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THE  
NEW DOMINION  
MONTHLY.

December, 1867.



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

**PRICE, TEN CENTS.**

# PROSPECTUS

OF

# “MONTREAL WITNESS”

FOR 1868.

DAILY WITNESS.....\$3 per annum.  
MONTREAL WITNESS (Semi-Weekly)...\$2 per annum.  
WEEKLY WITNESS.....\$1 per annum.

ALL STRICTLY IN ADVANCE. AND THE PAPERS STOP UNLESS THE SUBSCRIPTION BE RENEWED.

ON the 31st December, 1867, the MONTREAL WITNESS will have completed its twenty-second year, a period sufficient to render its character and objects generally known.

The WITNESS is devoted to the best interests of the people of Canada, temporal and eternal. It fearlessly grapples with Oppression, Infidelity, Intemperance, Sabbath-breaking, and public evils of every kind. It is connected with no party or denomination, and consequently has no support except from the public, on whom alone it relies. Its various editions are probably the cheapest papers on this Continent; and, though the circulation they have obtained is large, we think it might be, and hope it will be much larger throughout the Provinces of Canada; especially since Confederation has increased their number from two to four, with a prospect of two more. To this end, we rely on the kind aid of the friends of evangelical religion and wholesome literature everywhere, who, we hope, will help us in the future, as many of them have done in the past.

Besides a large supply of religious, useful, and interesting “Family Reading,” and a department containing selected articles from the ablest newspapers of Britain, the United States, and the Dominion of Canada, the WITNESS gives special attention to the news of the day. It has also an extensive department for Commercial Intelligence, Prices Current, &c., &c., upon which great care is bestowed. This department always includes the latest reports of the Montreal Corn Exchange, prepared by the Secretary of that Association for the WITNESS.

Permit us to call the special attention of busi-

ness men to the DAILY WITNESS, which issues six editions, the latest being sent by each mail that leaves the city. This paper has, we think, more reading matter—and that of a more interesting kind—than any of the large Canadian dailies; it has also the exclusive contract for the Montreal Corn Exchange daily reports on the day they issue, and gives the latest commercial intelligence. Such a paper for 3 per annum should surely be taken by every business man within two hundred miles of Montreal.

In like manner, we would call the attention of those who only get mails once a week, to the WEEKLY WITNESS, which, for a dollar a year, gives more value, probably, than can elsewhere be found for the money.

For parties not in business, who can get their papers oftener than once a week, the MONTREAL WITNESS (semi-weekly) is strongly recommended, as containing nearly all that appears in the daily edition except advertisements.

Any Minister, Post-master, or School-teacher remitting for *eight* subscribers to any edition, will be entitled to a gratis copy; and for a mixed list, amounting to *eight dollars*, a copy of the WEEKLY WITNESS, or of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY Magazine.

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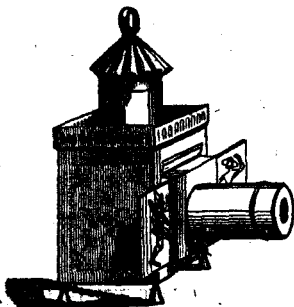
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## WINDSOR NURSERIES,

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Every person intending to plant Fruit trees should at once send twenty-five cents in postage stamps to the subscriber—or to John Dougall & Son, Publishers, Montreal,—for a copy (which will be mailed free,) of the "CANADIAN FRUIT CULTURIST," giving full descriptions of all the best varieties of Fruits of every kind suitable for the different parts of Canada, with the best way to plant and cultivate them.

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# PROSPECTUS

OF

## "THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY."

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

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

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

### TERMS.

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

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

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

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

Outside page of cover.....	\$12.00
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PUBLISHERS

"NEW DOMINION MONTHLY,"

MONTREAL.

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

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

It will take about 6,000 subscribers, and a reasonable advertising patronage, to render the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY self-supporting; and, when it reaches that point, there will be every disposition to pay for the highest class of Canadian literary talent. Meantime, we can only

invite contributions, which, if sufficiently interesting, will be thankfully inserted, and acknowledged as aids to the establishment of this Canadian magazine.

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

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.

September, 1867.

# P R O S P E C T U S

OF THE

# “CANADIAN MESSENGER”

## FOR 1868.

THIS IS UNDOUBTEDLY BY FAR THE  
**CHEAPEST PAPER IN CANADA,**

And, the Publishers hope, one of the VERY BEST. It is published twice a month, and consists of EIGHT pages, entirely filled with matter, arranged in the following Departments, viz. :—

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**Agriculture,**

**Science and Art,**

**Education.**

That is to say, it contains as much choice matter on the above subjects as would make a respectable monthly journal under each name, if published separately; and the subscriber to the MESSENGER will have the whole four together for

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Being devoted to the above objects, and containing neither news nor advertisements, the MESSENGER passes

**Free through the Mails;**

and on account of the high moral and religious character of the “Temperance” and “Education” departments, and the unobjectionable nature of the others, as also on account of its new and select Hymns set to Music, the MESSENGER is specially adapted for

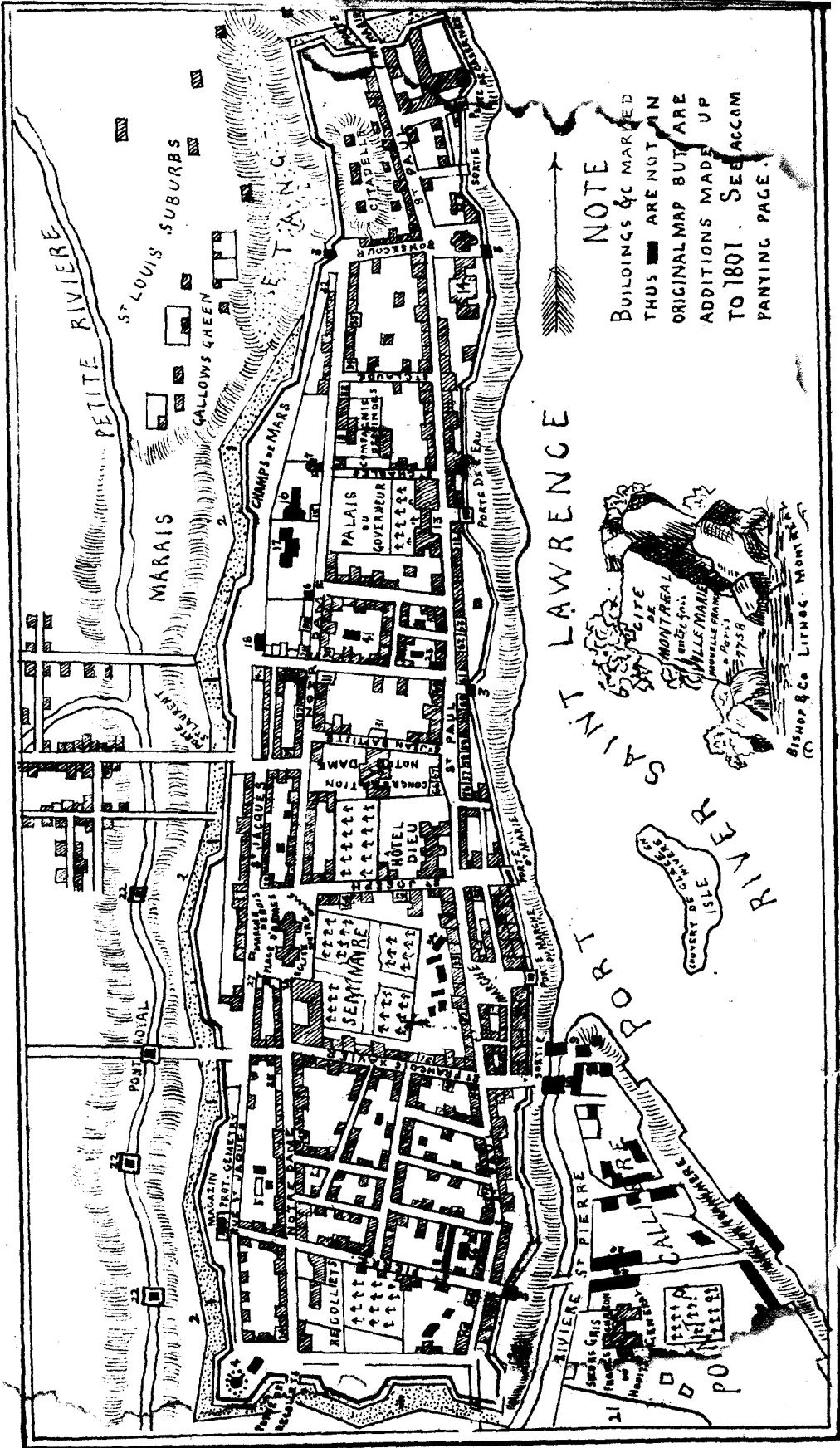
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**TERMS.**—Twenty-five cents per annum, but there should not be fewer than four copies to one address. With clubs of eight, a gratis copy will be sent; or nine copies to one address for two dollars per annum; or NINE COPIES TO ONE ADDRESS FOR ONE DOLLAR FOR SIX MONTHS. Where each subscriber's name is required to be on his paper, there can be no gratis copy sent with clubs.

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NOTE  
 BUILDINGS & C MARKED  
 THUS ARE NOT AN  
 ORIGINAL MAP BUT ARE  
 ADDITIONS MADE UP  
 TO 1801. SEE ACCAM  
 PANTING PAGE.

RIVER SAINT LAWRENCE  
 PORT SAINT  
 CITE DE MONTREAL  
 ANCIENNE  
 VILLE MARIE  
 NOUVELLE FRANCE  
 1680-1775



BISHOP & Co LITHOG. MONTREAL



## REFERENCES.

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- |  |                                 |
|--|---------------------------------|
| 1. Dry Ditch, 3 feet deep.                                 | 12. Custom-House.               |
| 2. Ramparts—a favorite promenade.                          | 13. College.                    |
| 3. Places where the wall was broken down previous to 1801. | 14. Sir George Johnson's.       |
| 4. Rickett's Circus.                                       | 15. English Church.             |
| 5. Old Court House and Jail.                               | 16. Jail.                       |
| 6. Jews' Synagogue.  | 17. Court-House.                |
| 7. Jesuits' Chapel.  | 18. Scotch Kirk.                |
| 8. Canadian Volunteers' Barracks.                          | 19. Government House.           |
| 9. Franchère's Bridge.                                     | 20. Potash-Inspection Stores.   |
| 10. Italian Bridge.  | 21. Mr. McCord's Meadow.        |
| 11. Post-Office.   | 22. Bridges erected about 1800. |
|  | 23. North West Co.'s Stores.    |
- 

## RESIDENCES OF PRINCIPAL CITIZENS IN 1801.

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- |                                  |                                   |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 24. Alex. Henry.                 | 47. J. Brown (auctioneer).        |
| 25. B. Gibb.                     | 48. J. Fisher.                    |
| 26. N. Graham.                   | 49. P. Barsalou.                  |
| 27. John Dillon.                 | 50. Auldjo, Maitland, & Co.       |
| 28. Dr. Arnoldi.                 | 51. Logan & Watt.                 |
| 29. J. Brown (stationer).        | 52. Woolrich & Cupper.            |
| 30. Hon. J. Richardson.          | 53. R. McClements.                |
| 31. Simon McTavish.              | 54. Jas. Dunlop.                  |
| 32. T. Poitier.                  | 55. John Lilley.                  |
| 33. J. W. Clarke.                | 56. J. P. Leprehon.               |
| 34. Mr. Beasley.                 | 57. Mr. Stansfield (tobacconist). |
| 35. Mr. Maitland.                | 58. John Shuter (crockery).       |
| 36. Mr. Badgley.                 | 59. Col. de Longueuil.            |
| 37. Jas. & A. McGill.            | 60. Henderson & Wiggfield.        |
| 38. D. Davids.                   | 61. E. St. Dizier.                |
| 39. H. Symes (auctioneer).       | 62. John McGill.                  |
| 40. Judge Davidson.              | 63. Samuel Gerrard.               |
| 41. Forsyth, Richardson, & Co.   | 64. Gerrard & Ogilvie.            |
| 42. G. Gauche.                   | 65. Miss Hayes.                   |
| 43. R. Hoyle.                    | 66. A. Scott.                     |
| 44. Mr. Stevenson (tobacconist). | 67. John A. Gray.                 |
| 45. John Platt.                  | 68. R. Dobie.                     |
| 46. Burton & McCulloch.          |                                   |

# THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY,

A Magazine of Original and Selected Literature.

DECEMBER, 1867.

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## TERMS.

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**SPECIMEN NUMBERS** sent upon application.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

No. 126 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET,

MONTREAL.

# The New Dominion Monthly.

VOL. I, No. 3. DEC., 1867.



Original.

## FATHER MATHEW AND HIS WORK.\*

BY THE HON. THOS. M'GEE, M. P.

### THE CITY OF CORK.

The city of Cork is distinguished among the seaport towns of the United Kingdom, not more for its magnificent harbor and "grand sea-avenue," of which Tom Moore speaks, than for its literary and scientific reminiscences. The readers of Mrs. Shelley's "Perkin Warbeck" will not need to be reminded of the costly devotion of its Mayor and citizens in the reign of Henry VIIIth to the real, or supposed, last of the Plantagenets; nor need the readers of "The Faery Queen" be referred to the passage in which, describing the rivers of that region, Edmund Spenser pours his own silvery phrase round the ideal city, as the river in those days "encircled" the real one "with half-divided flood." But the literary and artistic glories of Cork are not all in the far past; it was the parent or nursery in the two last generations of Barry, Ford, and Maclise among painters; of Hogan among sculptors; of Maginn, Mahoney ("Father Prout"), and Sergeant Stack Murphy, among wits and scholars: there Callanan began, and Gerald Griffin ended his days; and the vicinity is still fragrant with the fair memories of Catherine, Countess of Charleville; Brinklay, Bishop of Cloyne; Father Arthur O'Leary, and Bishop Berkely, the ideal philosopher. Where there was so much individual renown, we may fairly infer that there was a corresponding degree of associated activity. And such an inference would be quite right. No city

of less than 100,000 † inhabitants in modern times has, its means considered, done more, or better, in works of benevolence, or institutions for public improvement. We find in Cork, all of them of several years' standing, a highly successful Medical and Surgical school; a public Library; an Academy of fine arts, (founded in 1815); a Royal Institution for the advancement of science; a Cuvierian society; a local Antiquarian society; a Horticultural society, and a Botanical garden. The character of the inhabitants and the whole tone of society are deeply impressed with literary and artistic tastes, and it is as natural for a young person of either sex, in that city, to discourse of books and pictures, of social science, or of periodical literature, as it is for the same classes elsewhere to gossip about the latest discovered novelty, in the way of dress or scandal. As compared with the inhabitants of Dublin, the Corcagenians are more earnest-minded and better read, and wholly free from that *frivolezza* which is the prevailing curse of provincial towns.

### WILLIAM MARTIN.

Among the works of pure benevolence which did honor to this quick-witted, and public-spirited city, one of the principal was the "House of Industry," or workhouse, sustained chiefly by subscription, and under the direction—in later and more liberal days—of a Board of Directors, representing as fully and fairly as possible, the different religious denominations from whom its support was drawn. In the year of grace, for Ireland, and mankind, 1838, there were members of this board, Mr. William Martin, a Quaker shop-keeper, and the Rev. Theobald Mathew, a highly popular priest and preacher among Roman Catholics, and indeed, with the citi-

\* The writer is indebted to two sources for the facts personal to Father Mathew in this sketch, namely, to a memoir of him, published early in the Irish Temperance movement, by the Rev. Mr. Birmingham, P. P., of Borrisokane, Tipperary; but still more to the very full, instructive, and interesting *Life*, by Mr. Maguire, M. P. for Cork, published in 1863. Mr. Maguire, as a resident and leading journalist at Cork, and as a close personal friend of Father Mathew (whom the writer also had the honor to know), was particularly well qualified for the task of writing his life.

† The total population of Cork in 1861 was 83,304 souls; of whom 12,583 are returned as Church of England, and 2,475 as Dissenters, leaving the remaining 78,000 Roman Catholic.

zens generally. Mr. Martin was then in his 68th year, a hale, vigorous old man, plain and blunt in speech, and never wearied in good works; Father Mathew was entering on his 48th year, vigorous, elastic, and full of zeal for any good work that commended itself to his conscience and judgment. Frequently, as these two good men walked the wards and courts of the House of Industry, examining and exhorting its wretched inmates, the aged Quaker would pause and say to the Roman Catholic priest, "strong drink did this!" It was a simple saying, but it struck deep into the sensitive and compassionate junior director. Having heard it with his heart, he was often reminded of it by his conscience. Mr. Martin himself, like the Rev. George Carr of Ross, and other benevolent men, had endeavored to propagate temperance, by means of verbal advocacy, and the written pledge alone. He had often called them around him, in this very stronghold of the vagabondage and poverty of the place, and endeavored to reason with its inhabitants, on the folly and shame of the one vice, which had thrust most of them in at the grated door. He had given tea-parties, aided by other members of the same admirable Society of Friends, and young people had gone to hear and to laugh, at speeches without toasts, and sermons without texts. Often pondered Father Mathew the example of the Friends, and then he would hear over and over again, present or absent, the simple words of his Quaker associate, "strong drink did this." At length, seeing him more and more occupied and troubled as to his own duty in the face of the destroying pestilence, William Martin would sometimes add, "Oh, Theobald Mathew, if *thou* wouldst but take this cause in hand!" And at length, in down-right earnest, Theobald Mathew resolved to consider his own duty in the matter, and to do as reason and religion directed.

#### FATHER MATHEW'S ANTECEDENTS.

On surveying the whole subject, it must be confessed he had some reasons for hesitation. The brewers and distillers of Cork were a numerous and respectable body, including some of his own near relatives and particular friends. The publicans,—as they are always called in Ireland,—or retailers, numbered about 500 in the city, and during his twenty-

four years' previous administration, had always been ready to aid the benevolent curate with their purses, in all his charitable undertakings. But there were other and more serious difficulties in his making the first start. Hitherto the Temperance movement had been altogether in the hands of Protestants, and with the inevitable tendency to sectarian suspicion in the Irish mind, was supposed, or was misrepresented by its interested enemies, as a species of disguised proselytism. Moreover Mr. Mathew himself, though twenty-four years a priest, was still only in the humble rank of a curate. He was not even one of the secular clergy of his diocese, being by choice and profession a Capuchin friar, a subdivision of the great Franciscan order, so called from the peculiarity of their *capucin*, or cowl. The "faculties" granted him, therefore, to discharge parochial duties, might be looked upon as purely permissive and gratuitous on the part of the Bishop of Cork, and this rendered his stepping out from the ranks of the clergy generally, and assuming to himself a special duty and responsibility, a matter of considerable delicacy. On the other hand there was the great cause—the incessant call of conscience—the daily and hourly sights and scenes recalling the words of William Martin. All his antecedents were fortunately of such a nature as to prepare the way with the public and with his own order more effectually than any argument or explanation could have done.

#### FATHER MATHEW'S FAMILY AND EDUCATION.

Theobald Mathew was born October 10th, 1790, in the County of Tipperary, at Thomastown House, famous in the correspondence of Swift and the first Sheridan, as the scene of much splendid and reckless hospitality. At the time of Theobald's birth, his father, James Mathew, adopted by the owner of that princely domain, as the orphan son of a distant relative, was the general manager of the estate, and resided in the old-fashioned, spacious mansion, with his young family, of whom Theobald was the fourth child. But as that family increased in numbers and years (until there were nine sons and three daughters), James Mathew felt that he should put forth greater exertions for their education and maintenance, and he accordingly became, on easy terms, a tenant of his kins-

man at the great house, and a highly successful farmer on his own account. At the Union, Mr. Mathew, of Thomastown, was created Earl of Landaff, a peerage which like most of the same creation, expired in the second generation. It was the daughter of the first, and sister of the second Earl, Lady Elizabeth Mathew, who took the cost and charge of little Theobald's education upon herself, from the beginning, both out of love for the gentle, engaging child, and out of consideration for the numerous domestic responsibilities of James. Lady Elizabeth remained all her life a spinster; was considered "eccentric" by those who knew her, but kind-hearted and clever she certainly was, if the repartees reported of her are genuine; and her memory will live long as the first and best friend of Theobald Mathew. The adoption of our future Capuchin into the Thomastown family, where he had opportunities of acquiring the best manners of a generation which studied good manners as the first of the fine Arts, impressed upon his character the indescribable air of a true gentleman, which constituted one of his many personal attractions. Never did gentleness work such wonders in the way of reformation; for, contrary to the usual temperament of great reformers, he was never known to be bitter, or wrathful, or denunciatory, of those who stood blindly or perversely in the way of his work.

It is not a little curious that the young Mathew had to leave both his first schools,—Kilkenny and Maynooth,—from the over-indulgence of his social affections. The former, when little more than a child, longing for home, he left without leave, and walked above thirty miles, to his father's door; in Maynooth he transgressed a fundamental rule, by giving a party in his chambers to some of his fellow-students, and in consequence withdrew, rather than undergo rustication. This was in 1808. Proceeding to Dublin, he entered the noviciate of the Capuchins, one of the poorest and least influential of religious orders, and on Easter eve, 1814, was ordained priest in that order, by the late Archbishop Murray. His first mission was at Kilkenny, where, however, he did not remain long; for within the year we find him established as assistant to an aged incumbent in the old Friary

Chapel of Father Arthur O'Leary, in the poor, populous, and unhealthy neighborhood of Blackmoor's lane, Cork. This was the scene of his daily labors for a quarter of a century, until he ventured into that wider sphere to which no limit can be set, either in space or in time. Here, "the young Apostle," as he was even then called, from the sweetness of his disposition, the gentleness of his manners, and his devotion to the poor, found work enough to his hand. Always exemplary as to the neatness of his person, he was equally so as to the appearance of his church. The dingy little chapel under his charge became bright, and even elegant in appearance. The uncarpeted friars' room had a good picture or two on the bare walls, and flowers in their season always stood by his well-used desk.

#### PERSONAL HABITS AND CHARACTER.

By early rising, and punctilious exactness in all his appointments, he proved himself a true economist of time. As a confessor he became much sought after; as a preacher his success depended mainly on his downright earnestness and sincerity. If indeed, the Roman's definition of an orator, "a good man speaking," were sufficiently extensive, then was he one of the first of orators. He avoided merely controversial sermons; was not considered profound as a reasoner, nor extraordinary as a theologian; but his persuasive powers were of a high order, and his charity sermons were never preached in vain. But it was as an organizer of useful Associations—as an influential promoter of active works of benevolence, that he rendered his highest services to the people of his parish and city. In 1819, he founded the Josephian society among the young men of his own neighborhood, for visiting periodically the sick poor; a year or two later he started the female Industrial School, which, in 1824, counted 500 young girls, acquiring the rudiments of knowledge and of industry; and in 1830 he was the means of conferring on Cork the inestimable benefit of a new Cemetery, by the purchase for that purpose of the old Botanic Garden. This beautiful burial-ground is now called "the Mathew Cemetery," and in the midst of its shrubs and flowers, under the shade of a veritable cedar of Lebanon, his mortal remains repose in peace. But, per-

haps, what most enhanced his local reputation, and best prepared the way to his greater works, was his heroic devotion to the poor during the terrible cholera year, 1832. The mysterious pestilence made its first appearance in Ireland at Cork, and in a neighboring parish to Mr. Mathews. He was the first volunteer who flew to the assistance of the resident clergy. As it spread through the city, he seemed to be everywhere; night and day his toils were incessant, and that powerful constitution with which nature had gifted him, was strained and burthened to the uttermost. Many an anecdote of his courage, his kindness, and his endurance, has become a tradition in the city, in which he so nobly stood up and did battle for the salvation of the people.

As to Mr. Mathews' social habits, before he took up the cause of Total Abstinence, they were always very temperate. Though extremely fond of cheerful and innocent society,—never so happy as when he had friends about him,—and though not at war, in those days, with the customs of the times, he never fell in with them in one fatal respect. And although cheerfulness amounting sometimes almost to a boyish buoyancy of spirits was the general tone of his mind, especially when his benevolent undertakings were getting on prosperously, yet Mr. Mathew was constitutionally subject to fits of depression, which any blow to his affections was sure to precipitate. His family attachments and his personal friendships were exceedingly strong and sensitive. Till the day of his death he never could speak without emotion of his father and mother; for the greater part of half a century he commemorated the death of a favorite younger brother, whom he had lost in his sixteenth year. One of these melancholy visitations completely overshadowed his spirits on the death of his venerable senior in charge of the Friary Chapel, in the year 1820.

#### A SINGULAR TEMPTATION.

While plunged in gloom in the deserted old chapel-house, he was subjected to a temptation of which his friend Mr. Maguire gives the following account, evidently from his own relation:

"As he sat one evening by himself before the fire, whose flickering light filled the room with

fantastic shadows, a voice seemed to whisper in his ear—"Father Mathew, that Cognac in the cupboard is delicious. You have not tasted it. Why don't you try it?" Yielding to this delusion, Father Mathew replied audibly—"Tea is much better." But you didn't taste the Cognac—it is delicious—only try it," whispered the imaginary voice. "No; tea is much better," replied Father Mathew, now starting up in alarm. He seized his hat, and almost ran the short distance which separated the Friary from the residence of Dean Collins, the Parish Priest of St. Finn Barr's. He told the cause of his abrupt visit to his venerable friend, who was then in his seventieth year. "It was a suggestion of the Evil One, my child, and you did well to resist it," was the answer of the Dean. The next day, the Cognac, which had been given as a present to Father Mathew, was sent by him to a friend. The voice was never audible again, simply because his nerves had recovered their wonted strength."\*

#### JOYFUL NEWS FOR WILLIAM MARTIN.

Such were the antecedents, such the general character of the man, in whose ears were constantly ringing the appeal of his temperance friend, William Martin,—“Ob, Theobald Mathew, if *thou* wouldst only take this cause in hand.” The answer to that appeal came at last, and we will let the same skilful biographer just quoted tell the when and how:—

“That was a joyful day to honest William Martin, on which, early in April, 1838, he received a message from Father Mathew, requesting his presence that evening at his house in Cove street. William, as he afterwards assured his friends, ‘had a presentiment of what was about to happen,’ and for that day he carried his sixty-eight years as jauntily as if they had been only thirty. At the appointed moment he was at the door, which was open for his reception; and there, at the threshold, stood his friend Theobald Mathew ready to receive him, his handsome countenance radiant with kindness and good nature. ‘Welcome, Mr. Martin; welcome, my dear friend. It is very kind of you to come to me at so short a notice, and so punctually too.’ ‘I was right glad to come to thee, Theobald Mathew, for I expected that thou hast good news for me.’ ‘Well, Mr. Martin, I have sent for you to assist me in forming a temperance society in this neighborhood.’ ‘I knew it!’ said William; ‘something seemed to tell me that thou wouldst do it at last.’ ‘My dear sir, it was not a matter to be undertaken lightly, and I feel that there are many difficulties in the way.’ ‘There are difficulties in everything we do,’ remarked William; ‘but thou knowest we must conquer them.’ ‘Very true, my dear friend, we

\* Father Mathew: a Biography. By J. F. Maguire, M. P. Pp. 55-6.

must try and do so. You remember that, a considerable time ago, you spoke to me on the subject at the House of Industry,' 'I remember it well, and that I often spoke to thee about it, and told thee that thou wast the only man that could help us.' 'At that time, continued Father Mathew, I could not see my way clearly to take up the question; but I have thought much of it since then, and I think I do see my way now. I have been asked by several good men to take up the cause, and I feel I can no longer refuse. How are we to begin, Mr. Martin?' 'Easily enough,' said honest William. 'Appoint a place to hold the meeting, fix a day and hour—and that's the way to begin.' 'Will Tuesday next, at seven o'clock, in my school-room, answer?' asked Father Mathew. 'It's the very thing,' said William, who added,—'This will be joyful news for our friends. Oh! Theobald Mathew, thou hast made me a happy man this night.' An affectionate pressure of the hand was the response.\*

#### FATHER MATHEW'S FIRST MEETINGS IN CORK.

Ireland, thirty years ago, contained within a fraction of eight millions of people, living almost exclusively as agriculturists. There was much poverty in the land, but as the potato was still abundant, cheap, and wholesome, there was much cheerful contentment too. The state of society itself, was primitive, and behind the times elsewhere. The wooden plough, the block-wheeled cart, and the hide-bound wicker boat, were still to be found in the fields, on the highways, and on the waters of the country. The privileged beggar still sat by the kitchen fire, retailing the news of the country around; the Faery doctor was still consulted as to the cause of the cow's going dry, or the young maiden's "decline;" children were still passed under an ass's belly for the hooping-cough, and pilgrimages and patterns were universally, if not religiously observed. Hurlings and cosherings, forbidden by antiquated statutes, were the universal rule, and a fair without a faction fight was considered something out of the order of nature. At every cross-road, and usually on both sides of the way, hung the seductive sign of "Entertainment for Man and Beast." The march of the new era was still at a slow pace, and subject to many interruptions. The first mail coach between such leading points as Cork and Dublin was established only in 1789, the year before Father Mathew's birth.

\*<sup>1</sup> Mathew Father: a Biography. By J. F. Maguire, M. P. Pp. 106-7.

The hedge-schools of Munster had not yet entirely disappeared from the byways; and though the National system was rapidly extending its organization, its influence could hardly be expected to be much felt before another generation. The civil emancipation of the Roman Catholics, in 1829, had been followed by some years of legislation in many respects meritorious. The commutation of tithes, and Corporation reform, had given the Catholics increased satisfaction; and, though the members of the one denomination had not acquired the easy sense of political equality, nor the other forgotten the old feeling of sectarian superiority, the bitterness of the emancipation struggle had in a measure passed away.

It was the pleasant vernal month of April and the 10th day of the month, 1838, when Father Mathew, in accordance with his arrangement with William Martin, went forth to address his first temperance meeting in his own schoolroom. "The meeting," says Mr. Maguire, "was not a large one;" but the good Quaker, and others of a like mind, were there to encourage him. Father Mathew presided, and wound up a brief, cogent, earnest speech by saying "I have come to the conviction that there is no necessity for intoxicating drinks. I will be one of the first to sign the book now on the table, and I advise you all to follow my example. I hope the book will soon be full." So saying, he moved towards the table where the blank-book lay, and, first exclaiming "here goes, in the name of God!" he, in his exquisitely neat hand, inscribed the name "Theobald Mathew, C. C., No 1 Cove street." Sixty names were enrolled that night, and so at length the man so long needed had taken "this cause in hand."

The second meeting was called by placard, and the schoolroom was quite incapable of containing those who attended. A large loft over a neighboring store was then obtained, but fears being entertained for the strength of the floor, a more suitable place was sought. In Father Mathew's own neighborhood, there was a capacious, if not a commodious, building, known as the "Horse Bazaar," a kind of Tattersall's, capable of containing four thousand persons, and this was generously placed at his disposal by the lady, Mrs.

O'Connor, whose property it was. Meetings were regularly held, twice on week nights and once on the afternoon of every Sunday. Addresses were made at these meetings by all manner of men, in all styles of oratory. A young barrister, named Walsh, and a reclaimed shoemaker, called Blewitt, were the best speakers. Friend Martin was always present and always ready, and the good man went down to his grave rejoicing in the work he had done, and the good-humored *sobriquet* the people had given him, "Grandfather of the Temperance Cause." Mr. Mathew, of course, spoke more or less at almost every meeting. Popular harangues were a new exercise to him, for he had scrupulously avoided all political assemblies. His voice, originally shrill and thin, acquired, by constant practice, that fuller tone which in 1840 we first heard booming above the bared heads of ten thousand postulants of the pledge. Then it had acquired, or so it seemed to us, the clearness and force of a trumpet; and, taken together with his excellent *physique*, left nothing for the eye or the ear to desire. At no time could the great reformer be called a great orator. Except in his intense earnestness of purpose (which went a very long way, however), he had not what we may call the oratorical temperament. His hold on the language, a consequence of his strictly theological education, was not deep. But he used accurately his simple, one-meaning words; he spoke with such evident sincerity; he heaved his appeals up from the heart so visibly to all; there was such an atmosphere of pure goodness about him, that he accomplished ends which no graces of oratory ever could have obtained. Yet, with the consciousness of being in the presence of one of the best of human beings, there was also an instant recognition of his secret power. Men of science attributed much of his extraordinary success to an amazing magnetic force in the man. When he became paralyzed in his latter days, they attributed those attacks to the reckless expenditure of this magnetic force. Explain it how we may, he certainly wrought some extraordinary cures, by no other apparent means than his touch and his blessing. He always, in the most emphatic terms, disclaimed the possession of any unusual or extraordinary powers in this way.

He invariably taught and preached that where human science failed, God alone was the Healer and Physician. But he never refused his blessing to any one, high or low, babe or grandsire, ill or well; and, putting aside all mention of the dozens of well-authenticated cures he was the means of effecting, there stands this one miracle to attest his wonderful power, whether spiritual or magnetic, or both, that in five years from that first start, with sixty associates, in the Cork schoolroom, he had enrolled five millions of his own people under the banner of Total Abstinence. Peter of Amiens wrought no such change in any one nation; John of Vicenza wielded his passionate Italian multitudes with an inferior power; history has no parallel for the fact, as biography has no parallel for the man.

#### THE MOVEMENT BECOMES NATIONAL.

The revolution proceeded at a revolutionary ratio. When the city of Cork got thoroughly roused by the nightly proceedings at the Horse Bazaar, and the daily enrolments at the Friary House, the county began to rouse. It is the largest and most populous county of the kingdom, stretching for a hundred miles along the Atlantic, and averaging half as much in inland depth. In 1840, it contained within a fraction of eight hundred thousand souls. Throughout all the bays and glens and valleys of this fine old land of Desmond, in all its hamlets and homesteads, during the memorable year of 1838, there was extraordinary agitation. Who had been to the city? Who had seen Father Mathew? Had this or that or the other acquaintance, or relative, taken the pledge? Would he keep it? Would it be a sin not to keep it? These were the questions which every Munster family was, more or less, forced to discuss. Old customs, and old abuses, did not want for defenders; and a personal reputation less securely founded than the Capuchin's would not have escaped the interested or perverse industry of his critics. But the wave swept on. From the source of the Blackwater to its mouth; from Bantry and Valencia; from Waterford, on the east, and Tipperary, Limerick and Kerry, on the north, west, and south; some even from distant Clare and Galway, travelling on foot, many of them, fifty, seventy, and one hundred miles, each way, had started, on the pilgrimage of the pledge, for the city of



Cork. Traders and artisans, farmers and peasants, in groups and in pairs, or alone; voluble in Gaelic or in Irish-English, well-mounted or footsore, comfortably clad or in tatters,—every highroad through Munster poured its human contingent into Cork. The Horse Bazaar was converted into an impromptu caravansary; and the generous Apostle could not suffer these devoted wayfarers to be dry and hungry, however they might lodge. Bread and coffee were provided for each successive "batch," as they were pledged and enrolled, and often, in hundreds of cases, there was added the price of a fare home by Purcell's coaches, or by Bianconi's jaunting-cars. Never an economist of money, Father Mathew found himself, at the end of the first year, fifteen hundred pounds in debt, but he had the glorious result to show for those southern counties, in January, 1839, of two hundred thousand enrolled teetotallers. Two years afterwards, the late excellent Marquis of Lansdowne, and the late Duke of Devonshire, two of the largest proprietors in that part of the country, paid their respects, personally, to the Cork friar, and bore their public testimony to the immense "moral and material improvements" he had effected among the people of the South of Ireland. What gratified him quite as much,—not for his own, but for the work's sake—were the cordial congratulations of such celebrities as Maria Edgeworth and Mrs. S. C. Hall, and the open adhesion of the great popular leader, Daniel O'Connell. The celebrated agitator, fifteen years the senior of Father Mathew, was in 1840 in full possession of all his enormous resources, mental and physical. He had always been a moderate drinker, though his appetite for solids was gigantic. He had become, in his latter years, deeply and sincerely religious; and when he resolved publicly to take the Mathew pledge, he adhered to it for the rest of his days. This was considered by the O'Connell party the greatest triumph of the cause, but it was one not without its anxieties to the zealous and sensitive Apostle.

#### LOCAL ORGANIZATIONS.

The movement had of course necessitated a certain amount of organization. This was effected by the establishment of local Tem-

perance Reading-Rooms, of which there were soon scores, and subsequently hundreds, all over the country. To each reading-room there was commonly attached a banner and a brass band. In the fourth year of his labors, the founder could point to three hundred of these Temperance bands, well uniformed and instructed, especially in garrison towns. The local rules as to books, papers, debates, and bands, were wisely left to local discretion, but Father Mathew was rigid as to one condition,—that neither religious nor political discussions should be introduced into the rooms. Gentle as he habitually was, he could be firm to obstinacy when the cause was at stake. In this prudent determination to exclude all party politics from his society, situated as Ireland then was, he was sorely tried. In 1840, Mr. O'Connell, after a five years' Imperial experiment of obtaining "justice for Ireland," from his Whig allies, raised again the green banner of repeal. He was, therefore, running, for the next few years, in a parallel of popular leadership with Father Mathew. In 1842, finding that the temperance leader was resolute never to identify his cause with that of any party, O'Connell started his local "Repeal Reading-Rooms." In very many Irish localities there was not patronage enough for two such institutions, and in many cases the most exciting became the most popular place of resort. Thus, without any such intention on his part, Mr. O'Connell gave the first shake to the Temperance Organization. During the monster meetings of 1843, the three hundred bands founded by Father Mathew, and largely equipped by his donations, could not be restrained from leading their frieze-clad regiments to be reviewed by O'Connell, at "the monster meetings," at Mallow, and Mullaghmast, and Tara. But a severer trial was impending over them, the terrible famine of 1847, which closed both Temperance and Repeal rooms, stopped the circulation of books and papers through the country, and which hastened the death of the political, while it complicated the burthens and duties of the moral leader, of the Irish people.

The wisdom of Mr. Mathew in keeping his cause thus sacredly apart from politics cannot now be doubted. He needed the assistance of all men; he needed free access to all. Thus

Mr. Peter Purcell, the great stage proprietor, and others who could not be recruited by O'Connell, were among his best friends. The Society of Friends, all over the kingdom, and in proportion to their numbers they were a most influential sect everywhere, looked upon him almost as a second Penn or Fox. Protestant benevolence and co-operation he never lacked, never failed to invite, and never forgot or abused. And this rule of conduct enabled him to effect things impossible to any mere ecclesiastic. Though compelled by his priestly orders to await the invitation of the Bishop of a diocese, or the pastor of a parish, before entering on a temperance mission in a new place; though invariably the guest of the Bishop or Priest in consequence; yet neither in Ulster, nor in any part of Ireland, Scotland, England, nor America, subsequently, did this *entourage* ever repel from his side, so far as we could ever hear, any temperance man of any creed or party.

On the other hand, to secure and preserve the co-operation of his brethren of the clergy, in their several localities, was to him a lever of the utmost importance. He was announced and expected in advance; he sacrificed to the *genus loci*, and found his course clear; and he left behind him, if not always a zealous deputy, yet a conspicuous witness of his work. Feeling the whole value of such auxiliaries, it was with special pleasure he accepted invitations to give the pledge at Maynooth and Carlow Colleges, in 1840, and at other ecclesiastical seminaries, subsequently. He was intensely anxious to enlist the future clergy of the land, for the preservation of his work, while at the same time he neglected no means to conciliate those already in the ministry, for the same object. In the winter months of 1839-40, Dr. Foran, Bishop of Waterford, and Dr. Ryan, Bishop of Limerick, invited Mr. Mathew to their respective cities. In the latter he pledged one hundred and fifty thousand persons; in the former, nearly one hundred thousand. In March, 1840, on the invitation of the good Archbishop Murray, who had ordained him Priest, a quarter of a century before, he visited Dublin, where he enrolled a multitude from town and country, set down at two hundred thousand, including Mr. O'Connell, and several less-known ce-

lebrities, clerical and lay. At Dublin, on this occasion, 500 ladies of the better class, assembled at the Royal Exchange, and took the pledge at his hands.

(To be concluded next month.)

Original.

W I N T E R .

BY JOHN STRANG.

The well-rewarded husbandman  
 Had garner'd his last sheaf,  
 The ruthless winds had blown to earth  
 The last sere autumn leaf,  
 When in his polar stronghold,  
 His distant icy keep,  
 The Spirit of the Northland  
 Arous'd him from his sleep.  
 He summon'd forth his legions  
 From leagues of barren coast:  
 On wastes and sterile regions  
 He marshall'd his grim host.  
 "The hour hath come, my comrades,  
 To lead you to the war;  
 Full six months have we loitered  
 Beneath the Polar Star;  
 Full six months hath our ancient foe,  
 The lurid, fiery Sun,  
 Held an usurped dominion  
 O'er lands which we have won.  
 My voice grows thick with passion,  
 My words are all too weak  
 To paint my indignation,  
 Then wherefore should I speak?  
 The way lies clear before you,  
 Across yon frozen sea.  
 Arise, my trusty comrades,  
 Arise and follow me."  
 No mortal eye beheld them,  
 No mortal eye could see  
 That countless shadowy army  
 In their airy panoply.  
 Yet all in vain against them  
 The fam'd Damascus blade,  
 Though borne by veteran soldiers,  
 In serried ranks array'd.  
 Yet all in vain before them  
 A dauntless knight would stand,  
 Though clad in triple armor,  
 With buckler and with brand.  
 That famous Eastern weapon  
 Would burn\* its master's hand;  
 In vain that knight would reckon  
 On corslet and on brand.  
 To earth would fall those veterans,  
 That stalwart knight would fall;  
 A winding sheet of dazzling hue  
 Would hide and cover all;  
 Though none had seen a foeman,  
 Nor sound had smote the ear,

\* The action of frost and that of intense heat are perhaps sufficiently akin to warrant the above statement.

Except the blast as it swept past,  
In the midnight dark and drear.

From the dim Arctic Circle  
That army issued forth :  
They pass'd the glittering icebergs  
And snow-fields of the North;  
Bergs that have stood for ages,  
Wild plains without a tree,  
And reach'd at last the waters vast  
Of the North Atlantic Sea.  
Along the continent they stretch,  
Their Southern course they win ;  
They gain the line where the dark pine  
And stunted birch begin.  
Like passing shade the mountain hare  
Doth flit across their path,  
And to his lair the sullen bear  
Retreats to shun their wrath.  
Still onward, ever onward,  
They press their tireless march,  
O'er many a mountain summit clad  
With hemlock trees and larch.

So fiercely did these Northern sprites  
Their Southern raid pursue,  
That soon Quebec's embattled heights  
Frown'd darkly on their view.  
They hover'd round the citadel,  
Their scouts explored the gates ;  
The sentries heard them whistle shrill  
To call their tardy mates.  
And so it was by nightfall,  
I grieve to write it down,  
The old Canadian capital  
Was a beleaguered town.  
Beleaguered ! aye, and sore beset,  
So insolent the foe,  
They scaled the walls and roam'd about  
Where'er they pleased to go.

Still undespairing were the men  
Who held that ancient town,  
When from the mountains they beheld  
A numerous train come down.  
From Charlesbourg and from Laval,  
A long and weary way,  
Full many a sturdy *habitant*,  
Full many a loaded sleigh,  
From far off leafless forests,  
With certain steps but slow,  
Arrive at last munitions vast  
Wherewith to face the foe.

This famous siege did last as long  
As countless other sieges  
Which in Quebec have been sustained  
By Queen Victoria's lieges.  
One balmy day in April,  
For that day Heaven be praised,  
The sun shone down upon the town  
So bright, the siege was raised.  
And to his Polar stronghold,  
His distant icy keep,  
The foil'd invading spirit fled  
To murmur and to sleep.

## THE POET HOPKINS'S INTERVIEW WITH THE PUBLISHER.

"My name is Gridley," he said with modest gravity, as he entered the publisher's private room. "I have a note of introduction here from one of your authors, as I think he called himself,—a very popular writer for whom you publish."

The publisher rose and came forward in the most cordial and respectful manner. "Mr. Gridley?—Professor Byles Gridley,—author of "Thoughts on the Universe?"

The brave-hearted old man colored as if he had been a young girl. His dead book rose before him like an apparition. He groped in modest confusion for an answer. "A child I buried long ago, my dear sir," he said. "Its title-page was its tombstone. I have brought this young friend with me,—this is Mr. Gifted Hopkins of Oxbow Village,—who wishes to converse with you about—"

"I have come, sir—" the young poet began, interrupting him.

"Let me look at your manuscript, if you please, Mr. Popkins," said the publisher, interrupting in his turn.

"Hopkins, if you please, sir," Gifted suggested mildly, proceeding to extract the manuscript, which had got wedged into his pocket, and seemed to be holding on with all its might. He was wondering all the time over the extraordinary clairvoyance of the publisher, who had looked through so many thick folds, broadcloth, lining, brown paper, and seen his poems lying hidden in his breast pocket. The idea that a young person coming on such an errand should have to explain his intentions would have seemed very odd to the publisher. He knew the look which belongs to this class of enthusiasts just as a horse-dealer knows the look of a green purchaser with the equine fever raging in his veins. If a young author had come to him with a scrap of manuscript hidden in his boots, like Major Andre's papers, the publisher would have taken one glance at him and said, "Out with it!"

While he was battling for the refractory scroll with his pocket, which turned half wrong side out, and acted as things always do when people are nervous and in a hurry, the publisher directed his conversation again to Master Byles Gridley.

"A remarkable book, that of yours, Mr. Gridley,—would have had a great run if it were well handled. Came out twenty years too soon—that was the trouble. One of our leading scholars was speaking of it to me the other day. 'We must have a new edition,' he said ; 'people are just ripe for that book. Did you ever think of that? Change the form of it a little, and give it a new title, and it will be a popular book. Five thousand or more, very likely.'"

Mr. Gridley felt as if he had been rapidly struck on the forehead with a dozen distinct

blows from a hammer not quite big enough to stun him. He sat still without saying a word. He had forgotten for the moment all about poor Gifted Hopkins, who had got out his manuscript at last, and was calming the disturbed corners of it. Coming to himself a little, he took a large and beautiful silk handkerchief, one of his new purchases, from his pocket and applied it to his face, for the weather seemed to have grown very warm all at once. Then he remembered the errand on which he had come, and thought of this youth, who had got to receive his first hard lesson in life, and whom he had brought to this kind man that it should be gently administered.

"You surprise me," he said—"you surprise me. Dead and buried. Dead and buried. I had sometimes thought that—at some future period, after I was gone, it might—but I hardly know what to say about your suggestions. But here is my young friend, Mr. Hopkins, who would like to talk with you, and I will leave him in your hands. I am at the Plane House, if you should care to call upon me. Good morning. Mr. Hopkins will explain everything to you more at his ease, without me, I am confident."

Master Gridley could not quite make up his mind to stay through the interview between the young poet and the publisher. The flush of hope was bright in Gifted's eye and cheek, and the good man knew that young hearts are apt to be over-sanguine, and that one who enters a shower-bath often feels very differently from the same person when he has pulled the string.

"I have brought you my Poems in the original autographs, sir," said Mr. Gifted Hopkins.

He laid the manuscript on the table, caressing the leaves still with one hand, as loth to let it go.

"What disposition had you thought of making of them?" the publisher asked in a pleasant tone. He was as kind a man as lived, though he worked the chief engine in a chamber of torture.

"I wish to read you a few specimens of the poems," he said, "with reference to their proposed publication in a volume."

"By all means," said the kind publisher, who determined to be very patient with the protegee of the hitherto little known but remarkable writer, Professor Gridley. At the same time he extended his foot in an accidental sort of way and pressed it on the right hand knob of three which were arranged in a line beneath the table. A little bell in a distant apartment—the little bell marked C—gave one slight note, loud enough to start a small boy up, who looked at the clock and knew that he was to go and call the publisher in just twenty-five minutes. "A, five minutes; B, ten minutes; C, twenty-five minutes";—that was the small boy's working formula.

Mr. Hopkins was treated to the full allowance of time, as being introduced by Professor Gridley.

The young man laid open the manuscript so that the title-page, written out very handsomely in his own hand, should win the eye of the publisher.

### BLOSSOMS OF THE SOUL.

*A Wreath of Verse; Original.*

BY GIFTED HOPKINS.

"A youth to fortune and to fame unknown."

[Gray.

"Shall I read you some of the rhymed pieces first, or some of the blank-verse poems, sir?" Gifted asked.

"Read what you think is best,—a specimen of your first-class style of composition."

"I will read you the very last poem I have written, he said, and he began :

#### THE TRIUMPH OF SONG.

"I met that gold-haired maiden, all too dear :

And I to her: Lo! thou art very fair,

Fairer than all the ladies in the world

That fan the sweetened air with scented fans,

And I am scorched with exceeding love,

Yea, crisped till my bones are dry as straw.

Look not away with that high-arched brow,

But turn its whiteness that I may behold,

And lift thy great eyes till they blaze on mine,

And lay thy finger on thy perfect mouth,

And let thy lucent ears of carven pearl

Drink in the murmured music of my soul,

As the lush grass drinks in the globed dew ;

For I have many scrolls of sweetest rhyme

I will unroll and make thee glad to hear.

Then she: O shaper of the marvellous phrase

That openeth woman's heart as doth a key,

I dare not hear thee—lest the bolt should slide

That locks another's heart within my own.

Go, leave me,—and she let her eyelids fall

And the great tears rolled from her large blue eyes.

Then I: if thou not hear me, I shall die,

Yea, in my desperate mood may lift my hand

And do myself a hurt no leech can mend ;

For poets ever were of dark resolve,

And swift stern deed—

That maiden heard no more,

But spake: Alas! my heart is very weak,

And but for—Stay! And if some dreadful morn,

After great search and shouting through the world,

We found thee missing,—strangled,—drowned!'

the mere—

Then should I go distraught and be clean mad!

O poet, read! read all thy wondrous scroll!

Yea, read the verse that maketh glad to hear!

Then I began and read two sweet, brief hours,

And she forgot all love save only mine!"

"Is all this from real life?" asked the publisher.

"It—no, sir—not exactly from real life—that is, the leading female person is not wholly fictitious—and the incident is one which might have happened. Shall I read you the poems referred to in the one you have just heard, sir?"

"Allow me, one moment. Two hours' reading, I think you said. I fear I shall hardly be able to spare quite time to hear them all. Let me ask what you intend doing with these productions, Mr ————Popkins."

"Hopkins, if you please, sir, not Popkins," said Gifted, plaintively. He expressed his willingness to dispose of the copyright, to

publish on shares, or perhaps to receive a certain percentage on the profits.

"Come with me," said the publisher.

Gifted followed him into a dingy apartment in the attic, where one sat at a great table heaped and piled with manuscripts. By him was a huge basket, half full of manuscripts also. As they entered he dropped another manuscript into the basket and looked up.

"Tell me," said Gifted, "what are these papers, and who is he that looks upon them and drops them into the basket?"

"These are the manuscript poems that we receive, and the one sitting at the table is commonly spoken of among us as The Butcher. The poems he drops into the basket are those rejected as of no account."

"But does he not read the poems before he rejects them?"

"He tastes them. Do you eat a cheese before you buy it?"

"And what becomes of all these that he drops into the basket?"

"If they are not claimed by their author in proper season they go to the devil."

"What!" said Gifted, with his eyes stretched very round.

"To the paper factory, where they have a horrid machine they call the devil, that tears everything to bits—as the critics treat our authors, sometimes—*sometimes*, Mr. Hopkins."

Gifted devoted a moment to silent reflections.

After this instructive sight they returned together to the publisher's private room.

"I should like to know what that critic of yours would say to my manuscripts," he said boldly.

"You can try that if you want to," the publisher replied with an ominous dryness of manner which the sanguine youth did not perceive, or, perceiving, did not heed.

"How can we manage to get an impartial judgment?"

"O, I'll arrange that. He always goes to his luncheon about this time. Raw meat and vitriol punch,—that's what the authors say. Wait till we hear him go, and then I will lay your manuscript so that he will come to it among the first after he gets back. You shall see with your own eyes what treatment it gets. I hope it may please him, but you shall see."

They went back to the publisher's private room and talked awhile. Then the small boy came up with some vague message about a gentleman—business—wants to see you, sir, etc., according to the established programme; all in a vacant, mechanical sort of way, as if he were a talking-machine just running down.

The publisher told the small boy that he was engaged, and the gentleman must wait. Very soon they heard The Butcher's heavy foot-step as he went out to get his raw meat and vitriol punch.

"Now, then," said the publisher, and led forth the confiding literary lamb once more, to enter the fatal door of the critical shambles.

"Hand me your manuscript, if you please, Mr. Hopkins. I will lay it so that it shall be the third of these that are coming to hand. Our friend here is a pretty good judge of verse, and knows a merchantable article about as quick as any man in his line of business. If he forms a favorable opinion of your poems we will talk over your propositions."

Gifted was conscious of a very slight tremor as he saw his precious manuscript deposited on the table under two others, and over a pile of similar productions. Still he could not help feeling that the critic would be struck by his title. The quotation from Gray must touch his feelings. The very first piece in the collection could not fail to arrest him. He looked a little excited, but he was in good spirits.

"We will be looking about here when our friend comes back," the publisher said. "He is a very methodical person, and will sit down and go right to work just as if we were not here. We can watch him, and if he should express any particular interest in your poems, I will, if you say so, carry you to him and reveal the fact that you are the author of the works that please him."

They waited patiently until The Butcher returned, apparently refreshed by his ferocious refection, and sat down at his table. He looked comforted, and not in ill humor. The publisher and the poet talked in low tones, as if on business of their own, and watched him as he returned to his labor.

The Butcher took the first manuscript that came to hand, read a stanza here and there, turned over the leaves, turned back and tried again—shook his head—held it for an instant over the basket, as if doubtful—and let it softly drop. He took up the second manuscript, opened it in several places seemed rather pleased with what he read, and laid it aside for further examination.

He took up the third. "Blossoms," etc. He glared at it in a dreadfully ogreish way. Both the lookers-on held their breath. Gifted felt a sinking at the pit of his stomach, as if he was in a swing as high as he could go close up to the swallows' nests and spiders' webs. The Butcher opened the manuscript at random, read ten seconds, and gave a short low grunt. He opened again, read ten seconds, and gave another grunt, this time a little longer and louder. He opened once more, read five seconds, and, with something that sounded like the snort of a dangerous animal, cast it impatiently into the basket and took up the manuscript that came next in order.

Gifted Hopkins stood as if paralyzed for a moment.

"Safe, perfectly safe," the publisher said to him in a whisper. "I'll get it for you present-

ly. Come in and take a glass of wine," he said, leading him back to his own office.

"No, I thank you," he said faintly, "I can bear it. But this is dreadful sir. Is this the way that genius is welcomed to the world of letters?"

The publisher explained to him, in the kindest manner, that there was an enormous over-production of verse, and that it took a great part of one man's time simply to overhaul the cart-loads of it that were trying to get themselves into print with the imprimatur of his famous house. "You're young, Mr. Hopkins. I advise you not to try to force your article of poetry on the market. The B——, our friend, there, that is, knows a thing that will sell as soon as he sees it. You are in independent circumstances, perhaps? If so, you can print—at your own expense—whatever you choose. May I take the liberty to ask your profession?"

Gifted explained that he was "clerk," in a "store," where they sold dry goods, and West India goods, and goods promiscuous.

"O, well, then," the publisher said, "you will understand me. Do you know a good article of brown sugar when you see it?"

Gifted Hopkins rather thought he did. He knew at sight whether it was a fair, saleable article or not.

"Just so. Now our friend, there, knows verses that are saleable and unsaleable as you do brown sugar.—Keep quiet now, and I will go and get your manuscript for you.—There, Mr. Hopkins, take your poems,—they will give you a reputation in your village, I don't doubt, which is pleasant, but it will cost you a good deal of money to print them in a volume. You are very young; you can afford to wait. Your genius is not ripe yet, I am confident, Mr. Hopkins. These verses are very well for a beginning, but a man of promise like you, Mr. Hopkins, mustn't throw away his chance by premature publication. I should like to make you a present of a few of the books we publish. By and by, perhaps, we can work you into our series of poets; but the best pears ripen slowly, and so with genius.—Where shall I send the volumes?"—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Original.

#### SKETCHES IN UPPER CANADA.

I left Montreal for a flying business tour among Western friends in September last. This is not a gay month for flowers, yet the wayside was often bright with clusters of blue and white asters, the rich yellow plumes of the golden rod; and in swampy spots or along ditches, still bloomed the asclepias incarnata, bur-marigolds, solanums; while from beds of flags and sedges bristled up companies of

tall bur-reeds and cat-tails. Neither could I overlook the simple white flowers of the humble may-weed, the unbelled fennel, hybrid amaranths, Saint-John's-wort, odoriferous yarrow, the blue-flowered chicory, and the bright yellow *anetha* or evening primrose. Pretty bushes, too, oft caught my eye,—of dogwood, white-berried cornel, viburnum, elders drooping with berries, and occasional graceful sumachs.

But, raising my eye from the roadside, it was the fields beyond that most interested me. Not disfigured by stumps and stones, as in new townships, but presenting a clean, even surface of yellow stubble, indented only by their draining furrows; or they showed a rich, brown coat, covering the hopes of the coming year.

The rural scenery west of Toronto is to me most pleasing. There well cultivated fields, sweeping up from beautiful valleys, rise in billows of rich land like the swell of an ocean, their tops crested with groves of beech, birch, and maple; or a belt of them flows like a mane down their sides, filling up romantic hollows, or shadowing the banks of rivers and streams that supply the motive power to numerous mills and factories.

The well-built barns and comfortable looking homesteads, surrounded by orchards spangled with fruit (not "smiling orchards," but groaning ones, for I noticed trees cracking with the weight of their rosy-cheeked progeny), all speak of 'happy homes containing mothers and daughters blushing with health, and fathers and sons rich in developed or growing manhood. Descendants of the early pioneers, whose stalwart arms made war on the wooded wilderness, hewed down forests, and gave their country those fair fields so smiling with green verdure in spring and laughing so triumphantly with golden crops in the fall of each year. Loyal and prosperous have they thus labored for their own and their country's good, through the incipient stages of its colonial dependence, and having just passed the threshold of its third stage of growth to independence and self-sustaining power, they hail their young Dominion with an outburst of energy, that is building up factories, piercing the bowels of the earth, improving its cities and towns, and seeking new fields of venture.

Equally deserving of their country are their brothers, sons, cousins, and kindred of remote degree, who make up our towns. Brimful of energy are the men of Upper Canada, whether in town or field. Their towns have done wonders, considering their sparse populations, while stern industry, frugality, and perseverance mark the character of their store-keepers. With native vigor they are ready to back up any feasible adventure by a moiety of their means, and with a shrewdness which well defines its limit.

About twelve months back some carping newspapers found fault with their rage for boring; ostensibly for oil, but really to see what was beneath their feet. Yet it has done and is doing good service to the country, and is making a valuable contribution to our geological knowledge. All honor, say I therefore, to those who have not succeeded in striking oil or other paying product, who have been at the trouble and expense of boring 1,000 to 1,500 feet, and still persevere. "If we don't strike oil," say the men of Preston, "we may strike salt; if we don't strike salt, we may strike something else; and if we don't strike something else, we shall have the satisfaction of knowing it is not there, and that our wealth must be sought above ground and not beneath." At Waterloo they have reached brine, but not the salt rock yet. The men of Goderich were not all hopeful for oil. Mr. Samuel Platt, the principal speculator, from the first, went in for salt. But I am anticipating. The ride from Stratford to Goderich so interested me that I must describe that first, if only to induce some of your readers when up west to take that trip, which I am sure will be made with much satisfaction and pleasure.

I took the 12:15 train from Stratford, and soon found myself whirled along a road running through a flat and heavily-wooded country; the only cuttings being through belts of gravel and friable clay, showing on their top a thick coating of rich loam. The lowest lands are some fifty feet above the rock. So well drained a bottom accounted for the vigorous growth of fine timber; all hard wood.

A beautiful panorama of fields and woods revealed itself as the train swept us along. We passed well cleared land in sharp, straight lines, whence rose magnificent groves of trees in squared battalions. The long

avenues of shorn fields, checkered by shades of green, yellow, and brown, formed views of great length in so flat a level, looking street-like, in their passage through the wilderness of bush. At times I was reminded of suburban squares where trees were parked in clusters; or where stood alone in their glory, majestic oaks, burly-looking maples, or waving elms. The leaves were assuming their autumn tints, and the color of each tree was slightly shaded off from its neighbor, that we could easily read off the character of the woods.

Above us was a bright sky, with a few fleeting clouds, whose shadows heightened the effect of the scene, as they chased each other through the forest glades, or leaped over the leafy billows of the forest tops. And wherever there was a chink or opening, down streamed the sunlight into the deep, gloomy recesses, lighting up the forest aisles, gilding the trunks, spangling the boughs within, and diapering, as with gold, the leafy carpet. Again we came to the radiant fields, flanked by sombre, dark-looking groves; while more distant woods were bright and glistening with light; an azure veil being thrown over them as they crowded the horizon. In advance of some groves were lofty elms, with trunks as straight and as beautiful as Ionic columns, and with bough-locked summits, like the proud pronaos of an Egyptian temple, forming a right royal entrance to the wooded cloisters.

In front of others, by side of stream or swamp, gay young saplings of maple and elm, clad in crimson and yellow, remind me of the bright costumes of youngsters playing round the portals of a wealthy home.

At 3 p.m. I arrived at Goderich station, where an omnibus and other vehicles awaited passengers. I found the town to lie about a quarter of a mile west of the station. A splendid wide gravel road leads to the town. As we neared it we passed neat residences of white brick, with green verandas and porticos pinked out in green and white, and with pretty flower-gardens that convinced me I was approaching a very nice town. Nor was I disappointed. On the right of us I caught sight of the wide and noble ravine through which flows the Maitland river; its waters now low, but looking the more pretty as it meandered

through its capacious bed. I dismounted at the Huron hotel, where I found first-class accommodation, and Mr. Wright an obliging host. But I found "a first-class hotel" to be no solecism here, for there are four or five others, all with very superior accommodation, and which I learned were all full of visitors, as Goderich is a fashionable summer resort with many American and Canadian families, who find here health and comfort, with fine fresh-water bathing in the lake, and salt-water baths also now. It has likewise the advantage of splendid country drives along unexceptional roads and amid beautiful scenery.

The situation of Goderich, on the south bank of the Maitland river, and east shore of Lake Huron, is very commanding. The heart or centre of the town is about half a mile from the lake, and forms a large circle, or rather octagon, from which radiate its eight principal streets. In the centre stands the town hall or court house, a handsome structure of white brick, and Italian style of architecture, consisting of a main building and two short wings, surrounded by a grass plot, parked out with young trees, and this again surrounded by a wide roadway flanked all round by handsome store fronts and hotels. This circle, commonly called "the square," is nearly half a mile round.

While thus taking a cursory view of "the square," I was introduced to Mr. Van Avery, a miller, whose flour bears a high character in this market. Speaking of the salt well, I was by this gentleman introduced to Mr. Samuel Platt, the principal shareholder in it. A first look at this gentleman told me of his intelligence and good nature. And while I was thinking how I should make the most of it, he volunteered to drive me over and show the works. But he first kindly showed me over his mill, one of the largest in Canada, and capable of turning out from 150 to 200 barrels every twenty-four hours. His brand of flour, the "Goderich City" mills is one of the most popular brands in this market, and other brands which he makes are in equally high repute, so I felt proud of my escort. This gentleman does not do things by halves; he has a large cooperage attached to his mill, for the manufacture of flour barrels; and not satisfied with his large share in the present salt

well, he is sinking another entirely on his own account, and on his own property near the mill; where his level is fifty feet lower than the one now working. I had noticed the tall boarded derrick of the salt well on the opposite and north bank of the ravine as I entered the town, and we now drove towards it along a shelving flat on the south bank. In passing, I could not but admire the surrounding scenery and beautiful location of this fair town. The river below us looked charming, but its pristine volume and glory have suffered a sad decadence, to judge by the expansive ravine, which is about half a mile wide from its topmost banks, with a perpendicular depth of some 100 feet; the river having worn through that thickness of gravel and clay; its volume evidently diminishing as its bed descended. Remains of its former beds (in by-gone ages) are seen in a gradation of plateaus or flats, especially on its southern banks, along which we were now driving. I could not but admire the delightful views of bushy banks, and stream, with the verdant meadows and waving trees beyond. There was a blot however, on this fair picture, apparently not a large one, consisting as it did, of only some eight or ten nondescript domiciles. But like a plague spot, it was to be judged by its effect rather than its size. The south bank of the ravine belongs to the B. & L. H. Railway Co. Its shelving sides and shelfy flats, originally river bottoms, are naturally rich. When the railway was constructing, the company allowed some Irish laborers to squat there. At this time the banks were covered with groves of maple and birch, with clumps of silver and black spruce. The squatters were strictly forbidden to cut these beyond what gave them a garden patch each. The yield of these patches was, and is yet, something extraordinary, enabling the squatters to maintain thriving colonies of pigs and children. The injunction to "spare those trees" was gradually forgotten or despised, so down went the trees for firewood or to be cut into boards for their shanties, until not one was left on the south bank, and but few on the north. As you look down from the upper bank this Paddysville looks picturesque enough, with its long and sharp angular roofs; reminding one of the American illustrations of miners



huts at Washoe and other western diggings. Their dwellings were of no make or shape except on top. The prevailing style was a peaked roof placed promiscuously over a lot of styes. How these Hibernians hibernate in them I cannot imagine, for roofs and sides admitted freely sun, wind, and rain. The citizens of Goderich have vainly tried to get rid of this colony. They are on the company's land, and "the company does not care a rap whether they stick there or not," said my informant.

We passed over to the other bank to the Salt works by a massive Howtruss bridge, 425 feet long, and supported towards the middle by two stone piers 33 feet high. The main building, where evaporation is going on, is 120 feet long by 60 feet wide. On entering it we were confronted by the two furnaces at the end of the two blocks, on which are seated the kettles at about two feet apart. The two blocks run parallel with each other the whole length of the building, each one containing 52 kettles. At the opposite end to the furnaces are elevated two enormous tanks, containing 44,000 gallons of brine, which the pump always keeps full; from these and along each block runs a wooden pipe, with a spigot over each kettle by which they are fed. Each kettle holds 140 gallons of brine, and I was surprised to see the rapidity with which salt is made. Its crystals form on the top of the steaming brine and immediately sink to the bottom. Men run along the top of the block and ladle it out with shovels into baskets, one of which is over every kettle, supported on laths. The superfluous brine rapidly runs off the salt into the kettle again. When a basket is filled, the salt is thrown into large bins behind, whence it is packed into barrels. They evaporate about 1,000 gallons in twenty-four hours, and make from 100 to 110 barrels. I went up to the tank and tasted the brine, but it was too strong to be pleasant; as it flowed from the pump, it was white, clear, and limpid, but is a deep blue in the tanks. The pump throws up 1,000 gallons per hour, and the brine is now more uniformly strong than at first,—present strength, 95 per cent. On mounting the top of the block the gleaming white of the salt is quite dazzling. On that very morning Mr. Platt had heard of the Goderich

salt carrying off the first prize at Paris, and he announced the good news in my presence to an Englishman who was engaged in scooping the salt out of the kettles. Instead of hailing the news with pleasure, the man evidently did not relish it. He said, in fact, it was impossible to be the case, as "no salt in the world can come up to English salt, and English salt cannot be beat." As an Englishman I was amused, and relished highly my countryman's patriotic faith. I found the engine driving the pump to be but of 15-horse power; and the total expense per day, to be only \$28. But the cost of fuel for the furnaces is not large, as wood is only \$2 per cord here. I think, however, that it might be further economized by evaporating by steam piping through large shallow tanks, as it is done in many other salt works.

As it is, however, it pays them handsomely, as Mr. Walker, the superintendent, told me that the salt thus costs them but 90c. per barrel of 280 pounds, barrel included; and they sell it readily at \$1.65 per barrel, f.o.b.

The company consists of 40 shareholders. Original shares were issued at \$10.00 but are now at 50 per cent. premium. 15 per cent. per share was paid in the first six months of working. Mr. Samuel Platt owns one-quarter of the stock; Messrs. Detler and Cameron one-fourth; and the other half is divided among smaller shareholders.

From Mr. Walker, I also learned that the depth of the well was 1,010 feet. The salt rock was struck at a depth of 960 feet; and they had to bore through it 43 feet before reaching present deposit of brine. They pump from near the bottom to secure uniformity of strength. Much credit is due to the sagacity of Mr. Platt in foretelling that they would strike salt. He was led to anticipate it, from the fact of salt being abundant on the opposite shore of the lake, and he had learned from Indians that a salt spring had formerly flowed there.

Goderich city, so quietly perched away in so lovely a nook of "our Dominion," must be a splendid place for invalids to rusticate at. Three steamboats run from it to Southampton, Sarnia, and Saginaw,—to the latter place, three times per week. There are fifteen fishing-boats, which bring in about three tons per day of white fish, hake, and herring. A fine

trout is retailed out here at 6d. Think of hat, ye lovers of fresh fish! The delta, with its tree-bedecked islands at the mouth of the river, I only caught a distant view of, but that and the port on the lake side I am told are very beautiful. But the evening closed wet and dark, and I had no opportunity of seeing it, as I had arranged to leave by early train next morning. Altogether, I was delighted with the place, and (D. V.) will make arrangements for a more prolonged visit next year.

In returning, I got off at Clinton station, 12 miles this side of Goderich. This is a rising town of some 1,500 inhabitants, and it is only about eleven or twelve years ago since it started into existence. It has two flouring mills and one woollen factory. The Maitland runs by at the back of the town at a distance of four miles; and steam is the driving power of these mills.

The enterprise of Clinton has absorbed much of the Goderich country trade, and it is becoming a formidable rival to the latter place in relieving the farmers of their grain, &c. It has "men of metal" to drive it along. Joseph Whitehead, Esq., lately elected to the Commons, has a very large mill here, complete with all modern improvements, and running four pairs of stones by a 45-horse power engine.

The other flouring mill is also a large one, owned by James Fair, Esq., a very affable and intelligent gentleman, who is the maker of the celebrated "Clinton Mills" brands of flour.

My next sketch will include flax, worsted, and woollen mills, in a most interesting section of the country. In a future one I will conduct the reader through the interior of one of our largest Flouring Mills, and initiate him or her in its mysteries.

J. L. S.

*Montreal, October 9th, 1867.*

— Love can excuse anything except meanness; but meanness kills love, and cripples even the natural affections.

## BEETHOVEN AND THE BLIND GIRL.

Some months ago I was at Boon, the birth-place of Beethoven. I met there an old musician who had known the illustrious composer intimately; and from him I received the following anecdote:

You know, said he, that Beethoven was born in a house in the Rhein Strasse (Rhin Street); but at the time I became acquainted with him he lodged over a humble little shop in Reomerplatz. He was then very poor, so poor that he only went out to walk at night because of the dilapidated state of his clothing. Nevertheless, he had a piano, pens, paper, ink and books; notwithstanding his privations, he passed some happy moments there. He was yet not deaf, and could enjoy the harmony of his own compositions. In later years, even this consolation was denied him.

One winter evening I called upon him, hoping to persuade him to take a walk and return with me to supper. I found him sitting at the window in the moonlight, without fire or candle, his face concealed in his hands, and his whole frame shivering with cold, for it was freezing hard. I drew him from his lethargy, persuaded him to accompany me, and exhorted him to shake off his sadness. He came out with me, but was dark and despairing on that evening, and refused all consolation.

"I hate the world," said he with passion. "I hate myself. No one understands me or cares about me; I have a genius and am treated like a pariah; I have a heart, and no one to love. I am completely miserable."

I made no reply. It was useless to dispute with Beethoven, and I let him continue in the same strain. He did not cease till we re-entered the city, and then he relapsed into a sad silence. We crossed a dark narrow street near the gate of Coblenz. All at once he stopped.

"Hush!" said he; "what is that noise?"

I listened, and heard the faint tones of an old piano issuing from some house at a little distance. It was a plaintive melody in triple time, and, notwithstanding the poverty of the instrument, the performer gave to this piece great tenderness of expression.

Beethoven looked at me with sparkling eyes. "It is taken from my symphony in F," said he; "here is the house. Listen; how well it is played."

The house was poor and humble, and a light glimmered through the chinks of the shutter. He stopped to listen. In the middle of the finale there was a sudden interruption, silence for a moment, then a stifled voice was heard.

"I cannot go on," said a female voice. "I can go no farther this evening."

"Why, sister?"

"I scarcely know, unless it is because the

composition is so beautiful that I feel incapable of doing justice to it. I am so fond of music. Oh! What would I not give to hear that piece played by some one who could do it justice!"

"Ah, dear, sister," said Frederick, sighing, "one must be rich to procure that enjoyment. What is the use of regretting when there is no help for it? We can scarcely pay our rent; why think of things far beyond our reach?"

"You are right, Frederick; and yet when I am playing I long once in my life to hear good music well executed. But it is useless! it is useless!"

There was something singularly touching in the tone and repetition of the last words.

Beethoven looked at me. "Let us enter," said he abruptly,

"Enter!" said I; "why should we enter?"

"I will play to her," replied he, with vivacity. "She has feeling, genius, intelligence; I will play to her, and she will appreciate me." And before I could prevent him, his hand was on the door. It was not locked, and opened immediately. I followed him across a dark corridor, towards a half-opened door at the right. He pushed it, and we found ourselves in a poor destitute room, with a little stove at one end, and some coarse furniture. A pale young man was seated at a table, working at a shoe. Near him, bending in a manner over an old piano, was a young girl. Both were cleanly, but very poorly dressed; they rose and turned towards us as we entered.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, somewhat embarrassed, "pardon me, but I heard music, and was tempted to enter. I am a musician!"

The girl blushed, and the young man assumed a grave, almost severe manner.

"I heard also some of your words," continued my friend. You wish to hear—that is, you would like—in short, would you like me to play to you?"

There was something so strange, so abrupt, so comical, in the whole affair, and something, so agreeable and eccentric in the manners of him who had spoken, that the ice was broken in an instant, and all involuntarily smiled.

"Thank you," said the young shoemaker—"but our piano is bad, and then we have no music!"

"No music!" repeated my friend; "how then did Mademoiselle—" He stopped and colored; for the young girl had just turned toward him, and by her sad veiled eyes he saw that she was blind.

"I—I entreat you to pardon me," stammered he; "but I did not remark at first. You play from memory?"

"Entirely."

"And where have you heard this music before?"

"I heard a lady who was a neighbor at

Bruhal, two years ago. During the summer evenings her window was always open, and I walked before the house to hear her."

"And you have never heard any other music?"

"Never, excepting the music in the street."

She seemed frightened; so Beethoven did not add another word but quietly seated himself at the instrument, and commenced to play. He had not touched many notes when I guessed what would follow; and how sublime he would be that evening; and I was not deceived. Never, never, during the many years I knew him, did I hear him play as on this day for the young blind girl and her brother. Never did I hear such energy, such passionate tenderness, such gradations of melody and modulation. From the moment his fingers commenced to move over the piano, the tones of the instrument seemed to soften and become more equal.

We remained sitting, listening to him breathlessly. The brother and sister were dumb with astonishment, as if paralyzed. The former had laid aside his work; the latter, her head slightly inclined, had approached the instrument, her two hands were clasped on her breast as if she feared the beating of her heart might interrupt those accents of magic sweetness. It seemed as if we were the subjects of a strange dream and our only fear was to wake too soon.

Suddenly the flame of the solitary candle flickered, the wick, consumed to the end, fell, and was extinguished. Beethoven stopped; I opened the shutters to let in the rays of the moon. It became almost as light as before in the room, and the radiance fell more strongly on the musician and the instrument.

But this incident seemed to have broken the chain of Beethoven's ideas. His head dropped on his breast, his hand rested on his knees, he appeared plunged into a profound meditation.

He remained so for some time. At last the young shoemaker rose, approached him, and said, in a low, respectful voice, "Wonderful man, who are you then?"

Beethoven raised his head, and looked at him abstractedly, as if he had not comprehended the meaning of his words.

The young man repeated the question.

The composer smiled as only he could smile, such sweetness and kingly benevolence.

"Listen," said he. And he played the first movement in the F symphony.

A cry of joy escaped from the lips of the brother and sister. They recognized him, and cried with emotion "You are then Beethoven."

He rose to go, but our entreaties succeeded in detaining him.

"Play us once more, just once more."

He allowed himself to be led to the instrument—the brilliant light of the moon entered

the curtainless window, and lighted up his expansive, earnest forehead.

"I am going to improvise a *sonata* to the moonlight," said, he playfully. He contemplated for some minutes the sky sprinkled with stars; when his fingers rested on the piano, and he commenced to play with a low, sad, but wondrously sweet strain. The harmony issued from the instrument, sweet and even as the rays of the moon spread over the shadows on the ground. The delicious overture was followed by a piece in triple time, lively, light, capricious, a sort of intermediate burlesque, like a dance of fairies at midnight on the grass. Then came a rapid *agitato finale*, a breathless movement, trembling, hurrying, describing flight and uncertainty, inspiring vague and instinctive terror, which bore us onward on its shuddering wings, and left us at last quite agitated with surprise and moved to tears.

"Adieu!" said Beethoven, abruptly pushing back his chair, and advancing towards the door. "Adieu!"

"You will come again?" asked both at the same time.

He stopped and regarded the young blind girl with an air of compassion.

"Yes," said he hurriedly. "I will come again, and give some lessons to Mademoiselle. Farewell, I will soon come again."

They followed us to the door in silence more expressive than words, and remained standing on the threshold till we were out of sight.

"Let us hasten home," said Beethoven to me in the street. "Let us hasten that I may note down this *sonata* while it is in my memory."

He entered his room, and he wrote till nearly daybreak.

I still sat in a listening attitude after the old musician ceased speaking.

"And did Beethoven give lessons afterwards to the blind girl?" I asked at length.

He smiled and shook his head.

"Beethoven never entered that humble house again. With the excitement of the moment his interest in the blind girl also passed away; and though the brother and sister long and patiently waited his coming, he thought no more of them.

And is it not too often so in life?"

#### THE SUNDAY MORNING'S DREAM.

My first day of returning health, after many weeks of severe illness, was a bright Sunday in June. I was well enough to sit at an open window in my easy-chair, and as our house stood in a pleasant garden in the suburbs of London, the first roses of the year scented the soft breezes that fanned my pale cheeks and revived my languid frame. The bells of our parish Church were just beginning their

chimes, and the familiar sound awakened in me an intense longing to be with my family once more a worshipper in the house of God. I took up my Bible and Prayer-book, which had been placed ready on the table beside me, intending to begin to read when the hour of the eleven o'clock service should be announced by the ceasing of the bells; and, in the meantime, closed my eyes, and soothed my impatient wishes by picturing to myself the shady avenues of blossoming limes that led to our Church, and the throngs that would now be entering it for the public worship of the day.

All at once I seemed to be walking in a beautiful churchyard, yet prevented from gratifying my eager wish to enter the Church by some irresistible though unseen hand. One by one the congregation, in their gay Sunday dresses, passed me by, and went in where I vainly strove to follow. The parish children, in two long and orderly trains, defiled up the staircases into the galleries, and except a few stragglers, hurrying in, as feeling themselves late, I was left alone.

Suddenly I was conscious of some awful presence, and felt myself addressed by a voice of most sweet solemnity in words to this effect: "Mortal, who by Divine mercy hast just been permitted to return from the gates of the grave, pause before thou enterest God's holy house again: reflect how often thou hast profaned His solemn public worship by irreverence: consider well the great privilege, the unspeakable benefit and blessing of united prayer, lest by again abusing it thou tire the patience of thy long-suffering God, and tempt Him for ever to deprive thee of that which hitherto thou hast so little valued."

Seeing me cast down my eyes and blush with conscious guilt, the Gracious Being continued in a milder tone, "I am one of those Angels commissioned to gather the prayers of the Saints, and form them into wreaths of odorous incense, that they may rise to the throne of God. Enter now with me, and thou shalt, for thy warning, be enabled to discern those among the devotions about to be offered which are acceptable to Him, and to see how few in number, how weak and unworthy, they are."

As he ceased speaking I found myself by the side of the Angel still, but within the Church, and so placed that I could distinctly see every part of the building.

"Observe," said the Angel, "that those prayers which come from the heart, and which alone ascend on high, will seem to be uttered aloud. They will be more or less audible in proportion to their earnestness—when the thoughts wander, the sounds will grow faint and even cease altogether."

This explained to me why the organist, though apparently playing with all his might, produced no sound, and why, presently after, when the service began, though the lips of

many moved, and all appeared attentive, only a few faint murmurings were heard.

How strange and awful it was to note the sort of death-like silence that prevailed in whole pews, in which, as was thus evident, no heart was raised in gratitude to Heaven. Even in the Te Deum and Jubilate, the voices sometimes sank into total silence. After the Creed, there was a low murmuring of the versicles, and then, distinct and clear above all other sounds, a sweet childish voice softly and reverently repeated the Lord's Prayer. I turned in the direction of the sound, and distinguished among the parish children a very little boy. His hands were clasped together; as he knelt, his eyes were closed, his gentle face composed in reverence; and as the angel wrote on his tablet the words that fell from those infant lips, his smile, like a sunbeam, illuminated the Church for a moment, and I remembered the words of holy David where he says, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

Presently I was again reminded of a Scripture passage—the prayer of the publican. A wretched-looking man, who swept the crossing near the Church, lounged into the centre aisle during the reading of the lesson, his occupation being for the hour suspended. The second lesson was the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Matthew; some verses attracted his attention: he listened with more and more seriousness, until at length he put his hand over his face, and exclaimed aloud "What will become of me at the day of Judgment? Lord, have mercy on me as a sinner." That prayer was inserted on the Angel's tablets. O may it not stand alone, but be an awakening of better things. May God indeed have mercy on such poor and neglected ones as he, and raise up some to teach them, and care for their immortal souls.

After this, growing accustomed to the broken murmurs and interrupted sounds, I followed many an humble Christian through large portions of Litany: though often, while I was listening with hopeful attention, a sudden and total pause showed but too plainly the thought of the kneeling supplicant had wandered far away, and that he who had appeared so earnest in his devotions had become languid and silent like the rest of the congregation.

"Thou art shocked at what thou hast observed," said the Angel: "I will show thee greater abominations than these. God is strong and patient: He is provoked every day. Listen now and thou shalt hear the *thoughts* of all these people; so shalt thou have some faint idea of the forbearance God continually exercises towards those who draw near to Him with their lips, while their hearts are far from Him."

As the Angel spoke, my ears, were deafened with a clamour which would have been shocking in a public meeting, but which here, in God's holy house, was awfully profane. The countenances remained, indeed, as com-

posed and serious as before; the lips moved with the words of prayer, but the phrases they uttered were of the world and its occupations.

"How shamefully late Mrs. Slack always comes," said one woman, who, looking over the edge of her Prayer-book, saw her neighbor and a train of daughters bustle into the next pew. "What an example to set to her family! thank goodness no one can accuse me of that sin." "New bonnets again already!" exclaimed the last comer, returning the neighborly glance from the other seat, ere she composed herself to the semblance of devotion. "How they can afford it, heaven only knows, and their father owing all his Christmas bills yet. If my girls look shabby, at least we pay our debts."

"Ah! there's Tom S," nodded a young man to his friend in the opposite gallery, "he is growing quite religious and respectable, I declare. He has been at Church two Sundays running: how much longer will the devout fit last?"

These were shocking and striking examples of irreverence: there were happily not many such, the involuntary wanderings of thought were more common.

I was much interested in a young couple near me, whose attention for a considerable part of the service had been remarkable. From the dress of the young man, I judged him to be a clergyman; the lady wore deep mourning; they were evidently betrothed,—they read out of one book. Gradually he forgot the awful Presence in which he stood; his eyes wandered from the Bible to her gentle face, and, fixing there, called off his thoughts from Heaven. "How good she is," he began to say; "how attentive to her prayers, as to all other duties! What a sweet wife she will make! How happy I am to have won her love!" By this time the countenance of the young girl wore an expression, which showed that she felt the earnestness of his gaze; her eyelids trembled—her attention wavered, and though she looked at the book some moments longer, she too began to murmur of earthly things, and I heard her say, "O how he loves me—even here he cannot forget that I am beside him." It was many minutes before either of them returned in spirit to their devotions.

As the service proceeded, the attention of the congregation flagged more and more—the hubbub of worldly talk increased. One man composed a letter he intended to send, and rounded elegant periods, without one check or recollection of the holy place where he stood. Another repeated a long dialogue which had passed between himself and a friend the night before, and considered how he might have spoken more to the purpose. Some young girls rehearsed with their lovers—some recalled the incidents of their last ball. Careful housewives planned schemes

of economy, gave warning to their servants, arranged the tuning of a gown, or decided on the most becoming trimming of a bonnet.

To me, conscious of the recording Angel's presence, all this solemn mockery of worship was frightful. I would have given worlds to rouse this congregation to a sense of what they were doing, and, to my comfort, I saw that for the involuntary offenders a gentle warning was provided.

A frown from the Angel, or the wavering of his patient wings, as if about to quit a place so desecrated, recalled the wandering thoughts of many a soul, unconscious whence came the breath that revived the dying flame of his devotions. Then self-blame, tears of penitence, and bitter remorse, of which those kneeling nearest knew nothing, wrung the heart, shocked at its own careless ingratitude, wondering at and adoring the forbearance of the Almighty, while more concentrated thoughts, and I trust more fervent prayer, succeeded to the momentary forgetfulness.

In spite of these helps, however, the amount of real devotion was small; and when I looked at the Angel's tablets I was shocked to see how little was written therein.

Out of three hundred Christians, thought I, assembled after a week of mercies, to praise and bless the Giver of all good, are these few words the sum of what they offer?

"Look to thyself," said the Angel, reading my inmost thoughts. "Such as these are, such hast thou long been. Darest thou, after what has been revealed to thee, act such a part again? Oh, could thy immortal ears bear to listen to the songs of the rejoicing Angels before the throne of the Almighty, thou wouldest indeed wonder at the condescending mercy, which stoops to accept those few faint wandering notes of prayer and praise. Yet the sinless Angels veil their faces before Him, in whose presence man stands boldly up, with such mockery of worship as thou hast seen this day. Remember the solemn warning, lest hereafter it may be counted to thee as an aggravation of guilt."

Suddenly the sweet solemn voice ceased, the glorious Angel disappeared, and so oppressive seemed the silence and loneliness, that I startled and awoke. My watch pointed to the hour of eleven: it must have been the stopping of the bell that interrupted my slumbers, and all this solemn scene had passed before my mind in the short space of a few minutes.

May the lesson I learned in those few minutes never be effaced from my heart: and if this account of them should recall one wandering thought in the house of prayer, or teach any to value more highly and cultivate more carefully the privilege of joining in the public worship of our Church, it will not have been written in vain.—*From the Penny Post.*

## ECHOES FROM FAR AWAY.

BY MARY LOWE.

Written on reading Longfellow's "Bells of Lynn" in Rome.

Under the calm sky bending over Rome,  
I read a book from home;  
Slowly its treasure opens to the sun;  
I grasp them one by one,  
And heeding not the wavering sunlight's play  
On tower and town to-day,  
Or how it brightens with its crimson glow  
The Alban hills of snow,  
Or that the Tiber wanders at my feet,  
With music low and sweet,  
I see, as in a trance, the white sheep pass  
On the Campagna grass,  
And hear the chirp of birds, and voices young  
The olive trees among,  
The squalid beggars haunting each fair spot,  
Pray, and I heed them not,  
The dark priest kneeling by the wayside shrine,  
Has thought nor prayer of mine;  
The distant wastes of ruin only seem  
The fabrics of a dream;  
For over all the stretch of billowy sea,  
A voice has come to me,  
So far, so dim, yet so real and near,  
I bend my head to hear,  
And through the Eternal City's swell of tone  
Hear that one sound alone.  
Thro' all the noise without, the jar within,  
Break soft the bells of Lynn.  
Speak low to me, as in the olden time  
I heard your clear notes chime,  
And as a tired child hears a mother's voice  
I listen and rejoice.  
I still am gathering pebbles all the day,  
It is no longer play,  
And not forever by the sounding sea,  
Can my poor gleanings be,  
But 'mong the ruins and by thorny roads,  
Which nobler steps have trod,  
Burdened and weary oft, I upward press,  
Beyond all weariness.  
And breaking softly through the ways of pain  
To hear the voice again  
Is earnest that the rest shall soon begin.  
Speak out, O Bells of Lynn!  
Tell me, if round the gray rocks of Nahant,  
Still, still, the wild winds chant?  
If ever in your music's wandering low,  
It chanced where violets grow?  
If 'mong the mosses and upon the hill,  
The wild rose climbeth still?  
If you go out to meet the ships at sea,  
With winds for company,  
Bearing to wanderers thoughts of home,  
As here to me in Rome?  
Tell me if underneath the willow's shade  
Any new graves are made?  
If—but I catch the trembling of thy strain,  
And will not ask again,  
It needs not voice of wind or wave or bell,  
To tell me,—all is well!

I know not how the golden day has sped,  
 The home-book is unread!  
 On dome, and spire, and mount, and ruined wall,  
 Softly the shadows fall,  
 And far above the distant city's din,  
 I hear the bells of Lynn!  
 The shepherd leads his white lambs to the fold,  
 While round the ruin old,  
 There clings the glory of the setting sun,—  
 And slowly, one by one,  
 The penitents forsake the wayside shrine;—  
 While the uplifted sign  
 Of Christ's dear love unchanging in the light—  
 Gleams still and white;  
 And vesper music, with its healing calm,  
 Falls on the air like balm.  
 Still I am seeing even through my tears,  
 The home of early years,  
 And hearing through all sound of pain or sin,  
 Only the bells of Lynn;  
 Through all that is and all that might have been,  
 The dear old bells of Lynn.

Original.

### STORIES AROUND THE CHANTIER (SHANTY) CAMBOOSE-FIRE.

BY A. J. L.

Perhaps the majority of my readers have had but little, if any, experience of bush life. If so, they are but slightly aware of the dangers and difficulties that beset the path of that daring pioneer into new regions, the "lumberman."

Preceding the actual settler, and fast upon the heels of the trapper, we find these hardy sons of the forest in opposition to almost insurmountable difficulties, and in face of every danger, with indomitable perseverance successfully effecting a footing; rearing in the wild, unbroken forest their shanty, in the fall, and triumphantly, during the following winter, battling with, and felling, the old patriarchs of the woods, to bring them the ensuing spring to market as substantial trophies of their victory.

The life of the lumberman of to-day is one of comparative ease to that of his less fortunate brother of forty years or so ago. Now we have the railroad and steamboat, with good government roads to land supplies, within easy reach of the shanty. Then, none of these facilities existed. Supplies had first to be taken long distances in batteaux, or open boats; to be transhipped to bark canoes, and by them, with the interruption of innumerable "portages" (around rapids), over which

the men had with immense labor not only to carry the load, but also the canoe, at length, not always without loss of life, the lumbermen reached the scene of their operations for the ensuing winter.

The first thing then was to secure a desirable site for their winter home. After pitching on the location, chosen generally in as sheltered a nook as possible, consistent with convenience, and the avoidance of any contingent current of air that might cause the shanty to be smoky, the next step would be to clear the spot, and then proceed to put up the log shanty, all made, even to the rude door, without the aid of any tool save an auger and an axe. The inside fittings generally corresponded with the rudeness of the exterior, and consisted simply of a raised hearth in the centre some two feet high, composed of earth, on which to build the fire, and termed the "camboose," the smoke from which being allowed to escape as best it could through an opening in the scoops or roof about six feet square. Around the camboose or hearth, and built most generally only on three sides of the shanty, in a double tier, were the berths. In these the men stowed themselves for the night, and although composed of a bottom of bare poles, with sometimes a covering of boughs, and only a single pair of blankets beneath and the same over the occupants, yet I will venture to say that even the denizens of a palace, sleeping on beds of eider-down, enjoyed no sweeter repose nor arose more refreshed in the morning, than these rough children of the wilderness. A large box, styled a "vanjootry," in which was kept necessaries for sale at double prices to the men, a few uncouth stools, and two or three shelves, along with pots and pans, composed this pioneer habitation. Attached to, or close by the shanty, was roughly thrown together a small store-room to contain the provisions, etc., and, at some little distance, the apology for a stable, in which the horses and cattle were housed; a small brook generally being close at hand, where water could easily be procured. This completed the *tout ensemble* of a residence in which reigned more light-hearted happiness than in many a fashionable cut-stone front in Union Avenue. Any one, upon seeing the men come in from a hard day's work, after having pulled off

their boots or moccasins and hung their socks up to dry around the huge fire that crackled and blazed upon the camboose, then settle themselves into all sorts of positions to discuss the supper, composed of fat boiled pork and bread, eaten out of the hand, and carved with a jack-knife which perhaps a moment before had done service as a tobacco cutter, and washing down the substantial fare with large draughts of strong tea, unpolluted with milk or sugar, dipped from an iron pot and drank out of shanty tins, guiltless of brightening, would agree with me that a healthier, heartier, happier, rougher, more careless, reckless, jollier lot of dogs, could scarcely be found in any other employment the world over, than our own bold, fearless, generous, warm-hearted shantymen.

I have often sat and watched their joyous flow of animal spirits, till I myself caught the infection. After disposing of supper, it was amusing to see how each one would dispose of himself. The first operation, generally, after wiping on his pants or smock-sleeve the knife lately employed dissecting the bread and pork, was to engage the same tool in the service of filling his pipe, and, after splitting off a splinter from the dry timber exposed to the heat, kindle it at the fire and proceed to light his pipe; "burn incense to his idol," as one witty fellow termed it. Then each one settled down to something or other; one to whittle out an axe-helve, to replace one broken during the day; another to repair a rent in a moccasin; a third to patch a pair of ruptured pants; a couple to grind up a new axe, or put again in order one which had been damaged; a couple more, at imminent risk of pitching into the blaze, might be seen engaged in a rough wrestling match, in which a good deal of strength, science, and agility would be displayed; whilst the balance who had not tumbled into their berths for the night might be observed gathered round an old, greasy codger, who, in the intervals of his whiffs, would relate to his eager listeners some wonderful adventure which had happened him in his checkered life. Soon, all would cluster round him, and he would no sooner conclude his tale than it would suggest a story from another, and so on, till some nights, if not broken in upon by a couple of unappreciative fellows engaging in a duel, with each a beef-

hide moccasin for a weapon, would only be brought to a close by the foreman peremptorily ordering the story-teller and his interested listeners to bed. With a good deal of grumbling, yet obedient to his command, in a little while the men would all tumble into their berths, and soon the heavy breathing and unearthly snoring would attest the soundness of their slumbers.

There is a wild, picturesque *abandon* in shanty life which is felt, if not appreciated, by even the grossest nature, and a fascination about it that leads him who has once engaged in it to eagerly look forward to the fall, when he shall again enter upon it, leaving behind him the tame existence of the clearance for the free, untrammelled, active, health-inspiring life of the woodsman. Oh how glorious it is to go out of the shanty on one of those beautifully clear mornings in midwinter, and, just before the first faint tint of the early dawn, hear the snapping of the trees in the sharp, keen frost, and dimly see them stretch forth their huge limbs laden with snow and coated with frost; the mountain throwing the valley into dark shadow; the sky overhead a deep blue, profusely studded with stars which seem like gems to stand out in bold relief, and giving to the azure vault above that appearance of immeasurable depth peculiar to our Canadian winter scenery. No noise disturbs the wild repose of the scene, save the howl of some distant wolf, joined to the angry, hissing, sputtering noise of the little brook which, unfrozen, comes rushing and tumbling through the narrow gorge in close proximity to the shanty, and, hastening on, empties itself into the little lake upon whose margin the shanty stands, and upon whose icy bosom the timber is all drawn. As we continue to gaze, the first faint streaks of the early dawn spread their grey tint over the east, and peep through the huge cleft-like gap at the eastern extremity of the lake, and mounting higher and higher soon break into a warmer hue of subdued reddish purple. Then, darting over the top of the mountain that overshadows our shanty, old Sol colors with yellow and gold the scene, transforming like a fairy wand the erstwhile shadowy trees into beautiful pillars loaded and bedecked with most costly gems, and wreathed and festooned with a fleecy covering, that would put



to mockery the most enchanting scene ever conjured up by the "Spirit of the Lamp." In a little while, the ringing blow of the axe is echoed back from crag to crag, as the men enter upon their daily task. From time to time the crashing fall of some old patriarchal pine startles into existence the distant echoes reverberating from shore to shore of the little lake. As we gaze towards the shanty and watch the smoke ascend perpendicularly in the calm, unruffled atmosphere till it dissipates itself high in the blue ether, the jingling of bells warns us of the approach of the teams, and, turning towards the sound, we discover them emerging from the fringe of bushes that skirt the margin of the lake, the horses steaming with their first morning load, which they discharge upon the ice, and then wheeling they again disappear on their return for another.

But all this requires to be seen to be duly appreciated, and the lover of the beautiful will be amply rewarded for all his troubles and hardships by the recollection of that inexpressible something that has captivated and delighted him in the wild, free, heartsome, uncultivated life of the shanty, and will scarcely be able to look back in memory upon such a scene as I have feebly attempted to describe, without wishing that he was once more the rollicking, light-hearted lad he then was, and could again escape from the din and confinement of the jostling city to the freedom of the hills, clothed with their magnificent old pines, and hear once more the music of the ringing axe as it echoed from hill to hill and over dell and vale.

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### B L Y T H E .

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She passes the house every day. Sometimes you see her; more often not. Yet you know whom I mean, I think. "One of the factory-girls." She stands thus labelled and ticketed in your thought. She wore a brown veil; or you noticed her eyes, as you sat with crochet-work in the bow-window. There the thought has stopped. You would like to hear a little about her?

There are so many of these girls. Blythe is like the rest; neither better nor worse; neither more interesting nor less; no heroine; no heiress or genius; just a plain, hard-working, hard-worked little Scotch girl; nothing romantic, or at all out of the way about her;

which is the best of reasons for talking about her awhile.

Scotch? O yes; Blythe is quite positive on that point. Born upon the banks of your blue Merrimac, it is the very pertinacity of the Yankee in her, which clings so to the old birthright of which her mother tells her in long winter-night stories—her mother, who has seen the queen, and the heather and the hills, and used to wear blue ribbons on her hair like Highland Mary. Ah, to think of mother in those days!

Blythe wears blue ribbons, too, on Sunday. One would think that she should always wear blue ribbons. They, and the large, full fair face, with its pallid hair and grave blue eyes, suit, like tints in a well-toned picture. Look at her face more attentively, as she goes by, this noon. It might be pretty, were it a well, healthily-colored face, used to fresh and wholesome conditions of air and temperature. It is a merry enough face at times, being a girl's, but inexpectant when in repose, with a sad mouth. One is not apt to find other than sad mouths—did you ever notice it?—in a factory.

Blythe's mother is her practical world, no less now at eighteen than at eight. She praises her, scolds her, pets her, controls her, buys her dresses, and takes her wages every Saturday night, precisely as she would with Mary and Jane Maria, who were dressing paper dolls upon the door-step. If Blythe ever wearies a bit over this, she does not say so. It may be perhaps weak in her with that undercurrent of dull longing for a home of her own, which winds through the days of all girls' coming as she has come, to the place "where the brook and river meet;" but it is a state of affairs against which she would never think, nor would she desire, to rebel. "It is the way with us Scotch folks," she would say, smiling, "mother couldn't get along any other way. It's all right." Where there's a man at home, some things might be different, times easier, work not so hard, possibly a little schooling in prospect. Blythe just remembers her father dying there in the little close room, with the bed rolled up to the window; his face, his kiss, and his last words about "being a good girl and not being out nights." She would tell you—did you win her to the telling—a little about those dying days. Their memory makes the girl move her lips hungrily. Diligent people never suffer for food in America did you say? Ask Blythe.

"There were six of us, you know, besides father and mother, and nobody but me and Jane Maria to work. Mother, she used to plan and plan to get things for father. We used to go without meat in those days. He needed it most you know. I used to come home at noon and smell it cooking. I never had any. Davie climbed upon a chair by the stove one day—Davie was the baby, you

know—and watched it. He began to cry by-and-by. 'Davie wants some of papa's beef,' says he, 'Davie'll be a good boy.' 'No,' she told him, 'Davie couldn't have any of that beef,' and she hushed him up quick. But father heard. He pushed the plate away that noon and couldn't eat. Mother, she cried that day.

"Afterwards, when Davie died, she used to talk about it. It made her feel bad. "Mamma," Davie used to say, 'wasn't God naughty to take away my papa?' No she told him, 'God was good. God was always good.'

She might tell you, too, how she learned her last lesson at school—she then twelve years old—how she shut the arithmetic in the sad afternoon light and put it away; how she went in among the wheels and the dust the next morning; how early and drearily life began to be life.

There she has been among the wheels and the dust from then till now. There she will be—ah, well, how long? God knows what is coming to her, God knows!—she says to herself sometimes, when the tears come hot and quick.

The words are as much a prayer, I think, as a cry. Strictly and theologically speaking, Blythe does not often pray. She "does not know how," she would bashfully exclaim. It might not be difficult to teach her how, with such teaching as she needs, which by the way, is other than that of the pulpit or the inquiry room. Pulpit and inquiry-rooms answer their purpose, but are not the alpha and omega of religious culture.

She is not strong, you mark. Her physical condition or want of condition would make her fortune at Saratoga. The circles under her eyes are heavy and habitual. Something is said about "a cough" which comes with the winter and stays till the spring. She never complains, but were she kindly asked, would answer that she "is tired all the time," and turn away that one might not see her eyelids quiver. Let us stand with her eleven hours at her looms, and wonder if we can. Do something else? What? How? What can she who has handled gearings since she was twelve years old know about anything else? Where can any be found to teach her? How can an obscure, "unrecommended" girl find her way into the clerkship, the kitchen, the nursery, which it is so easy to suggest for her benefit?

No, Blythe must stay where she is. Let us see about what that means.

The dreary twang of the factory-bell wakens her at "five o'clock in the morning." That is pretty work for the milkmaid in the song, with the dew-laden fields, and the fellee, and the clover, and all the rest of it made to order. It might happen once a summer to you or me—intent on a mountain top, and lemonade and Tennyson—and be a delight. It is another thing to Blythe.

Blythe is neat of habit, and she loathes the sight and touch of the dirty brown factory-dress—a factory-dress can be nothing else—which hangs waiting for her over a chair. She protests inwardly, by her vehement ablutions at the sink, and scolds Jane Maria, sharply—sorry for it the next minute—for standing in her way. She helps about the children and the kitchen fire, finds out that her mother is a little cross, and tries not to notice it, hurriedly swallows her breakfast, (of bread and molasses), and starts with the second bell for her work at a quarter of six. It is yet early, fresh and cool. But Blythe has learned how many burning July suns are fresh and cool at six o'clock, and she wonders, with a sinking heart, how much over a hundred the thermometer will stand by noon.

Up two, three, four—last winter it was five flights of stairs—she climbs faintly, and into the lint, the oil, the dirt, the noise, the whirr, and heat. No leisure for Blythe this burning day; no slackened work to rest and cool. A careless touch, and these iron joints would wrench her nimble fingers from the socket. An unwary toss of dress, or hair, and—well Blythe remembers the little Irish girl just across the room last winter, crushed and ground there in her sight. Pleasant thoughts to have on such a day, when one's hands will tremble, and one's sight is dim with weary weakness!

One hundred and seven the thermometer points at noon. Blythe worked over engines one summer, whose July temperature was just one hundred and twenty.

Home again in the hour's nooning to dine and wash. There is time for little else than dining and washing. The tenement there in the close alley by the blazing river, the dinner-table by the kitchen-fire, do not offer facilities for cooling. She looks as she passes back to her work, in through the closed blinds and windows of your parlor, and dimly sees you on your afghan with your novel, in the cool, and dark, and greenness. Her eyes darken and brim over. Poor Blythe!

Back again when the glare of the afternoon has faded,—very tired now; tired through and through her body, and brain, and heart. She takes another picture of you, (how little you are thinking of it!) out on the croquet ground, in muslin and pink ribbons, your laugh ringing out, your fresh, untired, happy face full in her sight. It is not one's fault, to be sure, that one is fresh and happy, and can play croquet and sit in a cool parlor. Blythe has the sense to see that. Her heart has neither blame nor bitterness in it. She only takes the merry picture away to the alley with her, and she only cries out in her dull, old stifled way,—

"There is this other girl. Here am I."

And not once, but many times,—

"There is this other girl, O God! and here am I."

Her feet drag by the time they reach her alley. The red sun is sinking hotly behind the red river. The growing cool has scarcely touched the close, unwholesome place. Groups of men with bad tobacco befool what freshness there might be. Children, tired and cross, swarm and quarrel everywhere. In the house her mother, just home from a day's cleaning up-town, is likewise tired and cross, poor soul! Supper is not ready. Mary has been pulling Jane Maria's hair, and both are crying.

Blythe turns away sick at heart. She keeps her temper, perhaps; or perhaps she does not. She is glad to hurry out as soon as she can, to the steps or the street. There are two or three hours now before bed-time; Blythe's only hours; golden hours, perhaps, to you, of starlight, and moonlight, and song, and dreaming. What to Blythe?

There may be sewing or there may be cleaning. Last Friday the girl scrubbed the kitchen floor upon her knees after her long day's work, thinking her mother more weary than herself. O, little Blythe! I doubt not you will hear of that kitchen floor on some other summer night in some happier life than this.

She may read a little, perhaps; but Blythe is apt to be too tired to read. Or the library book is uninteresting; and a *Ledger* or a *Chimney Corner* takes its place.

It grows dark, and the girls come by—or the boys—and Blythe slips naturally away from her doorstep into the pleasures and the dangers of the stirring, bright street, where the wind blows cool, and where one can forget for a while, in clean calico and becoming hat, that one must go to work to-morrow.

So back again at nine o'clock to the alley, and mother, and sleep—to wonder before she dreams, if one day will always be like another day, one year like another year, one life so unlike another life—and then it is five o'clock again, and the endless bell is in her ears, and the old, hot, unwelcome morning in her eyes.

Now, were there any to draw from her the story of her wearisome days; to sorrow with her over their pain, and point out to her their blessing and their tempting; to help her over their rough places, and to bid her trust God and take courage, in such ways Blythe can be helped and bidden!—but there is none such. Perhaps there cannot be. I simply say that there is not. Blythe has a pastor, a kind one, but he is not—probably he could not be—just that to her. A teacher, too, at the Sabbath School,—a good teacher, a prayerful teacher; Blythe respects her, learns her lessons to please her, goes away and forgets both them and her. Neither teacher, nor pastor friend, has there ever been to draw aside the veil that enfolds this girl's simple inner life.

Sunday is Blythe's almost happy day. To hear no five o'clock clash of bells; to dream till six, if one likes; to throw the dirty brown skirt into the wash; to have the whole long

day before one to stroll away among the pine trees and the swamps where the lady-slippers grow; to put on one's new lawn, and white lisle-thread gloves, and little tulle bonnet, and sit at ease among well-dressed people in the hush of a church; to feel for one day of the whole week that one looks "as well as anybody"—ah, who would not be almost happy?

But Sunday night comes fast, and the shadow of the Monday darkens the little gleam before it has fairly had the chance to glide and warm Blythe's open heart.

There are many more things than the tale of work-days and rest-day that Blythe might say to that unfound friend, did their lives ever meet and cross. Has she not her little story hidden away in its silence? Most girls have. Poor little story! He is going to marry somebody else. That is all. Very simple and very sad, like the girl's own life. How soon, or if ever, she will read it through, it is little to the point. It bounds her horizon now. Through mill-hours and through home hours it runs, a fine, faint pain. Were there some hand—a woman's hand—to steal into hers some night at twilight and ask for this story, too—well, you may smile; but believe me, that this is not always the best kind of "missionary labor" which ignores the existence of love stories.

Blythe may be a bit of a Christian in her way, perhaps, after all; that little circumstance about her prayers notwithstanding; but it is a very small, uncomforted way. It does not occur to her hopeless thought that heaven may ever be meant for her. This world is meant for her, apparently; this world, with its treadmill days, its tired nights, its lifeless past, its more lifeless future. Being in it, she tries, I think, in her quiet fashion, "to be a good girl;" does not mean to be cross to mother, or to scold the children; chooses "good company" when she is not tempted over much—being tempted over much sometimes as Launcelot or another—would like not to be discontented, and "guesses" in her secret heart "that God knows better than she does." A poor little creed, to be sure; but it might be worse. It might be better, too;—quite right.

A dwarfed bleak life this life of Blythe's. One is sorry for her. One would like to help her. What can we do for her? Anything? None is the judge of another; but what can we do? Think of her, at least, a little; if nothing else, pray for her much.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

—Coventry Patmore gives the following advice:—

"So let no man, in desperate mood,  
Wed a dull girl because she's good."

To which one might add:

"And let no woman in her plight,  
Wed a bad man because he's bright."

## BIBLE RIDDLE.

Come and commiserate one who is blind,  
Helpless, and desolate, void of a mind,  
Gulleless, deceiving, and though unbeliev-  
ing,

Free from all sin. By mortals adored,  
Still I ignored the world I was in.  
Kings, Ptolemies, Cæsars,  
Aaron, Tigliath, Pilesar, birthdays are shown.  
Wise men, astrologers,  
All are acknowledgers,  
Mine is unknown.

I never had father or mother,  
Or rather if I had either,  
Then they were neither alive at my birth.  
Lodged in a palace, hunted by malice,  
I did not inherit by lineage or merit  
A spot on the earth.

Nursed among Pagans, no one baptized me,  
A sponsor I had who ne'er catechized me;  
She gave me a name to her that was dearest,  
She gave me a place in her bosom the near-  
est,

But one look of kindness she cast on me ne-  
ver.

Encompassed by danger, nothing could harm  
me,  
My safety and jeopardy nought could alarm  
me.

I saved, I destroyed, I blessed, I alloyed,  
Kept a crown for a prince, but had none of my  
own;

Filled the place of a king, but ne'er had a  
throne.

Rescued a warrior, baffled a plot,  
I seemed what I was, was what I seemed  
not;

Devoted to slaughter, a price on my head,  
A king's lovely daughter watched by my  
bed;

Though great, she dressed me, panting with  
fear,

She never caressed me, nor wiped off a tear,  
Ne'er moistened my lips, though parched and  
dry,

What marvel a blight should pursue till I  
die.

Twas royalty dressed me wretched and poor,  
Twas royalty blessed me in deceit I am  
sure.

I lived not, I died not, but tell you I must  
That ages have passed since I first turned to  
dust.

Thus paradox whence  
This squalor, this splendor.  
say, was I a king

Or a silly pretender?  
Fathom this mystery,  
Deepen my history :

Was I a man,  
An angel supernal,  
Or a demon infernal?  
Solve me who can.

The answer to the above riddle will be found  
in five consecutive verses in a chapter in the  
ld Testament.—*Evangelist.*

Original.

## CONAN'S GRAVE.

In the course of a tour which I made last  
summer in the South of Ireland, with very  
agreeable companions, I heard many tales and  
traditions connected with various localities  
we visited. The legend about the discovery  
of Conan's tomb was so interesting that I re-  
quested a written copy of it. The following  
letter was, of course, not intended for publica-  
tion, but I hope the writer will not be dis-  
pleased if he should meet with it in the pages  
of the *Dominion Magazine*. The reader of  
Ossian's poems will be familiar with the name  
of Conan, as one of the lieutenants of Fingal,  
or Finn-ma-cool.

WM. HAMILTON, D.D.,

53 McGill College Avenue.

Montreal, Nov., 1867.

## HOW CONAN'S TOMB WAS FOUND.

Some fifty or sixty years ago, my grand-  
father, Rev. Dr. FitzGerald, Principal of  
Ennis College, was in the habit of spending  
his summer vacations with his friend, Dr.  
Studdert, at Doonbeg, in the west of Clare.  
Both were men who took a deep interest in  
Irish archaeology, and were well versed in the  
subject. One summer, a certain Theophilus  
O'Flaherty, an Irish antiquary of some note,  
if not of much authority, joined them at  
Doonbeg, and in the course of conversation  
informed them that he had been reading some  
Irish manuscripts in the library of Trinity  
College, Dublin, relating to the history of  
Finn, or Fian, McCool (I give the phonetic  
spelling—the Irish you could not read, even  
if I could write it), and that he had learned  
therefrom that Conan, or Cunniawn (a dissyl-  
lable), Finn's lieutenant, had been killed in  
a great battle fought near Callan, and had  
been buried on the southern slope of the  
mountain, "with his feet to the water, and  
his head to the setting sun;" that he (O'Fla-  
herty) had immediately gone to Kilkenny and  
made minute search everywhere in the neigh-  
borhood of Callan in that county, but without  
finding the tomb, or any trace of a legend in-  
dicating any recollection or knowledge res-  
pecting it among the peasantry. The others  
listened attentively to his statements, and  
read eagerly some extracts from the Irish man-  
uscript which he had brought with him, upon

which both agreed that he had gone to the wrong place, and that the Callan indicated by the extracts was Sliebh Callawn, or Mount Callan, the chief eminence in the west of Clare, situated some eight or ten miles inland from Doonbeg, where they were then assembled. Further examination and discussion tended to strengthen this hypothesis, and they separated for the night, having arranged to proceed to Mount Callan early the next morning and institute a careful search for the tomb. The particulars of the expedition have not been preserved; but, after a good deal of trouble, they found a spot answering the description in the manuscript—a small tarn, or mountain lake, on the south side of the mountain, not far from the summit. Here they determined to examine more closely, and, since if Conan lay “with his feet to the water, and his head to the setting sun,” as described, his remains must be on the *west* side of the tarn, they proceeded to search that side first, and soon found what they sought, a long stone slab, some three feet wide—in fact a tombstone. It was completely overgrown with moss, and I believe covered to some depth with mould, but on being cleared from the grass and soil which overlaid it, an inscription, said to be in Ogham characters, became visible. This inscription has been translated, and is said to record that “Conan the brave, the nimble-footed,” lies buried underneath. When first discovered, this tomb was very long, “meet monument” to a “joyant” such as Conan; but mischievous persons have broken off much of the stone, and when I saw it some twenty-three or twenty-four years ago, it was not much larger than an ordinary tombstone. The inscription was then invisible in its ordinary state, but when rubbed with wet grass the characters came to light. As I remember it, there were two longitudinal lines down the middle of the stone, about four to six inches asunder, and numerous short lines, of varying length, stood at right angles to these. The tomb lies due east and west; and thus Conan, if it be indeed his tomb, lies as described, with “his feet to the water (of the little tarn), and his head to the setting sun.”

Strongly corroborative of the identity of the tomb, is the great mass of Ossianic legend, or rather verse, which existed to a recent

period, and may still exist, among the peasants of the neighboring country. I remember, myself, one old man, Larry Mungovan, better known as “Larry the Schoolmaster,” a good Irish scholar, who used to repeat such verses by the hour, to the great delight of the listeners. Unfortunately, I knew but little of Irish, and, at that time, cared even less for such old-world lore, but I well remember the frequent recurrence of Conan's name in the monotonous chant. Besides these verses, which I now believe to be the original Ossianic poems, there were numerous prose “stories” in which Fian McCool, Cunniawn (Conan), Uisheen (Ossian), and others, bore the leading parts. These stories, relating chiefly to feats of strength or dexterity, or to less creditable exhibitions of chicane and cunning, are well known and have frequently been published; but I know that some six miles south of Mount Callan, where I spent the greater portion of my early life, I often heard them told by men who not only never heard of the publications in which they appeared, but could not have read a line of one of them to save their lives. I think the prevalence of such legends and verses among a people so rude and ignorant, goes far to establish some connexion between the persons of whom they treat and the locality where their memory is kept so green. I must not conceal the fact, however, that the Rev. Dr. Todd, F.T.C.D., a man well read in Irish history, and acquainted with the language as it is found in manuscripts and books, though I believe unable to speak it, and, moreover, Librarian of Trinity College, Dublin, told me last winter, at Lord Rosse's, in Parsonstown, that Conan was an impostor, and his tomb an imposition; that the inscription was not Ogham, but badly-formed English characters turned upside down; and that, so far from having been there for centuries, the stone was not even one century on the mountain. This was hard to bear; but Dr. Todd was too learned an antiquary for me to contradict or argue with, so I was fain to hold my peace and let judgment go against Conan by default. But, if I must tell the truth, I still cling secretly to the belief that the great battle was fought; that Conan was killed thereat; that he was buried with giant honors on the grassy slope where the tombstone lies; that the

tomb was discovered, as I have related, by my grandfather, Dr. Studdert, and Theophilus O'Flanagan; and that the inscription is veritable Ogham—whatever Dr. Todd may say to the contrary.

I hope one day to revisit the tomb, and bring somewhat more of archaic knowledge to its examination than I possessed when I saw it for the first and only time in my early youth.

Not far from Conan's tomb, and close beside the public road, is one of the Druidical remains known as "Darby and Joan's beds," about which I need say nothing beyond stating the fact of its existence. Such remains are too common to need description.

M. F. G.

July 22nd, 1867.

P.S.—I find I have called the antiquary referred to in the foregoing statement sometimes O'Flaherty and sometimes O'Flanagan. I am not certain which was his name, but incline to the latter. Such is fame!

M. F. G.

#### HEROES, CHEAP.

Marketing, rents, clothing, gold, labor, horses, and most other things, are, just now, quite dear. Indeed, we know of nothing that is cheap except heroes. They are manufactured with such rapidity and facility, that the market is quite overstocked, and instead of fussing over a single wight, we may buy a whole gross for an indifferent song. We are not referring to the glorious defenders of the nation, the millions of unarmed heroes who beat down and trampled out the late horrid rebellion. Nor do we allude to their noble leaders, whose names will live forever in the heart and history of the nation. As little are we thinking of our orators, poets, scholars, or philosophers. The noteworthy among these can hardly be said to be numerous, and with them honest distinction is only won by toil and noble desert.

We refer to champions of the chess-board, the billiard-table, the horse-race, the cock-fight, the prize-ring, and base ball. Pardon us, timid reader, for tilting this batch all into the same confused pile. It does seem hard to associate chess and base-ball and boat-racing with prize-fighting and cock-fighting, but the point of comparison, remember, is cheapness. Paul Morphy, without doing anything for the benefit of mankind, has received, in Europe and America, ovations such as have been awarded to living genius. A chess literature has emblazoned dozens of names for the applauding eye of posterity. Billiard champi-

ens, too, have lately come into fashion, and games, played in sight of the blazing decanters of the bar, are constantly chronicled in the newspapers, for the delectation of the pot-house, and even for the information of the fireside. There, too, are the boat-race—Hammill and Brown—heroes, with crowds of long-eared bipeds to watch their oars, to bet on them, and bawl themselves hoarse in applause. Then comes in base-ball, escaping from the narrow confines of a school-boy sport, and rising to the dignity of a national game. Almost every urchin who wears pantaloons belongs to a club, and is brought under rule and regulation, pays his fees, attends club meetings, and aspires to fame.

Horse-racing may be considered as a little less respectable than these—it has, we think, rather a worse name; and yet it is precisely the sport in which the most money is risked, and the most florid respectability embarked. Lords and princes patronize them in Europe, and stake thousands and thousands of pounds upon them, while the public press of both hemispheres record their triumphs and defeats at greater length and with much more enthusiasm than is displayed in dealing with stocks and merchandise. An insignificant lord or duke mounts into a hero, if not a demigod, by simply owning a fast horse. The legs of Fashion or Lightfoot or Piebald or Dexter confer immortality even on ignoble blood, and put the obscurest name into the throat of Fame's trumpet to be blown round the world. But if the owner is made a hero, how much more the horse! We say of a gentleman who is second best in the house that he is *the husband of his wife*. Napoleon III. used to be called the nephew of his uncle, and in like manner those who are apotheosized by a horse are known as the "owner of Flying Childers," or "the man who entered Tippy Bob," or "the happy master of the noble Dexter;" so that the man, in a certain sense, becomes the tail of his horse, or, at best, his squire, strutting in borrowed robes, while the world hurrahs for the quadruped. We know it may be claimed, and with some show of reason too, that the brute is for the man's behoof; but we may well invite the human animal to ponder the couplet:

"Behold," says man, "see all things for my use."  
"See man for mine," replies the pampered goose."

At all events, however we may settle the question of ownership, there can be no reasonable dispute about the glory. The man's name is tacked to that of the horse, not the horse's to his. The horse would sell, perhaps, for two hundred thousand dollars; but who ever heard of such a price for a man? In the old times of the auction-block for human chattels, prices for first-rate hands were comparatively modest. An old colored preacher, of New-Orleans, delivering a sermon to his

orethren during the war, on the subject of a particular providence, reminded them that the great Master had said that two sparrows were sold for a farthing, and that not one of these should fall to the ground without the Lord's notice. "Now," said the preacher, "If de Lo'd takes care of a little sparrow, that's not worth half a cent, don't you think he'll take care of you thousand-dollar niggas?" Behold the price of a man! And see how much better is a horse than his master. The fable of the centaur is realized, only that the horse instead of the man is the upper part of the monster.

But one of the most wonderful forms of heroism is that aspired to by the prize-fighter. Only let a man have the needed mettle and muscle, with the necessary training, and such is the respect with which he inspires a certain numerous and influential class of citizens that he may violate the law with impunity. When he trains or fights, policemen put on their leather goggles, and the newspapers have reporters on the ground, just as they would at a concert of Blind Tom or even a session of Congress. So popular and so perfectly conceded are these contests, and so honored, that when the victor returns with his laurels, in the shape of a split nose, a closed "peeper" or two, a couple of swollen lips, and his head generally in a somewhat gelatinous condition, he is awarded an ovation. Some double-fisted orator delivers him a personal panegyric, and lays the wreath on his highly ornamented head. Why, at this very moment the names of these heroes are filling the newspapers; their class stands up boldly in Congress; their referees occupy places in the city government, and crowds of admiring urchins read and discuss their prowess at the street-corners and in the saloons.

We have not space for the cock-fighters. Their contests are only smaller, not lower in the scale of morals. These are the heroes now filling, to a great extent, the popular eye, whose facts furnish the chosen reading of a large class whose influence is eating into the very heart of public morals, whose smart capers are applauded, or whose supply, from the facility of manufacture, is inexhaustible, and whose mission is to carry us back to anarchy, and render tyranny the only possible form of government.

### THE LIFE OF THE MOSQUITO.

Did it ever occur to you, when by a well-directed slap you demolish a mosquito, that you destroy a very beautiful, and in spite of its blood-thirsty propensities, interesting object? The male insect is readily distinguished by his plumes. He has the negative quality of not annoying us, lives but a short time, and what little food he requires he gets from flowers. The female is armed with a formidable proboscis. To understand her history,

we must go back to the eggs. The female lays her eggs upon the water; finding a suitable place, she supports herself by her two pairs of fore legs and crossing the hinder pair like a letter X, she deposits the eggs, one after another, in this support made by the legs, putting them endwise, side by side, and sticking them firmly together by means of a glutinous secretion which covers them. When the mass is complete, it is in the shape of a little boat, consisting of from one hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty eggs, which is set afloat and abandoned to its fate. The little raft floats persistently; it will not sink, nor will hard usage break it up, nor freezing destroy the vitality of the eggs. In a few days the larva, as the first stage of the insects is called, are hatched, and make their way out of the under side of the egg, and go off in search of food. They may be seen in any vessel of rain water that has been exposed for some days during summer; from their peculiar manner of locomotion they are called "wrigglers." Near the tail is a tube of hair through which the wriggler breathes. When not disturbed it rests with its head downward, and with its tube at the surface of the water, but on approach of danger it rapidly wriggles itself to the bottom of the vessel. After wriggling through eight to fifteen of the first days of its existence, and casting its skin two or three times, the mosquito goes into the pupa state. In this condition it swims with its head upward, and though not so lively as before, it moves and tumbles about by means of some paddles at the end of its tail. While in the pupa state it takes no food, and its breathing arrangements are quite reversed; for instead of respiring through the tube at the end of its tail it is furnished with two tubes at the head, through which it takes in air. This state of things lasts from five to ten days, when the skin bursts and the perfect insect comes forth. This is a most critical period in the life of these insects, and they only can emerge with safety on a very still, sunny day.

The skin of the pupa bursts open on the back, and the insect first protrudes its head, then its chest gradually follows, and it stands erect in the shell with its legs still confined, and its wings limp and damp. The slightest breeze at this time would upset the frail boat, and the insects would be drowned. But a very small proportion of the whole succeed in passing the last transformation in safety. Soon the front pair of legs are extricated, and placed upon the water. This enables the insect to steady itself, and much diminishes the danger of upsetting. The sun speedily dries the wings, which are gradually expanded; then the other legs are drawn out and placed on the edge of the pupa case, the antennæ and proboscis are elevated, and the insect is able to quit its watery abode and fly off to serenade us with its shrill note and to relieve us of our surplus blood.

Naturalists are not agreed as to the manner in which the mosquito produces its peculiar and annoying sound; it is thought by some that the wings alone do not cause it, but that they are aided by the rapid vibration of the muscles of the chest. It is said that the wings vibrate fifty times in a second. If the cause of the song of the mosquito is not well understood, such is not the case with the other annoying peculiarity—its sting. Here the object is so small that the microscope must be called to our aid. When examined by the glass, the sting of the mosquito is found to be a very beautiful as well as complex instrument. The wonderful fineness of its points is seen in the ease with which they penetrate our rough skin. The sting itself would cause but little annoyance, were it not that the proboscis gives off an irritating secretion which inflames the slight wound, and in some persons becomes a painful swelling, and even troublesome ulcers. This is intended to give an idea of the structure and habits of Mosquitoes in general, and not of any particular species. Our mosquitoes belong to the genera *Megarhinus* and *Culex*, but they do not seem to have been thoroughly studied, and there is much confusion among naturalists concerning them.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

“MANY THINGS ARE GROWING CLEAR.”

SCHILLER.

Come! the summer night is calling,  
Through the elm-tree shadows falling,  
And the silver moonbeams gleaming,  
On the snowy window screen.

These but *hints*, I murmur lowly,  
And I raise the curtain slowly.

Till a flood of splendor streaming  
Renders *clear* the enchanted scene.

Soul! all nature calleth to thee,  
From the bounds of earth would woo thee;  
Morn with fragrant breezes blowing

Fresh from the celestial hills;  
Eve, in purple robes of glory,  
Sweetly tells her mystic story,  
Such diviner state foreshadowing,

That the soul with rapture thrills.

Take, oh take these sweet suggestions,  
Ask no unbelieving questions;  
Wafting thee to fields Elysian,  
Death shall surely raise the screen.

With celestial Euphrasy  
He shall touch the inner eye,  
Till thou chant with raptured vision,  
Many things are clearly seen!

Thus said Schiller, in his gladness,  
While each bowed the head in sadness  
Round his dying couch at even;

Closed his eyes on scenes once dear:  
On the flood of crimson glory  
Bathing rock and castle hoary.  
Yet while earthly ties were riven,  
Many things were growing clear.

Sweeter than the carols ringing  
Whilst the lark her flight is winging,  
Are these words of Schiller, ever

Singing, singing through the soul,  
Prelude of diviner pleasures  
Where no more in mournful measures  
Sing the souls whose sorrow never,  
Who have safely reached the goal.

What though chilling mists enshroud us,  
When those vapors that becloud us,  
Gazed upon from heights celestial,  
Golden “mirrors” shall appear;  
Courage! then, nor wish to alter  
One of God’s decrees, nor falter  
Through the fear of ills terrestrial,  
Many things are growing clear.

*Original.*

MONTREAL IN THE OLDEN TIME.

[The Editors of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY substitute, for the present month, the following interesting letter for the usual article under this heading, by “An Old Inhabitant” :—]

{ H—, COUNTY OF DORCHESTER,  
? October, 1867.

The Post-mistress here has presented me with No. 1 of the *New Dominion*, which, I think, from the many interesting articles it contains, deserves, and will I doubt not, obtain, a large share of public patronage.

Enthusiastically fond of whatever tends to the elucidation of the sciences of geography, statistics, and the archeology of Canada, I have availed myself of a long life in collecting some interesting documents. Among them is a plan of the City of Montreal, as it was in or previous to 1758, copied from an engraved plan lent to me by the late Hon. Jas. McGill, in the year 1801, of which I now enclose you a trace.

I beg to be considered as a subscriber to the *New Dominion*, and will transmit the subscription as soon as I can obtain a paper dollar.

“Montreal in the olden time” states some matters erroneously. The first steamboat that succeeded on the St. Lawrence was the “Swiftsure,” built by Mr. Molson, and so named by Sir G. Prevost, in 1812. In 1814, the Montreal merchants launched the “Car of Commerce,” after which Mr. Molson built the “Malsham.” These vessels made the trip up in two days, and down in one or one and a half. The “Quebec” was the next boat. It was not till after the year 1835 that the “John Molson” was launched. She was



occupied as a hotel by the Earl of Durham, and subsequently burned by accident.

Your correspondent's "olden time" is to me quite a recent period. At the age of sixteen I first saw Montreal, in the summer of 1799. I remained there, in a mercantile capacity, seven years, and during that period had occasion to visit most of the country villages about Montreal, and made several trips to Upper Canada, as far as Fort Erie. Of the population of Montreal, about that time, you may form an opinion from the fact that in 1803 or 1804 (I now forget which, but think it must have been 1804), there appeared to be twelve hundred buildings in Montreal, of all kinds, of which perhaps at least a third were wooden huts of the meanest description, in the St. Lawrence and Quebec suburbs.

I have inserted the names of the prominent citizens of Montreal in 1801-5, at the foot of the plan, with their residences numbered on the plan. Among them, No. 33 is remarkable as the house occupied by Mr. Walker, the active magistrate, soon after the conquest, when he was so brutally deprived of his ears by the officers of the garrison.

Your correspondent asserts that "nearly the whole trade of Montreal was with Scotland." It may have been so at the period he mentions, but decidedly not so before. In the early part of this century, nearly the whole trade of Montreal was with England, that with Scotland being quite insignificant. Nor were all the leading merchants and public men in the country, Scotchmen. No doubt they were always most numerous; but Joseph Frobisher, the second in the firm of the Northwest Company, and Jacob Jordan, the Seigneur of Terrebonne, were both Englishmen; and Richard Dobie, John Molson, Wm. Parker, and his partner, Samuel Gerrard, H. R. Symes, John Lilly, Francis Badgely, John Platt, Mr. Burton, John Stansfeld, Joseph Shuter, E. W. Gray, the Sheriff, his brother, Jonathan Abram the Notary, and many others, were all of them Englishmen; and I have heard that John Richardson's partner, Mr. Forsyth, was a Yorkshireman. Mr. B. Gibb, the merchant tailor, was a Londoner; and several very respectable citizens were German, Italian, or from the United States—Jews and Gentiles.

The vast increase of your city since 1820, and especially the improvements in building, which have converted it into a great city of cut-stone palaces, is very striking when compared with its moderate extent and ill-constructed rubble-built structures of half a century before. But the difference is not much more remarkable than what had taken place between the years 1800 and 1820. Until the close of the last American war, little improvement had taken place, nearly all the walls and gates still remaining. Most of the merchants were still engaged in what may, in opposition to the Northwest Company, be called the private fur trade, in the Northwest territories of the United States, centering at Michillimackinac, still in our possession; the number of arrivals from sea had not greatly augmented; furs still constituted the staple export; and although the exports of Pot and Pearl ashes had attained their maximum, those of wheat and flour were still inconsiderable. The war put an end to almost every kind of export. Instead of exporting, we had to import flour, beef, and pork, in addition to the large supplies furnished by our smuggling Yankee friends in Vermont, who kindly fed us to enable our armies to meet theirs on the field. A number of Yankees were allowed to remain in Canada, without taking the oath of allegiance, and they profited largely by this smuggling trade, which was wholly under their control. •

The profuse military expenditure, scattering money all over the Province, and particularly in Montreal, enormously increased the value of landed property at the close of the war, all the vacant lots in the city were filled up and the suburbs everywhere extended, so that before 1820 the population was probably trebled since 1803. The imports were more than doubled; large returns in flour began to take place from the Upper Province, whilst in Lower Canada the wheat trade had attained its maximum, and the lumber trade so much increased, as amply to compensate for the loss of the private fur trade, which, however remunerative it might be to the Montreal merchants, was most unfavorable to agriculture, not only from the absence of so great a proportion of the young men from the best wheat-growing districts, while employed in collecting and bringing down the peltries,

but still more so by the demoralizing habits acquired in that slavish and dangerous employment. A change had likewise taken place in the food, clothing, and habits of the citizens, assimilating more and more to the manners of the old country, while a considerable number of enterprising American mercantile houses had been established, and by their proverbial go-ahead-iveness had given an impetus to others. Lastly, but not least, the Montreal Bank had been established, in 1818, and introduced speculations till then undreamt of. Thousands of emigrants were arriving yearly; and several new steamers had supplanted the old "Swifsure." St. Ann's suburb, or Griffintown, a piece of waste or pasture land, with the small farmhouse, in 1803, had become a large and populous suburb; a good turnpike-road had been made to Lachine, and the Canal was in progress.

Such, and many other, changes had taken place in about 15 years.

#### ANTIQUARY."

##### AN OLD LETTER.

[As we are upon the antiquities of Canada, the following old letter, from the founder of one of the first families in Canada West (a family which has furnished these Provinces with three Cabinet Ministers) to the grandfather of the senior publisher of the *Dominion Magazine*, may be interesting:—]

MONTREAL, March 6th, 1804.

"I was so much disgusted when I arrived in Upper Canada, finding it fall so far short of what it was represented to me, that I believe I erred on the other hand, and thought I saw nothing but horrid deformity where perhaps another man would see exquisite beauty. However, I view things now in a different light. A tremendous forest of trees, towering almost to the clouds, from a hundred and fifty to two hundred feet high, mixed with green and blooming shrubbery, some of it nearly as sweet-scented as your sweet briar, and as beautiful as your honeysuckle, and all the production of nature, is certainly a spectacle worthy the notice and admiration of a contemplative mind. But the embellishing hand of art and cultivation would make these rugged scenes truly grand. There is no such diversity of prospects here as with you. In summer we are shaded with trees on the

plain, and if we get to an eminence all we can see is woods and water on all hands, not like the beautiful prospects from Craigiehill or Gleniffer, or the enchanting landscapes on the banks of the Clyde or Cart.

As one of Flora's votaries, this climate is by no means suited to one of your taste. No fine beds of tulips or pinks, ranunculuses or carnations, to be met with here. The winter is so long and so severe it destroys almost all the inhabitants of the parterre. Nevertheless, nature displays some wonderful freaks here in the summer months. Vegetation is so rapid, and there are a great many flowers natural to the country and very beautiful, although they fall far short, either in point of beauty or smell, to what you have, except the rose. This has been the severest winter that has been experienced for twenty years in this country. I am just now emerging from the effects of it. Business called me to the Upper Province, and I got my forehead frost-bitten, which took off all the skin. Could you get one view of the St. Lawrence now it would fill you with astonishment. Such an immense body of ice, sparkling in the sun like mountains of diamonds. The snow is near four feet deep in the woods, where it does not drift. I long to see it take its departure, which will not be perhaps for three or four weeks. It began to fall on the 18th of October. I may say "I never saw the like o't."

So much for Canada; but I hear wonderful news about Britain, which keeps me in continual anxiety. I have such a love for my native country, that her present situation would fill me with anxiety although I had not a relation living in it; but when I think on those I left behind, it is inexpressibly distressing to me indeed. The former deliverances wrought for that country, your present unanimity and firmness, together with your strength and valor, still give me cause to hope that the insulting foe will either be dashed to pieces on your blessed rocks, or, should any of them effect a landing, they will soon be swallowed up. However, I hope that the feet of the sacrilegious Corsican will never be permitted to tread upon the hallowed ground of Britain. I intend to return to Britain in the fall, and spend the winter amongst you.

I might give you a little more clishma-claver, but I shall put it off till a future period. I wish you health and peace in your family, a revival to your trade, a good blow of flowers, and many a good seat in your little arbor, beholding their beauty.

Your sincere friend and well-wisher,  
 \_\_\_\_\_ Senr.

Mr. DUNCAN DOUGALL,  
 Manufacturer, Causeyside, Paisley."

## THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ CANAL.

BY WILLIAM KNIGHTON, ESQ.

The distance between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, to be united by the great Suez Canal, is about one hundred miles, and more than half of that distance has already been excavated, whilst the works to be completed on the southern half of the canal are much less formidable than those already finished on the northern half.

The canal, in fact, unites four natural lakes, which have always existed in the Isthmus, and the largest and deepest of these, called the Bitter Lake, extends to within less than ten miles from Suez. The channel of the canal, through the Bitter Lake, only requires to be deepened at the northern entrance and at the southern exit. In the body of the lakes there is water sufficient for the largest vessels.

The other lakes, through which the canal passes, are Lake Timsah, Lake Beelah and Lake Menzaleh. Lake Timsah is the smallest of these, and has long been drying up. It is situated near the centre of the canal, south of the town of Ismailyeh—a town which is situated in the heart of what was once a desert, and which has been called into existence by the canal and its consequent works only. Lake Beelah is five miles north of Lake Timsah; and Lake Menzaleh is several miles north of Lake Beelah—a ridge of sand only separating its northern shore from the Mediterranean.

The canal is intended to be, when completed, one hundred feet wide and thirty deep, and the works to ensure its completion are on the most gigantic scale. On the Mediterranean side, a harbor had to be constructed, Port Sayd, under the most unfavorable circumstances. The workshops at the port are on a very large scale, and repay a visit. One of the most interesting sights to be witnessed there, which M. La Roche, the company's engineer, was kind enough to show us himself, was the prepara-

tion of large blocks of artificial stone which are being thrown into the sea to form the breakwater at the entrance of the harbor. These blocks are made of sand from the harbor bed, and of hydraulic lime from France, well mixed together with water, and then put into wooden cases and rammed with sand. The wooden casing is removed after two days, and the blocks are left to dry in the sun. This operation it requires two months or more to complete. They are said to weigh about five tons each, and, when ready for use, they are lifted, by a travelling crane worked by steam, on to tracks, passed on to a tramway, and pushed by a locomotive down to where the lighters are ready to receive them. They are transferred to the lighter by another travelling crane, and when the lighter has taken them out to sea, a crane, worked by steam, deposits them in the position they are to occupy.

The breakwater, which is being constructed by means of these blocks, will be nearly three miles long when completed. It forms the western side of the harbor. More than ten thousand of these blocks are said to have been already constructed, and it will take five or six thousand more before this breakwater is complete.

Dredges are constantly at work deepening the harbor, and the superfluous earth and sand, which is not required either for block-making or for embankments, is carried out to sea, and deposited several miles away, in a northeasterly direction.

Two side basins have been constructed within the port, upon the western side, for shipping; and, although a great deal has been done to render Port Sayd a harbor fit to contain large vessels, there is no doubt that a great deal remains to be surmounted of the most formidable description.

On how large a scale operations have been conducted in the formation of this canal, is almost impossible to give an idea by simple description; but when the reader reflects that two large towns, each containing several thousands of inhabitants, have been absolutely called into existence by the canal works, he will be better able to appreciate the gigantic nature of the enterprise, and the energy called into activity to overcome the difficulties encountered. These two towns are Port Sayd, on the shore of the Mediterranean, and Ismailyeh, about half way between Port Sayd and Suez.

Where Port Sayd now stands, all was sand and desolation seven years ago, when the canal operations commenced. Every

necessary of life had to be conveyed by boat from Damietta, thirty miles off; and now every comfort, and most of the luxuries of life are attainable in Port Sayd, in greater abundance, and with more facility, than in that ancient city—the city of Damietta.

A good deal of the foundation of the town consists of earth and sand dredged up from the bed of the harbor. The streets are regularly laid out, and they are kept as clean as it is possible to keep them, considering that Egyptians and Arabs inhabit most of them. There is a very comfortable hotel, with a long line of wooded apartments facing the sea. The hospital is presided over by the British vice-consul, a physician. A convent, in which sisters of charity live, who do much good in visiting the poor, adjoins the hospital. The sisters of charity, likewise, keep a school for girls, both for boarders and day-scholars. There are places of worship, both Christian and Mohammedan. But the great wonder of Port Sayd is, in truth, the extent and variety of the company's workshops, the machinery, the activity, bustle, and regularity of the works, the variety of races—Egyptian, Arab, French, English, Armenian, Levantine, Italian and Greek—all working harmoniously together.

The town of Ismailyeth, called after the present viceroy, is totally different from Port Sayd, but it is not less wonderful. It is situated, as I have said, about half way between Port Sayd and the Red Sea, and, like Port Sayd, owes its origin entirely to the canal. The fresh water canal, from the Damietta branch of the Nile, originally extended as far as a town called Zagazig more than fifty miles west of Ismailyeh which was then looked upon as the limit of civilization and habitable villages toward the east. All beyond was sand, desert, and desolation, with wandering tribes of Bedouins to make the desolation dangerous. One of the first operations of the canal company was to continue that fresh-water canal to the east; and from a spot near the present Ismailyeh, then all desert, it stretches away toward the south to Suez.

The fresh-water canal has, doubtless, had much to do with the foundation of Ismailyeh in its present position. The town is on the north side of the canal, with the lake of Timsah not far off on the south. It is regularly laid out, with good, straight, broad streets, and cannot contain less than three or four thousand inhabitants. It has its French quarter, its Greek, Arab, and mixed quarters, with a Roman Catholic church, a Greek church, and a Mussulman mosque.

The hotel is a large upper-storied building, about two hundred and fifty yards from the canal, and it is really extraordinary how comfortable the proprietor contrives to make the European traveller in that out-of-the-way place in the desert.

The fresh water conducted by the canal from Zagazig to Ismailyeh, has been the cause of the cultivation of a good deal of land in the neighborhood of the latter town. Wandering Bedouins have given over their wandering habits, and settled to agriculture; and the fresh water, which has caused all this, is not only conducted by the canal to Suez, but sent also, by means of iron pipes, northward to Port Sayd, to supply that rising town. The soil around Ismailyeh appears to be excellent, and to want fresh water only to enable it to produce anything and everything.

From Port Sayd to Ismailyeh, communication is now daily carried on by means of small steamers on the salt-water canal, and from Ismailyeh to Suez, in the other direction, by means of small steamers also, on the fresh-water canal. The entire distance is accomplished in about twenty-four hours, but exertions are being made to render the transit more rapid, and it is said that the time will be reduced to sixteen hours.

The deepest cuttings in the canal are in the neighborhood of El Geish, north of Ismailyeh, and for five miles in that direction to Lake Beelah. In some parts the perpendicular depth here will be a hundred feet, when the canal is excavated to its full extent. At present there is a great deal more to be done before it becomes fit for the passage of large vessels. South of Ismailyeh also, as far as Serayeum, there are some heavy and deep cuttings in progress, the work being peculiarly difficult when drift sands-hills have to be penetrated, as in this portion.

Where the land is very low, as in the excavations through Lakes Beelah and Menzaleh, the earth of sand excavated has been thrown down on either side to form firm and permanent banks; and in order to save time in the removal of the earth, long copper channels were fixed at an incline to the dredges, supported by props on a lighter along side, and again, if necessary, on the bank. The earth fell from the scoops into the channels, and was conveyed at once a sufficient distance away from the water's edge.

The chief contractor, M. S. Vallee, by name, has invented a new machine on a large scale, which does the work more effectually than the methods formerly in use,

although it has not quite superseded them. It has one great advantage, that it is easily made available for a number of dredges. It is like a huge iron quadrant, strongly built, the outer edge of the segment of the circle being uppermost, the centre resting on a revolving bed. Along the chord of the arc is placed a tramway, on which trucks are drawn by a strong wire rope. An engine is attached to the traversing bed to work the whole machinery. The machine can be turned round where it stands, or it can be transported to any distance required on rails on which it rests, and which can be brought into connection with others. The earth excavated by the dredges is then dropped into lighters having wooden cases prepared for the purpose, each about four feet square. When all have been filled, the lighter is taken alongside the emptying-machine, each case is lifted from the lighter, put on to the truck on the machine, carried along the tramway, and the contents shot out at the other end away from the canal. By this means a lighter may be emptied in a few minutes.

The original agreement between the government of Egypt and the canal company ceded to the latter in perpetuity a considerable tract of land on either side of the canal, and, when the fresh water was obtained from the Damietta branch of the Nile, the canal company proceeded forthwith to cultivate these tracts where possible. This interfered with the pacha's cotton and sugar monopoly. The English also were by no means pleased at the French company obtaining so much influence in Egypt, or so permanent a hold upon so large a proportion of the population as promised ultimately to be settled there. Negotiations were, therefore, commenced two years ago, which ended in the pacha's purchasing the land capable of cultivation on both sides of the canal which was not required by the company, for two millions of pounds sterling, and this supply of ready money has been most seasonable, for the exchequer of the canal company was nearly drained, whilst half the works remain to be completed. The fresh-water canal was also ceded to the pacha; and the narrow strip of land left to the company on each side of the canal is for the future to be used for building purposes and storehouses only, not for cultivation by means of the *fehallis* or peasants.

There can be no doubt of the advantageous nature of this arrangement. The government of Egypt is thereby enabled to add largely to its revenues by bringing into cultivation the extensive valley between Zagazig and Ismailyeh, where the soil, as I

have already stated, is excellent, and fresh water only is required to fertilize it. Its authority is now supreme over the Arabs, who have settled here for cultivation, and all fear of subsequent jealousy and clashing of interests between the company and the Egyptian government in the future is removed.

The rapid improvement of all the towns leading to the canal in every direction is one direct result of the operations already carried on. Zagazig, for instance, a few years ago, was a very ordinary Arab village, dirty, small, with a few mud huts, a few palm-trees, a few cattle, and a population of half-starved, diseased Arabs, and Egyptians. *Nous avons changé tout cela!* the French may well exclaim. Good buildings have been erected where all, a few years ago, was tumble-down wretchedness and filthy squalor. Factories for pressing cotton and constructing simple machinery, mills for grinding corn and extracting oil, have been erected, and the town bears that busy, bustling aspect which denotes that its Oriental lethargy has well-nigh gone, and has been superseded by the energy of the West.

In Suez, too, the canal works have already effected a wonderful revolution. A magnificent dry dock has been constructed, and the most extensive dredging and breakwater-making operations are in progress. The dry dock is more than four hundred feet long and nearly a hundred broad, whilst large basins for the secure anchorage of ships and steamers are being formed in front of it. Steam power resounds on every side, on shore and on water; the iron horse snorts, and pants, and labors incessantly. The new piers are being connected with the railway at Cairo, and with the town of Suez by branch lines of railway. The Egyptian government, shamed into activity by the gigantic works carried on by the canal company, is constructing piers and basins of its own at Suez, and what was, ten years ago, one of the laziest and filthiest of Eastern cities is now all life and energy, whilst the constant European supervision exercised over the works prevents the Arab and Egyptian from indulging in their usual license for the accumulation of filth.

The completion of the canal between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea is, therefore, a question simply of time and money. There are no physical difficulties to be encountered greater than those that have already been encountered and overcome. Immense sums of money have already been spent, and immense sums must still be spent

upon it, before it can be rendered fit to answer the intended purpose—that is, the transit of large vessels from sea to sea. Already goods can be conveyed from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, and *vice versa*, by means of the fresh-water canal from Suez to Ismailyeh, and not the grand canal from Ismailyeh to Port Sayd; but can also be conveyed from Suez to Alexandria more conveniently by rail, and more quickly too. The full purpose of the Grand Suez Canal will not be attained until large vessels are able to pass through it from end to end, so that steamers from Liverpool, London, Southampton, or Marseilles may pass on, without unloading in Egypt, through the Red Sea, to Bombay, or Galle, or Calcutta, or China, or Australia, as may be desired; and not till then will the canal become remunerative.

For sailing vessels it can never be made largely available, because the Red Sea is a long, narrow, gulf-like sea, subject to the monsoons, so that for one half the year sailing vessels could only sail up it, and for the other half of the year down it, without a ruinous loss of time caused by the incessant tacking necessary, and considerable danger.

Again, during the blowing of the kham-sin, or the simoom, the canal will be liable constantly liable, to have its works, its locks, etc., rendered temporarily useless by the deposit of large quantities of drift sand. Hedging back the sand by means of palisades on both sides of the canal may do something toward preventing its flowing or sinking into the body of the excavations, and the vegetation, encouraged on both sides of the embankment, may also do something toward preventing the drift sand being so troublesome as it might otherwise be; but the work will always be liable to great dangers from the nature of the desert around it. No one has experience sufficient, nor is it possible for any one to have this experience for many years, to enable him to say what the effect of the peculiar circumstances under which it is constructed will be upon its completion and its subsequent working.

That it is a great, a grand work, is indisputable—a work worthy of a great people to undertake, and which a great people only push to completion—a work which, if left to Egypt and the Egyptian government only, would probably never be constructed. Whether it will ever pay its constructors as a commercial speculation remains to be seen, and is, in my opinion, very doubtful.

Nothing can exceed the kindness of the French authorities, and of M. de Lesseps in particular, in affording ever facility for strangers properly introduced to inspect the

works. There is no concealment, no exclusiveness. The work is cosmopolitan, and it is carried out by the French engineers and overseers in a cosmopolitan spirit.

It is a curious fact that the valley between the towns of Zagazig and Ismailyeh, through which the fresh-water canal passes, is called both by the French employees and by the natives in the neighborhood the valley of *Goshene*. The Arabs did not seem to know anything of the origin or the extent of this appellation, nor does it appear to have formed the subject of any investigation. I do not believe it to be a name descending from remote antiquity, but simply a modern coinage, perhaps introduced by the French themselves, and adopted by the natives. If it could be proved to be an appellation of remote antiquity, handed down through all the historical periods of Egyptian history, from the days of the Pharaohs to those of the Moslem viceroys, it would be a fact of the highest interest, as well in an historical as in a philological point of view.

—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

#### BLEEDING BREAD.

A very remarkable addition to our knowledge of the peculiar action of these infusoria has just been made by Dr. Erdmann, of Berlin. The singular phenomenon of "bleeding bread" has been occasionally noticed from the earliest times; thus Alexander the Great, according to the account given by Quintus Curtius, was appalled by the appearance of blood flowing from inside his soldiers' bread during the siege of Tyre in 332 B. C. His seer, Aristander, foresaw in the flowing of blood from the inside of the bread a favorable omen for the Macedonians, and the soldiers thus inspirited captured Tyre. From the year 1004, the phenomenon of the bleeding Host and bread, as well as the "bewitched bloody milk," was observed several times each century; thus it was noticed in 1264, under Urban IV., at Bolsena, not far from Civita Vecchia, and Raphael has taken this for the subject of his picture called the "Miracolo di Bolsena." In 1383, when Heinrich von Bulow destroyed the village and Church of Wilsnach, drops of blood were found eight days afterwards, on the Host placed on the altar. In 1510, thirty-eight Jews were burnt to ashes because "they had tortured the consecrated Host until it bled." In the year 1819, the same phenomenon was seen at Legnano, near Padua, and in consequence of the great excitement produced in the minds of the inhabitants, a Govern-

ment Commission was appointed to investigate the cause of the appearance of blood-stains on food, which about the end of August was to be seen in more than three hundred houses, and the priests were forbidden to exorcise the supposed witchcraft. The same appearance was observed on the Moselle, in 1824, and in 1848 the celebrated microscopist, Ehrenburg, had an opportunity of examining this singular phenomenon in Berlin. The conclusion which he arrived at, from the careful microscopic investigation of the red stains on bread, cheese, and potatoes, was that it is caused by small monads or vibrios, which have a red color, and are so minute that from 46,656,000,000,000 to 884,736,000,000,000 distinct beings occupy the space of one cubic inch. In August, 1866, a piece of roast veal was handed to Dr. Erdmann upon which a quantity of these blood-stains was found, giving the meat the appearance of having had a mixture of cherry and raspberry sauce poured over it, dried, and then partially washed off with water. In this red portion, large numbers of vibrios were seen in rapid motion, "dancing like a swarm of gnats in the sunshine." Dr. Erdmann next tried to inoculate these red stains on to other articles of food, and in this he was perfectly successful; after thirty-six hours, the bread upon which a few particles of the red matter were placed became stained almost throughout of a bright crimson color. A microscopic examination of this bread showed that the starch granules of the bread remained uncolored, and that the formation of the red substance only occurred on the gluten or nitrogenous portion of the flour. He also showed that the disease could be communicated to many other albuminous substances,—such as the white of egg, serum of blood, potatoes, etc.; indeed that the contagion could be communicated without direct inoculation, as the particles floated about in the air, and all the moist bread and potatoes left exposed in the laboratory where he was carrying on his experiments became imbued with the color.

In his further investigation of the nature of the phenomenon, Dr. Erdmann arrived at two most interesting conclusions: [1] the color is not due to the vibrios themselves, which are perfectly colorless, but it is produced by them from the albuminous matter contained in the food upon which the stains appear; [2] this coloring matter can be separated from the animals which produce it, and appears to be identical in its properties with the well-known aniline color known as "magenta," now so much in

vogue. Here then we have a real manufactory of coal-tar colors from albumen, by the help of small infusoria. Who knows but that as we now have plantations of cacti on which the small cochineal insect feeds which yields us carmine, so we may in time grow our magenta by the aid of these most minute vibrios?—*Edinburgh Review*.

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TREASURES.

I have some withered flowers  
That are softly laid away,  
Not because they were so beautiful,  
And fragrant in their day;  
But little fingers clasped them,  
And little lips caressed,  
And little hands so tenderly  
Laid them on "mother's" breast.  
The paper that enfolds them  
Was white in other years;  
But it's yellow now and crumpled,  
And stained with many tears.  
Yet, though they look so worthless,  
This paper and the flowers,  
They clasp and hold, like links of gold,  
Memories of jewel-hours.

I have some little ringlets,  
They are softly laid away;  
Their lustre and their beauty  
Are like the sun's glad ray.  
But 'tis not for this I prize them—  
It is that they restore  
The tender grace of a loving face  
That gladdens earth no more.  
As shipwrecked men at midnight  
Have oft been known to cling  
With a silent prayer, in wild despair,  
To some frail, floating thing—  
So I, in darkened moment,  
Clasp, with a voiceless prayer,  
Whilst wand'ring wide on grief's deep tide,  
These locks of golden hair.

I have some broken playthings  
That are softly laid away,  
With some dainty little garments,  
Made in a long past day.  
To each there is a history,  
But this I may not tell,  
Lest the old, old flood of sorrow  
Again should rise and swell.  
Now that the skies are brightened,  
And the fearful storm is o'er,  
Let me sit in tender calmness  
On Memory's silent shore,  
And count the simple treasures  
That still remain to show  
Where Hope's fair freight, by saddest fate,  
Was shipwrecked long ago.

I have another treasure  
That is softly laid away,  
And though I have not seen it  
This many a weary day,

From everything around me  
 Comes a token and a sign  
 That 'tis fondly watched and guarded,  
 And that it still is mine.  
 When the flowers lie dead in winter,  
 In their winding-sheets of snow,  
 We know they'll rise to charm our eyes  
 Again in summer's glow.  
 Thus I, in this chill season,  
 When frost and darkness reign,  
 Wait the blest spring whose warmth shall  
 Life to my flower again. [bring

—*Home Journal.*

*Original.*

AN ENGLISH CHRISTMAS, PAST AND  
 PRESENT.

BY J. M. W.

A thousand happy reminiscences through the memory at the return of Christmas, and there are very few of us who do not cherish kindly and pleasant recollections of this, the blithest, merriest festival of the year. Closely linked with the hearty fellowship, universal jollity, and social reunion, there is a quaint commingling of Pagan superstition and Christian ceremonies, of feasting and fasting, of license and penance, that gives to Christmas characteristics that distinguish it as the chief of holidays.

For fourteen hundred years all Christendom has observed the 25th of December in commemoration of the Nativity, though probably the real anniversary would be more correctly placed in midsummer. Our thoughts naturally revert to the favored plains of Bethlehem, where, in rich, sweet, melting song, the choral harmonies of the skies were wafted upon the midnight air to the wondering senses of the shepherds of Judea, announcing that CHRIST was born; that the glory of God was enshrined in frail, feeble clay; and that man's long-promised redemption was about to be accomplished.

But for the inception of the prevailing jollities of Christmas, we must go back to a period far anterior to the birth of the Messiah, and long before the legions of Cæsar lay enshrouded beneath the white cliffs of Kent. The winter solstice inspired the gladness of the nations, and, in what is now our month of December, they celebrated the commencement of the lengthening of the days, and the first faint indications of approaching spring.

The Saturnalia of Rome was marked by gen-

eral license and merry-making. The slave and his master met on equal footing, business was suspended, the houses were decorated with evergreens, presents were exchanged, and all feasted and rejoiced. In the gloomy and frozen north, large fires were kindled in honor of Odin and Thor; and the blood of man and beast flowed together upon Druidical altars. In the early days of Christianity, the greatest opposition was encountered by its apostles when warning their converts against indulging in their wonted heathen revels; and the clergy were at last compelled to make a compromise by amalgamating the Pagan and the Christian elements in the celebration, and fixing it as the season of the Nativity; and thus we have the incongruous medley that composes the festivities of Christmas.

Christmas-eve practically ushers in the holidays, and they are continued until Twelfth-night, or the 6th of January. Of the former, as it existed long ago, we have a most graphic picture in Sir Walter Scott's "Marmion":

"On Christmas-eve the bells were rung,  
 On Christmas-eve the mass was sung;  
 That only night in all the year  
 Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.  
 The damsel donned her kirtle sheen,  
 The hall was dressed with holly green;  
 Forth to the wood did merry men go,  
 To gather in the mistletoe.  
 Then opened wide the baron's hall  
 To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;  
 Power laid his rod of rule aside,  
 And Ceremony doffed his pride;  
 The heir, with roses in his shoes,  
 That night might village partner choose;  
 The lord, underogating, share  
 The vulgar game of "post and pair,"  
 All hailed with uncontrolled delight  
 And general voice, the happy night  
 That, to the cottage as the crown,  
 Brought tidings of salvation down;  
 The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,  
 Went roaring up the chimney wide;  
 The huge hall-table's oaken face,  
 Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,  
 Bore then upon its massive board  
 No mark to part the squire and lord;  
 Then was brought in the lusty brawn  
 By old blue-coated servant man;  
 Then the grim boar's-head frowned on high,  
 Crested with bays and rosemary;  
 The wassail round in good brown bowls,  
 Garnished with ribbons, blithely trolls;  
 There the huge sirloin reeked; hard by  
 Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie;  
 Nor failed old Scotland to produce,  
 At such high tide, her savory goose;  
 Then came the merry masquers in,



And carols roared with blithesome din;  
 If unmelodious was the song,  
 It was a hearty note, and strong.  
 Who lists may in their mumming see  
 Traces of ancient mystery:  
 White shirts supplied the masquerade,  
 And smutted cheeks the visors made;  
 But, oh, what masquers, richly dight,  
 Could boast of bosoms half so light?  
 England was merry England when  
 Old Christmas brought his sports again."

Two of the popular customs of the present day—the hanging up of the mistletoe, and the burning of the Yule-log,—are directly traceable to our Druid ancestors. The ancient Britons regarded the mistletoe with religious reverence, and on its sacred anniversary, accompanied by their priests, the pageant sallied forth in search of the mystic parasite. When they had reached the oak on which the mistletoe grew, two white bulls were bound to it, and the high priest, clad in pure white robes, climbed up and cut the worshipped plant with a golden knife, while another Druid received it in the folds of his garments. The two animals, and frequently human victims, were then sacrificed, and the festivities were thus inaugurated. The mistletoe was next distributed in small pieces to the multitude, by whom it was suspended in little sprays above their doorways as a propitiation to the gods, in the season of frost and snow. And this Christmas it will be found in the cottage of the peasant and in the palace of the Queen; while the fair one who may be found beneath runs the risk of being kissed by any one finding her in such dangerous proximity.

The Yule-log is a memento of sun-worship, and of Scandinavian fires in his honor, and is still burnt in many parts of England upon the Christmas-eve. In feudal times it was the most joyous feature of the celebration. With song and shout, this venerable product of the forest was dragged into the rude baronial hall and beneath the spacious chimney. Every one saluted it as it passed him by uncovering his head, and it was then kindled with the carefully-preserved remains of its predecessor. Herrick, a poet of the seventeenth century, has given us an inspiring song for the occasion. *En parenthèse*, our Christmas poets are not usually teetotalers:

"Come, bring with a noise,  
 My merry, merry boys,  
 The Christmas-log to the firing,  
 While my good dame she

Bids, ye all be free,  
 And drink to your heart's desiring.

"With the last year's brand  
 Light the new block, and,  
 For good success in his spending,  
 On your psalteries play,  
 That sweet luck may  
 Come while the log is a tending.

"Drink now the strong beer,  
 Cut the white loaf here,  
 The while the meat is a shredding  
 For the rare mince pie,  
 And the plums stand by  
 To fill the paste that's a kneading."

An invariable accompaniment to the Yule-log was the candle of monstrous dimensions which illumined the groaning board, and from which we derive our modern Christmas-candles.

In Devonshire, the Yule-log is represented by the Ashton-faggot, a bundle of ash-sticks tied together by nine bands of the same wood, which is burnt amidst the greatest merriment. The master is once again upon a level with his servant, and all engage in sports together. Leaping in sacks, diving for apples, and jumping for cakes and treacle, are the time-honored amusements, and for every snap of the faggot upon the hearth the master must furnish another foaming beaker of cider or egg-nog.

In remote districts of the country there still exists a belief that the cattle in their stalls bow their knees in adoration of the child Jesus; that the bees may be heard to sing in their hives; and that bread baked on Christmas-eve never grows mouldy.

The mumming—or guising, as the Scots have it—occupied a prominent place in the revels of the olden time, and, though not carried to the same extent as formerly, it is by no means altogether forgotten in some localities. The early British Christians, upon the feast of the Circumcision, or New-Year's-day, are said to have put on masks of most ridiculous features, and, thus attired, to have caricatured the superstitions of the Saturnalia; and they also frequently shared in the pastimes of their pagan neighbors. The clergy endeavored to metamorphose these heathen routs into less objectionable amusements, and the result was a semi-religious drama in which the ecclesiastics themselves sometimes joined. But the mumming is now a mere masquerade—where the performers disguise themselves for the purpose of exciting laughter or admira-

tion by the gorgeous or absurd costumes in which they are arrayed. In the old-time revels, the Lord of Misrule was the all-important personage at Christmas-time. The King, the Mayor, and the Sheriffs of London, with numberless others, all had their Lord of Misrule as master of the ceremonies, and it was a point of friendly emulation as to which should make the rarest sport for the spectators. In the Inns of Court in London, the Lord of Misrule was surrounded by the splendor and pageantry of royalty; having his lord-keeper and treasurer, his guard of honor, and even two chaplains, who preached before him on the Christmas-Sabbath. A chronicler of the times tells us that so lately as 1635, this royal fool expended some two thousand pounds upon the requirements of his office, and at the close of his reign was knighted by King Charles I. at Whitehall. The clown in the Christmas pantomimes of London is the best representative of the more antiquated Lord of Misrule, and the extravagancies of the former now afford the children one of the greatest treats in the whole year.

As the clocks repeat the midnight hour, the bells of the churches, changing and chiming, usher the glad coming of another Christmas-morn; and from many an ivy-clad belfry may be heard some of the simple airs of the church psalmody, played with surprising exactness and beauty; while out in the drifting storm, or beneath the placid, moon-lit sky, the waits chant, in quaint old rhyme, the Christmas-carols. Though once the term had a wider signification, the waits are now a band of singers gathered together for the occasion, or more frequently the choir of the village church, who go from house to house, singing some old hymn or ballad on the birth of Christ, and who, with the proceeds received, usually meet in social gathering on Twelfth-night. Some of these carols are rugged as primitive verse could be, while all are characterized by extreme simplicity.

In the banqueting-halls of the feudal barons, the energies of cook and servitor were tasked to the utmost to arrange a tempting bill of fare. All the wealthy kept open house during the holidays, and good cheer was provided without stint or measure. On Christmas-day the grand feast was served, and of all the dishes the boar's-head was best loved

and most diligently honored. Preceded by merry song, and heralded by blast of trumpets, it was borne in upon a dish of gold or silver and followed by a train of lords, and knights and ladies, chanting as they walked a song in its praise. Next in importance as a Christmas dish, came the peacock. The bird was first carefully skinned and his plumage preserved, and then, after being dressed for the table, his resplendent garment was restored, and with outspread tail, gilded beak, and lustrous eyes, it glistened upon the board in almost its living magnificence. Geese, capons, pheasants, and venison, were the garnishing accompaniments, and the fluids were proffered in just as great abundance. A sensual old singer of six hundred years ago tells us of how madly they drank as well as ate in those days:

"Lordlings, Christmas loves good drinking.  
Wines of Gascoigne, France, Anjou;  
English ale that drives out thinking—  
Prince of liquors, old or new.

"Every neighbor shares the bowl,  
Drinks the spicy liquor deep;  
Drinks his fill without control,  
Till he drowns his care in sleep."

The glory of boar's-head and peacock has departed, and roast-beef and plum-pudding hold undivided sway over the Christmas appetites of England. Though the repast is not so rude as it was five hundred years ago, it is still one of lavish abundance—very often of uproarious merriment. The drinking orgies which in the past characterized the Christmas feast are now, however, less extensively indulged in. The temperance reform has effected a wonderful transformation. Though much license is even now allowed at this season, yet there is a stigma attaching to the excess that still frequently occurs that respectable men wisely shun; and in the domestic management of the households of rich and poor there is a growing improvement in this respect. But amidst so much of feasting and amusement, of revelry and excitement, of pleasure-seeking and self-gratification, the charities of England have a world-wide celebrity; and a strong plea for the maintenance of Christmas observances might be deduced from the large-hearted, open-handed benevolence that at this season so freely dispenses of its abundance to the necessities of those whom Providence has less highly favored.

## Miscellaneous Selections.



FRANKLIN, the St. Benjamin of the typographical profession, made one of the greatest blunders on record in his day. In putting to press a "form" of the Common Prayer, the letter "c" dropped out of the passage, "we shall all be changed in the twinkling of an eye," without his noticing it. When the book came into use, what was the consternation of the devout when they read, "we shall all be hanged in the twinkling of an eye."

ENGLISH FOR THE PORTUGUESE.—A little book has been published in Paris, professing to teach the Portuguese how to converse in English, which contains a most amusing collection of errors. One dialogue commences thus: "Do you compose without doubt also some small discourses in English?" "Not yet I don't make that some exercises." "Do you speak English always?" "Sometimes: though I flay it yet." "You jest, you does express you self very well." Among the anecdotes is the following: "One-eyed was laid against a man which had good eyes that he saw better than him. The party was accepted. 'I had gain over said the one-eyed; why I see you two eyes, and you not look me who one.'" Here, again, is the last paragraph of the preface: "We expect then, who the little book (for the care what we wrote him, and for her typographical correction) that may be worth the acceptation of the studious persons and especially of the Youth, at which we dedicate him particularly."

CHINESE MEDICAL PRACTICE.—The physician approaches the sick room with courtesy and politeness, and having ascertained the nature of the disease of his patient, proceeds to prepare his prescription. Their prescriptions are generally vast compounds; they go on the supposition, very common with other practitioners, that it is best to give several remedies together, so that one or another of them will hit the case. Sometimes they compound as many as fifty to eighty different ingredients, and stew them altogether and then administer them. They hardly ever prescribe less than fifteen or twenty simple medicines. The physician is not so much a prescriber as a seller of medicine. He tells his customers what he thinks best for them or their friends, but it is very frequently the case that they make the selection. For instance, he may make up a prescription of ten or thirty remedies to be compounded, when the question will arise, how much is this to cost? The physician makes as low an estimate as possible and replies. The patient or friend may think it too high, that it cannot be afforded;

and one article or another is thrown out to reduce the cost—often the article most valuable to the patient. In some cases they cannot agree on a prescription or its price, and the patient deliberately gives himself up to die rather than pay the price demanded.

A STORY OF COUNT BISMARCK.—The *Daheim* tells a story of Count Bismarck which amusingly illustrates the well-known fondness of that minister for a practical joke. One day, while he was dining in his hotel, at the *table d'hôte*, he observed two young ladies sitting opposite him who were talking and laughing in a very loud tone. He soon perceived that they were making fun of the company, and that their remarks were especially directed against himself; but he could not understand a word of what they were saying, as they spoke in the Lettish language, evidently making sure that no one at the table was acquainted with it. Although the Count was ignorant of the language, he had, however, learnt two or three Lettish words during a recent tour in Courland, and he determined to use his knowledge so as to disconcert his fair assailants. Turning to a friend who sat near him, he whispered, "When you hear me speak in a foreign language, give me your watch-key." Meanwhile the ladies went on talking more loudly than ever, and by the time the dessert was put on the table their hilarity had reached its climax. At length, during a pause after a somewhat heartier burst of laughter than usual, Count Bismarck said quietly to his friend, "Dohd man to azleck" ("Give me the key"). The effect was instantaneous; the ladies started as if they were shot, and, with their faces covered with blushes, they rushed out of the room.

A HUMAN TIMEPIECE.—A wonderful story is told of a man named J. D. Chevalley, a native of Switzerland, who had in 1845, at the age of sixty-six, arrived at an astonishing degree of perfection in reckoning time by an internal movement. He was, in fact, a human time-piece or living clock. In his youth he was accustomed to pay great attention to the ringing of bells and vibrations of pendulums, and by degrees he acquired the power of counting a succession of intervals exactly equal to those which the vibrations of the sound produced. Being on board a steamboat on Lake Geneva, on July 14th, 1832, he engaged to indicate to the crowd around the lape of a quarter of an hour, or as many minutes and seconds as any one chose to name, and this during a most diversified conversation with those standing by; and

further, to indicate by his voice the moment when the hand passed over the quarter, minutes, or any other subdivision previously stipulated, during the whole course of the experiment. This he did without mistake, notwithstanding the exertions of those about him to distract his attention, and clapped his hands at the conclusion of the fixed time. His own account of his gift was as follows: I have acquired by imitation, labor, and patience, a movement which neither thought nor labor nor anything can stop. It is similar to that of a pendulum, which at each moment of going and returning gives me the space of three seconds, so that twenty of them make a minute, and these I add to others, continually."

**MAKING GLASS EYES.**—It is said that there are in New York at least seven thousand people who wear false eyes. The manufacture of these eyes is done entirely by hand, and is thus described by the *American Artisan*: "A man sits down behind a jet of gas flame, which is pointed and directed as he wishes by a blow-pipe. The pupil of the eye is made with a drop of black glass, imbedded in the centre of the iris. The blood-vessels seen in the white of the eye are easily put in with red glass, while the optic is glowing with heat like a ball of gold. The whole eye can be made inside of an hour, and is at once ready to put in. The reader should know that it is simply a thin glass shell, which is intended to cover the stump of the blind eye. After being dipped in water this shell is slipped in place, being held by the eyelids. The secret of imparting motion to it, depends upon working the glass eye so that it shall fit the stump. If it is too large, it will not move; if it fits nicely, it moves in every particular like the natural eye, and it is quite impossible, in many cases, to tell one from the other. The operation is not in the least painful, and those who have worn them a number of years feel better with them in than when they are out. A glass eye should be taken out every night, and put in in the morning. In three or four years the false eye has become so worn that a new one has to be obtained. Some ladies, who live at a distance from the manufactory, keep a box of glass eyes on hand, in case of accident, for besides wearing out, they will break under certain circumstances."

**A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.**—Major Wisp, of the *New York Evening Post*, writing from Dubuque, Iowa, relates the following bit of local history: "On Turkey river, at a more recent period, lived Amasa Barker, a worthy itinerant minister of the Methodist Church. Besides being a fisher of men he was a fisher of fish, and also delighted in the pleasures of the chase. To him one fine Saturday night came another son of Nimrod, Jack Waters. Jack woke up the minister by calling to him outside. The parson put his head out of the door and recognized his friend at once. "Mr. Barker," says Jack, "fine night for 'coon hunting. Can you come out and

have a shot?" A muffled protest in a feminine voice was faintly heard within the house; but the good minister was too ardent a hunter to yield even to petticoat influence. A moment later he appeared at the door in hunting trim, and the two men started off, although the protest was repeated more strenuously, accompanied by the apparition at a window of a head encased in a ruffled nightcap. Spite of the fine night, however, and the skill of two hunters, luck was against them; and several hours had passed before they met with anything worth taking home. At last the parson descried a fine coon in a tree. Being a sprightly parson and an agile, he climbed up after the animal, following it to quite a height. At last, getting a good chance, he levelled his gun. "Why don't you fire?" hoarsely whispered Jack, after waiting several minutes, during which the parson remained suddenly transfixed, neglecting to pull the trigger. "I say, Mr. Waters," he replied, "what time is it? Remember this is Saturday night." "No it isn't," says Jack, looking at his watch, "it's Sunday morning. Just five minutes past twelve. Now, fire quick, you won't have such a chance again." "No, no," replies the minister, "it won't do, Mr. Waters. Too late now; we must come another time." "But just give the coon a crack," urged Jack. "Can't do it," said the minister, slowly descending. "Recollect what the commandment says: 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy'—coon or no coon."

**THE HUMAN FROG.**—There is a man on exhibition in London who calls himself "Natator," or the human frog, and who performs feats under water. Mr. F. Buckland has examined him, and makes a report thereupon. "Natator," practises in an aquarium, and the following are some of his feats: "He descends, and eats under water a sponge cake or a bun. He opens his mouth to show that he has really swallowed it. It is most difficult to swallow cake under water without also swallowing water. It required three years' practice to do this performance with safety; for if, when under water, he should happen to cough, the water would enter, he would instantly be choked, and a serious accident would ensue. Ascending to the surface, a soda-water bottle is handed to him; he dives with it to his perch at the bottom, and drinks down the contents, viz: a halfpennyworth of milk; he chooses milk because of the color, and in order that the audience may see that he actually drinks it from the bottle; this is a most difficult trick, as it is hard to swallow the milk without the water getting into his mouth. A lighted pipe is handed to him; he takes a few whiffs above water, and then descends with it; when under water, he manages somehow to keep it alight and to emit bubbles which, coming to the surface, burst in little puffs of tobacco smoke. Coming to the surface, he shows that his pipe is still alight. He is a young man, twenty years old, five feet seven and a half inches in stature, and nine stone six pounds in

weight; he is lightly-bult, but exceedingly well made and muscular. His pulse, on coming out of the water, gave one hundred and forty-eight beats to the minute; twenty minutes after, they were ninety-two to the minute. When he first began to practise long stays under water, some four years since, he used to suffer from severe headaches, but now these have quite disappeared; he never has rheumatism, or other ache or pain in any form, though he goes through his performance at half-past ten every night, and sometimes twice a day. The water in his aquarium he manages to keep at a temperature of about sixty-two degrees, but the warmer the water is, the longer he can stay in, and the easier his performances become. The longest time he has ever remained under water at a stretch has been sixty-nine seconds, and last Saturday week he remained sixty-four; his ordinary tricks require from ten to thirty seconds under water.

**AN ORIENTAL DINNER.**—People are not apt to think how much the enjoyment of convivial honors and polite hospitalities depends upon harmony of manners and identity of education. Travellers in foreign countries find it necessary to learn one lesson, which, when acquired, must add somewhat to their comfort, and that is, not to be too nice. A recent "howadji," writing of his journeyings "On the Nile," communicates some amusing experiences of his own, from which we take an extract: "Fancy a rough, honest navy doomed to dine at a Belgravian dinner party! He would feel about as handy with his knife and fork, and as happy in his surroundings, as we did deprived of those useful instruments, and eating before Mustapha Aga and the Cadi in that dimly lighted but luxurious chamber of Amunoph's temple. Did you ever accomplish a meal with nothing to help you but your hands? No? Then just try it, and think what we must have suffered as course after course—fowl, pilaff, game—tripped up the heels of its fellow on the little round table whereat we were seated in such illustrious companionship. It is true that a slave brought round water after each course, and that a snowy napkin was given to each guest; but some of the dishes were soft and pappy, and each man dipped, his fingers into the dish and fed by mouthfuls. The Cadi had a detestably indefinite way of hooking up his food in the hollow of his hand, which scandalized the professor, who sat next to him, mightily. "Will you take some goose?" said Mustapha, addressing Smith. "It is one I shot yesterday." And he laid hold on one leg of the bird, while Smith tore away the other. It reminded me of breaking a merry-thought with your neighbor, for neither was sure which would get the larger half. Afterwards I was treated to a pull, and got a wing. The professor came in for the breast; there was some difficulty, I remember, in detaching the breast; but after a deal of spluttering it was accomplished. It is needless to say that our awkwardness at the feast was taken in good-

part, and that we all laughed heartily and enjoyed ourselves to the full. In fact, the Cadi, a fat, moon-faced man, laughed till he nearly rolled on to the floor. A gilt ewer and basin were brought in at the finish, and water poured over the hands of each guest by a robed and turbaned Oriental, even as Elisha poured water on the hands of his master.—*Leisure Hour.*

**RETIRE FROM LIFE.**—I observe that trees keep all their beauty to the closing periods. How beautiful is the tree when it comes out of winter, and puts on all its delicate tints and shades of green! We then look upon the tree as though it was a new creation, and we say, "Surely, God never made anything so beautiful as these trees;" and yet when summer deepens their hues, and they have become more robust, and we see what vigor and freshness and succulency there is in them, we say, "After all, give me the summer tints. They are far better than the spring delicacies." And yet, when the October days have come, and the last part of the tree life for the year is enacted, and we see the gorgeous yellows, the rich browns, and the magnificent scarlets, we say, "There, the last is the best." And might we not take pattern from the trees? Might we not follow up our youth and manhood with fair colors and delicate tints to the end of life? I do not think a man ought to want to rest in this world. He may desire to achieve the means of setting himself free from physical taxation. He may say: "I will relinquish in a measure, this, that I may transfer my activity to other spheres." That, it is proper for a man to do. But for a man to retire from life and society after he has been an active force therein, and filled his sphere with usefulness, and seen the fruit of his labor multiplied at his hand, and known the satisfaction of well-spent years—nature itself rebukes it. But many a man at the age of forty-five years, says to himself: "I am worth \$500,000, and what a fool I am to work any longer! I am going to buy me an estate in the country, and be a gentleman." He buys him an estate, and undertakes to be a gentleman; but a man who has nothing to do is no gentleman. He goes into the country, and learns how to gape, and learns how to wish he knew what to do. He goes into the country in order to take the cars every morning, and come to the city every day to see what is going on. And he soon discovers that he has made a mistake, and says: "What a fool I was! I thought I was unhappy, but I see that I was not." And he becomes discontented, and before two years have gone he sells his country place for fifty per cent. less than he gave, and goes back to the city and enters into a new partnership, and says, "I have learned that a man had better not give up business so long as he is able to attend to it." He could, I think have learned it without going through that practice. A man ought not to be obliged to stumble upon every evil of life in order to find it out. Something ought to be learned from other people's blunders. There are enough of them.—*H. W. Beecher.*

## Young Folks.

*Original.*

### A STORY FOR A BIRTHDAY.

BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL, QUEBEC.

*Concluded.*

#### CHAPTER III.

Morning, bright morning! how lovely are you in the first blooming of your early beauty, before the sun sips off your dewy freshness, and you become matured under his warm gaze! Ah! little do the gay votaries of fashion know of the feast of good things the Father prepare for his children, the large table he daily spreads. Walk out! walk out! and see for yourself, and you take with you added health, energy and happiness for companions. See God's creatures, with less wisdom, and, strange to say, yet more rational than ourselves, using the light as it is given to them, ever working and singing to their Maker's praise, and those to whom life only can be said to be given in a modified sense—the trees and plants—growing for Him, filling the air with their fragrance, the very perfume of a Father's presence. Look at God's works, see in them the living expression of His goodness and smile; see Him silently working everywhere, and think can you afford to trifle away time when He can spare none, and you, too, to whom time is but the growth into eternity—as the poet says:

“Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean  
And the pleasant land.  
Thus the little minutes—  
Humble though they be—  
Make the mighty ages  
Of eternity.”

But with this digression we are forgetting our little friends, in whose little green hearts lay hidden all the germ of future brightness, now shadowing forth as each new exigency of their life demanded it, and who not hav-

ing tasted of fashion's cup, did not require to sleep off the poison of its dregs, and were up with the sun, offering the first breathings of their nature to Him who made them. All busy and frisky were they, chirruping round, in and out of the warm cabbage heart getting breakfast, the dew of the morning their coffee, and a crispy leaf curl their toast. After all was cleared away, the natural propensities of their nature (now developing fast) to crawl away, being overcome by the insatiable desire to acquire knowledge and experience from their brother, they formed a circle round to listen to the rest of his story, which he at once began:

“My embrace and my fervid exclamations did not at all embarrass my new friend, but flashing up her eyes, she said, ‘Another opportunity for good! Author of my being I thank thee! another to warn; to stimulate; to encourage; another precious inner life to save;’ and then turning to me, she sweetly said, ‘Tell me all you know about yourself first, that I may see how to help, and where to enlighten you.’ This I did, from the time we saw the egg merging into motion, up to my entry into the mossy cell. She listened attentively, flashing again and again those brilliant eyes—starting up with affright as I told the humbling story of my weakness and vanity, and sinking back with flash after flash of brightness (which strangely awed me), when I told of my escape—‘My young friend,’ she began, ‘you have already tasted much of the pleasures, temptations, and trial of life, without being aware of the true and the false of their nature. Know then that you are a larva,\* produced as you saw from an egg, and quickened into life by a great Creator, to whom every

\* This name which signifies literally a mask, was given by Linnæus because the caterpillar is a kind of outer covering or disguise of the future butterfly within.

thing owes its being, and who though unseen is everywhere present—your wishes therefore to see Him, can only be satisfied in the sight of His works, for no one can look upon Him and live; but to know Him, and feel a sense of His love and presence, is your great privilege. He has placed within your keeping an *inner life*, that when this frail body decays and passes away, you will live again in a brighter and more beautiful form.’ Agitated—I sprung up—a vision of beauty was developing itself in my friend. What did it mean? Did I see the shadow of that inner life? and again I cried out, ‘Tell me! oh, tell me what I am to be; am I awaking from a dream, and, ecstatic thought, am I the casket to a psyche?’ With a burst of enthusiasm she replied, ‘You are,—this body is not your all; within you, indeed, is the germ of an undeveloped psyche, which is to revel in the delights of a higher and better existence. Oh, to put off this body—to be clothed upon with that better body: I long to depart, to be with those who have gone before. My friend, my mission is nearly (as I said before) ended; should you remain to cheer my last hours, you will no doubt catch glimpses of the future glory which I am waiting in faith to receive. My few last moments of strength shall be given to warn you, though perchance to damp your happiness and sense of security, for know that the second life will be yours only as you care for it in this. There is abroad an enemy, fascinating, subtle and dangerous, called ichneumon fly\* whose great delight is to destroy this

\* There is a numerous tribe of insects, well known to naturalists, called ichneumon flies; which, in the larva state, are parasitical, that is, inhabit and feed on other larvæ. This fly being provided with a long sharp sting, which is, in fact, an ovipositor (egg-layer), pierces with this the body of a caterpillar in several places, and deposits her eggs, which are there hatched and feed as grubs (larvæ) on the inward parts of its victim. The common cabbage caterpillar is often thus attacked. A most wonderful circumstance connected with this process is that a caterpillar which is thus attacked goes on feeding and apparently thriving quite as well during the whole of its larva life, as those that have escaped. For by a wonderful provision of instinct, the ichneumon grubs within do not injure any of the organs of the larva, but feed only on the future butter-

second life within you. Think then with fear and joy of your escape, when I tell you, that you nearly fell a victim to its snares.’ With what horror did I now listen, grasping, not daring to interrupt, and well knowing it was to the masked revellers my friend alluded. ‘Of these you will have to be constantly watchful, else the present delights of their company will pierce you through with many sorrows, and end in the total destruction of your psyche. So great is their power that their victims do not see their danger, nor can it be seen in some cases by others, till the hour of departure appears; then, in losing this body, they find they have also lost their brighter and better one, and die in anguish and despair. You have, therefore, a work before you,—great, good and glorious,—that life to care for, this to work in—new germs of being to leave behind you, and influence for good over all. You are one more living token of the greatness and goodness of Him who made you, and who will not leave nor forsake you while you look to Him for help. Moreover, I have heard it whispered that we (the larvæ) are honored instruments, used by Him to give lessons of glorious immortality to the highest of living beings, so high, that they are made in the image of Him who created them. If this be the case, my friend, how noble our position; truly, we were not made for naught, nor, as instinct, wisely told you, were we made for egotistical or sensual purposes. Rouse then, dream not life away; do all the good you can; work while it is day—night cometh when no one can work. Oh, glory! glory, ’tis here! I feel the bursting of the strong bonds of this mortality! I am

fly inclosed within it, and, consequently, it is hardly possible to distinguish a caterpillar which has these enemies within it from those that are untouched. But when the period arrives for the close of the larva life, the difference appears;—those that have escaped the parasites assuming the pupa state, from which they emerge butterflies. But as for the others the ichneumon grubs at this period issue forth and spin their little cocoons of bright yellow silk, from which they are to issue as flies. Of the unfortunate caterpillar nothing remains but an empty skin, the butterfly secretly consumed.—*Whately's Future State Lecture.*

going! adieu! adieu. A few moments of awful silence ensued. I had covered my head, and when I looked up again, I saw a glorious psyche rise from the ashes (so lately a living larva) and soar upwards in the air, far, far out of my sight. 'Oh, dear friend! I mourned, to find you, to lose you again so soon; what might the dear delights of your society have been to me!' and the inner voice answered, 'She will never return to you, but you will go to her. Follow on, then, in the narrow safe path she pointed out to you, and rejoice that you have been blessed by the counsel, and been permitted the privilege of cheering the dying bed of a believer!' With one fond farewell of the heap of clay (all that was left of my first friend), I started towards home again, sorrowing, yet rejoicing. I had not gone very far when it was my lot to witness another departure from life; but oh how different in results; how sad in the details. I had stopped to rest, crawling under the shelter of a crumbling log to escape the observation of a giddy throng whom I now hated as well as feared, when I saw another larva slowly and painfully dragging herself along; a sad picture of woe. Offering my aid I helped her to a couch and asked her if she felt more easy. Laughing scornfully, she replied:

'Easy! no! easy! that is what I shall never feel in life again. I am dying, dying the victim to mental anguish and a deceived heart.' 'But, friend, you will live again,' I replied. 'Never!' she shrieked! 'never! I have destroyed my psyche. Do not mock me with the thought. I am lost—undone, a lost psyche: echo it out; ring it till every living thing hears, it, if you will, the fearful word—lost!' Exhausted she sunk back. 'Great Maker of all, what have I done? too late—too late—I know it now—I am lost.' 'Ah!' she continued, looking at me and speaking with bitterness, 'take warning by me; those gay friends who tempted me, offered me the seat of ambition's highest flight, seduced and surrounded me, have cheated me, betrayed me; and now that they have done their work, left me to die in misery—robbing me of all that was worth

having—giving me a phantom chase in return. Oh, for time,! oh, for life! Must I die, and that for ever?' And with a frightful yell, that is still ringing through my ears—she doubled up her body in agony—stretched out, and was no more. In vain I looked for glimpses of a psyche; it had indeed been consumed, destroyed, it was not; and in its place was left nothing of the unfortunate victim, but a festering mass of worms, the relics of earth's most tempting enticements.'

My tale is ended! my story is done! its moral remains to be pointed. May we not, many of us, trace the analogy to our own case, and ask ourselves, can we whom God beseeches for the early bud of our love, offer Him the withered blossom of life, after time has opened its petals and earth's sun exhaled their fragrance? Ought we, who see our Father in the higher glories of His greatest work, that of redemption, to give the withered stalk of a worm-eaten and gnawed heart to Him who quickened it, redeemed it, and offers to sanctify it? May the effect of our story upon you be equal to that upon the loving little family, an episode in whose history we have been trying to trace, who applied this lesson of life to their hearts, and it enabled them to bring forth the fruits of a good living, a happy death, and a glorious resurrection to immortality.

### THE ROUGH-SHELLED OYSTER.

BY LYNDE PALMER.

"Here, Image," said Victor, "you promised to be *servant*, if we'd let you come,—take this other lunch-basket, quick, while I climb up after that bunch of grasses and columbine, for Flora."

Imogen stretched out a patient hand, and toiled along like a little donkey laden with panniers; falling more and more into the rear, in spite of her anxious efforts.

"Now, Florry," said Victor, panting back again, "I will make you a wreath."

"No, I'd rather make it myself," said Florry.

"But I shall do it a thousand times better."

"And why, pray," cried Florry, pouting her pretty lips.



"I have the very best of reasons for knowing that I can do *everything* better than you," returned Victor, with the calmest superiority.

It was very provoking. Florry tried to think of something very cutting and sarcastic; but, failing in that, and the thermometer being over 90, she burst into angry tears.

"Don't cry," said Victor, gaping, "it will spoil your pretty eyes; and girls are good for nothing, if they are not pretty. For instance, the Image now—but what has become of her? Perhaps we had better wait under this tree; besides, I think we have gone far enough; we will have our supper here."

It was full five minutes before Imogen appeared, with her face in a red heat, and a little handkerchief, suspiciously wet, in her fat hand.

"I thought I was lost," quavered she; "I can't keep up with the baskets; they're grown so heavy,—you don't know."

"O yes, I do," said Victor, throwing himself back lazily. "That same goblin who goes about nights, putting round people into square holes, and square people into round ones,—always follows people with heavy baskets, and drops a stone in every few steps."

Imogen lifted the covers with large, frightened eyes.

"O, they're invisible," said Victor, "fairly stones, you know," while Florry laughed loud and long.

"But what an Image you are! how frightfully you look!" he continued. "Your complexion is a perfect mahogany, and looks so queer with your white hair and eyes! Dear me! as if it wasn't enough of a misfortune to be a girl, without—" he began to whistle.

Imogen swallowed a lump in her throat, and Florry complacently twined a curl of spun gold around her finger.

Presently Victor finished his wreath, and placing it on Florry's head, gazed with great satisfaction at the result.

"Imp!" said he suddenly. Poor Imogen started.

"You see before you the Sultan of Turkey, and his two hundred and ninetieth wife! Take the cup out of the basket, slave, and run, get us some cold water from the spring! Remember you promised to mind every word I said."

Little Imogen ran with nervous haste.

"That was good," said Victor, taking a long draught, and handing it to Florry. "The Sultan always drinks before his

wives, you know. Now, Image, you may take off your broad-brimmed hat, which I will try to imagine is an Oriental fan,—and keep off the flies, while I take a little nap."

"How stupid and disagreeable!" cried Flora.

"That is very disrespectful," said Victor.

"Why, who am I talking to?" cried Florry, scornfully. "Is it really the Sultan?"

"Some one very distinguished," said the unmoved Victor. "I shall be very great some day; I have the surest proofs; Imp," said he, with an air of superb patronage, "you are probably fanning a General Grant or a Shakespeare!"

Imogen looked impressed, as she shifted the hat in her little tired hands.

"Give us the proofs," cried Florry, with a jeering laugh. "We've had boasting enough."

"Nothing could be surer," repeated Victor. "I read the other day (and, by the way, I read a very different style of books from most boys of my age,—much *older*, you know) that you could tell from a person's features, what kind of a man he was to make. For instance, dark eyes generally show *power*, and mine, you see, are like a bucket of tar! But what was most satisfactory to *my* mind, was what was said about *noses*. A small, straight nose," he looked at Florry, "may be very pretty and delicate, but it will never accomplish much. You will never be famous, Florry. But a *snub* nose," he turned with mingled horror and pity, to the unfortunate Image, "is perfectly hopeless! Any one who has it, must always be childish and weak; it would be perfectly impossible for that person ever to do anything grand or noble. Now, don't turn on the water, Image,—if those eyes shouldn't happen to wash now, and should lose what little color they have!"

Poor Image cried stealthily behind her hat.

"But," continued Victor, triumphantly, "a large nose, especially a Roman nose,—like mine, for instance,"—he passed his fingers complacently over its ample proportions,—"can do anything in the world! This is the kind of nose that has always conquered in battle; that has painted the greatest pictures, and written the greatest books. The people with small, common features, have been pretty sure to have small, common places in life; but you never heard of a *great* man yet, who didn't have a big nose! It is useless to struggle

against it, and I shan't try. What couldn't one expect from such a nose as mine?"

A wild rose near by shook till it was all in a flush from head to foot; and a crow made a sudden rush overhead, as if he couldn't stand another word.

Victor colored a little; caw! caw! sounded so wonderfully like haw! haw!

"Imp!" said he, to hide his embarrassment, "set the table; we will have supper."

Imogen obeyed with a heavy heart. To be homely was bad enough, but to be stamped with a little snub nose, so that all the world would know she was a nobody, at first sight. She could not eat; the nice little sandwiches were dust, and the seed-cakes were ashes. She wished she hadn't begged so, to come in the woods that sweet June afternoon. It hadn't been at all what she expected.

"Then I'll never be good for anything," she said, mournfully, at last, thinking aloud.

"I didn't say that, Image," said Victor, pausing with a red, ripe strawberry suspended at his lips. "Almost everything is good for something. They say every toad is worth ten dollars to a garden, in eating up the little bugs and worms. You will have your little place under a cabbage-leaf somewhere, and doubtless be very useful."

Poor Image tried to think herself consoled, but the idea of being a toad in the beautiful world-garden, was not very inspiring.

The afternoon wore away. Florry, with many pretty compliments, was won back to good nature, but it was not worth while wasting time on Image, who was so very homely, and would always be a nobody. So the poor child wandered about in a heart-broken way, arms and feet aching with playing slave to the Sultan,—till, at last, her two selfish companions concluded to go home.

The sun had set, and it was growing quite dark, when they came out from the pretty green foot-path, in sight of home; but Florry *would* linger at the railroad track that lay between them and the village.

"Let's see the train pass, Victor," said she; "it is just coming, round the point."

Victor agreed, especially as he saw that Image was nervous about the rushing monster.

"See," said he, dancing on the track, "I wouldn't be afraid to stand here till the train got within a yard of me!"

"Yes, but *don't*," cried little Imogen, trembling, and setting down the baskets.

Victor smiled loftily, and stood carelessly at his ease.

Image wrung her little hands.

"What a goose you are!" cried the scornful Florry.

But the train rushed on, and Victor, executing one last, daring pirouette, caught his toe in the iron track, gave his foot a sudden wrench, and with a cry of pain, fell heavily across the rails. He struck his head, too, as he fell, and seemed stunned, for he made no effort to move, although the engine was frightfully near.

Florry saw the danger, at last. It would all be over in another minute! and, with a piercing shriek, she covered her eyes, and rushed wildly back into the woods.

But a pair of soft arms—which the fire of love, and an ice-wave of fear, had suddenly turned into steel,—were tugging at Victor's shoulders.

On rushed the pitiless monster, his horrible red eye dilating in the dusk; and mortal terror seized upon poor Image, as she pulled with superhuman strength. Ah! how fast it came! it was close upon them; its hot breath was on their cheeks! Alas! was this, then, to be the end of the Roman nose?

There was a dreadful trembling of the earth, a rushing, mighty wind, a cloud of dust and cinders, and then the silence and freshness stole softly back.

It was *very* still. The night-wind heard nothing but Florry's distant sobs, for full five minutes. *Then*—Victor and Image sat up, and looked at each other!

But neither of them could speak a word; and Victor's head must have been very much injured by the concussion, for the strangest idea kept continually recurring, and that was, that Image had done something as grand as if she had been a boy with a Roman nose!

Imogen tried to recover herself.

"I must get you some water," said the little 'slave,' anxiously, struggling to her feet; but something had gone out of her knees; she trembled, and sat down. The Death-angel had been so very near!

Victor found his voice. "Don't go, Image," said he, breathing hard. "It is I that should wait upon *you*."

Florry came back, with a white, frightened face.

"Image saved my life," said he, just a little reproachfully; he would have died, if it had depended on Florry to save him.

"Did I? did I?" cried the bewildered

Image, joyfully. Could it be that she had done anything so grand? "Am I good for something, after all, Victor?" said she clasping her hands.

The autocrat hung his head humbly. "It is only I who am good for nothing, I'm afraid," said he. "I have treated you shamefully to-day, Image, and this is the way you have paid me! I have had a lesson I shall never forget. Sit down, Florry, and let me tell you something else I have read. I can't help thinking of it."

Imogen's bright face grew suddenly blank. Victor smiled, and took her little brown hand.

"When the divers go down searching for the lovely white pearls, what kind of shells do you think they look for?"

"The nicest, and fairest, and smoothest," said Florry, promptly.

"Not at all," said Victor, "those are worthless; it is the ugly, rough-shelled oysters that have the pearls in them. And I can't help thinking that, to any one who *knows*, Florry,—Image is worth a dozen of you and me."

#### WILLIAM HENRY'S LETTERS TO HIS GRANDMOTHER.

*My dear Grandmother*,—I think the school that I have come to is a very good school. We have dumplings. I've tied up the pills that you gave me in case of feeling bad in the toe of my cotton stocking that's lost the mate of it. The mince pies they have here are baked without any plums being put into them. So, please, need I say, No, I thank you, ma'am, to 'em when they come round? If they don't agree, shall I take the pills or the drops? Or was it the hot flannels,—and how many?

I've forgot about being shivery. Was it to eat roast onions? No, I guess not. I guess it was a wet band tied round my head. Please write it down, because you told me so many things I can't remember. How can anybody tell when anybody is sick enough to take things? You can't think what a great, tall man the schoolmaster is. He has got something very long to flog us with, that bends easy and hurts.—Q. S. So Dorry says. Q. S. is in the abbreviations, and stands for a sufficient quantity. Dorry says the master keeps a paint-pot in his room, and has his whiskers painted black every morning, and his hair too, to make himself look scareful. Dorry is one of the great boys. But

Tom Cush is bigger. I don't like Tom Cush.

I have a good many to play with; but I miss you and Towser and all of them very much. How does my sister do? Are the peach-trees bearing? Dorry Baker he says that peaches don't grow here; but he says the cherries have peach-stones in them. In nine weeks my birthday will be here. How funny 't will seem to be eleven, when I've been ten so long. I don't skip over any button-holes in the morning now; so my jacket comes out even.

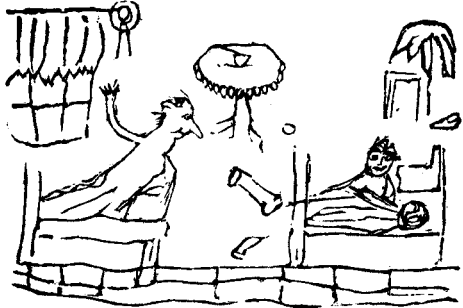
Why did n't you tell me I had a red head? But I can run faster than any of them that are no bigger than I am, and some that are. One of the spokes of my umbrella broke itself in two yesterday, the wind blew so when it rained.

We learn to sing. He says I've a good deal of voice; but I've forgot what the matter is with it. We go up and down the scale, and beat time. The last is the best fun. The other is hard to do. But if I could only get up, I guess 't would be easy to come down. He thinks something ails my ear. I thought he said I had n't got any at all. What have a fellow's ears to do with singing, or with scaling up and down?

Your affectionate grandchild,

WILLIAM HENRY.

*My dear Grandmother*,—I've got thirty-two cents left of my spending-money, When shall I begin to wear my new shoes every day? The soap they have here is pink. Has father sold the bossy calf yet? There's a boy here they call Bossy Calf, because he cried for his mother. He sleeps with me, and after he has laid his head down on the pillow, and the lights are blown out, I begin to sing, and to scale up and down, so the boys can't hear him cry. Dorry Baker and three more boys sleep in the same room that we two sleep in. When they begin to throw bootjacks at me, to make me stop my noise, it scares him, and he leaves off crying. This is a picture of it.



I want a pair of new boots dreadfully, with red on the tops of them, that I can tuck my trousers into and keep the mud off.

One thing more the boys plague me for besides my head. Freckles. Dorry held up an orange yesterday. "Can you see it?" says he. "To be sure," says I. "Did n't know as you could see through 'em," says he, meaning freckles. Dear grandmother, I have cried once. But not in bed. For fear of their laughing. And of the boot-jacks. But away in a good place under the trees. A shaggy dog came along and licked my face. But oh! he did make me remember Towser, and cry all over again. But don't tell. I should be ashamed. I wish the boys would like me. Freckles come thicker in summer than they do in winter.

Your affectionate grandchild,  
WILLIAM HENRY.

P. S. Here's a conundrum Dorry Baker made; In a race, why would the singing-master win? Because "Time flies," and he *beats time*.

I want to see Aunt Phebe, and Aunt Phebe's little Tommy, dreadfully.

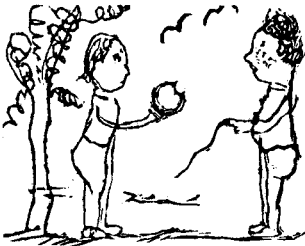
W. H.

*My dear Grandmother*,—I do what you told me. You told me to bite my lips and count ten, before I spoke, when the boys plague me, because I'm a spunky boy. But doing it so much makes my lips sore. So now I go head over heels sometimes, till I'm out of breath. Then I can't say anything.

This is the account you asked me for, of all I've bought this week:

Slippery elm . . . . .	1 cent.
Corn ball . . . . .	1 cent.
Gum . . . . .	1 cent.

And I swapped a whip-lash I found for an orange that only had one suck sucked out of it. The "Two Betseys," they keep very good things to sell. They are two old women that live in a little hut with two rooms to it, and a ladder to go up stairs by, through a hole in the wall. One Betsey she is lame and keeps still, and sells the things to us sitting down. The other Betsey, she can run, and keeps a yard-stick



to drive away boys with. For they have



apple-trees in their garden. But she never touches a boy, if she does catch him. They have hens and sell eggs.

The boys that sleep in the same room that we do wanted Benjie and me to join together with them to buy a great confectioner's frosted cake, and other things. And when the lamps had been blown out, to keep awake and light them up again, and so have a supper late at night, with the curtains all down and the blinds shut up, when people were in bed, and not let anybody known.

But Benjie had n't any money. Because his father works hard for his living,—but his uncle pays for his schooling,—and the would n't if he had. And I said I would n't do anything so deceitful. And the more they said you must and you shall, the more I said I would n't and I should n't, and the money should blow up first.

So they called me "Old Stinky" and "Pepper-corn" and "Speckled Potatoes." Said they'd pull my hair if't were n't for burning their fingers. Dorry was the maddest one. Said he guessed my hair was tired of standing up, and wanted to lie down to rest.

I wish you would please send me a new comb, for the large end of mine has got all but five of the teeth broken out, and the small end can't get through, I can't get it cut because the barber has raised his price. Send quite a stout one.

I have lost two more pocket-handkerchiefs, and another one went up on Dorry's kite, and blew away.

Your affectionate grandchild,  
WILLIAM HENRY.

*My dear Grandmother*,—I did what you told me, when I got wet. I hung my clothes round the kitchen stove on three chairs, but the cooking girl she flung them under the table. So now I go wrinkled, and the boys chase me to smooth out the

wrinkles. I've got a good many hard rubs. But I laugh too. That's the best way. Some of the boys play with me now, and ask me to go round with them. Dorry has n't yet. Tom Cush plagues the most.

Sometimes the schoolmaster comes out to see us when we are playing ball, or jumping. To-day, when we clapped Dorry, the schoolmaster clapped too. Somebody told me that he likes boys. Do you believe it?

A cat ran up the spout this morning, and jumped in the window. Dorry was going

to choke her, or drown her, for the working-girl said she licked out the inside of a custard-pie. I asked Dorry what he'd take to let her go, and he said five cents. So I paid. For she

was just like my sister's cat. And just as likely as that somebody's little sister would have cried about it. For she had a ribbon tied round her neck.

The woman that I go to have my buttons sewed on to, is a very good woman. She gave me a cookie with a hole in the middle, and told me to mind and not eat the hole.

Coming back, I met Benjie, and he looked so sober, I offered it to him as quick as I could. But it almost made him cry; because, he said, his mother made her cookies with a hole in the middle. But when he gets acquainted, he won't be so bashful, and he'll feel better then.

We walked away to a good place under the trees, and he talked about his folks, and his grandmother, and his Aunt Polly, and the two little twins. They've got two cradles just like each other, and just as old. They creep round on the floor, and when one picks up anything, the other pulls it away. I wish we had some twins.

Kiss yourself for me.

Your affectionate grandchild,

WILLIAM HENRY.

P. S. If you send a cake, send quite a large one. I like the kind that Uncle Jacob does. Aunt Phebe knows.—Mrs. A. M. Diaz, in "Young Folks."

—"I wish I could mind God as my dog minds me," said a little boy, looking at his shaggy friend; "he always looks so pleased to mind, and I don't."

## LITTLE RAVAGEOT.\*

## I.

Not very long ago there lived a little boy who was so naughty that every body was afraid of him. He struck his nurse, broke the plates and glasses, made faces at his papa, and was impertinent to his poor mamma, who loved him with all her heart, in spite of his faults. He had been nicknamed Ravageot because he ravaged every thing about him, and he ought to have been very much ashamed of it, for it was the name of a dog, his rival in mischief in the house; but he was ashamed of nothing.

In spite of all this, he was a pretty boy, with light curly hair, and a face that every one liked to look at when he took a fancy to be amiable. But this was never anything more than a fancy, and the next instant he became unbearable. All the neighbors pitied his parents, who were the best people imaginable, and nothing was talked about in the whole town but this naughty boy. One told how Ravageot had thrown a stone at him one day, when he was taking the fresh air before his door; another, how he had jumped into the brook during a heavy rain on purpose to splash the passers by. The milkman would not let him come near his tins cans since he had thrown a handful of fine sand into them, through mischief, and the policeman threatened to put him in prison if he did not stop pinching the little girls on their way to school. In short, so much was said of his bad behaviour, that it came to the ears of an old fairy, who, after roaming over the world, had taken up her abode in the neighborhood.

The fairy Good Heart was as good as it was possible to be; but just on account of her goodness she could not endure evil to be done around her. The sight of injustice made her ill, and the mere hearing of a wicked action took away her appetite for a week. In the course of her long career, she had punished many bad people, great and small; and when she had learned of all that Ravageot had done, she resolved to give him a lesson that would last him a long time. In consequence, she informed his parents that she would pay them a visit on a certain day.

The fairy Good Heart was well known in the country, and every one esteemed it a great honor to see her enter his house, for she was not lavish of her visits, and it was

\* From "Home Fairy Tales," by JEAN MACE. Translated by MARY L. BOOTH. Harper & Brothers; 12mo.

almost an event when she was seen in the town. On the morning of the day appointed, the cook hastened to the market, and returned two hours after, bent double under the weight of a huge basket holding the best that money could buy. The rattling of dishes, and of the old silver plate, taken from great chests, was heard all over the house. Baskets full of bottles were carried up from the cellar, and great hampers of fruit were brought down from the attic. Such a commotion had never before been seen; the servants were tired out, but no one complained, for all loved the fairy Good Heart, and would have gone through fire and water to please her.

"What shall we do with Ravageot?" said the father to his wife. "You know how disagreeable he is to people who come here. The unhappy child will disgrace us. If he behaves badly to the fairy, every one will know it, and we shall not dare to show our heads."

"Don't be afraid," said the good mother. "I will wash his face, comb his beautiful fair hair, that curls so nicely, with my gold comb, put on his pretty new blouse and his little buckled shoes, and beg him so hard to be good that he cannot refuse me. You will see that instead of disgracing us he will do us honor."

She said this because she thought of the good dinner that she was preparing, and she would have been too sorry for her dear little boy not to have been there. But when the servants went to bring Ravageot to his mother, that she might dress him, he was nowhere to be found. The naughty boy had heard of the fairy Good Heart, and was afraid, without knowing why. It is the punishment of the wicked to fear every thing that is good. Hearing himself called, he hid, and was finally found, after a long search, in the pantry, with his fingers in an ice-cream that had been set there to keep. The cook made a great uproar when she saw her beautiful cream spoiled, with which she had taken such pains, but it was in vain to cry out and scold the culprit; the guests were forced to dispense with ice-cream for that day.

The worst of the matter was, that in the midst of the cook's lamentations, a great noise was suddenly heard in the street. It was the fairy Good Heart coming at full speed. All the servants rushed at once to the door, leaving Ravageot, who ran and hid among the faggots in the loft.

His poor mother was deeply grieved at not having him by her side on such a day as this; but it was not to be thought of,

and, forcing back her tears, she advanced with the most joyful air she could assume toward the good fairy who was just alighting from her carriage, and conducted her with the greatest respect to the dining-room, where the whole company took their seats round a large table magnificently served.

When the repast was ended, the fairy cast her eyes round the room. "Where is your little boy?" said she to the mother, in a voice that made her tremble.

"Alas! Madam," replied the latter, "we have had so much to do this morning that I have not had time to dress him, and I dare not present him to you in the state in which he is."

"You are disguising the truth from me," said the fairy, in a harsh voice, "and you do wrong. You render children an ill service in seeking to hide their faults. Bring him to me just as he is; I wish to see him directly."

The servants sent in search of Ravageot soon returned, saying that they could find him nowhere. The father shrugged his shoulders, and the mother began to rejoice in her heart at the thought that her dear child would escape the lesson that was evidently in store for him. But the old fairy did not intend to take all this pains for nothing. She made a sign to her favorite dwarf, who was standing behind her chair. This dwarf, who was called Barbichon, was of the strength of a giant, despite his small stature. He was broader than he was high, and had long arms twisted and gnarled like the old shoots of the vine. But the most extraordinary thing about him was that he smelt out naughty little boys, and tracked them by their scent as a hound tracks a hare.

Barbichon ran to the kitchen, where Ravageot had been left, and following his scent from there without hesitating, he climbed to the loft and marched straight to the faggots, through which he caught a glimpse of the torn trowsers of the fugitive. Without saying a word, he seized him by the waistband, and carried him at arm's length into the dining-room, where his entrance was greeted with shouts of laughter. Poor Ravageot was in sad plight. His rumpled blue blouse was blackened on one side by the charcoal in the kitchen, and whitened on the other by the walls that he had been rubbing against ever since morning. From his matted and tangled hair hung twigs and dry leaves, gathered from the faggots, to say nothing of a great spider's web, through which Barbichon had dragged him on passing through the door of the

loft, and half of which was clinging to his head. His face, purple with anger, was daubed with cream from the tip of the nose to the end of the chin. He wriggled and twisted, but in vain, in Barbichon's large hand. In short, as I just told you, he made a sorry figure, and those who laughed at him had good reason for laughing.

Three persons only did not laugh: his father, whose face showed great vexation; his mother, whose eyes were full of tears; and the old fairy, who cast on him a threatening glance.

"Where have you come from, sir?" said she, "and why did I not see you on entering here?"

Instead of answering, he slipped from the hands of Barbichon, who had just set him on the floor, ran to his mother, and hid his head in her lap, stamping his foot with anger.

"Here is a child," said the fairy, "that likes to have his own way. Well, I will leave him a parting gift that will render him very happy. HE NEED NEVER DO ANYTHING THAT HE DOES NOT WISH. Adieu, Madam," said she, addressing the poor mother, who was involuntarily smoothing the disordered hair of her naughty boy with her white hand; "adieu, I pity you for having such a child. If you take my advice, the first thing you will do will be to wash his face, for he is really too dirty." And, rising majestically, she went in search of her carriage, followed by Barbichon bearing the train of her dress.

This was an unhappy household. The fairy Good Heart had gone away displeased, after all the pains that had been taken to entertain her, and the guests disappeared one by one, in haste to tell what had happened through the whole city. The father took his hat and went out angry, saying aloud that this rascal would disgrace them all in the end. The mother wept without saying a word, and continued mechanically to stroke the tangled hair of her dear torment, reflecting on the singular gift that had been made him.

Finally she rose, and taking Ravageot by the hand, "Come, my dear little boy," said she, "let us go and do what the fairy bid us."

She took him to her dressing-room, and plunging her large sponge into the beautiful clear water, prepared to wash his face and hands. Ravageot, still sulky from the reproaches which he had just drawn upon himself, at first made no resistance, but when he felt the cold water in his nose and

ears, he began to kick, and ran to the other end of the room, crying,

"Oh! it is too cold; I don't want my face washed."

His mother soon caught him, and passed the sponge over his face again, in spite of his struggles. But the fairy's fatal gift was already at work. The water obeyed Ravageot's orders. To avoid wetting him, it splashed to the right and left out of the basin, and ran from the sponge, which constantly remained dry, so that it was necessary to give up the undertaking. The room was full of water, while Ravageot's face, half washed, had not received a drop since the imprudent words were spoken.

His poor mother, in despair, threw herself in a chair, and, shaking her wet dress, said, "Come let me comb your hair, at least; you will not be quite so untidy." Saying this, she took him on her lap, and began to pass her beautiful gold comb through his hair. Before long, the comb encountered a twig around which five or six hairs were twisted.

"Oh! you hurt me," cried Ravageot. "Let me alone! I don't want my hair combed." And behold! the teeth of the comb bent backward and refused to enter the hair. His mother, frightened, seized another comb, which did the same. The servants of the house hastened thither at her cries, each bringing all their combs, but nothing would do. They even went to the stable in search of the curry-comb, but scarcely had its iron teeth touched the enchanted locks than they bent backward and passed over Ravageot's head without disturbing a single hair.

Ravageot opened his eyes wide, and began to repent of having been so hasty of speech. He was a little vain at heart, and did not dislike to be neat and clean, provided that it cost him neither pain or trouble. To see himself condemned to remain thus, with his hair full of dirt and his face half-washed, was not a pleasant prospect. To show his dissatisfaction, he began to cry with all his might—the usual resource of naughty boys when they know not what to say or to do.

"I want to be washed and to have my hair combed," sobbed he, but it was too late. The fairy had indeed exempted him from the necessity of doing what he did not like, but she had not told him that he could do what he pleased.

To comfort him, his mother wished to put on his beautiful new blouse and his pretty buckled shoes. He pushed them away. "I don't want them," he cried.

"I want to have my face washed and my hair combed."

As the water would not wash his face, nor the comb enter his hair, after storming a long time he changed his mind, and asked for his new blouse and buckled shoes. It was the same story. The blouse and the shoes had heard his refusal, and, like well-bred people, refused in their turn to go where they were not wanted. The blouse rose in the air when he attempted to put it on; the higher he raised his hand, the higher it rose, until finally it fastened itself to the ceiling, whence it looked down on him with a mocking air. As to the shoes, the first one that he attempted to put on suddenly became so small that a cat could not have put her paw into it, while the other grew so large that Ravageot might have put both feet into it at once.

His mother, seeing this, sent away the servants, who stood wonder-struck, and whose astonishment added to the shame of the little boy; then, gathering all her maternal strength to resist the terror that seized her, she gently clasped her poor child to her breast.

"What will become of us, my poor boy," said she, "if you will not obey at once and without resistance? This is what the good fairy wished to teach you by her fatal parting gift. *When children are commanded to do anything, it is for their good; and the worst thing that could happen to them would be to have the power to disobey.* You have this power now, and you see already what it has cost you. For Heaven's sake watch over yourself henceforth, if you would not kill me, for it would be impossible for me to live and see you as miserable as you will soon become if you continue to disobey your papa and me."

Ravageot was not a fool, and he perfectly understood the truth of what was said to him. He loved his mother besides, (what child, however wicked, could do otherwise?) and the profound and gentle grief of this tender mother softened his little stony heart in spite of himself. He threw his arms around her neck, and laying his dirty face against her smooth cheeks, wiped away the large tears that fell silently on it. They alone had power to break the enchantment, since he had declared that he would not have his face wet.

The reconciliation effected, they went down stairs to the room where they usually sat, and there, on a beautifully polished table were the books and copy-books of the little boy.

"Study hard, my dear child," said his

mother, kissing his forehead. "Learn the page which you are to recite to papa this evening like a studious little boy. Perhaps the good fairy will relent when she knows that you have learned it thoroughly, and will take back her vile gift."

If Ravageot had had the choice, he would have gone to play in the garden; but after the humiliating lessons which he had received, one after another, he dare not resist. He seated himself at the table, therefore, and, with a great effort, set to work to learn his page. Unhappily, in the fourth line came a long, hard word, to which he immediately took an aversion. This hard word spoiled everything; it was like a great stone in his path. After uselessly trying several times to spell it, he angrily threw the book on the floor.

"I don't want to study," said he. "I am tired of it."

"Oh!" said his mother, with a look that pierced his heart, "is this what you promised me?"

"Forgive me, mamma," said he, ashamed, and he picked up the book to begin to study his lesson again. It was impossible to open it. His terrified mother used all her strength, but in vain. She called the coachman and the porter—two very strong men—each took hold of one of the covers, and pulled with all his might, but the book did not stir. She sent for the locksmith with his hammer, and the carpenter with his saw; both broke their tools on the book without opening it.

"I will take another," said Ravageot, and he stretched out his hand toward a fairy book that amused him greatly. Alas! it was so firmly glued to the table that he could not stir it. A third disappeared when the little boy attempted to take it, and insolently returned the moment he withdrew his hand. In short, Ravageot had declared that he did not want books; the books no longer wanted Ravageot.

"Ah! unhappy child, what have you done?" exclaimed his mother, in tears. "Now there are no more books for you. How will you ever learn anything? You are condemned to remain in ignorance all your life." Her tears flowed in such abundance on the unfortunate book, the author of all the evil, that it was wet through, and already, under this all-powerful rain, was beginning to open, when suddenly it remembered its command in time, shook off the tears, and shut with a snap.

Except the book of fairy tales, which he sincerely regretted, Ravageot would have readily resigned himself to being rid of



books, for he was not reasonable enough as yet to understand the use of them; but his mother's grief troubled him, and he wept bitterly with her, promising never more to disobey.

Meanwhile, his father returned to supper, worn out with fatigue, and still vexed from the scene at dinner. He had been walking since morning all about the town, avoiding every face that he knew, and fearing to be met, lest he might have to answer questions about the fairy's visit, which was talked of everywhere; consequently, he was not in the best humor toward the child that had caused him such an affront. I leave you to judge of his anger when he saw his son come to the table with his clothes torn, his hair in disorder, and his face still daubed with half of the morning's cream. Looking at his wife with an angry air, he said, in a loud voice.

"What does this mean, madam? Do you think that we are not yet sufficiently the laughing-stock of the town, that you wait for more visitors to come here before you wash that little wretch?"

The poor woman, seeing her husband so angry, dared not tell him what had happened, and suffered herself to be unjustly accused in order to spare her little boy the punishment that his father might have inflicted upon him, happy that all the anger should fall on her. In this she was wrong again, for the child, full of gratitude to her, was indignant in his heart against his father's injustice, without reflecting that he was the true culprit, and that it was his place, if he had a heart, to justify his mother by telling the truth. The spirit of rebellion once aroused in him, with an appearance of reason, the child set up his will against that good father, whose displeasure was so natural, and he was left in ignorance of what had happened; and when the latter, softening a little, handed him a plate of soup, saying, "Here, eat your supper, child, and afterward we will see about washing you," he answered, in a resolute tone, "I don't want any."

It must be confessed that it was a kind of soup of which he was not very fond, a circumstance which doubtless added something to his resolution. Scarcely had he spoken that unfortunate "I don't want any," when the soup sprang from the plate and fell back with one bound into the tureen, splashing everybody around the table.

His father, who had received a large share of the soup on his waistcoat, thought that Ravageot had thrown it in his face.

Nothing was too bad for such a child to do. He rose furious, and was about to punish him on the spot, when the mother rushed between them. "Stop, my dear," said she, "the poor child had nothing to do with it. He is unhappy enough without that; now he can eat no more soup." And upon this she was forced to tell Ravageot's father of the fatal power that the fairy had bestowed on him, and to explain the consequences which had already followed from it. As may be imagined, this did not calm him. More angry than ever, he broke into reproaches against his poor wife.

"This is a fine gift," said he; "I congratulate you on it. What is to be done now with this little wretch? The meanest rag-picker would not have him. I want nothing more to do with him; and tomorrow morning I mean to send him as cabin boy on board a vessel, where he will have to endure more hardships than he will like. Until then, take him away from my sight and put him to bed, at least he can do no more mischief in his sleep."

His mother wished to take him away herself, for fear of a new accident, but her husband would not hear of it. "No, no," said he, "you will find means of coaxing him, and making him believe that he is an innocent victim; Mary Ann shall put him to bed."

Mary Ann was a tall country girl, as fresh as a rose and as strong as a man; she had already received more than one kick from Ravageot, and was not one of his best friends. She took him in her arms without ceremony, and carried him off as if he had been a feather.

Left alone with her husband, the poor mother set to work to caress him and attempt to soften his heart. She at last persuaded him not to send Ravageot to sea as a cabin boy; but, that it might not be believed that he had yielded to his wife, the father swore solemnly that he pardoned him for the last time, and that he would be merciless at the next offence.

Meanwhile the time passed; half an hour, an hour went by since Ravageot had been carried away, yet Mary Ann did not return. Unable to resist her anxiety, the mother hastened up stairs, when what did she see but Mary Ann clinging to the curtains, and trying with all her might to hold down the bed, which was capering about the room. Vexed at being obliged to go to bed without his supper (for he had not dined, you must remember), the little boy had refused at first to go to bed, and the bed had taken him at his word. As soon

as he attempted to approach it, the bedstead reared and plunged like a furious horse; the mattress rose in waves like a stormy sea; and the coverlet itself joined in the dance, and flapped in the face of the disobedient child till it brought tears in his eyes. It was evident that he would have to pass the night in a chair.

It was too much to bear at once. Exasperated by the remembrance of all the misfortunes that had been showered on him like hail ever since morning, he fell into a terrible fit of rage, and rolled on the floor, gnashing his teeth.

His mother approached him. "Come to my arms, my dear child," said she; "I will wrap my dress about you, and keep you warm all night."

In his fury he listened to nothing, and for more than twenty times pushed away the loving arms that offered to shelter him. Worn out at last with crying and struggling

he felt the need of a little rest, and as his good mother still opened her arms, smiling sadly, he sprang toward her to take refuge in them, when suddenly he felt himself held back by an invisible hand, and found it impossible to take a single step forward. It was the final blow. His last disobedience had deprived him for ever of the pleasure of embracing his mother.

They passed the night six feet apart, looking at, without being able to touch each other. The poor child was in the greatest terror, and bitterly reproached himself for having scorned the dear refuge which was forever closed to him. But who can tell the despair of his mother? She neither wept nor spoke, but gazed with a haggard face at her child, banished from her arms, and felt that she was on the point of becoming mad.

(To be Continued.)

## THE SHINING WAY.

*Dolce. Con Expressione.*

1. The pearl-y gates are o-pen wide, I see the bright ar-ray; }  
 On ei-ther side the angels glide, To keep the shin-ing way.  
 D.C. Where Christ's redeemed in union walk The shining way of God.

And Zi-on's children learn to find The way by an-gels trod. D. C.

When storms arise, and darkness clouds  
 The faithful pilgrim's way,  
 The angels glide on either side,  
 To drive the clouds away.  
 And brighter gleams the morning light  
 Behind the gentle rod;  
 For Christ's redeemed more clearly see  
 The shining way of God.

And soon they walk the golden streets,—  
 Not slighted and alone,  
 On either side the angels glide,  
 To lead them to the throne.  
 And there they wear a starry crown,  
 While mortals tire and plod;  
 For Christ's redeemed are kings who praise  
 The shining way of God.

*Original.*

## SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER?

Music by L. W. GOODENOW, Georgetown, Ont.

Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?  
 Shall we meet in yon - der ci - ty, Where the tow'rs of crys - tal shine?  
 Shall we meet with many a lov'd one, That was torn from our em - brace?  
 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour, When he comes to claim his own?

Where, in all the bright for - ev - er, Sorrows ne'er shall press the soul.  
 Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by work - man - ship di - vine.  
 Shall we lis - ten to their voic - es, And be - hold them face to face?  
 Shall we know his bless - ed fa - vor, And sit down up - on his throne?

**Chorus.**

Shall we meet? Shall we meet? Shall we meet? Shall we meet?

Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?

## EVENING.

"Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."

1. A - bide with me; fast falls the ev - en - tide; The darkness

deepens; Lord, with me a - bide; When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts

flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bide with me. A - men.

### II.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

### III.

I need thy presence every passing hour;  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's  
power?  
Who like Thyself my guide and strength can  
be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord abide with  
me.

### IV.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness;  
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy vic-  
tory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

### V.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the  
skies;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain  
shadows flee;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

## Domestic Economy.

### HOW THEY DO IT.

"I don't understand how they do it," said Mrs. Warren, thoughtfully.

"You were talking about the Wentworths, as I came in," responded a friend; "was it with reference to them that you spoke as you did?"

"Yes," was the reply. "We don't personally know the Wentworths, but Mr. Wentworth has the same position in society which my husband has; gets the same salary; his children are no older, and they have one more daughter than we. Yet they dress better than we do. How they can do it, honestly, I can't see, for it costs us every penny that is made to live decently, and sometimes we go behindhand. It is a puzzle to me, I confess."

"I am very intimate with the Wentworths," remarked the new-comer, quietly. "As you say, they are no better off with regard to money than you are, but they are great managers."

"O, I hate managing people," said Mrs. Warren, shrugging her shoulders.

"You don't quite understand me, perhaps," said her friend, gently. "I happened to be staying at the house some three years ago, when Mary was fourteen. Mary is the oldest, and was always an ingenious girl. I remember they had a dressmaker there, and Mrs. Wentworth questioned her very closely about the trade—so closely that she glanced up at last in surprise, saying,—

"Why, Mrs. Wentworth, are you going to make a dressmaker of Mary?"

"I have serious thoughts of it," said Mrs. Wentworth. "Will you teach her by the shortest method for a certain sum?"

"Well, the bargain was made, to the good woman's astonishment, and Mary went for two or three hours a day, as one goes to take a music lesson. The consequence is, that for that outlay they have established in their family a dressmaker who never fails them, and who in her quiet, efficient way, aided by her sisters, fits and makes all the dresses worn by her mother, her sisters and herself. Consequently, as the making often costs half as much as the material, all that extra expense is saved, and they can afford to buy a better fabric,

one that lasts longer and looks richer. Another daughter was initiated in the art of bonnet-making, and for a bonnet for which you would give ten dollars at a good store they give less than half that sum, and can, consequently, if they wish, afford two bonnets to your one. Of course, all the other sewing is done at home, and special hours are set aside for this work. They sew together, chat together, compare notes, originate tasteful trimmings and fashions, and really outdress and outshine their wealthier neighbors (though I don't think they desire to do so), on a very much smaller sum. I tried one day to pattern some buttons which I very much admired, but failed, and finally went to them. 'Why, you couldn't purchase them,' said Mary, laughing, 'because we made them ourselves. We obtained some thin rings, covered them, as you see, with gray satin, worked the edge all round with thick silk, in buttonhole stitch, made a little bee in the centre with silver thread, and so we procured our stylish buttons, which everybody has admired, for less than half of what we could have bought a very inferior button for.'

"So that is the way they do it," said Mrs. Warren, thoughtfully. "I wonder I never guessed at it, for certainly my dressmaker's bills are terrible. I always dread to buy new dresses, because of the after expenses. But are they cultivated girls?"

"Thoroughly so. Mary sings. She did not wish to study music, so she was never encouraged. Alice, the second girl, is a fine performer on the piano; Nellie paints wonderfully; and the youngest has a great aptitude for making bread, I am told, and is a born cook. As I said before, their time is equally divided. There is no hurry or confusion there, for every thing seems to be done upon careful system at the right moment. They are all practical workers, and often earn something for themselves by turning their ingenuity to account for their friends. They live simply and frugally. Mrs. Wentworth is a good housekeeper, and every thing is turned to some useful purpose, even twine and paper; nothing is ever wasted at meals; whenever you meet them they are neat, and clean, and cheerful. Their re-unions at night are something

quite delightful, for each one tries to add something to the happiness of the others. They are never idle and never overworked. The house is filled with pretty ornaments of their designing, simple, but novel and beautiful. There is a magic about the family that impresses the most thoughtless observer. The house is a workshop, an art union, where the most delicate designs are originated, and where genius is both stimulated and applauded. Then, you observe, they are all well fitted to go out into the world as independent laborers, should they be reduced in circumstances, or quite competent to manage houses of their own, whether they marry the humblest or the wealthiest."

"I see," said Mrs. Warren, thoughtfully, and there was a new light in her face. "One is never too old to learn."—ALMA.  
—*Watchman and Reflector.*

### BREAD AND ROLL MAKING.

EXTRACTS FROM "LETTER TO A YOUNG HOUSE-KEEPER," IN "ATLANTIC MONTHLY."

"It is not always that there is as much genuine joy in a novel as one may get out of bread-making. This is quite too scientific and interesting to be left to a domestic. It is really among the most exciting experiments. Try it every week for two years, and it seems just as new an enterprise as at the beginning—but a thousand times more successful, we observe. Working up the light drifts of flour, leaving them at night a heavy path and nothing more—waking to find a dish flowing-full of snowy foam. The first thing on rising one's self, is to see if the dough be risen, too; and that is always sure to be early, for every batch of bread sets an alarm in one's brain. After breakfast, one will be as expectant as if going to a ball in lieu of a baking. Then to see the difference a little more or less flour will make, and out of what quantity comes perfection. To feminine vision, more precious than "apples of gold in pictures of silver" are loaves of bread in dishes of tin. If one were ever penurious, might it not be of those handsome loaves of hers?

After compliments, however, to come in with the cash down of the practical, here is a veritable bread-making recipe, well tested and voted superior. Take a quart of milk; heat one third and scald with it a half-pint of flour; if skimmed milk, use a small piece of butter. When the batter is cool, add the remainder of the milk, a teacup of hop-yeast, a half-tablespoon of salt, with

flour to make it quite stiff. Knead it on the board till it is very fine and smooth; raise over night. It will make two small loaves and a half-dozen biscuits.

This recipe ought to give good bread, week in and week out, so saving you from the frequent calamity of soda-biscuits. These may be used for dumplings, or as a sudden extempore, but do not let them be habitual. True, you will occasionally meet people who say that they can eat these, when raised ones are fatal. But some persons find cheese good for dyspepsia, many advocate ice-cream, others can only eat beans, while some are cured by popped corn. Yet these articles are not likely to become staples of diet. They would hardly answer a normal appetite; and any stomach that can steadily withstand the searchingness of soda and tartaric acid seems ready to go out to pasture and eat the fences.

But probably the greatest of all bread wonders are the unleavened Graham cakes. These are worth a special mail and large postage to tell of. So just salt and scald some Graham meal into a dough as soft as can be and be handled. Roll it an inch thick, cutting in diamonds, which place on a tin sheet and thrust into the hottest of ovens. (Note this last direction, or the diamonds will be flat leather.) Strange to say, they will rise, and keep rising, till in ten minutes you take them out quite puffed. One would never guess them innocent of yeast. An inch thick is the rule; but there is nothing like an adventurous courage. It is at once suggested, if they are so good at an inch, will they not be twice as good at two inches? And certainly they are. The meal will not be outwitted. It is the liveliest and most buoyant material. Its lightness keeps up with the upmost experiment. Finally, it may be turned into a massive loaf, and with a brisk heat it will refuse to be depressed.

The morning when were produced these charming little miracles remains a red letter day in our household. Who ever tasted anything, save a nut, half so sweet, or who ever anything so pure? We ate, lingered, and revelled in them, thus becoming epicures at once. It seemed as if all our lives we had been seeking something really *recherché*, and had just found it. I hastened with a sample to my best friend. She, too, tasted, exulted, and passed on the tidings to others. Now, indeed, was the golden age in dawn. Already we saw a community rejuvenated. Before our philosopher-cakes, bad blood would disappear, and already the crowns

of grateful generations were pressing on our brows. But something went wrong with all the cooks. Either they didn't scald the meal, or they didn't heat the oven—what in one hand was light beaten gold, in another became lead. For a while it seemed that I could not go to my friend's without meeting some one who cast scorn on our reformation cakes. All tried them and failed.

But now hope plumes itself anew. You at least will attempt the little wheatens. You have a deft hand, and will succeed. Pastry, the physiologists have been shaking their heads about for some time—especially as many persons use soda with the lard, not being aware that they are making soft soap. This sort of paste one often sees in the country. But it is easy to omit the soap. On the next bread-making day, simply reserve a piece of the well-raised dough, and roll in butter. This gives a palatable and harmless crust. I have also experimented with a shortening of hot, fine-mashed potato and milk, which, if it may not be recommended to an epicure, is really better than it sounds. And does it not sound better than Dr. Trall's proposal of sweet oil? Will not some of these ways satisfy our ardent reformers and physiologists? But about chicken-pie, remember the tradition, that, unless the top crust is punctured, it will make one very ill. At least, it is truer than some other traditions, such as that eating burnt crusts will make the cheeks red, or that fried turnips will make the hair curl.

#### EFFECT OF DRAINAGE ON HEALTH.

The Metropolitan Sanitary Commission of London compute that for every inch-depth of water drained off, and which would otherwise pass into the air as vapor, as much heat is saved per acre as would raise eleven thousand cubic feet of air one degree in temperature. A farmer was asked the effect of some new draining, when he replied, "All that I know is that before it was done I could never get out at night without an overcoat, but now I never put one on." A physician took one of the Sanitary Commissioners to a hill overlooking his district. "There," said he, "wherever you see those patches of white mist I have frequent illness, and, if there is a cesspool, or other nuisance as well, I can reckon on typhus every now and then. Outside these mists I am rarely wanted."

#### SELECTED RECIPES.

**TO MAKE PEA SOUP.**—A pint of split peas, well washed in hot water. Put them into an iron saucepan with two ounces of dripping and half a pint of cold water; let them simmer till the peas have swelled and *the water cannot be seen*; then add less than half a pint of cold water; continue doing this for an hour and a half, till the peas will mash readily with a spoon; then add as much water as may be needed and a little salt. When the peas *boil up again* throw in six *small* onions. Let it all boil together for half an hour; then pulp the whole with a wooden spoon through a colander, return the soup to the saucepan, mix smoothly a piled teaspoonful of flour with some cold water, add some soup, and strain it to that in the saucepan—let it simmer up once; then serve it with dry buttered toast into squares. For fourpence an excellent addition can thus be made to a dinner.

**ROAST DUCK.**—Clean and prepare them as other poultry. Crum the inside of a small baker's loaf, to which add three ounces of butter, one large onion chopped fine, with pepper and salt to taste. Mix all together. Season the ducks both in and outside, with pepper and salt. Then fill them with the dressing and skewer tightly. Place them on the pan, with the backs upward; dredge a little flower over, with water sufficient to make gravy. When a nice brown, turn them over; baste frequently, and when done, send to the table hot, and eat with cranberry sauce.

**OYSTER PIE.**—Wash out of the liquor two quarts of oysters; season them with pepper, a little mace, a glass of white wine; add a cup of very fine cracker crumbs, and some little bits of butter; put them into the pie dish, lined with paste; add half the liquor.

The dish must be quite full, and covered with a rich puff paste; baked until the crust is done.

**CAKES OR BAELS MADE FROM COLD COD FISH.**—Take out all the bones and mash it up with an equal quantity of potatoes. Season highly with cayenne pepper and salt. Add as much beaten egg as will form a paste. Make it out into thin cakes, flour them, and fry them to a fine brown. Any cold fish may be dressed in this manner.

**FRIED POTATOES.**—Pare and cut the potatoes in thin slices over night, let them stand in cold water. In the morning,

shake them in a dry towel, till perfectly drained. Then drop them into *very hot* fat, enough to float them. (The fat from beef suet is best.)—Shake and turn them till brown, keep them very hot. Dip out with a skimmer and salt them a little. If properly done they will be crisp and delicious.

**OMELET.**—Take four eggs, one tablespoonful of flour, one cup of milk, and a little salt. Beat the whites of the eggs separately and add to the above, (which should be well stirred together,) just before cooking. Butter a spider well, and when hot pour in the omelet. Cook very slowly on top of the stove, and keep the vessel covered.

**APPLE FRITTERS.**—Put in a vessel with two yolks of eggs, three tablespoonfuls of flour, and one and a half gills of cold water, and mix; the two whites are beaten to a stiff froth, and mixed with the rest; then cut apples into slices and put them in the batter, and drop into hot fat and fry; sprinkle the slices of fruit with sugar before dipping them into the batte. Fritters must be served hot. Turn in a colander, and then place them in a dish and powder with sugar.

**MUFFINS.**—One quart of warm milk; a piece of butter about the size of an egg; four eggs; a tablespoonful of salt; one cup yeast; flour enough to make a stiff batter; beat it with a large spoon; put it to rise six hours; fill the rings half full; bake them about twenty minutes.

**LEMON CUSTARD WITHOUT EGGS.**—Take one lemon grate, enough of the outside to flavor it, then peel off the rest and throw away; cut the inside up very fine; mix one cup of sugar with the lemon; pour over it a quart of boiling water; stir up four table-spoons corn starch in a little water, add it to the rest and let it boil up well.

**APPLE FLOAT.**—One pint of stewed apple, strained, and the white of one egg. Beat them together until the mixture is as light as whipped cream, and fill in jelly glasses. A very handsome dish for dessert.

**PUFFS.**—These are very easily made. Two eggs, well beaten, two teacupfuls of milk, flour enough to make a thin batter, with a pinch of salt are all that are required. First mix together the flour and milk smoothly, then just as they are ready to go into the oven, add the eggs beaten very light. Common Queensware tea-cups, kept for the purpose are used for baking them

They must be well buttered, and filled only half full of the batter and then set in to a hot oven. When done they will be found puffed up far beyond the tops of the cups and browned beautifully. They will come out of the cups readily before being brought to table, and are to be eaten with butter, syrup, apple sauce or anything else that may be preferred.

**INK STAINS.**—Ink may be taken from Morocco by rubbing it with a flannel and soap, not very wet and then polishing it up with a dry, soft cloth or flannel. To remove ink from wood, use half a teaspoonful of oil of vitriol, with a large spoonful of water, touching the ink-spot with a little on a feather. It must be done carefully, for if allowed to remain on too long, a white mark will be made, and therefore it must be quickly rubbed off, and the process repeated if not efficient on the first application.

**TO CLEAN KID GLOVES.**—Have ready a little new milk in one saucer, a piece of brown soap in another, and a clean cloth or towel folded three or four times. Lay the glove smoothly on the cloth, dip a piece of flannel in the milk, rub well on the soap, and commence to rub the glove downwards towards the fingers, holding it firmly with the left hand. Continue this process until the glove, if white, looks of a dingy yellow, though clean; if colored until it looks dark and spoiled. Lay it to dry, and in a short time it will appear nearly new, being soft and elastic as when first bought.

**A NEW USE FOR SPONGE.**—Sponge, when moistened, is the most compressible and elastic of any known substance. The kind known as velvet sponge is found in deep water, is of very slow growth, and is scarce and dear. The coarse kind grows rapidly and in shallow water, is easily gathered, but has heretofore found a limited market. By a process recently invented, this coarse sponge is torn into shreds, and prepared so that it is soft and elastic in the highest degree. The preparation with which the sponge is treated does not evaporate, and the elasticity is therefore permanent. It is used in the manufacture of mattresses, pillows, church cushions, and for upholstering easy chairs, sofas, carriages, and railroad-cars. Whilst it is more compressible and elastic than either curled hair or feathers, it costs much less, and is therefore within the reach of many heretofore unused to such luxuries.



## Editorial and Correspondence.



### EDITORIAL.

We have again to repeat, with thankfulness, that the reception which our Magazine has met with throughout the Dominion of Canada has greatly encouraged us. We continue to receive, from every quarter, the most flattering expression of appreciation and good will. The Newspapers of the Dominion, especially, we have to thank for their cordial notices, a number of which, having reference chiefly to the November number, will be found on a fly-leaf. We have also been much gratified with some favorable notices both from Britain and the United States.

Our thanks are also due to many who have been canvassing for subscribers to the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY*, and to all who have kindly shown or recommended it to their friends. Seeing the universally favorable reception this effort has met with, and feeling the strongest desire to render the *New Dominion Monthly* more and more acceptable, we now hope for a circulation much larger than we at first ventured to anticipate.

To the numerous friends who are sustaining the interest of the Magazine by their contributions, we tender our most hearty thanks. Some papers sent in for this number have had to be postponed till next month, on account of press of matter, and others because they were received too late. An article, to be in time, should be on hand six weeks before the month in which it is to appear.

We would call particular attention to the able biography of the Rev. Father Mathew, by the Hon. T. D. McGee. In the January number, we intend to give, with the conclusion of his life, a portrait of "the Apostle of Temperance." To the other original articles we invite special attention.

We have to congratulate the readers of

the *DOMINION MONTHLY* on the number of Canadian writers of ability who have already contributed to its interest, and the still greater number who have intimated a willingness to do so when they can find time. Of the latter class we are not at liberty at present to give the names, though some stand very high.

We understand that more than one author is at work on the Canadian tale of New Year's day, for our next number, though the premium offered for the best was only the modest amount of twenty dollars. The question of paying for contributions is looming up, we hope, in the near future. Our readiness to do so will be announced as soon as we have 6,000 subscribers, and a fair advertising patronage.

We have been under the necessity of putting to press a second edition of one thousand copies of the October number of the *NEW DOMINION* (being the first of the volume), as the first edition of 5,000 is about exhausted. This makes 6,000 in all; and those who wish to obtain the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY* from the beginning of the volume, are requested to forward their orders, accompanied by the money, without delay, as when this last thousand is exhausted we will not be able to supply any more of Number One.

The Specimen, or August number, of which we printed in all 6,500 copies, is exhausted; but as it makes no part of the volume, this is not a matter of importance.

We take the liberty of enclosing in this number a prospectus of the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY*, together with the other publications issued by the same publishers, and ask our subscribers to do what they conveniently can to help to extend our circulation.

Any one remitting for the periodical publications of John Dougall & Son, to the amount of Eight Dollars, will be entitled

to the "New Dominion Monthly" or the "Weekly Witness" gratis for one year.

And now, though it may seem premature, yet as we will not have any more appropriate opportunity, we wish our readers, young and old, the compliments of the approaching holiday season. To one and all we send the hearty, old-fashioned greeting,  
A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

#### ANOTHER VOICE FROM THE PAST.

*Editors New Dominion Monthly:—*

As you have published a few items about the earlier days of the good old city of Montreal, permit an old citizen to add a few from his memory.

Great St. James street, previous to 1816, had been a burying-ground. The coffins, etc., were probably taken away during the winter of 1815-16. At the North end was a dead-house, about opposite to the present City Bank. The West end was stopped by a powder-magazine, with a passage of about ten feet wide, on the line of St. Peter street. The ground was levelled; and the first houses built were built by the late Benaiah Gibb, Esq. The next was the Methodist Chapel, where the Apothecaries' Hall now stands. The Montreal Bank, which had commenced business near the Nelson-monument Market, in St. Paul street, put up, and removed to, the building now occupied by the People's Bank.

Notre Dame street was stopped in the centre by the Roman Catholic Church, which faced to the west; the East end of the same street was stopped, at Bonsecours street, by a Government fort, built on a mound eighty to a hundred feet high, with the gates facing that street. The mound was levelled, and the earth thrown into the hollow in the rear, on the north, from which it had probably been taken in olden times, and raised as a protection against the Indians. Previous to that removal, the only entrance to the Quebec suburbs, from the city, was by a gateway at the corner of the

barracks on St. Paul street, Dalhousie Square and the street now occupying the ground that the fort did. Mr. Porteous built a cistern for his water-works on the opposite side of the street, and for many years supplied the city with water that was forced up from the river, near the Bonsecours Church.

The great improvement at the West end was the construction of the old Lachine Canal, from the Windmill Point. Previous to that, all goods for Upper Canada were carted to Lachine.

The laying of the foundation stone of the Montreal General Hospital was a day of great rejoicing in the good city.

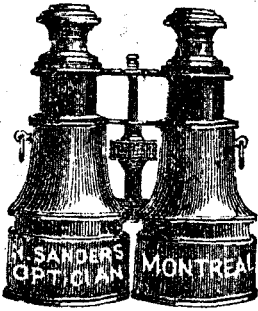
The Hon. John Molson, sen., the pioneer of steamboats on the St. Lawrence, had, in 1816, the old "Swiftsuro," the "Malsham," and the "Lady Sherbrooke." The first opposition boat was built that year and called the "Car of Commerce; her first captain was George Brush, sen., now of the Eagle Foundry. The "John Bull" was built some years later by Mr. Molson; and when Lord Durham paid his first visit to Montreal, in 1838, in that splendid steamer, he paid £500 for the trip, and remained two or three days on board in the harbor; in which harbor, I may add, there were then no wharves. The vessels lay where they could, with long skeeds to the beach.

Horatio Gates, Esq., the great American merchant, took up the idea of tow-boats, and, with other merchants, commenced the "Hercules," towing vessels from Quebec and up the Current St. Mary with ease, where passenger boats had required to be towed with horses and oxen. The "John Molson," Capt. J. D. Armstrong, was the next tow-boat.

We have few citizens now who were so in 1816, but there are still some, among whom are Mr. Edmonstone (since gone to London), John Smith, John Torrance, Esquires, and Hon. James Leslie, all active and prosperous men.

A MONTREALER OF 1816.

Montreal, Nov., 1867.



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