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VOL. 2.

NO. 6.

THE
NEW DOMINION
MONTHLY.

September, 1868.



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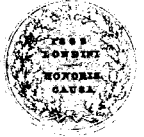
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THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY,

A Magazine of Original and Selected Literature.

SEPTEMBER, 1868.

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JOSEPH MARIE AWASHISH AGED 104 YEARS,

The New Dominion Monthly.

VOL. II.

SEPTEMBER, 1868.

No. 6.

Original.

THE CRUCIBLE.

BY ALICIA.

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CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

At length, the noise of footsteps in the hall roused Edna, and she started to her feet as the sound of her beloved father's voice fell on her ear. She heard him enter his study, and Selina go upstairs. When she knew that her sister had reached her own room, she opened the door gently, and stole noiselessly into the hall. She stopped at the study door, trembling with excitement. At last, she opened it, and closed it gently after her. Her father looked up in surprise at the unwonted intrusion, for no one ever entered his study unbidden, expecting Edna; but on seeing his daughter standing there, he exclaimed,

"Edna, my child, is that you?—or am I dreaming?"

Edna waited not to reply, but flew to her father, and was pressed tightly to his heart.

"My own little daughter, my own darling child! how—when did you come?" he said, when the first surprise was over.

"I arrived here about six this evening.

As soon as I received Selina's last letter, I felt anxious to return, for she told me you were not well, and when I saw that the letter had been delayed more than a fortnight beyond time, I was doubly desirous to start for home; so we left Chamouni the following day. The passage out was rather a long one, and of course we were detained at some places; but I can assure you we came home almost as quickly as possible."

"But why did you hurry so, my dear child? I did not expect you so soon, and was only feeling anxious that we had not

heard from you for so long a period; nevertheless, my dear little rosebud, I need not tell you your old father is glad to have you with him once more. But I fear, my love, you do not merit your title of 'rosebud'; you look pale and thin," said Mr. Clifford, holding up his daughter's face between his hands for inspection.

"Oh, well, you know I am tired now, papa dear. It is not fair to judge of my looks to-night; but how are you now? I have felt so very anxious about you."

"Well, I suppose I am better," said Mr. Clifford; "but never mind me, my love. I think we should go to Selina. She has been so good to me, Edna; and I would not like you to grieve her."

Edna felt the reproof her father's words conveyed, and she knew she justly deserved it, for she could now see how often she had been to blame in her conduct towards her sister; but she said nothing, wishing rather to give her father a more tangible proof of her desire to act differently than words could show.

As they were leaving the room, she laid her hand on her father's arm, and, looking imploringly in his face, said,

"Tell me one thing, papa, before we go: Do you know anything about Ernest's illness? Selina told me he had typhoid fever, and I have been so anxious to hear if he was better, or——"

Her voice sank so low, her father could not hear her last words; but he put his arm tenderly around her, as he said,

"He is better, my dear child. For some

days his life was in great danger, and both his mother and sister were sent for. I was expecting daily a summons to his death-bed, when there was suddenly a change for the better. From that time he gradually improved, and is now convalescent. Mrs. Leighton and Winnifred have been home nearly a fortnight now."

"Oh, papa, papa!" sobbed Edna, entirely overcome, "how can I be thankful enough! If he had died, oh papa!—the thought is too terrible. Oh! let us thank God for His great goodness."

"I am glad to hear you acknowledge the God of our mercies; may He bless you with His richest blessings. I thank Him for bringing you to me in safety, my dear, dear daughter."

"Oh! I am so glad to be with you once more, dearest papa," said Edna, as they walked together out of the room.

They met Selina just coming down stairs. She gave a little scream, and exclaimed:

"Why, child, is that you! Where in the world did you come from?"

"Montreal, to-day," said Edna, kissing her. "I am glad to see you looking so well," she said warmly.

"Well, I am glad to see you, Edna; but why in the world did you not let us know you were coming, and not frighten us all in this way? I declare it is enough to give one an attack of hysterics," said Selina, as she led the way into the dining-room.

"I wanted to surprise you," said Edna. "I almost frightened dear papa, too," she said, looking lovingly up at him, as she entered the room, leaning on his arm.

"Enough to alarm any one," interrupted Selina; "for you look as much like a ghost as anything else. Why, I thought you were going to get fat, child."

"Well, I am rather tired now after my long voyage," said Edna; "and perhaps the sea air does not agree with me," she added, smiling.

Her father looked at her anxiously.

"You are growing wonderfully like your mother, child," he remarked, at length,

drawing a deep sigh; "but come, tell us some of your adventures," he said in a lighter tone.

"The principal one I met with was the loss of all my trunks and clothing."

"Trunks and clothing!" exclaimed Miss Clifford, in astonishment. "Where—how?"

"The night before we left Chamouni, the cottage we were boarding in took fire, and, before any of its contents could be rescued, the room I occupied was a mass of flames. The fire broke out in that end of the building, and the flames spread so rapidly, it was impossible to save anything."

"Did you lose all?" exclaimed Selina.

"Everything, but my dressing-case, and that happened to be in Mrs. Maitland's room. It was fortunate that it escaped, for it contained all my money and jewelry. I had left it with Mrs. Maitland in the morning, when I went out for a walk with Bessie. I fear, if it had not escaped, my demands upon you would have been rather heavy, dear papa," added Edna, laughingly.

Mr. Clifford smiled in return, but Edna thought it was a very sad smile.

"But how was it that Mrs. Maitland's trunks were rescued, and not yours?" interrupted Selina.

"Her room was more in the centre of the building than mine, so more time was left to secure its contents before the flames reached it. I had great difficulty in getting Mrs. Maitland herself out of the room, for I found her insensible on the floor when I entered her apartment, and was obliged to drag her to the stairs. Here I met with assistance. We were very much indebted, however, to the kindness of our landlord, and that of a gentleman whom we met in France, on our first arrival on the continent, and who travelled with us all the time we were abroad. On the night of the fire, he took us to his own rooms at the hotel, and insisted on our occupying them during our stay in Chamouni. His name is Captain Ainslie, and I hope that if you ever meet with him, papa, you will not forget that he proved himself a true friend to me when in a foreign land."

"What is the name?" inquired Mr. Clifford.

"Captain Ainslie," replied Edna.

Mr. Clifford wrote it down in his notebook, while Selina scanned Edna's face with her quick, black eyes, but could see no change there. She merely made the remark, however, that she thought "military gentlemen were always agreeable."

"Yes," replied Mr. Clifford, "I agree with you there; but, Selina, my dear, will you just reach me the Bible, and ring the bell for the servants? I am sure Edna must be tired, and need rest."

Mr. Clifford turned to the Old Testament, and read the twenty-third Psalm. How sweet the words sounded in Edna's ears! and when her father returned thanks for the safe return of his beloved child, her tears fell fast. They were tears of joy, and yet her joy was mixed with sorrow; for even in her home there was one face missing—one voice lacking; and when she bade her father "good night," she asked when he had heard from Charlie.

"Last week," he replied, "and he was well."

But it seemed a subject her father appeared anxious to avoid, and Edna did not like to say any more about it. However, she ran up to Selina's room, determined, if possible, to obtain some information from her regarding her brother.

"May I come in?" inquired Edna, as she stood at the door of her sister's chamber.

"Why, yes, of course," said Selina, opening the door; "but I should think you would want to go to bed."

"So I will soon; but, Selina, I do wish you would tell me something about Charlie. Papa does not seem to like to talk about him."

"Well, you see, he had set his heart on Charlie entering the office, but the foolish boy did not wish to; and then, when he began going so much with Jessie Wyndgate, papa was anxious for him to leave town. He said he did not want Charlie to be beginning with that sort of thing till he knew his mind better. Altogether, father

seems worried about him, and scarcely ever mentions the boy's name."

"But how is he getting on?" inquired Edna.

"Very well, I believe. Mr. George Clifford has very large manufactures in St. John's, and seems inclined to take an interest in Charlie. He says he is hard at work already. It is a wonder if he is working; but, perhaps, this change will be the very thing to do him good."

"Perhaps it will," said Edna, as she rose to leave the room. "But is he engaged to Jessie Wyndgate?"

"Oh, I don't know. I should not think so; but, Edna," said Selina, "is there anything between you and this Captain Aylmer?"

"Ainslie," said Edna, laughing. "We are nothing more than friends, Selina. You surely know me too well to believe that he could be anything else to me."

"Well, I suppose not; but it would be hard to tell. The fact is, I don't quite understand you, Edna; but good night, dear," she said, kissing her with more tenderness in her manner than Edna had ever seen her display, and she resolved that she would endeavor to act more like a sister towards Selina than she had ever yet done.

The following morning dawned hot and sultry, with a hazy, dancing light overspreading all—such a July morning as Canada alone possesses. Edna awoke with a feeling of suffocation, but when she had dressed, and, entering the outer room, threw open the window, the fresh air from the lake invigorated her. She felt that in a home so lovely, with God's grace enabling her to do her duty, and to serve Him truly, she might yet be happy.

"Nothing would tempt me from my father's side again," she thought. "Surely, surely, the dearest spot on earth to me is home, sweet home."

She joined her father, looking bright and cheerful; and Selina exclaimed, on entering the room,

"You must have brought some charm with you, Edna, for I have not seen father

looking so well and cheerful since you left."

Edna looked lovingly up in her father's face, and said,

"I hope I shall not have to leave you again, dear papa. My wanderings have quite cured me of my love of travelling."

"Oh, you think so," said her father, "because you have just got home. However, my dear, I have no great wish for you to recommence your journeyings; yet I am glad for you to have had the advantages of travelling. A person acquires knowledge by it, which cannot be gained in any other way. But there is one thing, Edna, I wish you to do. I hope you will resume your practising. I suppose that, while abroad, you had little time for music, that is the greater reason you should apply yourself now. I do not wish you to spare any expense in cultivating your musical powers. I hope that your piano will not be silent any longer. If it requires tuning, send at once for Robinson."

"Yes, papa; I will do as you wish," replied Edna, quietly.

She dreaded resuming what reminded her so forcibly of Ernest, and happy days, forever flown. She had never raised her voice in song since she had left home, and it seemed almost more than she could bear to sing once more the old songs; and not only when alone, but before her father, and perhaps in the presence of strangers. Still she knew that were she to object to her father's wishes, she would be selfish and ungrateful to that kind parent, who ever consulted her happiness, and was ever ready to do that which would give her pleasure.

When Edna entered her room after breakfast, she went directly to her piano, and opening it, she began slowly drawing her fingers sadly, and yet lovingly, over the keys, when her eye fell on the music lying near; and, through eyes dim with tears, she saw, as she turned them over, that all the songs had written in the right hand corner, "E. C. from E. L." All this music she had returned to Ernest, but it must have been replaced by Winnifred according to her brother's wishes.

She was sitting thus, when she heard the outer gate open, and the sound of merry laughter. She could distinguish the tones of a man's voice, mingling with one she knew to be Winnie's, and her heart bounded with a sickening feeling of suspense and hope—a hope which she tried to still as vain and foolish; but which, nevertheless, gained upon her as the footsteps drew nearer.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Other days come back on me

With recollected music."

—Byron.

Edna pushed the curtain forward, and stood so as to see all, unperceived. She longed to fly away, and seek solitude and quiet, but she stood spell-bound by the scene before her. The bright hope which had filled her heart to overflowing for one brief moment was gone, and had left but an aching void behind. The pleasant picture her eye rested on reminded her far too strongly of the happy days of long ago.

Winnifred Leighton was standing among the flowers, looking like some fairy lily herself, in her dress of pure white; her golden hair drawn back from her face, and gathered in a mass of curls behind. She had a sprig of the blue forget-me-not in her hand, and Edna distinctly heard her words as she held it up to a young man who stood before her. Edna supposed it must be Mr. Austin, but all interest in him had faded when she found that Winnifred's companion was not he whom she had hoped,—longed it might be.

Mr. Austin, for he it was, was not so tall as Ernest, and Edna thought not half so handsome. His hair and whiskers were nearly black, and he had deep brown eyes, which were now bent with an earnest gaze on Winnie, as she extended the flower, and said,

"Now, Frank, I will give you this, if you will only tell me. Surely, you cannot refuse."

"But what good will it do you, Winnie dear?" replied Frank Austin. "I think it was a foolish question, darling, and had better not be answered."

"I know it was something about Ernest and Margaret Leighton, and I want so much to hear," pleaded Winnie.

By this time, Edna began to feel guilty of eavesdropping, and, though eager to hear Mr. Austin's reply, she felt it would not be honorable to listen longer; so, stepping forward, she threw back the half-shutter which was closed, and stood full in view of Winnifred and Frank. Winnie started, but, on recognizing Edna, she bounded forward, and the next moment her arms were pressed tightly round her friend's neck, and she was overwhelming her with questions as to how, and when she had arrived in L—.

When Edna had replied to Winnifred's numerous inquiries, she asked her if she had not better see where her young gentleman had disappeared to.

"Oh, he has gone to his office," said the gay Winnifred. "He always comes with me on fine mornings to help me to weed your garden, and trim your flowers; and, oh, I am so glad I had your room ready. Do you know it was only the day before yesterday that I began putting flowers on the table? Frank thought that it was very likely you were coming home, as Mr. Clifford had not heard from you for so long, and you see he was right, as he always is," she added, with a little toss of her curls; then seeing Edna's smile, she threw her arms round her neck, and said,

"Oh, Eddy, darling, I'm so happy! and now that you have come back, I think all will be nearly perfect."

She thought Edna fancied some one was entering the room, but she little knew that when her friend averted her face, it was that Winnie might not see the tears which were dropping quietly from under the drooping lids. She turned round directly, however, and kissing Winnie warmly, she said,

"I am very, very glad to hear you are so happy, darling; but why did you not write me about this?"

"Why, did you not get my letter?" cried Winnie. "I wrote to you more than a

fortnight ago; but, there, I forgot, it could not have reached you—could it? for you had left Chamouni then. Well, never mind, you will know all about it now. Then, you see, we have only been engaged for a week," she said, blushing, and looking up in Edna's face with such a *naive* look of mingled pride and bashfulness, that Edna threw her arms round her, exclaiming,

"I hope Mr. Austin is worthy of my darling Winnie."

"Oh, Edna, you do not know how good he is. Indeed, no one could know as I do, yet I suppose I should not praise him; but you may ask mamma, or Mr. Clifford, or —," Winnie stopped short when she had gone thus far in her list, and Edna tried to change the subject, by saying quietly,

"When is the wedding coming off, little puss? I suppose I am to act the important part of bridesmaid on the occasion, unless you have found some other new friend to take my place."

"Now, Edna!" exclaimed Winnifred, almost crying. "I think it is very unkind of you to talk that way. You know no one can ever take your place," and, forgetting her short-lived trouble, she rattled on,

"But, you see, we are not quite sure when the wedding is to take place, for Frank wants his mother to be here; and as one of the younger children is now very ill, we will have to wait and see when Mrs. Austin can come. But, of course, you will be bridesmaid, and Ernest groomsman; but, oh, I forgot," she burst forth, seeing Edna's troubled look. "I quite forgot—will you forgive me? You will forgive me, won't you, Edna, dear?" she exclaimed, kissing Edna again and again.

"Yes, dear, of course," replied Edna, trying hard to keep down the rising tears. "Where are you going to live?"

"Oh, with mamma, of course," replied Winnifred. "Won't that be nice? Frank is quite pleased, and says I will have more time to spare for him. You see I don't know much of housekeeping, and mamma will be able to give orders for me to the servants; she won't have anything else to

do then. Frank is your father's partner now, and we shall have quite sufficient to live on."

Thus she chattered on like a pleased child, little dreaming of the pain every word caused to poor Edna, who could do nothing but sit and listen in silence.

"But, Eddy dear," continued Winnifred, "I must run away now. I told mamma I would not be long away; but you will come and see us. When—to-night?"

"No. I think not this evening. Tomorrow morning, if that will do," replied Edna.

"Oh, any time. I am so glad to have you back once more, dear. Everything has been so different since you left. Home has not been like home at all, at least, until lately," added Winnie, smiling. "But good-bye, for the present. I really must go," and she ran off, leaving poor Edna sadly wearied and grieved with her light, careless words—words which, if she had known would wound, she would never have uttered; and even now, had she been aware of the suffering they caused, her tears would have flowed all day could they but efface the bitter memories they called forth. The only thing that perplexed her, as she tripped gaily home, was what made Edna look so pale, and thin, and why, if she loved Ernest, she ever sent him away? She was sure she could never treat Frank so, and the tears filled her eyes at the bare possibility of such an event happening.

Edna sat where Winnifred had left her, vainly endeavoring to calm her troubled heart.

"Oh, why am I to be tortured thus?" she bitterly exclaimed. "Why—when I was trying to be happy, even though Ernest is forever separated from me,—why should this poor, thoughtless girl come, and, with ruthless hand, tear open my wounded heart, scarce healed? Why is it that all seem so happy when I am miserable—wretched? Oh, God have mercy on me! Lay not upon me a burden heavier than I can bear! Oh, give me grace—give me strength."

The prayer from a spirit bowed down

with anguish and grief was not unheard, and she grew calmer. Sorrow found relief in a flood of tears, and, soon after, Edna rose to seek her father, wishing to speak to him about the expense it would be necessary to incur in replenishing her wardrobe, and to ask his advice on the matter.

She found her father in his study, and after telling him what she wanted, she sat down to await his reply. After a few moments, Mr. Clifford said,

"You must purchase whatever you need, my child. Do not stint yourself in the least. You might as well spend what you want, while you can get it," he added, sadly. "I have met with a great many losses of late, Edna, and though my business is, of course, quite sufficient to enable us to live just as we have been doing, yet I fear I will never be able to make up what I have lost. For your sake, my daughter, I could wish to do so, for Charles is now providing for himself, and Selina's annuity is sufficient to keep her comfortably. I had hoped, Edna, that my successor would have been your provider, but God has willed it otherwise, and I must not repine. I leave my child in His hands. But I fear I have pained you with the recital of my troubles, and you have enough of your own, poor child. As I said before, just spend what amount you think necessary. I do not fear your being extravagant."

"I hope not," replied Edna. "Thank you very much; and now, dear papa, don't be anxious," she said, going up to him, and gently bending over him, laying her hand on his shoulder, "you know all things are ordered for us by God, and must be for the best."

"Yes, yes, my dear; it is true. I wish I could always feel it. The child is wonderfully like her mother," he murmured, as Edna left the room.

CHAPTER XV.

"To see the dark and lowering cloud,
By vivid lightning riven,
To hear the answer, stern and proud,
By echoing thunders given.

"To feel in such a scene and hour,
'Mid all that each discloses,
The presence of that viewless power
On whom the world reposes.

"This to the heart is more than all
Mere beauty can bring o'er it;
Thought, feeling, fancy, own its thrall,
And joy is hushed before it."

—*Baxter.*

When Edna had left her father, she went in search of Selina, whom she wished to accompany her in her shopping expedition. Selina willingly agreed to go, and seemed pleased that Edna sought her advice in the matter. As they walked along, Edna said,

"I would like to run in and see Miss Ponsonby for a moment, if you have no objection, Selina."

"Well, then," replied her sister, "I will walk on, for I don't want to run the risk of meeting the Doctor. I will meet you at Robinson's. I think you said you had to call there. I hope you won't remain very long.

"Oh, no," replied Edna, but she had been so astonished at Selina's remark concerning Dr. Ponsonby that her whole mind was occupied in endeavoring to account for the change in Selina, who had always professed such admiration of the Doctor.

Edna found Miss Ponsonby busily employed in darning her brother's socks. She rose up calmly, and came forward to meet Edna, saying,

"I am very glad to see you, my dear child—very glad to welcome you home. But you are looking pale and thin, my love," she added, leading Edna to a seat.

"Did you know I had arrived?" inquired Edna. "You don't look the least surprised to see me, and every one seemed to think it was my ghost."

"I don't wonder," replied Miss Ponsonby, with a smile; "but I did know you were here, for John saw you pass in the cab yesterday. I would have come up to see you last evening, but I thought you would be tired, and glad to be quiet. John wanted me to wait for him to-day, so we had intended to go up this evening."

"Well, do come," replied Edna, warmly.

"Papa will be glad to see you. You will come, won't you?"

"Well, perhaps we will, if John is not otherwise engaged."

"I must run away now," said Edna, "for Selina is waiting for me. I am coming to spend a whole day with you before long, to tell you all about my travels."

"Whenever you have time, and feel inclined, I shall be glad to see you."

"Very well, I will come," said Edna, stooping to kiss her friend; "but I am very thoughtless. How is the Doctor? and are you quite well yourself, dear Miss Ponsonby?"

"We are both well, thank God," replied her friend; "but I fear you are not."

"Oh, yes, thank you," laughed Edna, as she went out of the room.

She was walking rapidly along, fearing Selina would be waiting, when she saw Margaret Wyndgate coming towards her.

"Shall I stop, and speak to her?" she thought; but while she was debating the question, Margaret came up to her, and gave her no chance of passing her, for, extending her hand, she said, warmly,

"Oh, Miss Clifford, I am very glad to see you back again. When did you return?"

"Yesterday," replied Edna,—the warmth of her manner was infectious, and she could not be otherwise than cordial—"I can assure you I am glad to be at home again."

"We have missed you much in church, Miss Clifford. I am coming some day to see you about the Sunday-School singing; but it is not fair to attack you now," added Miss Wyndgate, smiling. "I shall frighten you."

"No," replied Edna, "I will only be too glad to help you any way I can."

"Thank you. You are very kind."

"I hope you are all well," said Edna, extending her hand.

"Yes, thank you. Good morning," and, mutually pleased, the two parted.

"Now is the way opening for which I was wishing," thought Edna. "Surely, God must have ordered it thus for me."

Edna hurried on, and found Selina wait-

ing. Leaving orders for the piano to be tuned that afternoon, she joined her sister, and the two proceeded to get through their shopping as quickly as possible, and reached home at lunch time, quite weary with their excursion.

Edna and her father were sitting on the balcony enjoying the cool evening air, when they descried Miss Ponsonby and her brother approaching. Edna went into the hall, and ringing for a servant, told her to bring chairs out on the balcony, to show Miss Ponsonby upstairs, and to tell Miss Clifford when they arrived. She then joined her father in time to receive the Doctor's bow and kiss of the hand as he entered the gate.

His greeting was characteristic—

"Well, Miss Edna, so you have deigned once more to honor the city of L— with your presence; but, upon my word, I don't think you have found any air, in all your travels, to agree with you like the fresh breeze from old Ontario. I told you you'd be better at home; but it can't be helped now. How many Mother Carey's chickens did you tame on the voyage? and if you saw a whale, did you 'catch him, catch him, catch him by the tail'?" he added, drawing a chair near Edna.

"Not exactly," said Edna, laughing. "That little fish had too big a tail for me to catch."

"Well, what did you do?" persisted the Doctor. "You surely accomplished some feat worth going across the Atlantic for— turned a somersault down Mount Blanc, or ate the two dozen frogs for one dinner, eh?"

"The principal adventure I met with was being turned out of house and home, and losing all my trunks."

"What is that, my dear?" inquired Miss Ponsonby, who had been quietly conversing with Mr. Clifford. "Did you say the ship took fire?"

"No," said the Doctor. "They turned her out of the house when she got here, and took away all her trunks; but, on consideration that I was coming to-night, her tyrannical father allowed her to occupy the balcony for a few hours."

"Do be quiet, Dr. Ponsonby," exclaimed Edna. "The house in which we were boarding in Chamouni took fire the night before we left for Geneva, and I lost all my trunks and clothing. That was what I was telling your brother about, Miss Ponsonby."

"That was unfortunate, indeed, but how—"

She was interrupted at this moment by her brother, who, leaning over, whispered to Edna,

"Here comes Miss Selina. Ask her if she has caged her singing bird yet. Good evening Miss Clifford," he said, rising. "I sincerely hope you are none the worse for Tuesday evening's dissipation. You look pale."

"I am quite well, thank you," replied Selina, haughtily, laying marked emphasis on the "quite," and, taking an unoccupied seat, she began fanning herself languidly.

"How are you getting on with your studies?" continued the Doctor, and without waiting for, or indeed expecting an answer, he turned to Edna saying,

"You must know, Miss Edna, that your fair sister has transferred her devotion from the study of *Materia Medica*, in which she was so deeply engrossed when you left, to that delightful branch of science, called ornithology. How are you progressing, my dear Miss Clifford?"

"I really don't understand what you mean, Dr. Ponsonby," replied Selina, tossing her head.

"Oh, don't you? Well, you see, I was telling your sister what a patroness you were of the arts and sciences. Of course she knows you are of the *h'arts*."

"What is that you say?" exclaimed Selina, angrily. "I—"

"Oh, nothing,—nothing, I assure you," interrupted the Doctor. "You really must pardon my Cockneyisms. I often make such shocking mistakes—often, I am afraid, when I am not aware."

He gave Edna such a sly glance, she could scarcely restrain her laughter. She was thoroughly enjoying listening once more to the merry Doctor.

There was silence for a few minutes, and then the Doctor exclaimed, as if some new idea had struck him,

"Oh, Miss Edna, has your sister told you of the valuable addition we have recently had to the select society of L——? Such an acquisition!—a Major *Bird* of the Artillery. Such a duck of a man, and the ladies say—so polite, so elegant, and graceful!" he added, with another sidelong glance at Edna.

"He is a great friend of your sister's. I can assure you she is exciting the envy and jealousy of half the *belles* of L——, by monopolising the attentions of the gallant Major. You must have an early introduction to him, Miss Edna; but don't cut Miss Clifford out."

"As if I could possibly do that! But why did you not tell me about him, Selina?"

"Oh," interrupted the Doctor, "she wanted to surprise you. She wished you to be impressed with the Major's charms,—

"All unhonored and unsung."

"But that won't do—will it? I never quote poetry in a proper style. I always put the wrong thing in the wrong place, but you know what I mean. But, my dear Miss Clifford, how is the Major? I have not seen him for the last few days, and am really feeling quite anxious about him. I should feel obliged if you could inform me of the state of his health."

"I am not favored with daily bulletins from Major Bird's quarters," replied Selina, haughtily, and, rising, she walked into the house, while the Doctor uttered an expressive "Phew!" under his breath, and looked at Edna significantly.

"It's all up with me at any rate," he said, trying to look doleful, and heave a deep sigh, which, nevertheless, ended in a hearty laugh, in which Edna could not but join.

"Come, John," said Miss Ponsonby, rising, "we must be going."

The Doctor extended his hand to Edna, saying,

"If I was not the best-natured man in

the world, I'd get huffed; but I must (as every ordinary mortal is obliged to) withdraw all claims, and sink into utter insignificance before the unequalled Major. But, when you see him, then you will understand my feelings. The only poetic words that I can think of as befitting him, are those deeply sublime ones, describing a pet canary—

"Slender legs, upon my word,
He is a pretty fellow."

And, having delivered himself of this elaborate sentence, the worthy doctor took his departure.

"That Dr. Ponsonby is simply insufferable," said Selina, as she and Edna retired. "There is no way of putting him down, his feelings are so coarse. He cannot see when you are snubbing him. If I had made to any other man one half the rude speeches I have to him, he would never have spoken to me again. The fact is, he has borne with me because he hoped to win me over; but he is rather mistaken in Selina Clifford," and, tossing her head scornfully, Selina walked upstairs.

"It is you who are mistaken," thought Edna. "You are piqued, because, with all your airs and graces, you could not succeed in fascinating the wily Doctor. You fancied any one must succumb to your charms. Oh, my dear Selina, people discern—all too plainly—the sharp claws, but half concealed by the soft fur of agreeable manners with which you endeavor to cover them. Poor Selina, would that I could lead your mind to dwell on higher, holier thoughts than those merely of earth and self. Would that I could draw you by word or example of mine to seek your Saviour!"

Edna had been always in the habit of sitting up late, and, as it was not more than eleven when she entered her room, she turned the gas down, and threw open the shutters, seating herself near the window. It was a dark, gloomy night; the air was close—almost stifling; the dark, lowering clouds being like masses of heated lead, while the rumbling of distant thunder betokened the coming storm. Occasional

flashes of lightning lit up the little garden, and shone on the dark, still waters below, and all nature seemed hushed in anxious expectation for the first drops of rain.

At length, the thunder grew louder, the flashes of lightning more frequent, and the storm burst with its full fury over them. The loud, rolling peals seemed to shake the house to its very foundations. Edna sat with clasped hands, her heart filled with wondering awe, impressed with the majesty of Him who rideth on the storm, and uttereth His voice in the rolling thunder. At length the storm spent itself, and comparative quiet settled once more over all, only the faint crash of the thunder, as it rolled away in the distance, or the soft splash of the waves on the pebbly shore breaking the silence. Soon the soft twitter of birds was heard, a gentle movement among the branches of the trees, and softly fell the cooling rain on the uplifted leaves, so gently at first, that Edna fancied she could count the drops as they fell; but increasing into one unceasing shower, as if the very windows of heaven were opened, pouring forth their refreshing torrent on the thirsty earth.

As Edna sat listening, she thought,

“My heart is like this earth. The storm of sorrow has gone over it, yet leaving it heated, dry, and withered. Oh, for the showers of blessing—for the rain of grace, to fall on my weary soul! Surely, it must come yet.”

When Edna awoke the following morning, all nature was rejoicing in the dancing sunbeams.

“When will the sunshine of peace and happiness again shine on my troubled heart?” was her awaking thought.

“It says something in the Bible about the Sun of Righteousness arising on those that fear God, which must mean Christ, the Saviour of the world. I wonder, if He were to pour His cheering beams into my heart, if I would be as happy as I was before Ernest left me. I don’t think I could ever have real peace and joy now, until I feel Jesus is my Saviour. What is it that pre-

vents my coming to Him? I cannot enjoy such comfort in my sorrow as Mrs. Maitland does. Will I never be happy again? Will I never know what it is to pass a single day without this longing—once more to hear Ernest’s voice—once more to know he loves me more than all beside? Is this craving never to be satisfied? Am I to live day after day this weary life, with ever a want unsatisfied, and ever a void which none on earth can fill? The future is indeed dark and dreary to me.”

The bright blue sky and smiling flowers seemed little in accordance with poor Edna’s feelings that morning.

Original.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

BY MADGE.

The night is still,
The winds are chill,
The tossing waves beat restlessly
Upon the shore,
Where, evermore,
The sea and shore fight ceaselessly.

The sky is dark,
There’s nought to mark
Where daylight last should disappear;
No roseate tints,
No golden glints,
No sapphire gleams of ether clear.

A leaden gray,
Like smoke-dimmed spray,
Across our upper sea is spread;
While east and west
Alike are drest,
As if to mourn a friend that’s dead.

Now plaintive sighs,
Now angry cries,
The east wind utters fitfully;
Then shrieks in pain,
Then moans again,
Then rushes on relentlessly.

The waters blue
Assume the hue,
That drops upon them from above
And join the lone
And dismal moan,
That sweeps through every rocky cove.

Above the clouds,
 Above mist-shrouds,
 The faithful stars shine steadily;
 No gloom is there,
 No vivid glare,
 But peace and calm eternally.

In patience deep,
 These watchers keep
 A guard o'er us continually;
 Through clouds obscure,
 We still are sure
 Light beams above supernally.

An earnest sure
 That will endure
 While stars in Heaven are burning;
 That through Death's night
 There still is light,
 And then a glorious morning.

Original.

SHOOTING IN CANADA.

It is frequently observed that sportsmen from the "Old Country," who come to Canada for the sole purpose of following their favorite pursuit, or who, having other occasion to visit this country, make excursions in quest of its larger game-animals (to which their attention is naturally first attracted), return in disappointment, firmly believing that there is little game in the country. A look, however, into the Grand Trunk freight-sheds, where deer often lie in heaps during the season; the low price of venison in the markets; the thousands of pairs of moccasins made of deer, moose, or caribou skin, everywhere to be seen in the fur stores; all these are proofs that non-success in hunting in Canada is a consequence of something else than the scarcity of game. The fault lies in want of time, want of knowledge, want of patience, or some other want in the sportsman himself. It commonly happens that he meets with difficulties and obstacles he had not anticipated, and which convince him that the attainment of success as a "buskin'd hunter of the deer" is a matter requiring familiar acquaintance with very many things, only to be gained by long practice and experience.

This, however, is very far from diminishing the attractions of the sport in the eyes of the active and athletic sportsman. Sport it is, most essentially. It is often attended with danger—always with difficulty. It requires skill in various arts. It develops moral and physical qualities, excellent in themselves.

Let us accompany a party of redskins from the Lake of Two Mountains to their hunting-grounds, where they mean to pass the autumn and winter. This will perhaps be the best way (if they will have us) of affording the tyro an insight into the ways of woodcraft. We will let them proceed first of all as far up the Ottawa as they mean to go, and join their camp at the mouth of whatever tributary they mean to ascend. Observe their camping arrangements, and the way they go about their domestic concerns; for, nomads though they be, they are domestic, inasmuch as their invaluable helpmates are with them. The tents are of the shape known as the "ridge-pole," resembling a small, sloping roof, the "hanging" forming a low wall. The material is probably strong twilled-calico. It will keep out any ordinary rain, and is much lighter to carry over the steep and rocky portages than canvas would be. A fire is burning in front of the tents, and a big iron pot depends over it from three poles tied, gipsy fashion, together at the top. Another pole is stuck in the ground, and, supported by some fulcrum near the ground end, sustains a tea-kettle on the other end, which inclines over the fire. The men are motionless. Their lips indeed move slightly, but only to let out mouthfuls of smoke. There will be work for them anon. They are broad-chested, powerful fellows, with round faces, and hooked noses; but their color shows signs of "miscegenation." The women are busy, either with cooking, or some other domestic care incident to their way of life. They are fat and happy-looking. The drudgery they are supposed to be put to does not hurt them. They chat over their work in their sweet Ojibway tongue, with the soft and musical voice so

general among the whole red race. A number of fat, unkempt urchins are playing with half-a-dozen wolfish-looking curs, the play generally being on the side of the urchins. A small creature, seemingly a candidate for mummyship, is propped up outside of the tent, totally incapable of moving, and looking as stolid and philosophical as its papa. Two or three birch canoes are turned upside-down on the beach.

As we approach the tents, the men rise and receive us with an easy grace that Nature seems to give to every one who lives much in her company. The women appear not to see us, and either go on with their work, or retire into the tents. After having undergone the quiet glance whereby dogs, children, gipsies, and savages seem to distinguish those they will like from those they must utterly avoid and distrust (we, of course, being of the former), we are invited, probably in English, to "sit down, and take a bite;" and should the invitation extend, as it probably will, to the length of going along with our new hosts many days' journey in the wilderness, fortunate it is indeed for the progress in the "craftie dysporte of venerie" of our tyro companion.

We prepare to start. The tents are struck, and packed in canvas bags. The canoes are carefully lifted up, and placed tenderly on the water. Let us wait a while, and examine that little vessel—a fathom and a half long. It is most important to know all about it.

It seems hardly to touch the water. It is kept from drifting away by the end of a paddle, in the hands of one of the little savages, but it moves with the faintest breath, and dances on the tiniest ripple,

"Like a yellow leaf in autumn—
Like a yellow water-lily."

Learn to know it, and make it know you, and you will find out that it is something more than so much mere dead birch bark, and tamarac roots, and cedar laths.

"All the forest's life is in it,
All its mystery and its magic."

As it comes to know you, it ceases its

hesitating, distrustful ways and naughty tricks. It seems like a thing of life and faith and affection. It bears you whither you will, almost without any conscious effort on your part. You might imagine yourself in Hiawatha's canoe—

"Paddles none had Hiawatha,
Paddles none he had, or needed;
For his thoughts as paddles serv'd him,
And his wishes serv'd to guide him."

Longfellow is surely a canoeman. He must have glided about, no more conscious of exertion with his paddle than a fish with its fins.

We are off! Tents, blankets, pots, and boxes are so disposed as to take up the least possible room, and to serve as seats. Men, women, children, and curs follow. Why, the capacity of these little vessels is amazing! They can take in as much as the proverbial carpet-bag. They go gliding along to the silent dip of the paddles; their motion, and the gentle murmur under their bows producing a kind of lotus-eating effect that seems to account, in some degree, for the silent, dreamy ways of the gentle people navigating them.

The first day's journey is of little interest to us as sportsmen. The river flows through a country level near its mouth, but gradually growing hilly as we ascend. The level part is more or less settled, and among the comparatively low hills that immediately border upon it, there are little, rough-looking clearings. During the whole day we pass through these, which, together with booms, timber-slides, and other well-known features of the newer parts of the country, form the advance guard of civilization. We find ourselves forgetting the destiny of our race, and looking upon these things with some share of the proud dislike with which the Indian hunter regards the genius and pursuits of the white man. We feel that ages of civilization have not extinguished in ourselves the instincts of man the hunter and man the savage.

The night is closing in. As we mean to proceed on our way at sunrise, we do not pitch the tents, but turn the canoes upside

down, and lie with our heads under them, with our feet towards the fire. It is the middle of September, and twenty-four hours a day in the open air is the best thing we could have. As we fall asleep, the soft, cool air caressing our faces, we seem to be drinking in life and happiness.

We have ascended the river far enough to have entered a region which is, perhaps, the most remarkable physical feature of Canada; and which, destined as it apparently is to be, sooner or later, the only hunting ground of the country for large game, well deserves the study and attention of sportsmen.

It is a region covering, in Canada alone, a space about five times greater than the whole of England, and stretching along the north shore of the St. Lawrence, from the ocean, to within a few miles of Quebec, where it leaves the river, maintaining, however, a rude parallelism with the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario, at such a distance that any considerable divergence northward from the line of civilization along these waters will plunge the traveller into its awful solitudes. The chief impressions left on the minds of those who have wandered in it are of vastness, and sameness, and dark, savage beauty. One spot only differs from another in that the rounded hills may be higher, while the thousands of lakes are of all sizes, from the mere black mountain tarn, in its black gneiss walls, to the seemingly boundless inland sea. The multitude of lakes, and a perfect network of rivers, are the only highways for the few travellers who penetrate far into its wilds; and its general sterility, added to its hard climate and savage roughness, must make it, for years to come, the home of the larger game and fur-bearing animals, and of the wild men through whose agency their skins are transferred to the marts of civilization. Owing to its many rivers, and to its containing here and there tracts covered with heavy pine timber, it must eventually, as the more level parts of the country fill up with settlers, afford the principal field for the lumberman. A vast

portion of it must, however, remain inaccessible even to him, though it may hereafter be valuable for mineral riches, such as characterize similar regions in Scandinavia and Bohemia. A large tract in the State of New York (the Adirondack Mountains) presents in every respect the same features as the region we are describing, and remains, amid surrounding civilization, the home of the deer, bear, wolf, and cougar.

As we said before, a day's journey up this little river (little in comparison with the Ottawa, but probably two or three hundred miles long) has brought us fairly within the borders of the great mountain region. It is useless to follow the river further, for, so far as it has water enough to float a saw-log, we shall find it in the hands of the lumberman. So we enter upon the more toilsome part of the way that still lies between us and our red friends' haunt—over lakes separated by long and rocky portages, up streams that hardly float our canoes—on and on, until, owing to there not being sufficient continuous water communication with the Ottawa, the ancient trees have for some distance ceased to bear marks of the white man's axe. We are upon the last of the lakes we have to pass, and the canoes are brought to in a little sheltered bay, among the dark gneiss cliffs of the shore. The journey from the river has been fatiguing, but fully repaid by the opportunity of observing the many natural beauties we have passed through, and the tender care and courtesy displayed by our silent and gentle-mannered hosts.

On landing, we accompany our new friends a few steps from the shore, and are somewhat surprised to see a tolerably substantial log-hut, whose construction evidently cost more labor than would have been expended on a dwelling only designed to last one winter. We are told that our Indians come to it every year, and that for a certain distance around it no other Indians trap, at least not certain animals. This is by virtue of a remnant of ancient Indian law, which assigns to each family a certain

portion of territory. The hut has a great clay hearth in the middle of a floor of rough boards, over which is a large hole in the roof, with a few boards depending from its sides to guide the smoke. The rest of the evening is spent in putting the house in order, supping, and sitting round the fire—imbibing what woodcraft we can from our practical teachers.

The women are up betimes in the morning, and when breakfast is ready they call their lords and ourselves, and wait upon us, taking their own meal when we are gone. Breakfast over, we prepare for business, and sally forth.

As we follow the Indian who undertakes our forest education, we cannot but notice how beautifully the country is adapted for the king of Canadian sport—"still hunting" the common deer. The height and steepness of the hills, the sparseness of the timber over much of the ground, and the occasional stretches of almost bare rock, afford facilities for seeing the game, the want of which is much felt in more level and densely-wooded ground. As we proceed, we notice our guide's way of going along. His gait, which at first looked like an easy saunter, we now find quite fast enough, considering the ground. Sticks seem not to crack under his moccasins, nor dry leaves to rustle. Nothing gives any sound as he touches it. Though his eyes are examining the ground on all sides, and taking pretty wide sweeps of the country, he never kicks his toes, as we do, against twisted roots, and rocks, and fallen trees. His movements are those of a ghost. Presently, he stops and looks round, with a quiet smile, pointing to the ground; and even our unpractised eye can see that the dry leaves are cut by the sharp hoof, and newly turned over. With hearts beating like ours, it is hard to slacken our pace, and tread gingerly among dry branches, loose pieces of rock, and old leaves. But we restrain ourselves manfully. The Indian, from his intimate acquaintance with his domain, and the appearance of the tracks, makes a very shrewd guess at the

whereabouts of our prey. All goes well until, brushing past a fallen trunk, crack goes a small dead branch. The Indian stops and listens. He hears what we do not—the sudden start of the deer, half a mile away. There is nothing for it but to try again, and be more careful. Under our friend's unerring guidance, we soon strike the track again, but his knowledge of the country renders it unnecessary to follow it continually. We strike it again and again, until the increased caution of our Indian's movements tells us that our game is near. He points to a plant, whose long stalks are in the act of rising from the ground, having been trodden down a few moments ago. With extreme caution, he advances to a mass of rock before us, looks carefully round the side of it, and motions us to follow. There, sure enough, is the noble creature; his head raised and turned towards us, his eyes gleaming as if with pride in his power and instinct of self-preservation; but his tail jerking nervously from side to side. We must control our admiration of his beauty, and our own beating hearts, or he will not be ours! An upward jerk of his tail is instantly followed by the crack of the Indian's gun, and away, with a convulsive leap, goes the deer, but with head and tail drooping. We follow with all speed, and the great splashes of frothy blood soon guide us to our prey.

This is our first experience in "still hunting"—a sport with which no other way of killing deer can compare. After a few days' practice, we begin to improve in our way of walking the woods. Our eyes grow sharper in observing "sign." We acquire many "wrinkles," which it would take too long to describe. We can trust ourselves alone in the wilderness for a certain distance, for whereabouts there are plenty of striking natural peculiarities to show us where our lake lies. Before returning to the world, though we have lost many deer without even knowing they were near us, we have actually "still hunted" a few ourselves, and got over the "buck-ague," which so much interfered with our first

shot. But it will take years to make us hunters. All we have learned, and much more, must become part and parcel of ourselves. Every time we visit our red friends, we shall see some new thing in their way of proceeding, and be convinced that even in such seemingly simple things as killing deer, and making one's self comfortable in the woods, *ars longa*.

Though deer-hunting cannot be enjoyed to perfection without going some distance into the wilderness, there is plenty of shooting of other kinds in the more settled parts of Canada. We hope, before long, to have an opportunity of telling the reader something about the many good grounds for duck, snipe, woodcock, etc., within easy distances of railway stations or steamboat landings, as well as of saying something respecting the more accessible parts of the country, where deer may still be met with. We must also defer to some future time the subject of the chase of the moose and caribou, in the more easterly parts of the Dominion of Canada. All kinds of shooting in this country are attended with more or less danger and hardship, and all afford ample room for the exercise of skill and experience; but without these things, as we said at starting, no sport deserves the name. These things are what render our wild sports important in the physical and moral training of our youth. Besides, it is not enough for us to be proud of the beauties of our woods and waters and skies. We should actively enjoy and appreciate them, and give them an honorable place among our great national blessings; and we say from experience, that few, save sportsmen, ever see the beauties of Canadian nature in their fulness.

Original.

THE STORY OF JENNIE STUART.

BY J. A. H.

In the backwoods of one of the quietest and most peaceful, though longest settled, of the English parts of the Province of Que-

bec there lived, some ten or fifteen years ago, a little, old woman all alone in a quaint long house on the banks of the "Little Thames." The farm on which her hut was built was her own property, but was worked by a neighboring farmer, who allowed her enough to maintain her comfortably and supply all her moderate wants. Jennie Stuart was the name of this little, old Scotch woman, and Jennie Stuart she was always called. Her property has passed into other hands, her house has fallen, and the spot on which it stood is only distinguished by a luxuriant growth of wild roses, sweet-briar, and hop-vines which formerly surrounded it. Jennie herself has rested in the green "kirk-yard" for many a year; even the memory of her quiet face and contented smile is gradually fading from the minds of those who once knew her. Dead and forgotten will soon be the fate of all, and why should we suppose it to be otherwise with the memory of Jennie Stuart?

She was a little, old woman with small, delicate features, which were creased, when I knew her, with innumerable though exceedingly small wrinkles. Her dress, though of the plainest materials, was always exceedingly becoming—generally of a grey color—over which was always folded a white 'kerchief. She wore on her head one of those old-fashioned, high-crowned, frilled caps, on each side of which was seen a solitary curl, almost white—a sad remnant of the glossy curls that once adorned her head when it was confined, not by the practical "mutch," but by the mystic "snood." When I knew her, Jennie's eyes, behind her large, silver specs, were dim, her cheeks withered, and her lips fallen; but in the days of her girlhood few bonnier lassies could have been found. To have seen that little, old lady quietly knitting all day long, one would have thought that her life had always been as peaceful—that sorrow had never entered that lowly door; but where is the door it has not entered? or where the life so monotonous as to have no history?

When Duncan Stuart left Scotland about

fifty years ago he had the name of being a hard man ; and a hard man he certainly was—harder, if possible, to his own family than to strangers. This family consisted of a wife and four children—one boy, Davie, who was what they called an “innocent,” and three girls. The two eldest, Betsy and Nancy, were almost women, but the youngest, Jennie, was at that time but a child. Duncan’s wife was one of those meek, quiet women that hard, tyrannical men sometimes get, and who stood in deadly fear of her husband. But for all that she was a good woman, and was dearly loved by her children, over whom she exercised considerable influence.

Why Duncan Stewart emigrated to Canada no one could find out, for many a hard sovereign was said to be concealed in his iron box ; and it is certain more would have been added had he remained in Scotland.

Poor Mrs. Stuart’s heart was nearly broken at leaving the old country, but she was the last person to make any objections to her husband’s plans ; so, with a heavy heart, she made all arrangements, and they were soon settled in the new country. For five years she bore without a complaint the terrible hardships of bush life, taking bravely all her own hard work and meekly her husband’s harshness, ever trying to come between him and her children. For five long, bitter years she bore it all, and then the silver cord loosened, and the weary soul was at rest. Her two eldest daughters long remembered her dying charge. Calling them to her, as she lay on her hard bed, the dying woman gave them her last directions :

“Betsy, you and Nancy must listen to what I have to say. I am going to die, but it is all well with me ; but my heart is sair for the bairns I leave behind. Remember how I always tried to live, and in whom I trusted, and you will always have one friend. Be kind to your father even when he is so hard, and when he comes to die comfort him. And I charge you both—watch over little Jennie ; never speak a harsh word to

her or give her an angry look ; always stand between her and your father. She is not a strong lassie, as you were, and you must always think of her before yourselves. We are so far away from any neighbors that you will have to prepare me for burial. I thought of that before I left Scotland, and prepared for it. In the corner closet you will find six bundles, on which I have written the name of the person to which they belong. Open the one with my name on it, and you will find in it everything necessary for the funeral. And now, send Jennie and Davie to me, and one of you run for your father, for I have not long to live.”

Davie came in with a frightened face, but, poor idiot, he little thought he was about to lose his best friend. But little Jennie clung to her mother as if she, with her small, white arms, could keep the grim king of terrors at bay. She kissed them both, bade them be good children, and with a silent prayer committed them to the care of Him who has promised to be a Father to the fatherless. When her husband came in, she felt much worse. She had just strength to hold out her hand to bid him “Good bye.”

“I am going to dee, Duncan.”

“Na, na ; dinna dee just noo,” said her husband. “Our work is na half done yet.”

“My work ’s all done, Duncan. I have tried to be a gude wife to you ; and oh, Duncan, if you ever loved me, do not be hard on my bairns. You hae broken my heart, but I would not reproach you ; but do not break their young spirits. Betsy and Nannie will be a great help to you, but you must never attempt to drive little Jennie ; she could not bear it. Poor Davie will give you but little trouble, and only requires what he eats and wears ; but poor little, sensitive Jennie, she will miss her mother’s love.”

Then, bidding them all a tender farewell, the gentle spirit of Mrs. Stuart left this world of toil and sorrow.

Nobly did the two girls fulfil the promise

made to their dying mother. Hard had they often to work—ill had they always to fare; yet Jennie's hands grew white and soft—Jennie had always something better on her dish. Davie, also, was Jennie's slave, and followed her everywhere. Thus wearily and thus laboriously did the years roll on till Jennie was sixteen. Duncan Stuart had grown very frail and was hardly able to leave his chair, and was quite childish and very troublesome, so that it was very disagreeable to come near him. He was in constant dread of being robbed, and even his own children were regarded with suspicion.

Jennie had become a very pretty girl—wild and timid as a doe, and spending most of her time in the bush that everywhere surrounded her father's clearance. These woods she had explored far and near, and in all her explorations Davie was her constant companion,—he hardly could be called a protector.

Jennie's favorite place was about a mile up the river, where the water had made a hollow in the steep rock which formed the bank at that place. The only way of getting to it, unless the river was very low, was by wading a few yards in the water; but after she was there, she was perfectly dry and comfortable, the floor being of the hard, white sand, and the top and sides formed by the solid rock. Jennie knew that though, during the summer, the water never reached the floor, yet, during the winter and spring months, when she could not visit it, it must have been almost filled, for every spring it had changed its appearance. This was a great puzzle to her, and she often wished to see it when the snow was on the ground, or during the great floods of the spring. This she was forbidden to do, but that only increased her wish to visit it; and away down in her naughty heart she made a wicked little vow that she would satisfy her curiosity some time; and satisfy it she certainly did. The winter that year had been exceedingly severe. Immense quantities of snow had fallen, and there had been no thaw till the beginning

of April. Then came one of those tremendous thaws that threaten to carry everything before them. For two days it rained constantly, with a strong south wind blowing all the time. The third day it cleared off, and the sun came out strong and dazzling; but the wind increased, and the snow went even more rapidly than before. Just about that time, too, old Duncan Stuart began to feel the approach of death, and the great struggle was going on in his mind, when it became evident that he would have to leave his beloved gold—for little, very little treasure had he laid up elsewhere. His remorse became more terrible as his pains increased, and the care of him took the entire attention of his two eldest daughters. Jennie, not thinking him as ill as he really was, thought this a good chance to slip away unnoticed and visit her cave. The snow had nearly all gone, but still she had great difficulty in making her way along. She intended to walk on the ice, but this Davie would not do, as the ice was very rotten and full of holes, and they had to walk along the bank as best they could. When they reached their destination, she found that there was a narrow channel of water between the ice and the bank, over which they would have to jump. Here Davie again refused to accompany her, and what she thought still more strange, he tried to hold her. Never before had he attempted any such thing, and this time it was unavailing. Extricating herself from his hold, the daring girl sprang over the narrow channel, leaving Davie on the bank, stretching out his arms as if imploring her to come back, and uttering, with a peculiar, mournful sound, "Gee, Gee," the only word he could ever utter, and by which he meant "Jennie." Disregarding this appeal, Jennie turned away and was soon lost to sight behind the rocks. Davie waited for some time, but when she did not come back, he turned and went slowly home, saying sorrowfully to himself, "Gee, Gee."

When Jennie reached her cave she was so delighted with its appearance that she forgot all about returning; and it was not

till she had examined each nook and corner that she thought of going home. But this was not so easy. While she was in the cave the ice on the river began to move slowly down, and had left a channel of several feet between the main body of ice and that which formed the bottom of the cave, and on which she was standing. Poor Jennie now felt the full extent of her danger. At first she thought of jumping as far as she could, and try to reach the ice that way, but the water looked so cold, and the space so wide, that she shrank back into the cave again. Bitterly now did she repent of her conduct as she thought how terrible it would be to die alone in such a place. She thought how hard it would be to die so young, and give up all she had intended to do in the future. She thought of Davie, and attempted to call him, but her voice was drowned by the crushing ice and rushing wind. She then thought of her sick father, and of Betsy's and Nancy's alarm when they found out that she was away, and she wondered if they would ever find her. This and much more went rapidly through her mind, till she was roused by a cold feeling at her feet. She looked down and discovered that the water was rising, and had already covered the ice, which was her only resting place. Then all the dreadful reality of her position came upon her, and throwing up her arms, she shrieked aloud; but all the answer she got was the crushing and grinding of the ice. The water was rising very fast, and soon covered her ankles, and she was afraid to move for fear she would fall into some hole. Leaving her in this painful position, let us go back to the house, with its dying master, two frightened women, and the idiot boy.

They did not miss Jennie till Davie returned, and then they were sure from his look and manner that there was something the matter.

"Where is Jennie?" said Betsy, forgetting for the time his infirmity.

Davie only shook his head, put out his tongue, and said "Gee, Gee."

"O, Nancy, what has become of Jennie?"

Davie has come back without her," she said to her sister.

Both the sisters ran to the door and called out, "Jennie! Jennie!" but they got no answer. They, however, made one discovery, and that was that the water in the river was rising fast, and had nearly reached their door.

"The ice has jammed down at the bend. How will Jennie get home?" said Nancy, tremulously.

Just then their father called them, and they had to go in, but not before they had again called Jennie, and looked around for her everywhere.

The shadows of death were on the wrinkled brow of old Duncan Stuart; and oh, what a different death-bed his was to that of their mother's! Hers had been all peace and hope—his was doubt and despair. All his money could not buy for him one hour of peace or one ray of hope.

"Betsy and Nancy," said the dying man, "don't leave me again, for I am dying. And oh, lassies, if ye do not want to come to a death like mine, follow your mother's teaching. It weighs heavy, heavy on my heart now, thinking how hard I was to her and how hard I have been to you. If I had to live again I would be different; but it is all over now. Where is Jennie? Bring Jennie and Davie to see me."

Davie was brought forward, and his father bade him "Good-bye," when he again put out his tongue and said "Gee, Gee."

"Where is Gee?" said his father. "Girls, where is Jennie?"

"Jennie's out, father," said Betsy, "and we don't know where she is."

"And the river is rising fast, too," added Nancy.

"Jennie out, and the river rising! Run, both of you, to find her," said Duncan, rising in his bed. "Margaret said, 'Take care of Jennie,'" he added, to himself, as both the girls left the room, "and what will she say if Jennie is lost!"

Betsy and Nancy went again to the door to look for Jennie, but they found that the water had come up to the door-step, and

now completely surrounded the house. So they had to return sorrowfully to their father, but when they reached his bed they found that he had breathed his last. This shock quite overpowered them, and they sat down beside the corpse and cried as if their heart would break; and in truth theirs was no enviable position. Two lonely, dependent women—alone in the house with their dead father and idiot brother—night coming on, and their darling sister, their dying mother's charge, out alone, and they with no way of helping her. And now another trouble presented itself. The water commenced to flow in at the door, and they feared that the whole house would be swept away. And in the chamber of that miserable house did Betsy and Nancy, with poor Davie, pass the long, long night, the water rising all the time.

We will now go back to Jennie, standing in the water in the cave a mile up the river. Just as she lost all hope she felt the ice on which she stood rock under her, and then she felt herself gradually raised out of the water almost to the roof of the cave. The water had got under the ice and forced it up in a large cake, which formed a raft for Jennie. It turned round and round the cave several times, and then gradually swung out into the river and floated slowly down, bearing Jennie safe from her prison. Night had come on in the meanwhile, but still it was light enough for her to distinguish objects at a little distance from her, and she anxiously looked out for the house—hoping to be observed.

"Betsy," said Nancy, "come to the window and see what that is on that large piece of ice."

Betsy came to the window, and after she had gazed for a few moments at the object, said,

"It looks like a woman. Perhaps it's Jennie."

"Let us go down and open the door. It will drift near," said Nancy.

Down then they both went, and wading

through the water that covered the lower floor, they reached the door, and after some difficulty opened it, and gazed out on the river, now swollen to more than thrice its usual breadth. About fifty yards from the door they saw the cake of ice, and thought they recognized Jennie on it. They tried to call to her, but their voices were drowned by the noise of the water. They could do nothing but wait and pray. A tree stands a few yards above the door, a little to one side. The ice is coming straight for it. If it turns to the right side of the tree, Jennie will be sent into the middle of the river and lost before their eyes; if it turns to the left it will jam against the house, and Jennie will be safe. Scarcely have they time to take in all the danger when the mass of ice strikes the tree with a crash that almost brakes it to pieces. They catch their breath as it balances for a few moments, uncertain which way to turn, and then slowly and unwillingly swings round to the left, and strikes against the house, where it remains fast; and Jennie,—foolish, frightened Jennie,—is back again to her sisters.

The next morning the jam had given way and the water had subsided; but the effects of that terrible night were ever after felt by the two elder sisters. They both had a severe attack of rheumatic fever, and though they recovered after a long and weary illness, yet they were both cripples for the remainder of their lives.

Amplly, then, did Jennie repay them for their love and kindness to her. She took the care of them and Davie for her life-work, and nobly did she fulfil it. She was often entreated to change her name, but always refused, saying,

"I have my sisters to take care of, and that takes all my time."

Years after that, they one by one were laid beside their mother and father—first Nancy, then Davie, and last of all Betsy; and Jennie lived alone, loved by all who knew her, till at last she, too, died, and her story has been forgotten.

Original.

NOT DIVIDED.

BY M. A. T.

Together fifty years they trod
 The wandering ways of life;
 Then slept beneath the same green sod,
 Fond husband, faithful wife.

Their days to seventy years had grown,
 And, when he went away,
 She made no wild and bitter moan
 Above his lifeless clay.

But, gently as a summer day
 Sinks to its beauteous close,
 Her life and spirit ebbed away,
 And into glory rose.

He died just as the morning beamed,
 And she before the night;
 A new, eternal bridal seemed
 The solemn burial rite.

Three generations of their name,
 Proud fathers, bridegrooms blest,
 And lovers in their earliest flame,
 Conveyed them to their rest.

In the low chamber gently laid,
 And heaped their couch with flowers;
 And in their spirits softly prayed—
 "May such an end be ours!"

Original.

THE GREAT NORTH WEST.

BY GEO. VICTOR LE VAUX.

Intending to write a few articles on "The Great North West," about which people have heard so much and really know so little, we will take the liberty to make a few general observations concerning the Hudson Bay Company, and the vast territories over which their sway is nominally paramount. Originally the title, "Hudson Bay Territory," was restricted to the immense region watered by rivers flowing into the bay. It then embraced part of the peninsula of Labrador, and the whole of Rupert's Land. But the ambition and enterprise of the Company increased with the advance of time. Its *employees*,

ascending the rivers alluded to, penetrated to the interior, and gradually established "forts" or trading depots throughout the length and breadth of the land; so that in less than a century from the date of incorporation their influence was paramount, and their decrees law over half the continent.

The Company's territory now extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the confines of Canada to the Northern Ocean. Its area is equal to a square of 1,300 miles—nearly as large as that of the United States. It includes the Saskatchewan, Swan River, Red River, Mackenzie, and Athabasca regions, in addition to Rupert's Land and Labrador. It is divided into four departments, subdivided into thirty-three districts, and includes about one hundred and sixty forts or trading posts. York Factory, on Hudson Bay, near the mouth of Nelson River, is the great central emporium. Ships sail to this post from England (Gravesend) once or twice every year, laden with English goods, and fetch back in return cargoes of furs and skins. The government of the Company's territories is administered by a Governor, assisted by an elective council. The districts are governed by sixteen Chief-Factors and thirty Chief-Traders, whose rule very much resembles that of Turkish Beys.

The influence of this gigantic "Trade-Union" has been somewhat curtailed, but they still exercise almost despotic sway over the Indians and half-breeds of the interior. They have a staff of about three thousand men, whose sole occupation is to hunt over the great plains, and through the vast forests of the North and West. Agencies or trading-posts are established, far and wide, through the length and breadth of the land—generally from one hundred to five hundred miles apart—where the trappers or hunters exchange the spoils of the chase for English goods. The chief-traders forward the "raw material," furs and skins, to their chief-factor, he transmits them to York Factory, and they are shipped thence to England.

No settler is allowed to sell English goods in any of these districts, over which the Company exercises *sole* jurisdiction. He has no voice whatever in the Government, nor is he allowed to navigate any of the lakes or rivers without special license. None but the representatives of the "firm" are permitted to trade in furs and other such commodities. The Company's officers, attended by an armed police, have frequently entered the houses of settlers in search of "contraband goods." Woe be-tide the friendless settler, should any be found! All his "goods and chattels" would be seized and confiscated; his hat would probably be burned, and himself imprisoned, whilst his wife and children, if unable to hunt and fish, might starve and die.

The chief-factors, and members of the Company's council are absolute masters of the lives and properties, "goods and chattels" of all settlers. The legislative, judicial, and executive functions of Government are united in the Governor and Council—they make and un-make, administer and execute their own laws, and are not accountable for their actions to either the Sovereign or Parliament.

Hudson Bay, like the Hudson River, received its name from its celebrated discoverer, Henry Hudson. This noble navigator, sailing in the service of the Russia Trading Company, passed through Hudson Strait, doubled Cape Wolstenholme, and entered the "Mediterranean of the North" in 1610; and for some time flattered himself that the object of his search was found—that the north-west passage to India was discovered. After visiting many portions of the coast, he resolved to explore the seas north of Southampton Island; but his crew mutinied, and left himself and his gallant son to perish on the desolate shores of that land which his bravery and perseverance had revealed to the world. The same Company sent out other expeditions, commissioned to explore more fully the regions discovered by Hudson, to establish commercial communications with the natives, and, if possible, to discover the

North-West passage to India. They received a charter in 1669 from Charles II., granting them a monopoly of trade to and with the various territories watered by rivers flowing into the Bay, and empowering them, if necessary, to build, equip, and commission vessels of war, and enlist soldiers to protect their rights. The Russia Trading Company now became the "Hudson Bay Company." Their worthy Sovereign, unconscious perhaps of the extent of the power and privileges conferred, constituted them, according to the words of their charter, "The true and absolute lords and proprietors of said territories for ever, on condition that they pay to the monarch of England, or his (or her) heirs, two elks, and two black beavers, as often as he (or she) may visit, or happen to enter, the said countries, territories, and regions." As yet none of the Sovereigns of England or their heirs have "visited or entered the said regions," and, therefore, the Company have never paid anything for the immense power and valuable privileges they enjoy, excepting the original presents to the "merry monarch." At a later period, this Company added considerably to their wealth and power by amalgamating with the "North-West Company" of Montreal. On the strength of this charter, granted to them two hundred years ago, by a careless, "free and easy" monarch, they still assert their rights in fee simple to the lands of a territory nearly as large as Europe; and, not content with enjoying a monopoly of its trade, they have the assurance to claim absolute power over all within it, treating the industrious emigrant or settler as an intruder and an enemy!

A century or two ago this institution may have been very useful and desirable; but its existence at the present day is inconsistent with the advance of civilization, inimical to the welfare of our country, a reproach to the excellent laws and constitution of our Dominion, and a disgrace to the whole British empire. Confident that we speak the sentiments of the majority of Canadians and other free men on this con-

continent, we have no hesitation in stating that this same Hudson Bay Company is one of the most absurd anomalies that ever existed within the limits of a free nation. At all events, its existence checks our growth, retards our union with our brethren of the Pacific coast, and prevents the due development of our resources, by diverting the commerce which should be ours into foreign channels—thus enriching certain speculators whose sole object is to fill their own coffers by monopolizing that trade which is ours by birthright. The people of Canada, therefore, if really desirous of promoting their own interests and the general welfare of the country, should unite as one man in calling upon their representatives in Parliament to take such steps as would induce the Home Government to abolish this glaring anomaly. Should they thus unite, we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that ere many years elapse this iniquitous monopoly will be a thing of the past.

A great mountain range, called the Laurentian Chain, runs along the northern confines of Canada, parallel to the line of the St. Lawrence and great lakes. It extends from the eastern coast of Labrador to the western shores of Lake Superior, where it diverges into two chains—one running north-west, and the other south-west. From the point of divergence, they gradually lose their mountain character, and expand into high plateaus, occasionally crested with isolated ridges; but, as they approach the Rocky Mountains, they again assume cyclopean proportions. The Laurentian range, including the two chains alluded to, is probably the greatest watershed of North America. Rivers rising in its mysterious solitudes flow into the Atlantic, Arctic, and Pacific Oceans. Some of those flowing into the Hudson Bay are nearly 2,000 miles in length. The noble Ottawa rises in the main range, and the great Mississippi has its source in that chain which deflects to the south-west.

The cold of the regions north of the Laurentian Mountains is extremely severe, and, under existing circumstances, they can

never be settled by the Anglo-Saxon race. For several months of the year the thermometer ranges at 50 to 53 deg. below zero; or, in other words, the climate in winter is twice as cold as that of Canada. The breath escaping from the mouth is instantaneously frozen on the face, raising blisters on the same, and producing a sensation similar to that which a person would experience were red-hot sand scattered over the flesh. The days in summer vary in length from seventeen hours on the confines of Canada to four and even six months in the extreme north. The climate of Canada would be much more severe in winter, were it not for the protection afforded by the Laurentian Mountains against the icy winds of the north.

Those vast regions, included between the Rocky Mountains and the two ranges deflecting (S. W. and N. W.) from Lake Superior, are usually designated the "Great North-West." This is that primeval wilderness which, in all probability, is destined to become the Scythia of America—the granary of the world—the home of a hundred millions of freemen. This immense territory includes Red River, Swan River, the "Republic of Manitoba," and the Saskatchewan. It also embraces the embryo settlements of Peace River, English River, Cumberland, and Athabasca. These vast regions contain rivers which rival the Richelieu and Ottawa in size and beauty, and lakes as large as Erie or Ontario. The soft and genial breezes of the Pacific seas cross the Rocky Mountains, and, in unison with the warm winds of the south, temper the climate of these western regions; so that the extremes experienced in Canada are totally unknown south of the Saskatchewan and Peace Rivers. The rivers and lakes are numerous, and well stocked with fish. Their shores are generally well lined with forest, in which game is very abundant. Some trees attain gigantic proportions, and vegetation is so gorgeous and exuberant as to rival that of Texas. The great plains between the rivers, being generally desti-

tute of trees, present the most beautiful and varied appearance a few weeks after the spring rains, as they are then decked with flowers of every form, size, and hue. Winter usually commences in December, and ends in April. At the Rocky Mountains, its duration is about four months, and five at Red River. On an average, the snow never exceeds one foot in depth, and seldom remains long on the ground. Many herds of buffalo remain on the plains all winter. The soil cannot be surpassed, and is seldom equalled. It generally consists of a rich, black mould, several feet in depth, reposing on a limestone formation, or sub-soil of sand. When well cultivated, it yields from 30 to 60 bushels of wheat to the acre. Rice, maize, cotton, tobacco, currants, and strawberries grow in all parts of the Saskatchewan, but of these matters we will treat more minutely in our next.

The great prairies of the North-West are ready for the plough, and yearn for the permanent presence of civilized man. These vast and favored regions are, without doubt, destined to become the farmer's paradise. Here he may plough up the virgin soil, sow his crops, and in a few months reap their increase, without spending the best of his life in cutting down forests, chopping timber, and burning stumps. Here he may erect his house on the beautiful shores of some lovely lake, where prairie and forest kiss each other—where no tax-gatherer shall trouble him; where no taskmaster shall annoy him; where he shall be his own "boss"—"monarch of all he surveys," from his residence to the distant horizon; where his flocks will multiply with wonderful rapidity, and his fields yield him an hundred-fold; where the scenery will be romantic and pleasing to the eye; where bountiful Nature will smile on him, and where the bright blue skies and glittering waters of the lakes and rivers will cheer him as he goes!

Original.

THE BIG CHUTE.

BY J. H. McW.

A pleasant day in early summer, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and fifty-four was drawing to a close, as two white men and an Indian approached the French post of Niagara. Emerging from the woods a short distance from the post, they crossed the intervening space of cleared ground with an unhesitating step, and, approaching the stockade, hailed the not over-watchful guard, and demanded admittance. After a reconnoitre, which consisted merely of a single glance from the guard, the rough gate was opened, and a hearty welcome given to the two men, who, with their guide, were at once admitted. Paying but little attention to the many questions put to them, they proceeded without delay to the opposite side of the enclosure, where were the quarters of the commander of the post, young La Flèche.

"He bien, mes garçons," exclaimed La Flèche, as the men approached; "what bad news have we now? for certainly you have not the appearance of men who bring glad tidings. I hope my friend Jumonville has met with no disaster."

"Hélas, monsieur!" exclaimed the elder of the men; "we have very bad tidings—our force is cut to pieces, and Jumonville is slain."

"The force destroyed, and Jumonville killed! This is heavy news indeed, but how could it occur? The English have not before shown so much energy as to lead one to fear so disastrous a result. Tell me how it came about."

Henri Grichard (for so was the speaker called) proceeded to give La Flèche an account of the engagement which had been so disastrous to the French; and which, instead of following in all the minuteness of detail, we shall endeavor to present to the reader in a very few words:—

In the year 1749, the Governor of Virginia had granted to the Ohio Company 500,000 acres of land in a region claimed by the French, and, indeed, backed by the chain of posts which they had located all the way from Montreal to New Orleans. The Company, attempting to make settlements, soon got into difficulties with the French, and a remonstrance sent by the Governor of Virginia to the French commandant, by the hands of a rising young man named George Washington, being productive of no good result, a force was sent against the French, of which Washington came to have the chief command. This force meeting Jumonville near the Ohio river the latter was, as Grichard has already informed us, slain, together with a part of his small force; the few survivors being made prisoners, with the exception of Grichard and his companion, who made their way as best they might to Niagara, to which they had formerly belonged.

This bloody engagement—for, although the forces engaged on either side were not considerable, the contest was maintained with great valor—was the first check the French had received since William Pepperell had captured Louisbourg in 1745, and was the commencement of the five years' war which resulted in the capture of nearly all the French posts by the British, concluding with the most brilliant exploits of Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham. With the subsequent results, however, the present sketch does not pretend to deal, but is simply intended to record the adventures of Grichard in his attempt to reach Montreal.

La Flèche heard with unabated interest Grichard's prolix, and somewhat rambling account of the recent disaster, and, although his own connection therewith was the burden of his story, La Flèche—who had great confidence in the man, notwithstanding this tendency to self-adulation—by an occasional question as to some of the circumstances omitted by Grichard, in a short time was in possession of all the details. La Flèche inquired more particularly as to the

young commander of the British forces, of whose intelligence and daring Grichard had so much to say.

"What," said La Flèche, "is the appearance and probable age of young Washington?"

"As to his appearance," said Grichard, "he is tall, but not stout, very active, and of renowned strength, although his age cannot have reached to 23 years. He was at first only second in command, but when Col. Fry died, the chief command fell upon him. This was unfortunate for us, for, having no idea that we were in any danger, a number of miles from the British camp at Great Meadows, we were all asleep—sentries and all, I fear—when, before we knew anything, Washington was upon us with his own men and Indian allies. Jumonville was killed, and, although we did our best, losing about half our men, the odds were against us."

La Flèche, having obtained from Grichard all his information, sent him away to find rest and food, his companion having already been provided for. La Flèche, on revolving in his mind all the events of which Grichard had told him, could not repress a feeling of anxiety as to what the next move would be. He could not approve of the step Jumonville had taken in attacking Captain Trent, and taking possession of the works that officer had begun, and which Jumonville completed, calling it Fort Duquesne. He saw clearly that, whether at once successful or not, Colonel Washington would be reinforced, and, if Fort Duquesne should be retaken, there would presently be strong expeditions sent against his own and some of the other posts—events which in a short time actually occurred.

La Flèche was the more anxious for the safety of his post on account of the quantity of valuable commodities which had accumulated there for transmission to Montreal. These consisted of a few bales of those exceedingly valuable furs which are greatly sought after in Europe; some of them, like the black fox-skin, so rare and so costly

that the nobility of Russia paid great prices for the best skins. There was also at Fort Niagara a quantity of native gold, which had been passed from some of the more remote posts, all of which was waiting transmission to Montreal and Quebec, and which La Flèche decided to send forward at once, under the charge of Grichard, together with an account of the recent disaster to the French force at Great Meadows.

La Flèche took an early opportunity of making his intentions known to Grichard, who had his own reasons for greatly wishing to return to Montreal, and who proceeded with great alacrity to accomplish the necessary arrangements for the journey, which would have to be performed by boat. The valuables which were to form the small cargo were carefully made up and enumerated. The boat was overhauled, and the sails and oars put in good order for the journey. A quantity of provisions was laid in, and on the 27th day of May everything was in readiness. The following day, however, being Saturday, the good curé, Father Cosson, objected to the journey being begun until after the Sabbath, and, as in such matters the curé's authority was indisputable, Grichard was forced to remain until Monday morning, very much to his vexation, and to the diminution of the number of his *aves*. However, Monday, the last day of May, now arrived, and the little vessel with her valuable freight and light-hearted company got fairly started on her lengthy journey of nearly five hundred miles.

Besides Grichard, who was in command of "La Belle Marie," there were twelve men, quite as many as could well be spared from the post—more indeed than La Flèche liked to see going away; but none too many if much rowing should require to be done, or if it should be necessary to protect the treasure.

Keeping well inland, and heaving to at night, nearly a fortnight had passed before the post at Oswego was reached; and, stopping there a day or two to rest, our party did not reach the St. Lawrence until about

three weeks after leaving Niagara river. They were greatly delighted when they found they were entering the St. Lawrence, and, making but a very brief stay at Frontenac, hurried on their course, which now came to be perceptibly accelerated by the current of the stream. The Thousand Islands, which were, a good many years later, to become famous by the skill and intrepidity of Flora Macdonald, had nevertheless their great beauty of scenery to interest and delight our travellers, as they have interested and delighted many thousands of travellers since.

The air was vocal with boat-songs, reverberated by the rocks which in some places rose abruptly out of the water—so that their simple refrain of

"Je croyais Jeanneton,
Aussi douce que belle,"

seemed often to be answered from the miniature islands which the current and their own exertions at the oars carried them swiftly by. At length they emerged from this delightful archipelago, and, continuing their course down the river, passed the Galops, and the two or three patches of broken water which intervene between the Thousand Islands and the large island now known as Croil's.

The day was drawing to a close as the "Marie," passing the head of this island, swept round with the current, which at this point soon opens up a very pretty view of the river for some distance below—or rather that part of it which flows to the north of the island—until in the distance is seen the confluence of the divided stream, which is again broken just below by two large islands, the larger of which is now called Wagner's. At this point of the river the current increases in velocity, which culminates about a mile further down in the well-known Long Sault Rapids—the roughest and longest of the rapids of the St. Lawrence.

The stream here runs with wonderful swiftness, and the breakers are appalling; at one place, in the middle of the river, foaming and plunging suddenly from the smooth, swiftly-gliding water into an angry

billow, raging and boiling, and unmistakably threatening destruction to anything falling into its dreadful vortex. The place into which the hurrying water falls to work itself into this ungovernable rage is called the "Cellar," and the white-crested, threatening breaker which never ceases, —never rests—never pities, is called the "Big Chute."

Some little time before the events recorded had occurred, a party of thirty men, well-armed, had been sent on an expedition to the Canadian frontier from the British provinces, but for what purpose or by whom sent is not very clear; although it would appear that the leader had instructions to look particularly about the location and defences of the Frontenac post, and the report thereon seems to have been made to Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts, who subsequently had command of the force sent against the place. This party had been one day in advance of the "Marie," and, finding a pretty spot with a charming look-out at the foot of Croil's island, had taken their two boats on shore with the intention of remaining at the place two or three days. The evening following that on which they had landed, as they were quietly enjoying the delightful prospect spread out before them, which a gorgeous sunset was rendering even more beautiful, they heard the unusual sounds of human voices, singing and talking in a tongue foreign to them. They at once knew the strangers to be Frenchmen, and the leader, taking in at a glance their strength and the resistance likely to be made, determined to give chase. The boats were soon manned, and in pursuit of the "Marie," with a fair prospect of overhauling her, as they were light and strongly manned, while she was carrying weight, and her crew fewer in number than the pursuers, and withal wearied with the long day's work. Grichard felt himself unable to cope with such an adversary, and, as his only hope, which was indeed but slight, lay in his being able to keep in advance until something might transpire to his advantage, he urged his men to the

greatest exertion; and, for some little time, the distance between the boats did not very rapidly lessen. Grichard observed that they were in swifter water than they had yet passed through; he heard the roar of the breakers, and saw the white water in the distance; but trusting that it would be not much worse than that they had already passed in safety, and fearing more the certain danger behind him than the uncertain danger before, he did not slacken speed or cease to urge the tired rowers until he saw that the "Marie" was driving at a frightful speed towards a most dangerous-looking cascade; and, although he now put down his helm and the men made the most frantic exertions to avoid the roughest water, they could do nothing. The boat drove with great velocity. The men involuntarily ceased rowing, and, thoroughly paralyzed with fear, looked at each other and at their rapidly approaching fate with silent despair. Nearer, and still more rapidly, the richly-freighted but ill-omened French vessel approached the terrible Chute, into which she plunged, disappearing at once and forever from view. At the last moment, and before the seething Chute had closed over the unfortunate voyageurs, they gave a loud and wailing shout, which was their last and despairing appeal for aid.

The pursuing boats, so tragically forewarned, by dint of the greatest efforts succeeded in reaching the southern shore, but a short distance above the rough water, escaping, although narrowly, the dreadful fate which they had been the means of bringing upon the Frenchmen.

There is to this day a legend among the old inhabitants in the vicinity of the Sault, which takes its origin from the events we have related, and the writer has heard one old man—who has since passed to his rest—affirm, most stoutly, that yearly—on the anniversary of the day on which the "Marie" met so dreadful a fate—some time after night, a phantom boat, with spectral rowers, is to be seen coming swiftly down the stream, and plunging into the Chute. It is also said that lights are frequently seen above

the place, and this idea seems to be authenticated, to a certain degree, in a book of travels—little known, and perhaps less deserving—in which the author, in travelling through the country, following the course of the St. Lawrence, tells us that “the Long Sault is a dangerous rapid, in the midst of which lights have been placed to warn mariners of their danger.” It would, therefore, appear that our author has also seen the jack-o-lanterns, or whatsoever lights these may be.

With these superstitions or phenomena, however, the writer has nothing to do; they are simply chronicled on account of their connection with the loss of the ill-fated “Bellé Marie,” upwards of a century ago.

Original.

ON THE WATERS.

BY ISABELLA, ONSLOW, N. S.

Out at night upon the waters;
On the waters wild and wide;
Out when not a star was gleaming,
As a bright and friendly guide.

Out when our frail bark was tossing
Like a waif upon the sea;
When the moon's calm face was folded
In a cloudy canopy.

Out, but Faith's celestial angel,
Pointed to the sleepless eye
Watching o'er us on the ocean,
When no lamps were in the sky.

Out upon life's surging ocean;
On its swelling waters wide;
Blest are those whose fate is trusted,
To the great, unerring Guide.

Original.

OUR SONNY BOY.

BY AUNT MARY.

We have a boy, a little boy, just two years old. His father calls him “Willie,” but I call him “Sonny Boy,” and he calls himself “Tarles ’illum Draham.” He is only two years old, but everybody says he is smart enough to be a year or two older.

His father says every mother thinks her child the smartest, but I know no one could be cleverer than my Sonny Boy, and I am sure no one is better loved. He is a bright little fellow; his father calls him “my white-headed boy,” but his hair is not quite white, and then it is so curly. I am sure when he grows up it will be as dark as my big Willie's. He laughs at me when I call him handsome, and says all children are alike; but I don't think there ever was one looked half so nice as my Sonny Boy. He loves his father, does my boy; and I love to sit and watch them play together. He'll climb his father's knee, and clasp him round his neck, and then run and hide; but I love more to see him when he is in a thoughtful mood; when he sits on my knee, and asks me such strange, old-fashioned questions about everything; and then he has such a wise, old look that something tugs at my heart, though I love him more than ever. I try to tell him about God, and how Jesus came down from heaven to be a little child; how good and holy He was, and how, when He grew to be a man, He always loved little children; how once, when others would have driven them away, He took them up in his arms, and blessed them. Then he looks up in my face with such childish attention, as if he understood it all, and I believe he does, for he kneels down by my knee, and prays that the child Jesus would take “moller's” Sonny Boy in His arms and bless him. I pray at the same time that he may not get too dear to his mother, for something seems then to whisper,

“Your boy is only lent you for a little while.”

So said the young mother in the pride of her loving heart, over her first born, “He is only lent me.”

One day he came in early from his play, with his cheeks flushed and his eyes bright, but with a wearied look on his face.

“Moller,” he said, “Sonny Boy is tired; take me in your arms, and tell me about the *dood* Jesus.”

With her heart throbbing with a sudden

fear, she took him up, and, as she gently rocked him, told him again the story he so loved to hear.

"Moller," he said, when she had finished, "will you ask Jesus to take me in His arms?"

With tears streaming down her cheeks, did that mother pray as her sick child wished, though it was asking to be deprived of her chief joy. And then he went gently to sleep in her arms.

His father and the doctor soon came in; but what could keep a child on earth that Jesus had called to heaven? When little Willie awoke, he was very weak, but seemed quite happy.

"Moller, I saw Jesus," were his first words; "and I want to go to Him, for He put out His arms, and said, 'Come,' and I was going, but I wanted to come back and tell you and faller, that you might come too."

Father and mother bent over their dying child, and promised to go to him whenever Jesus called them. He put one arm round each of their necks, and held their heads close down to his. Then his arms fell down, and he said,

"Lift me up, moller; Jesus calls Sonny Boy again."

"He taketh the lambs in His bosom."

Original.

EARLY SCENES IN CANADIAN LIFE.

BY REV. T. WEBSTER, NEWBURG, ONT.

CHAPTER .III.

PLANNING ESCAPE—SELF-SACRIFICING FRIENDSHIP—ARRIVAL AT THE GENERAL ENCAMPMENT—RUNNING THE GAUNTLET—SEPARATION OF THE FRIENDS—THE MAIDEN CAPTIVE TAKEN UP THE LAKE—CONSIGED TO AN INDIAN MOTHER—OCCUPATION—ILLNESS.

But to return to our captives. On the night of the fifth day of their captivity, Abigail lay awake listening till the heavy breathing of the Indians assured her that they were all fast asleep. Then, carefully awaking Mrs. Jones, she cautiously com-

municated to her the plan of escape that she had devised. To this her friend objected, declaring it impossible of accomplishment, and herself unable to make the attempt. She also endeavored to dissuade Abigail from trying it, saying that, even if she succeeded in safely passing the living barrier that encircled them, the Indians would pursue—probably retake, and kill her; and, if she escaped them, it would be but to perish in the wilderness. These considerations not seeming to move the dauntless girl, she appealed to her humanity and friendship, begging her not to abandon her in her wretchedness. With that devotion to her friend which had hitherto characterized her proceedings, Abigail decided, for the present, to resign her hope of liberty, and share the fortunes of her less energetic—perhaps because more feeble—companion.

After much toil and suffering endured by the captives, they and their captors reached Upper Sandusky, where a large encampment of Indians were awaiting the coming in of the various bands of warriors who were out on the war-path. Runners had been sent forward to give the camp-company the news, and soon the war-whoop announced the approach of the warriors, and their hapless captives. The Indians arranged themselves in two lines of irregular form; between which the captives were required to pass to the council-house, where, to their surprise and sorrow, they found several other whites in their own distressed condition.

The captives were now not suffered to speak to each other in English, and their ignorance of the Indian language rendered any communication between them in that tongue impossible.

Preparations were immediately begun for a great war-dance, when the captives were obliged to run the gauntlet. Abigail and her friend suffered much from the heavy blows that were showered upon them before they got through.

Among the prisoners was an athletic young man, who, when it came to his turn, astonished the Indians by uttering the war-

whoop with his first bound, and, before they had sufficiently recovered from their surprise to commence their persecutions, he had cleared the whole line without sustaining the least injury. His ready wit and fleetness of foot gained him much admiration, and caused his captors to esteem him as a great man. Few, however, were so fortunate as to escape without receiving very many and severe blows.

The pow-wow being over, the Indians prepared to depart from the camp, and, forming themselves into two bands, divided the prisoners between them. With dismay, our captives now discovered that they were to be separated from each other—Mrs. Jones and the wounded boy being consigned to one band, and Abigail to the other.

This separation seemed the climax of their woes. Abigail's own physical suffering had been great, but she had endeavored to forget herself in her efforts to alleviate the distress of her companions. Now, even this sad solace was to be denied her. As she looked upon the poor boy, his wounds, fevered by the fatigues of the long march, still unhealed, and also suffering from the fresh injuries inflicted while running the gauntlet—the wailing babe that she might no more sooth by her caresses—its unhappy mother, overwhelmed with sorrow and suffering—that friend for whose sake she had left father, home, and kindred—her heroic fortitude well nigh forsook her. But her grim guards were not to be delayed for sentiment. She was obliged to turn away, and never more saw or heard from her companions in tribulation.

The band whose prisoner Abigail was went up the lake as far as a place afterwards named Brownstown. Here she was given to an old Indian woman, who had but recently lost a daughter about Abigail's age. After she was regularly initiated into the Indian household, it became her duty to serve her new mother, and be subject to her in all things. This was no easy task, the savage dame's requirements often being quite beyond the poor girl's capabilities, hence she was frequently cruelly beaten.

The Indians having settled down for a time at their planting-grounds, her employment became laborious. An axe and a band were given to her. With the axe she was required to furnish fuel for the camp fire; the band being to bind up the burdens, which she was obliged to carry upon her head and shoulders. The poor girl's slavery was indeed abject, being "a hewer of wood and a drawer of water," as well as a bearer of burdens, for she was compelled to carry in the game killed by the lords of the forest, as well as to attend to the continual commands of her Indian mother. She was closely watched, and, when sent after her burdens, was always accompanied by an Indian woman or young girl.

Though there were several other white captives held by the band, they were not allowed to hold any communication with each other, except in the presence of the Indians, and in their language. If at any time she ventured, as she sometimes did, to speak to one of them in English, and the attendant squaw reported it, she was "beaten with many stripes."

Autumn brought no abatement of her toils, she being now obliged to gather and husk the corn, and make the necessary preparations for winter. Summer and autumn were gone, and the rigors of winter were upon the fair captive, with very insufficient protection against the pitiless blasts and pelting snows. A suit of the ordinary Indian costume—and that not the thickest or warmest—constituted her entire wardrobe while compelled to perform all the exhausting drudgery of the lodge. How sadly she contrasted her present destitution with the tender paternal solicitude for her comfort to which she had been accustomed, and from which her disobedience had removed her. She tried, however, to submit as gracefully as possible to the hardships of her lot, anxious to lead the Indians to suppose that she had ceased to long for a return to her own race, though she was constantly on the watch for an opportunity to escape.

Gladly she hailed the vernal season, as

it afforded relief from some of her sufferings, though it brought rather an increase than diminution of her labors. The Indians being as fond as the whites of the delicious product of the lofty maple, its sweet waters had to be secured, and Abigail was compelled to pierce the trees, collect the sap, and boil it into sugar, herself also providing the necessary wood.

The unwonted exposure and excessive labor brought on ague and fever early in the season, but, the Indians having little sympathy for her sickness, she was still pushed to her work with unrelenting severity, they insisting that her illness was merely a fit of laziness.

Sugar-making over, the planting soon commenced, leaving our maiden captive little opportunity to properly recover from her sickness, or regain strength, but obliging her to resume the last year's wearing round of exhausting toil. Thus, uncheered by kind word or friendly office, she labored and suffered till, worn down by sickness, cruelty, and want, her life became a burden to her, and she longed to lie down and die.

CHAPTER IV.

THE COUNCIL—THE BRAVES ON THE WAR-PATH—RETURN OF THE WARRIORS—THE NEGRO CAPTIVE—VALUE OF BUFFOONERY—THE FRENCHMAN—HOPE FOR THE CAPTIVE MAIDEN.

The warm weather having returned, the Indians called a great council. The chiefs, medicine-men, old men, and warriors assembled at the council-house. Due formalities having been observed, one after another of their old men dilated with much native eloquence upon the great achievements of their forefathers, the aggressions of the whites, and the wrong the red man had suffered, or had reason to apprehend from these intruders, upon the land given by the Great Spirit to the Indian race. The young warriors, now wrought up to the highest pitch of patriotic enthusiasm, were eager to go out upon the war-path, each emulous to exceed the other in killing,

scalping, or taking captive as many as possible of the palefaces.

The council having decided that the braves should go on the war-path, a great war-dance was held. At the termination of the dance, the warriors were sent off with much pomp and ceremony, on their errand of cruelty and death. Several weeks passed away—weeks of intense anxiety and painful apprehension to our young captive. Thoughts of happy family circles broken in upon by the savages; their members torn from each other, perhaps fathers, husbands, or brothers left dead; and the others taken into captivity, like herself, filled her young heart with sadness.

At length, intelligence arrived that the warriors were returning, and all parties—young and old—ran to the council-house to meet the braves, and share in the spoils. Abigail's apprehensions caused her to be no less anxious than the others to ascertain the result of the expedition.

But how did triumphant ferocity fade from the expectant faces of the assembled multitude, as the war-party marched in, bringing with them but one prisoner!—a negro lad of about fourteen or fifteen years of age. Abigail hid her face lest its expression should betray to her disappointed associates the joy of her heart at the failure of the enterprise.

An Indian ran up to the prisoner, to pull him from the horse on which he rode; but he, drawing himself up with an air of importance, cried in a loud tone, and with much emphasis,

“Ye don't pull dis chile off on dis yere hoss. I be Captain Johnson.”

At his ludicrously consequential tone and manner, the Indian paused, and the young African was suffered to alight in his own way. As soon as he reached the ground, and was “loosed from his bands,” he commenced to whoop, jump, scream, and dance, to the great amusement of the savages. Too dignified to make sport for themselves, they were delighted with his antics, and he was not slow to discover the advantages to be gained by his buffoonery.

Henceforth he was clown of the encampment, and allowed to go about as he pleased.

After the negro had been some months among the Indians, and had learned to understand, and to make himself understood in their language, he went one day into the lodge occupied by Abigail and her mother. The former asked him how it was that he was Captain Johnson.

"Oh," he replied, "the Indians killed Captain Johnson, my master; and, as soon as he was dead, I became Captain Johnson," and, following up his speech with a variety of droll remarks and comical tricks, he greatly interested and amused the old squaw. Turning to Abigail, she said,

"I wonder what ever made the blacks! surely the Good Spirit never could have made them."

Not daring to express a different opinion, Abigail replied that she did not know.

Sambo, glancing at the old woman, as she sat on her camp-floor, with a grin that displayed all his ivory, said,

"I don't know what ever made the nigger, but I do know that it was the devil that made the Indians."

Instantly the old woman, springing to her feet, and seizing the poking-stick, attempted to strike him. Sambo, fleet as a young deer, fled from the lodge, screaming with well-dissembled terror, being pursued by the infuriated old squaw. The noise called the Indians from their camps, and, when they saw the cause of the tumult, they became delighted spectators of the unequal race. The unwieldy old woman, her face distorted with rage, putting forth all her strength in vain efforts to catch the nimble boy, who kept just out of her reach, and danced and whooped as if he were mad. The Indians, young and old, male and female, stood enjoying the sport, and laughing convulsively at the old squaw's unsuccessful attempts to chastise the insolent boy. Sambo's buffoonery had made him a privileged character and a general favorite.

Planting time was again approaching, and Abigail was still a captive. She had

often carefully contrived plans of escape, but hitherto opportunity for carrying any of them into effect had failed. Her Indian mother, however, had latterly manifested a better feeling towards her, causing her to be watched less vigilantly, and seeming to think she was now contented with her lot.

The old woman, in her occasional journeyings past the whites' settlements, had observed the ploughing of the ground, and the superiority of the corn raised on the ploughed land over that raised by the Indian mode of cultivation. Some French people had settled not many miles distant to the north-west of the Indian town, and she determined to get one of them to come and plough land in which to plant her corn. The arrangement was made, and the man having arrived, Abigail was directed to prepare his dinner, and take it out to him where he was ploughing. To this she modestly objected, saying she did not like to go out alone to the Frenchman where he was at work. But her Indian mother replied that she need not fear him, for he had a wife of his own, and she knew so much better than an Indian woman could how a white man liked his food prepared. She must cook his dinner, and carry it to him. Having prepared the meal, and mystified the old woman by her pretended unwillingness for the task, the damsel was sent *alone* to carry it to the ploughman.

While she was waiting for the dish out of which he was eating, observing that she was white, he inquired if she was not a captive. She replied in the affirmative. He then asked if she would not like to make her escape. She replied,

"I would, indeed, if I could feel assured that I would be successful."

He then told her that if she would trust to him, he would conduct her to a white settlement. The fulfilment of the long-cherished hopes which had sustained her in some of her darkest hours seemed approaching; then the fear of betrayal again chilled her heart.

"Will you solemnly pledge your honor that you will not betray me?" she asked.

"I will," he replied; "and if you will meet me the third night from this, at that old shanty on the other side of the river, I will have a horse there, and take you away to a place of safety."

Abigail assented, and, with a more hopeful heart than she had ever before carried into it, she returned to her lodge.

The next day, in going to the river for water, she chanced to meet a white man, one of the captives, alone. They had just time, before being observed, to talk over the Frenchman's proposal. He advised her to make the effort, telling her that he would leave a canoe for her that night at a certain place, and directing her, when she had crossed the river, to throw the paddle into the water, and to set the canoe afloat, so that the Indians might have no clue as to where she had crossed the river, or what direction she had taken.

CHAPTER V.

THE APPOINTED NIGHT—THE WAKEFUL SQUAW—FLIGHT—DISAPPOINTMENT—THE FRENCHMAN AGAIN—FLIGHT DISCOVERED—PURSUIT—A NARROW ESCAPE—CONCEALED IN A THICKET—KINDNESS OF THE FRENCHMAN AND HIS WIFE—REACHES DETROIT—MARRIAGE—SETTLEMENT IN CANADA—DEATH—HER DESCENDANTS.

Now that her arrangements were completed, the intrepid girl, who had endured years of servile bondage with remarkable equanimity, became nervous and excited. If the eye of her Indian mother rested upon her for a moment, she imagined that she detected suspicion in the glance. If an Indian strolling through the encampment, paused for an instant at the door of the lodge, to her fears he seemed to come to declare the discovery of the plot. In her state of intensified apprehension, the days seemed interminable. But old Time, who neither accelerates his progress to abbreviate our sufferings, nor retards it to prolong our enjoyments, dragged the weary days along at his usual pace, and brought the ardently longed-for night, pregnant with the maiden's fate.

It was dark and gloomy, well suited to the concealment necessary to her success. Having accomplished her daily tasks to the satisfaction of her dusky taskmistress, she lay down upon her primitive couch, devoutly hoping that it was for the last time. She did not go to sleep, but affected its semblance, while watching for the moment when her Indian mother should succumb to its power. The old squaw seemed wakeful, and continued up much later than usual, or so it appeared to the fancy of the excited girl; but, at length, she lay down, and soon gave unquestionable indications of profound sleep.

The critical moment had arrived. With a silent prayer to Heaven for protection and success, Abigail stealthily arose, and, picking up her scanty wardrobe, glided out of the lodge, performing her brief toilet as she groped her way in the darkness to the river.

The canoe was found in the designated spot. Her Indian training now served a good purpose, it having taught her how to noiselessly guide the slight bark across the stream. Having gained the opposite bank in safety, she set her canoe and paddle adrift, as she had been advised, and proceeded through the solitudes of the forest, in the blackness of midnight, to make her way towards the appointed rendezvous. Arrived there, she searched for the man and horse she had expected to find awaiting her, but to no purpose. She went up to the door of the dismal old shanty, and called as loudly as she dared, fearing that the sound of her voice might reach other ears than those for which it was intended, but she received no answer. She wandered about the old encampment searching in vain for the promised deliverer, but finding no evidence of the presence in the dreary solitude of any other living creature but herself alone. Could it be that the Frenchman had failed her? Appalled at the thought, she looked at the difficulties and danger of the position into which her trust in him had brought her. To return to her lodge before her flight was known, was now out of the question, she having sent the canoe down the river, and

it being three miles up the stream to the fording-place; before she could possibly accomplish the distance daylight would be upon her. To remain where she was till morning she would be sure to be found, and subjected to severe punishment, if not to death. The conviction fastened itself upon her that she had been betrayed. In the bitterness of her disappointment, she sat down on an old log and wept in anguish of spirit.

After weeping thus for a time, she went again to the old shanty, and, despair having overcome her caution, she cried out, "Frenchman! Frenchman!" in piercing tones of agony. He awoke, and answered her. The wakefulness of the old squaw had delayed her coming so long beyond the expected time that, while waiting for her, he had fallen asleep.

There was now no time for explanation—not a moment to be lost; their departure, he feared, had been already too long delayed. Hastening to the place where he had concealed his horse, and, taking her up behind him, he urged the poor animal forward through the woods as rapidly as possible towards his home. His wife, who had entered heartily into his plan for the escape of the captive maiden, was anxiously waiting their arrival; and, just as the first rosy tints of morning began to appear in the heavens, she welcomed the harassed and weary girl to her home.

The kind-hearted Frenchwoman had prepared a comfortable breakfast for the travellers, to which her husband did ample justice; but poor Abigail's anxiety had destroyed her appetite. She was not yet out of danger. They well knew that the Indians would soon scour the country far and near in search of their captive. Therefore, they judged it prudent for her deliverer to go to his work as usual, hoping thus to prevent the suspicions of the Indians from attaching to him. Then the hostess, raising part of the floor, concealed her guest in a cavity beneath, and arranged her household implements in such a manner as to disguise the moveable character of her floor.

Soon after daylight, there was no small stir among the Indians what was become of Abigail. The old mother gave the alarm, and parties were despatched hither and thither in search of the fugitive. The Frenchman being the only person not belonging to the camp of whom she had any knowledge, he was at once suspected of having aided her in her flight, and a posse of Indians set out forthwith for his residence. The woman, on the look-out for such a visit, saw them coming out of the woods, but continued her domestic employment with well-feigned unconcern while they were entering the house. They demanded to know where the man of the house was, and she informed them that he was at work, telling them where he might be found. But they proceeded to search the cabin and its surroundings, threatening to burn the dwelling if the woman did not tell them where the girl was. She professed to know nothing of the object of their search, and insisted that there was no one in the house but herself and her small children. The fact was that Abigail was not *in* the house, but *under* it. The poor captive could hear their conversation and threatenings, and her heart almost fainted within her. But the self-possessed Frenchwoman betrayed no fear, and, after a fruitless search, the Indians, with many hostile demonstrations, took their departure.

Fearing that they might return and fulfil their threat to burn the house, as soon as she thought it was safe for Abigail to venture out, she took her from her place of concealment, and hid her in a thicket, beside a small stream, at a short distance from the house. In this comfortless retreat the poor girl spent two nights and one day and a half, enduring terrors sufficient to drive an ordinary person frantic, the wolves rendering the nights vocal with their howlings in the woods all around her, joined to the ever present fear that the Indians would find her and drag her back to her hated bondage, to her more dreadful than the approach of the wild beasts.

As soon as it was supposed that the

Indians had given up the search in this direction, Abigail was taken into the house, and kindly cared for till she had recovered from the fatigues and terrors of her flight and subsequent concealment. The Frenchman, meanwhile, took measures to ascertain whether any Indians were skulking about in the vicinity. Thinking the coasts at last clear, he conveyed her on horseback to Detroit, at much risk to himself and her, where he placed her in a French hotel. We regret our inability to give the names of this generous and noble-hearted couple, who were indeed worthy to be held in remembrance.

In this place Abigail changed her Indian costume for the habiliments of civilized life, and commenced to work as a kitchen-maid; but was still impelled by her fears to conceal herself as quickly as possible when an Indian appeared, lest he might be able to recognize her.

This state of anxiety, however, was not destined long to continue. Daniel Dolson, an active young man from Canada (of whom mention was made in our opening chapter, as having been brought into Canada, by his U. E. Loyalist parents, on a pack-horse), being across the lines on business, heard of our young heroine, and resolved to see her. Being pleased with her appearance, and what he had learned of her character, he, after a short acquaintance, proposed to make her his wife, and take her to Canada, where she would be safe from the Indians who had held her in captivity. The favorable impression having been reciprocal, Mr. Dolson's proposal was accepted. They were soon after married, came immediately into Canada, and settled on the banks of the Thames, near where Chatham now stands.

No longer a wanderer—through cold, and hunger, and nakedness—in the wilderness, subjected to the caprices of a savage mistress, but the cherished wife of a respectable and prosperous man, the same energy which distinguished the maiden captive also characterized the wife of the backwoods settler, and afforded her husband

very material assistance in turning the wilderness into fruitful fields.

The facilities for travel at that time being much more limited than in these days of railroads, Mrs. Dolson's father died before she had an opportunity of seeing him; and, therefore, she never returned to her native home. She spent a long and useful life in Canada, and saw her children and her children's children rising up about her and calling her blessed.

She attended the first ministrations of the Rev. Nathan Bangs, one of the early missionaries of Western Canada, and, through the preaching of the word by him, became an earnest and devoted practical Christian. Her husband was like-minded with her, and their house became a home for the ministers of the Gospel, where they were always sure to receive a hearty and fraternal welcome, as they passed along through the wilderness, bearing the message of salvation to the scattered settlers. She died at a good old age, long a member of a Christian church, leaving a large circle of friends and a numerous progeny. Many of her descendants are still residing in the vicinity of Chatham, among whom her name is venerated.

Original.

THE DEAF AND DUMB—OF THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

BY THOMAS WIDD (A DEAF-MUTE.)

(Continued.)

But what shall we say of the deaf-mutes of the New Dominion of Canada? In the city of Montreal at the present time, there are two deaf and dumb institutions, both of which I have visited. In the city of Montreal, too, exist no less than thirty adult deaf-mutes, living uncared for, and in a very low intelligent condition, giving a striking contrast to the deaf-mutes in towns of the same size in England. Day by day they pursue their ordinary calling, and wander now here and then there about the Canadian metropolis, like sheep without a

shepherd, in search of a pasture in a wilderness! They have no bright star in the firmament of their mind whereby to guide them to the rest hereafter reserved for them that "fear God, and keep His commandments." They have no sure pilot to steer their frail craft from the inevitable doom to which the current of life is rapidly carrying them. Left to themselves, they are following their animal inclinations, though kept partly under control by priestly influence. They are extremely superstitious, and have no religion at all—except that they will tell any one that the Pope is holy, that Mary is the mother of God, that the devil is a bad man, and that they are sure of heaven or a home behind the moon! The other Sabbath, I learned that the deaf-mutes met in a certain school-room, in Margaret Street, Montreal, for priestly instruction, and a powerful impulse induced me to be present to see what went on there. The priestly instructor and about a score of adult deaf-mutes were assembled. The reader need not expect the London services to be again described to tell him what I saw in Margaret Street. The religious service here—if I may call it such—was one long catalogue of accounts of robberies, murders, fiendism, and outrage, mixed with recent miracles of the Virgin Mary, communicated by a deaf and dumb teacher. I retired gladly, but not till I had been discovered to be a heretic, and as such denounced!

The Deaf and Dumb Institution for *females* in Montreal is of recent origin. It is built of stone, and is situated in a good position, far away from the smoky atmosphere of the city. I could learn nothing with regard to its origin and originators, for in the visit I paid it recently, I could gather no reliable information about it, as neither of the Montreal institutions issue printed reports, which is very singular, when both are public charities, and are supported by the liberality of the public and government grants.

When I called I was received by the matron, attired as a nun, and kindness and

respect marked her actions throughout. I was shown about the building, both upstairs and downstairs. My conductress was one of the pupils, and had the advantage of me by being master of two languages—English and French. What struck me most on entering was the little vessels attached to the sides of all the doors, which, from ignorance of their use, I enquired of my guide what purpose they were for. My query took her by surprise, and she made use of the contents of the vessels as she passed them, and crossed her forehead with her finger, and informed me that they contained "holy water." I felt a wish to argue the point with her with regard to the water being really holy, asked,

"Are you sure the water is holy?"

"Yes, sir," she replied.

"Who made it holy?" I asked.

"His holiness the Pope," she answered, firmly.

"Has the water come from Rome?" I inquired, much surprised.

"No; it is from the St. Lawrence," she replied.

"Well, then, has Pope Pius ever visited the St. Lawrence, and made the water holy?" was my next query.

She made no reply, but turned round as if to see whether any one was near to relieve her embarrassment, and, on finding we were alone, timidly asked,

"Are you a true Roman Catholic?"

"I am a Protestant," I replied, which appeared to frighten her, and she cast a look of pity and horror at me.

She said no more, and we moved to the next apartment, where she stopped at the holy-water vessel at the entrance, and fortified herself against all heretic communication by making liberal use of the contents of the tiny vessel.

This apartment was the chapel, and my guide stepped in lightly, as if conscious that she was entering the holy of holies of the establishment. This room had a complete equipment for priestly ceremonies. I was told that the service was conducted in the ordinary way, and no deaf-mute signs or

language was used. How they expected to benefit the poor children by chanting Latin and preaching unintelligent doctrines was a mystery to me. On entering, I could see no sign of life, but on glancing round, my eye caught the figure of a female deaf-mute at her devotions. She was crouched down on the floor behind the door, facing the shrine, with a book in her hand. Our entrance did not disturb her, and she continued as immovable as a statue, with her eyes fixed on the crucifix and images in the distance. A pious look played over her countenance, but ignorance, so common in deaf-mute Papists, was traceable on her features. I could guess that habit or custom had led her there, and to assume that position, for I well know that she could not understand the mysterious characters in the volume she held in her hand, to which she did not once look, or turn over a page while I went round the chapel.

We next entered the school-room, which is divided into two sections—English and French. The girls were all assembled and pursuing their Sunday lessons. On entering the whole company arose, and made a graceful courtesy, and remained standing till I had responded by an awkward English bow, when they resumed their seats, and continued their studies. The English division attracted my notice, and I took up the slate of the nearest girl, on which she was writing an affectionate letter to her "Dear brother." I was much pleased with her hand-writing and the composition of the epistle. The letter contained the ordinary school-girl expressions peculiar to the deaf and dumb, in which they tell their friends and relatives most of what they themselves know, such as what the weather was, now is, and what they think it will be; the pleasure of letter-writing to them, and the state of health they enjoy, and concluded with the familiar *finale*—"your affectionate sister." On the blackboards were religious lessons, well written; and the tutor was expounding the same by the one-hand alphabet, with a rapidity too great for my unaccustomed eye to catch, but I could

see that the story of Balaam and his ass was the subject of study. Not knowing the French dialect, I could not tell what the other division was learning.

As I turned to leave, they again arose, and courtesied simultaneously as I bowed myself out. We then entered the work-room, where about a dozen sewing-machines were standing. I was told that they were in want of sewing for these machines, which had performed all the work in the house. The girls devote their leisure in learning the operations of these excellent implements, and no one will dispute their usefulness, and the instruction and pleasure they give young girls. They will save the precious eye sight of the unfortunate children, which is always more or less defective, and far from possessing that penetrating power which ignorance and superstition has assigned them to possess in compensation for the loss of hearing and speech; and moreover, the occupation is profitable to them when they turn out into the world, if they are spared the monotony of a convent incarceration for the rest of their lives.

Upstairs, we enter the bedrooms of the inmates. The neat, tidy, and well-arranged room where the little girls pass the nights is large, light, scrupulously clean, well ventilated, and heated by steam in winter,—the sight of pipes around the rooms gave me thoughts of the terrible arctic winter we have just passed through. The snow-white sheets and counterpanes over the little beds reflect credit on the domestic management of the matron. The arrangements for every convenience and comfort are here almost perfect, and much superior to many European institutions. Apparently, no pains or expense has been spared to secure the health and comfort of the pupils.

I next paid a visit to the boys' school at Mile-End, near the city, where I was very kindly received by M. Belanger, the principal, who supplied me with every information I required respecting the place and its workings. This institution, like its contemporary, is well built and pleasantly situated

in a healthy locality. It has been in existence since 1848, being established by the religious order of St. Viator, and it is protected by the Provincial Government, receiving a grant of \$1,500 a year for its support. The course of study includes grammar, history, geography, arithmetic, book-keeping, drawing, etc., and they teach the boys something of shoemaking, tailoring, printing, bookbinding, and cabinet-making, as they informed me. I wonder very much how they can advance far in all these important branches of education and trades, in the short space of six years, the term for the completion (?) of the education of the deaf-mutes, when they require seven years to give them a little common sense in England. The followers of St. Viator seem to have discovered a secret of their own to accomplish this feat, from what I know of deaf-mute education.

I have searched throughout Montreal in vain for a Protestant institution for this class of people. Everything seems to be in the hands of priests, nuns, and the followers of ancient and modern saints, who all go on dragging the remnant of humanity—whether defective or otherwise—into the folds of Rome. Who St. Viator was, I cannot divine; but if there existed no other sect in Montreal who were charitably disposed to take the hand of the deaf-mute and lead him from degradation and ignorance, it would be preferable to have things as they now are. Then this question may be asked—Where are the Protestant deaf-mutes educated—if educated at all? I suppose they go to the United States. This need no longer be, for a Protestant deaf-mute institution has sprung up at Hamilton to rescue the hundreds still uneducated in Canada—a bright star in the West!

The Deaf and Dumb School of Ontario may be found at Dundurn Castle, Hamilton, under the management of J. B. McGann, Esq., and his brilliant staff of assistants. Perhaps there is not another man in Canada whose heart is so much devoted to the work of ameliorating the condition of suffering humanity as Mr. McGann. He has labored

most disinterestedly for years under great difficulties. His works on the subject of the deaf-mute education have been circulated throughout the length and breadth of Ontario, and have elicited the highest commendation from all the leading journals of the province. The profits of the sales of these books have gone to the relief of deaf-mute emigrants from Europe, who found themselves destitute among strangers, when they failed to find employment at their various callings.

The situation of the Hamilton institution surpasses anything of the kind I have yet seen for scenery and healthiness of locality. The fascinating view seen from it calls to memory dreamy ideas of imaginary happiness. The blue waters of Lake Ontario ripple at the foot of the castle's grounds like a stupendous mirror stretching miles away; and when the glorious sun shines from the blue firmament upon the scene, the place is well nigh a paradise. The outside scenery bears harmoniously with the management of the interior. Indeed, it is altogether an immense family of happy tenants. Splendidly laid-out ground, in park-like fashion, surround the whole building, and form a very desirable place for recreation for the inmates.

The educational department of this establishment is such as needs but little improvement. The best teachers are consulted, and best of systems are adopted, and with an old and experienced teacher at its head, Ontario has only to pour in a little more money to make the Hamilton Institution for the Deaf and Dumb rank among the first on this side of the Atlantic.

If the reader would like to know more about this institution, he cannot do better than secure the reports, pamphlets, and books issued by Mr. McGann, who has only recently issued a second edition of a book on "The Education of the Deaf and Dumb."

With this, I must close the "present" of this subject, though it might be extended much further would space permit, and turn to the

FUTURE.

The great work now going on in Europe and America every year increases in importance and magnificence. The future of the deaf-mute in England will, no doubt, be a bright time for them. They have an army of powerful and influential helpers in the work of elevation—temporally and spiritually. The first in the rank is our beloved Queen, who has forwarded liberal donations to the Adult Deaf and Dumb Association, London, and who is deeply interested in the labors of their cause. A long list of aristocratic names might be quoted, as well as that of Charles Dickens, and others, who use their wealth and influence for their benefit.

It has been found that the building of the Polytechnic Institution, Regent Street, London, is insufficient for the purposes needed for deaf-mutes, and a movement has been set on foot to raise means for erecting a church, lecture-room, library, and offices necessary for the completion of all that may be wanted in future for the increasing number of deaf and dumb in the English metropolis. Her Majesty the Queen has headed a subscription list with £50 for this purpose, and noblemen and other gentlemen have followed her example, and the sum of £3,000, for the building alone, is now in the hands of a committee formed for the purpose of pushing this movement to a conclusion.

It was only the other day, as I was perusing a late English paper, the following little paragraph caught my eye:—

“It has been determined to erect a church in London for the deaf and dumb. The site is intended, if possible, to be in the western central district.”

This announcement brings a whole train of interesting events back to my memory. When I was in London, I was deeply interested in the movement for this church, and I know how hard the indefatigable minister (the Rev. S. Smith) and his committee labored to get a site suitable for the building. When people heard of the scheme, their astonishment was great—“A church

for deaf-mutes?—how novel!” Some were incredible about such a scheme existing, except in the imagination of some inmate of a lunatic asylum. But such a movement was really begun, and will be speedily accomplished, and the building will be numbered with the hundreds of sacred edifices whose spires grace that city of cities. The foundation-stone would long ago have been laid if a site could have been obtained; but the Londoners were loth to sell the land for such a purpose as a church. The paragraph above quoted, uses the uncertain words, “if possible,” which shows the great difficulties they labor under to secure a site in the western central district—a locality literally paved with gold, so to speak, on account of its enormous rents and its high value.

When this noble edifice is erected, it will be one of the wonders of London, and a beacon of light and civilization, standing as an example to the nations of the world to “go and do likewise.”

In France, little or nothing seems to be doing for the adult deaf-mutes, but the work going on in London astonishes the French, and is rousing their energies to increased efforts in the right direction. Prussia is ahead of France now, and a recent conference of British teachers of the deaf-mute was attended by those of Germany, who returned to their land full of English ideas and schemes. Russia, Italy, Turkey, and proud and benighted Spain have their deaf and dumb schools. Even Athens and Rome in their decaying grandeur are doing what they left undone in past ages of glory. In idolatrous India the good work is begun. Madras and Calcutta have their deaf-mute schools, under missionaries and others, who are extending the work, even into China! Australia has given her attention to the deaf-mute, and in Melbourne and Sydney the English system is adopted. The education of the children in this distant land was originated by a deaf-mute who originally emigrated from England in quest of gold, and when the “gold fever” abated he took to a more laudable occupation.

New Zealand is also following the example set by her neighbor.

Canada, with her 2,000 deaf and dumb, and almost as many blind—for the latter nothing, I believe, is done, except what Mr. McGann has been able to do, by taking a few into his school at great inconvenience and expense—is very far behind the United States and Europe. But the day will soon come when everything will be in the right condition for the instruction of both these classes, for the Government of the New Dominion has been convinced that what they have hitherto done is utterly insufficient for them, and further efforts are being made for educating the hundreds of deaf and dumb still uncared for in our midst.

The time will come also when Canada will see the necessity of adopting the English arrangements for the adult deaf-mutes. The hearing children have everything prepared for them on leaving school—churches, lecture-halls, mechanic's institutes, colleges, and the effusions of the press. The deaf-mute cannot always enter these edifices with any advantage, unless the teachings are arranged for his benefit, and given in his peculiar language. The deaf and dumb will continue to pour into the large cities of Canada as they leave school, and the saloons and low grogeries will find them accommodation for assembling together, if nothing is done for averting that degrading course.

God's doings need not here be questioned. We, frail creatures, cannot comprehend the mystery of His dispensations, which are enshrouded in inscrutable wisdom; but let the unborn generations of this land be enabled to whisper that their ancestors in the days of Victoria did their duty!

THE LAMENT OF THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BY STAGNELIUS, A SWEDISH POET.

Behold, the birds fly
From Gauthhead's strand,
And seek with a sigh
Some far, foreign land.
The sounds of their woe
With the hollow winds blend;
"Where now must we go?"
Our flight whither tend?"
'Tis thus unto heaven that their wallings ascend.

"The Scandian shore
We leave in despair,
Our days glided o'er
So blissfully there.
We there built our nest
Among bright-blooming trees,
There rocked us to rest
The balm-bearing breeze,—
But now to far lands we must traverse the seas.

With rose-crown all bright
On tresses of gold,
The midsummer night
It was sweet to behold;
The calm was so deep,
So lovely the ray,
We could not then sleep,
But were traced on the spray,
Till wakened by beams from the bright car of day.

The trees gently bent
O'er the plains in repose,
With dew-drops besprent
Was the tremulous rose!
The oaks now are bare,
The rose is no more,
The zephyrs' light air
Is exchang'd for the roar
Of storms, and the May-fields have mantles of hoar.

Then why do we stay
In the north where the sun
More dimly each day
Its brief course will run?
And why need we sigh?
We leave but a grave
To cleave through the sky
On the wings that God gave!
Then, Ocean, be welcome the roar of thy wave.

When earth's joys are o'er,
And the clouds darkly roll,
When autumn winds roar,
Weep not, O my soul!
Fair lands o'er the sea
For the birds brightly bloom;
A land smiles for thee
Beyond the dark tomb,
Where beams never-fading its beauties illumine.

ST. GEORGE FOR MERRIE ENGLAND.

As everybody knows, St. George is patron saint of England, and one of the Seven Champions of Christendom. We are all familiar with his martial figure, clad in glittering armor, bestriding a fiery steed, and killing the dragon in the most gallant manner possible. Perhaps the knowledge conveyed by this accurate representation of the saint, and the legends therewith connected, are sufficient for all practical purposes. Patron saints are not now so indispensable as they once were, and people are not curious about their lineage or history. Once upon a time, knights were ready to fight to the death in honor of their patron saints, and in vindication of every word of the amazing tales of which they were the glorious heroes. But times have changed. Knights do not, now-a-days, keep the Queen's highway, lance in hand, to give battle to all who refuse to acknowledge that the most Lovely, Beautiful, and Virtuous Lady Dorothea is the most lovely, beautiful,

and virtuous of her sex; and with that and other fine practices of the good old times has passed away the disposition to care much about patron saints. Our modern custom rather is to put our faith in four-footed champions, and to back our favourites.

But the history of St. George of England is interesting for its own sake. It supplies perhaps the most curious illustration of the eccentricity of traditional biography anywhere to be found. That pink of chivalry was born about the beginning of the fourth century, in, or shortly before, the reign of the Great Constantine. His parents who had emigrated from Cappadocia to Épiphanian in Cilicia, were employed in a humble branch of the cloth-trade; and George himself was born, not in an enchanted castle, but in a fuller's shop in that town—a pleasant bower of half-cleaned togæ and small-clothes of those days. The youth, whose name was afterwards to become so famous, passed through childhood and boyhood without exhibiting any more remarkable quality than an extraordinary genius for sneaking. He was always ready to play the toady for a consideration, and a grave historian tells us that, in those unsophisticated days, the embryo saint was willing at any time to sell his flattery for a cake; just as Smith Minor, the sneak of the school, is always ready to propitiate any boy, big or little, who is in receipt of a hamper from home. Arrived at man's estate, and beyond the attractions of cakes and toffy, George still relied upon his main talent, and played the parasite to such purpose, that he obtained an important contract to supply the imperial army with provisions. So far as we can make out, this was the gallant George's only connexion with the profession of arms. Instead of riding about on fiery steeds, performing miraculous feats of arms, slaying dragons, and delivering damsels, the fuller's son was employed in delivering bacon to the imperial commissary; and very badly he performed that duty. His bacon was generally rancid, and the quantity short. He was a true member of the army contractor race, one of the sort that Wellington would have liked to hang, to encourage the others. He made lots of money at this business. For a long time, the powerful friends whom his gift of flattery kept around him protected him, from the anger of the authorities and the fury of the soldiers. The former had to wink at short weight delivered by the favorite of the ministers; and the latter had to chew their rancid bacon, and curse the rascally contractor beneath their breath. At length, however, there arrived a time when this sort of thing could endure no longer. George had to flee. He narrowly escaped death at the hands of the soldiers, whose commons he had so shamefully robbed; and he was sought after, perhaps not very diligently, by the imperial officers of justice.

He managed to conceal both himself and his money, and to reappear at the proper time in a more distinguished and lucrative sphere. Thus the great George of England, the greatest knight of Christendom, the peerless champion of virtue and valor, retired from the military service of his country. What would those thousands of stout knights who clove Moslem crowns to the inspiring music of his name, and who sought death on the fields of Scotland in his honor, have said if you had told them that they were shouting themselves hoarse in the worship of a rascally bacon-factor?

After George had spent a suitable period in obscurity after his enforced retirement from the bacon trade, he suddenly reappeared in the character of a churchman. He had in the interval been converted to Christianity, and with the unerring instinct of his tribe, he of course chose the form of Christianity that was most likely to lead to his own advancement. The court of the East was altogether Arian; and although the firmness of Athanasius, supported by the power of the western emperor, maintained the Catholic faith in the East, the day of the Arians was evidently coming. George went to Alexandria, and had himself ordained a bishop. By the use of his special talent for flattery, he soon made himself favorably known to the leaders of the Arian party, and at the court of Constantinople; and when the death of Constans left Constantius at liberty to deal as he would with Athanasius, it was a settled thing that George of Cappadocia should be his successor on the archiepiscopal throne. At length the time to accomplish the religious revolution at Alexandria arrived. Constantius, now sole master of the double empire, soon compelled the synods of the West, as well as of the East, to depose that very Athanasius whom they secretly revered as the venerable champion of the rights of conscience and of the church against the strong arm of the civil power. But to depose Athanasius and to get rid of him were very different things. The archbishop would not voluntarily quit his see, and Constantius for a long time lacked the courage to compel him. At length, however, the emperor summoned resolution to order the venerable Athanasius to retire into banishment. Even then, as if afraid of the possible consequences, he only sent a verbal message, which the archbishop refused to recognize, and which the civil authorities in Alexandria were powerless to execute. Then, rapidly and secretly, the legions of Upper Egypt and Libya advanced to substitute, by the power of the sword, George for Athanasius. They surprised the city with open gates, and Alexandria was given up to murder and rapine, to celebrate the triumph of one Christian faction over another. Athanasius fled, and George of Cappadocia reigned in his stead. The pagans

worshipped the rising sun, and helped the Arians to put down the opposing sectaries; but they soon found that George could trample upon pagans as well as upon Catholics.

The followers of Athanasius were banished and treated with every possible indignity; but the temples of the pagans were also pillaged by the most reverend George, who did not hesitate to call them "sepulchres." He now assumed the pomp which a favorite intrusted with unlimited power over a rich country might be expected to maintain; but his soul still grovelled amid the money-making devices of his earlier days. Not content with exacting taxes that had no warrant but his own insolent will, the archbishop sought to gather into his hands the whole trade of Alexandria. He established in his own favor a monopoly of salt, nitre, paper, and even funerals, and thereby nearly ruined the merchants of the city. In short, the Most Reverend George, Archbishop of Alexandria, and Primate of Egypt, was the same rapacious and selfish man who, as an army-contractor, filled his pockets at the expense of the soldiers.

But Nemesis was at hand. Constantius was highly delighted with the new bishop, who would conform his theology to the requirements of the court, and during his lifetime George had unbounded power in Egypt. But he, too, was mortal; and with the last breath of Constantius perished the power of his archbishop of Alexandria. The same herald who, at the Egyptian capital, proclaimed the accession of Julian, announced the downfall of the archbishop. Julian had scandalised the court of his predecessor by renouncing Christianity, and returning to the religion of his fathers. As an eminent persecutor of the pagans, George was, of course, especially obnoxious to the new monarch, and as fast as horse could gallop went the warrant for his imprisonment. But the rage of the people could not wait upon judicial forms; and a mixed multitude of Catholics and pagans, by a very summary process, converted the mean, dishonest, and cruel man into a martyr and a saint. They broke into the prison, and killed the archbishop and two of his creatures imprisoned along with him; paraded their lifeless bodies about the streets upon camels; and afterwards threw the remains into the sea. The pagans of those days knew the skill of the Christians in the manufacture of martyrs and saints, and it seems that they protested beforehand against guilty wretches, who had died, not for their religion, but in expiation of their crimes, being honored with the crown of martyrdom. The sectarian spirit would not be balked of its consolation, however. It was enough for the Arians to know that George had been the inveterate enemy of Athanasius and the Catholics, and that he had perished by the hands of his religious opponents. All the crimes of his life were covered by the violence of

his death, and the cheat and tyrant was enrolled in the noble army of martyrs, and calendared among the saints. The fact that the Latin Church had been compelled to bow to the church of the East in the later years of Constantius, explains the apparent anomaly of an Arian bishop being acknowledged as a saint by the western pontiffs. We have not the date of the canonisation of this precious saint; but we find that in 494, Pope Gelasius recognised George of Cappadocia as a saint and a martyr.

But how came this bacon-factor and Egyptian bishop to be taken as the patron saint of England? In this fashion. When the crusades were preached, and many thousands of English knights went to the East, they, of course, mingled a good deal with the eastern Christians. These eastern Christians were in great part the descendants of the Arians of George's time, and they had traditions of a wonderful saint and hero, St. George, who had performed prodigies of valor on behalf of the Christian cause. Some of these traditions, in which the saint is represented in his military character, are evidently narrations of actual facts conveyed in allegorical language, the real meaning of which was not understood by the orientals who communicated them to the open-mouthed crusaders. Thus, the story of the terrible combat of the good knight St. George of Cappadocia with the magician Athanasius, before Queen Alexandra, is evidently an allegorical account of his very mean intrigue to get Athanasius removed from the primacy of Egypt. Truly, in the case of St. George, "distance lends enchantment to the view." So deeply did these highly-colored eastern stories sink into the impressionable minds of the English crusaders, that before they had returned from the first crusade, they were in the habit of using his name as a battle-cry; although it was not till the reign of Edward III. that St. George was formally installed as patron saint of England by the institution of the order of St. George, now called the order of the Garter. It has indeed been asserted that George of Cappadocia and St. George of England are entirely different individuals. One writer asserts that the original of the English saint was a tribune in the reign of Diocletian, who was beheaded by that emperor for complaining of his severities towards the Christians; but the weight of historical testimony and of probability is so great on the side of the Cappadocian theory, that nearly all the authorities have been induced to accept it. We are therefore compelled to believe that the wonderful St. George of the fiery steed is one and the same person with that George of Cappadocia who cheated the poor soldiers of Constantius, and who persecuted in the cruelest manner that St. Athanasius whose creed we recite at church at each religious feast.—*Chambers Journal*.

DR. JOHNSON AND MARY KNOWLES.

(FROM A LETTER FROM ANNA SEWARD.)

Behold, dear M—, the promised minutes of that curious conversation which once passed at Mr. Dilly's, the bookseller, in a literary party, formed by Dr. Johnson, Mr. Boswell, Dr. Mayo, and others, whom Mrs. Knowles and myself had been invited to meet, and in which Dr. Johnson and that lady disputed so earnestly. It is, however, previously necessary that you should know the history of the very amiable young woman who was the subject of their debate.

Jenny Harry was the daughter of a rich planter in the East Indies. He sent her over to England to receive her education, in the house of his friend, Mr. Spry, where Mrs. Knowles, the celebrated Quakeress, was frequently a visitor. Mr. Spry affected wit, and was perpetually rallying Mrs. Knowles on the subject of Quakerism, in the presence of this young, gentle, and ingenuous girl, who, at the age of eighteen, had received what is called a proper education—one of modern accomplishments—without having been much instructed in the nature and grounds of her religious belief. Upon these visits, Mrs. Knowles was often led into a serious defence of Quaker principles. She spoke with clear and graceful eloquence on every subject. Her antagonists were shallow theologians, and opposed only idle and pointless railery to deep and long-studied reasoning on the precepts of Scripture, uttered in persuasive accents, and clothed with all the beauty of language. Without any design of making a proselyte, she gained one.

Miss Harry grew pensively serious, and meditated perpetually on all which had dropped from the lips of Mrs. Knowles, on a theme, the infinite importance of which she then perhaps for the first time, began to feel. At length, her imagination pursuing this, its primal religious bias, she believed Quakerism the only true Christianity. Beneath such conviction, she thought it her duty to join, at every hazard of worldly interest, that class of worshippers. On declaring these sentiments, several ingenious clergymen were commissioned to reason with her; but we all know the force of first impressions in theology. This young lady was argued with by the divines, and threatened by her guardian in vain. She persisted in resigning her splendid expectations for what appeared to her the path of duty.

Her father, on being made acquainted

with her changed faith, informed her that she might choose between a hundred thousand pounds and his favor, or two thousand pounds and his renunciation, as she continued a Churchwoman or commenced a Quaker.

Miss Harry lamented her father's displeasure, but thanked him for the pecuniary alternative, assuring him that it included all her wishes as to fortune. Soon after, she left her guardian's house, and boarded in that of Mrs. Knowles; to her she often observed that Dr. Johnson's displeasure, whom she had often seen at her guardian's, and who always appeared fond of her, was amongst the greatest mortifications of her then situation.

Once she came home in tears, and told her friend she had met Dr. Johnson in the street, and had ventured to ask him how he did; but that he would not deign to answer her, and walked scornfully on. She added, "You are to meet him soon at Mr. Dilly's—plead for me."

Thus far as prefatory to these requested minutes which I made at the time of the ensuing conversation. It commenced with Mrs. Knowles saying,—

"I am to ask thy indulgence, Doctor, towards a gentle female to whom thou usest to be kind, and who is uneasy at the loss of that kindness. Jenny Harry weeps at the consciousness that thou wilt not speak to her."

"Madam, I hate the odious wench, and desire you will not talk to me about her."

"Yet, what is her crime, Doctor?"

"Apostasy, madam, apostasy from the community in which she was educated."

"Surely, the quitting one community for another cannot be a crime, if it is done from motives of conscience. Hadst thou been educated in the Romish Church, I must suppose thou wouldst have abjured its errors, and that there would have been merit in the abjuration."

"Madam, if I had been educated in the Roman Catholic faith, I believe I should have questioned my right to quit the religion of my fathers; therefore, well may I hate the arrogance of a young wench who sets herself up for a judge on theological points, and deserts the religion in whose bosom she was nurtured."

"She has not done so: the name and the faith of Christians are not denied to the sectaries."

"If the name is not, the common-sense is."

"I will not dispute this point with thee, Doctor, at least at present; it would carry

us too far. Suppose it granted, that in the mind of a young girl the weaker arguments appeared the stronger. Her want of better judgment should excite thy pity, not thy resentment."

"Madam, it has my anger and my contempt, and always will have them."

"Consider, Doctor, she must be sincere. Consider what a noble fortune she has sacrificed."

"Madam, madam, I have never taught myself to consider that the association of folly can extenuate guilt."

"Ah, Doctor, we cannot rationally suppose that the Deity will not pardon a defect in judgment (supposing it should prove one) in that breast where the consideration of serving Him according to its idea, in spirit and truth, has been a preferable inducement to that of worldly interest."

"Madam, I pretend not to set bounds to the mercy of the Deity; but I hate the wench, and shall ever hate her. I hate all impudence; but the impudence of a chit's apostasy I *nauseate*."

"Jenny is a very gentle creature. She trembles to have offended her parent, though far removed from his presence; she grieved to have offended her guardian, and she is sorry to have offended Dr. Johnson, whom she loved, admired, and honored."

"Why, then, madam, did she not consult the man whom she pretended to have loved, admired, and honored, upon her new-fangled scruples? If she had looked up to that man with any degree of the respect she professed, she would have supposed his ability to judge of fit and right, at least equal to that of a raw wench just out of her primer."

"Ah! Doctor, remember it was not from amongst the witty and the learned that Christ selected His disciples, and constituted the teachers of his precepts. Jenny thinks Dr. Johnson great and good; but she also thinks the gospel demands and enjoins a simpler form of worship than that of the Established Church; and that it is not in wit and eloquence to supersede the force of what appears to her a plain and regular system, which cancels all typical and mysterious ceremonies, as fruitless and even idolatrous; and asks only obedience to its injunctions, and the ingenuous homage of a devout heart."

"The homage of a fool's head, madam, you should say, if you will pester me about the ridiculous wench."

"If thou choose to suppose her ridiculous,

thou canst not deny that she has been religious, sincere, and disinterested. Canst thou believe that the gate of Heaven will be shut to the tender and pious mind whose *first* consideration has been that of apprehended duty?"

"Pho, pho! madam, who says it will?"

"Then if Heaven shuts not its gate, shall man shut his heart? If the Deity accept the homage of such as sincerely serve Him, under every form of worship, Dr. Johnson and this humble girl will, it is to be hoped, meet in a blessed eternity, where human animosity must *not* be carried."

"Madam, I am not fond of meeting fools anywhere; they are detestable company, and while it is in my power to avoid conversing with them, I certainly shall exert that power; and so you may tell that odious wench, whom you have persuaded to think herself a saint, and of whom you will, I suppose, make a preacher; but I shall take good care she does not preach to *me*."

The loud and angry tone in which he thundered out these replies to his calm and able antagonist frightened us all, except Mrs. Knowles, who gently, not sarcastically, smiled at his injustice.

Boswell whispered to me, "I never saw the mighty lion so chafed before."

In a letter to Mary Knowles, Anna Seward writes:—"Mrs. Granville showed me Jenny Harry's apologetic tract on quitting our Church in favor of Quakerism, at so vast a sacrifice of worldly interest. We all agreed (for it was read aloud in the Wellsburn circle) that this tract evinced depth of thought, and powers of reasoning, that in a girl of twenty were very extraordinary."

Jenny Harry married a "Friend," and died in less than a year afterwards. Anna Seward wrote to Mrs. Knowles:

"We talked of the dear saint, your Jenny Harry. I read to the animated party the whole of your charming letter. They were much impressed by the pathos with which it describes that soft resignation, which, dying in the bloom of her life, drew the sting of death from her bosom; and by those angelic aspirations that lighted with more than a sun the chambers of the opening grave. My friends listened with an air of tender and pious delight to a description which chased away all sorrow for their loss, so much *her* gain. It augmented the esteem with which they had always viewed the noble sacrifice she made to apprehended duty, of an interest so dazzling."

Original.

GENTLY, LORD, O GENTLY LEAD US.

BY GEO. S. WILSON.

Introduction.

Gent - - ly, Lord, O, gent - - ly lead us Thro' this lone - ly
In . . . the hour of pain . . . and an - guish, In the hour when

vale of tears, Thro' . . . the changes . . . Thou'st de - creed us,
death draws near, Suf - - fer not our hearts to lan - guish,

Till our last great change appears; When temptation's darts as - sail us -
Suf - fer not our souls to fear. And when mor - tal life is end - - ed,

When in de - vious paths we stray, Let thy good - - - ness
May we wake a - mong the blest, And by all the

nev - - - er fail us, Lead us in thy per - fect way.
saints at - tend - - ed, Ev - er on Thy bo - som rest.

ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.

Arr. by W. H. DOANE.

From "The Silver Spray."

There are an-gels hov'-ring round, There are an-gels hov'-ring round,
 To car-ry the tid-ings home, To car-ry the tid-ings home.
 To the new Je-ru-sa-lem, To the new Je-ru-sa-lem.
 And Je-sus bids thee come, And Je-sus bids thee come,

There are an-gels, an-gels hov'-ring round.
 To car-ry the tid-ings, tid-ings home.
 To the new, the new Je-ru-sa-lem.
 And Je-sus, Je-sus bids thee come.

[The above simple piece was sung with thrilling effect by H. Thane Miller, President of the Y. M. C. A. Convention, recently held in Detroit, after a powerful address to the unconverted, at an immense public meeting, by Rev. Dr. Burns, Junr., now of Chicago, formerly of St. Catherines, Ont.]

Young Folks.

Original.

SOMEBODY'S COMFORT.

"Don't hold me, Nettie," cried Lilian Grey ; "I must hurry home, for mamma is ill, and I am her only comfort."

Nettie's hands dropped upon her lap, and as she watched her companion's receding figure, she murmured to herself,

"I wish I could be somebody's comfort." Nettie Campbell had lost both her parents when very young, and had never known

the blessings of a home. Her guardian, who was in India, had placed her under the care of Mrs. Templeton, with instructions that she was to have everything that she required to make her happy. But money cannot purchase happiness, and Nettie's heart was often sad when she saw how other children went to their parents to tell them of their little joys and sorrows, and felt that she had no one to sympathize with her. For although Mrs. Templeton was very kind, she had a great many pupils to think about, and her own children were young, and required much attention. Lillian Grey was Nettie's best friend in the school, but she was only a day-scholar, and in the evenings Nettie was often very lonely; for the other boarders were all a great deal older than herself, and did not care to have her with them. Lillian would sometimes stay a little while to play with Nettie; but often, as on the present occasion, her mother would tell her to come home as soon as her lessons were over.

"I wish I could be somebody's comfort," said Nettie, then she fell into a reverie which lasted until she heard a voice behind her, saying,

"Get up, Nettie, the grass is damp, and you will take cold."

It was Mrs. Templeton, who was walking through the grounds with a visitor. Nettie sprang to her feet, and, glancing shyly at the stranger, turned towards the house.

"Stay, child," said Mrs. Templeton, "I want you to take this brooch to Miss Ashton. I found it on the grass, and I think it must belong to her."

Nettie took the brooch, which was a mourning one, and carrying it upstairs knocked at Miss Ashton's door. No answer came; and, after knocking again and waiting a few minutes, she turned the handle, and walked in. Miss Ashton sat by the window, her face buried in her hands, and her long hair resting on her lap. Nettie laid the brooch on the table, and was about to retire, when Miss Ashton looked up, and inquired,

"Were you wanting anything, Nettie?"

"No. I only brought back your brooch; Mrs. Templeton found it on the grass."

"Thank you."

Nettie paused for a moment; then, yielding to the impulse of her kind little heart, she threw her arms round Miss Ashton's neck, and kissed her fervently, saying,

"I am so sorry you are unhappy."

"Dear little Nettie!" was the only reply, as she rose from her seat, and proceeded to arrange her hair.

"May I do something for you?" said Nettie, in a timid voice. "I can fasten your dress, or get you some water, if you want it."

"You may take down that dress from behind the door, if you can reach it. That one; thank you. Now will you get me a collar and cuffs out of the top drawer. Those plain white ones, please; and if you will wait a minute, you can put a pin in the back of my collar. Thank you, that will do nicely."

"May I come every day, and help you to dress?" asked Nettie.

"Yes, dear, if you have nothing else to do."

"Oh, I don't often have anything to do, and you won't feel so lonely then, will you?"

"No, love," and she smiled mournfully,

As Nettie went downstairs, she thought, "I wonder if I could ever be Miss Ashton's comfort! It means a great deal more than being useful I am sure, for I am useful now."

That night, as Miss Ashton passed through the children's room on her way to bed, Nettie felt a soft kiss pressed on her forehead, and a whispered blessing reached her ear, but she did not speak, for it seemed but a part of her dream. Many were the wise resolutions which Nettie had made before going to sleep, and the next morning found her in earnest at her studies, for she was anxious to please Miss Ashton, by knowing her lessons.

"Nettie is very much improved of late," remarked a friend, about a month after. "She is more thoughtful than she used to be; and I think it is owing to Miss Ashton's

influence, for I see they are constantly together."

"They are kindred spirits," said Mrs. Templeton, and both are orphans. Ellen Ashton has not a relation in the world. I am glad that Nettie is fond of her, for she is too sensitive to live without affection."

Nettie now felt that it was her mission in life to cheer and comfort the sorrowing heart of her young teacher, and in doing so her susceptibilities became quickened, and she found out many ways of showing kindness that she had never before thought of.

The following autumn, Nettie fell from a swing, striking her head with considerable force upon the gravel-walk. She was taken up insensible, and laid upon a bed. Soon, however, she opened her eyes, and saw Miss Ashton bending over her.

"Don't cry," she said, faintly. "I am not much hurt."

"Oh, Nettie darling, what should I do without you? you are my only comfort!" said Miss Ashton, kissing her.

Nettie forgot the pain in her head, and only felt what a blessed thing it was to be somebody's comfort.

Dear little reader, there are sad and lonely hearts around you that stand in need of sympathy, and every child who reads these pages may, if she will, be **SOMEBODY'S COMFORT.**

A GREAT ANIMAL OF THE OLDEN TIME.

In the city of Cambridge, three miles from Boston, is a Museum of Comparative Zoology. Here are collected curiosities from all parts of the earth. Rocks, fossils, corals, shells, skeletons, and various other samples of different ages and climes, are here brought together for the benefit of those who cannot travel the world over to see its wonders. Many boys and girls visit this place, yet thousands there are who cannot even see these, but who, sitting by their home fires, can read of what others have seen, and to them we send a description of *Megatherium Cuvieri*.

"What a name!" some young reader exclaims: "*Megatherium Cuvieri*! How long and hard!"

Well the name is not larger than the animal, for that, from the nose to the tip of the tail, is eighteen feet. Just think! Take three tall men and place them with the feet of one against the head of another, and you have the length of this huge animal. It is higher than an elephant, and its legs are colossal. Each leg, when covered with flesh and skin, must have been larger than the body of a man. Prof. Dana says, "Its massy limbs are more like columns for support than organs of motion," and, as we stand looking at them, we realize the force of his remark, for such legs never moved rapidly. A lumbering gait such an animal must have had, and well it was, for if he could have moved swiftly, all small animals must have been trodden under his immense feet.

At first, we think he has four feet, but upon closer examination the two front ones prove to be hands, resembling human hands. The fingers are six inches from joint to joint, and the nails, which resemble claws, are four or five inches in length, and from the wrist to the elbow is three feet! The hind feet have heels and toes like the human foot, and are nearly a yard in length.

The tail is a curiosity. It consists of immense bones firmly locked together, and the column thus formed is triangular in form. Where it joins the huge body, it is a foot in diameter, but tapers, and at the end is a small bone. This tail must have been as stout as the legs, and when the great, unwieldy megatherium wished to raise his head to grasp the limbs of trees which served as his food, he first lifted his head, then his fore feet, or arms, seized the trees with his claws, and then tipping back his body which was larger than a hogshead, and twice as long, he rested his immense weight on his tail, which, with his hind legs, formed a tripod on which the heavy body could be supported, while with his mouth, he stripped the trees above him of their foliage. His fore-ribs are from three to four feet in length, and three inches in width.

The *Megatherium Cuvieri* belongs to the Sloth tribe, and was found in South America. Twelve or fourteen species have been found there;—they are remains of the Post-Tertiary period, which was the age just preceding the age of man. It was the last period of the Mammalian era, and the warm, moist climate of South America was well suited to its development.

We can imagine this slow monster, raising his head eighteen feet, cropping the

limbs of the trees, and then, kneeling on his fore-arms, drinking from some stream near by. His mouth is narrow and long.

A species of the *Megatherium* has been found in Georgia, at Skiddaway Island, and another species in Virginia, Big Bone Lick and other places, which, in allusion to its large claws, Jefferson named, "*Megalonix Jeffersonii*."

The animals of the Post-Tertiary period were much larger than those now found on the earth. In Great Britain, and other parts of Europe, gigantic tigers and hyenas roamed in freedom. Their remains are found in caves, or mired in ancient marshes, or buried in rivers and sea-shore deposits, or frozen and cased in Arctic ice.

When man came upon the earth, animal life became less in size, more compact, and more perfect. The earth assumed a new appearance, and the giant quadrupeds which had traversed its surface, either decayed altogether, or were buried beneath the soil to fossilize and await the examination of the coming ages, when the new creation, man, should walk the earth. These fragments of the past, our naturalists gather as silent witnesses of the history of the earth, and as testimonials of the progression upon its surface.

Wisely has the mind of the great-thinking, All-seeing Ruler and Master moulded the plastic forms.—*A. E. Berry* in "*Student and Schoolmate*."

ROCK MOSS.

Here, in my hand, are some bits of moss—
Feathery branchlets, fine as floss—
And so dainty and delicate every way,
That if you should see it you would say,
"Where could the pretty moss grow?"

See its colors so fair and fine—
Purple, with streaks as red as wine—
Pure, pale green, with a softened shine
Of gold in the slender fibre—a line,
Here and there, of clear lilac that runs like a
vine,
In and out through the tissue tender.

And you'll hardly believe me, when I say,
That I gathered the pretty moss, one day,
Off the black crags in a mountain ravine
Where never a ray of sunlight was seen,
Where one scarcely could press the hand be-
tween
The rocks to the dark where it grew.

How could it fashion such forms of grace?
How could it weave its webs of lace
Down there under the rocks in the dark and
damp,
With not even so much as a "firefly-lamp?"

Whence could it draw such delicate dyes,
Fair as the tints of April skies,
So out of the sight of life and light?
How, all alone down there in the night,
Could it build such beauty as this?

Ah, surely how, but that God was there?
God who never fails in his care,
Even of mosses that grow in the dark;
God who never forgets to mark
The needs of all He hath made, or to hark
To the prayers that go up to His ear.

And surely if mosses can gather so
Brightness and grace from the rocks where they
grow,
What beauty the soul of a child should show—
What fineness of texture and color be wrought
Into its daily life and thought—
So in God's loving sight—for once, you know,
Christ said, in blessing you, long ago,
"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven,"
—*Luella Clark* in *Little Corporal*.

THE SQUIRRELS THAT LIVE IN A HOUSE.

BY MRS. STOWE.

Once upon a time a gentleman went out into a great forest, and cut away the trees, and built there a very nice little cottage. It was set very low on the ground, and had very large bow-windows, and so much of it was glass that one could look through it on every side and see what was going on in the forest. You could see the shadows of the fern-leaves, as they flickered and wavered over the ground, and the scarlet partridge-berry and wintergreen plums that matted round the roots of the trees, and the bright spots of sunshine that fell through their branches and went dancing about among the bushes and leaves at their roots. You could see the little chipping sparrows, and thrushes and robins and bluebirds, building their nests here and there among the branches, and watch them from day to day as they laid their eggs and hatched their young. You could also see red squirrels, and gray squirrels, and little striped chip-squirrels, darting and springing about, here and there and everywhere, running races with each other from bough to bough, and chattering at each other in the gayest possible manner.

You may be sure that such a strange thing as a great mortal house for human beings to live in did not come into this wild wood without making quite a stir and excitement among the inhabitants that lived there before. All the time it was building, there was the greatest possible commotion in the breasts of all the older population; and there wasn't even a black ant, or a cricket, that did not have his own opinion about it, and did not tell the other ants and crickets just what he thought the world was coming to in consequence.

Old Mrs. Rabbit declared that the hammering and pounding made her nervous,

and gave her most melancholy forebodings of evil times. "Depend upon it, children," she said to her long-eared family, "no good will come to us from this establishment. Where man is, there comes always trouble for us poor rabbits."

The old chestnut-tree, that grew on the edge of the woodland ravine, drew a great sigh which shook all his leaves, and expressed it as his conviction that no good would ever come of it,—a conviction that at once struck to the heart of every chestnut-burr. The squirrels talked together of the dreadful state of things that would ensue. "Why!" said old Father Gray, "it's evident that Nature made the nuts for us; but one of these great human creatures will carry off and gormandize upon what would keep a hundred poor families of squirrels in comfort." Old Ground-mole said it did not require very sharp eyes to see into the future, and it would just end in bringing down the price of real estate in the whole vicinity, so that every decent-minded and respectable quadruped would be obliged to move away;—for his part, he was ready to sell out for anything he could get. The bluebirds and bobolinks, it is true, took more cheerful views of matters; but then, as old Mrs. Ground-mole observed, they were a flighty set,—half their time careering and dissipating in the Southern States,—and could not be expected to have that patriotic attachment to their native soil that those had, who had grubbed in it from their earliest days.

"This race of man," said the old chestnut-tree "is never ceasing in its restless warfare on Nature. In our forest solitudes, hitherto, how peacefully, how quietly, how regularly, has everything gone on! Not a flower has missed its appointed time of blossoming, or failed to perfect its fruit. No matter how hard has been the winter, how loud the winds have roared, and how high the snow-banks have been piled, all has come right again in spring. Not the least root has lost itself under the snows, so as not to be ready with its fresh leaves and blossoms when the sun returns to melt the frosty chains of winter. We have storms sometimes that threaten to shake everything to pieces,—the thunder roars, the lightning flashes, and the winds howl and beat; but, when all is past, everything comes out better and brighter than before,—not a bird is killed, not the frailest flower destroyed. But man comes, and in one day he will make a desolation that centuries cannot repair. Ignorant boor that he is, and all incapable of appreciating the

glorious works of Nature, it seems to be his glory to be able to destroy in a few hours what it was the work of ages to produce. The noble oak, that has been cut away to build this contemptible human dwelling, had a life older and wiser than that of any man in this country. That tree has seen generations of men come and go. It was a fresh young tree when Shakespeare was born; it was hardly a middle-aged tree when he died; it was growing here when the first ship brought the white men to our shores, and hundreds and hundreds of those whom they call bravest, wisest, strongest,—warriors, statesmen, orators, and poets,—have been born, have grown up, lived, and died, while yet it has outlived them all. It has seen more wisdom than the best of them; but two or three hours of brutal strength sufficed to lay it low. Which of these dolts could make a tree? I'd like to see them do anything like it. How noisy and clumsy are all their movements,—chopping, pounding, rasping, hammering! And, after all, what do they build? In the forest we do everything so quietly. A tree would be ashamed of itself that could not get its growth without making such a noise and dust and fuss. Our life is the perfection of good manners. For my part, I feel degraded at the mere presence of these human beings; but, alas! I am old;—a hollow place at my heart warns me of the progress of decay, and probably it will be seized upon by these rapacious creatures as an excuse for laying me as low as my noble green brother."

In spite of all this disquiet about it, the little cottage grew and was finished. The walls were covered with pretty paper, the floors carpeted with pretty carpets; and, in fact, when it was all arranged, and the garden walks laid out, and beds of flowers planted around, it began to be confessed, even among the most critical, that it was not after all so bad a thing as was feared.

A black ant went in one day and made a tour of exploration up and down, over chairs and tables, up the ceilings and down again, and, coming out, wrote an article for the Cricket's Gazette, in which he described the new abode as a veritable palace. Several butterflies fluttered in and sailed about and were wonderfully delighted, and then a bumble-bee and two or three honey-bees, who expressed themselves well pleased with the house, but more especially enchanted with the garden. In fact, when it was found that the proprietors were very fond of the rural solitudes of Nature, and had come out there for the purpose of enjoy-

ing them undisturbed,—that they watched and spared the anemones, and the violets, and bloodroots, and dog's-tooth violets, and little woolly rolls of fern that began to grow up under the trees in spring,—that they never allowed a gun to be fired to scare the birds, and watched the building of their nests with the greatest interest,—then an opinion in favor of human beings began to gain ground, and every cricket and bird and beast was loud in their praise.

"Mamma," said young Tit-bit, a frisky young squirrel, to his mother one day, "why won't you let Frisky and me go into that pretty new cottage to play?"

"My dear," said his mother, who was a very wary and careful old squirrel, "how can you think of it? The race of man are full of devices for traps and pitfalls, and who could say what might happen, if you put yourself in their power? If you had wings like the butterflies and bees, you might fly in and out again, and so gratify your curiosity; but, as matters stand, it's best for you to keep well out of their way."

"But, mother, there is such a nice, good lady lives there! I believe she is a good fairy, and she seems to love us all so; she sits in the bow-window and watches us for hours, and she scatters corn all round at the roots of the tree for us to eat."

"She is nice enough," said the old mother-squirrel, "if you keep far enough off; but I tell you, you can't be too careful."

Now this good fairy that the squirrels discoursed about was a nice little old lady that the children used to call Aunt Esther, and she was a dear lover of birds and squirrels, and all sorts of animals, and had studied their little ways till she knew just what would please them; and so she would every day throw out crumbs for the sparrows, and little bits of thread and wool and cotton to help the birds that were building their nests, and would scatter corn and nuts for the squirrels; and while she sat at her work in the bow-window she would smile to see the birds flying away with the wool, and the squirrels nibbling their nuts. After a while, the birds grew so tame that they would hop into the bow-window, and eat their crumbs off the carpet.

"There, mamma," said Tit-bit and Frisky, "only see! Jenny Wren and Cock Robin have been in at the bow-window, and it didn't hurt them, and why can't we go?"

"Well, my dears," said old Mother Squirrel, "you must do it very carefully: never forget that you haven't wings like Jenny Wren and Cock Robin."

So the next day Aunt Esther laid a train

of corn from the roots of the trees to the bow-window, and then from the bow-window to her work-basket, which stood on the floor beside her; and then she put quite a handful of corn in the work-basket, and sat down by it, and seemed intent on her sewing. Very soon, creep, creep, came Tit-bit and Frisky to the window, and then into the room, just as sly and as still as could be, and Aunt Esther sat just like a statue for fear of disturbing them. They looked all around in high glee, and when they came to the basket it seemed to them a wonderful little summer-house, made on purpose for them to play in. They nosed about in it, and turned over the scissors and the needle-book, and took a nibble at her white wax, and jostled the spools, meanwhile stowing away the corn each side of their little chops, till they both of them looked as if they had the mumps.

At last Aunt Esther put out her hand to touch them, when, whisk-frisk, out they went, and up the trees, chattering and laughing before she had time even to wink.

But after this they used to come in every day, and when she put corn in her hand and held it very still they would eat out of it; and, finally, they would get into her hand, until one day she gently closed it over them, and Frisky and Tit-bit were fairly caught.

O how their hearts beat! but the good fairy only spoke gently to them, and soon unclosed her hand and let them go again. So, day after day, they grew to have more and more faith in her, till they would climb into her work-basket, sit on her shoulder, or nestle away in her lap as she sat sewing. They made also long exploring voyages all over the house, and up through all the chambers, till finally, I grieve to say, poor Frisky came to an untimely end by being drowned in the water-tank at the top of the house.

The dear good fairy passed away from the house in time, and went to a land where the flowers never fade, and the birds never die; but the squirrels still continued to make the place a favorite resort.

"In fact, my dear!" said old Mother Red one winter to her mate, "what is the use of one's living in this cold, hollow tree, when these amiable people have erected this pretty cottage where there is plenty of room for us and them too? Now I have examined between the eaves, and there is a charming place where we can store our nuts, and where we can whip in and out of the garret, and have the free range of the

house; and, say what you will, these humans have the most delightful ways of being warm and comfortable in winter-time."

So Mr. and Mrs. Red set up housekeeping in the cottage, and had no end of nuts and other good things stored up there. The trouble of all this was, that, as Mrs. Red was a notable body, and got up to begin her housekeeping operations, and woke up all her children, at four o'clock in the morning, the good people often were disturbed by a great rattling and fuss in the walls, while yet it seemed dark night. Then sometimes, too, I grieve to say, Mrs. Squirrel would give her husband vigorous curtain lectures in the night, which made him so indignant that he would rattle off to another quarter of the garret to sleep by himself; and all

this broke the rest of the worthy people who built the house.

What is to be done about this we don't know. What would you do about it? Would you let the squirrels live in your house, or not? When our good people come down of a cold winter morning, and see the squirrels dancing and frisking down the trees, and chasing each other so merrily over the garden-chair between them, or sitting with their tails saucily over their backs, they look so jolly and jaunty and pretty that they almost forgive them for disturbing their night's rest, and think that they will not do anything to drive them out of the garret to-day. And so it goes on; but how long the squirrels will rent the cottage in this fashion, I'm sure I dare not undertake to say.

Domestic Economy.



Original.

A LEAF FROM EVERY-DAY SUBJECTS.

BY MRS. CAMPBELL, QUEBEC.

"What shall I do now, ma'am?" said a tired-looking workwoman, resting her scrubbing-pail upon the floor, as she leant against the door-post of a handsome dining-room. "I have finished upstairs."

"Ah, well, let me see," said the lady, laying her book upon her lap, and casting her eyes upon the mantle clock, which pointed to a few moments of five; "You can go downstairs. Mrs. Ryan, and wash out the kitchen dining-room."

The woman lifted her pail, and moved away; but there was something in the wearied tone of her "yes, ma'am," that struck upon the chord of Pity in her mistress' breast, which, in its twanging, touched that of Remorse, and gave out the following notes:

"Poor thing, how tired she looks! and no wonder. She has worked hard all the week, and to-night is Saturday night, too.

It is only five o'clock though, and she has another hour to work"—here Christianity gave a sharp tug at the chord Remorse, and the lady started up quickly, adding—"how cruel of me to keep her! I am not doing as I would be done by; and she has such a lot of little children, too."

A ring of the bell brought up a fat, good-natured-looking cook.

"Hannah, I intended Mrs. Ryan should wash out your dining-room for you, but as it is Saturday night, and she has a lot of little children, I wish you would give her her tea at once, and let her go."

The lady spoke deprecatingly, forgetting the ready warmth of a servant's heart, and willingness to do "what she can" of charity to those who need it. She was gratified with the prompt,

"I will, indeed, ma'am. Never mind the dining-room; I shall scrub it myself. The poor creature! and she has a young baby, too. I'll not keep her. She shall get her tea right off."

Money in hand, the mistress summoned the charwoman.

"Mrs. Ryan," she said, "I intend you to go home an hour earlier to-night. I am sure your little ones will need you on a Saturday night."

The woman's beaming face and fervent, "God bless you, ma'am, for this kindness. May you never know want!" richly repaid the lady for her little act of thoughtfulness, and she returned to her seat with a lightened heart.

As she rested upon her sofa, thoughts such as these came flitting through her brain:

"Are we sufficiently regardful of our workpeople? Do we not value the character of prudent housewives too highly sometimes? Do we not often, by what we call 'looking after,' urge them to work beyond their strength, so as to be a little like slave-drivers? Do we not often forget they have souls?"

The latter query seemed to startle her so, that she clasped her hands over the region of her heart, no doubt to still the twangings of that chord Remorse again; and, saying,

"Lord forgive us! and enter not into judgment with us," she rose, and left the room, with a subdued and thoughtful look; while Mrs. Ryan, as she gathered her old woollen shawl about her, and cheerfully trudged homewards, kept up a *sotto voce* to herself—

"Bless her kind heart to remember the poor children, too! She'll never lose by it. If these arms has any work in them, I'll take it out of them next time.

HOUSE PLANTS.

There are very many families whose means do not allow them the luxury of a well appointed conservatory, yet who are fond of flowers, and to them I herewith dedicate these few hints concerning house plants—which may stand in the windows or on shelves or a frame made for the purpose in a bow-window.

The plants most easily cultivated are geraniums, verbenas, monthly roses, oleanders, fuchias, pansies, monthly pinks, German ivy, myrtle, etc. Geraniums number an almost infinite variety, blossom

profusely, are generally of a hardy, vigorous nature and require but little attention. The soil best adapted to them is the black mould to be found in the woods. The pots should be of good size as they require plenty of room. They should be regularly watered, but not to excess.

Verbenas are of various colors, blossom constantly, are propagated by cuttings or by seed, and are great favorites with most people. They can be grown in small pots, as they require but little earth, and that not too rich. Common earth will do for them. If the black mould is used, a little sand or common earth should be mixed with it, otherwise they will grow too rank and not blossom so freely.

Monthly roses are easily raised from cuttings. The pots should be large and the dirt rich. A little charcoal put around the roots will deepen the color of the red roses. White and red roses grown in the same pot have a very pretty appearance.

Oleanders are of two colors usually, white and a deep pink. They should be grown in either a tin or earthen vessel, as they cannot be kept damp enough in a wooden box. The soil should be very rich and they must be regularly and profusely watered. Two quarts per day for a large tree is a small allowance, four is better. The cuttings should be rooted in water, requiring from one to two months before they are ready to transplant into the earth.

Fuchias and pansies require a rich soil and plenty of room. The former are propagated by cuttings, the latter by seed. Both require considerable care.

Pinks are usually hardy, require a large plot and plenty of rich, black, forest mould; a little powdered charcoal about the roots makes the color deeper and richer. They may be had—carnations—of several colors.

German ivy and myrtle are most suitable for hanging baskets, as the former has no blossoms and latter is not particularly beautiful.

A very pretty show of evergreens may be had all winter long, with little trouble, by putting healthy cuttings of geraniums in vials of soap suds; they will grow and flourish wonderfully. The water must not be changed; the vials can be filled up as occasion requires. They may be arranged in a basket—the vials being hid by layers of moss—and thus form a perpetual bouquet.

Hanging baskets may be made still prettier by planting the ivy or myrtle only around the edges of the pot and in the centre putting a root of pansies or of some of the handsomer geraniums.

All house plants should be kept free from dead leaves and insects. The latter may be destroyed by blowing tobacco smoke among the leaves of the plants, sprinkling yellow snuff upon them, or by copious washings in strong soap suds.—*Alice, in the Household.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

HOW TO COOK GREENS.—Greens are perhaps the most wholesome vegetables in the world, but cooks will render them indigestible and sickening. Woe to those who partake of greens of a rusty color, smelling of rank poison, or overcooked to a mash! For a week the unwary eater will suffer a martyrdom in health and temper. The right way to boil greens or brocoli is to wash each head singly in warm water, then in cold, where they must remain two hours, then be drained. A large saucepan full of boiling water, in which place a lump of salt and a piece of washing soda the size of a horse bean; when this is dissolved put in the greens, cover *then closely*, make them boil up *very fast*, then put them down well into the water and cover again. Turnip greens will cook thus in five minutes, bunch greens in a quarter of an hour, brocoli in twenty minutes, a savoy about the same time; then let the water be drained from them through a colander, be pressed closely down with a plate, and the colander be kept over a saucepan of hot water, but not to touch it, to keep warm till they are needed. The green-water must never be thrown down a drain within the house or out of it, but be thrown into a garden or on coal ashes, or on the earth.—*Comfort for Small Incomes.*

TO PRESERVE PEACHES.—The clear-stone yellow peaches, white at the stone, are the best. Weigh the fruit after it is pared. To each pound of fruit allow a pound of loaf-sugar. Put a layer of sugar at the bottom of the preserving-kettle, and then a layer of fruit, and so on until the fruit is all in. Stand it over hot ashes until the sugar is entirely dissolved; then boil them until they are clear; take them out piece by piece, and spread them on a dish free from syrup. Boil the syrup in the pan until it jellies; when the peaches are cold, fill the jars half full with them, and fill up with the boiling syrup. Let them stand a short time covered with a thin cloth, then put on brandy paper, and cover them close with corks, skin, or paper. From twenty to thirty minutes will generally be sufficient to preserve them.

QUINCES PRESERVED WHOLE.—Pare and put them into a saucepan, with the parings at the top; then fill it with hard water; cover it close; set it over a gentle fire till they turn reddish; let them stand till cold; put them into a clear, thick syrup; boil them for a few minutes; set them on one side till quite cold; boil them again in the same manner; the next day boil them until they look clear; if the syrup is not thick enough, boil it more; when cold, put paper dipped in spirits of wine over them. The quinces may be halved or quartered.

TO COOK VEGETABLE-OYSTERS (SALSIFY).—Slice and boil in water about twenty minutes; add half as much milk, let it boil up; season with butter, salt and pepper, and serve with crackers, as you would oysters.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Wash and cut in two your tomatoes, spread them in layers in a deep dish, and sprinkle each layer liberally with salt; let them remain over night; then pour off nearly all the water, and boil the tomatoes half an hour; press them through a sieve, to get out the skins and seeds, and then put them back in the boiler, and add (for half a bushel of tomatoes) one tablespoonful of black pepper, one heaped do. of ground cloves, one of allspice, one of cinnamon, and boil twenty minutes longer. Bottle when cold, and cork very tight.

TO PICKLE BEET-ROOT.—This vegetable makes an excellent pickle, and, from the brightness of its color, has a very pretty effect in a glass pickle-dish or jar. Wash the beet perfectly; do not cut off any of the fibrous roots, as this would allow the juice to escape, and thus the coloring would be lost. Put it into sufficient water to boil it, and when the skin will come off it will be sufficiently cooked, and may be taken out and laid upon a cloth to cool. Having rubbed off the skin, cut the beet into thick slices, put it into a jar, and pour over it cold vinegar, prepared as follows: Boil a quart of vinegar with an ounce of whole black pepper, and an equal weight of dry ginger, and let it stand until quite cold. The jar should be kept closely corked.

PEACH MARMALADE.—Take ripe, soft peaches (yellow ones make the prettiest marmalade), pare them, and take out the stones; put them in a pan with one pound of sugar to two of fruit. When they are juicy, they do not require water. Rub the pulp through a sieve; boil it to a jelly.

TO PICKLE CABBAGE.—Cut the cabbage in thin slices, put a layer of it and a layer of salt alternately; let it stand twenty-four hours, then spread it abroad; pour boiling water over the whole (taking care that the water is poured on all), let it drain and remain until quite cold; fill the bottles with the cabbage, then pour cold spiced vinegar on it and fasten down.

PICKLED CAULIFLOWER.—Break in pieces a nice head of cauliflower, and wash it in warm water, then in cold, and drain it. Have ready some boiling water, in which has been *boiled* a lump of salt and a piece of soda the size of a hazel-nut. Throw the cauliflower in, and let it boil quickly *one minute*; drain it, and spread it out to dry and cool; mix two ounces of mustard, half an ounce of moist sugar and salt in a little cold vinegar, set it with half a pint of boiling vinegar, put the cauliflower into jars or pickle-glasses, with three cloves in each, and fill up with vinegar. When cold, cork it down; it is ready for use in a week.

PICKLED ONIONS.—Choose the small silver onion. Tie a quantity of them unpeeled loosely in a piece of old muslin; plunge them into quickly boiling water in which a lump of salt has been boiled; let them boil up two minutes, then take them out, and plunge them instantly into cold water. The inside of the onion will then slip out.

Do not let the air come to them, but throw each onion directly it is slipped into boiling vinegar, in which has been boiled a dozen cloves, and two teaspoonfuls of sugar to every pint of vinegar.

LEMON PICKLE.—Wipe six lemons, cut each into eight pieces; put on them one pound of salt, six large cloves of garlic, two ounces of horseradish, sliced thin; of cloves, mace, nutmeg, and Cayenne, a quarter of an ounce, two ounces of flour of mustard; to these put two quarts of vinegar; boil a quarter of an hour in a saucepan of boiling water; set the jar by, and stir it daily for six weeks; cover it close, then put it into small bottles.

RICE-BREAD.—Boil half a pound of rice in three pints of water till the whole becomes thick and pulpy. With this, and yeast, and six pounds of flour, make your dough. In this way, it is said, as much bread will be made as if eight pounds of flour, without rice, had been used.

ANTIDOTE AGAINST POISON.—Hundreds of lives have been saved by a knowledge of this simple receipt. A large teaspoonful of made-mustard mixed in a tumbler of warm water, and swallowed as soon as possible; it acts as an instant emetic, sufficiently powerful to remove all that is lodged in the stomach.

Editorial and Correspondence.



OUR POSITION AND PROSPECTS.

This magazine began with the month of October last year, and, consequently, the year's subscription expires with the September number of this year.

All who subscribed through the course of last winter were, with a few exceptions, towards the end, supplied with the back numbers, so as to have the volume complete from the beginning; and, consequently, nearly all subscriptions terminate now, and have to be renewed at once.

This is, therefore, a trying time in this enterprise, as the price of the *DOMINION MONTHLY* is so low, that the only terms it can be furnished upon are *CASH IN ADVANCE*; and yet many who fully admit the correctness of this principle will be offended if their magazines are stopped, when they have merely forgotten or delayed to remit.

In a list of nearly six thousand mail and city subscribers (besides sales to booksellers and newsmen,) it is obviously impossible for the publishers to discriminate. Every-

thing has to be done by clerks, and they go upon general rules, which must necessarily be to discontinue sending to all who do not renew; and, therefore, there is nothing invidious in anyone's magazine being stopped. There is no doubt expressed thereby of the willingness or ability of the said subscriber to pay at some future time if his magazine were continued on credit; but simply the operation of a rule, which must be adopted, and *carried out*, in order to publish a cheap magazine.

Should the present subscribers to the *DOMINION MONTHLY*, to any considerable extent, fail to renew their subscriptions, the publishers will be placed in a very awkward position. They have done their best to bring out a cheap, good, and interesting magazine, and the united testimony of the press of Canada, and of very many private letters is highly favorable to their effort; but the present subscription-list of the *DOMINION MONTHLY*—large as it is—scarcely meets expenses, and, what the publishers feel most, does not enable them to remunerate the numerous able contributors to its pages. A large addition to the subscription list is therefore required, and, we may add, confidently expected.

There are two ways of obtaining subscription-lists. One is to charge about double price, and allow the half to agents, collectors, and the getters-up of clubs, in commissions and premiums.

The other is to charge the lowest price at once to subscribers, thus tempting them by cheapness; but leaving nothing to pay canvassing agents.

The first is the general plan of publishers. The second is that which we have adopted. Letter postage is now so low that it does not stand in the way of each subscriber remitting for himself, and that should be done at once. Let no one wait for an agent or neighbor to call upon him for his renewal of subscription, but each send his own when he remembers it.

We might well boast, according to the usual policy of publishers, of extraordinary success, seeing that a very large subscrip-

tion-list has been obtained, on the one hand, and many excellent and able literary contributors on the other, as also a fair advertising patronage; but the expenses of getting out the magazine, including the pictorial illustrations, have been so much greater than were anticipated, that it is found the price was placed too low, unless a very large subscription-list is obtained; but this should surely be had in the whole Dominion of Canada for a magazine which is generally acknowledged to be popular and cheap.

We hope that ministers of religion, of all denominations, will use their powerful influence in favor of a periodical which, though not distinctively religious, is, we trust, wholly unobjectionable to the religious public, and which is urgently needed to take the place of much that is objectionable in the foreign periodicals circulated in Canada.

We take this opportunity of returning our most cordial thanks to the many kind friends of the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY* who have aided in extending its subscription list—to the noble company of contributors who have established for it and for the Dominion of Canada a high character for literary talent—and to the press of the Dominion generally for its favorable notices and generous recommendations.

After the 1st of January next, the publishers will have to prepay the *MONTHLY* by stamps, and therefore they would need to make the price \$1 12 per annum, in order to obtain the present rate. Nor would this be any more to the subscribers, than they pay now. But one dollar and twelve cents seems a very awkward rate of subscription, and it might often be inconvenient to remit the odd cents. Under these circumstances, we think that all interests will be consulted by retaining the price at a Dollar, and prepaying the postage ourselves after the First of January next; but this change will necessitate two others:—

First, we must discontinue all commissions and gratis copies to agents and clubs, and rely wholly on the friendly co-operation

of present subscribers for the extension of our subscription list; and, secondly, we must, after First of January, occupy eight pages of the sixty-four with advertisements.

After these changes—which are forced upon us by the change of the postal law—are completed, the MONTHLY will be cheaper than before; and we may challenge the Continent to show another magazine of fifty-six pages post-paid for One Dollar.

With these explanations, we invite attention to the Prospectus of the Second Year, in our advertising pages.

JOSEPH MARIE AWASHISH.

This individual—whose likeness, truthful in every respect, has been preserved to posterity, by our talented young countryman, Mr. S. Macaulay—died at Three Rivers, in 1864, at the advanced age of 104 years. The accompanying engraving is from a painting, by the artist just named, and is owned by a gentleman in Three Rivers, who has drawn our attention to "Joseph"—an "original" of the Aborigines. Awashish was a pure Abenakee, and, true to the habits of his race, loved idleness and strong drink. He was of small stature, but tough as whale-bone, and hard as steel. When at his prime, one hundred miles a day on snow-shoes, was considered an easy journey. He was a "mighty hunter, great on the war-path, and an unsurpassed voyageur. For many years before Joseph's death, he retired from active life, and lived with his wife Javotte—a half-breed of prodigious strength—in a little earthen hut on the St. Margaret's Road, about two miles from Three Rivers. The author of the subjoined verses has often picked up Joseph in his waggon, and conveyed him home, when the contents of the "greybeard," or stone jar, proved the conqueror. Had it not been for the numerous encounters with said "greybeard," Joseph might be living to-day.

JOSEPH MARIE AWASHISH.

I'm a prince of the forest, light-hearted and free;

The canker of care never preys on my mind;
The hut 'neath the tree is a palace to me,
And the troubles of life I fling to the wind.
Though homely my wardrobe, and humble my cot,
I possess more than riches could ever bestow—
Unruffled contentment, which smiles on my lot—
The crowning enjoyment of mortals below;
With love's priceless treasure, so cherished by me,
Javotte, the queen-consort of Joseph Marie.

From the woods near my home, my friends I supply
With handles for axes and shovels for snow;
And, oh! in the winter, when prices are high,
With proud independence my bosom will glow;
Yet I care not to hoard up, or worship the pelf,
The "Royal Impressions" I circle about,
Till enough is supplied for Javotte and myself,
Of the odds and the ends that we can't do without—
With something that adds to the innocent glee
Of myself and the lady of Joseph Marie.

When meandering from market in jovial mood,
With the Princess Javotte, in her glory and pride;
It sometimes will happen, when roads are not good,
That our balance we'll miss, and slip down side by side;
There we'll rest and converse, as is proper and right,
By the edge of the ditch, on the beautiful grass,
Where our table we spread, and enjoy with delight
Our "pic-nic," unheeding the strangers that pass;
While we taste inspirations, myself and my wife,
As we quaff from the "greybeard" the water of life.

In "hard times," when lean poverty gives me a call,
And "want's" meagre visage looks in at the door,—
In spring, when show-shovels will not sell at all,
And handles for axes are wanted no more—

Then after my monied resources are spent,
 And the "greybeard" is empty that yielded
 delight,
 When the last tender veal which the neighbors
 had sent
 Has been picked, till the bones are all polished
 and white,
 Then I study philosophy under a tree,
 Along with the lady of Joseph Marie !

THE MASSACRE OF WYOMING.

A writer in the *Niagara Mail* severely criticizes alleged misrepresentations of the historical facts by the writer of the "Chronicles of a Canadian Family," in the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY*. We, therefore, give his version of them :—

"The famous regiment of Butler's Rangers, so far from consisting of Indians and half-breeds, was recruited wholly among the farmers of the Mohawk and Susquehannah Valleys; the great majority of whom, at the outbreak of the American Revolution, adhered to their obligations as loyal subjects of the Crown. The officers were country gentlemen and large property holders of Tyrone and other frontier counties of New York and Pennsylvania, and the rank and file were nearly all freeholders—men whose lands had been confiscated, and themselves driven from home by orders of the Revolution Committees established at Albany and Boston. The regiment was formed by Sir William Johnson, and placed under command of Colonel Butler, a distinguished gentleman, belonging to Albany—a man of honor and bravery, who would never permit any unsoldierlike irregularities in the troops placed under his orders. The men were thoroughly disciplined, and uniformed as British Infantry, and, being a special corps, held a place in the army very much like that now held by the Royal Canadian Rifles. Their activity, courage, and indomitable spirit made them a terror to the Rebel forces, and being composed of Americans personally known to their opponents, they were naturally more talked about than ordinary British regiments serving in the war; but unsoldierlike conduct or cruelty to an enemy, was as far from the character of Butler's Rangers as from any in the service. They were loyal subjects—men of high principle and courage, who took up arms in defence of

their allegiance, and to protect their homes and property, which were being ruthlessly swept away by acts of confiscation and wanton destruction perpetrated in the name of "liberty." They belonged to that numerous and devoted class of men who sacrificed all their worldly possessions—and these were great—and thousands of them their lives, to preserve their fidelity to the British Empire; and, after a desperate warfare of seven years, when the remnants of Butler's Rangers, with other loyal corps, were disbanded at Niagara, we venture to say that a nobler body of true and loyal men never stood upon earth. The lands of the Niagara district were liberally given to them for settlement, and these good soldiers assumed easily and at once their old character of farmers and men of business, perfectly versed in the settlement and opening up of a new country, such as Upper Canada then was. The best and most respectable families of the Counties of Lincoln and Welland claim their origin from these U.E. Loyalists. They are justly proud of their ancestry, and will regard with indignation the foul aspersions thrown out upon them by the *New Dominion Monthly*.

"The passage referred to is so absurdly untrue, that we can scarcely sit down with gravity to refute it. The very 'original' writer goes on to say that, after Butler's Rangers had 'utterly destroyed the inhabitants of the Valley of Wyoming, British officers, in concert with Tecumseh,* Chief of the Six Nations in Canada, sent a force to take Butler and his gang into custody.' It is particularly rich to read that Tecumseh, who figured in the war of 1812, and who was not born at the period of the American Revolution, went with British officers to arrest Col. Butler and his regiment! Moreover, Tecumseh did not belong to the Six Nations at all, but was a Western Shawnee, of the Illinois country, and only came into notice during the Indian wars that followed, long after the Revolution in the United States. The Six Nations, under Brant, came into Upper Canada to settle on Grand River at the close of the war, when they came with the other American Loyalists.

"As regards the alleged massacre of Wyoming, it is one of those pleasant fictions that owes almost all its currency to the poet Campbell, whose 'Gertrude of Wyoming' has made the world believe that some-

[*The substitution of the name of Tecumseh for Brant, is obviously a mere slip of the pen.—Eds. N. D. M.]

thing very shocking did take place in that picturesque valley.

"Campbell made a strong poetical effect by alluding to the 'monster Brant,' as connected with that expedition. The late John Brant, Chief of the Six Nations, when in England, called on Campbell, and convinced him of his historical error. Campbell admitted his fault, but the poem was written and published, and could not be altered, and so the calumny has come down to this day. There never was any massacre at all at Wyoming. The military events connected with the expedition were of an ordinary military character. The Royal forces that entered the Valley of Wyoming formed part of an expedition which left Fort Niagara, then a British garrison, for the purpose of rescuing and bringing in the families of the Loyalist refugees of the Mohawk and Susquehannah Valleys, who had been driven back into the wilderness, and had collected together in numbers about Fort Niagara and Kingston. The homes and lands of most of these men had been seized by Rebel committeemen, and parcelled out to their partisans; many houses burnt, and their inmates killed or driven into the woods, where the women and children were wandering about, suffering unspeakable horrors. To rescue these poor families, and what remnant of their property could be saved, was the object of the expedition. The force consisted of the regiment of Butler's Rangers, Johnson's Greens, and a body of the Six Nation Indians under Brant. The villages of these Indians had recently been destroyed, and their women and children in many instances cruelly massacred by the American troops.

"Notwithstanding these provocations, there were no unmilitary cruelties practiced in the operations that ensued. The Loyalists gained the desperate battle of Oriskany, and took by assault the forts and block-houses that guarded the frontier. A portion of them traversed the Mohawk settlements, and Butler's Rangers, with some other troops and Indians, entered the Valley of Wyoming, captured the fort, and dispersed the Rebels on all sides; and, after gathering together, as far as possible, the scattered members of their own families, returned to Canada.

"We know intimately many of the old Rangers, who had been present at the operations in Wyoming, and, wishing to test for ourselves the truth of Campbell's beautiful fiction, questioned many of them on the occurrence which took place. We may

name the late Major David Secord, of St. David's, who was a sergeant in the Rangers; the late Benjamin Pickett, and old Father Lawrence of Lawrenceville, now Virgil—the former was a drummer in the regiment, the latter belonged to the commissariat. The late Col. John D. Servos, of the Lake Road, whose father, Daniel Servos, Esq., was a captain in the Rangers, and who was intimately acquainted with the events and actors of the Frontier war in 1776. These were all men of honor and veracity, whose word could be taken with every confidence, and they all united in affirming that there was no massacre at all in the Valley of Wyoming; neither man, woman, nor child was injured, except the garrison of the fort, who lost heavily in consequence of a portion of them taking up arms again after a surrender. Most of them were killed in the assault; the rest escaped, and carried abroad the report of a 'massacre,' which had no existence except in their own excited fears. The report was industriously circulated and magnified by the agents of Congress, for the purpose of stimulating the flagging spirits of the revolutionary party, which were very low at that time. The story was reiterated till it was believed, and you will not find a Yankee history nowadays but contains the false bug-a-boo story of a massacre at Wyoming.

"The Indians present with the expedition were very much exasperated, and would have put all to death had they not been restrained by the white troops. They had recently suffered the destruction of their own villages, and a cruel massacre of their women from the Americans, and were eager for vengeance, but they were restrained, and no lives were taken, save those of the rebel soldiers and militiamen killed in the fort, as related.

"An anecdote will illustrate this point better than assertion; we had it from the lips of the late Major David Secord, of St. David's: Among the prisoners taken, were several noted rebels, belonging to the band of the notorious Captain Bull, who had been engaged in the expedition to destroy the Six Nation Villages on the Mohawk—one of these villages had contained the wigwams of Oneida Joseph, a chief who died at the Mohawk village, near Brantford, only some fifteen years ago, one of Nature's noblemen, if ever there was one. The newly-married wife of Oneida Joseph had been taken, and tortured to death by these fiends, by stretching her on the ground, with her hands and feet tied to trees, and then driving a stake into her body in such

a way as manhood recoils to name. These wretches being recognized, with special safety against the Indians, placed in the charge of Sergeant Secord and a guard of the Rangers. Oneida Joseph speedily found them out, and, in a paroxysm of rage, demanded them from the guard, in order to put them to death. Sergeant Secord, in obedience to his orders, protected them, and came near being killed himself by Oneida Joseph, who, with some other Indians, tried to force the guard and get at the prisoners. The chief ran a spear through Mr. Secord's coat, exclaiming, 'Give me the rebels—he kill my wife! he kill my child? he burn my wigwams! Oneida Joseph kill him, or kill you.' Assistance came to the guard, and the infuriated Indians were at last drawn off, and the wretches, who really deserved death, were kept as prisoners of war. Oneida Joseph and Mr. Secord both survived these events nearly seventy years.

"We saw the old chief in his house near Brantford, in 1847, then about ninety years of age. The good old man, as we entered, was lying on the bed, with spectacles on his nose, reading the Bible. He was, even then, as fine a specimen of the Indian race as we ever saw. He talked freely of old times, and although, like other chiefs of the Six Nations, he had lost immense possessions through his loyalty to the Crown, the sacrifice never gave him one moment's regret. In the war of 1812, Oneida Joseph was one of the most active chiefs that took up the tomahawk to defend their beloved Canada against their old enemy.

"This incident between Oneida Joseph and Mr. Secord, shows conclusively that the Rangers, so far from utterly destroying the inhabitants of Wyoming, preserved the lives of their worst enemies, and that, too, under orders of Col. Butler, whom the *New Dominion* allows its pages to insult as a 'merciless fiend.'"

CORRESPONDENCE.

(For the *New Dominion Monthly*.)

STEAMBOATING ON LAKE ONTARIO.

I observe in the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY* for May some notes on this subject, wherein I think the writer is slightly in error, and I will, with your leave, pen my recollections and impressions of the early steam navigation of our splendid lakes.

There is no doubt but the "Frontenac" was the first steamer on Lake Ontario, and I have the impression she was built earlier than 1818. During the summer of 1822, I was on board of her. She plied between Kingston, Toronto, Niagara, and Queenston, making a trip once a week, calling at Toronto going up. Passengers going to Kingston had to cross in her to Niagara and Queenston, for she did not call at Toronto on the downward trip. The cabin fare was \$12, and the deck \$3. The "Charlotte" that year plied between Kingston and Belleville. She did not go to Prescott. In the latter part of that season, a small steamer was built, called the "Dalhousie," which ran between Kingston and Prescott. There was a small steamer the same year, belonging to the Americans, that plied between Sacketts' Harbor and Kingston. I forget her name.

There were four steamers on Lake Ontario in 1822. On Lake Erie in 1820-21, there was but one steamer—the "Walk-on-the-Water," which ran from Black Rock to Green Bay, on Lake Michigan. On coming up from Black Rock, in addition to her steam, she required the aid of several yoke of oxen to enable her to get up the current. This was the only boat at that period on the Upper Lakes.

Had I time, I might write for the *MONTHLY* a short account of a two years' cruise on the Upper Lakes in 1820-21, while attached to the expedition appointed for running the boundary line between Canada and the United States.

E.

Peterborough, 24th June, 1868.

[We will be much obliged to the writer of the above communication for the narrative of his cruise in 1820-21. One object of the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY* is, as its readers have doubtless perceived, to preserve the most interesting of the facts and incidents connected with the early settlements of all parts of the Dominion, that would otherwise pass into oblivion.—Eds. N.D.M.]

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

"NEW DOMINION MONTHLY."

SECOND YEAR.

The first year of this enterprise has closed with a result that may well surprise and gratify all the friends of literature in the Dominion of Canada. A degree of success which, in ordinary cases, only follows years of effort, has been attained in this case, in the short space of twelve months, as will be seen from the following statement:—

The subscription list, in the first year, has risen to 910 in the city, and 4,756 sent by mail to all parts of the Dominion, and the sales to booksellers and periodical agents, and at our office, vary from about 1,500 to 2,000 each issue. The circulation is thus in all from 7,100 to 7,500 of each number; and we have printed since April last 8,000 copies per month, so as to make sure of meeting all demands.

The DOMINION MONTHLY has been even more successful in another most important respect, namely, in obtaining the co-operation of a noble company of literary contributors, scattered over the whole Dominion of Canada. The number, variety, and excellence of the original articles contributed to the DOMINION MONTHLY has caused general surprise and admiration, and yet such an amount of literary ability might have been expected in provinces peopled so largely by settlers of cultivated minds, and in which education has occupied so much attention.

The publishers have also reason to be thankful for a fair amount of advertising patronage.

But, notwithstanding this success, it is found by experience that at the very low price of the DOMINION MONTHLY, it scarcely meets its expenses, which have proved con-

siderably greater than was estimated, and a large extension of circulation is therefore needed to enable the publishers to remunerate contributors, even on a very moderate scale.

All our present subscribers are therefore requested to remit promptly at the expiration of their year, and to endeavor each to induce one or more new subscribers to remit with them.

The only way in which a magazine can be published so cheap, is to carry out invariably the rule of *CASH IN ADVANCE*; and the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY will stop promptly in all cases where the subscription is not renewed. It is much to be desired that all should remember this rule, and remit in time, so that there may be no interruption in their receipt of the MONTHLY.

The terms will be slightly different from what they were last year, on account of the new postal law, requiring publishers to prepay periodicals by stamps after the 1st of January next. For, as it would be awkward to charge \$1. 12, we shall keep the yearly subscription at the \$1, and prepay the postage after the First of January next ourselves; but we will, on this account, be unable to give gratis copies with clubs, or commissions to canvassing agents.

We need not add that no pains will be spared to make the magazine worthy of public support in every respect, and that improvements in illustrations, &c., will keep pace with the extension of circulation.

The Vol. from April to September, inclusive, will be sent, bound and post-paid, to

any one who will remit for Five Subscribers for one year.

New subscribers may still be furnished with the MONTHLY from April last, if they wish; and, in that case, their year will begin with that date.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.

With the encouragement of the past year before us, we purpose commencing the second year with an impression of

Ten Thousand Copies

per month, and we request advertisers to send their orders not later than the 10th of September for the October number.

This magazine affords perhaps the best medium in the Dominion of Canada for advertising Prospectuses and Reports of Public Companies and Joint Stock enterprises, as well as for Manufacturers' advertisements with pictures of their works or trade-marks. Such advertisements may, if preferred, be sent printed (on thin paper),

to be stitched in with the magazine. Farms and Villas for sale, prospectuses and calendars of Schools and Colleges, and many other kinds of advertisements, which a little thought would suggest, will find the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY a most suitable medium, as it circulates widely among the most respectable classes throughout the Dominion.

TERMS.—Advertisements on fly-leaves of the magazine, \$10 per page, or \$6 per half page; or for short advertisements of an eighth-page, or equal to one square, \$2 each insertion.

A discount of 12½ per cent. will be allowed on advertisements inserted for 3 months; 20 per cent. on those inserted for 6 months; and 33¼ per cent. for twelve months.

Advertisements sent in ready printed, will be stitched into the magazine for a charge of \$1 per 1,000 for one leaf of two pages; or \$1.50 per 1,000 for four pages, if unobjectionable in point of character, and printed on paper that is not too heavy.

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

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

Publishers "New Dominion Monthly,"

MONTREAL.

36 VICTORIA SQUARE, MONTREAL, August 10, 1868.

Proprietors NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

Gentlemen,—Having advertised for some months past in your new Monthly, I have very great pleasure in informing you that, as an advertising medium, I have found it a most profitable investment. Correspondents who have become familiar with my manufactures through the advertisements in the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY have written me orders from all parts of the country—Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritime Provinces; and my business has proportionately increased in consequence.

I have advertised extensively for the last fourteen years in various publications, but never before obtained the same value for my money.

Very truly yours, T. GROSS.

MONTREAL, Feb. 22nd, 1868.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Publishers of NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

Gentlemen,—We have pleasure in informing you that we have received more responses to our advertisement in the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY than from any other advertising medium we have ever resorted to.

We are pleased to hand you this for publication, if you desire. Yours very respectfully,

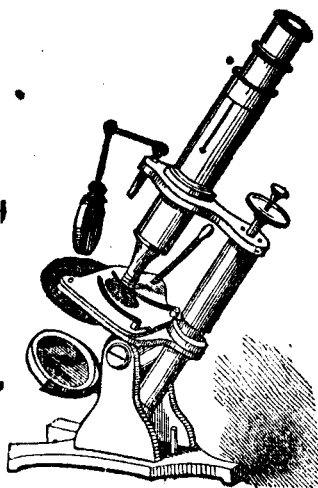
C. W. WILLIAMS & CO., Sewing Machine Manufacturers.

The Second Volume of the "NEW DOMINION MONTHLY," comprising six numbers—from April to September, inclusive,—will be bound in cloth and forwarded, post-paid, for a Dollar, remitted to

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

PUBLISHERS.

FIELD,
MARINE,
AND
OPERA-GLASSES,
STEREOSCOPIES
AND
VIEWS,
SURVEYING
INSTRUMENTS.



MICROSCOPES,
TELESCOPES,
THERMOMETERS,
BAROMETERS,
MAGIC LANTERNS
AND
SLIDES.

C. HEARN, Optician,

242 AND 244 NOTRE DAME ST., MONTREAL,

Has on hand the largest and best assorted Stock of Optical Goods in the Dominion. He would invite particular attention to his superior Stock of SPECTACLES and EYE-GLASSES of every description.

REPAIRS EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

FOR GOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Large or small, you will not be disappointed at

J. C. PARKS'

PHOTOGRAPHIC ROOMS,

No. 1 Bleury street,

MONTREAL.

CANADA TRUSS FACTORY.

F. GROSS, SURGICAL MACHINIST,

AND

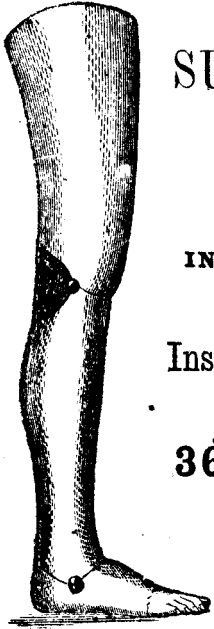
Elastic Spring-Truss Maker,

INVENTOR AND MANUFACTURER

OF ALL KINDS OF

Instruments for Physical Deformities.

36 VICTORIA SQUARE,
MONTREAL.



F. GROSS'S ARTIFICIAL LEGS.

Distinguished in their superiority for combining in the highest degree Scientific and Anatomical principles with the articulation of the natural limb, and possessing great strength, with lightness and durability. They are perfectly adapted to all forms of amputation. Every limb is made first-class, of the best material, and fully warranted. They are recommended by the leading Surgeons, and universally approved and recommended.

F. Gross's Chest-Expanding Steel Shoulder Braces.

Manufactured at the Canada Truss Factory, 36 Victoria Square, Montreal. This is an entirely new and superior article for Ladies and Gentlemen who have acquired a habit of stooping. This Brace is certain to answer the purpose of keeping the Chest expanded and the body upright; the two Steels on the back running over the shoulder-blades, giving a gentle and even pressure, they will prove conducive to health and gracefulness; and being strong and well made, will last a long time and always feel comfortable. For Gentlemen, this Chest-Expander will enable them to do away with the common Suspenders (which are injurious to health) by simply cutting holes in the leather of the Belt around the waist, and thereby keeping up the pants.

CAUTION TO PARENTS.—Parents, look to your children! Gross's newly-invented Steel Shoulder-Braces are almost indispensable for children, as they are liable to contract the habit of stooping and shrugging their shoulders at school, causing them to grow narrow-chested, and laying the foundation for consumption and lung-diseases. Parents should bear this in mind, as wearing our Braces will counteract this bad habit.

I beg to call particular attention to the London Belt Truss. This Truss—for the cure and relief of every species of Hernia admitting of a reduction within its natural limits—will be found to afford to those laboring under this common bodily infirmity instantaneous relief, and is so simple a contrivance that it may be worn with ease in any posture of the body, during sleep, or when taking violent exercise, and, when properly fixed on, is not perceptible. The pressure obtained is gentle and continuous, and may be increased or diminished at pleasure.

F. Gross can produce a great number of certificates from doctors and others to show that in all cases this Truss has given great satisfaction, and been applied with complete success.

ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

F. B. WRIGHT,

IMPORTER OF AND DEALER IN

BERLIN WOOL,

Shetland, Andalusian, Fleecy, Fingering, Merino, and Lady Betty. Berlin Wool Patterns, Slipper Patterns, Canvas, Beads, Crochet, Knitting, and Embroidery Cotton, Stamped Work for Braiding and Embroidery, Sofa-Cushion Cord and Tassels, Embroidery and Sewing Silk, Filocele, and materials for various kinds of Fancy Work.

DOLLS! DOLLS!!

A complete assortment in Wax, China, and Comic, dressed and undressed. •

TOYS AND GAMES

In great variety.

BASKETS,

Market, Waste-Paper, Fancy, Nursery, and Work-Baskets, at all prices.

WAX LILIES AND FRUIT,

Under Glass Shades, Bohemian Vases, etc., etc.

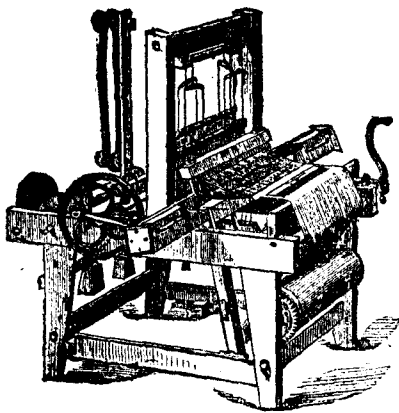
GLASS SHADES,

Round and Oval.

Also, Paper Hangings, Ladies' Dress Buttons, Dress Shields, Combs and Brushes, Portemonnaies, Leather Satchels, Walking-Sticks, and a general assortment of Fancy Goods.

No. 386 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

(Opposite C. Alexander & Son's.)



Worthen & Baker's PATENT HAND-LOOM.

This superior Loom weaves Tweeds, Jeans, Sattinett, Linsey, Blanket-Twill, Flannel, Balmoral Skirtings, Flax and Tow Linen Bagging, Wool and Rag Carpeting, &c.

It lets off the warp, throws the shuttles, treads the treadles, and winds up the Cloth, by simply turning a crank. Thirty yards per day can be wove, and even four yards in an hour can be wrought upon it.

To make the changes from one kind of cloth to another (on the same warp), requires but two minutes, and is so easy and simple that a child can make them after once showing.

For particulars and circulars enclose stamp, and address,

WORTHEN & BAKER,

Manufacturers and dealers in Looms, Warps, Filling Yarns, Reeds, Metal Harness, Bobbins, Shuttles, &c.,

Coaticooke, P. Q., and Port Hope, Ont.

CHOICE TULIPS FOR SALE.

From and after the 1st day of July, the following assortments of CHOICE ASSORTED TULIPS, being part of the collection of the undersigned, will lie for sale at the WITNESS Office, Great St. James street:—

Parcels of 12 assorted Fine Tulips,	Fifty Cents each.
“ 30 “ “	One, Dollar “
“ 100 “ “	Three Dollars “

Two Parcels of 100 each will be given for Five Dollars.

All the above will be blooming bulbs in fine order.

Parties ordering from a distance will please specify the mode of conveyance. Postage would be high if sent by Mail, and Express charges are also very dear upon such small parcels. The best way, therefore, is to send for them by some friend visiting the city.

CULTURE OF THE TULIP.

TULIPS are the most highly colored and richly diversified of all flowers, and bloom at a season of the year (from 20th May to 10 June), when there are few or no other flowers in the garden. Any one planting a good bed, containing say 100 bulbs, about six inches apart, each way, will have a beautiful show, that will richly recompense the outlay; and these bulbs will, upon the average, increase fully fifty per cent. per annum. The best form of a bed is about four feet wide and as long as necessary, and the best exposure is to be open to the morning sun, and shaded from the noonday sun.

The tulip should be planted about three or four inches deep in fall in rich mellow soil, and on no account kept out of the ground through the winter. This is the rule also with nearly all bulbous roots,—the gladiolus, which will not stand the frost, being the chief exception. The ground should be of a tolerably dry nature, as water lodging about the roots of bulbous plants is very injurious. In spring, all that is necessary is to keep free from weeds by lightly stirring the earth around them, taking care neither to injure the roots nor stems. No protection of any kind should be attempted through the winter, as any manure or straw above these bulbs in winter draws up the stems to be too long and slender in spring. After the flowers have fallen, the seed-pods should be carefully broken off; otherwise the plant's strength will go to mature the seed, and the bulb will shrink in the process, just like that of a carrot or onion when it runs to seed. This is the way in which people say their tulips run out. Or there is an opposite way which is equally common and equally destructive,—viz., cutting off the stalks close by the ground as soon as the flowering season is over. In this case, the bulbs can no more mature for next year, than an animal could thrive which had its stomach and lungs cut out. After the foliage has fairly begun to wither, it may be cut clean away or the bulbs may be taken up, but not till then. When planted six inches apart the bulbs need not be taken up and separated till the second year.

All orders to be addressed to

JOHN DOUGALL,

Witness Office,

MONTREAL.

FOREIGN POSTAGE STAMPS. D. Cameron & Co., Quebec, will send their new Price-List (of about 2,500 varieties) *gratis*, and *post-free*, to any address in the Dominion. Collectors are recommended to send for this list before ordering stamps, as the prices charged by D. C. & Co. are much lower than those of other dealers.



Geo. BISHOP & Co

Engravers,

LITHOGRAPHERS,

A. N. D.

PRINTERS.

53. GREAT ST. JAMES STREET.

MONTREAL

*Business Cards Bill Heads Blank Notes Drafts &c.
Cancelling Ribbon Stamps, Seals, Doorplates, &c. &c.*

THIRD CIRCULAR TO ADVERTISERS.

THE

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

MONTREAL, CANADA: JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS.

The Publishers of "THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY," in view of the success which this new Canadian Literary Periodical has met with in the first nine months of its issue, confidently predict for it a widely-extended circulation and a permanency which no other British American Monthly has yet obtained.

The DOMINION already finds its way into EIGHT THOUSAND CANADIAN HOMES, and advertisements thus introduced into so large a number of intelligent families cannot fail to be remunerative to its patrons.

British Manufacturers are beginning to appreciate the value of the DOMINION as a means of increasing their business; and we have been favored with annual contracts with Messrs. Robert Wotherspoon & Co., the Manufacturers of the celebrated Glenfield Starch; and also with Messrs. Piesse & Lubin, the equally celebrated Perfume Manufacturers.

We again invite attention to this new Monthly.

Until further notice, the following will be the rates of advertising:—

Fly-leaves, per page, - - - - -	\$10.00 per month.
“ “ half page, - - - - -	6.00 “
“ “ four lines, double column, - - - - -	1.00 “
“ “ additional lines, - - - - -	.12½ “
A square, or eighth-page, - - - - -	2.00 “
Printed leaves bound in, - - - - -	1.00 per 1,000.

For pages of cover, and first page of fly-leaves after reading-matter, special rates are charged.

To advertisers for three months, a discount of 12½ per cent. will be made; for six months, 20 per cent.; and for 12 months, 33½ per cent. on the above rates.

British advertisers will please calculate five dollars to the pound sterling; and advertisers in the United States will remit in gold or its value.

Parties at a distance who may doubt the above statements with regard to figures, would do well to inform themselves of their correctness, through their friends here, or through advertising agents, to whom every facility for verifying our circulation will be afforded.

No advertisement can be inserted of bad or doubtful character.

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

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL, CANADA.

Montreal, August, 1868.

DR. COLBY'S Anti-Costive and Tonic Pills,

Are a safe and reliable remedy in all diseases of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. They are no Quack Medicine, puffed up by high-sounding testimonials from Imaginary people, but are the result of forty years' experience of a first-class physician, and their extraordinary success is due to the fact that they answer exactly their name. The formula from which they are prepared is based on sound, scientific principles, and has received the unqualified approbation of the medical profession. They do not profess to be a cure for all; but for all diseases arising from any derangements of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels, they furnish an effectual remedy. We have in our possession over one hundred testimonials from physicians who have used them in their practice and highly approve of them, among which are the following:—

The undersigned physicians cheerfully certify to the high professional standing of Dr. Colby, of Stanstead, one of the oldest and best physicians, and to the excellent qualities of his "ANTI-COSTIVE AND TONIC PILLS," which we have used in our practice, and highly approve,

J. H. Gibson, M. D., Dunham, C. E.
Charles Brown, M. D., Cowansville.
J. C. Butler, M. D., Waterloo.
Norman Cleveland, M. D., Barnston.
C. W. Cowles, M. D., Stanstead.
Joseph Breadon, M. D., Surgeon, R. N.
Lemuel Richmond, M. D., Derby Line.

C. E. Cotton, M. D., Cowansville.
S. S. Foster, M. D., Brome
John Erskine, M. D., Waterloo.
N. Jenks, M. D., Barnston.
John Meigs, M. D., Stanstead.
Benjamin Damon, M. D., Coaticook.

S. J. FOSS & CO., Sherbrooke, P. Q., sole proprietors. HENRY, SIMPSON & CO., Montreal Wholesale Agents.

JACOB'S RHEUMATIC LIQUID.

For the immediate relief and permanent cure of Rheumatism, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Frost-Bites, Lamé Back, Side, Limbs, or Stomach, Cramp, Numbness of Limbs, Swelling of Joints, Sudden Colds, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, etc.

JACOB'S RHEUMATIC LIQUID

Has been before the public for upwards of twenty years, and such are its merits that it is now justly considered as an indispensable article in every family where it is known.

It has never been forced on public attention by flaming advertisements of remarkable cures that never had any existence; but, by its own peculiar value as an unfailing remedy, it has worked its way into public favor.

Having a wonderful effect when taken internally, in quickening the circulation of the blood, it is invaluable to persons predisposed to Paralysis, or subject to attacks of Heart-Disease. In cases of Dyspepsia, where food distresses, it affords prompt relief, and continued for a short time, sets everything right.

The name of the medicine is blown in each bottle of the genuine; and the purposes for which it is intended, as well as the mode of using, attached.

HENRY, SIMPSON CO., Montreal, Wholesale Agents. S. J. FOSS & CO., Sherbrooke, P. Q., sole proprietors

HUNT'S EMPIRE HAIR GLOSS.

This pleasant, agreeable, and scientific preparation is an indispensable article for the toilet. It cleanses the scalp, renders the hair of a darker appearance, is easily applied, and will not stain the finest linen. Those using the Empire Hair Gloss will find that it renders the hardest and coarsest hair, soft, glossy, fine, and beautiful, disposing it to stay in any position in which it is placed. It prevents the hair from falling out, invigorates and strengthens it, and often produces a new growth of hair where it has already disappeared, by invigorating and restoring the skin, nerves, muscles, blood-vessels, and roots of the hair. PRICE 25 CENTS.

S. J. FOSS & CO., Proprietors and Sole Manufacturers, Sherbrooke, Province of Quebec. HENRY, SIMPSON & Co., Montreal; LYMAN, ELLIOT & Co., Toronto, Wholesale Agents.