

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

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

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

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

MAY,

1870.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.	PAGE.		
Originality and Plagiarism.....	1	YOUNG FOLKS—(Continued.)	
Dominion Song! (Poetry).....	8	Riddle.....	53
A Fragment of Verchères, (Concluded)....	9	Children in Heaven, (Poetry).....	53
Cloud and Light, (Poetry).....	16	MUSIC: —The Wandering Refugee.....	54
Early Scenes in Canadian Life, (Continued). 17		FASHIONS for May.....	59
Scottish Laddies, (Poetry).....	22	DOMESTIC ECONOMY: —	
A Ride for a Wife.....	23	How to Adorn a Chamber without Money. 60	
Finding Wings, Early Spring, (Poetry)....	25	How to Cook a Chop.....	61
Marguerite:—A Tale of Forest Life in the		Time Required for Broiling.....	62
New Dominion (Continued).....	26	Selected Recipes.....	62
“Declined with Thanks;” or, He would be		LITERARY NOTICES	63
an Author.....	33	NOTICES	64
Walter Scott at Work.....	35	ILLUSTRATIONS: —	
YOUNG FOLKS: —		Hon. A. A. Dorian.....	Frontispiece.
Evenings in California and Japan.....	41	Hon. L. H. Holton.....	“
The Apple-Tree, (Poetry).....	46	A. Mackenzie, Esq.....	“
The Still Small Voice.....	47	E. Blake, Esq.....	“
Sir Bertrand du Guesclin and the Black		The Apple-Tree.....	Title Page.
Prince.....	40	Fashion Plate.....	Page 58

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL.

FIFTEEN CENTS PER COPY.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY

For 1870.

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

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

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

The attractions of the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY* will then be:—

1. A Serial Story.
2. Original Articles, including Poetry, chiefly illustrative of Canadian and Acadian scenery, history, life and customs.
3. Selected Articles and Poetry, from the best periodicals in the world.
4. Tales and Selections for "Young Folks."
5. Domestic Economy, including Recipes, &c.
6. Fashions.
7. A Piece of Music.
8. Editorial Articles, Correspondence, Literary Notices, &c.
9. Two full-page illustrations.

The terms will be 15 cents per single copy, or \$8 per 100.

The annual subscription will be \$1.50, or \$5, (P.O. order or bankable funds) for a club of five subscribers.

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

Subscriptions are payable strictly in advance and the magazine stops when the period subscribed for expires.

In all cases the postage or express charges on the magazine will be paid by the publishers.

All orders, remittances and communications to be addressed, post paid, to,

JOHN DOWGALL & SON,

MONTREAL.

November, 1869.



HON. A. A. DORION.



A. MACKENZIE, ESQ.



E. BLAKE, ESQ.



HON. L. H. HOLTON.

The New Dominion Monthly,



THE APPLE-TREE. (See page 46.)

See page 46

60

MAY, 1870.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

MAY, 1870.

ORIGINALITY AND PLAGIARISM.

BY GERVAS HOLMES.

Among the many graceful papers which constitute the Sketch-book of Washington Irving is one sufficiently amusing on "The Art of Bookmaking," in which he portrays, with characteristic humor, the interior of the Reading-room of the Library of the British Museum, and the "pale, studious personages" who were there engaged "poring intently over dusty volumes, rummaging among mouldy manuscripts and taking copious notes of their contents." These patient investigators, these laborious seekers after hidden treasure, he very unfairly describes as a set of literary purloiners who repaired to that "sequestered pool of obsolete literature" to "draw buckets full of classic lore," or "pure English, undefiled," wherewith to swell their own scanty rills of thought. In the very same paper, however, the brilliant essayist suggests that what he calls, "this pilfering disposition," may be implanted in authors providentially for wise purposes, and that the labors of these "predatory writers" catch up the knowledge and wisdom of past ages and cast them forth again in new forms.

There is here a manifest want of discrimination between things that differ. In his haste to produce a pleasant paper, Irving has (unintentionally, no doubt,) done serious injustice to a large class of students, whose patient investigation of the forgotten or neglected literature of the past he treats with contempt, affecting to regard all borrowers as alike "predatory;" though he admits the usefulness of that toil by which the wit and learning of the minds of past ages are revived and caused to flourish

again by a kind of intellectual metempsychosis.

It is the purpose of this brief paper to show that borrowing is not entirely synonymous with plagiarism; and that genuine intellectual metempsychosis, far from being indicative of barrenness, is a sure sign of intellectual vigor, yea, the clearest and most unequivocal proof of originality.

No doubt there is in the world a great deal of petty literary purloining,—a really dishonest appropriation, or rather misappropriation, of the thoughts and ideas of another in an attempt to disguise the intellectual poverty of the writer. But these literary jackdaws who vainly disport themselves in the more brilliant plumes of another, are not so common as is generally supposed; and it is from their own ranks that the cant cry of "plagiarism" is most frequently heard. It is not, however, difficult to distinguish between the dishonest spoiler and the frank borrowing of an original thinker. There is a want of harmony in the productions of the mere plagiarist, which will never be found in the works of genius. The patient, persevering pursuit of truth under her manifold forms, and the reduction of the crude elements of thought in the crucible of the mind, does not commend itself to the speculative and speculative manufacturer of books. ~~It~~ without this transmutation of foreign material to gold by the subtle alchemy of thought, no work will long maintain a reputation or pass for currency in the republic of letters. In other words, changing the figure, there must be *assimilation* in order to *vitality*. The seed-thought must be buried in the

recesses of the mind before it can germinate and bring forth fruit. It is the misconception of this fact that produces at times the cry of "plagiarism." There is, moreover, a natural jealousy of abler men on the part of those who, from the lack of assimilative force in their own mental economy, are unable to profit by the treasures of the past so as to enrich the soil of their own minds; and hence they are astonished and puzzled with the alimention and wonderfully-transmuting power of men of genius.

In spite, however, of the widely-spread mental confusion and misapprehension in regard to the matter, it is just this power of mental assimilation that constitutes the distinction between borrowing and plagiarism, between genius and mediocrity. Nay, more, even the *manner* of selection and quotation at once reveals the difference between intellectual wealth and mental poverty. *Vera incessu patuit dea!* "Genius," says a gifted writer,* who is himself a living illustration of the fact, "borrows nobly." When Shakespeare is charged with debts to his authors, Landor replies: "Yet he was more original than his originals. He breathed upon dead bodies and brought them into life." In like manner, Lord Lytton observes, "Little wits that plagiarize are pickpockets; great wits that plagiarize are conquerors." We rather insist that the conquerors, by their deeds of daring, disprove the insulting charge of "plagiarism." The ideas which genius abducts from any source are so rehabilitated and redemiled that they can no more be reclaimed than the Sabine virgins, who, as ancient story tells us, were rapturously transformed into Roman matrons.†

It is only in this way that we can reap full benefit from the treasures of the past. If there were no borrowing there would be no progress. Human science and learning have ever advanced, and must continue to

advance, by a process of accretion. The deposits of former ages assist in forming the new creations of the present. We are all in debt to the past, and must of necessity remain so; and to require from those who labor in any department of literature, science, or art, absolute originality, is to seek for a chimera. There is only one Being who is or can be truly and absolutely original, and in Him "are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." He is the sum and substance of all knowledge—"the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning:

"Jehovah comprehending all,
Whom none can comprehend."

But all human knowledge is fragmentary (*abrupta scientia*, as Bacon finely expresses it.) Age after age gropes slowly after fuller knowledge, and philosophers, one after another, as the world grows older, add bit after bit; but still each sadly echoes the cry of the dying Goethe—"More light!"

"Still restless nature dies and grows,
From change to change the creatures run."

And from each step, each change we gain something. But all the records of experience and of history tend alike to show that our indebtedness to the labors of our predecessors can never honestly be ignored. The records of the past—that "weird palimpsest old and vast"—will never be wholly obliterated. The strata of ancient formations of mind will here and there crop out above the latest deposits of the human intellect, revealing the older substance upon which the kainozoic productions of the present rest.

Three thousand years ago a royal philosopher, who had "intermeddled with all wisdom," and not a little folly, left on record in the last sad record of his life this striking testimony: "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun. Is there anything whereof it may be said, 'See, this is new?' It hath been already of old time which was before us."*

Mr. Emerson, in the same essay from which I have already quoted, recognizes

* Ecclesiastes i., 9, 10.

* Mr. R. W. Emerson, in the *North American Review*, (April, 1868.)

† Compare also the following very striking and beautiful remark of Villemain in regard to the peculiarly discursive style of Montaigne's writings and genius: "*Les abeilles pillotent de ca et de la les fleurs; mais elles en font apres le miel qui est tout leur: ce n'est plus thym ni marjolaine.*"

the same truth. "Our debt," he observes, "to tradition through reading and conversation is so massive, our protest or private addition so rare and insignificant—and that commonly on the ground of other reading or hearing—that in a large sense one would say there is no pure originality. All minds quote. Old and new make the warp and woof of every moment. There is no thread that is not a twist of these two strands. By necessity, by proclivity, and by delight we all quote. We quote not only books and proverbs, but arts and sciences, religion, customs and laws; nay, we quote temples and houses, tables and chairs!" The world of fashion is notoriously subject to a cyclical repetition of the past, of which the late reduction in the size of ladies' hoops furnishes an amusing illustration—so closely does it repeat a similar change which took place at the end of the last century. About the year 1787 hoops of large circumference were in vogue; but the lapse of three or four years brought in precisely the same contraction of these mystic circles which has taken place within the past few months. The latter fashion appears, from engravings of the period, to have continued more or less the prevailing mode until the close of the first decade of the present century. The oblique or "skew" arch may also be mentioned as one among many curious instances of the reproduction or recovery of an old invention by men of science. It may really be an original idea of the more modern discoverer of the principle, or its practical application, so far as his mental consciousness is concerned; but an example of it, eight hundred years old, is referred to by Mr. Ford in his "Handbook of Spain," as the work of Moorish architects in the city of Seville. So it is: "The thing which hath been is that which shall be."

Returning, however, to literature, I remark, further, that *bon-mots*, fables, proverbs, &c., may be traced from one language to another, and backwards from one generation to another, so that it is often difficult, and in some cases impossible, to determine their true original. Instances of this kind might be given in abundance, for most men of letters have met with some of

them in the course of their reading and experience. The following is an illustration which has come under my own observation, and, so far as I know, has not been referred to elsewhere:—

Among the minor poems of Oliver Goldsmith is an amusing bit of satire, originally published in the "Vicar of Wakefield," entitled, "An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog," which, after recounting a bite given by a dog to a human "friend," concludes with the following stanzas:—

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.
But soon a wonder came to light,
That show'd the rogues they lied;
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that died!

The sarcasm is precisely the same as that in the French epigram levelled against Freron by the Encyclopedists: "*Un serpent mordit Jean Freron. Eh bien? Le serpent en mourut.*" This is itself almost a literal translation of an older Greek epigram ascribed to Demodocus, and quoted by Constantine Porphyrogenitus in the tenth century. Both are given in a note to the 53rd chapter of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," by Gibbon, who expresses himself as being curious to know through what channel the imitation came about, as he doubts the acquaintance of Parisian wits with the Greek Anthology. There may possibly be an intermediate link connecting the two; but the idea might have as easily sprung up in the mind of a quick-witted Parisian of that age as in the brain of the old Greek. It was not improbably a conception of Voltaire's, whose wit was as quick as it was biting, and between whom and Freron there was waging for years a fierce literary war, embittered by no little personal enmity; and one who was so bitter a foe of Christianity and its Divine Founder, would spare none who defended either. It is observable that the Greek epigram is the only one of the three that directly asserts the venomous nature of the blood of the person bitten. The sarcasm is greatly strengthened by the silent implication of the circumstance.

In like manner the "language, quaint and olden," in which Goethe describes flowers as "stars in the firmament of earth," which has been made so charmingly familiar to us all in the melodious verse of Longfellow, is but the distant echo of the words of an Andalusian Arabian, who wrote centuries before the "philosophic dweller on the castled Rhine" penned the curious refrain.*

Emerson has given some very amusing instances of the doubtful paternity of some celebrated proverbs and *bon-mots*. He has also shown very beautifully that, notwithstanding the large amount of mental absorption, and all the cases of verbal identity and quotations that exist in the republic of letters, there is still a very fair amount of originality in the world at present. He teaches truly that there is an individuality in the mind of every active thinker which will shew itself, which receives, and uses, and creates, because it is alive and assimilates all the elements of his mental constitution, however varied may be their original form.

This brings us definitely to the main point at issue: In what does Originality consist? According to the gifted essayist just referred to, it is simply *being*—real, intellectual existence, or, as he himself unfolds the idea, "being one's self, and reporting accurately what we see and are." This agrees well with Lord Lytton's definition that "a writer's true originality is his form—is in that which distinguishes him from the mintage of any other brain." In illustration of this he refers to "Tristram Shandy," which, in spite of passages taken almost literally from "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy," bears, he contends, the most striking marks of "sovereign genius"—genius which has "preserved unique, unimitating, inimitable, its own essential idiosyncrasy of form and thought."

* Don Pascual de Gayangos, in his valuable translation of Al-makkari's History of the Mohammedan Dynasties in Spain, has bestowed an English dress on the Arabic verse referred to above, of which the following is a specimen which may interest the reader, serving at the same time as my authority:—"When the stars in our globe vanish before our eyes, it is not in the West that they hide their luminous orbs; indeed, they come to deposit them in the midst of these parterres."

The substantive idea presented by these critics is the same as that which forms the basis of this paper, namely, that mental vitality implies assimilative force, and that, where mental assimilation exists, there must also be that peculiarity or individuality of thought and its expression which constitutes originality. M. Joubert, a philosophic Frenchman, of whom too little is known, has tersely expressed the same idea in a somewhat different form: "*Toute vérité une et crue n'assez passe l'ame.*" It is certainly as true in regard to seed-thoughts as with seeds of a more material nature, that, unless they die, lose their crude form and *thus* become the vital elements of new existences, they abide alone and fruitless.*

As a fine illustration of "noble borrowing" by one whose gifts and originality are beyond all question, I will refer to Tennyson's beautiful description of Enid's restlessness in the "Idyls of the King":—

"She found no rest, and ever failed to draw
The quiet night unto her blood—"

which a friendly critic (and surely none of his readers are otherwise) has pointed out as having Virgil's graphic picture of the more miserable agitation of the injured Dido as its prototype:—

"Neque unquam
Solvitur in somnos, oculisque aut pectore noctem
Accipit."

—ÆNEID IV., 529-531.

It does, however, sometimes happen that a gifted and original writer gives utterance to ideas which have *not* remained in his soul long enough to lose their crudity—truths from foreign sources which have not germinated in his own mind. If this be done *consciously*, it is, undoubtedly, *plagiarism*. But what man of letters does not know that sometimes an idea imbibed in the course of reading, and long forgotten, *in alta mente repositum*, will, in process of time, come to the surface of the soul again, and haunt the mind and memory like a strain of sweet music from "auld lang syne," without the least shadow of remembrance in regard to its original source. There it is—changed, perhaps, just enough to defy your efforts to ascertain its true parentage. Where is it from? Is it mine?

* St. John, xii., 24.

Echo gives you no answer. It is yours in possession, and you are almost compelled to use it, if it be only as a *quasi* exorcism of the spirit which so mysteriously and pertinaciously haunts your meditations.

Was it a strange, subtle influence of this kind which drew from Charles Dickens the following striking sentence in "Bleak House?"—

"One disagreeable result of whispering is that it seems to wake an atmosphere of silence, *haunted by the ghosts of sound*—strange cracks and tickings, the rustling of garments that have no substance in them, and the tread of dreadful feet that would leave no mark on the sea-sand or the winter snow."

Or was it merely the natural result of the operation of the laws of thought, producing from kindred meditations a singular coincidence of expression with a transatlantic poet? However this may be, the reader of Whittier's "Mogg Megone" will be reminded by the words we have italicised of the beautiful lines in which the poet compares the moon-lit forest to "some old and pillared shrine," and the sounds awakened among the pine leaves, to

"The anthem's dying fall
Lingering round some temple's wall!
Niche and cornice, round and round,
Wailing like the ghost of sound!"

A notable instance of manifest plagiarism, which, so far as our own observation extends, has hitherto been unnoticed by the critics, is to be found in the writings of Lord Byron, which, indeed, is scarcely to be wondered at, as he openly avowed the greatest laxity of principle in regard to this matter, as well as in others of greater importance. The passage referred to is the magnificent apostrophe to the ocean at the close of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," in which some of the finest conceptions are taken from Madame de Stael's "Corinne," a work which preceded the publication of the last part of "Childe Harold" by nine or ten years. It will not be forgotten that Byron was personally acquainted with Madame de Stael, and that she had, according to the poet's own admission, no very high opinion of his morality. It certainly would not tend to raise his lordship in her esteem to have some of her best thoughts coolly translated and passed off as his own!

The brief but beautiful sketch of the Mediterranean by Madame, is comprised in the following words:—

* * "Cette superbe mer, sur laquelle l'homme jamais ne peut imprimer sa trace. La terre est travaillée par lui, les montagnes sont coupées par ses routes, les rivières se resserrent en canaux pour porter ses marchandises; mais si les vaisseaux sillonnent un moment les ondes, la vague vient effacer aussitôt cette légère marque de servitude, et la mer reparait telle qu'elle fut au premier jour de la création."

Byron begins his truly magnificent address to the same grand inland sea:—

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets pass over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore."

Again, in the following stanza, he says:—

"His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him."

And, once more:—

"Unchangeable save to thy wild waves play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld thou rollest now."

It can hardly be denied that these extracts contain a poetical paraphrase of the foregoing quotation from "Corinne." A very beautiful paraphrase undoubtedly, and one which adds not a little to the force, if not to the beauty, of the original. It is a valuable addition to the wealth of English literature. But the question is not concerning the right or propriety of making due use or improvement of the passage, but whether it was morally just or right that the poet should knowingly and wilfully make such free appropriation of the fine conceptions of another without the slightest acknowledgment. If there had been but a solitary line—a transient glance at a single characteristic of the object described—it might pass for a casual coincidence, or an unconscious adoption of the words, apart from that veritable assimilation of the idea which, as we have already seen, constitutes originality. But the circumstances of the case preclude any such supposition; and it is obvious that common honesty, to say nothing of courtesy, required of him, a brief acknowledgment of his indebtedness.

Curiously enough the poet Rogers, who was also a personal acquaintance of Byron,

furnishes us with a line characterized by the graphic brevity of touch to which reference has just been made, and possessing also a remarkable consonance with the grand idea of the absolute freedom of the sea from any trace of the power or works of man, which is the leading feature of the paragraph from Madame de Stael now before us. In the "Fragments of the Voyage of Columbus" (first published in 1812) the poet, in comparing the broad, half-explored expanse of the Atlantic with that sombre "world of waters" on which the Ark floated, describes it as exhibiting

"No trace of man, no vestige of his power."

An able writer in the *Edinburgh Review* treats the obvious similarity of sentiment as "a coincidence which must have been accidental." For *must* we would substitute a less positive expression; for, while we regard the line as one which affords a happy illustration of the mental assimilation of which so much has been said, the circumstances under which it was written, and the date of its publication, are not such as to warrant the very positive assertion of the friendly Scotch critic.

The same critic has casually given another striking illustration of the wide range of the influence exercised by Madame de Stael over the minds of her contemporaries. It is also a good example of the fructification of seed-thoughts in the mind. In the grand lines of Campbell:—

"Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep,
Her march is on the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep"—

there is a beautiful response to the happy suggestion in "Corinne," that an Englishman breathes only his native air on the deck of a vessel in mid-ocean, (*N'est ce pas en effet l'air natal pour un Anglais qu'un vaisseau au milieu de la mer?*) To regard the noble antiphonal expression of Campbell's as plagiarism would be simply ridiculous; nevertheless, it is something more than a casual coincidence. It is the grand fruit of a noble thought which germinated and was brought to perfection in the fertile soil of the poet's mind. It is no longer (to apply the figure of Villemain) the De Stael flower; but the honey of Campbell.

But genius is not, as we have already seen, invariably associated with perfect probity; and it must be confessed that Campbell cannot, in all cases, be entirely acquitted of the charge of literary spoliation. As a witness against him we cite one of the most charming writers of our day, the wisely humorous Dr. Brown, of Edinburgh, who, in a characteristic critique on Vaughan's Poems, has given the grand address of that fine old poet to "The Rainbow." Among the magnificent lines are these:—

"How bright wert thou when Shem's admiring eye
Thy burnisht, flaming arch did first descry?
When Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's gray fathers in one knot,
Did, with attentive looks, watch every hour
For Thy new light, and trembled at each shower."

Dr. Brown has well remarked in regard to these lines:—

"Our readers will see whence Campbell stole, and how he spoiled in the stealing (by omitting the word *youthful*), the well known line in his 'Rainbow':—

'How came the world's gray fathers forth
To view the sacred sign.'

"Campbell did not disdain to take this, and no one will say much against him, though it looks ill occurring in a poem on the rainbow; but we cannot easily forgive him for saying that 'Vaughan is one of the harshest even of the inferior order of conceit, having some few scattered thoughts that meet our eye amidst his harsh pages, like wild flowers on a barren heath.'"

It is, however, important to remember that coincidence of expression will at times very naturally arise from the consideration of the same subject by two different thinkers possessing a kindred mental constitution. Nay, even apart from any such metaphysical relationship, neither the existence of certain striking characteristics in any particular objects under contemplation, nor the general aspect of nature at various seasons, can well be described by any genuine lover of her charms without an unwitting repetition of something or other that has been said or sung, perhaps, many times before. The facts being similar, there will, of necessity, be at least a general resemblance in the description of different persons, even of widely varying powers and temperament; and the more

faithful the description of any given sights, sounds, or emotions, the closer will be the similitude to any antecedent representation of the same or kindred particulars. The beauty and the music of nature present the same aspect and the same sounds to all, and there must be a recognition of the same loveliness, the same sweetly familiar tune, by different interpreters. There is, therefore, nothing strange in the fact that while one poet, listening on the banks of the "slow-winding Ouse" to the Æolian strains of the Dryads of Huntingdonshire, tells us that

"Mighty winds
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of Ocean on his winding shore;"

—*Cowper's Task.*

another should, half a century afterwards, take up the charming refrain, and, from his New England home on the banks of his beloved Charles, allude thus finely to the same grand consonance of forest and ocean:—

"Loud from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest."

—*Longfellow's Evangeline.*

And yet another, in graver tones, that have caught their accent from the stern granite heights of the New World's Switzerland:—

"The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
The slow song of the sea."

There are also examples of literary coincidence which, being strictly synchronous, cannot possibly be any thing else than what is popularly termed accidental; but which are really the orderly and natural result of the operations of different minds working independently of each other, and yet moving, so to speak, in a parallel direction in pursuit of the same subject. A beautiful and very remarkable illustration of this parallel and synchronous operation of two independent workers, is afforded by the simultaneous solution in the year 1846 by M. Leverrier, of France, and Mr. Adams, of Cambridge, England, of the grand mathematical problem which resulted in the discovery of the planet Neptune.

It is evident that the *known* examples of the identical or corresponding results of the synchronical labor of different independent workers, afford sufficient evidence of the existence of a much larger number of *unknown* cases of similarly unconnected inquirers coming by an analogous process to the same conclusion. It matters not what may be the subject of investigation, physics or metaphysics, similar coincidences not only *may*, but, in many cases, *must*, take place in this last busy age of the world—"that blots out life with question marks!" Inquirers in every field of knowledge are so multiplied that they must, of necessity, perpetually cross each other's path, and not unfrequently branch off into some other track, pursued, doubtless, at the same time by several of their cotemporaries. It is obvious that the laws of thought are the same for all, whatever may be the subject of their investigations, and will conduct any number of inquirers, pursuing the same course of cogitation, to the same logical conclusion.

In approaching the limits of my remarks, a few words referring to the very free manner of quotation from the Sacred Scriptures, which has unhappily become so frequent in the present day, may be permitted me, in virtue of its connection with the subject before us, in addition to its own intrinsic importance. The irreverent, not to say licentious, use of sublime words, amounting often to travesty and distortion, eating out the very life of the passages quoted, torments (even in the case of a fine-toned favorite author possessing no more than the ordinary claims of genius to reverence) the sensibilities of every man of taste and refinement. How much more does it torture the rightly-tuned soul when unthinking men, "rushing in where angels fear to tread," heedlessly take the words of Divine inspiration, the expressions of the mind of God, their Creator, and turn them to vain and irreverent, nay, even at times to profane use. One great evil arising from this abuse of the words of Holy Writ is that the quotation and its unhallowed associations are but too apt to lodge together in the memory, and whenever the words are quoted afterwards, the unhappy accompaniments

start into view at the same moment, no matter how sacred and solemn the time and place may be, *contactuque omnia fedant immundo*.

Surely one Book, the most sublime and holy of all, may claim—not exemption from literary research, use, or criticism, the more of that conducted in a right spirit the better—but from the defilement of unwashed hands, of careless men, even among those who have a sincere love for its teachings. Will a soul divested of *all* reverence

“Not one day feel within himself the need
Of loyalty to better than himself,
That shall ennoble him with the upward look?”*

The purpose of this short paper has been fully answered if the distinction between appropriation and *mis*-appropriation of the thoughts, conceptions and expressions of all precedent writers, has been made clear; and, as a natural consequence, the rights and privileges of the living, creative

* Lowell's "Oatnedral."

thinker, (the true *ποιητης* as distinguished from the mere mechanic) more precisely and accurately defined. My remarks will be at once fitly concluded and admirably summed up in the following eloquent words of Emerson:—

“You cannot overstate our debt to the Past; but the moment has the supreme claim. The past is for us; but the sole terms on which it can become ours are its subordination to the Present. Only an inventor knows how to borrow, and every man is or should be an inventor. We must not tamper with the organic motion of the soul. 'Tis certain that thought has its own proper motion, and the hints which flash from it, the words overheard at unawares by the free mind, are trustworthy and fertile when obeyed, and not perverted to low and selfish account. This vast memory is only raw material. The divine gift is ever the instant life which receives and uses and creates, and can well bury the old in the omnipotency with which nature decomposes all her harvest for recombination.”*

* *North American Review*.

DOMINION SONG!

BY REV. A. STEWART DES BRISAY, SUMMERSIDE, P. E. I.

Our British hearts beat fast and strong with love for
the old, old land,
Across the Atlantic wave to her we stretch our warm
right hand;
Stretch out thy friendly hand to us, O land of ancient
story,
We are building on these distant shores the likeness
of thy glory.
It was our fathers' blood that flamed upon thy battle-
fields,
That helped to gain that matchless power the hand
of England wields;
That crimsoned yet thy meteor flag, red glancing o'er
the seas,
Hailed as the ensign of the brave, the daughter of the
breeze.
Sprung from old England's strength-girt side, where
many races met,
The young lion of this noble land stands strong and
graceful yet;
The shadow bright of a kingly wreath lingers lightly
on his brow,
That shade, by the touch of a British prince, to a
dazzling Crown shall grow.

From the ancient land we bring our strength, our
love of the leal and the true,
We reverence the forms made strong by age, time's
jewels brought to view;
No republican mob, no dastardly throng, shall rule in
our bright fresh land,
For England's bold Prince, Victoria's line, for God
and the Right, we'll stand.
We're rearing an empire broad and fair for the ages
yet to be,—
Pacific slopes on the west repose, on the east the
Atlantic sea;
At our back the roll of the icy Pole doth this omened
thought beget,—
*The Southern Stars sink wearily, BUT THE NOR-
THERN NEVER SET!*
Stretch out thy friendly hand to us, O land of ancient
story,
We're building on these distant shores the likeness of
thy glory;
Our youthful hand, now placed in thine, seems light
and weak to thee;
*But for England's help, a giant grasp, bye and bye
shall span the sea!*

A FRAGMENT OF VERCHÈRES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE COLONISTS."

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER V.

At the time of which we write, the year 1696, an interminable forest extended over the district now called Point-aux-Trembles—that spot where so many of the young are receiving, together with the elements of most useful learning, that "knowledge which maketh wise unto salvation."

Not far from this point, in a small clearing, a rough hut had been erected of logs stuffed with moss. The interior of this hut was as rude as the outside. A fire of huge sticks burned under the opening that served as a chimney. A section of the large trunk of a tree was fixed in the centre for a table, while two thick logs answered the purposes of chairs, and, in one corner, was a pile of spruce boughs intended for repose. Two men were seated in this primeval abode. The face of the elder one was furrowed by the cares of many winters—he was engaged in preparing moccasins; the other, a youth, was busied in cleaning an old firelock. The door of the hut, the chief aperture for light, was open; and the attention of the inmates was continually directed to the river, which, broad and blue, extended in front. The old man, laying aside his work, now pointed out to the youth that a boat was visible at some distance.

The youth rose. "It is a canoe," he said, "paddled by a woman. She comes for no good; let us close the door."

"Not so, my son," replied the old man; "it is probably an Indian or some one who needs assistance. Let us not deny aid when it is required and we can give it."

They both went out. The canoe drew near the shore; the young man threw out a log to assist the voyager on landing. She turned—the wearied and trouble-worn face of Annette.

"Help me, my friends!" she said. "Help me! I come on life and death."

"Daughter," replied the old man, "we will do what we can for you. Others before you have come to us for assistance."

In few words Annette told of the peril of the Fort of Verchères, and entreated to be sent on immediately to Montreal.

"My daughter," the old man answered, "you are overcome with fatigue; rest here to-night; Valentin shall set off directly for Montreal; he will apply for relief." The youth, not displeased with an opportunity of changing for a time the monotony of his mode of life, readily signified his assent, and, without delay, commenced his preparations. These were by no means elaborate. In a very short time he was ready to set off, and Annette, charging him to procure, without delay, assistance from the Governor for the fort, gave him Mademoiselle's little memento and message for Henri.

She then seated herself on a stone, watching the progress of the messenger, which progress she would fain have impelled with the force of a hundred oars; then, wearied with painful conjectures whether the strength of Marguerite and her brothers could hold out, she rested her eyes on the expanse of waters before her. The sun had gone down, and the shadows of evening came on—the stars, as they shone forth, reflected in pure, brilliant streams from the watery depths, and beaming serenely calm, as if materially unconscious of the sufferings and sorrows which disturbed the earth—the screams of the owl as it flitted past, and the waving of the pine tops, being the only sounds that mingled with the soft rippling of the river waves.

Annette remained lost in harassing thought till the old man came out and invited her to enter the hut and eat some supper.

"You need refreshment, my daughter," he said. "There is not much here to offer;

but, such as it is, come in and take a share."

Annette gratefully accepted the invitation, and, preceded by her host, entered the hut. He had already replenished the fire, and now proceeded to cook on the ashes some slices of venison—the remnants of the last hunt. He then took out some dried maize corn and long-gathered cranberries. An infusion of the Labrador tea-plant completed the repast, of which, when all was ready, he invited his guest to partake.

"I will not apologize," he said, "for the rudeness of our viands. It is all I have to offer, and hunger will, perhaps, make it palatable."

Annette, after her long fast, drew near to the board, uninviting as it was, with an appetite disposed to enjoy it. She had now time to regard her host. The old man, Labarre, was tall and of venerable appearance, and his eyes still sparkled with the fire of youth, though the lines of thought on his brow were mingled with the furrows of care. His looks bespoke tranquillity of mind, and his dress, though of the roughest description, was arranged with propriety and a degree of attention.

When the repast was finished Annette enquired of the old man why he remained in so very secluded an abode.

"This is a lonely place," she said, "father, for you to live in. Have you no family with whom you could dwell in more comfort?"

"I have had sons and daughters," he replied; "but Valentin is the last that remains of my children's children. It is lonely here, no doubt, and I have gone through troubles; but it is good for me to be removed from the tumults of the world in which I was exposed to so much evil. Here the only dangers are from the savages and the wild animals; but they seldom come near us, and there are enemies more to be feared than those who can only kill the body. No," he continued in the words of Zwinglius' hymn:—

"His shafts, his voice, alarm no more,
For here I lie Thy cross before."

Annette looked at him with surprise.

"I, too," she said, "am a Huguenot, and my parents used to tell me of the cruel

trials they endured before they left their native country."

"Yes," Labarre replied; "we lived in our shining valleys in peace and comfort; our pastors instructed us; our young men were religious and brave; our sisters were like you, my daughter, modest and active, ever ready to assist those who required aid. How it was, or from what cause, I never knew; but foes came on us. They brought against our quiet hamlets every species of destruction and torture. Vainly our youths strove against them. What they suffered in the defence of our homes, how nobly they sustained the dreadful warfare, is only known to God. What numbers perished by fearful deaths! But we need not regret them, daughter. Their warfare is over—they have gained the Crown of Life Eternal."

While the old man spoke a nervous sensation of terror ran through Annette's frame. She shuddered, and Labarre, changing the subject, began to speak of the peril of the fort, and the urgency of having speedy relief, questioning her as to the time they could probably hold out. As Annette roused herself to reply she looked at the open door. Did something move outside, or was it only the shadows of the waving pine trees?

A hideous face peered in. She rushed to close the door. It was too late—a shot had pierced Labarre's side, and the old man fell senseless to the ground.

Annette fastened the door and then hastened to raise the wounded man; but it could not be done. She opened his vest and stanchd the blood, then bathed his temples with water. Labarre after a time opened his eyes and looked wildly round. Reassured, he asked where he was.

"I am with you," Annette replied. "I will not leave you, my father."

"God calls me, my child," the old man said. "I am going."

Annette could not realize his words. "Oh! father," she cried, "do not leave me. What will become of me in the hands of these murderous men?"

Labarre's eyes were closed. Annette perceived that death was approaching. Summoning all her fortitude she knelt and

repeated some of the psalms and hymns with which her memory was stored—while those psalms still sounded life had ebbed away.

Annette reverently covered the old man's face. Rising, she went to the fire and threw on wood, not for warmth but light; then, sitting down on a log, she strove, by prayer, to overcome the dread, the "horror of great darkness" that oppressed her spirit. Her eyes wandered round, expecting each moment to see some fearful object start up. She listened, but no sound was audible. The old German hymn came into her mind:—

"Lord, stand Thou near,
Body and soul dissolve with fear,"

and, at length in some degree composed by her efforts to raise her agitated thoughts and place her trust in heaven, she leant her head against the wall and soon lost the consciousness of her troubles in a deep sleep.

When she awoke it was morning. She opened her eyes again to the ghastly spectacle so near her. She unbarred the door and went out. The air was clear and fresh—the river rolled smoothly on. Annette strained her eyes to discover some sign of approaching relief; but all was still and drear. What remained for her to do? Valentin had taken the canoe. She stood for some time pondering over her desolate condition,—the idea of returning to the hut was dreadful to her; and she was still reflecting what course to pursue when the sound of stealthy footsteps made her turn, and she saw two Indians advancing. To attempt to fly was useless. They came up. With desperate courage she entreated them to take her to Montreal.

Apparently not understanding what she said, the Indians, with gestures that could not be misunderstood, motioned her to follow them to the hut; and, disregarding her tears and entreaties, one of them, with a manner indicating contempt, lifted the covering from the old man's face. They conversed for some moments in their own language,—the other then reverently replaced the covering.

They left the hut, and, with signs and menaces, commanded Annette to follow

them, giving her to understand that, if she refused to do so, the fate of Labarre should be hers.

They set off—she being obliged to follow them—taking a track only perceptible to experienced eyes, each planting his foot in the stepmark of the other. With a painful struggle Annette travelled on. Her progress each moment grew more fatiguing and difficult; now pushing through briars and thorns, now wading through swamps impeded by long grass; forced to exert her utmost strength to keep up with the pace of her unrelenting guides. She had no time to think—for hours and hours the weary march was continued. At length the barking of a dog was heard, and they presently arrived at a small opening, in which was a single lodge. Some trees had been cut down, chips were scattered in heaps around, and a quantity of brushwood and pine branches were piled confusedly on the grass. While the Indians went forward to deposit their packs, Annette sat down, almost overcome with weariness and desponding feelings. The gentle voice of a woman presently greeted her ear, and a squaw, with a child in her arms, came bending over her. What she said was unintelligible; but the kind import of her words could not fail to be comprehended. She brought some food. Annette partook of it and continued to sit motionless and regardless of what was passing around, her thoughts solely occupied with devising the means of escape.

When night drew on the squaw took her guest into the lodge, where she had arranged for her a bed of green boughs. Annette lay down; but she could not sleep. The woman was in the lodge, others appeared to enter; but all was so quiet that Annette could not be certain if any one was there besides. When the deep breathing of the squaw and the child assured her they were asleep she rose, and was groping her way to the entrance, resolved rather to brave the dangers of the unknown forest than to endure captivity; but a stern voice arrested her steps. She shrank back and again sought refuge on the couch. When the breathing a second time became loud she made another attempt; but again the

voice of an unseen watcher commanded her to stop. She gave up her unavailing purpose and resigned herself to the repose she so much needed. When the morning arrived the lodge was empty. Annette again took her seat on the logs,—the squaw making her understand by signs that she must not attempt to quit the camp. In silent and sad reverie her thoughts reverted to the fort and the horrors to which its inmates would be exposed if the messenger to Montreal had delayed. She thought of the murdered Labarre, of her own condition without any prospect of escape; then she regretted having left the fort. Whichever way her thoughts turned she could find no relief, till, coming back to the only comfort, the anchor of hope, she recalled her psalms and hymns; and, while repeating them, felt a ray of peace dawn on her bewildered heart.

At noon the Indians returned. Still absorbed in her own thoughts Annette did not raise her head, till, presently, the French accent struck her ear. She looked up and saw that the hunters were accompanied by a man she had not before seen. This personage was partly attired in the Indian costume, over which he had a jacket of broadcloth, and on his head was a *casquette*, such as was worn by the French settlers, adorned with an eagle's feather. His sunburnt countenance was bright and cheerful, and he walked on humming a lively French air. Coming up to Annette, with the courteous politeness of his nation, he expressed his satisfaction at meeting a compatriot, and enquired in what way he could serve her.

"Take me to Montreal," she said. "I cannot stay here."

Pierre looked grave. "You must have patience," he said. "To go away immediately is not possible; but, in the meantime, you can make yourself comfortable here."

"Take me, help me, to get away," she repeated. "Take me to Montreal."

"I cannot venture myself in the power of old De Callières," he said. "Have patience for the present."

He turned and rejoined his companions. Annette's spirits revived, and when the

hunters again departed she occupied herself with the semblance of interest in watching the labors of the squaw. That individual, pleased at the change in her guest's demeanor, now offered her assistance in repairing the injuries Annette's dress had suffered since leaving the fort; and Annette herself felt encouraged when, in various ways, she had repaired and rearranged her toilet. That evening Pierre informed Annette she might soon have an opportunity of leaving, as a trader was expected, with whom she might perform the journey.

"But," he added, "why should you go? Liberty is sweet and life is pleasant in the Huron camps. Why cannot you stay with us?"

"I could not live away from my friends and my people," she replied; "without religion, without companions."

"You can soon make companions," he said; "and why cannot you teach them religion?"

Annette reflected. The idea of instructing a nation was new to her, and seemed to offer itself as a duty; but Annette was not formed to be a missionary. She had looked for happiness in the enjoyments of domestic life, and of this a "visioned future" had once risen fair before her, now clouded by the stormy trials through which she had lately passed. She made no reply.

Early the next morning Annette was disturbed by sounds of loud and angry dispute; and Pierre, coming to the lodge, desired her to go immediately to the nearest covert in the woods and remain there concealed, as there might be trouble in the camp. Annette hastened forth. In passing she saw the Indians in earnest discourse with a stranger whose figure was partly hidden by packs of furs against which he was resting, while by his side were two capacious jars. Like Pierre his dress was a mixture of Indian and French costumes. Annette instantly conjectured that this was the trader of whom Pierre had spoken, with whom he said she could travel; and, from what she could hear of the conversation of this man and Pierre, she gathered that he was endeavoring to induce the Indians to partake of the contents of his

jars, the deadly "fire water;" while Pierre was exerting all his influence to prevent them from doing so.

Believing she was unobserved Annette made her way to a pile of wood, and there proposed to rest; but a loud outcry made her look round, when she saw the stranger coming towards her place of concealment; and, to her horror, she recognised the hideous face that had peered into the door of Labarre's hut. Terror-stricken she fled away—the man did not follow her. She intrenched herself in a more secure retreat; but from which she could still hear the voices in the camp. The noise increased—the trader urged his odious trade—the Indians, already too well disposed to acquiesce, consented to begin. They tasted, and soon eagerly increased their demands; even Pierre at length yielded. The trader continued his hateful offers. With each successive draught the noise increased. From revelry they proceeded to furious quarrels. Blows and fierce fighting followed with fearful shouts and yells. The squaw came to her husband's aid; but received such rude treatment from her infuriated lord that she retired, adding her bewailings to the tumultuous affray. For hours the noise continued, till, at length, the combatants, overpowered by their potations, sank to sleep, and the squaw coming in search of Annette, induced her to return to the lodge.

All was quiet in the morning. The Indians sat moodily on their blankets; the squaw, still suffering from the blows she had received, moved about in sullen silence. Annette was in too much terror, at the presence of the trader, to venture out of sight. Pierre looked abashed and crest-fallen; but, after a time, while the others slept, he approached Annette, and told her the trader would set off on the morrow. Annette expressed her determination not to trust herself with the murderer of Labarre.

"It is true he did shoot him," said Pierre. "The old Huguenot had often interfered to prevent the sale of his *eau de vie*; but he can return to Montreal; I cannot. He is not known there. I once offended De Frontenac, and the proud old governor never forgot me."

Annette was aware that many of the French settlers, after a residence among the Indians, were averse to return to the restraints of civilized life; but she said nothing. Her prospect of leaving was again dispelled; and Pierre, moved by her distress, told her she might soon have another chance of going, as it was not improbable the Indians might themselves travel in the direction she wished.

The squaw was now busied in preparing a repast. Having heated a stone she dexterously threw it into a bark basket filled with water. While so engaged the trader rose, and, hurling the stone on the fire, scattered the burning brands and ashes in every direction. No effort was made to collect them. The ground was strewed with dried chips, which instantly ignited. The flames ran along the dried grass and fallen leaves, and quickly spread to the branches heaped around. The lodge the next moment was involved in wreaths of smoke. The trader looked on with careless contempt, Annette shrieked, Pierre exclaimed and gesticulated, the hunters continued to slumber—while the squaw, with her child, stood mutely regarding the progress of the fire.

CHAPTER VI.

The hours and days had passed at the Fort of Verchères in continual alarm. The exhausted watchers on the bastions could scarcely summon up sufficient courage from despair to enable them even to maintain a hope of relief, and a new enemy was now approaching in the shape of famine. Helène, when she brought up the scanty daily dole, informed Mademoiselle on the eighth morning that the store of bread was almost expended.

"What can we do?" she asked. "Madame Dubord, in her frenzy and terror, if I refuse her more bread, may set the fort on fire."

Marguerite broke off a dry crust. "This is enough for me," she said. "Give Madame Dubord my share."

She walked sadly round the bastions. The Indians were advancing with their usual demonstrations of attacking.

"Shall we never have relief, Marguerite?" cried Auguste. "I cannot hold

out much longer. It would be better to give ourselves up than die of hunger. I have not had enough to eat."

Marguerite's heart sank. "Perhaps," she said, "Annette has reached Montreal. We may have assistance yet."

Octave was leaning on the parapet. "They come! they come!" he cried. "I see the boats! I see the flag!"

All rushed to the bastion—all saw the boat advancing. Shouts and cries of exultation and joy resounded through the fort. The Indians saw it, too, and instantly collected their band for an immediate attack. The boat was nearing the shore; but, apparently, the landing was not known to those on board, and they vainly endeavored to discover it. The savages, at length, convinced of the weakness of the garrison, using the opportunity, rushed with fury on. Yelling frightfully they surrounded the fort, determined to carry it by escalade. The shrieks of the despairing women—their hopes seeming thus to vanish in fresh terrors—filled the fort. Marguerite and her brothers clashed their swords, old De Grammont, held in the grasp of an Indian who had climbed the wall, was struggling to prevent his entrance, Octave was firing the last of the ammunition; but shouts more welcome were now borne on the air. Forty soldiers had landed and were rapidly advancing. The assailants hastily retired, while Madame Dubord strove with Helène to be first to unbar the door. The soldiers entered—the fort was saved; but they were too late to prevent the havoc the unrelenting savages had inflicted around. Farms destroyed, houses burned, numbers of whole families cruelly massacred, desolation spread wherever the perfidious Iroquois had trod.

It is on record that Mademoiselle de Verchères came to meet M. De la Monnerie, the lieutenant sent by M. De Callières with the relief, saying, "*Je vous rends les armes.*"

"They are in good hands, Mademoiselle," replied the officer.

"Better than you may think," returned the young heroine gaily; "but I beg, sir, you will have our sentinels relieved; it is eight days since we have descended from our bastions."

A loud *fracas* below followed. The women were refusing to admit Pichette and Lavigne,—the soldiers who had deserted them when the fort was in such peril. Helène and Madame Dubord maintained that these men had no right to expect to be received. The gaunt appearance, however, of the culprits excited the compassion of Marguerite, and she would not be severe at such a time of rejoicing. Helène was busy in preparing a repast for the company. Very little could be furnished from the stores of the fort; but the relief had not come unprovided, and a supply sufficiently ample was soon produced. Mademoiselle declined to appear at the table, retiring to take repose, and, in private, to pour out her gratitude to heaven.

It was not till all was arranged and the company had taken their seats that any one missed Annette. One of the relief, who had been looking round for her for some time in vain, then stood up and asked where was Annette. The inmates of the fort were all at once voluble in explanation; and the ready despatch of the soldiers was traced back to the message brought by Valentin. Dion, the officer, declared his determination to go immediately in search of her, and the soldier, Lavigne, volunteering to accompany him, they set off without delay.

CONCLUSION.

The lodge was quickly consumed. The flames, fanned by a rising wind, spread rapidly to the withered foliage of the oaks and maples, running along the ground, twisting round the trees, curling in light sheets and flashes, darting through the stiff tracery of the pines, shooting to the summits of the pointed firs, and crackling as if in mockery of the blackened stems, which, as the conflagration passed on, remained standing like the chimneys of a burnt town.

Constrained at length to get up, the Indians collected their belts and ornaments, the squaw loaded herself with as much as she could carry, the trader took up his bales of peltries, Pierre went on with his gun, and Annette followed the gloomy train. They set off in an opposite direction to the wind. Nothing was said that Annette could understand; but, looking

round, she saw that the fire had taken the direction of the path by which they had travelled from the river banks. It passed madly on, doing, in wild fury, the work of destruction. It has been said that the elements hate the work of men's hands; but the winds and the waves, and the devouring flames, do also unsparingly the violence of destruction on the works of nature.

As long as daylight lasted the party journeyed on, and, when darkness prevented further progress, halted for the night. The Indians and their companions retired to a distance, the squaw arranged a bed for herself and the child, and Annette seated herself by her, too anxious and uneasy to sleep. The halting place was on high ground—a vast extent of country spreading around and below—covered with endless woods; the river winding in the distance, now hidden by the veil of darkness.

The stars, "the shining train," came forth in clearest beauty, radiant in pure, ethereal lustre over the silent expanse of wood and water—dazzling constellations. Annette was no astronomer. She knew not that the planets, which shone in such brilliancy, were wandering fires—companions of the earth. Nothing had she been taught of the fixed stars, or how their "golden urns draw light;" but she was acquainted with the "Sun of Righteousness," who has "healing in His wings," and she knew that by Him all things were made.

Through the long night Annette sat and watched; sometimes closing for a few moments her weary eyelids, and then airy visions would steal through her brain. She saw in fancy the interminable woods gradually disappearing, neat dwellings scattered round,—the aspect of which reminded her of the homes of her forefathers. Curling smoke rose blue and tranquil from these habitations, about which were spread the tracks of cultivation, gardens and orchards, and fields of waving grain. Churches, too, were visible—their spires gilded by the rising sun. Further still she saw a flag floating on the breeze; but it bore not the *feur de lis*. It belonged to another nation, and a New Dominion.

Annette opened her eyes. The first streak of morning was visible in the east. The party were preparing to depart. Pierre approached. He told her the trader was going to Montreal—would she accompany him? Annette refused.

"Then come with me," said the courteous hunter. "In the Huron camp there will be food in plenty. You shall find my wigwam pleasant through the winter; you shall have the flowers of the spring. I cannot return to Montreal; but you can stay; the nearest lodge shall be yours."

He waited for an answer; but Annette did not reply. What could she say? She could not resolve to avail herself of such an offer, nor could she find words to decline it. While she stood irresolute Pierre withdrew and the trader advanced. Annette looked round in terror—the squaw was gone. She called to the party to return; but they heard not. The trader desired her to follow the path he was going to take. He seized her arm and would have compelled her to move. Annette shrieked—her friends were out of hearing; but, at that moment, a whistle sounded from below and voices were heard. They came near—Dion and Lavigne, who, after a long search, guided by the smoke of the fire, now happily arrived. The trader relinquished his grasp of Annette, seized his bales of peltries and hastened to seek safety in the woods.

Annette was speedily conducted to the fort, where a joyful welcome awaited her. In the course of time she married Dion. They lived in happiness and security. Four years after the attack on the Fort of Verchères, preliminaries of peace were arranged between the Governor of Canada and the Iroquois; and, during the years that followed this epoch, the most prosperous and flourishing that Canada had ever till then seen, Annette had no cause to regret having declined the offer of a wigwam.

Of the ladies mentioned in this story, unsuitable as their conduct may, perhaps, be deemed to their sex and age, it need only be said, as has been remarked of a heroine in more recent times, that they did their duty—what no one else would do.

CLOUD AND LIGHT.

BY JOHN J. PROCTOR.

"The skies above are dark and dull,
The clouds with myriad flakes are full,
A gasping sob shakes all the air
Like voiceless yearnings of despair
For what shall ne'er more be."

But what to me are low'ring skies?
Far up the blue of Heaven lies,
The Heavens that always smile and bless,
The Heavens of truth and tenderness,
That ever look on me.

"The chill wind, freezing as it stirs,
Shakes death-knells from the shrouded firs—
The summer wind grown faint and cold,
With pulses stayed and life-blood cold.
Alas! poor summer wind!"

'Tis but its far-off voice you hear;
With me 'tis singing sweet and clear:
No true and good thing ever dies,
It shrines it in the memories,
Its blessing leaves behind.

"The heavy snow is pressing down
The gems torn from the maple's crown;
In Hope's young promise, emerald-green,
In Hope perfected's ruby sheen,
Like hope they passed away,

"And o'er them now the frozen tears
Of Heaven drop, changed to icy spears;
Their emeralds and rubies rot
Ungemmed, uncoronalled, forgot
And loathsome in decay."

Not so! Spread thick and close around
In warm embrace they clasp the ground,
And ever through the winter hours
Give life and food to buried flowers;
There is not lost one gem.

Death touches not self-sacrifice.
They left their crowns that sought the skies
To fall dispised on hill and plain,
To rise in brighter hues again—
There is no death for them,

But staying there all humbly drest
To work Love's work at Love's behest,
The noting angels o'er them throw
The monarch-ermine of the snow,
In token full and plain.

That e'en the lowliest heart may bring
From out its love an offering,
That, seeming fit for spurning feet,
The Loved One decks, as guerdon meet,
With robes of them that reign.

"The deadly silence sleeps unstirred
By joyous carol of the bird;
The voice that rang with love and praise
Has died off with the dying days,
Its hymn is heard no more."

Not so! The winged echoes fly
Through all the vast eternity;
As starbeams speeding on their race,
They rise, they fall, they flee apace
From shore to distant shore.

Till all the boundless space shall be
Filled with one glorious harmony,
Filled with one single praising voice
From all His creatures that rejoice
In sky, o'er sea, on sod.

And every note of love and praise,
Once uttered, lives through endless days
Lives from the first unto the last,
A present voice, no ghostly past;
There is no past with God.

"Then weep and tremble; let Despair
Clothe thee with ashes, rend thy hair,
Cover thy feet, and hide thy head,
Be with thee waking, haunt thy bed,
With dreams of future hell.

"He knows no past who sees within
The ever-present, deathless sin,
The foul years lie before Him spread.
No day, no hour, no minute dead;
In that thou sayest well."

Oh foolish voice, and boding ill,
Thank God! the years are with Him still.
In one great day all fused and cast
He sees the ever-present Past,
And lays aside the rod.

He sees the heights of Calvary,
The heart-wrung earth, the weeping sky,
And piercing through the awful gloom
A blood-stained cross—an empty tomb—
There is no past with God.

EARLY SCENES IN CANADIAN LIFE.

BY REV. THOMAS WEBSTER, NEWBURY, ONT.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXIX.

HORRORS OF WAR AGGRAVATED BY SAVAGE ALLIES—THE STYRES FAMILY—EXCITEMENT AFTER EVENTS AT WYOMING—AN ALARM—CONFIDENCE RESTORED—MR. STYRES LEAVES HOME—REBECCA—THE INDIANS—FLIGHT OF THE YOUNG STYRESES—HOUSE PLUNDERED—MRS. STYRES AND HER INFANT MURDERED—REBECCA TAKEN CAPTIVE.

War, whether among savage or civilized people, ever brings in its train rapine and wretchedness, treachery and cruelty, with a host of multifarious evils. In all countries, in time of war, some of the people escape comparatively scathless; while others, either from occupying more prominent positions in society, from residing in more exposed situations, or from some other cause, become the victims of atrocious outrages.

The employment of Indians in the Revolutionary War greatly aggravated the horrors of that sanguinary conflict. These fierce allies were not contented with plying their tomahawks and scalping-knives in the general engagement, or by the order of their commander; but they skulked about the more remote settlements slaughtering unoffending women and innocent children, leaving many a fireside bestrewed with the ghastly remains of those who had been wont to surround it, a hopeful, happy, family circle; or, when they were not apprehensive of pursuit, consigning home and inhabitants to one general conflagration. Nor were they always particular whether their victims were the families of loyal or disloyal men, being actuated chiefly by the desire for plunder, and hatred of the race which they regarded as intruders upon the inheritance bestowed by the Great Spirit upon the red men.

Amid the romantic wilds of Pennsylvania—made classic by the muse of Campbell—dwelt during the war a family named Styres, consisting, at the time of which we are writing, of the parents, two sons, well-grown lads, a daughter of eleven or twelve years of age, named Rebecca, and a young infant.

The terrible cruelties of Wyoming, with all their revolting details painted, if possible, in still darker colors by frequent partizan recitals, were still vivid in the minds of the people. There had been no incursion of savage or other foes in the neighborhood lately, and they were dwelling in comparative security, when suddenly their worst apprehensions were aroused by discovering that small parties of Indians were lurking about the settlement. Thoughts of Wyoming thrilled every heart and nerved every arm, as, with painfully quickened vigilance, they took such precautions as prudence dictated, to guard against the perpetration of similar atrocities among themselves.

The Indians, perceiving that the whites were upon the alert, soon disappeared. Some time having elapsed without any of them being seen, or any indications of their presence discovered, the inhabitants concluded that their dreaded foes had all left the vicinity. Under this delusive impression Mr. Styres one day left home to attend to some business in another neighborhood. The day passed as though immediately preceding it had done, without anything occurring to excite the fears of the family. All seemed peaceful and pleasant. The two sons were out in the wheat-field. Rebecca, an unusually active child for her years, had been cheerfully assisting her mother in their domestic avocations.

Late in the afternoon, Mrs. Styres, hearing the cow-bell ringing but a little way

off, and being quite unapprehensive of any danger, sent her daughter to bring up the cows to be milked. The shadows were deepening in the valleys, and the hill-tops were all aglow with the golden beams of the setting sun as the little girl entered the woods. Merry and frolicsome, and almost as nimble as the sportive little squirrels that amused her with their gambols, running up and down the trees, and peeping out from their farther sides at her as she passed, she sped gaily forward to do her mother's bidding.

Soon she had come up with the cattle and turned them homeward. Happily unconscious of the proximity of the murderous foe, she followed the animals till, just as they were entering the open ground, they all at once took fright, and, wheeling about, regardless of their young driver, dashed frantically back into the woods again. Poor Rebecca had too often witnessed such manifestations of fear in the cattle not to know that they had seen or smelt Indians. Realizing in a moment the dreadful peril of their position, she was overwhelmed with consternation. She looked anxiously in the direction of the wheat-field, and beheld her brothers running to the woods; then, hoping to gain the shelter of the house, she flew towards it like a frightened fawn; but in vain. She was intercepted by four hideously-painted savages, fully armed and ready for deeds of cruelty and blood.

The innocent child, who, but a few moments before, had quitted her home free as the summer's breeze and blythe as the lark, now stood again at its threshold a hopeless captive in the grasp of a relentless foe.

The mother, upon becoming aware of the presence of the Indians, had run, in a paroxysm of terror, a short distance towards the bush; but, seeing that they had captured her daughter, she turned again and met her at the door. The Indians entered the house, taking the little girl with them. The almost distracted mother followed with a bewildered determination to keep near her darling as long as possible. With her helpless infant in her arms she seated herself beside the ter-

rified Rebecca, and endeavored to tranquilize her own mind that she might be able to soothe her daughter's dreadfully excited fears, and to counsel her to the calmness and courage that had quite forsaken her own hopeless heart.

Mrs. Styres knew that either captivity or death was their inevitable doom. Her acquaintance with the unhesitancy with which the savages were wont to dispose of troublesome prisoners, made it appear to her highly improbable that they would encumber themselves long, if at all, with her infant or herself. Rebecca being young and vigorous seemed the only one of the three whose life was likely to be long spared. The fond mother, therefore, thrusting aside thoughts of her own danger, occupied the brief interval in which they were left comparatively to themselves in entreating her daughter to suppress as far as possible all outward manifestations of her personal sorrow, and to strive to conduct herself in such a manner as would be least likely to irritate her unfeeling captors.

Rebecca had informed her mother of the flight of her brothers to the woods. Though there was danger that some of the Indians, unseen by her, might have pursued and overtaken them, yet it was possible that they might have escaped and might be now in safety. This possibility was the one drop of comfort in their otherwise unmingled cup of bitterness. They had no hope of the boys being able to raise the neighbors in time to benefit them. The husband and father was also far distant and there was none to protect or aid them in their dire extremity.

There they sat clinging to each other in hopeless despair, while the Indians ransacked the house. Food, clothing, and everything else that they esteemed valuable and which they could conveniently carry away, was clutched, each possessing himself of whatever he liked best.

When they had completed their plundering, one of the Indians, tomahawk in hand, approached the unhappy mother. She, thinking less of her own safety than of that of her infant, raised her voice to plead for its life, but in vain. While the words of entreaty dictated by maternal affection

were still upon her lips the murderous weapon penetrated her brain. A second blow despatched the innocent babe, and mother and child fell together lifeless to the floor.

The horrified Rebecca was allowed no time to mourn beside her slaughtered dead. Having finished the bloody tragedy the savages took up their burdens, and, driving the weeping, heart-sick child before them, plunged into the woods.

While we shudder at recitals of Indian cruelties, let us recollect that white men had sometimes surprised Indian villages and slain the wives and children of the red men, and these untutored heathens believed that they were only exacting a just revenge for their own wrongs in thus retaliating upon the pale faces. "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," was their law, and well would it have been for both races if those who disclaimed such a rule of action had been always, in their dealings with the aborigines, actuated by the principles of the purer faith they professed.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE BOYS NOT PURSUED—GIVE THE ALARM—
FRIENDS HASTEN TO THE RESCUE—TOO
LATE—GENERAL APPREHENSIONS—RE-
BECCA HURRIED THROUGH THE WOODS
TILL LATE INTO THE NIGHT—A NIGHT
OF SORROW AND TERROR—BRIEF AND
COMFORTLESS HALT—A LONG ROUGH
DAY'S MARCH—FATIGUE AND SUFFER-
ING BY THE WAY—A PLEASANT STREAM
—SOME RELIEF—ANOTHER NIGHT.

The boys, after escaping from the field, continued their flight as rapidly as possible towards the nearest neighbors, though in continual apprehension of Indians springing upon them from behind the trees or from out the thickets as they passed. They, however, saw nothing of their dreaded foes but reached the opening in which their neighbor's house was situated in safety. There being danger that it might already be in possession of the enemy, some caution was necessary in approaching it; but seeing no indication of anything unusual they entered.

The excitement of their manner and the terror depicted on their countenances intimated the danger before they found breath to communicate the startling intelligence. The alarm was immediately given throughout the settlement, not only for the sake of the Styres family, but to put all others upon their guard.

As soon as a sufficient number of men could get together they hastened to return with the boys to their home; but only to find that they were too late to render any assistance to their unfortunate neighbors.

Imagination must be left to depict the distress of the cruelly bereaved sons upon beholding their mother and the babe lying stark in their gore; and when all search for their sister had, proved fruitless they were forced to the conclusion that she had been carried away by the Indians. The kind neighbors could but express their sympathy, or mingle their tears with those of the sorrowing sons as they mourned over the slaughter of their beloved mother and the sweet babe, so lately the pet and joy of the household, or lamented the captivity of the merry, bright-eyed sister who had been the companion of their sports. Beyond this, it seemed, they could do little more than proffer the necessary assistance in preparing for the interment of the murdered victims.

Expeditious as they had tried to be, a considerable time must have elapsed since the Indians had left, so that they might by that time have been miles distant. For the few whites to have attempted to follow them into the depths of the wilderness, infested with they knew not what numbers of the savage horde, would have been extremely hazardous. Besides, the dreadful spectacle before them alarmed each man for the safety of his own family, and rendered him unwilling to leave them alone exposed to such dangers as had befallen the Styres family. Therefore, Styres himself being absent, it is quite probable that the pursuit was not carried very far beyond the borders of the settlement.

Long after the last lingering gleam of twilight had disappeared, the Indians continued to push forward with their booty,

hurrying their distressed young captive on through the thick woods as fast as her trembling limbs could carry her. After having reached what they seemed to think a safe distance from the settlement, they halted, and, securing their prisoner, lay down upon the ground to rest for the few remaining hours of the night.

The suffering child, as soon as she was allowed to do so, sank cowering to the earth, utterly overcome with fatigue, fear and sorrow. There, alone amid the silence and darkness of the wilderness at dead of night, with those fierce men of blood, her terror of whom seemed intensified by the darkness, imagination recalled all the sickening horrors of that dreadful death scene—again the tomahawk flashed before her affrighted gaze—she saw her mother's imploring eyes raised to the savage monster's face—heard her piteous tones as she pled for the life of her beloved babe—saw the fatal blow descend upon the loved mother's head—heard the instrument of death go crashing through the skull—then the death-wail of the precious baby sounded in her ears and pierced her heart. That soul-harrowing sound seemed even then to be borne along upon the night winds as they sighed among the tree-tops. Shuddering, the poor child crouched closer to the cold ground, as if seeking to find a hiding-place in the bosom of old mother earth.

That night was to Rebecca as the shadow of death; yet the weariness of the body ere long triumphed over the disquietude of the mind, and she found temporary respite from her sorrow and fear in sleep.

At the dawn of day the warriors arose and waked the child from her brief repose. Rising benumbed and stiff from her comfortable couch, she was obliged again, with a heavy heart, to pursue the march, every step of which she knew was lessening the chance of her rescue and the hope of her ever again seeing her father or her brothers.

All day long she toiled sorrowfully over the rough ground, taxing her tiny limbs to the utmost to keep up with the long strides of her grim guard, not daring to pause or slacken her pace for an instant except

when so directed, lest the tomahawk, so lately stained with the blood of those dearest to her, should punish her lagging. Now her weary feet were bruised and lacerated by the stones or knotty roots on the rugged mountain side; then face, neck, hands, arms and nether limbs were pierced with thorns, torn with brambles or stung with forest nettles while passing through the thickets.

Thus, suffering from an accumulation of mental and physical miseries, the wretched captive was urged onward and still onward till the sunset rays gleamed upon the silvery surface of a beautiful stream. On its banks, to the great satisfaction of the almost-exhausted Rebecca, the Indians stopped. No longer compelled to go forward she dropped wearily upon the ground, heedless of where or how if she might only be allowed to lie still. For a few moments she experienced an exquisite sense of rest in the mere cessation of motion and change of position; but soon her overstrained muscles, her aching bones, and the throbbing of her fevered limbs again asserted the supremacy of fatigue and pain.

The rippling of the stream near by suggested to her mind the idea of allaying the feverish heat of her wounds by bathing them in its cool waters. Raising herself painfully from her recumbent position, she took a few steps fearfully towards the stream, at the same time closely observing the countenances of the Indians, lest her movement should excite their anger. Seeing that they manifested no displeasure, she continued her way to the water's edge. Having slaked her thirst and experienced the luxury of a good wash, she sat for some time longer laving her swollen limbs, and thereby finding much alleviation from her pain.

The Indians, seemingly less apprehensive than the former night of pursuit, had kindled a fire, and, after appeasing the cravings of hunger in themselves and their captive, and taking such precautions as they esteemed necessary to guard against a surprise, they disposed themselves for rest.

Rebecca, made more comfortable by her copious ablutions, soon yielded to the exhaustion consequent upon the com-

plicated agonies of mind and body that she had endured during the last twenty-four hours, and slept profoundly, though, as on the previous night, her couch was only the cold ground.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ARE JOINED BY OTHER BANDS OF INDIANS—
THEIR CAPTIVES—ENCAMPMENT—TWO
DAYS' REST—COMPANIONSHIP AND SYM-
PATHY—REBECCA AND THE CAPTIVE
BOY RECOVER STRENGTH—THE MARCH
RESUMED—THE DELICATE LITTLE GIRL
—UNABLE TO PROCEED—AN INDIAN
DISPATCHES HER.

On the third day they fell in with other bands of Indians. Unmistakably they also were on their return after having been engaged in similar atrocities. They had with them two white children, a boy nearly as large as Rebecca, and a little girl much smaller.

Each party having their bloody exploits to recount, and their spoil to exhibit to the others, and probably feeling secure in their augmented numbers and the distance now intervening between them and the settlements, they all encamped and remained there for two days.

The rest was very much needed by the intimidated and toil-worn captives. They were suffered to converse together, and as soon as they were sufficiently recovered from their weariness to be inclined to move about, they were allowed to do so, being only required to keep within sight of their captors. This companionship in misfortune afforded some solace to the forlorn little creatures.

While immediately beside the Indians, they had not dared to speak to each other of the dreadful events which had desolated their homes and made them captives, fearing that they might be understood and subjected to worse treatment in consequence. To be permitted to remove to the distance of even a few rods from the objects of their terror, where they might speak to each other without every word being overheard, was to the miserable children, pining for kindness and sympathy, a highly prized privilege.

There they might pour into each others ears the pitiful tale each of his or her individual bereavements or personal sufferings, and find some relief to their overburdened hearts in talking of the pleasant homes so suddenly changed to scenes of blood,—of the fond parents and loving brothers and sisters slaughtered before their agonized eyes, or from whom they had been so ruthlessly torn; and in such interchange of sympathy and commiseration, how frequently do the afflicted experience an alleviation to the bitterness of unshared sorrows.

This brief interval of rest, with the opportunities it afforded to the little captives for the solace of conversation, soon terminated. The Indians, seeming to have accomplished whatever object they had in view in delaying there, after two days broke up their encampment and resumed their journey.

Rebecca and the boy had both recovered somewhat from their previous weariness during the suspension of the march, and succeeded in keeping up with the train without much urging. But the rest was productive of no improvement in the smaller girl—her strength did not seem to have rallied in the least. The hardships to which she had been subjected in the first days of her captivity had exhausted her powers of endurance. Early in the day the delicate little creature began to lag behind. In vain the helpless little sufferer strove, in obedience to the by no means gentle reminders of her guards, to quicken her feeble footsteps. Before midday she tired down altogether.

Poor child—where was now the fond father whose strong arms were wont to bear her along when tired?—where the loving mother whose gentle hands ministered to her in her infant ailments, whose sweet tones and tender caresses soothed all her little sorrows? Hard, indeed, was the fate of the hapless little one, so early overwhelmed with a combination of woes that would have sorely taxed the fortitude and endurance of mature years. Her infant heart yearning for the accustomed endearments of her home, and her frail body excruciated with pain and fast succumbing

to the tortures induced by fear, fatigue, hunger and exposure. No friendly hand stretched out to aid her tottering steps, nor arm to shield her defenceless head. The hard-hearted savages, who had reduced her to this extremity, finding her unable to proceed further, would no longer encumber themselves with the utterly-exhausted child. A blow from the tomahawk of one of the Indians terminated at once her terrible sufferings and her brief life; then the party passed on their way, indifferently, as if he had but struck down a branch that had intercepted his progress.

None but her affrighted companions in tribulation to cast a pitying look upon the slaughtered victim, to heave a sigh or shed a tear in commiseration of her sufferings. No weeping mother to close, with lingeringly-caressing touch, the eyes filled in death with terror and anguish, or to press a last kiss upon the forever-silent lips. No

father to lift, with aching heart, the delicate form of his darling from among the forest leaves upon which her life-blood had flowed, or to bury it out of sight.

There, in the deep wilderness, unprotected by stick or stone, the lifeless little body was left to be devoured by beasts and birds that feed on carrion.

There, where the pure spring gushed from the hill-side and trickled down into the rippling stream—where bees hummed and gay-butterflies flitted about the wild flowers—where the grand old forest trees towered high towards heaven, and the merry birds sung their matin and vesper songs amid the lofty branches—where all else spoke of tranquillity and enjoyment—there lay that ghastly evidence that sinful man had come upon the scene to mar, with his evil passions, its quiet loveliness, and had left behind that gory proof of his kindred with the first-born of human kind.

(To be continued.)

SCOTTISH LADDIES.

BY HELEN CUMBERLAND.

All the great world from east to west,
Made up of good and bad is;
But nature saved her very best
To make the Scottish laddies!

Go search the lands; where will you find,
From Kinnaird's Head to Cadix,
Such beauty, wit, and grace combined,
As in the Scottish laddies?

As soldier, lover, friend or foe,
No matter what the trade is,

Of high or low, there's none I know,
Can match with Scottish laddies.

Old nature's pets, unspoiled by art,
For underneath their plaidies
You'll find the bravest, tenderest hearts
She gave the Scottish laddies.

Then bless them, wheresoe'er they be,
Tho' grieved my heart and sad is,
To think blind fortune stole from me
The best of Scottish laddies!

A RIDE FOR A WIFE.

A TRUE STORY.

BY "WATFORDIENSIS."

It was in 1848—yes, one and twenty—sesame" of Alverton church doors on the following morning.

years ago this very Christmas—when I had my long ride for a license.

It was in merry Warwickshire, and a merry Christmas we had under the hospitable roof-tree of "The Crofts." The old house lent its shelter to some fifty souls, and we had great times on Christmas Day; but the fun was not yet half over—we had bridesmaids and groomsmen on the *qui vive* for the 27th, which was my birthday, and on that auspicious day I was to be married by my father to the fair Jemima, (second daughter of the house of Lane) in the chapelry of his former ministry at Stratford-on-Avon, where he had in former years united in matrimony his two daughters, and now hoped to perform the same sacred office for his only son. For this purpose the little chapel was duly decorated with evergreens, &c.; but, alas!

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men,
Gang aft agley;"

and thus it happened that we made the terrible discovery on the 26th December, that the notice given to the Registrar had been informal, and that, notwithstanding all the preparations, the wedding could not be legalized, and must needs be postponed. The Surrogate and Vicar were appealed to in vain. The bride resided in another parish, and the Vicar of Alverton alone could help us. Well, the Vicar, a venerable and jolly old gentleman, proved amiable; but hesitated whether he could give away so fair a parishioner to such a well-known heretic, quietly chuckling all the while to know that he had the key of matrimony in his sole possession.

At last, after solemn conference and payment of special fees, I became the happy possessor of a letter to the Dean of Worcester, which was to prove the "open

It was now about five o'clock p. m., and to Worcester I must go; but how? I could not get a gig, it was bad posting, and all the chaises were wanted for the morning cavalcade. So I concluded to remount the noble little hackney, upon which I cantered into town, and to trust him to bring me and my license safely home by daylight.

They called it thirty or thirty-two miles to Worcester by the nearer way, which deviated from the common coach-road. I knew nothing of the road, but started gaily in the most sanguine faith of a favorable issue; and there was a romantic character about the excursion which raised one above the common cares of the work-a-day world, and made one feel conscious of a chivalry and knight-errantry, which, with a good horse under one, and time for reflection, wonderfully improves one's good opinion of society at large, and one's self in particular.

It began to snow—but that was nothing; it got very dark and I was to turn to the right—that was something; but, at last, I hit it. "Good accommodation for man and beast" swung from the front of a little wayside inn, and seeing a light I dismounted, walked my horse up an empty yard into an empty stable, and walked into an apparently empty inn. Presently the "mistress" came downstairs, leaving baby crying, and, looking dreadfully scared, told me that her "man" was out and she could give me nothing—not a handful of corn or bran mash; but she pointed out to me the right turning to the right, and away I went, (without knocking down the sign-board, as it was Christmas time) and, in half an hour, found myself comfortably housed in a good old English inn, with a

stout bustling landlady, who gave me a good cup of tea, with steak and eggs, fed my horse, and got my secret out of me before I thought I had said one word about it. Well, I went out of that place like a hero, with all sorts of good wishes, and I do believe that what startled my horse, as I rode a way, was an old shoe!

Now you would scarcely believe that such spirits could go down on horseback; but they did, and I don't deny it. They oozed out a wee bit when, after a mile canter, my horse began to "dot and go one." I was afraid he had struck a stake or a stone and gone lame. I dismounted, felt him round and found, to my relief, that he had only cast a shoe. So I remounted and walked quietly on; but, somehow, it does not get more cheerful to plod along the strange road at a walking pace.

How far am I from the next inn? how far from a blacksmith's shop? how far from Worcester? (for I ought to get there early to see the Dean). Nobody to answer questions, and I can only talk to my horse. He takes a sensible view of the case and drops into a canter on the off leg, which is shod. "All right old fellow," said I. "I never thought of that; hie away, and soon we get to the last stage of the journey."

This inn boasts no mistress and but a surly master. With difficulty he is persuaded to send for the blacksmith, and with difficulty is he persuaded to come at the landlord's bidding. He is doing his Christmasing at another public; but, as I insist upon going to the forge myself to "tip" the blacksmith, I succeed in getting my steed shod over a cheery whistle, and turned out "warranted sound all round."

So I take up my reins for Worcester, and, refreshed and firm upon his pins, my gallant little horse drops in at a round trot, as if he meant business. Well, so do I; and we soon arrive at the principal hotel in the old city. My first care is my horse; I order him to be well fed and shod all round in the best style, and then direct my steps to the Dean's. The Dean has a dinner party and cannot be seen. I send in my card and letter. The Dean can't help it. He comes out to look at "the young man from the country," and a good look he takes.

"He doesn't know; it's really very late; he doesn't know exactly where to find his clerk; wouldn't it do in the morning?" "Oh! dear no! The young lady! If the Dean only knew the young lady! &c." The Dean's human nature yields to the appeal—his eye twinkles—he simply says, "Well, come again at eleven," and walks back with a capital story for his dinner table. You may be sure that I was there at eleven sharp, and there it was ready for me, nothing to pay, congratulations and good wishes, quite a romantic situation, &c.

But, oh! wasn't Mrs. Dean quizzing me through the folding-doors of the library? and the two dear girls behind her—didn't they have a good look at the young man that came for the special license? How it got all over the house I couldn't think; but it was evident to me that the maids were all peeping into the hall as I made my adieu, and the young man at the door kept it open much longer than necessary.

I no longer felt in a hurry. I walked deliberately back to mine inn, deliberately and cheerfully paid my score, and quietly walked out of Worcester as the chimes rung twelve, as if I had fully accomplished my journey. I did not begrudge the double toll to the turnpike man who wished me good luck and bade me "beware of poachers in — Wood, as they warn't very particular about stopping folks as seemed easy." So my little horse, as refreshed as myself, and seeming to know all about it, put shoulder to our business in good earnest and soon covered the resting-points of the evening's journey; and only began to wonder where we were, when, without landmarks, and in hazy darkness, and the chilly rime of two a. m., I found a limp under me, and, on examination, another shoe gone. It seemed a long time before we saw a house on the roadside, and a vague direction obtained even then as to where a blacksmith could be found. At last, about a mile off the main road, he is found, his fire blown up and a shoe fitted, and once more away we go; but, having completely lost track of our way, we follow general bearings till we find ourselves on a broad, good coach-road on the outskirts of a town not previously visited. Here, instead of

the dead stillness which should prevail at 3 a.m., in a country town, we find old-fashioned flies lumbering about, and, on arrival at the great inn, we find the quiet town of Alcester has been galvanised into nocturnal revelry by a Hunt Ball, and the gay and festive are now going home. Here I gave my horse a feed, and walked round the festivities, to which certain rural couples clung with the tenacity of seldom-tasted ecstasy,—who could not say “good-night till it was morrow,”—and, wanting to give my horse a little rest, and knowing I was now within eight miles of Stratford, I watched out the stragglers till I saw

“The banquet hall deserted,
Whose lamps are dead,
Whose garlands shed,
And all but I departed.”

I did not waste much time in moralizing, although the theme was a fruitful one, but got into the saddle again, and soon found myself cantering into Stratford. Rousing

mine host of the “Red Horse,” leaving my credentials with the Vicar of Alverton, and putting a few friends into possession of the news of a change of programme from Stratford Baptist Chapel to Alverton Parish Church, away we sped to the Crofts—pony as glad as I to get under its hospitable shelter. Then a cold shower, and a warm bed, and a quiet sleep to refresh the inner man, and, by eight a.m., “Richard is himself again” and master of the situation.

Well, the wedding took place, and a pretty wedding it was after all; and the same evening we found ourselves in London, congratulating each other on the success of my ride for the license.

And, although we have seen some of the dark sides of wedded life since then, together have we rejoiced and together wept, and we now thank God that our lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, and we hold that, although it gave us some anxiety at the time, yet the ride was a good Christmas ride after all.

FINDING WINGS.

BY WM. A. CROFFUT.

She sits and sings by the open door,
For the balmy Spring is abroad to-day;
The crocus lifts up its golden cup,
And drinks to the ices of the blooming May.
She sees the sentient Summer near
In the pink and white of the grassy slope,
And her young face pales with a phantom fear;
But her heart is happy with love and hope,
And she wishes the phebe would come once more,
And build a nest by the open door.

Now July quickens in all the air
Unfolding its beauty. What joy is hers!
For her light foot touches the cradle there,
Whenever her dreaming darling stirs.
As she steals to the shadowy porch to catch
The breath of roses that climb the eaves,
A bird darts out from the startled thatch;
She parts the lattice, and lifts the leaves,
And lo! one little warm egg—no more—
In a nest of twigs by the open door!

The rose has dropped in the rueful rain,
And Autumn is blue on the bending hill:

Her young heart breaks with a nameless pain,
For the cradle is hushed, and the house is still.
“The phebe has hers—but mine is gone!”
And she seeks the porch with a tearful eye;
But the young bird, too, is fledged and flown,
And it flutters and sings in the tranquil sky!
Ah! mother! how birdie and baby soar
From the soft little nests, by the open door!

—Galaxy.

EARLY SPRING.

The love of God breathes on the world to-day!
How holy is the air! How calm the sky!
Where floats a wealth of unhymned ecstasy
Amid the melting clouds of seeming May!
On odor-laden wings the south winds stray,
Seeking the blossoms that the hours deny;
But deem no sadness in their fluttering sigh—
’Tis o’ermuch bliss thus finds for utterance way.
All outer sights and sounds, as in sweet dreams,
Are seen and heard amid an atmosphere
Of shimmering rapture, by joy’s tear’s subdued.
On such a day, wherein faint image seems
Of those that fill the measure of God’s year,
How yearn we for the beautiful and good

—Arthur’s Home Magazine.

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

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

(Continued.)

CHAPTER II.—THIRD PART.

That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,
Though yet speak not. Mark a little while—
Please you to interpose, fair Madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady,
Our Perdita is found.

—"WINTER'S TALE."

This chapter will be probably long, for the story is now drawing to a conclusion, and some rather important events, so far as our principal characters are concerned, have still to be related. Some of my readers may suppose that since we have seen Osborne safely in Halifax the story may be considered at an end; but, before they have read many pages further, they will find that they are entirely wrong in their surmise. It would be doing a great injustice to the imaginative talent of the author to think that he would allow his tale to finish so tamely, or refuse to afford his patient readers a pleasant surprise before taking leave of them. I daresay many of them, especially among the female portion, have already been sadly disappointed because there have been no "love passages" in this story, and that there has been no heroine *par excellence*. My object, however, has been simply to relate the actual facts as they have come to my knowledge, as this is a "story founded on facts." I can assure my readers that it would have been the easiest thing in the world to have introduced, in the very first chapter, a heroine not surpassed by the cleverest sensation novelists of this or any other time, and to have placed her in the most trying situations; but, had I done so, I would have departed from my rôle of a faithful narrator. Besides I cannot believe I have been wanting in my duty to the fair readers; for Winona may be considered in

her way a very superior Indian girl—I have no doubt she had a *penchant* for Osborne—whilst Madame de Tourville would certainly prove herself a most charming acquaintance in the course of time, were it necessary for the purposes of this story to see much more of her. Then my readers will remember that there is another female in this story, and that is the girl whom we first saw in the Acadian's cottage, and subsequently on board the "Esperance." I daresay no one has paid much attention to her, and yet she will be the principal character in this chapter; indeed, I may admit my readers into the secret so far as to tell them that the present story would not have been written had not Osborne met her in the forest; for the adventures which he underwent were not of themselves sufficiently important to require special mention at my hands, and are chiefly interesting so far as they are connected with the Acadian girl.

But, lest I should be charged with introducing a preface in the wrong place, I must resume the thread of the narrative, according as it can be gathered from the various documents which have been placed in my hands by a friend of mine, who has a fancy for collecting old papers connected with the early history of these Provinces. It is hardly necessary to observe that Osborne became a lion in Halifax after his return, and that he related his adventures so often that he almost wished himself back again in the forest. In the meantime, however, he has not been forgetful of his friends, the De Tourvilles, to whom he was so deeply indebted. As it was probable they would be obliged to remain for some months in Halifax until an exchange could be effected, or he could be sent to England, the authorities accepted the parole of M. de Tourville

for the time he was kept in the town. Although France and England were carrying on an exceedingly desperate contest on this continent, yet there were times when the respective combatants were able to show many courtesies towards each other. It is related by a French writer that, after the siege of Fort Beausejour, which had been very hotly conducted, the French and English officers sat down to a sumptuous banquet, where they outvied each other in courtesy, and proved themselves as pleasant in social intercourse as they were brave on the field of battle. The French, indeed, possess that rare faculty—it arises, perhaps, from their being naturally of a philosophical temperament—of adapting themselves to the circumstances around them. Monsieur and Madame de Tourville were not different from the majority of French people in this respect; and it soon became clear that they had determined to make the best of the situation; nor were they ever in want of friendly attentions,—Osborne and his brother officers felt themselves pledged to render their residence in Halifax as little irksome as possible.

Madame de Tourville was not without a companion of her own sex who could speak her own language. Soon after his friends had been comfortably settled in the house of a respectable citizen, Osborne paid them a visit, and found Madame de Tourville seated with a young girl; but, as he was not introduced to the latter on his first entrance, he did not pay any particular attention to her. Nor until she arose to leave the room did he discover her to be the young girl whom he had first seen at the Acadian's hut. The neat dress she wore had so completely metamorphosed her that he would not have been quite sure of her identity had it not been for a modest look she gave him, as she thought, unobserved, whilst she was going out of the door. Madame de Tourville saw the perplexed look of Osborne and said:—

“I see you hardly recognize Marguerite. Her mother is here with me, for I find them useful in many ways. The girl seems a quiet, pleasant child, and helps me to pass away the time when Monsieur de

Tourville is absent and I do not feel inclined to go out.”

“I must confess,” replied Osborne, “that I did not know the girl was so pretty. She has quite changed in looks since she came into your hands.”

“Nor is she by any means as ignorant as you might expect her to be,” added the French lady. “She can read a little, and is quite a little *de vote*; for it seems she was a favorite of the French priest when the family lived in the vicinity of Fort Beausejour, whence they were driven some years ago. A cruel deed was that, M. Osborne, you must acknowledge, to drive those people from their old homes. This family, however, with some others, escaped into the woods, where they remained on friendly terms with the Indians, who assisted them in many ways. The other Acadians, however, soon left the forest and found new homes in Isle Royale. The Marmontels were about taking refuge there also when they were stopped by the occurrence which has brought us all to Halifax.”

Osborne saw Marguerite several times after this conversation, and was quite charmed by her graceful figure and finely-cut features; but her bashfulness had been so developed by the secluded life she had always led, that he could never succeed in getting more than a “yes” or “no” from her in answer to his queries. Hay appeared equally prepossessed with the young girl, and was seen by Madame de Tourville to look at her, on more than one occasion, with an air of perplexity. When questioned by the chatty Frenchwoman on the subject he evaded her curiosity laughingly, and, after a while, he seemed to have forgotten the girl.

Among the acquaintances that Madame de Tourville formed in Halifax were the members of the family of Captain Hay, who were living in one of the better class of frame houses, situated in a retired part of the town. In those times there were few evidences of refinement to be seen around the residences of the first settlers, who were mostly of the humbler classes, and obliged to content themselves with securing the necessaries of life. Mrs. Hay's cottage, one of those story and a half buildings,

with quaint gables and high-pitched roofs, of which we have previously spoken, stood on a large double lot, which had been laid out with much taste as a garden. The flowers, in their season, were objects of much admiration to the citizens, who saw few residences of similar taste around them; but, at the time of which we are writing, the garden was bare, and the only thing that relieved the prevalent nakedness was a clump of young spruce and birch on the west side of the house. The internal arrangements were simple in the extreme; but the house flowers on the window-sills, and a few old world engravings on the wall, with other evidences of female taste, made the "best room" look pretty in the eyes of visitors. In these days of elaborate furniture, when the houses are decorated with rich carpets, mirrors, richly-carved sofas, and other *chefs d'œuvre* of modern upholstery, the citizen of Halifax, even the humblest mechanic, would wonder what use his ancestors could have had for the unwieldy, ungainly articles which they placed in their rooms. However, our ancestors were satisfied with their furniture; and it is hardly fair for us to criticize it, or charge them with a want of taste.

"What a pleasant room," said Madame de Tourville to her companion, Captain Hay, as she entered his mother's house one autumn afternoon. The day was very chilly, and the fire, which was burning briskly on the silver-mounted andirons in the large chimney, felt unusually comfortable, and lit up the bright mahogany sideboard and table until their brass ornaments fairly shone like burnished gold.

Mrs. Hay received Madame de Tourville with much cordiality; for she had heard her son speak of the French lady very often in warm terms, although, as she was an invalid, she had been unable to visit her. Mrs. Hay was a lady of over fifty years of age, with a quiet, motherly expression. She was unable to address her visitors in French; but, with the assistance of Captain Hay, who spoke it very imperfectly, the two managed to keep up a conversation.

"I have brought Marguerite," said Madame de Tourville in the course of a few minutes, as she pointed to the girl who

had come in with her and taken a seat near the door, where she had been unobserved by Mrs. Hay, who was unable to rise as her visitor entered.

The old lady turned her head when she understood the remark, and smiled a welcome to the girl; but, as she did so, her face was seen to turn deadly pale, and she almost fell from her seat in her tremor.

Captain Hay, who was watching his mother closely, saw her excitement, and, taking hold of her hands, said: "My dear mother, control yourself; if I had thought you would be so overcome I would never have subjected you to this trial."

Mrs. Hay held her handkerchief to her face for a moment, and, at that instant, there was heard in an adjoining room the sweet voice of a girl singing an old English ballad.

As the voice came to her ears, Marguerite, who had been looking on with amazement depicted in her deep blue eyes, half rose from her seat as if startled, and turned to the direction whence the sound came. Captain Hay and his mother, who had recovered from her inexplicable emotion, noticed the excited movement of the girl whilst the song lasted. As the son watched the girl he exclaimed to his mother:—

"It is certainly a most extraordinary resemblance—it cannot be accidental."

Here another girl entered from the adjoining room, and, as she did so, Madame de Tourville, who was in a state of bewilderment at the strange conduct of her acquaintances, cried out:—

"Another Marguerite!"

The resemblance of the two girls was, certainly, most remarkable as they stood side by side. If it were not that the one was less tanned by the sun, and differently dressed from the other, a stranger could not have distinguished between them.

"Surely it must be—it can be no other than my long lost child! Oh! Patience, do you not remember your loving mother who held you so often in her arms when a babe, or your own twin sister, Mary?" As the old lady said these words, most passionately, she held out her arms as if she would embrace Marguerite.

The song which the girl had just heard seemed to have affected her most deeply, and she stood for some moments with her eyes all intent upon Mrs. Hay and her daughter, as if some chord which had long been silent had at last been touched by a familiar hand, and had awoke to harmony once more.

As for Mary Hay, whose voice had been heard in the next room, she had no doubt as to who it was that stood near her, for she threw her arms impetuously around Marguerite and exclaimed:—

“Patience, surely you do not forget your sister Mary whom you played with so often when we were both babes?”

Marguerite was now sobbing as if her heart would break—the language was strange,—yet the voices seemed to belong to a world where she had lived before.

Mary then led Marguerite by the hand to her mother, who held her for some moments to her bosom and kissed her lovingly; then, looking into the girl's face as she knelt on her knees, Mrs. Hay said:—

“Has the Almighty at last heard my prayer, my long lost child, and restored you to my arms? I knew that I would look on your face again before I was called away to your poor father, who would have died happy could he have been spared to see this day. Oh! the misery of the weary hours I have spent thinking of you in some Indian's hut—the companion of savages.”

The girl at first remained silent for some minutes, and then, at last, spoke rapidly in French, addressing the French lady:—

“Oh! tell her, her face seems to me like one I have seen before; but so long ago that it appears only a dream. The voice of the young girl seems, too, like a voice I have heard in my sleep many a time.”

Madame de Tourville was standing a deeply-interested spectator of this affecting scene, which she commenced after a while to understand with female intuition.

“Now, Madame,” said Captain Hay, after a time, when all were in a state of comparative calmness, “you will understand why I always looked at Marguerite with such perplexity. The extraordinary resemblance to Mary struck me at once,

and, after some deliberation, I decided to bring the two girls together and see if my mother would be as much astonished as I had been when I first saw Marguerite. Perhaps it was imprudent in me having taken no precaution to warn my mother of my intention; but I was afraid to raise hopes that might never be fulfilled. It is true we have no other evidence yet that the girls are sisters, except the extraordinary resemblance between the two; but I have no more doubt than my mother and Mary, that we have at last recovered my sister, who was lost to us now twelve years ago; but it is due to you that I should give you some further explanations as well as I can in my very imperfect French.”

Captain Hay then related to the French lady the story which we have already read respecting his lost sister. She listened with the deepest interest, and when he had concluded she said:—

“More than once have I thought that Marguerite could not be the child of her reputed parents—her complexion was so much fairer, and her general appearance so very different from that of French Acadians. But I feel so deeply interested in this matter that I must see if I cannot throw further light on it. We must question the woman Marmontel at once, and I daresay Monsieur de Tourville can help us.”

After this interview, which had such a strange and unexpected denouement, no time was lost in cross-examining the woman and her husband, who, after a little hesitation, acknowledged that Marguerite was not their own child; but that she had been brought to their house twelve years previously by a party of Indians on their way to Cape Breton. The woman had seen that the child had been stolen, as she spoke a few words of English, and had a dazzling white complexion. The child looked so miserable, and cried at intervals for her mother so piteously, that she proposed to the leader of the party—a tall, dark-looking man, who spoke French perfectly well—to keep her. To this proposal he listened with favor, and the child from that day remained with the Marmontels, who brought her up as their own and called her Marguerite, in memory of their only child,

who had died some years before. The person just mentioned came frequently to her house subsequent to his first visit; but, after the siege of Fort Beausejour, she had lost sight of him for many months, until he had suddenly presented himself at the time of Osborne's discovery of their retreat in the woods.

Monsieur de Tourville gave the additional clue that was wanting with respect to the identity of the spy. He was the son of a Frenchman by an Abenaki woman, the daughter of a chief, and was one of the most useful scouts in the French service. The French commandant also acknowledged that he had been sent from Louisbourg, some time before, on secret service, and that it was possible he was the individual who had fallen into the hands of the Halifax authorities, but had subsequently succeeded in effecting his escape. The Hays, however, required no other corroboration than what their own hearts and eyes told them respecting Marguerite. The likeness to Mary Hay was in itself sufficient evidence as to her parentage; besides, the girl herself stated that there had often flashed across her mind a memory of strange faces, which she must have seen in her infancy, but they were gradually fading away as she grew older. She was already, indeed, beginning to look on these memories as mere dreams, until she was brought face to face with her mother and twin sister, and heard what seemed to her a familiar voice. And she was right, for the song she heard had been taught to Mary, who, when only a child of three or four years, showed a fondness for music, and sang many snatches of nursery rhymes.

Marmontel, whose tongue now ran glibly enough, also told M. de Tourville and Osborne that the spy had come to his hut immediately after the Indians arrived at their village with their prisoner, and given him an account of his adventures in Halifax and in the forest. He had a confederate in the town, who managed, on the day he was exposed in the stocks, to hand him, unperceived by the bystanders, the chisel with which he succeeded in forcing the lock of his prison. It was through the same agency, Boudrot, (who had recently

vanished from the town) that he was able to cross the harbor and find where a party of Indians were lying concealed—the same party with whom he had come to the town, and who had been anxiously waiting for the time when he could rejoin them. He learned from Boudrot the fact of the departure of the hunting party, as well as the direction it had taken, and immediately formed the determination of following it and avenging the insults he had received from the English in the town. He had hopes of surprising the whole party; but the Indians did not succeed in overtaking the party until the morning of the day when Osborne was taken prisoner, and his unfortunate comrade massacred. The Indians were ready to remain longer and take the others prisoners if possible; but the spy, having avenged himself on the officer against whom he felt the fiercest hatred, was desirous of reaching the Indian village as soon as possible, as the time had come when the French ship was expected in the harbor with presents for the Indians.

Osborne also learned the fact that it was the spy he had seen leave the hut the day he entered it. Having warned the Acadian against assisting the English officer to reach the fort, the spy then went on to rejoin the Indians, whom he met in pursuit of the escaped prisoner. As respects the dog, the faithful creature had been lured away to the hut, and given by the spy to the girl, for whom he always appeared to entertain as much affection as was possible for one of his temperament.

But the spy—was he ever seen again by any of the characters in this story?

The answer to this question must be deferred until the concluding part of this narrative.

FOURTH PART.

CHAPTER I.

“Was stehst du so, und blickst erstaunt hinaus?”
—“FAUST.”

Seven years have passed away since the occurrence of the events which we have related, though very imperfectly we are afraid, in the previous chapters of this story—years fraught with great significance

* Why standest thou so, and lookest so astonished?

to the colonists of France and England on this continent. The Seven Years' War had come to an end when we again take up the thread of the narrative, and the British flag alone was seen floating over every fortress and town from the farthest West to Louisbourg on the Atlantic coast. In the beginning of 1763 peace was formally proclaimed by treaty; but it had prevailed, so far as this continent was concerned, for some years previously. With the fall of Montreal, in the course of the summer of 1760, the French-Canadians, after a gallant resistance to the progress of the British armies, laid down their arms and gave up their unequal contest. The *habitans* went back to their farms by the St. Lawrence and its tributaries, from which they had been called to assist in the defence of the colony; but many of the *ancienne noblesse*,—men who have written their names in imperishable letters in the history of their times—the Seigneurs, who had so well sustained, at such disadvantage, the honor of their flag, left mournfully the country which they could not retain for France, and sought other fields of action. In 1763, the Government of the Province was still incomplete—the whole country was divided into military districts, and the French population were still apprehensive of the future; for, as yet, they were ignorant how far their feelings and interests would be consulted in the political arrangements of the conqueror.

But the impatient reader reminds us that we are not writing a history of those times—of the commencement of the new era in the Dominion—and that we must pass on to the narration of those incidents which are connected with those persons who appear in this story. It is the evening of a pleasant day in the early part of June when we again meet with some of the principal characters of this narrative in the town of Montreal. Those who have ever visited the leading commercial city of A British America, of recent years, can have little idea of the aspect it presented at the close of the war. Now we see one of the most solidly built cities on this continent—where the two races live, in the most cordial harmony, side by side—with its piles

of noble warehouses and stores, its splendid churches, its religious and educational institutions, its busy quays. But, in 1763, Montreal was a small, quaint town, hardly covering more than one hundred acres, with low, mediæval-looking buildings, among which the religious were then, as now, the most conspicuous—the whole surrounded by a wall not more than three feet thick at the most, and incapable of defending the town for any length of time against an invading force. It was, however, by the natural beauties of the surrounding country that the visitor would be most attracted. The advantageous position of the Island of Montreal, and the fertility of the adjacent country had been recognized from a very early date in the settlement of the colony, and the landscape, when seen from the top of the Royal Mountain, disclosed many a manor and cottage in the midst of verdant fields.

During the year of which we are now writing, Montreal was dull in the extreme. There was little traffic of any sort; the leading people had gone to France or retired to the rural districts; the Seigneurs seldom made their appearance in the town; the British troops appeared to monopolize the narrow, ill-lighted streets. On the night in question, the only lights appeared to proceed from the open doors or windows of some of the inns—most of the houses of the citizens being wrapped in darkness. But there is one large stone building, looming up among the small edifices that stand cheek by jowl on Notre Dame street. It is the building known as the *vieux chateau*, which had been erected many years previously by one of the French governors, and after having undergone various changes of owners, had been finally purchased, after the conquest, by the British Government for the use of their officials. It was at this time the headquarters of the General commanding the military district of Montreal, and on the night in question it was more brilliantly lit up than usual.

In one of the upper rooms—a low but handsome apartment—there is assembled at dinner a small party of British officers and several Canadians with their ladies—sixteen persons in all. General Gage him-

self is seated at the head of the table, with some prominent guests on either side, for he is very desirous at that time (for reasons which will be explained further on) to conciliate the leading men in his district; but in the General himself—a soldierly-looking man, resplendent in his uniform and decorations—we have no special interest, for he does not appear in the scenes which are about to open. Seated near the bottom of the table, we see a familiar face—that of Captain Hay, who is engaged in earnest conversation with a lady who is as lively as ever: we mean Madame de Tourville.

Captain Hay has altered very little during the years that have passed since we last saw him. His figure is somewhat stouter, while his face has settled into that firmer or more resolute expression which comes with mature manhood and life's severe experiences. Like Osborne, and others in his regiment, he took an active part in the memorable events of the war for the dominion in America. At Louisbourg he distinguished himself so as to obtain honorable mention in the despatches of General Amherst. He had subsequently accompanied the army on its march upon Montreal; but he had been stationed at Quebec until the spring of 1763, when he was detailed to the command of General Gage, whose headquarters was in the former town.

M. and Madame de Tourville were now residents of Canada. The former was seated at the same table—as *insouciant* and frank as when we first met him on board the "Esperance," seven years ago. He had soon effected an exchange, and had assisted in the preparations for the defence of Louisbourg, but he received such severe injuries that he was obliged to be invalided and taken to Canada, where he had recently fallen heir to a valuable seigniory in the vicinity of Montreal. He had sufficiently recovered to assist his countrymen materially in the defence of the colony; but after the fall of Montreal he had not followed the example of the majority of his compatriots, but decided to remain in the country for a while longer. As he was known to be a person of distinction among

the French-Canadians, he was the recipient of many attentions from the English whenever he came to Montreal,

An animated conversation was going on in reference to the news that had been very recently received that the Western tribes were rapidly investing the forts, with the view of driving the British from the country, which the red man claimed as his own birthright by virtue of centuries of possession. A number of English, at several points, had already been surprised by the cunning savages, and from all sides came the mutterings that foreboded an internecine struggle, carried on with all the cruelty and duplicity of the Indian. The fort at Detroit—the principal settlement that had been established by the French in the West—was blockaded by a large force of Indians under the command of the famous Pontiac, who, by the ability with which he brought the Western nations together, and the indomitable energy and consummate strategy he exhibited in the conduct of the war, proved that he possessed the qualities of a statesman as well as a soldier. It was impossible for the British, as yet, to estimate the actual extent of the confederacy of the savages. The news that was brought by the *coureurs des bois* and Indians was not always to be relied upon, for they were disposed to exaggerate the facts. The information, however, received at intervals from the beleaguered forts was sufficient to show that the contest, which had been commenced by Pontiac, was likely to assume proportions of a very formidable character. Apprehensions were entertained in the British posts of Canada itself, that, if the Indian tribes of the conquered colony, or the still more formidable nations in the present State of New York, the Iroquois, were to co-operate with the Senecas and the Western tribes, the situation of the English would become extremely critical. A great deal depended, however, on the attitude assumed by the French themselves, to whom the Indians in Canada were much attached, and, so far, they appeared ready to exercise their influence in carrying out their obligations in the strictest good faith, and in assisting the British in conciliating the Indians and

keeping them neutral in the contest. But what gave the British the chief cause for apprehension at this critical period was the rumor that some of the emissaries of the great Pontiac were already busy at work, endeavoring to obtain the alliance of the Indian tribes that were scattered throughout the country.

While this topic naturally engrossed the attention of the majority of the guests, especially of the British officers, any of whom might be called on at any moment to march to the assistance of the beleaguered forts, Madame de Tourville and Captain Hay were conversing on matters of a personal interest.

"Captain Osborne," said Hay, in answer to a question of the French lady, "is now in England on leave, and I think it is probable he will retire from the service. You will be glad to learn that he has come into possession of a fine estate in the County of Devonshire by the death of an uncle, who had no children."

"To hear of your friend's good fortune will be to me always a pleasure," answered Madame de Tourville.

"And your sister, Marguerite, who was so strangely restored to you?"

"She is now living with some relatives of our own in London."

"I suppose that she is now quite a hand-

some woman. I remember she promised to become so."

"Yes," said Hay, "she is much admired; but I must make you a confidant in another matter. She is shortly to be married."

"Married! to whom?" asked Madame de Tourville.

"To no less a person than our friend, Captain Osborne."

"I am glad that he is to be the husband of your sister. Is not her history a perfect romance! But Captain Hay," added the French lady, "how is it that you are still a bachelor yourself?"

"My mistress is my profession, and likely to remain so," replied Captain Hay smilingly.

"No, Captain Hay," said Madame de Tourville, "in a tone of seriousness that made her listener smile; "I am sure one deserving of a good and loving wife will find one yet. Now, she added laughingly, "if it were not for Monsieur de Tourville opposite, I would be willing to take you myself."

Captain Hay thanked the gay French lady laughingly for the compliment she paid him, and then, her attention being called to some other topic by a gentleman on her other side, the conversation was diverted to various matters in which the readers of this tale have no interest.

(To be continued.)

"DECLINED WITH THANKS;" OR, HE WOULD BE AN AUTHOR.

BY E. H. A. F.

These three insignificant words are, doubtless, familiar to many who have read them with feelings of disappointment. The aspirant to literary honors has, perhaps, exerted himself to produce what he ventures to hope will melt the heart of the most obdurate of editors. The subject of the tale, essay, or poem, as the case may be, has been worked out by day, thought about before retiring to rest, reproduced in his fitful dreams at night, and associated with his waking thoughts at early morn-

The MS. is at last finished to his perfect satisfaction, and, if not delivered by his own hands, is carefully addressed to the Editor of the *Dash Magazine*, and committed to the post in the "sure and certain hope" of a satisfactory reply. This all important step having been taken, our amateur author calculates the probable time when it will reach the said editor's hands. He pictures to himself a heap of MSS. patiently awaiting consideration. At last his own is reached, the wax is

broken, the string cut, and the addressed wrapper separated from the precious enclosure, like the kernel from a nut. The editor reads a few lines with indifference; but his attention is at last concentrated, and a smile of benevolent approval becomes visible on his stern countenance. This smile passes through a course of rapid development, and is explained by the monosyllable "good," ever and anon uttered in a tone of satisfaction. Finally, a cheque-book is produced and one of the picturesque slips of paper filled up and enclosed in an encouraging letter, wherein the hope is expressed that Mr. Thomas Blank will become a regular contributor to the *Dash Magazine*. Such is the fanciful picture which presents itself to the mind of our amateur author during the first clear day succeeding that on which his MS. was probably received. But several weeks elapse, and hopeful anticipation gives place to fearful misgivings—not even an acknowledgement of the precious MS.; perhaps it has been mislaid! Our amateur author determines to write again to the editor and set all doubts at rest. He encloses stamps this time; as, in the improbable event of his MS. being unsuitable for the *Dash Magazine*, its return would enable him to send it to a more reasonable and discerning editor, without the labor of recopying it.

Another week has elapsed, and one, as may readily be imagined, attended with terrible suspense. One day, passing by a bookseller's, the new number of the *Dash Magazine* catches his eye. After all his contribution may have been inserted, and the editor's letter may not have reached him yet. He buys the magazine, glances trembling over the contents sheet, and does not see the heading so familiar to him; but, what is this under "Notices to Correspondents?"—"T. B." Surely those initials stand for Thomas Blank. Alas! they are followed by the three crushing words with which this article opens—"Declined with thanks." To complete his mortification he reads the announcement in another corner of the magazine: "We cannot undertake to return rejected manu-

scripts." When this bitter pill is swallowed he makes a fresh copy, and tries his luck elsewhere—most probably with the same result.

Amateur authors may be divided into two classes—those whose effusions really bespeak talent and those who are deficient in style, grammar and composition. The number of the latter is far more considerable than that of the former; hence, it is not to be wondered at that editors should find it necessary to mark the contributions "Declined with thanks;" but how fares it with amateurs of the other class? In the majority of instances their productions meet with the same fate. The editor, perhaps, casually glances at a page or two, and not unfrequently chooses the least interesting page. Unless something particularly striking, either in the title or the portion of the MS. read, should attract his attention, the unlucky contribution shares the fate of its less worthy companions. Now, a magazine editor's excuse is very reasonable. He is so thoroughly inundated with MSS. that it becomes a perfect impossibility to read them all. In most cases, therefore, he contents himself with the contributions received from his regular staff. It is a fact that the famous "Pickwick Papers" were returned by one publisher unread.

The literary profession, whether considered as a business, or merely as a means of adding to one's income, is a very remunerative one to well known authors. The avenues leading to success are, however, difficult of access, and the amateur finds the ground anything but easy walking. In the regular professions a certain preliminary training has to be undergone, and examinations passed, and the remaining steps are comparatively easy. Literature, however, presents a different aspect. The necessary qualifications of brain, coupled with a critical knowledge of the English language, exist in many persons who hesitate to use them in a practical way; and one or two repetitions of the formula, "Declined with thanks," completely disheartens them for further literary composition.

WALTER SCOTT AT WORK.

In the autumn of 1796, a firm of publishers in Edinburgh, of very little note in the trade, issued a thin octavo volume of translations from the ballads of Bürger, which were then on the lips of every one who made any pretension to taste or sentiment. The volume bore no author's name; and with the exception of a terse and vigorous line here and there, a striking metaphor, or a bold and picturesque expression, the work contained nothing to distinguish it from the host of translations from the German which were then issuing from half the presses of London and Edinburgh. The author's own friends, of course, were in high glee about it; but out of their circle it was hardly seen. It fell dead from the press; and most of the edition was condemned to the service of the trunk-maker.

This was Sir Walter Scott's *début* in literature. The failure, however, hardly touched his spirits. 'I was coolly received by strangers,' he said, recalling the incident many years afterwards, when he stood at the head of English literature, the Ariosto of the North; 'but my reputation began rather to increase among my own friends, and on the whole I was more bent to shew the world that it had neglected something worth notice, than to be affronted by its indifference.'

The history of the translation itself is not without its interest, giving us, as it does, our first glimpse of Walter Scott at work. Till Scott took up these German ballads, he had been known, I need hardly say, principally as a harum-scarum sort of youth, of awkward and bashful manners, possessing a fund of queer stories, and old Border ballads, little scholarship, and less law, but with a turn for versification and story-telling; and one evening, when the conversation at his father's table happened to turn upon the ballads of Bürger, Scott promised one of the guests, Miss Cranstoun, a rhymed version of the most popular of them, *Lenore*, from his own pen. He began his task after supper, and sat up till he had finished it, working himself up into such a state of excitement in reproducing the vivid imagery of the original as to set sleep at defiance. He presented his translation to Miss Cranstoun at breakfast the next morning, and she seems to have been particularly struck by its point and finish. 'Upon my word,' she said, writing to a friend, 'Walter Scott is going to turn out a poet—something of a cross, I think, between Burns and Gray.'

Acting upon his determination to realize this friend's conception of the powers of his genius, Scott set vigorously to work, with the assistance of an old German dictionary, which he borrowed from the original Jonathan Oldbuck, and that of his

clever and accomplished cousin of Harden, to translate everything that struck him in his reading of the literature of Germany—lyrics from Goethe, ballads from Bürger, and dramas wherever he found them; and in 1799 a selection of these were, through the assistance of Monk Lewis, 'a martinet in rhyme and numbers,' published under Scott's name by Mr. Bell. This was the first of Sir Walter Scott's acknowledged publications; and it was the first, too, that brought him a penny in the form of what he calls 'copy money.' Its price was twenty-five pounds.

Concurrently with the translation of these scraps of German poetry, Scott had been collecting the Border minstrels, and making his 'first serious attempts in verse' by writing in imitation of these ballads the trifles by which he won his spurs as an original writer—the *Fire King*, the *Grey Brother*, *Glenfinlas*, and the *Eve of St. John*. It was not, however, till he was preparing the third volume of the *Minstrelsy* for the press that the idea of trying his 'prentice hand at anything more ambitious struck him, and in its original form even the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* was, to use his own words, nothing more than 'a romance of Border chivalry in a light-horseman sort of stanza.' Like his translation of *Lenore*, too, this *Lay* owed its origin to the suggestion of a lady, the Countess of Dalkeith. Scott was in the habit, when living at Ashiestiel, of riding out with his lovely chieftainess and her husband

When Summer smiled on sweet Bowhill;

and in the course of one of these pleasant rides, Lady Dalkeith happened to repeat the grotesque story of Gilpin Horner, which she had recently heard from an old gentleman on a visit to the castle, as an o'er true tale. She insisted that Scott should 'turn it into a Border ballad.' 'Had she asked me to write a ballad on a broomstick,' said Scott, 'I must have attempted it.' He therefore took up his pen and sketched out 'a few verses, to be called the *Goblin Page*.' These he read over to his friends Erskine and Cranstoun one evening after dinner. They do not seem to have thought much of what they heard; and Scott, taking his cue from their criticism, threw his stanzas aside in a fit of disgust. 'They lay long by me,' says Scott, in a letter to Miss Seward, 'till the applause of some friends whose judgment I valued induced me to resume the poem; so, on I wrote, knowing no more than the man in the moon how I was to end. At length, the story appeared so uncouth that I was fain to put it into the mouth of my old minstrel, lest the nature of it should be misunderstood, and I should be suspected of setting up a new school of poetry, instead of a feeble attempt to imitate the old. In the process of the romance, the

page, intended to be a principal person in the work, contrived (from the baseness of his natural propensities, I suppose) to slink down-stairs into the kitchen; and now he must, e'en abide there.'

The scene and date of this resumption Lockhart traced years after in the recollections of a cornet in the Edinburgh Light Horse. 'While the troop were on permanent duty at Musselburgh, in the autumnal recess of 1802, the quarter-master (Scott), during a charge on Portobello sands, received a kick of a horse, which confined him for three days to his lodgings. Mr. Skene found him busy with his pen; and he produced before these three days expired the first canto of the *Lay*—very nearly, if his friend's memory may be trusted, in the state in which it was ultimately published.' That the whole poem was sketched and filled in with extraordinary rapidity, there can be no difficulty in believing. He himself says (in the Introduction of 1830), 'that after he had once got fairly into the vein, it proceeded at the rate of about a canto in a week.' Visiting London shortly afterwards, Scott read the manuscript to his friend Mr. Ellis, under a tree in Windsor Forest; and afterwards 'partly read and partly recited, sometimes in an enthusiastic style of chant,' the first three or four cantos to Wordsworth when on a visit to Ashiestel. Of its success when published, I need say nothing: it was prodigious; and, under cover of this success, Scott at once made up his mind to make literature the profession of his life.

This point once settled, and the law abandoned except as a crutch, Scott set to work with characteristic energy, entered into partnership with Ballantyne, stocked a printing-office in the Canongate with types and presses, and drew up a plan of work sufficient to keep them and himself well at work for three or four years by the republication of a series of standard works. To be the editor of Dryden and Swift, and the annotator of old ballads, was at this time the highest ambition of the most brilliant and fertile author of the age. Poetry was the last thing in his thoughts. 'As for riding on Pegasus,' he said, in a note to Mr Ellis, when at work on the proofs of Dryden, 'depend upon it I will never again cross him in a serious way, unless I should, by some strange accident, reside so long in the Highlands, and make myself master of their ancient manners, so as to paint them with some degree of accuracy in a kind of companion to the *Minstrel Lay*.' To vary the monotony of hunting up original readings and scribbling foot-notes, Scott threw off an article now and then for Jeffrey's *Review*; and in the summer vacation of 1805 we find him trying his hand at a companion to the *Lay*, by throwing together, in the form of an historical novel,

some of his recollections of Highland scenery and customs. This was the origin of *Waverley*. Like the *Lay*, however, it was no sooner taken up than it was thrown aside. 'When I had proceeded as far, I think, as the seventh chapter, I shewed my work to a critical friend, whose opinion was unfavorable; and having then some poetical reputation, I was unwilling to risk the loss of it by attempting a new style of composition. I therefore then threw aside the work I had commenced, without either reluctance or remonstrance.' It was not till some months after this that the idea of writing *Marmion* seems to have suggested itself; and the necessity of raising one thousand pounds to pay off some debts of his brother Thomas was the motive of this magnificent poem. Constable offered the sum in question for the copyright before a line of it had been written; and it was on the spur of making it all that Scott thought it ought to be for this handsome sum, that he put his whole soul into it, and gave up to its composition all the time that he could spare from the proof-sheets of *Dryden*. Most of it seems to have been composed on horse-back, either on the banks of the Yarrow or the sands of Portobello. Mr. Skene, his mess-companion, tells us that 'in the intervals of drilling, when out with the Edinburgh Light Horse, Scott used to delight in walking his powerful steed up and down by himself upon the Portobello sands, within the beating of the surge; and now and then you would see him plunge in his spurs and go off as if at the charge, with the spray dashing about him. As we rode back to Musselburgh, he often came and placed himself beside me to repeat the verses that he had been composing during these pauses of our exercise.' The description of Flodden field was struck out in this way; and we know from Scott's conversations with Lockhart years after, that most of the rest of his descriptive pieces were put together in the saddle when out for a grand gallop among the braes of the Yarrow.

Of the conception of the *Lady of the Lake*, I can find no account beyond this, that Scott, in the summer of 1809, undertook to have a third poem ready to keep Ballantyne's press in action at the end of the year. What that was to be, Scott probably knew no more than Ballantyne, for about this time he began what I may perhaps call the system of drawing bills at three, six, and nine months upon his genius, to raise cash to pay for his purchases at Abbotsford, or to guard against the presses and types in the Canongate lying idle for a day; but in reading or conversation, his imagination had been set on fire by the story of the *Lady of the Lake*, and upon the rising of the Court of Session in July we find him starting off with Mrs. Scott and his

eldest daughter to visit the scenes which he had apparently chosen for the framework of his fable. Not a little of the poem was, I believe, written in the course of the trip. The description of the Stag Chase certainly was; and I do not think one needs the gift of second-sight, knowing what we do of Scott's habits, to pick out at least one passage which was worked out in the course of the gallop from the shore of Loch Vennachar to the rock of Stirling, which Scott tells us in one of his letters that he undertook, to anticipate his critics by testing the practicability of a good horseman, well mounted, riding within the space allowed to Fitzjames after his duel with Roderick Dhu. Except bits of description, however, here and there, the greater part of the *Lady of the Lake* was confessedly written at Ashestiel during the winter of 1809; and we have from his own pen a very characteristic conversation which took place with his cousin, Miss Christian Rutherford, upon the poem and its composition. 'A lady to whom I was very nearly related, and with whom I lived during her whole life on the most brotherly terms of affection, was residing with me when the work was in progress, and used to ask me what I could possibly do to rise so early in the morning. At last I told her the subject of my meditations; and I can never forget the anxiety and affection expressed in her reply. "Do not be so rash," she said, "my dearest cousin. You are already popular—more so, perhaps, than you yourself will believe, or then even I or other partial friends can fairly allow to your merit. You stand high—do not rashly attempt to climb higher, and incur the risk of a fall; for depend upon it, a favorite will not be permitted even to stumble with impunity." I replied to this affectionate expostulation in the words of Montrose:

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To win or lose it all."

"If I fail," I said, for the dialogue is strong in my recollection, "it is a sign that I ought never to have succeeded, and I will write prose for life: you shall see no change in my temper, nor will I eat a single meal the worse. But if I succeed—

'Up wi' the bonnie blue bonnet,
The dirk and the feather an' a'!'"

This was one of the busiest periods of Scott's life, and it is not one of the least striking illustrations of the strength and elasticity of Scott's mind, that a poem like the *Lady of the Lake* should have been thrown off, as this was, in two or three hours of leisure which he stole in the early morning from the manifold duties of the day.

The two or three hours which Scott thus stole in the morning were to him the golden hours of the day; and it was during these

hours that the greater part of his poems and his novels were thrown off. Till he took up his abode at Ashestiel, and settled down to his task as a man of letters by profession, Scott, like Byron and Moore, and most men of their class, had been in the habit of

Lengthening the day

By stealing a few hours from the night;

but upon a suggestion from his physician that this habit was likely to aggravate his nervous headaches, he at once reversed his plan, and adopted these habits of early rising and of early work which characterised him from this period till the pen dropped from his cramped fingers on the closing pages of *Count Robert of Paris*. He was out of bed by five o'clock all the year round, at his desk by six; and by the time that his family and visitors assembled at breakfast between nine and ten, he had 'broken the neck of his day's work.' These were his hours of inspiration, and generally his best work. Observing how Scott was harassed by lion-hunters at Ashestiel, and what a number of hours he spent either in shooting or coursing with his visitors, or in looking after his workpeople, Mr. Cadell, Constable's partner, once expressed his wonder that Scott should ever be able to write books at all in the country. 'I know that you contrive to get a few hours in your own room, and that may do for the mere pen-work; but when is it that you think?'

'Oh,' said Scott, 'I lie *simmering* over things for an hour or so before I get up—and there's the time I am dressing to overhaul my half-sleeping, half-waking *projet de chapitre*; and when I get the paper before me, it commonly runs off pretty easily. Besides, I often take a doze in the plantations; and while Tom marks out a dike or a drain as I have directed, one's fancy may be running its ain riggs in some other world.'

He attests the same facts in his diary eight or ten years afterwards. 'The half-hour between waking and rising has all my life proved propitious to any task which was exercising my invention. When I got over any knotty difficulty in a story, or have had in former times to fill up a passage in a poem, it was always when I first opened my eyes that the desired ideas thronged upon me. This is so much the case, that I am in the habit of relying upon it, and saying to myself, when I am at a loss: "Never mind; we shall have it at seven o'clock to-morrow morning." Scott, in fact, thought so much of these morning hours as the hours when his thoughts were fresh, that he generally lingered over his toilet longer than anything else; 'shaving and dressing,' as his son-in-law tells us, 'with great deliberation; for he was a very martinet as to all but the mere coxcombs of the toilet, not abhorring effeminate

dandyism itself so cordially as the slightest approach to personal slovenliness, or even those "bedgown and slipper tricks," as he called them, in which literary men are so apt to indulge.' I know no brighter picture in the history of genius than this of Sir Walter Scott sitting down to his morning task dressed in the green velvet shooting-jacket of a Scottish laird, with his books and papers around him on the desk and on the floor, his favourite hound eyeing him from the rug, a couple of spaniels gamboling with his children in the garden, and the songs of the birds pouring in through his half-open window. Scott knew nothing of those feelings of irritation that make composition a torment to so many men. His study was always open to his children no less than to his greyhound. 'He never considered their tattle as any disturbance; they went and came as pleased their fancy; he was always ready to answer their questions; and when they, unconscious how he was engaged, entreated him to lay down his pen and tell them a story, he would take them on his knee, repeat a ballad or a legend, kiss them, and set them down again to their marbles or ninepins, and resume his labor as if refreshed by the interruption.' Of course, when at Edinburgh, two or three hours after breakfast were spent at the clerk's table in the Court of Session; but when at Ashestiel or Abbotsford, these hours were devoted to the *Lady of the Lake*, *Rokeby*, or one of his novels. He generally, however, laid down his pen about one o'clock, and devoted the afternoon to sport or exercise. When he had visitors staying with him, he would even leave his work at ten o'clock; and he was in fine weather so complaisant in this respect, that most of them, like Washington Irving and Sir David Wilkie, left him with the impression that, by whatever magic he might contrive to keep Ballantyne's press at work, he was a man of leisure, who had nothing to do but to bask in the sunshine, and repeat legends and ballads for the diversion of himself and his friends.

Of course the explanation of this apparent leisure of Scott, in comparison with the vast amount of manuscripts which he turned out, was to be found partly in the regularity of his habits, the steadiness with which, day after day, and week after week, year after year, he adhered to this plan, and setting apart four or five hours of every morning to his task; and partly in the ease and fluency with which he used his pen when he did sit down to his desk. When Scott took up his pen, it was not to think, but to write. He never knew, I believe, what it was to cast about for either a thought or an expression; and he never wasted a second with the file. Possessing a prodigious memory—a memory

that lost nothing—a powerful and vivid imagination, a fluent pen, and a spirit that courted difficulties instead of craning at them, Sir Walter Scott never needed anything more than an incident or a tradition to start with in any of his novels; and when he had once laid down the 'keel of a story,' it grew under his hands, chapter by chapter, and volume by volume; and a stroll in the woods, or the half-hour's quiet between waking and sleeping, or dressing, was enough to supply him with his chapters for the day's work. 'I sometimes think,' he says, speaking of *Harold the Dauntless*, 'my fingers set up for themselves, independent of my head; for twenty times I have begun a thing on a certain plan, and never in my life adhered to it (in a work of imagination, that is) for half an hour together.' 'The action of composition,' as he goes on to say, after noting down a similar confession in his diary years after, when, writing *Woodstock*, he found himself at the end of the second volume without the slightest idea how the story was to be wound up to a catastrophe in the third volume—the action of composition always extended some passages, and abridged or omitted others; and personages were rendered important or insignificant, not according to their agency in the original conception of the piece, but according to the success, or otherwise, with which I was able to bring them out. I only tried to make that which I was actually writing diverting and interesting, leaving the rest to fate. I have,' he adds, 'been often amused with the critics distinguishing some passages as particularly labored, when the pen passed over the whole as fast as it could move, and the eye never again saw them, except in proof.' These sort of confessions turn up again and again in his diary and his correspondence with Ballantyne and his brothers and sisters of the quill. Referring to the *Maid of Perth*, for instance, he makes a note in his diary that he has 'sent off ten more pages this morning with a murrain. But how to get my catastrophe packed into the compass allotted for it?

It sticks like a pistol half out of its holster,
Or rather, indeed, like an obstinate bolster,
Which I think I have seen you attempting; my dear,
In vain to cram into a small pillow-bier.

There is no help for it—I must make a *tour de force*, and annihilate both time and space.' Of the *Antiquary*, again, he says in a note to Mr. Morritt: 'I have only a very general sketch at present; but when once I get my pen to the paper, it will walk fast enough. I am sometimes tempted to leave it alone, and try whether it will not write as well without the assistance of my head as with it.' The *Lord of the Isles* and *Guy Mannering* grew under his hands in exactly the same manner. Like them, and like all his works, they were written without either plan or premeditation. 'The

ideas rise as I write; and the faster he wrote, Ballantyne used to say, the freer the ideas rose, and the better the story developed itself. This was Scott's opinion also. 'I cannot pull well in long traces,' he used to say, 'when the draught is too far behind me. I love to have the press thumping, clattering, and banging in my rear; it creates the necessity which almost always make me work best.' When he was ahead of the press—when the printer's devil was not at his door waiting for copy—Scott's spirits drooped and his pen flagged, he dallied with what he was about, and lost the threads of his story. His poetry, of course, stands in a different category—that he frequently labored, and wrote over two or three times; but all his novels were printed as they left his desk, with nothing more than a little revision at the hands of James Ballantyne, and a hasty glance at the proofs by Scott in odd half-hours.

But with all this tendency to slipslop in his style, with all this haste and carelessness, all this want of preparation, allowing his pen to take its own course, and his plots to construct themselves, perhaps no great writer ever took more trouble about the substratum of his fiction and poetry. Even when building with rubble, his foundations were of adamant. His imagination was vivid and powerful, and the amplitude and accuracy of his memory were the marvel of all his friends. But he trusted nothing, either to memory or imagination, when he could trace out the facts themselves by paying a visit to a scene, or by hunting up an old ballad or a tradition in a library. Refusing to give ten minutes of his leisure to lay down the plot of a novel, he never hesitated a moment to give up the leisure of a week to settle a point of history, or to gather the details of a bit of scenery, which he was thinking of working into a poem or a novel. Upon points like these, he was always finical. When at work upon *Quentin Durward*, Lockhart frequently found him in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, poring over maps and gazetteers with care and anxiety; and his own letters to Ballantyne attest the scrupulous nicety with which he hunted up his facts, even for the description of a village like Plessis les Tours, consulting Malte Brun's geographical works, Wrexall's *History of France* and his *Travels*, and even Philip de Comines. Most of his descriptions, too, like Byron's, are photographs; and with the *Lady of the Lake* or the *Lord of the Isles* in your hand, you may trace out every view that Scott had in his eye when penning them, with his dogs and his children at his knee, in the morning-room at Ashiestiel. He visited his friend Mr. Morritt, when he was at work upon *Rokeby*, to refresh his recollections of the scene; and Mr. Morritt gives us a striking conver-

sation that took place the morning after Scott's arrival upon this characteristic of his compositions.

'You have often given me materials for a romance,' said Scott; 'now I want a good robbers' cave, and an old church of the right sort.'

'We rode out,' says Mr Morritt, 'in quest of these; and he found what we wanted in the ancient slate-quarries of Brigial and the ruined castle of Egglestone. I observed him noting down even the peculiar little wild-flowers and herbs that accidentally grew round and on the side of a bold crag near his intended cave of Guy Denzil; and could not help saying, that as he was not to be upon oath in his work, daisies, violets, and primroses would be as poetical as any of the humble plants he was examining. I laughed, in short, at his scrupulousness; but I understood him when he replied, "that in nature herself no two scenes are exactly alike, and that whoever copied truly what was before his eyes, would possess the same variety in his descriptions, and exhibit apparently an imagination as boundless as the range of nature in the scenes he recorded; whereas, whoever trusted to imagination, would soon find his own mind circumscribed, and contracted to a few favorite images; and the repetition of these would sooner or later produce that very monotony and barrenness which had always haunted descriptive poetry in the hands of any but the patient worshippers of truth. "Besides which," he said, "local names and peculiarities make a fictitious story look so much better in the face!"' And that was the principle upon which Scott worked in all his poems and his novels. It is the source of half their charms. Most of his characters, too, are flesh and blood. Margaret Branksome, for instance, in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, is a photograph of Scott's first love; and Alan Fairford in *Redgauntlet* is obviously intended as a portrait of himself. Under the thin disguise of Saunders Fairford we have a sketch of Scott's father, even down to the minutest details of his dress, his suit of snuff-colored brown, his silk stockings, his silver buckles, and his bob-wig and cocked-hat; and in Darsie Latimer we have one of the dearest of Scott's companions in his youth, Mr. William Clerk. George Constable, a friend of Scott's father, sat for Jonathan Oldbuck; but as the original conception was developed, Scott 'embroidered' Constable's character with many traits from his old friend, John Clerk of Eldin. Dominic Sampson, again, was a cross between Launcelot Whale, the master of the Grammar-school at Kelso, an absent grotesque being, between six and seven feet high, and an old blue-gown, who used to stand bleaching his head in the wind at the corner of one of the streets of Edinburgh,

in order to raise enough to pay for his son's education for the ministry. Most of Scott's sketches of the heroes of '15 and '45 are reproductions of his own personal recollections and those of his friends; and characters like those of the Black Dwarf and Tod Gabbie were all characters that Scott had met with in his ballad-hunting rambles.

Reinforcing his imagination and his wit with recollections like these, and possessing wider and more diversified experience than probably any writer of fiction except Fielding, Scott dashed off his novels when he had once got into the thread of his narrative with astonishing fluency. Even when his eyes were failing, and his fingers gouty, he frequently threw off thirty or forty pages of print before dinner—that, in fact, was his task when he was at work upon *Woodstock* and the *Life of Napoleon*; and till he had accomplished that, he did not think himself at liberty to take his axe and stroll out into the wood for an hour's sharp exercise. In his prime, he thought nothing of throwing off a novel in a month. *Guy Mannering* was written in six weeks about Christmas, and that he thought easy work. Very frequently, however, Sir Walter had a brace of novels on hand together, or a novel and a poem, or two or three reviews for the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly*. *Ivanhoe* and the *Monastery* were written together like this; and he took up the story of *Woodstock* as a diversion to kill time when he was ahead of the press with his *Life of Napoleon*. Hasty work in literature is not generally the highest kind of work; and of course there is in all Sir Walter Scott's works much what is thin, and rambling, and vapid. But with Sir Walter Scott literature was not an art, but a trade. What was good enough for the public, was good enough for him; and his cardinal test of the value of his work was the price of its copyright and its sale. In poetry, he wrote by inspiration; taking up his pen, like Byron, only when the fit was upon him; but when at work upon a novel or a history, all he thought of was to get through his task; and if he was not in the vein when he took up his pen, he simply wrote on, as he said, till he 'wrote himself into good humour.' This was not generally a very hard task; and when he had got into a good humour with his work, he wrote on as gaily as he talked. His manuscripts testify sufficiently to this. In his poems you meet with stanzas that are hardly legible with blots and interlineations; but the manuscripts of his novels are as free from everything of this description as his correspondence. You may turn over page after page without finding a single correction. He never boggled over a sentence, or cast about for an expression. 'His thoughts' as his amanuensis said, 'flowed easily and felicitously; without any difficulty

to lay hold of them, or to find appropriate language. He sat in his chair (when dictating), from which he rose now and then, took a volume from the bookcase, consulted it, and restored it to the shelf—all without intermission in the current of ideas, which continued to be delivered with no less readiness than if his mind had been wholly occupied with the words he was uttering.' When dialogue of peculiar animation was in progress, James Ballantyne says Scott walked up and down the room, raising and lowering his voice, and, as it were, acting the parts. The file-work Scott left to the printer; and of several of his stories he did not even see the proofs till they were in the hands of the public. With the exception of the *Lay*, I doubt whether he ever read any of his poems after they were published. He was 'never fond of his own poetry;' and when Ballantyne told him that the *Lord of the Isles* and *Robeys* were paling in the glare and glitter of *Childe Harold* and the *Giaour*, he abandoned the laurel wreath to Byron without a struggle, and almost without a sigh. 'Since one line has failed,' he said, 'we must strike out something else.'

This was the spur under which he took up the abandoned manuscript of *Waverley*, which had been lying among the fishing-tackle of an old drawer for seven or eight years, and threw off the second and third volumes in three weeks. When, in turn, the novels of the 'Author of *Waverley*' began to pall upon a taste which likes its fiction fresh and fresh, Scott left the field to his imitators, and turned to history. 'There is but one way,' he said, 'if you wish to be read—you must strike out something novel to suit the humor of the hour;' and that was the principle by which he was governed all through his career. It was not a very lofty principle to act upon; with a weaker man it might have been a dangerous principle, ending, as in the case of Byron, in the complete demoralisation of his genius. In Scott, however, it led to nothing more than a variation of style. The most voluminous author of an age not particularly distinguished by the purity of its literature or morals, the contemporary of Byron and Moore, and the personal friend of George IV., an author, too, who avowedly set his sails to catch the popular breeze, Sir Walter Scott never allowed his genius to pollute itself by anything that, as a man, he could blush for. Talking over his writings at the close of his career with a friend, and contrasting their tone with that of Goethe's, Sir Walter said, with a flush of pride: 'It is a comfort to me to think I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principle, and that I have written nothing which on my death-bed I should wish blotted.'—*Chambers's Journal*.

Young Folks.



EVENINGS IN CALIFORNIA AND JAPAN.

BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL.

Seven o'clock of a sunny September morning saw a group of merry, noisy, happy children, as fresh looking and rosy as plenty of cold water could make them, capering up and down the stone steps in front of a hall door, or taking an occasional run down the avenue before it, or stooping down to peep under the trees, evidently in glad expectation of somebody or something. At last a joyful shout of "He's coming! here they are! I see the horse!" sent the whole party scampering down, and even brought out mamma to add a little to the excitement. Soon the carriage stopped at the door, and a handsome middle-aged man, very much sunburnt, stepped out, and was almost overwhelmed with caresses by the whole party. Some seized his portmanteau, others his travelling-bag, coat and umbrella, and carried them into the hall; while the remainder took forcible possession of himself, and half-dragged, half-carried him into the dining-room, where breakfast stood ready to engage their attention.

During the progress of the meal the clatter of plates, knives and forks, and the clatter of so many small tongues, raised such a noise that it was almost impossible for the grown people to hear themselves speak. "How far is Japan? Is it hot? Is it cold? Had you many storms at sea? Did the Pacific Railroad shake much? We thought the boat never would come in this morning," and such like questions and remarks followed each other in quick succession, so that mamma had to interpose and beg silence that Mr. P— might be permitted to eat his breakfast in comfort.

"Oh, never mind," good-naturedly remonstrated the friend, "I like them to

talk to me. I expect a great many questions, and came prepared to answer them. What I was not likely to remember I have taken notes of for their instruction."

"You are very kind," remarked Mr. A—, the father of the children. "I am sure it will gratify us all very much to hear about that wonderful country, Japan, and her people, about whom we know so little; but had we not better defer all questions till the evening, and then we can all sit round and listen quietly to the instructive things you have to tell us."

"Oh, yes, that will be charming," was the general reply. "After tea we will have story, history and travels all combined, and that will please everybody."

"I hope so," smilingly replied their friend. "I shall do my best, and try to illustrate my remarks by a few curiosities, maps and photographs I have to show you."

"How very delightful," was the general echo, as the merry party scampered off into the school-room.

After an early tea, the large family circle gathered in Mrs. A.'s drawing-room to listen to what their kind relation, Mr. P., had to tell them of his travels in Japan, and the manners and customs of its people. Besides the A. children, there was Mr. P's son,—a boy of fourteen who had been spending the time of his father's absence with them, and who was regarded as one of themselves. Silence being requested, Mr. P. began:—

"I left New York on the 1st of March in a large steamer bound for Aspinwall,—a small town on the eastern coast of the Isthmus of Panama. If you look at this large map, which I have laid open for you,

you will see my line of travel. There is very little to interest you in the monotony of a sea-voyage, or, indeed, in any part of the journey, till we come to San Francisco, so I shall hasten over it as fast as I can. A word or two, however, may not be uninteresting about the Isthmus of Panama itself. Between the termini of the railway, upon either shore of the Isthmus, that is, from Simon Bay on the Atlantic, to the town of Panama on the Pacific, the distance by rail is only fifty miles; yet the climate is of that unhealthy nature that few white men can stand it long. The building of the railway, therefore, was a gigantic work, showing the triumph of energy and skill over almost insuperable obstacles. If the coast of Guinea is called the 'white man's grave,' the Isthmus of Panama may not inaptly be named something of the same sort; for every foot of that railroad, if it could tell its tale, would be a record of sighs and groans and death."

"How cruel," remarked Herbert, the eldest boy, "to have gone on with it."

"Not necessarily cruel, I think," was the reply. "Large wages were offered to workmen, and people were tempted to risk the consequences for the sake of gain. It was found, however, that black laborers were the only ones who could resist the insidious nature of the climate; and they finished a work, which not only conferred a boon upon all travellers, but helped to advance the commercial prosperity of the continent. Previous to its completion, travellers for California, Japan, &c., were obliged to take the long, stormy voyage down the coast of South America, round Cape Horn, and up the coast again, on the other side, to where they wanted to go. When the gold fever in California broke out, great numbers of young men from Canada and the Northern States took this tedious voyage, only, in almost every instance, to endure hardships, toil and disappointment, and to return again with wiser, if not sadder hearts, and empty pockets. A few crossed the Isthmus on mules; but the climate was so unhealthy, and the manner of travelling over the hilly country so uncertain and imperfect, that most people preferred the longer and

really safer route. For myself I think one day quite enough to stay there, notwithstanding the abundance of fruit and the luxuriance of the vegetation. The town of Panama is a funny old place, with a quaint touch of the Spanish about it, and a enough of the Yankee to make it prosperous. From there I took steamer for San Francisco, and, after a pleasant run, reached that place exactly a month from the day I left New York."

"What a saving of time," remarked Mr. A., "from the three or four months' journey of former years!"

"Yes," was the reply; "and, as time is money, and often life, you will see that the railway, though laid at fearful cost, was worth some sacrifice. The canal promises to be a greater benefit to commerce still, for it will save the labor of transhipment."

"Surely," said Herbert, "a canal can never be cut through those hills?"

"Yes, I believe it will," answered Mr. P. "The soil is very soft and light, and favorable for the work; besides, when obstacles are met by energy, they soon cease to be obstacles—remember that, my boy; but I must hurry on, or we shall never get to Japan to-night. San Francisco, at the entrance of the bay of the same name, is a large, splendid city—the Paris of the new world, with magnificent buildings and hotels, for size and comfort equalling any I have ever seen. One can hardly fancy that eighteen years ago it was composed of only about forty mud huts, and now the city numbers 140,000 inhabitants. Yet it is so."

"I suppose its rapid growth," said Mr. A., "like that of Melbourne, Beechworth, and other Australian cities, may be attributed to the discovery of the gold mines. Did you find living there very expensive? in these new cities it generally is."

"Yes, I put down a few general items. Here they are: House-rent, from \$100 to \$150 a month; gentlemen's clothes, from \$60 to \$80 for a common suit; servants' wages, \$25 to \$40 a month, and very poor, they told me, at that; washing, \$3 a dozen; boots, \$12 a pair, and everything else in proportion. My bachelor friend, Mr. M——, had two pretty comfortable rooms,

for which he paid, with board, \$160 a month. The only things at all cheap are fruit and vegetables, and they are to be had in great abundance all the year round, the climate being so mild. Snow or ice is never seen, and flowers are in bloom all winter. Many people like the climate; but I can hardly think I should. I did not stay long enough to try it much; but M. told me that, from 1st December till the end of March, it rains almost incessantly."

"That is very like Melbourne, Australia," said Mrs. A. "The rainy season is long and trying, and the dry one too dry."

"Exactly so," continued Mr. P.; "M. said he considered summer in San Francisco the most disagreeable season; as from the end of March till the end of November there was no rain at all. The mornings, till ten o'clock, he told me, were lovely; but, after that, the cold winds commenced and lasted the remainder of the day; and the dust was beyond all description—almost blinding. Exercise, in consequence, is quite out of the question. Everything you touch is covered with dust, and it seems little use attempting to keep anything clean. He had his fire burning every night, and was very glad to draw his chair close up to it. It is only in the city of San Francisco, however, there is this weather. About ten miles away the climate is very warm, and through the country it is very similar to a Canadian summer; but dust follows you wherever you go. Earthquakes are very common at San Francisco—sometimes causing destruction of property and life. You, no doubt, read about the one in October. It is hardly possible to describe it. The great shock took place at eight in the morning, and during the whole day there was a succession of shakes at intervals of every two or three hours. The people expected to be engulfed every moment. It is to be hoped the warning was not unheeded; for, when God's judgments are abroad, the people learn righteousness. They need it, I am afraid, at San Francisco; for it is a sad, wicked, gambling place, and Sunday very little observed. Happily, the loss of life was small, though the damage to buildings very great—many being completely demolished, and the loss estimated at about two

millions of dollars. You remember, however, how much worse it was at Peru; but I must not dwell upon this subject. Death, my dear children, though it does not often reach us in these more Northern countries, by the swift destruction of earthquakes, yet almost always comes 'in such an hour as we think not,' and we should remember to be ready for it."

"I suppose," remarked Mrs. A., after a pause, "the frequent volcanic action you mention shows itself in the character of the scenery of California?"

"Very much so," was the reply. "The scenery there, like that of other countries subject to these convulsions of nature, is singularly beautiful and striking. I have brought a book of photographs of the Yosemite Valley,—the beauty of which cannot be surpassed by anything in the world, not even in the far-famed Switzerland itself; and, now that the Pacific Railroad has been carried into operation, no doubt the tide of European travel will set in that direction, and people in the old country will be as familiar with the beauties of the Yosemite as they are now with those nearer home."

"Is it true there are such big trees there?" enquired one of the little girls. "I read about them the other day; but it seemed so like my fairy tales over again, that I could not believe it. Nurse says they make up these things just to fill up the papers."

"I am glad, Katy," said Mr. P., "that there are two photographs in this book of one of the biggest of them, by which you can satisfy yourself that the papers are right in this instance, though, as wise old nurse says, they may be wrong in others. See, here they are—this, the Grizzly Giant, which measures ninety-three feet seven inches at the ground, and sixty-four feet three inches at eleven feet above. Its two diameters at the base were thirty and thirty-one feet, and, at eleven feet above, twenty feet. Some of the branches are six feet in diameter,—the size of the trunk of a good, large tree in more northern regions. Mr. Galen Clark, who stands at the base, is a well-proportioned fellow of six feet two inches, and, yet, you see what a pigmy he

looks. I don't wonder, Katy, that you thought it a fairy tale you were reading, for others have done so before you. When Mr. Dowd, in 1852, first discovered this grove of trees, while following the trail of a deer, he stopped as if enchanted, rubbed his eyes and looked again—feeling like Gulliver, lost in the barley field of the Brobdignags—wondering if the 'Arabian Nights' were not truths after all, and gazing with astonishment on monsters of vegetation—such as he had never dreamed of in his life before. On his return he told his companions, who laughed at his supposed attempt to tell them a traveller's tale, and it was some three days before he could persuade any of them to come and see for themselves, or follow what they looked upon as a wild-goose chase. I am sorry to say the two largest trees of this Mariposa grove have been cut down. One of them is said to have occupied five men twenty-two days to do it. The felling was done by boring with augers, and, even after it was cut through, it took three days more work to make it fall. A room is now built on the stump of it. I have jotted down its measurement here. Across its longest diameter, south of centre, thirteen feet nine and a half inches; north of centre, ten feet four inches; total longest diameter, twenty-four feet one and a half inches. The bark adds three feet to the diameter of the tree, making twenty-seven feet in all. It was supposed by botanists, from counting the rings of growth, to be 1,300 years old. Think how that king of the forest

'Was born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air,'

till the time came when the Lord was pleased to make its existence and that of its fellows known to men. The red man may possibly have sported and hunted in this exquisite valley and brought his little ones there to tell them of the Great Spirit above, who could as easily grow a *sequoia* as a blade of grass, and teach them thus to 'look through nature up to nature's God;' but of this we have no record,—lost in the shadows of the past is the history of those giants of the wild wood."

"There are two kinds of big trees," continued Mr. P., after one of those expressive

little pauses in the conversation, indicating thought. "One called the redwood, a little smaller than those we have been talking about, though still magnificent. In page 106 of this Yosemite book there is a passage marked to read, which will describe them far better than I could do. It says:—

'Let one imagine an entire forest, extending as far as the eye can reach, of trees from eight to twelve feet in diameter, and from two to three hundred feet high, thickly grouped, their trunks marvellously straight, not branching until they reach from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet above the ground, and then forming a dense canopy, which shuts out the view of the sky; the contrast of the bright cinnamon-colored trunks, with the sombre, deep, yet brilliant green of the foliage, the utter silence of these forests, where often no sound can be heard except the low thunder of the breaking surf of the distant ocean. Let one picture to himself a scene like this, and he may, perhaps, receive a faint impression of the majestic grandeur of the redwood forests of California.'

"Congress has given the whole of the Yosemite Valley, and the largest grove of big trees, to the State of California to hold as a public park. Think what a park that will be? The old hackneyed phrase of 'beauty unadorned is adorned the most,' will there be true enough; for nature will have lavished her wealth, while art will be too shamefaced to destroy its magic. Those monstrous rocks, those lovely waterfalls, the sulphur springs and placid lakes, make up an alternation of nature's smiles and frowns, at once beautiful and terrible to see."

"Did you visit the gold mines, Mr. P., while you were in California?" enquired Herbert.

"No, I did not; but I took a ten days' run up to the silver mines at Virginia city, and can tell you a little of them as I watched the whole process from taking the quartz out of the ground till it was worked into pure silver. I went down several of the mines—some of them nine hundred feet under ground—but the heat and the foul air prevented my remaining long. Crossing the Sierra Nevada, on my journey to Virginia city, was the most beautiful drive I have ever taken. The scenery was very grand. I was fortunate enough to get

a seat by the driver on the stage-coach, and thought it almost worth the whole trip to see the driving. Each coach has six horses, which are kept galloping nearly the whole distance. The roads are cut out from the side of the hills, with no protection whatever. In some places we passed some frightful precipices, six thousand feet deep, and the road being scarcely broad enough for two vehicles to pass, it was really frightful to look down. We turned the corners at full speed; in fact they had to do so to get round safely. After leaving the mountains we passed through a desert for about twenty miles—nothing being visible but sage-brush, and occasionally the dried bones of some animal left to perish by the roadside. There is not a tree visible in any direction for fifteen miles round Virginia; and the town itself is a most miserable place. I arrived on a Sunday morning. It appeared as if it were a regular holiday,—horse-racing, theatres and gambling seemed to be the order of the day—religion entirely forgotten. The town is built on a high hill, six thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the houses are little wooden cottages, dotted about in all directions without any regard to streets. The principal mines are in the centre of the town, which is completely undermined. One of its greatest drawbacks is the scarcity of water. Nearly all the ore has to be carted from twelve to fifteen miles to the mills to be worked, as there is no water-power nearer than that. As to society there was none. There were only about four ladies in the place, as most of the married gentlemen keep their wives in San Francisco. I must say I thought it no place for a lady to be in, for there seemed to be a collection of vagabonds from every quarter of the globe. Every second house is a tavern or gambling-house, often both combined, where the poor miners go every Saturday night, and generally lose all their week's earnings. It would be impossible for me to describe a scene in those streets at night. What with racing, betting, cursing and swearing it is dreadful. Almost every second word a man utters is an oath. Very seldom a night passes without several fights, and not unfrequently they end fatally.

My heart was sore at the wickedness of that young city, and such a provoking of our long-suffering God—He who, in His love and pity for lost and ruined man, sent His Own Son to die for them; but little of this is thought of there. We must only pray that earnest missionary effort may be brought to bear upon the benighted place, and that many may be turned from darkness and mammon worship to serve God. I stayed, as I told you, only a short time at Virginia city. The climate is so very peculiar it affected me a great deal. I found it so dry that at times it was hard to breathe; particularly in climbing a hill, or going up and down stairs I had often to sit down and rest, and was attacked with bleeding of the nose. The heat also was so dreadful that I was glad when the horses' heads were turned once more in the direction of San Francisco. On the way back I spent two days at Lake Tahoe, which is one of the most lovely spots I have ever visited. It is situated nearly six hundred feet above the level of the sea, and is surrounded by a dense forest of pine trees. Towering above those again are high mountains, the tops of which are covered with perpetual snow. The lake is about thirty miles long and ten across, and the water is as clear as crystal. You can distinctly see the bottom at eighty feet. I was as sorry to leave Lake Tahoe as I had been glad to depart from Virginia city; but now I think I had better stop for to-night before the dustman will be blinding the eyes of the little people. What do you say, Mrs. A.?"

"Oh, we are not one bit sleepy, dear mamma," interrupted a chorus of voices. "We have been so charmed with Mr. P's story, and you know we hav'n't been to Japan at all."

"I think," said Mrs. A., smiling, "we must not quite tire out Mr. P.; besides, by the time prayers will be over, it will be pretty late. If our dear friend will be good enough to allow us we shall travel with him to Japan to-morrow evening?"

"I shall be very happy," was the reply. "I am not in the least tired, and have enjoyed having such interested listeners. Before we close, however, I must amuse the little ones with the account of a Chinese

dinner party I went to at San Francisco. In one part of that city there are a great many Chinese merchants, and, as they occupy it to themselves, you could almost fancy yourself in China. I was invited to this grand dinner one day, of which the bill of fare was sent round the day before the dinner, so that we were quite prepared for what was coming. I do not think I ever tasted such horrible dishes. There was not a single one palatable. I tried hard to use the chopsticks; but did not succeed very well. The dinner lasted from six till half-past ten, during which time we retired three times for about a quarter of an hour to smoke, which must have been to assist digestion, for the guests certainly seemed to commence with renewed vigor each time. Here is the bill of fare:—

BILL OF FARE.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| 1. Birds' Nest Soup. ¹ | 10. Fish Fins, (stewed).
(Retire to smoke). |
| 2. Fried Shark's Fins. | 11. Ducks (with mushroom rooms). |
| 3. Fried Pigeons. | 12. Mushrooms, (stewed). |
| 4. Stewed Seaweed. | 13. Chicken (with Chestnuts). |
| 5. Fried Chickens (Retire to smoke). | 14. Roast Pig. |
| 6. Fried Ducks. | 15. Baked Duck. (Retire to smoke). |
| 7. Fish Sinews, (stewed). | |
| 8. Birds' Nests, (stewed). | |
| 9. Pigeons, (stewed). | |

CAKES, &C.

Sponge Cake, Flour Cake, Meat Cake, Sugar Cake, Rice Cakes, Mixed Cakes.

DESSERT.

Almonds, Chinese Preserved Fruits, Chinese Dried Fruits, Fresh Fruits of all kinds.

TEA.

WINES.

Champagne, Port, Sherry, Claret, Chinese Rice Wine and Plum Wine.

Dinner at 6 p. m.

By invitation of HOP KEE & Co.

"There now, children, you may be glad you live in a country where they do not eat such abominable dishes as sharks' fins and stewed seaweed, &c."

"Oh, but Mr. P., birds' nests are worse. How can they eat birds' nests?"

"Oh," was the laughing reply, "these nests are not like ours. They are composed of a gelatinous mass, which pretty well dissolves in boiling, and are said to be very good, though I couldn't fancy them; but then I am not a Chinaman, you know."

(To be continued.)

THE APPLE-TREE.

(SEE TITLE PAGE.)

Once on a time there stood a tree in Widow Baxter's lot;
An old, old apple-tree it was, with many a twist and knot:
For years and years the boughs had stood against the heat and cold,
And borne their crops of yellow fruit. But now the tree was old;
So old, nobody knew its age. The Widow Baxter said
Some Pilgrim Father planted it in centuries past and dead.
The top was gone, the branches thinned, yet still the tree did bear
A few bright yellow pippins of a hue and flavor rare.
Nobody ever dared to shake this venerable tree;
They let the apples drop themselves, for it is was said that he
Who treated rudely those old boughs would have bad luck some day;
And so the apples were not touched till on the ground they lay.
Now, Tommy Grabwell was a boy who hadn't much respect
For venerable trees or laws—at least, I so suspect—
For as he passed the Pilgrim's tree, his mouth it watered much
For one of these bright balls of gold he was forbid to touch.
And so one night, a moonlight night, without a proper sense
Of duty and of self-restraint, he clambered o'er the fence,
And climbed the tree, whose branches cracked and snapped beneath his feet,
And shook the apples to the ground, and then began to eat.
Three of the largest he devoured, the rest lay in a heap;
He stooped to pick them, when a cloud right o'er the moon did sweep;
A sudden blast groaned through the boughs; then Grabwell turned around,
And thought he saw upon the tree a face that darkly frowned,
And long bare arms with twiggy claws were stretched to clutch the thief,
Who stood and stared a moment there, and trembled like a leaf;
Then started, cleared the fence, and fled as swiftly as the wind,
And reached his home, and left his hat and apples all behind.
That night he had an ugly dream, and woke in fright and pain,
And made a vow he never—no, he'd never steal again.
So, boys, treat all your neighbors' trees with justice and respect,
And though forbidden fruit is sweet, be honest and—
reflect!

—Hearth and Home.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

BY JEANNIE BELL.

"I say, mother, our apples are fifty times as large as Ben Walter's!" exclaimed Willie Gordon, as he bounced into his mother's sitting-room, after school hours.

"Fifty times, my son?" said Mrs. Gordon, as she looked up from her sewing.

"Oh, bother!" exclaimed Willie; "a fellow can't always mind what he says; and I mean ours are as large again."

"A pretty difference between fifty times and only as large again. You are getting into a bad habit of exaggerating, Willie. Soon you will tell downright falsehoods, and then I shall be ashamed of my brave little Willie, who is willing to risk his life to save a drowning child, and yet won't try to overcome a growing evil habit."

Willie colored, and said "It wasn't so easy speaking right; no, nor easy to do right either. No, mother, it isn't; for teacher explained yesterday what the voice within our hearts meant—the little small voice called conscience—and I tried very hard to obey what it said; but, in spite of all I could do, I failed. The first thing that happened to annoy me was Harry Williams getting above me in the class. I would not have minded his getting above me, but then I saw him look on his book; while I studied so hard and forgot it. Just for a moment I got angry and accused him of stealing the word, and, when he denied it, I said he was a liar. Our teacher, hearing my remarks, said he was sorry I was the first to forget his lesson. Of course I knew what lesson he meant, for I was listening then to the small voice, and I heard it distinctly say: 'Although Harry Williams did get above you by dishonesty, you had no right to get into such a rage; and, perhaps, if you had spoken kindly to him after school about it, he would have owned that he was wrong.' I was so mortified, mother, to think that I was the first to forget our teacher's lesson, that I nearly

burst into tears, and the boys, seeing it, made fun of me. When out playing one little fellow cried out, 'What a baby to cry for being put down in your class.' This, coming after my sorrow for vexing my teacher, was too much, so I knocked the little fellow down. Here the small voice spoke again, and said, 'Shame, to strike a boy so much smaller than yourself;' but I was too proud to beg the boy's pardon, and so you see, mother, what a hard day I have had, all because I listened to the wrong voice; and I guess, mother, it will be just as hard for me to speak of things as I find them."

"No, Willie; one victory will help you on well. You must not be discouraged with repeated failures; but, in the words of the old song:—

If you only persevere
You will conquer, never fear,—
Try, try again.

You know, Willie, Rome was not built in a day, nor will you learn to speak truthfully at once of yourself. You cannot root out any evil habit of nature. The power to do this comes alone from God."

Willie had not thought of this before; but he resolved to seek this power now. So he slept off all his fears, and next morning was as happy as usual. Mrs. Gordon was afraid Willie had forgotten his serious thoughts. But, no; as he bade her good-bye, he called out, "I mean to try again, mother."

"Don't you think you ought to tell Johnny Fairbairn you are sorry you struck him yesterday?"

A cloud came over Willie at this suggestion; but he was really a brave boy. So, after thinking a minute, said quietly, "Yes I'll do it, mother, though all the boys in the school should laugh at me."

What a beautiful morning this was! Willie fairly danced in the sunshine. The

hill tops and trees seemed to have on a crown of gold; while the birds frisked right merrily as they hopped from bough to bough. Willie thought some kind of a voice within made him very happy this morning; indeed, he had forgotten why he was so sober but a few minutes before. When coming to a fence he usually climbed, as a short cut to school, he saw a little ragged boy sitting on a log, looking gloomy enough with all the brightness around him.

"Halloo!" exclaimed Willie, "what are you doing here?"

"Nothing," said the poor little fellow.

"There wasn't anything to eat in the house, so I came out to the woods to see if I could pick up anything."

"A pretty like story! I rather think you are playing truant, and came without your breakfast to get out of the way; and you deserve to starve," he shouted out as a parting word. With his foot still on the last bar of the fence, Willie looked back to see what kind of a look his words had called forth; but the boy had his face hid in his hands, and Willie thought he heard a suppressed sob now and again. I have no time to talk to him now, thought Willie. "Yes, you have," said the small voice within. "You have time to say you are sorry for speaking so roughly, and you have more dinner than you need, too." The voice again, thought Willie, "Well, I had better listen to it, or who knows if I conquer even once to-day." So, before he had gone ten yards, he was back at the boy's side, laid his hand kindly on his shoulder and said how sorry he was for speaking so crossly. Opening his dinner-bag Willie gave the boy the largest share. It was worth while to see the little fellow's eyes brighten, as he took out a ragged handkerchief and carefully wrapped the pieces in it. Willie carefully noted this, and felt sure the boy had told him the truth about his little sick sister. So he shook hands with the boy, and directed him to come to his mother's after school, and they would see what could be done for them. Willie had to run now, lest he should be too late for school; but he was so happy because he had done a kind deed that he felt like flying. The

voice within seemed to say "one victory, Willie," and even the very birds seemed to echo "Victory!" The bell was just ringing as Willie got forward, so there was no time to speak to Johnny Fairbairn; but, when recess hour came, he walked bravely up to a group of boys, with Johnny in the centre, and, speaking so loud that all might hear, he begged Johnny's pardon for striking him the day previous. For a minute the boys stared, and then one big fellow, the worst boy in school, bawled out, "Will Gordon is turning saint, or coward—which is it?"

"I suppose he means to be a good boy, now, and do what his mammy tells him," sneered Jack Wilton.

Willie flushed and paled with anger, and, for a minute, seemed inclined to try his fists on Jack's head; but the name of mother gave him strength, so he said though with trembling voice: "Yes, Jack, I do mean to try and be a good boy, and I wish you would, too. I know I would willingly give you my best jack-knife if you would leave off teasing the smaller boys."

Even Jack looked touched and muttered "Guess you're not such a bad fellow after all, Will." So much power has a kind word, and Willie conquered by listening to conscience again.

More than one thing tried Willie exceedingly that day, and each time what a struggle he had to listen to the right voice! but, on coming out of school, one thing occurred that was likely to have spoiled the whole day's good behavior. It happened this way: Elsie Wallace, the little lame girl, who lived in a small cottage near Willie's home, had been at the grocer's for provisions, and was toiling up the hill with her basket when the school was dismissed.

Jack Wilton, ever ready for mischief, called out, "Come, boys, let us upset Elsie's basket. It won't take her long to pick up the things again."

No sooner said than a rush was made towards Elsie, who, hearing the noise, let fall her crutch. Willie Gordon was the first to reach her, and, picking up the crutch, he had only time to say to the alarmed child, "Don't be afraid, Elsie," when on came the boys; but Willie

shouted, "The first boy that lays a finger on Elsie's basket gets the weight of this crutch on his head. For shame, boys, to torment a little lame girl!"

The boys did seem a little ashamed, for they never offered to go nearer, only they could not forbear taunting Willie. Oh how he longed to give Jack Wilton a good thrashing, as he urged the boys "to give a cheer for Elsie's brave sweetheart." Willie had to ask strength then to keep from using the crutch over Jack's shoulders; but he sought it from the right source and got it.

Willie was just handing Elsie her crutch when their teacher stepped from behind a tree, and, in a quiet, calm voice, that silenced the boys in an instant, said: "I have heard all that has passed, boys, and I wish you to tell me honestly whether you, in trying to tease one of God's creatures, and an afflicted one, too, or little Willie Gordon, who defended her, has the best claim to be called brave?"

For a moment they hung their heads, then one by one answered, "Will Gordon."

"Then, boys, I wish to ask you how you would have liked one of your little sisters to be teased, as you were going to tease Elsie, especially if she were lame? And then Elsie has no brother to defend her from insults."

"We did wrong."

"Yes, boys, you do wrong because you will not hearken to the small voice in your hearts, that would tell you to do right if you would listen to it; but, if Willie's conduct will be a lesson to you, I think he will be generous enough to forgive your taunting words."

* * * The boys, in turns, carried Elsie's basket home, and then, when they had escorted Willie to his own gate, gave him as hearty cheers as boys only can. Willie's mother looked out somewhat alarmed; but was soon reassured by Willie's bounding step and beaming smile. He then gave her the history of his day's trials and the way he had gained the victory.

"Thank God my brave Willie conquered; but remember, my son, the battle is just begun. Only as you add victory to victory

it will soon be plain sailing." And Willie did have many a struggle ere he conquered his evil habit of making things large.

Willie's little ragged friend appeared before dark, and, his home being but half a mile off, Mrs. Gordon and Willie walked over with him, making the boy very happy by a well-filled basket of comforts for the sick ones. His story was found quite true. His father sick and his little sister also; while the mother could get no work to keep them from want. Mrs. Gordon spoke kind words, with the promise of aid in the future, and, with a kindly feeling on both sides, said "good night."

Willie went to bed with a very happy heart that night, and so would a good many other boys if they would only obey the small voice within their hearts.

SIR BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN AND THE BLACK PRINCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SEVEN LITTLE
SISTERS."

More than five hundred years ago, in the city of Bordeaux, in France, a little English prince was born; the first child of his young parents, Edward the Third, of England, and Philippa, of Hainault; the same Philippa who, some years later, saved the lives of Eustace de St. Pierre and his companions, at Calais.

Do you wonder that an English prince should be born in France? Why, in those days many French cities belonged to the English, and this baby king is destined to take many more, as in the coming years he marches through the country, at the head of his victorious armies.

In the olden time, fathers and mothers did not plan for a baby as they do now; they did not hope that he would grow up to be good, wise, useful, and industrious; but only that he would be brave, and would find enemies worthy of his lance, for war was the occupation of mankind; and when a knight wanted money, he would rush fiercely into a battle, take another knight prisoner, and hold him for a great ransom.

And so for this little fair-faced baby at Bordeaux, his young father and mother wished chiefly a courageous heart, and a strong arm. While most children would be considered too young and tender to bear any hardship, little Edward lives in camp with his father: travels to England and to Flanders, where a little brother is born to him, named Lionel (the Lion of Antwerp), in honor of the city of his birth. And

when he is thirteen years old, his father gives him a suit of black armor, and the beautiful boy wears a helmet over his fair curls, and rides along the bank of the Seine, towards Paris, for King Edward has made a solemn vow that he will conquer France. And there, on the banks of the Seine, they fight the great battle of Crecy, of which you will doubtless some day read the full history; and the little prince, in his black armor, rides at the head of the central division of the army, and goes bravely into the fight, beginning thus his warrior life.

Whatever his father may have felt about the danger, he said nothing; and when the Earl of Warwick, full of anxiety for the young soldier, galloped up to the king in breathless haste, asking that more troops might be sent to the support of the prince, Edward only answered, "Let the boy win his spurs."

And now, if you will look on a map of France, I will show you where another boy is growing up to be a great leader of armies, a foeman worthy the lance of our young prince, and destined one day to drive him from the country.

Do you see that the extreme north-western part of France is a rugged peninsula, beaten on one shore by the waves of the English Channel, and swept on the other by the gales of the Bay of Biscay. A spur of mountains runs through this country, and its people are as rugged as the land they inhabit. In the days of which I write, they were like the old Scots of the border country, living by war and plunder; sharing their feasts freely, so long as the booty lasted, and ready to arm and ride for more, whenever the wife should hint of her empty larder by serving up a pair of spurs for supper.

This wild, rough district of France is Brittany, and the boy is a Breton boy, Bertrand du Guesclin by name,—an ugly, ungainly child, quite unmanageable, of fiery disposition, and ungoverned zeal in fighting. He has heard an old story that fires him with ambition. A Moorish King, Hakim, on a warlike expedition into France, in the days of Charlemagne, established himself in Brittany, and thence proceeded on warlike incursions into the surrounding country, until he was finally driven out by that great monarch. He left behind him, in the tower of Glay, a little son, from whom Bertrand has a right to claim descent. Then, too the black-eyed witch, Ziphaine, has whispered him that he will become a knight of great renown; and when he bands all his playmates together, and attacks them single-handed, it is with all the valor of his Moorish ancestors to back him, and he generally wins. But he is wily as well as brave, and you will see that it is half by stratagem, half by force, that he conquers at last.

But to go back to the prince who wins his spurs at Crecy, and receives the name of the Black Prince, from the color of his armor.

It would be wearisome for me to tell, or for you to hear of the strange confusion that reigned in France in those days. It is enough to say France was not France. It was Burgundy. Normandy, Brittany, Guienne, Navarre; all under separate governments, and sometimes not even by name acknowledging the sovereignty of the French King. It is true that when a new king came to the throne, the dukes of all the provinces would come and do homage for their own lands, placing their two hands between the hands of the king, and swearing allegiance. Even Edward of England had come in this way to King Philip at Paris, for he was Duke of Guienne.

There is a wonderful old book written concerning those days. It tells a thousand stories of knights and kings, of battles, and great victories and defeats; and there you can read how, when the Black Prince had won his spurs, he proceeded to use them, riding through France beside his father, and so distinguishing himself, that presently King Edward, who had another war on his hands in Scotland, and plenty to do at home, gave his French possessions to the Prince, and left him to take care of them for himself. In this old book you can read further how he fought the great battle of Poitiers, and won it, taking the French King prisoner; how he brought his royal captive to London, and treated him like a noble guest, with the exception of demanding of him a ransom of three millions of crowns: and how he let all his captured knights go home to their families, on promise of returning to England at Christmas time, bringing with them their enormous ransoms. They all kept good faith with him too, and came back; they were too good knights to forfeit their pledges. And King John was no less faithful, for leaving his two sons as hostages, he went home to France, and made arrangements for the payment of his ransom, when, finding that his poor people, already driven to despair by the horrors of war, and the terrible burden of supporting it, were really too poor to raise the money, he quietly returned to live and die in the Savoy palace in London. All this, and a great deal more, you can read for yourselves in "Froissart's Chronicles," so I hasten on to the time when the Black Prince and Bertrand du Guesclin are to encounter each other.

King John of France is a prisoner in London. His son Charles has undertaken to govern the distracted kingdom. Three enemies beset him: the English, the King of Navarre, and the free companies. These last are bands of wild, warlike adventurers,

who overrun France, fighting on either side, as best suits their fancy, or the chances of victory.

The Navarrese hold the towns on the Seine, below Paris, and so cut off its communication with the sea; and Charles summons from Brittany the renowned knight, Sir Bertrand du Guesclin, to rid him of this blockade. Sir Bertrand consults with the Lord of Boucicault, and they make a plan which we should call very mean and dishonorable, but stratagem and deceit were a fair portion of the art of war in those days.

Boucicault, with a few straggling followers, comes riding in hot haste to the gates of Nantes, crying, "Open to me, for I am pursued by the soldiers of Rouleboise, your enemies as well as mine!"

Then the men of Nantes doubt what to do, for they know Boucicault is no friend to the Navarrese; still, when he protests that he has come out only against Rouleboise, a town always at enmity with them, they take pity upon him, and let him in. He rides slowly into the town, begging that they will leave the gates open yet a little while, that those of his followers who lay behind may come up. In the meantime, Du Guesclin, with all his men, lies in ambush just outside the town; and when the last of the stragglers ride up, they sally out, and follow them through the gates, shouting, "St. Yves Guesclin! Death to the Navarrese!" and the city of Nantes is taken, and the Seine opened to the sea.

When the English prince hears of Du Guesclin's victory, he joins the Navarrese, sending them Sir John Jouel and a body of troops, to serve in Normandy under the renowned Gascon Captal de Buch. The Captal is a fair match for Du Guesclin; he draws up his troops on a hill, and then refusing to move from his vantage ground awaits an attack. Du Guesclin calls a council of his knights, and says, "It will never do to attack the Captal on such a ground; therefore we will cross the bridge, and feign a retreat; and when he sees us fly, he will pursue; then let us turn and attack him with fury. And since the Captal himself will be our best prize, I appoint thirty valiant fighting men, who shall make it their chief business to surround, and take him prisoner."

All being planned, the French troops begin their retreat; Sir John Jouel cries out to the Captal, "They fly! let us pursue." The Captal answers, "It is but a feint, to draw us from our strong position. Stay where we are; we shall win at last." But Sir John is impetuous, and, moreover, scorns to be commanded by a Gascon; so he rushes down the hill, shouting the English battle-cry of "St. George!" and instantly the whole army is in motion. Then Du Guesclin turns upon them; the

thirty knights seize the Captal, and the day is lost. By this time the Black Prince begins to have good reason to know his antagonist, Sir Bertrand du Guesclin.

A Count of Brittany, John de Montfort, is an ally of the prince; and now Sir Bertrand goes forward with a great army of Bretons, to meet and conquer him. The prince sends his brave friend, Sir John Chandos, to de Montfort's assistance, and through his wisdom the tide of victory turns in favour of the English; for when he sees the well-ordered ranks of the Bretons, with their short spears in hand, and battle-axes hanging round their necks, so close an array that you could not toss a ball among them without hitting helmet or lance, he bethinks him that the only chance for victory lies in having a body of reserve to bring up at that moment when both sides are exhausted with fighting. So he goes to Sir Hugh, one of his bravest knights, and with tears in his eyes, gently entreats him to take charge of his body of reserve. To Sir Hugh no place seems honorable but the front rank of the battle; and yet at length he yields to the persuasions of his commander. Not one of Du Guesclin's knights would have thus submitted to apparent dishonor; so he has no reserve, and at the turning point of the battle he is borne to the ground and taken prisoner.

The Black Prince held him for a ransom of one hundred thousand francs; and Sir Bertrand who had lived freely, spending when he had money, going without as easily when he had none, and never refusing his last franc to ransom any of his men who might be taken prisoners, had, of course, no hundred thousand francs to pay. But we can well imagine that he lived at ease with the prince, and that they talked over together their warlike adventures, and passed many pleasant days in each other's company: for, good enemies in the battle-field could be equally good friends in the tent. Moreover, Du Guesclin knew very well that when the French King needed him, he would find means to free him; and the occasion came soon enough, for, as if poor France had not quarrels enough of her own to settle, she is drawn into the troubles of her Spanish neighbors.

Don Pedro the Cruel had married Blanche of France; and just at this time he found it convenient to poison her in prison. Upon that, his brother, Henry of Transtamare, fled to France for help to avenge her death. Then King Charles considered that if he should give the free companies to Don Henry for an army, he should thereby rid his own country of a band of robbers. The only difficulty was to find a leader whom these lawless brigands would be willing to follow. For such an office there was no one but Du Guesclin; so the King, the

Pope, and Don Henry, unite in raising the money for his ransom, and he leaves the camp of Edward only to take up arms against him again; for Don Pedro, finding his brother is to be helped by the French, applies himself to the English, and the Prince (I am sorry to say), thinking more of gallant feats of arms than of the cause in which he fights, promises assistance when he is assured that Don Pedro will pay the expenses of the expedition with certain treasures that he has buried in places known only to himself.

When Sir Bertrand learns that the prince has espoused Don Pedro's cause, he knows he shall have a vigorous opponent to contend with, for he was heard to say, "He is so valiant and determined a knight, that since he has undertaken it, he will exert himself to the utmost to accomplish it."

So the Black Prince hastens to Spain by one road, while Du Guesclin leads the free companies by another. In fact, du Guesclin leads them purposely round by the domains of the Pope; for he has a little claim on that holy father for some thousands of francs, and he thinks the present a suitable time to advance it. The Pope offers to give his blessing and absolution for the army, but Du Guesclin replies that they can do without the blessing, but are very particular about the money. Then the Pope sends out to all the people of the province, and forces each one to pay a share of the money; but when the provost brings it to Du Guesclin, he asks,—“Where did this gold come from; from the coffers of the Pope, or from the poor peasantry?” The provost answers, “Every peasant has paid his part.” Then Sir Bertrand puts it all back, saying, “Tell the Pope, from me, to open and unlock his great treasures. I will never have a penny that is wrung from the people.” And the people are beside themselves with joy.

At last the two armies find themselves drawn up on the field of Navarra, in Spain. It is just twenty years since that great battle of Crecy, where the prince first distinguished himself; and this, little as he thinks it, is to be his last great victory. The battle is arranged by that brave and wise Sir John Chandos, who has already won so much for the English; and once again Du Guesclin is a prisoner.

“Now,” said Sir John, “he must never be ransomed. We will hold him safe, for he is the only enemy we have to fear.” But the prince, less prudent, if seemingly more brave, cannot bear to have it said that he fears to set his prisoner free; so he tells him, haughtily, to name his own ransom.

“Not less than an hundred thousand francs,” replies Du Guesclin.

“Where will you get them, Bertrand?” asks the astonished prince.

Then said Du Guesclin, “The King of

France will pay one half, the King of Castile the other; but, if that is not enough, there is not a maiden in Brittany who will not spin, to earn my ransom.”

This story of the spinning has been put into most charming verse by an English poet, Mr. Richard Monckton Milnes, and thus it runs:—

“Twas on the field of Navarette,
When Transtamare had sought
A safe retreat from English arms,
Du Guesclin stood and fought,
And to the brave Black Prince alone
Surrendered he his sword;
So we must sing in mournful tone
Until it be restored.
Spin, spin, maidens of Brittany,
Nor let your litany
Come to an end;
Until you have prayed
The Virgin to aid
Bertrand du Guesclin,
Our hero and friend.

“The Black Prince was a gentle knight,
And bade Du Guesclin name
What ransom would be meet and right
For his renown and fame.
'A question hard,' quoth he, 'yet, since
Hard fortune on me frowns,
I cannot tell you less good price,
Than forty thousand crowns.'
Spin, spin, etc., etc.

“Where find you so much gold, Sir Knight?
I would not have you end
Your days in sloth and undelight,
Away from home and friend.
'O prince! both generous and just,
Let all your fears be stayed;
For my forty thousand crowns, I trust
To every Breton maid.'
Spin, spin, etc., etc.

“And he is not deceived, for we
Will never let him pine
In stranger towers beyond the sea,
Like a jewel in the mine.
No other work shall be begun;
We will not rest nor dream,
Till the forty thousand crowns be spun,
Du Guesclin to redeem.
Spin, spin, etc., etc.

“The bride shall grudge the marriage morn,
And feel her joy a crime;
The mother shall wean her eldest born
A month before the time.
No festal day shall idle by,
No hour uncounted stand,
The grandame in her bed shall die
With the spindle in her hand.
Spin, spin, women of Brittany,” etc., etc.

I believe the real facts in the case are these: King Charles found France overrun by the free companies, many of them English, who were plundering the country, to make up for having received no pay out of Don Pedro's buried treasure, which, I am afraid, never existed at all; and he saw no other way out of his troubles, but to make Du Guesclin High Constable of France; and so, in one way or another, the hundred thousand francs were raised; and the whole country soon felt the power of his strong hand, and castle after castle yielded to the new constable.

The Black Prince has fought himself weary and sick. His great tide of success has turned. One by one, the cities he has taken revolt, and go over to Charles; sixty of them have already fallen away: Bordeaux, Bayonne, and Calais, alone remain. King Charles summons him to Paris, to answer for the depredations committed by his men. He replies haughtily, "We shall willingly attend on the appointed day, at Paris, since the King of France sends for us; but it will be helmet on head, and at the head of sixty thousand men."

But it is only an empty boast; he is far too ill for any such expedition. He is carried home to England to die. Then follow great lamentations, and a stately funeral procession, to lay his body in Canterbury Cathedral. I have seen a picture of his stone statue, which lies upon the tomb, clad in cased armor, such as he wore in life; and I have been told that above the tomb hangs the same black coat of mail, that bore the dints of so many battles in his French wars.

And now, to show you how gallant enemies regarded each other in those days, let me tell you that King Charles of France, when he heard of the prince's death, called together the principal nobles of the land; and, attending with them, caused a solemn service to be performed in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, for the repose of his soul. It is scarcely three years later that Du Guesclin goes into Brittany, to besiege a band of free companions who have been laying waste the country, and have taken refuge in the castle of Randon. Here he falls ill; but such is the power of his name that the leader of the free companions promises to surrender to him at the end of fifteen days, if he receives no succors before that time. The fifteen days pass, and no help arrives; and, true to their promise, the free companions surrender, although Du Guesclin lies upon his death-bed, and dying, receives the keys of the castle.

The same year dies Charles, King of France. He had ordered the body of Du Guesclin to be buried at St. Denys, next to his own tomb, that he might have his faithful constable ever beside him.—*Riverside Magazine*.

RIDDLE.

X. Y. & Co., employ an Agent—

They give him to start with,	Cash	\$ 12	17
" " " " " " " "	Goods	57	54
The Agent sells during the year for Cash		102	97
" " buys " " " " " "		59	91
" " retains for his Salary,		25	00
" " at the end of the year returns goods to the value of		31	37

Do they owe the Agent or the Agent owe them, and how much?

The above question or problem was given

at a Teachers' Convention in Vermont, where there were some seventy-five teachers assembled, out of the lot only some three or four gave the correct answer. It afterwards appeared (about two weeks ago) in the *Alta California*. About two hundred answers were received, the great majority of which were wrong.

An old woman who has to obtain her living by hard work and who writes a hand that is hardly readable and in very imperfect English, gave the correct answer and in the most simple form, while book-keepers, mathematicians, school teachers, merchants, bankers, and others failed.

CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

A babe in glory is a babe for ever,
 Perfect as spirits, and able to pour forth
 Their glad hearts in the tongues which angels use,
 These nurslings gathered in God's nursery
 Forever grow in loveliness and love
 (Growth is the law of all intelligence),
 Yet cannot pass the limit which defines
 Their being. They have never fought the fight,
 Nor borne the heat and burden of the day,
 Nor staggered underneath the weary cross;
 Conceived in sin, they sinned not; though they died,
 They never shuddered with the fear of death.
 These things they knew not and can never know.
 Yet fallen children of a fallen race,
 And early to transgression like the rest,
 Sure victims, they were bought with Jesus' blood,
 And cleansed by Jesus' spirit, and redeemed
 By His omnipotent arm from death and hell.

And babes, though part
 Of the true archetypal house of God
 Built on the heavenly Zion, are not now,
 Nor will ever be, massive rocks rough-hewn,
 Or ponderous corner-stones, or fluted shafts
 Of columns, or far-shadowing pinnacles;
 But rather as the delicate lily-work
 By Hiram wrought for Solomon of old,
 Enwreathed upon the brazen chapters,
 Or flowers of lilies round the molten sea.
 Innumerable flowers thus bloom and blush
 In heaven, nor reckon God's design in them
 Frustrate, or shorn of full accomplishment.
 The lily is as perfect as the oak;
 The myrtle is as fragrant as the palm;
 And Sharon's roses are as beautiful
 As Lebanon's majestic crown.
 And when I saw my little lambs unchanged,
 And heard them fondly call me by my name,
 'Then is the bond of parent and of child
 Indissoluble,' I exclaimed, and drew
 Them closer to my heart, and wept for joy.

—Bickersteth.

THE WANDERING REFUGEE.

By WILLIAM S. HAYS.

1. Fare - well mother, home and friends,
 2. Fare - well sunny southern home,

We may never meet a-
 Home I always lov'd so

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 7/8. The vocal line begins with a dotted quarter note, followed by eighth notes and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

gain;
 true;

Soon
 Or'

'mid strangers I must roam,
 will tear-drops dim mine eyes

Oh! the
 When my

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has a brief rest before the lyrics. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern throughout the system.

part - ing gives me pain,
 mem - ry flies to you,

Tho'
 But

I wander far a-
 the happy scenes of

The third system concludes the musical score on this page. The vocal line ends with a quarter note. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note accompaniment.

The Wandering Refugee.

way yore Lone I, ly o'er life's stormy sea; a-lass, shall never see;

Who I'll will shed one gentle tear be roaming far a way For A a wand'ring 'refu- lonely wand'ring refu-

gee: gee: Who I'll will shed one gentle be roam-ing far a-

The Wandering Refugee.

tear way For a wand'ring re - fu - gee.
A lonely wand'ring re - fu - gee.

CHORUS.

Mother, oh! farewell! I must go, I'll think of thee, Oh!.....

ritard.

Mother, I must leave thee now, I'm a wand'ring re - fu - gee.

ritard.





FASHIONS FOR MAY.

The Fashions.



DESCRIPTION OF FASHION PLATE.

FIG. 1.—Heart shaped waist. The pattern of this waist is very simple. Our model is faced with black velvet, which requires a stiff muslin foundation, and silk lining. The jacket may be straight at the bottom or may be cut at the back in the shape of Fig. 3. Habit shirt and sleeves of puffed net and lace.

FIG. 2.—Blouse waist in diamond puffs. This blouse waist may be made in any thin material, but is most stylish in net of the same color as the dress. The stuff is gathered with very fine thread in diamonds, on a plain shape, the divisions being ornamented with small silk buttons the color of the dress. Lace round the neck and sleeves. The quilting on the bodice is of silk or satin laid in reversed pleats. The bodice may either match the skirt, or be made with a tunic in some other material.

FIG. 3.—Velvet bodice. This bodice must be made with a stiff muslin foundation and silk lining. The edge is finished with a silk or satin piping. The trimming consists of folds of silk or satin, with gimp buttons and heavy silk fringe. Sash of silk or satin to match the trimming.

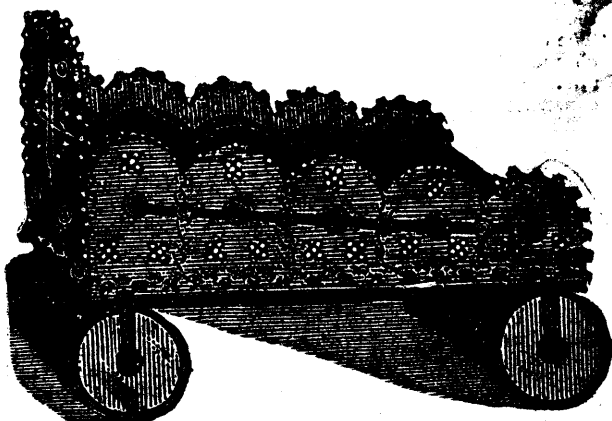
FIG. 4.—Square waist *a la Renaissance*. Dress of dark silk, trimmed with black velvet, from two inches and a quarter to two and three-quarters wide, the slashes being of white silk or net. Double piping the color of the dress edges the velvet, which is finished on the yoke with a wide silk fringe, and at the neck and sleeves with two rows of full white lace.

FIG. 5.—Blouse waist. The puffs of this blouse are run vertically and are separated by rows of bows to match the dress. Bodice, shoulders and cuffs trimmed with a velvet band and quilting in white net edged with black lace.

SPOOL BOX.

MATERIALS.—Scarlet cloth, blue soutache, green, blue, gold color, and black purse silks; crystal bugles and steel beads; cardboard and reels of cotton of the sizes required.

This small contrivance for holding reels of cotton—those necessities in a work-basket that are so apt to stray away and get lost—has the advantage of keeping them together. The foundation is cut in strong cardboard, in strips of six inches long; the ends are two and a half inches high for the top, and two for the bottom; the sides are the same length as the foundation, and the same height as the ends. These various pieces of cardboard are bound with ribbon and stitched together; they are then covered, both outside and inside, with scarlet cloth; the sides or walls are decorated with a double row of herring-bone stitches, the first row in blue, the second in gold silk. The cardboard is cut into scallops at the top, and the scallops are divided by rows of feather stitches in green silk; a round hole is pierced in the centre of the scallops and worked round with button-



hole stitched in black silk; at the edges there are steel beads, and a star of steel beads in every scallop, likewise a line of stars all round the lower part of the walls. The reels of cotton are fastened in with narrow blue soutache, which passes through the reels and outside the waggon. The wheels of the waggon are reels fastened in a similar manner. The reels of cotton are arranged, black and white, alternately.

Domestic Economy.

HOW TO ADORN A CHAMBER WITHOUT MONEY.

My little daughter was coming home in a week: what could I do to make her room attractive—to let it express a welcome and give her a pleasant surprise? I could afford no new furniture, nor did the little chamber really need it. The bedstead, though simple, was light and well modelled. The bureau, small and plain, was made of old-fashioned solid mahogany, or, as it used to be called, bay-wood; and I would not change it for any modern bureau of deceitful veneering or artificially darkened walnut. The curtains were clean, and though worn a little sleazy, would do. Still I was dissatisfied. It might be anybody's room. There were but two unique articles in it. One was a tiny washstand, constructed by inexperienced but skillful hands—not quite a table, though its carved sides diverged into claw legs, nor really a washstand, though it held the toilette-sett nicely, of which every piece was sound and unchipped. Two little drawers, almost concealed by the heavy mouldings, were convenient for the remaining articles of the child's simple dressing arrangements. The baby-house was certainly unique and characteristic, but not new to the little mistress who had helped largely in its construction.

What could I do to harmonize the whole and to give it a new and characteristic impression with little or no money?

I remembered that I had in the attic a small packing-box, once made for fancy soap, and that the cover, although broken, was with it. Two hinges and screws appertaining, were bought for ten cents, and with the help of my husband, the broken bits of wood soon became a substantial cover. I lined the whole box and cover with a partly-worn delicate buff calico; I stuffed the lid with coarse hair, and when this failed, I own I threw in a few rags and some old cotton batting; but when a piece of an old bed-quilt was tacked over all it seemed to be entirely hair.

Our shops were poorly supplied with chintzes and furniture-prints, but among the common shilling calicoes, I found a buff and brown striped print, each stripe an inch wide. It was not glazed, nor very fine, nor very thick, but it was effective. I think a couple of yards covered the box,

and taking care that the stripes ran perpendicularly on the sides, and straight from hinge to lid, the effect was very good. I wanted to use it for several purposes, but finally devoted it to the wardrobe of the eleven dolls belonging to the adjacent baby-house; and a real relief it was to know where to bestow all the tiny hats and cloaks and aprons wandering all over the house. Another most valuable service it has rendered in forming a low seat for my little lady while buttoning her boots; and moreover, do not her clothes, neatly folded, rest on it every night? I was glad now that I had lined it with calico, instead of room-paper, as I at first designed, for the calico is more agreeable to the touch and less liable to tear. That one box made a bright spot already. What next?

The curtains—ah! I have another idea. I had a little more than a yard of the striped calico left. This I tore into *four* breadths—five would not be too much for a wider window—and after running these breadths together, I lined it with a bit of an old sheet, by running a seam across the breadths on the wrong side. After turning and pressing the seam, I had a little lambrikin about a foot deep. This I laid in box plaits and tacked to the back of the cornice of the curtain. For the comfort of those who feel that they cannot afford cornices, let me hasten to say that it consisted of a piece of heavy walnut moulding such as is used for picture-frames, sawed to the width of the window. The thick lining made the plaits hang in heavy folds, and oh! how much better the window looked!

But ideas always come fast when we execute with zeal.

The bed—that must be a buff and brown too. And in a moment I had concluded that the clean white spread looked like a hotel-bed, and that it must correspond with the lambrikin. So I went down street again and secured six yards more of the brown and buff stripe. This made two and a half breadths, just enough for the single bed. Nobody, I rejoice to say, has ever seemed to notice where I joined the divided breadth, though it would unite in rather a screwy fashion.

With some piecing and economy, I lined this with my same old sheet, and bound the ends with the same stripe. The result paid me for my trouble, and the whole was

attained with not quite ten yards of shilling calico and a couple of hinges.—*Hearth and Home.*

HOW TO COOK A CHOP.

A mutton-chop is one of the best things in the world, if properly cooked: it is one of the worst if not cooked rightly. We are old-fashioned enough to think that a wife ought to know how to cook, even if she is so rich that she never needs to do any cooking herself, and, therefore, we shall give our fair readers, with their permission, a hint or two about cooking mutton-chops. It may help them out some time, in getting up an appetizing repast, when nothing but mutton-chops can be had.

The requisites for serving up a good mutton-chop are, that the chop should be cut properly; that there should be a bright, clear, fierce fire; that the chop should be broiled, and not fried; and that the cook should turn it quickly, at the right moment, and know exactly, by the change of color on the surface of the chop, when that right moment has come. A few chops, under these conditions, make a dinner of themselves.

The first thing is to have the chop cut properly. This is really the butcher's business. But butchers, like other people, frequently do not know the things they ought to know, and many of them, especially in country towns, are ignorant how to cut a chop artistically. It ought to be sawed, and not cut, (to be critical in our phraseology,) and should be at least an inch or an inch and a quarter thick. If it is too thin it will not contain sufficient gravy to keep the interior in a soft and tender condition, and in spite of all the care possible, it will become hard and tasteless in cooking. The fat, of course, must be trimmed according to taste; it is a good plan, where a number of chops are served up together, to trim them differently, so that all tastes may be suited. If there is the slightest suspicion about their tenderness, they should be well beaten with a knife-handle or silver spoon, about an hour before cooking them, taking care not to alter their natural shape.

The next consideration is the fire. This should be a bed of live coals,—hickory being the best, where wood can be had, or is used. If anthracite, or bituminous coal is employed, the fire should be intensely hot, without smoke. It is generally dangerous to touch a fire during cooking. Make a good fire at first, and the rest is comparatively easy. The gridiron, of course, should be scrupulously clean, and should be placed well slanting forward, so that the fat may trickle along the bars, and drop

into the fire away from the chop, otherwise the chop will be scorched. The chop should never be turned with a fork, for this lets out all the most delicious gravy. A couple of silver spoons, properly handled, will turn it much better.

This may seem a trifling point; but it is really a very important one. Let us look into the philosophy of it for a moment. Chemists tell us, that raw meat consists principally of fibrin and certain juices holding albumen and various salts in solution. This fibrin, or solid portion of the flesh, constitutes only about one-quarter of the weight of the meat, the rest being made of a watery fluid containing the albumen and salts. The liquid portion is held by the fibrin much in the same way that water is held in a sponge; but as soon as the fibrin is submitted to the action of heat, it contracts and squeezes out these juices, which contain not only the greater portion of the nourishment, but also the flavor of the meat. The fibrin from which the juices have been separated, contains scarcely any nourishment, and is almost tasteless. On the other hand, the cooked juices are sapid and full of flavor and nourishment. Hence, it is very important not to lose these juices by sticking a fork into the chop. Of course, it is even worse to overdo the chop, and nearly as bad not to turn it at the right moment.

Let us follow this up. You put your chop down to a bright, clear, and even somewhat fierce fire. The first thing that happens is the coagulation of a portion of the albumen on the under-side of the chop, and a contraction of the fibrin which draws the juices into the centre. If you leave your chop untouched, the meat will gradually harden all the way through, driving the juices on before it, and causing them to overflow into the fire from the upper-side. To counteract this you must turn your chop over the instant the under-side begins to harden. As soon as what was at first the upper-side is sufficiently hard, which generally happens with a good fire in a minute or so, it is turned once more, and so on until the operation is complete. In fact, a game of battledore and shuttlecock must be played with the chop; the moment the juices have been driven into the middle of the meat it must be turned, and the turning repeated continually, so that each side may be done alike. The length of time for cooking a chop properly must depend on the fierceness of the fire and the tastes of the individual. Ten minutes, and at least ten turnings may be taken as the shortest period when the fire is brisk, and when an underdone chop is preferred; but there is no royal road to chop-cooking, and perfection in it can only be attained by practice and a fair amount of intelligence.

After cooking your chop, "after catching your bird," the next thing is to eat it. Some persons load their plate with vegetables of every kind in season; and with pepper, mustard, sauce, and half a dozen other incongruities. But we prefer for ourselves, good bread and a mealy potato. Cut boldly into the middle of the chop, and soak your bread and potato in the delicious gravy that follows the knife, and you will realize that there are few things as good, and nothing better. Perhaps, if you wish perfection, you will use a dash of mushroom catchup.—*Peterson's Magazine.*

TIME REQUIRED FOR BROILING.

When Jules Gouffe wrote his "Cook-Book" he made a series of experiments, at the end of which he felt able to declare that on a well-made fire, that is to say, composed of live coals extended on ashes for several inches beyond the gridiron, the bed of the coals being an inch thick for a "strong fire," and half an inch for a "slow fire:"

A spare-rib of three-quarters of a pound, requires ten minutes over a "strong fire."

A beef steak of the same weight seven minutes.

A mutton-cutlet, six minutes.

A mutton kidney, spitted, four minutes.

A veal-cutlet, nine minutes.

A mutton-chop, trimmed and bread-crumbed, requires ten minutes over a "slow-fire."

He adds that it is a great mistake to spare fuel in broiling; much good meat is lost by being imperfectly cooked, so as to economize a few handfuls of coals, and he is undoubtedly right. In my opinion we can only deduce from all these experiments very useful information, but no rules. One acquires from study and observation alone the art of taking a gridiron from the fire at the exact moment that the cooking is finished.

SELECTED RECIPES.

FRICANDO OF VEAL.—Cut slices from the fillet an inch thick and six inches long, lard them with slips of lean middling of bacon, bake them a light brown, stew them in well-seasoned gravy made as thick as rich cream. Serve them up hot, and lay round the dish sorrel, stewed with butter, pepper and salt, till quite dry.

VEAL OLIVES.—Take the bone out of the fillet, and cut thin slices the size of the leg, beat them flat, rub with the yolk of an egg beaten, lay on each piece a thin slice of boiled ham, sprinkle salt, pepper, grated nutmeg, chopped parsley, and bread-crumbs over all; roll them up tight, and secure them with skewers; rub them with egg, and roll them in bread-crumbs; lay them on a tin dripping-pan; and set them in an oven;

when brown on one side, turn them, and when sufficiently done, lay them in a rich highly-seasoned gravy made of proper thickness; stew them till tender, garnish with force-meat balls and green pickles sliced.

BEEF-CAKES.—Take the best sirloin of beef, one pound, boil it until soft; boil also a beef-tongue until soft. Take one pound of tongue, chop it and the sirloin very fine, with quarter of a pound of suet, and quarter of a pound of raisins. After you have made them as fine as you can, add pepper and salt to taste, also one teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of allspice, one onion, chopped fine, four teaspoonfuls of flour. Mix all well together, form into cakes, and fry in butter.

TO STUFF AND ROAST A CALF'S LIVER.—Take a fresh calf's liver, and having made a hole in it with a large knife run in lengthways, but not quite through, have ready a forced meat or stuffing made of part of the liver parboiled, fat of bacon minced very fine, and sweet herbs powdered; add to these some grated bread and spice finely powdered, with pepper and salt. With this stuffing fill the hole in the liver, which must be larded with fat bacon, and then roasted, flouring it well, and basting with butter. Serve hot.

FISH-SAUCE.—Take half a pint of milk and cream together, two eggs, well beaten, salt, a little pepper, and the juice of half a lemon; put it over the fire, and stir it constantly until it begins to thicken.

ROAST VEAL AND CHICKEN-BONES will make a very nice soup, boiled with vegetables; but add a handful of macaroni; break it up fine, and boil the soup half an hour after it is put in. Color the soup with a little soy or catchup.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING.—Five tablespoonfuls of flour, made into a smooth batter with a little new milk, and one egg, well beaten up, and half a teaspoonful of salt; add cold water till you have batter enough for a small pudding-pan; place it in the oven to set, and then put it under your roasting in the meat, taking care to turn towards the fire. Your pan must be well greased, or the pudding will be broken in slipping it on the dish. When you take it up, pour off all the dripping; it can either be eaten with the meat, or with gravy, salt, or sugar, as preferred. This pudding is easy of digestion.

BACON AND EGGS.—Take a quarter of a pound of streaked bacon, cut it into thin slices, and put them into a frying-pan over a slow fire; take care to turn them frequently; when the meat is done take it out, and break into the hot fat seven or eight eggs. Cook mofe or less according to taste, and serve with the bacon.

PICKLED EGGS.—The eggs should be boiled hard—say ten minutes—and then divested of their shells; when quite cold, put them in jars, and pour over them vinegar, sufficient to quite cover them, in which has been previously boiled the usual spices for pickling. Tie the jars down tight with bladder, and keep them till they begin to change their color.

POTATO BREAD.—Boil mealy potatoes very soft, peel and mash them, rub them with sifted flour, in the proportion of one-third of potatoes to two-thirds of the flour. Wet up the whole with lukewarm water, add the yeast, and flour to make it sufficiently stiff to mould up. Keep it warm till risen; it will rise quicker than unmixed wheat bread, and should be baked as risen, as it sours very quick. If sour, add a teaspoonful of saleratus, dissolved in a little cold water; it should be strained before mixing it with bread of any kind, or it will settle in yellow spots in the bread.

RICE BISCUIT.—Two pounds of flour, a teacupful of rice, well boiled, two spoonful of yeast; mix it with warm water; when risen enough, bake it.

SHORT CAKE.—Rub in a very small bit of shortening, or three tablespoonfuls of cream, with the flour; put a teaspoonful of dissolved saleratus into your sour milk, and mix the cake pretty stiff, to bake quick.

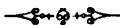
CORN DODGERS.—Scald a quart of Indian meal when sifted, with just sufficient water to moisten the whole, add a teaspoonful of salt, and mould them up into cakes the size of large biscuit, having them nearly an inch in thickness. Rub flour on the hands when moulding them up, to keep them from sticking. Fry them in sufficient fat as nearly to cover them; it should be hot enough to boil up around them on putting them in. When quite brown on the under side, turn them. It takes from twelve to fifteen minutes to cook them so that they will not be moist in the centre. When about to be eaten, split open and butter them.

HARD MOLASSES GINGERBREAD.—Take two and a half cups molasses, two-thirds cup shortening, butter is preferable, fill the cup with boiling water, stir until the butter is dissolved, a tablespoonful ginger, a teaspoonful soda, stir quickly; then knead with flour enough to make it hard, roll thin and bake in a quick oven twenty minutes.

CREAM BISCUITS.—Rub one pound of fresh butter into one pound of flour, make a hole in the centre, into which put half a pound of powdered sugar upon which the rind of a lemon was rubbed previously to pounding, and three whole eggs, mix the eggs well with the sugar, and then mix all together, forming a flexible paste; cut it into round pieces each nearly as large as a walnut, stamp them flat with a butter-stamp of the size of a crown-piece, and bake them in a slack oven.

TO GROW TOMATO PLANTS.—Permit me to tell your readers of a nice way to grow tomato plants. The seed should be started as early as in the middle of March. I started mine last spring in a box in the window on the south side of my kitchen. When two or three inches high I transplanted them into worn out tin cans, which were prepared in this way: I put them on a hot stove, which unsoldered them, knocked off the ends and opened the side seams; when cool passed a wire round each one; I placed sixteen of these on a board, (which is as many as can well be handled.) filled them with rich soil, and put a plant in each one. They were budded to blossom when set out in the garden. To do this, have the place ready, set in the can, unwire it and take it off, cover your plant with earth and water occasionally. Thus the plant will not wilt.

Literary Notices.



CASIMIR MAREMMA. By the Author of

"Friends in Council," "Realmah," &c. Boston:

Roberts Bros. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

Mr. Arthur Helps is one who, when he wishes to bring his views on any subject before the public, takes care not to bury them in a pamphlet or dry magazine article, but to put them in a form which will interest those who are the most careless about the matter. The subject of emigration is here brought before us in the form of a very readable, though very unlikely story, the want of verisimilitude in the plot, however, not injuring the argument in the least. The hero Casimir belongs to a noble Eastern family, but in residing in England at the time this story opens, he is ever seeking to learn about everything, and in the way various things strike an unprejudiced mind, the author finds opportunity for many a somewhat severe remark on the subject of existing British institutions. Casi-

mir at length decides that the only remedy for many existing evils is to be found in emigration, not a hazardous seeking a new country by any and every one that fancies to do so, but a regular organized formation of a colony of suitable persons of all classes, under a competent leader who will not only lead them to a suitable place, but govern and direct them afterwards. The reasons for and advantages of such a step, are given in connection with a love story which renders the volume very readable. The hero, by the aid of an English noble family, to which he is nearly related, works out his plan, and is about to set sail with his colony and his bride, whom he has won with much difficulty, when the book closes with the promise of a future volume, in which the story shall be completed. The introduction and conclusion are formed of the conversation of the party with whom the readers of "Realmah" and "Friends in Council" are already familiar, and many will find these parts the most entertaining portion of the volume.

PICTORIAL SCENES FROM THE PILGRIM'S

PROGRESS. Drawn by C. Reigrier Conder; Chromo-Lithographed by Vincent Brooks, Day & Son. In Imperial 4to, elegantly bound in embossed cloth. Price, 15s., gilt edges.

The Pilgrim's Progress is, probably, next to the Bible, the most widely-known book in the English language. The scenes so vividly drawn by the master hand of Bunyan have been pictured in the imagination of thousands, and it is probable that no two readers, had they all the power to reproduce their own conceptions, would render any one scene in the panoramic dream exactly alike.

These illustrations exhibit to us eighteen stages in the Pilgrim's journey as conceived by one artist's mind. At first sight they are strongly suggestive of Doré; but, on examination, a different hand is clearly traceable. The drawings are, to a great extent, free from that exaggeration to which the celebrated Frenchman is so often tempted; while they yet show a great deal of power in depicting scenery, and suggesting, as Doré does, ideas for the imagination to work out for itself. The landscape has been in each picture the artist's chief care; the figures being, in many cases, far from prominent, though illustrating perfectly Bunyan's description. The volumes will be a treat to all lovers of the old book, even if their ideas should not coincide altogether with those of the artist.

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

By John William Draper, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York. Author of a "Treatise on Human Physiology," "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," "Thoughts on American Civil Policy," &c. Vol. III. Complete in three elegant octavo volumes, of about

500 pp. each. Price, \$3.50 per volume. New York: Harper Bros.

It is a difficult and almost impossible task to write the history of such a war as the American Civil War without leaning, unconsciously, it may be, either to one side or the other. Dr. Draper, however, seems to have succeeded wonderfully in his determination to write with perfect impartiality. He writes as a philosopher, and not as a partizan. The third and concluding volume of his work contains the history of the events from the proclamation of emancipation of the slaves to the end of the war. This period he divides into nine sections, giving a distinct history of the campaigns in each different section of the country. The author has had access to many valuable sources of information, which have not yet been made public, and, in consequence, his volumes contain much that is new and important. He has also been careful to retain, in as many cases as possible, the original language of the official reports, &c., in order that the reader may feel that he is perusing an authentic history, in which the ideas, and even the language, of the chief actors are preserved.

Notices.

Last month we gave portraits of four of the most prominent Ministers of the Crown, and this month we give likenesses of four of the most distinguished leaders of the Opposition. Messrs. Dorion and Holton were formerly at the head of the Lower Canada wing of a liberal cabinet, and they still continue leaders of the Lower Canada liberals. Messrs. McKenzie and Blake are the leaders in the House of the Upper Canada liberal party.

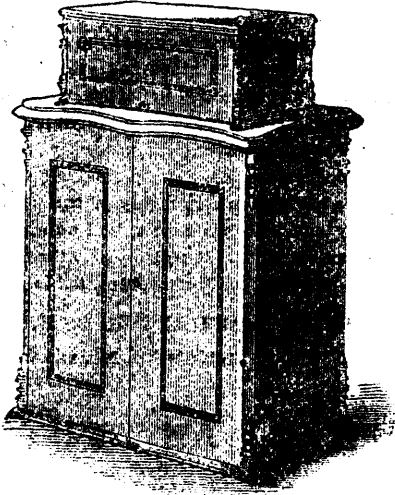
CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1870.

PAGE.	PAGE.
Originality and Plagiarism..... 1	MUSIC:—The Wandering Refugee..... 54
Dominion Song! (Poetry)..... 8	FASHIONS for May..... 59
A Fragment of Verchères, (Concluded)..... 9	DOMESTIC ECONOMY:—
Cloud and Light, (Poetry)..... 16	How to Adorn a Chamber without Money..... 60
Early Scenes in Canadian Life, (Continued)..... 17	How to Cook a Chop..... 61
Scottish Laddies, (Poetry)..... 22	Time Required for Broiling..... 62
A Ride for a Wife..... 23	Selected Recipes..... 62
Finding Wings, (Poetry). Early Spring, (Poetry). 25	LITERARY NOTICES..... 63
Marguerite:—A Tale of Forest Life in the New Dominion (Continued)..... 26	NOTICES..... 64
"Declined with Thanks;" or, He would be an Author..... 33	ILLUSTRATIONS:—
Walter Scott at Work..... 35	Hon. A. A. Dorion..... Frontispiece.
YOUNG FOLKS:—	Hon. L. H. Holton..... "
Evenings in California and Japan..... 41	A. Mackenzie, Esq..... "
The Apple-Tree, (Poetry)..... 46	E. Blake, Esq..... "
The Still Small Voice..... 47	The Apple-Tree..... Title Page.
Sir Bertrand du Guesclin and the Black Prince. 49	Fashion Plate..... Page 68
Riddle..... 53	
Children in Heaven, (.....)..... 53	

FIRST PRIZE SEWING MACHINES.

J. D. LAWLOR, MANUFACTURER.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
365, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.



• Would most respectfully invite the public to examine the great variety of First-Class Sewing Machines, before purchasing elsewhere, among which are:

A New Elliptic Family Machine, with Stand, Price \$23.00.

A New Lock Stitch Family Machine, Price \$30.00.

Singer's Family, various Styles.

Singer's No. 2, for Tailoring and Shoe Work.

The Florence Reversible Feed Family Machine.

Howe's for Family and Manufacturing purposes.

The Aetna Noiseless Machine, for Tailors and Family use.

A Button Hole and Lock Stitch Machine, combined.

Wax Thread Machines, which possess many advantages over all others.

I warrant all Machines made by me superior in every respect to those of any other Manufacturer in Canada. I have the best Testimonial from all the principal Manufacturing Establishments, and many of the best Families in Montreal, Quebec, and St. John, N.B., testifying to their superiority. My long experience in the business, and superior facilities for manufacturing, enable me to sell First-Class Sewing Machines from 20 to 30 per cent less than inferior Machines of the same pattern can be purchased elsewhere. I therefore offer better Machines and better Terms to Agents.

Local and Travelling Agents will do well to give this matter their attention.

A Special Discount made to the Clergy and Religious Institutions.

PARTICULAR NOTICE

The undersigned is desirous of securing the services of active persons in all parts of the Dominion to act as local or travelling Agents for the sale of his celebrated Sewing Machines. A very liberal salary, and expenses will be paid, or commission allowed. Country Merchants, Postmasters, Clergymen, Farmers, and the business public generally, are particularly invited to give this matter their attention, as I can offer unparalleled inducements, and at the same time the cheapest as well as the best Sewing Machines now before the public.

All kinds of Sewing Machines Repaired and Improved at the Factory, 48 Nazareth Street, and at the adjusting Rooms, over the Office, 365 Notre Dame Street, Montreal, and 23 St. John Street, Quebec; 82 King Street, St. John, N. B.; 103 Barrington Street, Halifax, N. S.

Pressing Machines Repaired at the Factory, 38 Nazareth Street, Montreal. Send for Price Lists and Photographs of Machines Address in all cases,

J. D. LAWLOR.



PUBLICATIONS.

CIRCULATE.
YOUR ADVERTISEMENTS
IN THE FAMILY.

THE
NEW DOMINION MONTHLY

IS READ IN
THOUSANDS OF CANADIAN HOMES.

THE ADVANTAGES OF THE
NEW DOMINION MONTHLY

Are almost unequalled for Advertising

PROSPECTUSES and REPORTS of Public Companies and Joint Stock Companies.

MANUFACTURERS' ADVERTISEMENTS, with Pictures of their Works and Trade Marks.

FARMS and VILLAS FOR SALE.

PROSPECTUSES and CALENDARS of Schools and Colleges.

Every Business that concerns the welfare of the Family.

ADVERTISE IN THE NEXT NUMBER.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Fly Leaves, per Page..... \$10.00 per Month.
" " Half Page..... 6.00 "
" " Quarter Page. 3.50 "
" " One-eighth " 2.00 "
Printed Leaves stitched in " 1.00 per 1,000.

SUBSCRIPTION.

\$1.50 per annum ; single copies, 15 cents.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

● PROPRIETORS,

126 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

THE CANADIAN

FRUIT CULTURIST,

BY JAMES DOUGALL,

OF WINDSOR NURSERIES.

This is a very complete compendium of information concerning the kinds and varieties of fruit suitable for cultivation in Canada, west and east, embodying in a series of familiar, letter addressed to a new beginner, all necessary directions for cultivation, &c. The press of all parts of Canada has spoken very highly of this book, and every one who has read it will admit its great practical value. It will be sent through the mail, post paid, for 25 cents, remitted to

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL.

JOB PRINTING.

WITNESS

PRINTING HOUSE.

126 St. James Street, Montreal.

ELEGANCE IN STYLE,
EXCELLENCE IN WORKMANSHIP,
MODERATION IN CHARGE,
PROMPTNESS IN EXECUTION,
FULFILLMENT OF PROMISES.

CARDS,	PAMPHLETS,
CIRCULARS,	REPORTS,
BILL HEADS,	ADDRESSES,
FUNERAL CARDS,	SERMONS,
CATALOGUES,	PROGRAMMES,
APPEAL CASES,	LAW BLANKS,
LABELS,	HANDBILLS,
CONSTITUTIONS,	POSTERS.

Ample facilities for all kinds of
GENERAL JOB PRINTING.

ORDERS SOLICITED.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.