress. "Do let us go a little faster, Frank, for the wind here is very cold." "Cover yourself with a shawl, if you are cold," said Mr. Ellis; "and perhaps you had better take a nap, lest you should be too sleepy to enjoy the fine view we are coming to. Now what if we should see some robbers," he continued, mischievously. "Eugene vaunted a little while ago that he would protect us all, so he had better be prepared; some travellers have nice times among these mountains." Just then, a vagabond beggar approached the carriage: "Let me hope, kind friends," said he, in a whining voice, "that you will assist a poor man." He was one of the worst-looking and most sombre men that they had ever seen; but they took out the dinner-basket, and, putting together the *debris*, told him to help himself. In return for this kindness, he informed Mr. Ellis, secretly, that a den of robbers was not far off, and then disappeared. The gentleman thought the best thing that he could do was to let his family—whatever might be the threatening of bad luck, now as at any time—know the true position of affairs, so he said with assumed carelessness, "I got a nice piece of news from that mad rascal; it seems there is a band of robbers near, and we must prepare for defence; and now, my son," said he, turning to Eugene, "in case of a mishap, arm—an enemy may spring upon us at any time." He had scarcely time to take up his pistols when the brigands burst upon them. The driver, an Italian, stopped the horses immediately, got down off the box, for dinner, and mockingly singing "rub-a-dub-dub," lingered at one side, eating it, till the fray was over. The unwelcome visitors turned the family out of the vehicle and rifled its contents. One strong fellow knocked Eugene into a ditch when he ventured to remonstrate. "Help me up, Salvator," said he to the driver; but, meeting with no response, he was obliged to scramble out as best he might, looking rather disconsolate after his muddy bath. In the meantime, Mr. Ellis was walking to and fro, mentally remarking, "What we shall do, verily I do not know. John, when in the Sardinian war, saw this kind of thing often, and might have helped us, but alas! he is gone, poor fellow. Amos, coward as he is, would have been better than no one—why did we yield to the entreaties of Florence, and leave him

behind?" Just then, the chief of the band, in searching the carriage, found a bottle of cologne-water; thinking it was brandy, he pulled out the cork and drank the whole contents. Intoxicated with the dose, he with his sabre struck wildly about him; then, another freak seizing him, he took Mr. Ellis' cashmere morning-gown and arrayed himself in it, and, putting Mrs. Ellis' bonnet on his head, and her morocco travelling-bag on his arm, he strutted about, cutting many a caper. Then his followers became exasperated. The robber next in command, resolving to execute a long-meditated project, persuaded his comrades that the chief was crazy. They—eager for bloodshed—resolved to kill him at once, and crying out with one accord, "He is mad," riddled him with bullets. The brigands, now collecting their spoils, carried the unfortunate family to their castle. One robber lingered alone near the fallen chief, saying to himself, "Mazeppa risked his life once to save mine, and it is the least I can do to bury him. I always feared he would come to a bad end."

When the party arrived at the castle, the new chief said to the prisoners, politely, "Enter our hall—enter, my friends." They entered, and what was their astonishment to find themselves in a magnificent *salon*, done up in curtains, tapestry, brussels carpets, etc. Mr. Ellis, however, turned pale as he thought of the scene he had just witnessed, and his appearance was noticed by the chieftain. "Is the man ill?" asked he, politely; "You are perhaps hungry. Never fear, you will not starve. Here we have bread fit for a king—ham, burghers of France might envy, with dates and figs." So saying, he invited them to sit down. A beautiful rosebud, arranged in a vase, with leaves (the vase was of platina, then so rare a metal), marked the spot where Mrs. Ellis was to sit; and, astonished beyond measure, they sat down to a sumptuous repast, where we must leave them for the present.

A gentleman, one evening, was seated near a lovely woman, when the company around were proposing conundrums to each other. Turning to his companion, he said: "Why is a lady unlike a mirror?" She gave it up. "Because," said the rude fellow, "a mirror reflects without speaking; a lady speaks without reflecting." "Very good," said she. "Now answer me, Why is a man unlike a mirror?" "I cannot tell you." "Because the mirror is polished, and the man is not."

BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEEPING.

Be - yond the smiling and the weeping, I shall be soon; Be-
 Be - yond the rising and the setting, I shall be soon; Be-
 Be - yond the parting and the meeting, I shall be soon; Be-
 Be - yond the frost-chain and the fever, I shall be soon; Be-

yond the waking and the sleep - ing, Be - yond the sowing and the
 yond the calming and the fret - ting, Be - yond rememb'ring and for-
 yond the farewell and the greet - ing, Be - yond the pulse's fe - ver
 yond the rock-waste and the riv - er, Be - yond the ev - er and the

CHORUS.

reaping, I shall be soon. Love, rest and home! Sweet, sweet home!
 getting, I shall be soon.
 beating, I shall be soon.
 never, I shall be soon.

O how sweet it will be there to meet The dear ones all at home.

A MUSICAL LOCAL-TELEGRAPH ALPHABET

For four Church bells (of a chime or otherwise), four steam-whistles (of a Callope or not), or four air-whistles; producing respectively the notes 1, 3, 5, 8, (C, E, G, C,) of the natural major key, or the corresponding notes of any other major key; or for a Key-Bugle, Cornet-a-Piston, or other far-sounding diatonic instrument.

By WILLIAM BOYD, suggestor (April 1866) of a Steam-Whistle, an Air-Whistle, and an Instrument Local Telegraph for the Improved (unspaced) Morse, the Bain, or the Boyd & Allen Long-and-Short (Dot-and-Dash) Alphabet; and also suggestor (same date) of a Light Local Telegraph for either of these Alphabets.

(A scale of four notes, but with never more than three of them to any one of the eighty-four letters, points, marks, figures, and word-contractions composing the alphabet.)

LETTERS AND PRINCIPAL POINTS.

(Letters arranged as to frequency of use, from most used to least-used; points partly so arranged, and put in most convenient place.)

Notes.	Notes.	Notes.
E..... 1	M..... 51	Y..... 131
T..... 3	C..... 53	P..... 133
A..... 5	F..... 55	G..... 135
O..... 8	W..... 58	B..... 138
I..... 11	Comma..... 81	V..... 151
N..... 13	Semicolon..... 83	K..... 153
S..... 15	Dash..... 85	Q..... 155
H..... 18	Period..... 88	J..... 158
R..... 31	Colon..... 111	X..... 181
L..... 33	Apostrophe 113	Z..... 183
D..... 35	Parenthesis 115	Æ..... 185
U..... 38	Hyphen..... 118	Œ..... 188

OTHER POINTS, ETC.

Notes.	Notes.	Notes.
Point of interrogation. 311	&..... 351	
Point of exclamation. 313	&c..... 353	
Point of irony (†). 315	\$..... 355	
Point of humor (§). 318	c. (cent)..... 358	
<i>Italic or emphatic mark</i>	£..... 381	
(+). 331	s. (shilling)..... 383	
Quotation-mark..... 333	d. (penny, pence)..... 385	
New-paragraph mark..... 335	No. (number)..... 388	
Bracket..... 338		

FIGURES, ETC.

Notes.	Notes.	Notes.
1..... 511	7..... 535	brl..... 581
2..... 513	8..... 538	Cental or hund.
3..... 515	9..... 551	(100 lbs)..... 583
4..... 518	0..... 553	cwt..... 585
5..... 531	lb..... 555	ton..... 588
6..... 533	bush..... 558	

NOTE.—The combinations 555 to 588 are to be used for the plural also.

ADDITIONAL COMMON CONTRACTIONS.

Exhausting all the variations of three notes out of the four.

Notes.	Notes.	Notes.
Mr..... 811	Mesd. (Mes-	Esq..... 855
Mrs..... 813	dames)..... 833	Hon..... 858
M. or Mons. 815	Mdlle. (Ma-	Dr..... 881
MM., Messrs.	demoiselle. 835	Rev..... 883
or Messieurs. 818	St. (Saint). 838	A.M..... 885
Mme. (Madame)	Jun..... 851	P.M..... 888
..... 881	Sen..... 853	

INSTRUCTIONS.

In the foregoing alphabet, capital and small-letter initials are indicated in one and the same manner,—the sense showing the kind intended.

Brackets (as may be generally known) are used for introducing one person's explanations or remarks into another's text. In writing and in printing, brackets, parentheses, and quotation-marks are used in *vis-a-vis* or facing pairs; but here, both members of each of these pairs are shown by the same combination.

In telegraphing by this alphabet, a word phrase, or series of words in *italics* will be shown by being preceded and followed by the mark for the same. The operator (sender) will take no notice of the italics which may compose the head-lines, side-heads, signatures, or dates of his "copy"; but only of those, in the body of the paragraphs, which are used *emphatically*. Also, no notice need be taken of the italics or the quotation-marks pointing-out foreign words or phrases; nor of either of these used in naming newspapers or magazines, ships or steamers. When the first of a pair of italic-marks is heard, he reporter (receiver) will jot-down, on the line of his writing a + or italic-mark; and will, in same manner, record in its place when heard, the other italic-mark. After the despatch is finished, he will go-over the MS., and underline *once* all the words from one italic-mark to the other; and then strike-out such italic-marks.

The list of points given is unusually full. As in writing and in printing, periods are, by the alphabetic method of the present scheme, used also after contractions, as well as at the end of most sentences. The contractions in our tables, however, being given as word-signs, require no contractual-periods, unless when they occur (only about half the number can) at the ends of sentences, head-lines, side-heads, signatures, or dates.

When working the alphabet, allow or count *one* for each note struck. (The notes composing a double or a triple combination are therefore, and as hinted at in the heading of the scheme not to be struck simultaneously, or at once; but, in each such combination, the notes are to be sounded one after another.) Allow or count *one blank* after each letter (except the last) in a word, but not after any of the notes in a letter. Also, allow *one blank* before each point or single-mark; and the same after the first of a pair of parentheses, brackets, italic-marks, or quotation-marks, and before the second of each of these. And also allow *one blank* before and after a hyphen in a compound word, and before and after a dash. Allow *three blanks* after each word, or word-sign or contraction, where no point occurs; and the same between each point or mark in the body of a sentence and the word following; and *five blanks* after a terminal-period, or other point or mark at the end of a sentence. When sending a message, give, after the period or other point or mark at the end of a paragraph, the new-paragraph mark, *before seven blanks* (before instead of after the blanks, that the receiver of the despatch may have notice and opportunity to move his pencil to a new line). The new-paragraph mark and seven blanks should also follow each line of poetry, especially each line of blank-verse.—The time throughout must be uniform. In private despatches, the rate of motion should agree with the abilities, taste, or experience of the sender (operator), or with the desires of the receiver (reporter); but in telegraphing to the public ear, the notes and blanks should be given at the rate of one to a step in either slow, common, or quick military time according to the popular proficiency in "reading by sound." (A careful examination is requested of the specimen-telegram below.)

It is believed that chimes of church-bells are always in the key of C,—sometimes, possibly, a little flat or sharp. In out-door public telegraphing by a key-bugle or other instrument, the operator should on every occasion use the same instrument, and always perform in one and the same key, that the audience or listeners may become familiar with the sound and the pitch, and thus more readily distinguish, one from another, the (four) notes of our scale. When telegraphing by bells, steam-whistles, or air-whistles only *one* person at a time should control or work them.

Before commencing a public telegram, or a private conversation or debate (see below) it is recommended to refresh the musical ear of the people, or of the person or party interested, and at the same time direct attention to what is coming, by playing *twice*

over the following little arrangement of the four notes ; which should be performed strictly in the time about to be used in the real business to succeed (allowing, as marked, twenty seconds' intermission between the performances or playings, and a minute's rest at the end) :—

Play twice over.

1111 2 3333 2 5555 2 8888 2 5555 2 3333 2
 blks. 3333 2 5555 2 8888 2 5555 2 3333 2
 1111 4 1358 2 8531 4 1358 2 8531

20 sec. rest; 2nd time, 1 min.

The following is a specimen of how a despatch by the Musical-Telegraph Alphabet, points included, would look, if, for the occasion, taken down in figures. It is an interesting local item from the mayor of Port Barnacle to the townsfolk, rung-out, on some imaginary occasion, from the belfry of old St. Wycliffe's.

538 111 515 553 888 88 85 3 18 1 51
 5 131 11 31 3 11 3 18 1 53 8 3 8 183
 1 13 15 88 85 3 18 1 53 11 51 51 11 33
 11 31 1 11 55 3 18 1 58 18 5 35 8
 13 135 55 35 1 3 11 55 3 18 8 15
 133 11 31 3 5 13 13 11 38 13 53 1 15 138
 131 5 8 31 118 58 18 8 15 3 35 1 3 11
 133 11 8 13 3 118 51 1 31 51 5 8 33 35
 8 135 18 3 81 5 13 33 3 18 1 13 53 1
 138 131 1 35 1 53 3 31 8 53 35 8 13 1
 3 11 3 18 8 15 53 8 3 131 81 3 18 5
 3 3 18 1 1 13 3 8 31 1 15 155 38 5
 33 31 11 13 8 15 13 11 58 5 31 31 8
 151 8 13 135 11 55 55 3 18 1 53 11 5
 15 3 81 5 13 33 58 8 35 35 138 1 38
 133 8 13 3 18 1 51 11 31 13 8 13 135
 8 55 3 18 1 55 11 135 35 8 55 3 15
 88 13 11 33 1 5 3 18 18 5 15 11 53
 53 38 31 31 1 33 11 13 138 11 5 31 33
 81 5 13 33 5 35 35 18 5 13 33 15 5
 31 1 58 1 35 35 88.

8:30 P.M.—*The Mayor to the Citizens.*—The commodore of the whaling fleet of this port announces by air-whistle to Point-Mermaid light, and thence by electric line to this city, that the entire squadron is now arriving off the coast, and will be up in the morning if the fog lift's. No death has occurred on board, and all hands are well.

This or any other example could also be shown in regular musical style ; viz., as figures, on Day's one line staff, or, as notes, on the usual five-line staff. Mark the time "2-4" or "4-4." Write in E or F, but play in any key to suit. Accent all the notes alike.

THE MUSICAL ALPHABET FOR IN-DOOR TELEGRAPHIC PURPOSES.

For such purposes, sizable desk-gongs (spring-bells) in C or other major key, or suitable wood or brass musical instrument, may be effectively used.

AS A CONVERSATIONAL, EPISTOLARY OR TYPOGRAPHIC ALPHABET.

On gongs, or on any proper musical instruments, conversations may easily be performed; and on a piano-forte. by operating on a sufficient number of its different octaves, a conversation or a debate, between two or several persons having a good musical ear, may readily be held.

Conversations or debates may likewise be either said or sung, in figures, letters, or the corresponding sol-fa syllables (do, mi, sol, do), by two or more persons, or by a party of any number. However, in speaking by sol-fa, the upper or second do must, for an obvious reason, be changed,—say to dah. And, when speaking by letters, the second or upper C must, for the same reason be changed,—say to K: or, if thought better, the four letters may be, as it were, all changed,—to A, B, G, D; calling these letters either by their English names, or their Greek ones,—alpha, beta, gamma, delta.

The Musical Alphabet may also be employed for either epistolary or typographic purposes: but, when thus used, the letters of each word had better be run-together with hyphens: and the spaces between words, and the punctuation or pointing, made the same as in ordinary writing and print. The following is a specimen, points included, of this epistolary and typographic style :—

3-18-1 31-5-13-153 8-15 138-38-3 3-18-1 135-38-8-13-1-5-15 15-3-5-51-133: 3-18-1 51-5-13-15 3-18-1 135-11-58-33 55-11-31 5' 3-18-5-3.

The rank is but the guinea's stamp:

The man's the godd for a' that.

CAMBRIDGE, Mas^s., U.S.A., December 1867.

Domestic Economy.



MRS. STOWE ON FAULT FINDING.

But it being premised that we are never to fret, never to grumble, never to scold, and yet it being our duty in some way to make known and get rectified the faults of others, it remains to ask how; and on this head we will improvise a parable of two women.

Mrs. Standfast is a woman of high tone, and possessed of a power of moral principle that impresses one even as sublime. All her perceptions of right and wrong are clear, and minute; she is charitable to the poor, kind to the sick and suffering, and devoutly and earnestly religious. In all the minutia of woman's life she manifests an inconceivable precision and perfection. Everything she does is perfectly done. She

is true to all her promises to the very letter and so punctual that railroad time might be kept by her instead of a chronometer.

Yet, with all these excellent traits, Mrs. Standfast has not the faculty of making a happy home. She is that most hopeless of fault-finders,—a fault-finder from principle. She has a high, correct standard for everything in the world, from the regulation of the thoughts down to the spreading of a sheet or the hemming of a towel; and to this exact standard she feels it her duty to bring every one in her household. She does not often scold, she is not actually fretful, but she exercises over her household a calm, inflexible severity, rebuking every fault; she overlooks nothing, she excuses nothing, she will accept of nothing in any

part of her domain but absolute perfection; and her reproofs are aimed with a true and steady point, and sent with a force that makes them felt by the most obdurate.

Hence, though she is rarely seen out of temper, and seldom or never scolds, yet she drives every one around her to despair by the use of the calmest and most elegant English. Her servants fear, but do not love her. Her husband, an impulsive, generous man, somewhat inconsiderate and careless in his habits, is at times perfectly desperate under the accumulated load of her disapprobation. Her children regard her as inhabiting some high, distant, unapproachable mountain-top of goodness, whence she is always looking down with reproving eyes on naughty boys and girls. They wonder how it is that so excellent a mamma should have children who, let them try to be good as hard as they can, are always sure to do something dreadful every day.

The trouble with Mrs. Standfast is, not that she has a high standard, and not that she purposes and means to bring every one up to it, but that she does not take the right way. She has set it down that to blame a wrong-doer is the only way to cure wrong. She has never learned that it is as much her duty to praise as to blame, and that people are drawn to do right by being praised when they do it, rather than driven by being blamed when they do not.

Right across the way from Mrs. Standfast is Mrs. Easy, a pretty little creature, with not a tittle of her moral worth,—a merry, pleasure-loving woman, of no particular force of principle, whose great object in life is to avoid its disagreeables and to secure its pleasures.

Little Mrs. Easy is adored by her husband, her children, her servants, merely because it is her nature to say pleasant things to every one. It is a mere tact of pleasing, which she uses without knowing it. While Mrs. Standfast, surveying her well-set dining-table, runs her keen eye over everything, and at last brings up with, "Jane, look at that black spot on the salt-spoon! I am astonished at your carelessness!"—Mrs. Easy would say, "Why, Jane, where *did* you learn to set a table so nicely? All looking beautifully, except—ah! let's see—just give a rub to this salt-spoon;—now all is quite perfect." Mrs. Standfast's servants and children hear only of their failures; these are always before them and her. Mrs. Easy's servants hear of their successes. She praises their good points; tells them they are doing well in this, that, and the

other particular; and finally exhorts them, on the strength of having done so many things well, to improve in what is yet lacking. Mrs. Easy's husband feels that he is always a hero in her eyes, and her children feel that they are dear good children, notwithstanding Mrs. Easy sometimes has her little tiffs of displeasure, and scolds roundly when something falls out as it should not.

The two families show how much more may be done by a very ordinary woman, through the mere instinct of praising and pleasing, than by the greatest worth, piety, and principle, seeking to lift human nature by a lever that never was meant to lift it by.

The faults and mistakes of us poor human beings are as often perpetuated by despair as by any other one thing. Have we not all been burdened by a consciousness of faults that we were slow to correct because we felt discouraged? Have we not been sensible of a real help sometimes from the presence of a friend who thought well of us, believed in us, set our virtues in the best light, and put our faults in the background?

Let us depend upon it, that the flesh and blood that are in us—the needs, the wants, the despondencies—are in each of our fellows, in every awkward servant and careless child.

Finally, let us all resolve,—

First, to attain to the grace of SILENCE.

Second, to deem all FAULT-FINDING that does no good a SIN; and to resolve, when we are happy ourselves, not to poison the atmosphere for our neighbors by calling on them to remark every painful and disagreeable feature of their daily life.

Third, to practise the grace and virtue of PRAISE. We have all been taught that it is our duty to praise God, but few of us have reflected on our duty to praise men; and yet for the same reason that we should praise the divine goodness it is our duty to praise human excellence.

We should praise our friends,—our near and dear ones; we should look on and think of their virtues till their faults fade away; and when we love most, and see most to love, then only is the wise time wisely to speak of what should still be altered.

Parents should look out for occasions to commend their children, as carefully as they seek to reprove their faults; and employers should praise the good their servants do as strictly as they blame the evil.

Whoever undertakes to use this weapon

will find that praise goes farther in many cases than blame. Watch till a blundering servant does something well, and then praise him for it, and you will see a new fire lighted in the eye, and often you will find that in that one respect at least you have secured excellence thenceforward.

When you blame, which should be seldom, let it be alone with the person, quietly, considerably, and with all the tact you are possessed of. The fashion of reproving children and servants in the presence of others cannot be too much deprecated. Pride, stubbornness, and self-will are aroused by this, while a more private reproof might be received with thankfulness.

As a general rule, I would say, treat children in these respects just as you would grown people; they are grown people in miniature, and need as careful consideration of their feelings as any of us.

Lastly, let us all make a bead-roll, a holy rosary, of all that is good and agreeable in our position, our surroundings, our daily lot, of all that is good and agreeable in our friends, our children, our servants, and charge ourselves to repeat it daily, till the habit of our minds be to praise and to commend; and so doing, we shall catch and kill one *Little Fox* who hath destroyed many tender grapes.

SELECTED RECIPES.

STEWED SHOULDER OF MUTTON.—The following receipt is a useful one, as it gives a little variety to a very homely joint. The shoulder of mutton must not be too fat. Bone it, tie it up in a cloth, and boil it for two hours and a half. Take it up, put a little cold butter over it, and strew it thickly with bread crumbs, parsley, thyme, pepper and salt, all properly mixed. Let it be in the oven half an hour, so that it may be perfectly browned. Serve it with lumps of currant-jelly on the top, and gravey or spinach round the dish.

POOR MAN'S PUDDING.—Three teacupfuls flour, one teacupful milk, one of chopped raisins, one of suet, one of molasses, one teaspoonful saleratus, nutmeg. Put in a bag and boil an hour and a half. Serve with sauce to taste.

POUND-CAKE.—Take half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, five eggs, and ten ounces of flour. Break the eggs into a pan, add the sugar, and beat for four or five

minutes, put the butter into a basin or tin, bowl, which is better for this purpose; warm it by occasionally holding it over the fire and working it about with a wooden spoon, until it becomes the substance of a very thick cream, but avoid making it so hot as to reduce it to oil; then add about one half of the batter to the butter, mix it well with the spoon, add the remainder, and stir for a minute or so, then gently but thoroughly mix in the flour. It should be stirred more than is sufficient to mix the flour. If currants are required, about six ounces may be mixed with the flour. Bake in a papered tin in a moderately heated oven.

POTATO BALLS.—Mash some potatoes well, with butter, pepper, and salt; shape into balls, cover with egg mixed with bread crumbs, and fry to a light brown.

TO MAKE YEAST.—Take two large potatoes, one large handful of hops, put the hops in a bag and boil them with the potatoes in two quarts of water, take the potatoes out and mash in an earthen dish, strain the hop-water on them, then add two tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon ginger; one and a half cups salt; one cup sugar or molasses; when cool add the yeast and set in a warm place.

MAYONNAISE FOR SALADS.—Beat together the juice of a lemon and the raw yolks of two eggs; then by slow degrees drop in enough oil to convert the composition into a kind of cream; but stir gently and continuously while the oil is being added. Vinegar may replace the lemon juice if more convenient.

CHEESE BISCUIT.—Two ounces of butter, two ounces of flour, two ounces of grated cheese, a little Cayenne, and salt. To be made into a thin paste and rolled out very thin, then cut in pieces four inches long and one inch broad, bake a very light brown, and send to table as hot as possible.

RUMBLED EGGS.—Beat up three eggs with two ounces of fresh butter, or well washed salt butter; add a teaspoonful of cream or new milk. Put all in a saucepan, and keep stirring it over the fire for nearly five minutes, until it rises up like soufflé, when it should be immediately dished on buttered toast.

INDIAN BREAD.—Take half a pint, good measure, of white Indian meal, which

should be rather coarsely ground. Mix it thoroughly in a large bowl, with one pint of fresh milk, and don't imagine because it seems so thin, that I have made a mistake. Put in what salt is necessary, and into the batter, break one fresh egg, and with a kitchen fork beat the whole together quickly and thoroughly. Have your oven pretty hot, but not scorching. Into a splay-sided round tin pan, of say four inches diameter at the bottom, and two and a half to three inches deep, pour your batter (which will about half fill the pan,) and put it into the oven instantly. It ought to bake, if the oven is perfectly regulated, in about half an hour. It must be perfectly *done* to be good. Don't be discouraged with the first attempt; it requires some practice to *hit it* precisely. It is to be eaten hot, before the upper crust falls.—*Ex. Paper.*

TO MAKE HAIR OIL.—Take a teacupful of fresh hog's lard and a teacup of water, simmer them together until the water is all gone; then cool; beat the white of an egg to the froth and add to the lard, mixing them thoroughly, and perfume to suit your liking.

AN EASY SEWING CHAIR.—A delightfully easy sewing chair can be made in a few hours from an old cane seat chair, from which the canes have been broken away, by sawing off the front legs about two inches, the back ones three or four; stretch a bit of old strong carpeting, canvas, or something of the kind, across the seat; make a curtain of an old small-figured dress, or of pretty print, fasten it to fall around the sides of a chair, fit a cushion to the back and one to the seat, cover it with the same, and you will have a comfortable and pretty chair in which you can rest while you work.

TO MAKE GOOD WASHING FLUID.—Three quarters of a pound of lump lime, one

pound soda ash, five quarts soft water. Slake the lime (hot water is best,) then add the water and soda ash. Stir frequently until well dissolved, let it stand until it settle clear, and then dip off. It is made best in an iron vessel.

ANTIDOTE FOR POISON.—Sweet oil, according to the *American Artisan*, is an antidote for poison. It says that "a poison of any conceivable description and degree of potency, which has been swallowed, intentionally or by accident, may be rendered instantly harmless by swallowing two gills of sweet oil. An individual with a very strong constitution should take twice the quantity. This oil will neutralize every form of vegetable or mineral poison with which physicians and chemists are acquainted."

TO ICE A CAKE.—Having whipped up the whites of three eggs to a froth, add to them a pound of doubly-refined sifted sugar, and three spoonsful of orange-flower water. Beat these all thoroughly together, and, when the cake is taken out of the oven, spread the icing mixture all over it with a wooden spatula, like a paper-knife. When this is done, let it stand at the mouth of the oven to dry thoroughly; but it must on no account be allowed to get discolored. Lemon-juice, instead of orange-flower water, is rather an improvement, as it makes the icing very white, and also gives it a pleasant flavor. Or beat the whites of three eggs to a strong froth; beat a pound of almonds very fine with some rose-water, and mix the almonds and eggs lightly together, then, after beating it very fine, put a pound of loaf-sugar in by degrees. When the cake is baked enough, take it out, lay on the icing, and place it at a proper distance before a clear fire, and keep turning it continually that it may not turn color. A cool oven is, however, best, where an hour will harden it.

Editorial and Correspondence.

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

—According to promise, we give in this number the particulars of Mr. Boyd's ingenious system of Local Telegraphy by sound and light. His explanations are very clear and merit attention.

—We call attention to the map of Abyssinia, which has been Leggotyped expressly for the *Dominion*. That country; hitherto so little thought of, has become interesting, as being the seat of the war brought on by King Theodore's cruelty and obstinate unreasonableness. This map,

will enable our readers to follow the movements which are recorded from week to week in the papers, and which, without a map, are rather incomprehensible.

—We receive every month, a great deal more original matter than we have room for, and are therefore obliged to make a rigid selection, and sometimes in order to insure variety and liveliness to leave out some that we would otherwise gladly insert. Of those, at present on hand, the following are accepted, with our best thanks :

“Notes of a Ramble through Cape Breton,” By J. G. Bourinot.

“The Common Plantain Plant,” By W. A. Calnek.

“On the Waters,” By Isabella.

“The Doom of Babylon,” Anonymous.

“A Ramble Through our Canadian Woods,” By Jno. Paxton.

“The Snow Storm,” by Mrs. A. Campbell,

“Robert Burns,” By T. W. F.

“Easter Bells,” By Kate Seymour McL.

“Prima Vista,” By T. D. McG.

“The Entangled Web,” by Helen Bruce.

“Look at it Nearer,” by H. F. D.

“Song,” by John Reade.

“Little Lu,” by Mrs. A. Campbell.

“Laughter,” by Florine.

“An Old U. E. Loyalist,” by J. A. H.

“The American Mackerel Fishery in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.”

“The Crucible,” by Alicia. This is a very interesting story of Upper Canada, which will appear serially throughout the second volume.

“Laughter,” by Aural Mead.

“Dollard des Ormeaux, a Tale of Montreal in 1660,” by the Author of *Maple Leaves*.

—As we wish to have the contents of each number, as far as possible, suitable to the season ; we must request contributors to bear in mind, that articles, having reference to seasons of the year, should be sent in two months before the date, for which they are intended, or they will run the risk of lying over till next year. For instance, a story intended for Christmas, or the New Year, or Valentine's day, does not do to be just a month too late.

NOTICE.

Subscribers to the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, have now been supplied with all

the numbers of the volume from the commencement in October last ; and of course their subscriptions will terminate at the same date this year. We may add, that though an average of fully of 7,000 copies were printed for each month, we can supply but a few more subscribers with the Magazine from the beginning, and that hereafter we will only be able to begin new subscribers with the February or March numbers.

As it is believed that six numbers of THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, containing 380 pages, besides Plates, Maps, Index, &c., &c., would make a better-shaped volume than 12 numbers, it is deemed best to divide the year into two volumes, which may, of course, be bound in one if preferred. In accordance with this view, the second volume of THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, will begin with the April number and terminate with the September number, both inclusive. Next number will therefore be a good one for Subscribers to begin with, With whatever month the new Subscriber commences hereafter, he will of course be supplied with 12 numbers ending with the same time of the following year. We need scarcely call attention to the fact that these two volumes of choice and pure literature, most of it original, and consequently the fruit of native talent, will only cost ONE DOLLAR.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
PUBLISHERS.

—This number has been delayed several days beyond the usual time of issue, on account of the labor of setting up some of the back numbers of the Magazine over again.

NELSON'S MONUMENT AT MONTREAL.

The dilapidated state of Nelson's Monument reflects small credit on British feeling in the present go-a-head race of Montrealers. Oh ! how widely different that love of *Home*, as Britain was affectionately styled,

which distinguished their loyal predecessors sixty years ago! When your city did not contain a tithe of its present population, nor one hundred part of its wealth, this costly monument, the fruit of a spontaneous burst of patriotic feeling, showed the strength of that feeling, when aroused by the National Glory!

In the olden time, Montreal, like all other small towns, had its classes as distinct and impenetrable as the castes in India. Shopkeepers could not descend to associate with tradesmen, however respectable, nor wholesale dealers with retailers. The distinction between these last was more curious than obvious. The importer of a few packages of goods, who opened and sold them piece by piece—who had, perhaps, small credit and less capital—was dubbed a wholesale merchant; while the wealthy shopkeeper, often also an importer, who opened these pieces and sold them by the yard, could not aspire to subscribe to the assemblies, open only to the military, professional men, and wholesale dealers!

These assemblies, which had previously been held at Dillon's, on the Place d'Armes, had been transferred to the more spacious rooms of the Exchange Coffee House, where the first meeting for the season took place in December, 1805. After some six or eight country dances, the company had descended to the supper room, where the late Mr. Samuel Gerrard, one of the stewards, presided. The good things had been disposed of. Toasts and songs succeeded; when a waiter brought in a packet of newspapers just received from New York, containing Admiral Collingwood's dispatch of the Battle of Trafalgar, which was laid before Mr. Gerrard, and read to the company. I can never forget the electrifying effects of the news of that glorious victory on those present; while loud huzzas shook the very foundations of the building, many, particularly ladies, were shedding tears. The greatest of naval victories, clouded by the fall of the greatest of naval heroes, produced a mingled sensation of exultation and grief. Under the exciting influences, the

chairman's proposal to erect a monument in the City of Montreal to the memory of Nelson, and that a subscription be then and there opened to defray the cost, was received with enthusiasm. Ladies and gentlemen pressed to set down their names, so that in a few minutes a sum was subscribed sufficient to warrant its commencement, and a committee appointed to carry the plan into execution. In so small a town, the exclusive class then present, male and female, did not probably exceed two hundred persons in all, of whom very few were affluent, none millionaires, yet this spontaneous subscription exceeded one thousand pounds, and subsequently much more was obtained. Thus enabled, the committee opened a correspondence with Sir Alexander Mackenzie, John Gillespie, and Thomas Forsyth, Esquires, of London, by whom plans, drawings, and externals of a naval column were obtained from Robert Mitchell, Esquire, architect; which, having been approved of by the Montreal Committee, the statue of the Hero, eight feet high, and the bas-reliefs on the four sides of the pedestal were moulded in artificial stone, at Coal & Sealy's manufactory, in the Borough, and thence shipped to Montreal, where the column was erected in 1808, by the late Mr. Gilmore, in stone from the Mountain Quarries.

If Montreal, in its infancy, could erect this splendid pillar: surely, in its present state, the cost of restoration is unimportant. But restoration alone is not sufficient; it ought to be removed from its present site to the Champ de Mars, or elsewhere, where the *name* as well as the memory of Nelson could not be superseded. However respectable and worthy of remembrance Jacques Cartier may be, it was at least bad taste that imposed his name on the spot where Nelson's Monument had stood for half a century.

W. HENDERSON.

HEMISON, DORCHESTER CO.,
February, 1868.

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VOL. II.

(Beginning with April, and ending with September, 1868, inclusive.)

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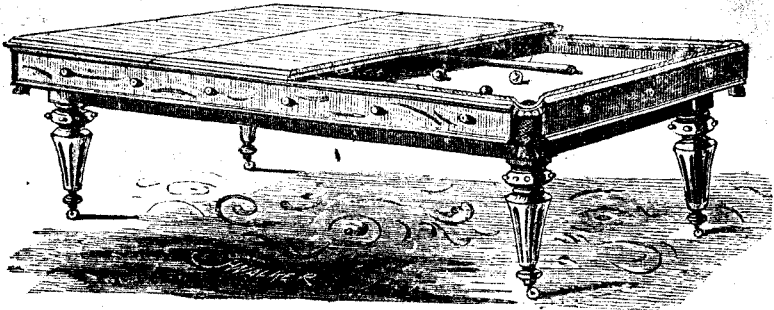
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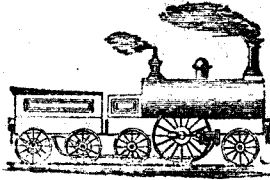
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