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Vol 6

# NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

APRIL.

1870.

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# PROSPECTUS

OF THE

## NEW DOMINION MONTHLY

For 1870.

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

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

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

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SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, K.C.B.



SIR F. HINCKS, K.C.M.G.



SIR G. E. CARTIER, BART.



HON. JOSEPH HOWE.

The New Dominion Monthly,



David Livingstone

APRIL, 1870.

# NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

APRIL, 1870.

## A FRAGMENT OF VERCHÈRES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE COLONISTS."

### CHAPTER I.

The October sun was tranquilly shining on the banks of the St. Lawrence. The ground in the early morning had been white with a slight frost that had now disappeared before the warm rays which brightened the departing glories of the woods. The morning had been delightful; but, as the sunbeams commenced to slant, they became gradually pale and white, and a chill was perceptible in the atmosphere; while the withered leaves at times descended in showers, rattling over the stiffened stalks of the aster and the golden rod, the *branche d'or*, and resting lightly on the crisped grass of the long meadows which extended from the woods to the river.

On the bank dividing these fields a boy was seated with his feet raised on a pile of stones. He was busily engaged with a large collection of rushes, counting and cutting these into equal lengths and tying them in small bundles. While thus engaged he more than once turned his head and looked uneasily around; but, apparently, he saw nothing to alarm him, and he each time resumed his occupation.

At some distance, on the other side of the meadow, two men were walking. They wore the dress of soldiers and sauntered carelessly along, as if without any particular object in view. Suddenly one of them stopped.

"What is this?" he said. "A bear drawn on the sand! well done, too; the Praying Indians have been along our path."

"This is not the work of Praying Indians," replied his companion. "The bear is not their badge. No; the Iroquois are on the trail. I will not sleep in the Fort to-night."

"You would not leave those children defenceless and their father and mother absent?"

"Why did the parents go away?" answered the other man. "Pichette," he continued, "I was once prisoner to the savages. I know what mortal man can be made to bear. I have no wish to undergo so much. I shall go to the cedar swamp without delay."

The boy meantime progressed with his work. He was presently interrupted by the rustle of advancing footsteps lightly crushing the maple leaves and the fern. This time he did not raise his head till a girl of about fifteen, springing with agility over a fence, and almost breathless with running, laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Oh! Octave, my brother, I have found you at last! I have been searching all the morning for the little black heifer. Where is Auguste? What are you doing? Are you going to send a message down the river?" and, without waiting for an answer, out of breath as she was, the young lady gathered up and examined the bundles.

The boy only replied to the last of her questions. "I am not going to send a message down the river," he said. "Do not you remember, Marguerite, what Pichette told us of the savages when the Governor marched from Catarqui? The

soldiers found bundles of reeds suspended from the trees. They counted and found eleven hundred—the number of braves who were waiting to attack them.”

“Do not talk of the savages, my brother,” said Marguerite. “I cannot bear to hear of them. Helène has told me they came to Montreal when she was there. Her house was burnt and her child was killed by them.”

“Her husband was carried off, too,” said Octave; “they danced the war dance round him.”

“The Count De Frontenac danced the war dance once himself at Montreal,” interrupted Marguerite.

“Yes; but not as the Iroquois dance it,” returned Octave; “but I will send off a message if you wish it, my sister, and you can put in a token to your friend Henri. Give me some of Annette’s flowers, the Marguerites.”

“They are my flowers,” said the girl; “they bear my name; but they are all gone.” So saying, she gathered some brake and withered golden rod, and, twisting them into the form of an M, with a degree of the taste displayed by the girls in the Parisian flower markets, she arranged her simple monogram, tying it with dried grass, and was crossing the ditch to gather more rushes, when the sound of a distant shot was heard.

“What is that?” she asked, amazed at the look of terror in her brother’s countenance.

His eyes were rivetted in the direction whence the sound proceeded. She turned and saw clouds of smoke rising, while cries of distress were distinctly heard.

“It is the savages! fly Marguerite!” the boy exclaimed. “Oh! my father, my mother, why did you leave us? Let us fly!”

“Not without Auguste,” she said.

At that moment the trampling of hoofs was audible, and the black heifer, driven by Auguste, came rushing over the bank.

“Save ourselves!” the boy called to his brother and sister. “Save ourselves! the savages are burning the village!”

Marguerite looked again—she saw dark forms advancing from the woods. No time

was to be lost. Octave caught up his rushes, and, with his brother and sister, set off at full speed. Keeping together, they ran for life or death—the shouts of the Iroquois giving wings to their feet. Accustomed as they were to range the woods and fields, the pursuers were yet gaining rapidly on them as they reached the fort. The gate was opened by a woman. She admitted them and instantly barred it again. The boys, exhausted, threw themselves on the ground. Mademoiselle De Verchères fell on her knees and returned thanks to heaven for their preservation. Rising she enquired for the soldiers, Pichette and Lavigne. They had gone out in the morning and were not returned. The women, shrieking with terror, burst into invectives at the cowardice of those who ought to have been their defenders.

“What will become of us?” cried the affrighted creatures. “The savages will burn the fort! They will torment us! There is no one to protect us!”

“They shall not burn the fort,” Marguerite said. “Let us only do what we can. We will defend ourselves,” So saying, she mounted the stairs, rushed to her father’s wardrobe and drew out the *enseigne* of France, so highly valued and so carefully laid away. Opening it in haste, she ran it up the flag-staff, and, as she saw its folds flutter in the breeze, felt her spirits revive. “Let us do what we can,” she said. “Let all follow me.” She raised her hands for a moment in recollection, then led the way to a cellar, where, among heaps of rubbish, were scattered stones and broken bricks. Loading herself with as many of the fragments as she could carry, she directed each one to do the same and take them to repair the crevices in the walls. They worked in fear and haste, for the enemy were collecting together their whole force.

Mademoiselle went round the fort. Who was to defend it? The women, helpless creatures, most of whom had suffered in the cruel inroads of the savages, and, after losing their husbands and all they possessed, had sought refuge and protection in the fort, were too much terrified to do aught but add trouble to the general alarm. Marguerite strove to encourage them, and

one or two ventured to follow her as she went round the walls.

An old man of eighty, who had spent the chief part of his life in the service of the Sieur de Verchères, was sleeping under the shelter of the parapet. Octave awoke him.

"Father Grammont," he said, "will you not help us? The savages are coming on. They will take your scalp."

The old man rose.

"We are young," Marguerite said. "We will do all we can; but you can do something."

"What use should I be to the Iroquois?" the old man asked. "It is not *me*, but you *garçons* they want. They shall not take my scalp while I am within the fort of Verchères."

"Octave will take the north bastion," Marguerite proceeded, "Auguste the west. You, De Grammont, can stand on the east, I will take the south, Helène will bring up food and water."

They repaired to the places—the posts assigned. Marguerite brought out all the small store of arms and ammunition of which the fort could boast, and then arranged with the women, who, a little reassured by her energy and self-possession, had gained some little courage, that they should come up, at regular intervals of time, and call the *bon quart*.

"And now, my brothers," she said, "we must defend ourselves, if needful, to the death. We will fight for our country and for religion; and remember, in this hour of need, what our father has taught you, that gentlemen are born for the service of God and of the King."

For herself, this noble child said, she would, while she had life, combat for God and for her country. It was, in truth, her own and her brothers' lives she had to save.

The light clouds, which in misty streaks had begun to veil the sun, now stretched in dark masses across the sky; thin showers of snow came sweeping over the woods, while keen, autumnal breezes sent chilling blasts and driving hail on the unsheltered watchers round the bastions. Marguerite made her brothers conceal themselves from the enemy's sight. Venturing herself to look through a loophole she saw the band

of savages, forty-five in number, alternately advance and retreat, brandishing their spears as they came near, then, intimidated by the sound of the *bon quart* which gave the idea of a large garrison being within, they stood for a while irresolute and retired, throwing out scouting parties to watch for an opportunity of some surprise.

For two days and nights Marguerite dared not leave her post. Helène, the bravest among the women, came up occasionally to watch, while the boys, in turn, took a little repose,—Marguerite, without sleep or food, incessantly watching the movements of the enemy. Once only she descended to look for the little monogram, the withered golden rod, which she had dropped in the alarm of their entrance. She carefully wrapped this in the folds of her dress, and, sitting on a stone, would close her eyes for a few moments, then, quickly rousing herself, peer out to see if the enemy were in sight.

---

## CHAPTER II.

The third night, as a dim gleam of moonlight cast a flickering light over the bastion, a low rustling sound made Marguerite start, and, turning her head, she saw a dark figure emerge from the stairs. It was Annette, a young woman who had been admitted with the others into the fort, and, with them, allowed to remain. She was an orphan, of Huguenot extraction, and in return for the hospitality she received had made herself useful as far as was in her power.

Though of a different faith to the inmates of the fort, Annette's gentleness and assiduity had made her an especial favorite with Madame de Verchères; while her kindness and readiness to assist had gained her the goodwill of all the dependents. She now came to offer herself to keep watch, while the young lady took a little repose. Marguerite gladly availed herself of the opportunity to visit the bastions; but, instead of reposing herself, she sent the old man to rest. De Grammont, with feeble steps, proceeded to Octave's post, where, under shelter of the wall, wrapping himself in a cloak, he stretched his weary



limbs to enjoy the sleep he so much needed. Octave for some time continued to walk backwards and forwards, striving to keep off the feelings of fatigue. Presently he paused in his monotonous march, and in a low voice said: "De Grammont, if the savages get possession of the fort, what will they do to us? Will they send us to hunt the elk and the cariboo, or take us to build their lodges on the Kennebec, far away?"

"My boy," the old man answered, "let us hold out till the last shot is fired, or stand here till the blood freezes in our veins, rather than yield to the savages. Was I not myself at the Isle of Orleans when the Iroquois, forty years ago, came down, attacked the fort, and carried away sixty prisoners? I escaped to the woods; but did I not see them at noonday spread out their canoes and pass Quebec, singing their war songs, while the Governor, M. de Lauzon, could not stop them?"

Feeling secure, while she heard the old man's voice, that the sentinels were awake, Marguerite leaned her head against the parapet. In a moment sleep overcame her, and her excited imagination reposed for a brief time in peaceful and pleasant dreams. Again she rejoiced in the calm tenor of her usual life. She was with her parents, enjoying the summer air, walking by the river side, and with them was the friend for whom she had twisted the withered flowers. In a few minutes she seemed to enjoy years of tranquillity and happiness. Her dream was quickly over. She awoke in terror. Fearful shouts resounded in her ears. The yells of the Indians filled the air, the shrieks of the women below mingling with the horrid tumult without. Marguerite called to Helène and the women to sound the *bon quart*, and with a united effort to raise their voices together. The savages, deceived, again retired.

The next day was Sunday. Not such a Sunday as was usual at Verchères. The morning was fair and bright, but no cheerful groups in their best attire were seen wending their way to church. No village bell summoned the congregation to assemble. The church was destroyed; not a house remained unscathed; many of the inhabitants had fallen victims to the savages;

the rest were scattered fugitives. The boys, as they kept their tedious watch, repeated the hymns and prayers their mother had taught them, and buoyed themselves up with the hope that this would be a quiet day. Vain hope! Again the band, with yells that might have appalled the stoutest heart, advanced with fearful gestures, apparently more furious and more determined than ever; and again, uncertain of success, they retired.

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### CHAPTER III.

Not far from the fort was a bank, bordering a thick coppice, a favorite resort of the children in happier times. Here in spring the grass was gay with the early violets and trilliums; in summer, the overhanging branches offered a grateful shade; and in the bright days of autumn here the last flowers lingered in the warm sunbeams that shone in full brilliancy on "fairy rings," from which started, after nights of rain, the curious tribes of fungi. The coppice was so dense that it precluded entrance, save to the most experienced woodsman. Tangled stems and branches were closely intertwined, and the decaying leaves hung in heavy masses, guarded by thorns and briars. The morning was just beginning to dawn, when a woman wrapped in a mantle and hood noiselessly approached this thickest part of the coppice. It was Annette. She moved cautiously on, and, stopping before a narrow opening, uttered a low chirrup, which, after a few minutes, was answered from within the bush. She stooped and tried to pierce the gloomy recesses through the faint light. Presently there was a slight rustling of leaves, and Annette could discern a red object projecting from the dense foliage. It was not the crimson berries of the arum. A man crept forward.

"Have you brought me food?" he asked.

Annette drew from under her cloak some bread. "We cannot hold out much longer," she said. "For the love of heaven, for the sake of your mother and sisters, if you have any, try to procure aid to save these helpless children."

"To save myself," replied the man, "is as much as I expect to do. The roads are

beset with savages. What do you want more."

"Where is the canoe?"

"It is in the swamp," he replied, "at the foot of the old pine. It lets in water. Go."

Annette would have detained him; but, in a moment, he had crept out of sight. She retired cautiously by an obscure path and reached the fort in safety; but not unseen by the savages.

That evening Annette was on her way to carry up some refreshments to the guards on the bastions when her step aroused a woman, who, worn out by the continual alarms, was resting in a corner, her head enveloped in a cloak, leaning wearily back. "Oh Annette!" she cried as she started up, "what is it? Have the savages burst in? My house is gone, my husband, my blessed children. Shall we all be murdered?"

"Do not alarm yourself, Madam Dubord," Annette answered. "The savages are not here."

"But they are in the village," cried Madam Dubord. "Oh! where are all our people? We shall be tormented."

"Let us pray and trust that we shall be saved," said Annette.

"Oh, Annette! I have prayed day and night to the Holy Virgin and all the saints to preserve us."

"Pray to God," said Annette. "God is able to send us aid."

"Oh! Annette, you blessed girl, can you not do something for us? You say Lavigne is hid in the coppice. He will do anything for you. Ask him to get us help?"

"He will not," replied Annette; "but a thought has come into my mind, Madam Dubord. I will try this night to get to the canoe. I will go to Montreal and send you relief; but can you not take a short watch to-night?"

"Me!" cried the poor woman. "Oh, Annette! the savages will kill you."

"I will trust in God and make the attempt," she said. "God will preserve me, or, if I fall into the hands of the savages, He will take me to Himself. I will go."

Madam Dubord threw her arms around her. "Oh! Annette," she said, "how happy we shall be when you come back

safe;" then, with a shudder, as she thought they should feel as if in still greater danger when the brave Annette was gone, Madam Dubord drew her cloak closer and again leaned back.

It was with much difficulty that Mademoiselle De Verchères was persuaded to consent to the proposal of Annette; but, feeling that it was the only chance of procuring assistance, and overcome by Annette's earnest entreaties, she yielded, gave what instructions she could, and, drawing out her little monogram, entrusted it to Annette to be delivered with the message "from Marguerite De Verchères in the extremity of danger."

Night drew on; cold and changing heavy masses of vapor came sweeping from the west; sometimes charged with light showers of snow, again leaving the sky clear and serene. When gathering clouds at length obscured the moon, the gate of the fort was opened by Helène, Annette stole forth, and Mademoiselle and her brothers, looking over the parapet, saw her glide rapidly away. A ray of hope, the first she had ventured to indulge through all these long, dreadful days, now illumined the breast of Marguerite, and she looked forward, almost with exultation, to the hope of soon living again in peace. The war-whoop of the savages dispelled this short-lived hope as, with horror, two Indians, with frightful yells, were seen pursuing, at full speed, the hapless Annette. The fugitive and her fierce assailants were dimly visible till they were lost in the shadow of the woods, when the shouts of the savages died away in the distance. Nothing could be done. There was no possibility of attempting to save her. Marguerite's self-reproaches for having allowed her to depart amounted almost to despair. The inmates of the fort watched for hours expecting to see the unfortunate girl dragged past in ferocious triumph; but the night wore away without further alarms.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Annette meantime, with fear and haste, rushed forwards, aware that grim death in its most hideous form was pursuing her. It had been her intention to gain the cedar

swamp and take the canoe, but this was now impossible. In the woods was her only chance of escape. She was acquainted there with every path and turning, and, like Marguerite, Annette possessed in extreme peril the power of self-recollection. She now remembered that the track before her made a sudden bend. There was time for her to turn. With a desperate effort, she tore off her white cap, threw it as far as she could aim in front, and, darting behind a tree which offered a ready shelter, crouched down. The savages hastening on, picked up the white cap, and stood for a moment undecided—then continued their pursuit. As the sound of their footsteps receded, Annette sprang down from the ledge on which she stood, tearing her hands and face with the thorns and briars, and slipping on the loose stones and gravel, till her feet rested in the hollow below. She groped her way on through tangled underwood, as fast as she could press on. It was a struggle for life. She heard the voices of the savages returning, as they darted from side to side in their furious search. Terror urged her on, till at length she found herself on the edge of the swamp, and, creeping still on, she gained the hollow, in

which, covered with boughs, was hidden the old canoe. Annette threw herself on the ground for some minutes, to recover breath after her violent exertions. Then, knowing that not a moment was to be lost, and remembering that Lavigne had said the canoe let in water, she passed her hand along the seams, and soon discovered a part which was unsewn.

Annette had often seen the squaws at their work. She was no careless observer of what passed before her; and in this emergency, aware what was to be done, she drew some fibres from the projecting rootlets of the pine tree, and threading with the bodkin from her hair, dexterously tightened the ligaments till she judged the water could not penetrate. A submerged swamp extended some distance, on which swamp was a thick growth of reeds and water plants. Through this Annette waded, carrying the canoe on her shoulders till the water rose above her knees. She then dipped her burden into the river, and, pushing off with the stick she had provided for a paddle, she impelled her frail vessel, scarcely daring to think herself safe till she was far beyond the reach of the shots of the savages.

*(To be continued.)*

## WELCOME TO CANADA.

BY A. G. MCM., ESQ.

Emigrate! emigrate!  
 From every foreign state,  
 From every clime and isle,  
 Come to our virgin soil!  
 Emigrate! emigrate!  
 Come from the heather hills,  
 Highland and Lowland;  
 Leave all your mountain rills,  
 Flee from your native ills,  
 German and Holland.  
 From Norway to ancient Rome,  
 Celtic and Saxon come  
 To our new Western home:  
 Here mighty lake and stream,  
 Living with treasures, teem  
 Blessings and pleasure.  
 No grinding burdens here,  
 No tyranny to fear,  
 But every freedom lives,  
 That, to pure virtue, gives  
 Unbounded measure.

Canada! thy realm shall be  
 Westward from sea to sea,  
 In one great Dominion free,  
 Virtuous and great.  
 Come then from north and south,  
 Come then from east and west,  
 Come ye of hungry mouth,  
 Down-trodden and oppressed;  
 Come to us rich and poor,  
 Come to us old and young,  
 Millions we have in store  
 For the willing and the strong.  
 Bring wives and daughters fair,  
 Leave none behind you there;  
 Come then great men and small,  
 We have welcome for you all!  
 From every clime and isle,  
 Come to our virgin soil—  
 Emigrate! emigrate!

## WERE THE ANCIENT BRITONS SAVAGE OR CIVILIZED ?

BY JOHN READE.

Every one who has read even "Goldsmith's School Compendium of English History," possesses the fact that "Britain was little known to the rest of the world before the time of the Romans." Modern ethnologists have thrown some light on the origin of the different tribes which composed the early British nation, but this light is as yet very dim, and all the information we can gain by it is too vague to be received as authentic history. We have abundance of conjectures, and some of them ingenious and plausible enough; but, after all, in the present stage of research into the subject, we cannot be blamed for giving to the history of the British Empire the humble and hackneyed starting-point which we have above quoted.

But we have data sufficient in the evidence of Roman writers, and notably of two persons who visited Britain in the two centuries which ended and began with the birth of Christ, respectively, for giving an answer to the question, "Were the Ancient Britons savage or civilized?" These two persons are Julius Cæsar and Julius Agricola. The account of Cæsar was written by himself; that of Agricola is preserved to us by the hand of his son-in-law, Cornelius Tacitus. The "Commentaries" and "Agricola" are read in most schools and colleges, and it is a mark of the badness of the system by which the beauty and value of the noble literature of ancient Greece and Rome are absorbed by the insatiable and thankless sponge of grammar, that these books have been read again and again without any notice of the inconsistency between their plain statements and the commonly received inferences that have been drawn from them. Till the time of Dr. Arnold, indeed, Homer and Virgil, Livy and Herodotus, were simply so much grist for the scholastic grammár-mill.

Let us take what Cæsar and Agricola have recorded, then, of our "rude fore-

fathers," and see whether we can discover in them any grounds for the pictures of dark barbarism which seem to have been especially framed to delight the eyes of Lord Monboddo. Let us not forget, however, that the words we read are those of enemies, of men who were impelled by vanity and interest to exalt the glory of the Roman name, and for whom it was almost a necessity to regard surrounding nations with contempt. Of wilful ignorance of this kind, born of pride, it is possible to gather instances even in our own days. That the Romans called the Britons barbarians is absolutely of no more account than that the Chinese of the present day apply the same term to the Pope and his subjects. There was no more sting of personality in the abuse than there would be to a well-to-do Alderman in calling the City Council of which he was a member, lazy or incompetent.

If we look at the Fourth Book of Cæsar's Gallic War and the twentieth chapter, we find that the reason which induced the great general to invade Britain was the aid which the people of that Island had given to his enemies, *omnibus fere Gallicis bellis*.

It is not necessary to enter into any discussion as to the relations which existed between the Gauls of the mainland and their insular neighbors. What is important for us to note is that they were able to send these succors for such a length of time, and that they were of sufficient weight to attract Cæsar's attention. To enter into an alliance of this kind there must have been a settled government, and to supply such constant reinforcements there must have been ample resources in men, ships and provisions.

We may take Cæsar's word for the motive which led him across the straits of Dover, although Suetonius says, *Britanniam petisse spe margaritarum*; in which statement he is supported by Cæsar's well-known love for

jewellery as well as by a passage in the Elder Pliny. In our eyes Britain was no mean jewel to be added to the Imperial Crown. In this way these different writers may be reconciled, and we may believe Cæsar without risk.

That Cæsar thought the conquest of this jewel worthy of some preparation, and not unattended with difficulty, is evident from chap. 22 of the same book. Two legions (about 12,000 men) and a fleet of nearly 100 vessels, besides other forces, he found barely sufficient for any attempt upon the island. The Britons were not unprepared for his arrival. Their forces—infantry, cavalry and chariots—were drawn up in arms awaiting the attack, and Cæsar gives us to understand, though indirectly, that their appearance was not inspiring, even to the hardy veterans of the Tenth Legion. The battle that ensued was fought with fierce vigor on both sides. Cæsar acknowledges that the unaccustomed enemy threw his army into great confusion, and the flight of the Britons, with which he closes the battle, seems, from subsequent events, to have been part of the conservative tactics of the islanders, rather than the result of fear for their wearied pursuers.

In the next engagement with his new foe (chap. 32) Cæsar saw the strange sight of "his soldiers being overpowered by the enemy, and with great difficulty holding their ground;" and in the following chapter he gives a description of their mode of fighting and conducting their war chariots. From the words "*perturbatis nostris novitate pugnae*," it would seem that Cæsar had not in any way anticipated such a formidable engine of destruction among isolated "barbarians." The scythe-chariot seems to have been the strategic ancestor of the modern bayonet charge, for which the British soldier is famous all over the world.

After a few more skirmishes of doubtful result, as far as subduing the enemy was concerned, Cæsar took advantage of an embassy for peace and favorable winds to transport his soldiers and himself to the safer confines of Gaul.

Such was the end of Cæsar's first expedition to Britain (B. C. 55).

Is it very likely that these people, who, by Cæsar's own account, were thus able to

cope in tactics and bravery on nearly equal terms with the trained and experienced forces of Rome, were the utter savages which they are commonly represented to be?

They were an agricultural people (Book iv., 32). They had a knowledge of navigation and ship-building, and their war-chariots, which must have been of home manufacture, prove that they had made no little advancement in the arts and sciences.

They were also intelligent, quick in decision and action, and seem to have regarded themselves, and, indeed, to have shown themselves, quite equal to the Romans in these respects.

Cæsar saw enough of the Britons during his short stay (not quite a month) in the fall of the year B. C. 55, to learn that they could not be so easily subdued as he had supposed. But he was not the man to abandon an enterprise on account of its difficulty.

He returned in the May of the following year, B. C. 54, with a fleet of more than 800 vessels, 5 legions and 2,000 cavalry (B. G. V., 8).

At first none of the Britons were in sight, and Cæsar concluded that the great number of his ships had frightened them away. We find them, however, soon after acting on the aggressive, attacking and annoying the Romans—which certainly does not look as if they were afraid. Cæsar also makes the discovery that they are skilled in fortification, and he finds that it is dangerous to pursue them when they seem to fly.

Internal dissensions (the chronic evil of the Celtic races) had divided the Britons into hostile tribes or parties; but they had sense enough to imitate the Romans in appointing one of their chiefs to the command of their united army and the management of the war. He is called by Cæsar Cassibelaunus,

It is not necessary to follow this war into details. Everywhere the Britons fought bravely; and that, in the end, their general had to give hostages to Cæsar, was owing more to jealousies and differences among themselves than to the vast superiority of the Romans. The subjugation of Britain to the Roman power was reserved for another century and another era.

We have seen what the Britons were, according to good evidence, in war; let us now gather up what is recorded of their progress in the arts of peace.

We saw before that they were agricultural and mercantile—for it is more than probable than their ships were merchantmen. Cæsar also informs us that the population was infinite (!), their buildings (*œdificia*) very numerous, and the number of their cattle great. They had money, brass or iron, the weight determining the value.

They must have had smiths and carpenters, builders and shipwrights, saddlers and tanners, and the work of their craftsmen is suggestive of several subsidiary trades.

This certainly does not look like barbarism. As to their morality, opinion is divided. One statement of Cæsar would lead us to suppose that they had organized a kind of marriage which is deserving of another name. Cæsar may have mistaken what was only a "social evil" for a general custom, or what he relates may have been peculiar to only some tribes. But, even if it were true of them all, it would not place the Britons lower in the scale of morality than the Romans of that time. It would seem also that though they did not think it right to eat the hare, the cock, or the goose, they used those creatures for amusement. In this respect they were, at least, as good as their modern representatives, who have not their scruples of appetite.

They wore long hair and moustaches and dyed themselves with a substance which gives a bluish color. This latter custom has been used as an argument against their civilization. So also might the "patches," which were in fashionable use in what has been called the "Augustan Age" of England.

Their religion, as we learn also from Cæsar, was Druidism. In Britain, indeed, was the authorized Druidic University, (to speak in modern terms) to which the continental adherents of the system sent their children for education.

In the Sixth Book of his Commentaries on the Gallic War, Cæsar tells us that the Druids were the teachers, not only of religion, but of secular learning.

They believed in the immortality of the

soul; and, among the branches in which they instructed their pupils, were astronomy, geography, natural philosophy and poetry.

Their ideas, in some respects, were akin to those of Pythagoras; but were more pure and exalted. It is remarkable that they used Greek characters in writing their mysteries.

There was a class of the Druids called *Bards*, whose duty it was to celebrate in song the exploits of their heroes, though it would appear that their rhapsodies were seldom written, but were handed down orally from one generation to another.

Others of them were professors of political economy, and the fountains of whatever knowledge the Britons and Gauls possessed on the science of government.

In their priestly office they employed a splendid and intricate ritual, and it is recorded that they sometimes resorted to human sacrifices (though there is some doubt about this) to propitiate the gods. This dreadful misunderstanding of the divine character was not, however, peculiar to the Britons. It was one of the great engines of evil with which the Prince of Darkness, at one time or other, assailed the whole gentile world. Indeed, some of the Jews were not altogether free from it. Cæsar relates that, in conducting these sacrifices, the victims were generally guilty men who had forfeited their lives by crime. These priests had also the power of excommunication.

The Druids were exempt from taxes and from military service, and had prerogatives in almost all the relations of life; and they exercised judicial functions without appeal.

They had a very strict organization among themselves, and were presided over by a chief, whom we may call the Arch-druid, who was elected for life by the votes of his brethren.

As to the divinities which they worshipped, to which Cæsar gives the names of the Roman gods and goddesses, they were probably personifications of the forces of nature.

From this account of the material, moral and intellectual condition of the ancient Britons, may it not be fairly concluded that they were not altogether the untutored

savages which they have been so long considered?

After the departure of Julius Cæsar the Britons remained unmolested for upwards of seventy years. Augustus threatened a new invasion, but the timely consent of the Britons to pay tribute reconciled them to their distant foes. Besides, the policy of Augustus after his accession to supreme power was more conservative than aggressive. The vainglorious Caligula did not carry out his project of a British war. In the reign of Claudius, Aulus Plautius was sent as the first consular governor, and was succeeded by Ostorius, who led the British Chief Caractacus in triumph to Rome. Tacitus informs us (*Annal: Lib. XII. 33, 37*), that he held his captors at bay for nine years in a doubtful war; that his fame had extended not only to the neighboring islands and the provinces of the continent, but was celebrated even throughout Italy, and that men longed to see the man who for so many years had despised the forces of Rome. "*Ne Romæ quidem ignobile Caractaci nomen erat,*"—no small praise for a "barbarian" foeman. The emperor, in displaying his own glory, did honor to his captive. The people were summoned to see him, surrounded by the gorgeous glitter of the Roman cohorts. First came a train of his servants and followers, bearing the trophies which he had won in many battles; then his wife and daughters and brothers, and, lastly, as the cynosural "lion" of the day, Caractacus himself. He quailed not, standing in the Imperial presence, nor solicited pity by speech or gesture. The words he spoke were manly and noble, and gained the heart of the Emperor, who gave a free pardon to himself and his relations. Westminster Abbey holds the ashes of less worthy kings than Carradog!

To Ostorius succeeded Didius Gallus, a man of little note. Veranus, his successor died after he had held office one year.

The proprætorship of Suetonius Paulinus was marked by the revolt of the Icenidux femina facti. They were defeated, and their brave queen Boadicea and her daughters were cruelly and shamefully maltreated,—an insult which long rankled in the minds of the Britons, and which the

Roman authorities, to their honor, resented by recalling Suetonius.

It is here worthy of remark, and it excited the surprise of Tacitus, (*neque enim senum in imperiis decernant,*) that the British women were admitted in those early times, as now, to the highest offices in the state. This fact alone goes far to refute the damaging charges of Cæsar before referred to, and may be taken as not the least salient evidence of a considerable advance in the ways of civilization. The degree of respect paid to woman, whether by a man or a nation, is not a bad test of morality.

Four governors ruled the Roman provinces in Britain between Suetonius and Agricola. Under this last the actual subjugation of the island was accomplished.

Agricola arrived in Britain A.D. 78, in the reign of the Emperor Vespasian. He was recalled through the jealousy of Domitian, A.D. 84.

He has been fortunate in having for his biographer one of the most watchful observers, close thinkers and vigorous writers in the stately ranks of the Roman historians. To Tacitus we are indebted for a full account of one of the most interesting periods of early British history.

What he says of the warlike courage of the Britons, both in his "Annals" and "Life of Agricola," corresponds in a great measure with what we already know from Cæsar's narrative. From the "Annals" we learn that Caractacus in addressing his soldiers recalled in terms of pride the memory of those brave ancestors who had repulsed the dictator Cæsar; and from the "Agricola" that the Britons who had come under the Roman rule had degenerated and lost, to a great extent, their old martial spirit. Those who had not lost their freedom he considered braver than the Gauls. He attributes the success of the Romans, not to the military inferiority, but to the factions and divisions of the Britons. "*Rarus duabus tribusve civitatibus ad propulsandum commune periculum conventus. Ita, dum singuli pugnant, universi vincuntur.*" (*Agr. XII.*). He gives Cæsar the credit of discovery but not of conquest; and in the complaints which he puts into the mouths of the Britons who rose to regain their liberty

under Boadicea, he makes his retirement from the island equivalent to a defeat.

But the Capuan vices introduced by the Roman garrisons did more to reduce the Britons to servitude than the swords that glittered around the Roman eagle. "*Didicere jam barbari quoque ignoscere vitiis blandientibus.*"

The Ordovices, a people of North Wales, having defeated with great slaughter a troop of Roman cavalry, shortly before the arrival of Agricola, gave him an occasion for beginning the war which ended in the subjection of the country, even beyond the Friths of Forth and Clyde.

But, in spite of his skill as a general and the excellent discipline with which he ruled his army, his conquest was with difficulty purchased by seven active campaigns.

In the year 84 at the Grampian Hills was fought a battle which decided the fate of Britain for more than 300 years.

In the reign of the Emperor Honorius, when Italy was ravaged by the Goths, and Rome, after a triple siege, fell a victim to the rapacity of Alaric, Britain regained her long-lost independence, A.D. 409; and Gibbon tells us that "the separation was not embittered by the reproach of tyranny or rebellion; and the claims of allegiance and protection were succeeded by the mutual and voluntary offices of national friendship."

Into the condition of the Britons during the period of Roman occupation, it is not necessary, for the purpose of the present inquiry, to enter.

Whatever that condition was, there is no doubt it was terribly and cruelly revolutionized by those hordes of Northmen, by whatever name we call them, whose destiny it was to change the political map of the Roman Empire, which had been sketched and marked by the blood of many generations. One thing, however, is evident, that the Romanized Britons, though they were the last to submit to the sway of the fierce northern conquerors, were but degenerate representatives of those brave warriors whom the disciplined forces of Rome found it so hard to subdue.

We now return to them and to the question with which we started.

We have taken the histories of Cæsar

and Tacitus as the most reliable sources from which to obtain information as to what the Britons were when they first came in contact with Rome. The former had visited Britain in person; the latter received the account which he has handed down to us from the lips of his father-in-law.

Receiving these accounts, with such necessary modifications as spring from the consideration that they are those of enemies,—of Romans with Roman prejudices and Roman exclusiveness and pride,—may we not conclude that the ancient Britons were, in comparison with the surrounding nations of their age, entitled, in some degree, to the honor of being called civilized?

They had made no little progress in agriculture, commerce, manufactures, and the other arts of peace; they excelled in those of war.

Their natural ability was superior to that of the Gauls, according to the testimony of Agricola; and Murphy, one of the best commentators on Tacitus, says that the speech of Galgacus is one of the finest in history—that neither the Greek nor the Roman page has anything to compare with it.

They had a religion which was more pure and contained more of the essence of truth than that of the Greeks or the Romans. They were fond of poetry and music; and if Ossian, who lived, or is said to have lived, in the third century, be taken as a representative of their skill, the British bards must be accorded a high rank in the temple of genius.

They had a settled government in the different States, and, on emergency, one head or king was chosen for the general management of affairs.

They had cities and towns. The commerce of London was celebrated even in the days of Tacitus; and the remains of forts and Druidic circles show that they had no little knowledge of architecture and machinery.

Is there not, in fine, sufficient ground of proof that they were not the barbarians as which it has been so long the fashion to regard them?

The great cause of their weakness before the arms of Rome was neither want of



strength nor want of skill, but want of internal agreement and national cohesion. The same cause, united to the enervation which came of Roman luxury, doomed them to yield at last to the cruel valour of the hardy Saxon pirates. The same cause, after long centuries, is still at work among their kindred across the Irish Sea, often turning the sweet fruits of patriotic love into bitterest gall. It is the innate evil of the Celtic race.

But let us forget this, our brothers', nay, our fathers', weakness. Let us remember that we are Celtic as well as Saxon or Norman; and it is all the better for us that our national blood has that generous mixture. And when we hear of the great Anglo-Saxon race, its energy, its firmness, its

conquering perseverance, let us not forget that it is to the Celt within us that we owe, in great part, our wit, our eloquence, our spirituality and that tender respect for womanhood, which finds a wide and glorious utterance in "God Save the Queen."

Whether he boast of his descent from Saxon or Dane or Norman, every Englishman, after all, goes back to the countrymen of Caractacus for his greatest patrial honor, and esteems it his highest pride and privilege to be called a true "Briton."

And, whatever doubt there may be as to the civilization of the ancient Britons, few will be disposed to deny that a certain wide-extending domain, which is called the British Empire, is not the least among the powers of modern civilization.

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## GOOD FRIDAY.

BY JOHN J. PROCTER.

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They err who hold Love cannot die,  
 Yet, in their error, hit the mark;  
 Love's death is Immortality,  
 Love's life is death, Love's day is dark,

Love's darkest night is lightest day,  
 Love's highest joy is born of pain,  
 Love's sorrow is the rainbow's spray,  
 Love's lowliness alone shall reign.

Believing this, this truth I hold,  
 Joy is the first-born of Distress;  
 As fire alone perfects the gold,  
 So grief bears perfect happiness.

The joyous notes that most enthrall  
 The list'ning ear, and sway the heart,  
 Are those that in their carnival  
 Give plaintive under-notes their part.

The tears of heaven that fall in rain  
 Alone can show Faith's promised bow;  
 The mother's birth-pangs bring the gain,  
 The joy that mothers only know.

The sweetest bread is that which Earth  
 By toil, and thought, and care, may win;  
 God's mercy may not have its worth  
 Save through man's sorrow for his sin.

The blood-sweat of Gethsemane  
 The cruel cross, the darkened sky.  
 Joined to proclaim on Calvary  
 The death of Love who cannot die.

He saw the travail of His soul,  
 And, seeing it, was satisfied,  
 Saved His lost sheep from pole to pole,  
 And dying lived, and living died.

So, by the bleeding thorn-crowned head  
 The Angel Grief sat; at the feet  
 Sat his twin, Death, and watched the Dead  
 Till lite through Death should be complete.

Oh, mournful Angels of the Lord,  
 Sorrow and Death! whose smiles are tears;  
 Sad lovers! by your loved abhorred  
 And joined in thought to Hate and Fears;

Blessed be ye in all your ways  
 Veiled though they be in gloom and night,  
 Until the Ancient of all days  
 Brings from beneath your wings the Light.

Thrice blessed be all grief and pain,  
 (God's teachers that are sent by Love)  
 Thrice blessed the Death that lives again  
 And takes us hence to reign above.

## POST-OFFICE GLIMPSES—WINDOW INCIDENTS.

BY J. WOODROW, ST. JOHN, N.B.

We have already noticed that the window clerk has a splendid opportunity of reading character. If observant he cannot help indulging in the mental exercise. His thoughts must of necessity be kept to himself, so far as individuals are concerned. He can think, as he attends to his daily hum-drum duties, and reserve those thoughts. The window clerk is the confidential agent of every man and woman, and he is unsuited for his position if he betrays that confidence.

His business is to see that every man and woman receives promptly the correspondence to which he or she is entitled. It is a kind of monotonous work, relieved only by occasional incidents of a painful, pleasant, or laughable nature. He has to do business with people of all dispositions and characters. If he is wise in his generation he will endeavor to be affable and pleasant to [every] comer. His place is to know nothing of the correspondence except its address and its proper care. But in spite of himself he becomes acquainted with secrets which are to be locked forever in his breast. Curiosity should have no part in his nature, but unwillingly he knows more than he likes to know and is sometimes compelled to chide the openness of revealers of secrets. He hears many tales of sorrow, and sore trials are communicated whether he will or not.

He is expected to act as if he drew no conclusions, but he cannot always do so. He cannot fail to notice that a letter comes exactly twice a week to the young lady on Ninth street, telling its outward tale. It is from a brother, perhaps, you would say; but as the clerk innocently reads the countenance of the receiver, he notices that it is from some one dearer than a brother. Nothing in his looks should intimate his thoughts, and the young lady never supposes that he thinks; or, if she does, is satisfied that the thought never finds an utter-

ance. These letters in the delicate handwriting, coming so often from the same place to the young man yonder, tell their story. The correspondence between you married man and a female friend becomes so frequent and unusual that one wishes the letters would fall into the hands of his wife. But it is no business of the clerk's, and he acts accordingly.

To give an idea of occasional incidents at a Post-Office window, the writer is compelled for obvious reasons to draw on his imagination, and introduce the fictitious to illustrate the truthful.

"What everybody says must be true," and everybody says that Aminadab Fitzgibbons is engaged to be married to a worthy young lady of the city. He visits her five evenings in the week, escorts her to lectures and concerts, takes her out sleigh-driving, occupies nearly all her valuable time. She expects to be Mrs. Fitzgibbons at no distant day. The Post-Office clerk gives Mr. Fitzgibbons a letter regularly by every mail from Pumpkinville, Nova Scotia. It is a neat-looking little epistle in a delicate hand-writing. The clerk has his private opinion of the state of affairs; but he has no right to give even the slightest hint to Miss Prettiman's big brother, with whom he takes frequent walks for exercise. By and by report says that Mr. Fitzgibbons has quarrelled with Angelina Prettiman; and then a few weeks later the *Telegraph* announces that Mr. Fitzgibbons and Miss Gracie Russett, of Pumpkinville, Nova Scotia, had been united in the bonds of wedlock by Parson Tie M. Together. He had promised solemnly that "Come the wild weather, come frost or come snow, he would stand by his Gracie however winds blow;" and Gracie had promised to love and "obey." Everybody said that Mr. A. Fitzgibbons had married Gracie Russett out of spite because Miss Angelina had presented him with

“the mitten;” but the window clerk had a different opinion and kept his own counsel.

We will suppose a tall young man, perfumed like a milliner, “mincing in his gait, affected, prim and delicate” enquires for a letter for “Petaw Pwimwose,” and you tell him there’s a letter for John H. Primrose; but not for Peter, and he says, “Aw! I did not know of any Pwimwoses but myself,” and, twitching his moustache to make it curl, he walks away at a gait that would lead one to suppose he was afraid to touch the floor.

You notice a young lady next, and she asks for Caroline Curiosity. You tell her there is no letter for her to-day, and then she asks if there is one for Miss Experience Summerfield. She asks for two or three other names when the clerk comprehends the state of affairs and acts accordingly. In a little while Miss Summerfield herself comes, and is told there are no letters for her, that Miss Curiosity was informed of that fact only a short time ago. “What right,” she says, “had Miss Curiosity to enquire for my letters? I’ll learn her to mind her own business. Don’t give my letters to any one but myself.” Two or three days later Mr. Daniel Tucker calls and enquires with a half-bashful look if there’s any letters for Miss Summerfield. “I’m sorry,” says the clerk, “I cannot let you know. The orders of Miss Summerfield are positive.” Daniel looks somewhat surprised, as much as to say, “You know I’m her accepted;” but the clerk is inexorable, and Daniel is compelled to go away. Miss Summerfield presents herself and the clerk says, “I was sorry to refuse Mr. Tucker; but your orders were positive;” and Miss Summerfield replies, “If Mr. Tucker calls again you can *let him* have them. I thought *you* knew!” and so, after that, Mr. Tucker is permitted the great privilege of carrying from the office the letters of Miss Experience Summerfield; and, when Miss Curiosity enquires for letters not her own, she is politely informed that the postal regulations will not permit information to be given to one person of the letters of another.

“Is there a letter for Mr. or Mrs. Smith?” said a lady to a window clerk.

“The Christian name, please?”

“Zedekiah.”

“There is a returned letter for Mr. Zedekiah Smith, from the Dead Letter Office.”

The lady opened the letter for Mr. Smith in the clerk’s presence, notwithstanding it was not for herself. As she read she grew pale, and then changed color. Then she became furious. “The villain!” she said, and she clenched her little fist. The clerk, to be on the safe side, stepped back from the window waiting the denouement. “Read that,” she said, as she handed the letter towards him. He declined, when she told the story herself. Her husband had gone away in the cars a few days before, and that letter, she said, was written by him to a woman, signed with his name in full, and he called her his dearest Dolly, when, she said, “my name ain’t Dolly. I havn’t been to Windsor where this letter is addressed to. It’s full of love and nonsense. If he was only at home wouldn’t I give it to him.” She said she would go down to the cars to-morrow evening, and shame him before all the folks. The clerk advised her to do nothing rash; but she said she would.

“There are lots of Smiths, perhaps more Zedekiahs than one; please look at the handwriting.”

She hadn’t thought of that before, said he couldn’t write as well, and soon found it was from another Zedekiah Smith, and added “*I knew* he wouldn’t write that way to another woman.” The presumption was that when Zedekiah came home next evening, his wife had his slippers all ready, his tea on the table, and that he received a loving reception.

A good-looking young lady, a stranger, requests a clerk to address a letter to Mr. Bang Wang, Buckwheatland, King’s Co. He declines, on the ground that it is against his custom, and offers her pen and ink. The young lady smiles and coaxes him as she well knows how; he expresses regret, but must be excused. She urges to no purpose. A gentleman standing by volunteers; the letter is addressed, when after a time the cover finds its way back, and the handwriting is identified. The letter has been of an unpleasant nature. The gentleman who addressed the letter for the good-looking stranger is mortified, and gets the clerk

to tell the parties concerned the way in which he innocently wrote the address.

Let us suppose that during the hurry of the preparation for the American boat mail, a pleasant looking young lady hands the clerk a neat little missive without any envelope. Supposing it is a message for the letters to be re-addressed while she is absent on a visit to Eastport, he puts the missive on a hook to examine at his leisure, especially as the young lady has not waited for an answer. On second thought he hurriedly glances at the paper of the following import:—

“Dear Abraham.—The honor of your company is requested on Tuesday evening at a select party, &c.

July 14th, 1860.”

SERAPHINA.

The young lady has just gone out of the door; the clerk cannot leave his post and he requests a boy in the hall to invite Miss Lightfoot to return a moment. She is in a hurry to get down to Pettingell’s Wharf to see off, in the “Emperor,” Mr. and Mrs. John Bardolph, who have been made one that morning in an ancient church in German street, and are going off for a day’s wedding excursion. Miss Lightfoot comes back pouting when the clerk explains matters. She looks dissatisfied with herself, then good-naturedly bursts into a laugh, takes the paper, and, diving her hand deep in her pocket among an assortment of thimbles and nicknacks, she draws out the letter she intended to mail to Mr. Josiah Honeyman and goes on her way rejoicing.

You notice, perhaps, a jingling of coppers in the basket. An intelligent looking man is about to depart. The clerk inquires if he mailed a letter just now. The answer is unsatisfactory, when he says, “I thought I heard the rattle of money.” The man acknowledges he did mail a letter with the money and expected it would be marked paid. The letter and money are hunted up and made all right.

“Any letters for me to-day” is an occasional question although the face may be altogether unknown.

“Baptist,” says a stranger, and the clerk hesitates. After a little parleying the stranger says his name is “John de Baptist,” and that he expects a letter from

Lower Canada. A search is made and a letter discovered for “John de Baptist, St. Jean, Nouveau Brunswick.”

A young man approaches the window. He hands a letter with the cents for postage. The clerk, noticing his manner, takes it for granted the letter was placed wrong side up on purpose, and that it is for some one *in particular*. He turns the letter right side up, which the young man seems to think uncalled for. The clerk holds the letter before him when he ejaculates, “How stupid; I forgot to address it,” and soon it is made all right.

A young lady of color enquires for Mr. Clay. “His Christian name,” says the clerk, and the little lady is thoughtfully silent. The question is repeated, when, as if she comprehends it fully, she replies, “He’s a Methodist, sir.”

A Dutchman presents himself at the wicket. “Benjamin,” he says. “Benjamin,” what other name?” “Benjamin! Mr. Benjamin!” “I understand now” says the clerk. “What’s your Christian name?” “I hasn’t got any Christian name—I’s a Jew. My name ish Benjamin, Ezekiel Benjamin, and I know there’s a letter for me from my wife in Eastport.” So the letter from his wife is handed to the dark-eyed son of Abraham, who goes away happy.

A little girl approaches the window. “Any letters for grandpa?” “And who’s grandpa?” “Don’t you know grandpa?” says the small girl, and after some further questioning, her wishes are understood.

A merchant comes and calls out 431, receives the contents of his box, and as he walks away, a “red man” of the forest takes his place. “431” he says, and “Brother” informs the clerk that in calling out 431 he is following the suit of his predecessor.

“Any letters for Mrs. Dandelion?” The clerk takes all the letters beginning with D. in the ladies’ box, and looking over them says “Not any.” “An’ who are they all for?” is the prompt reply.

“Any letter,” says an applicant. “Plenty of letters,” says the clerk, “your name, if you please?” “Me name, is it? sure you’ll see that on the back of the letter!”

Mrs. Grundy buys a stamp, puts it in her

reticule, and comes near sending the letter away unpaid, supposing the stamp is a receipt for the money.

"Holdham," says a stout looking Saxon, to which the clerk gives a negative reply. "Holdham, I said," replied the querist. "I have looked for Holdham," is the answer, and the clerk looks again to give full satisfaction. "Why don't you look among the ho's," said the stranger, "you're looking among the haitches." New light is thrown

on the clerk's vision, and he hands out a letter for Oldham.

Such are some of the incidents that relieve the monotony of the window clerk in his duties. While they are imaginary, they are similar to incidents occurring from time to time. The window clerk becomes accustomed to these varieties, and his object is, or should be, to perform his duties to the satisfaction of every person who has occasion to visit the Post-Office.

## THE HAUNTED TOWN.

BY H. H. D.

Know you Kilmuck's haunted town,  
Seated by a rushing river,  
Where the waves by tide-winds blown  
In the sunlight flash and quiver?  
Kilmuck's lands are broad and fine,  
Famous are her lovely daughters,  
Bright her spires and houses shine  
By the dark and foaming waters.  
Kilmuck's men are brave and bold  
As ever men in story vaunted!  
But luckless valour here to find  
In this city goblin-haunted.  
Well the men of Kilmuck know,  
Courage little here availeth,  
For it is no earthly foe  
That against their strength prevaileth.  
And yet it is a goodly town,  
Well designed for health and pleasure;  
There the stately ships come down  
Freighted with their eastern treasure.  
When the summer, growing old,  
Brings the merry harvest season,—  
Thus the wondrous tale is told  
Giving no authentic reason.  
Then o'er Kilmuck's haunted town,  
When the twilight hour is gleaming,  
Through the shadows peeling down,  
Comes a strange and ghostly screaming.  
So wild and piercing in its tone,  
As if the air was rent asunder,  
The bravest men, to cowards grown,  
Hear in speechless fear and wonder.  
Now like echo from the hills  
In some remote and distant quarter;  
Then, suddenly, breaks loud and shrill  
As from the bosom of the water!  
Timid women, kneeling, pray,  
Asking heaven's help and pity;  
"Some guilty crime we know," they say,  
"Has brought this curse upon our city."  
And be it tricks of goblin sprite,  
Haunting ghost, or shrieking demon,

Never seen by mortal sight,  
'Tis no thing of earthly seeming.  
Various are the tales they tell  
Accounting for this strange intruder,—  
Of things that long ago befell  
When men were fierce and times were ruder.  
Some tell in low, mysterious tone,  
With palid cheek and nervous shiver,  
How once a ghastly deed was done  
In the shadows of the river.  
" 'Tis, they say, the curse of blood,"  
Pointing, as they tell the story,  
To a spot upon the flood  
Where the waves are red and gory!  
Some see a boat, at dead of night,  
Come darkly on the waters steering,  
Show dim and ghostly in their sight,  
Then, in a moment, disappearing!  
And others tell a tale of woe,  
Incredible to our believing,  
That human life could sink so low  
In sin and sorrow past retrieving!  
A woman's life, by ill and wrong,  
At length to desperate madness driven,  
Who yet, with woman's patience, long,  
Against her bitter fate had striven;  
Till once, escaping from her woes,  
Fled in the darkness to the river,  
Paused where the current deepest flows,  
Then, plunging, sank to rest forever!  
And each and all but dimly show  
The reason of this strange affliction;  
Still, as the seasons onward flow,  
The city bears its malediction.

The above poem is an authentic account of a strange unaccountable screeching that has been heard for many years in a little town situated on the Basin of Minas, Nova Scotia. The author of the poem, a native of the place, has heard the story from her infancy. The mystery has never been explained Travellers have given the place the name of "Screecher Creek."

H. H. D.

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

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

### CHAPTER II.

(Continued.)

Osborne felt that the fate of Beppo would soon be his own, and nerved himself for the concluding part of the fearful ordeal he had yet to suffer. But hark! what is it that stays the lifted arms of Chegouenne and his savages, and causes the captive to look intently on the river, all buried in gloom, save where the flames send a lurid gleam of light. Is it not the hurried movement of paddles? Is it not the spy leaving the captive and the Indians to themselves?

A few moments later a canoe rapidly rounds the bend of the river, and comes directly into the cove where the Indians are assembled. It contains several persons, but whilst they are in the shadow for an instant, Osborne cannot observe their faces; but he has little to hope from this new arrival. Other Indians, no doubt, who have come to take their part in the exciting sport. But, as the flames dart up in all their brilliance, a sudden thrill of hope forces the blood more rapidly through his veins, for he can see Winona standing on the beach. A minute more and a French officer in naval uniform, followed by a tall, noble-looking Indian chief, stepped up the bank and stood among the surprised Indians.

### THIRD PART.

#### CHAPTER I.

"A goodly ship did I then espy  
Come like a giant from a haven broad;  
And lustily along the bay she strode,  
Her tackling rich and of apparel high;"

—WORDSWORTH.

It is a lovely day in October; there is a light haze hanging over the land and water,

and the gentle south-westerly wind seems to bring summer with it once more. A brig with the *fleur-de-lis* flying at the mast-head is moving slowly through the narrow strait that separates Isle-Royale from Acadia. The scenery through which the vessel is passing, at this season of golden autumn, is very attractive. A deep silence broods over the face of nature, the wind at intervals seems to die away, and the sails flap idly against the masts. On all sides stretches the forest as far as the eye can see—down the valleys, up the sides of the lofty hills which encompass the gut; coves and little bays indent the land, and form harbors of safe anchorage for vessels of every size; but not a sail whitens their placid bosoms, along which the sun is sending long sheets of light, amid the trees that overshadow the banks. Here, rising abruptly from the water is a huge promontory, with its sides bristling with dwarf-fir—resembling in its form and details that formidable looking little animal the porcupine. Not a single house, not a single clearing is to be seen from the deck of the brig. A few wigwams and canoes in some sequestered cove, are the only signs of life in that wilderness.

The vessel is the "Esperance," a small six gun brig, in the service of His Most Christian Majesty Louis Quinze, on her way from the French posts in St. John's Island and Gaspé to Louisbourg; and it was to her opportune arrival at the Indian village, a short time before the events related in the previous chapter, that the hero of this tale owes his life. On her deck, as we see her passing through the strait—now and then becalmed beneath the shelter of some lofty hill—is standing Osborne with some others; but before we rejoin him we must take up the story where we left it, and relate

how it is he became a passenger on the "Esperance."

"Monsieur," said the commander of the brig, M. de Tourville, to Osborne, shortly after the scene in the concluding part of the last chapter, "when we arrived in the bay where Padenuque's tribe was awaiting his return from St. John's—Padenuque, you know, is a chief much in the favor of our people—I was astonished to hear that the Indians had taken an English officer prisoner a few days before; and as I knew there was every prospect of his being put to death if allowed to remain much longer in their hands, I determined to ransom him; but hardly had I landed, after firing the cannon to announce our arrival,\* (here Osborne ascertained the meaning of the report which had taken the Indians so hastily to the shore and given him the opportunity of evading their observation and effecting his escape,) when I heard, to my surprise, that you had succeeded in escaping from the settlement. I must confess, Monsieur, you showed good courage and much determination in thus venturing into the depths of the forest; but I may be allowed to doubt whether you would have succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the Indians when they were once fairly on your track. It is true you had a chance of meeting with some of the rangers of the forts, who are generally on the watch for the savages; but you ran a great risk, certainly, of being retaken by the Indians, as indeed the result has proved.

"When I entered the village and found that all the tribe, with the exception of two or three men, had gone on an expedition into the woods, some seven or eight miles up the country, I determined to follow them, as I was anxious to have a consultation with the leading men as soon as possible. I had also some hopes that I might be able to afford you some assistance in case you fell again into their hands. Your countrymen will acknowledge, I hope, that we are always ready to be of service to them, when

\* It was the custom of the French to fire a cannon and hoist a flag at the fore-topmast, on their coming into the bays which they were in the habit of visiting, for the purpose of warning the Acadians and Indians of their arrival.

the fortunes of war have placed them in our power; such courtesies on either side do much to alleviate the horrors of this fierce contest in which we have been so long engaged in these savage regions.

"In the course of the afternoon of the day after our arrival—for I waited for some hours in expectancy of the arrival of the Indians—in company with the head sachem, of whom I have spoken, I commenced the ascent of the river, and we had not proceeded more than five miles perhaps, when we were seen by an Indian girl, from the bank, and informed of your recapture."

"You mean Winona," interrupted Osborne.

"Yes, Winona—a handsome Indian girl—if you have ever had an opportunity of talking to her, you will find she speaks French remarkably well for one of her race; but you must know she has been a great deal in the French posts and is a favorite with our women, who have petted and taught her their language. Indeed, on several occasions, she has been found very useful as an interpreter. She is Padenuque's daughter, and the chief is very fond of her; justly so too, for she is far superior to the women of her tribe.

"The news brought by Winona made us redouble our exertions, for we had no doubt what was the fate in store for you. As you know, we arrived not a moment too soon. I must say," added M. de Tourville, shrugging his shoulders, "that I do not think that our allies were very much rejoiced at our unexpected coming. Indeed, I am sure that they would have taken you to the village had they not felt that they would have been forced to give up their prisoner. You owe your life as much to Winona as to anybody, for had she not met us when she did, on her way to the village, to obtain the assistance of her father on behalf of the prisoner, we might have delayed and failed to arrive in time to put a stop to the savage performances of our troublesome friends."

Such was the account given by the commander of the "Esperance," of the fortunate chance that had led him to the place where Osborne was momentarily awaiting the *coup de grace*. M. de Tourville had not, however, done himself full justice in the

foregoing statement, for he had not found it so very easy a task to persuade the Indians to give up their victim. It was only by the efforts of Padenuque and by liberal offers of presents, that they could be induced to desist from carrying out their cruel purpose.

Next day, Osborne found himself on board the "Esperance," and in the course of the afternoon the commandant and his officers returned from a lengthened interview with the Indians,—which with the distribution of guns, ammunition, and other gifts occupied the whole morning—and the orders for sailing were given. As the brig spread her sails and moved out of the harbour, Osborne could see the Indians assembled on the top of a hill, and among them, but standing a little apart from the others, was the Indian girl—herself a pretty picture among the grim and bedaubed visages of her tribe. From that hour Winona disappears from this story; but Osborne often, in after times, saw in his memory her dove-like eyes, and remembering her gentle demeanor and her kindly acts, would argue with his friends that there was much that was lovable in the Indian character, and that their worst qualities had been aroused by the whites who considered the Indians but the instruments to carry out their ambitious designs, and too often forgot that they were made in God's image, and were capable of generous and humane feelings.

At the time this chapter commences, Osborne was pacing the deck of the "Esperance,"—it was the day after his departure from the Indian village. Among those on board, there were three others whom we have seen before—the Acadian and his family, who were removing to Louisbourg. The man himself kept continually out of Osborne's observation; he knew, no doubt, that the latter was conscious of his treachery. The spy, however, was not on board—he had probably remained to take part in an expedition of the Indians against the English forts, which Osborne believed, from some hints of the commandant, was on foot at the time he left.

The wife of the commandant who had accompanied her husband on this trip to

the French ports, was a handsome woman, quite young. Herself the daughter of a sailor, she loved the sea, and was a constant companion of her husband on such expeditions. To Osborne's story of his adventures she listened with the liveliest interest, especially to that part which referred to Winona, whom she knew perfectly well. From M. de Tourville, Osborne sought some particulars respecting the spy; but the former at that time did not seem willing to say much on the subject.

Osborne had now before him the prospect of passing some months—perhaps the whole winter—in the French fortress of Louisbourg, to which the "Esperance" was bound; but he knew that, sooner or later, he would be able to communicate with his friends, who would arrange an exchange, and that however long he might be obliged to remain among the French, he was sure of receiving every courtesy due to one in his position. A few hours before he was looking death in the face, and it was therefore natural that his spirits should now be high. Indeed all the circumstances of his situation were such as to influence one of a sanguine temperament like his. The day was one of those lovely, dream-like autumn days when all nature seems to be sleeping tranquilly, and when there steals over the senses a feeling of contentment and repose. He was fortunate, too, in finding himself with such genial companions as Monsieur and Madame de Tourville, and were it not for the language he heard spoken around him he would not have supposed that he was among those who were at that time engaged in a deadly conflict with his own country.

In the course of the afternoon of the same day a breeze came up fresh from the westward and the "Esperance" made rapid headway, to the delight of the commandant who wished to get out of the Strait as soon as possible; but as the sun went down, the wind began to die away and lurid streaks stretched athwart the sky. The commander shook his head at the appearance of the weather; the day had been too fine and a change was probably close at hand. By nightfall the brig was well to windward of the Gut, but the wind was very baffling, ominous dark clouds massed in the



southerly sky, and some drops of rain fell heavily on the deck. Soon after midnight Osborne was aroused from his sleep by the heavy rolling of the brig and the rush of water on the deck. Going up he witnessed a scene that was grand and awful in the extreme; the sea was convulsed as it never is in those latitudes except by equinoctial gales. The night was pitch-dark, the black clouds seemed almost meeting the waves as they rushed mountains high, forming deep valleys into which the brig sank as if never to appear again. Over the face of the tumultuous waters there was a strange phosphorescent gleam, which only made the blackness of the clouds more terrible and the danger of the vessel more apparent. The "Esperance" was running under bare poles; she had previously carried away two of her sails and her fore-topmast, but nevertheless she was well handled and rode through the night safely, though there were times when even the captain and his men gave themselves up for lost. It was indeed an anxious night, and all rejoiced when morning dawned; for though the wind seemed unabated there was comfort and hope in the daylight. With great difficulty the commander managed to lay to for some time until a little before noon when the wind veered more to the westward, and finally came round to the north-west, where it remained. There was still a heavy sea rolling, and the ocean as far as the eye could reach was one mass of foam; but gradually as the sun came out and the clouds disappeared below the horizon to the eastward, the waves went down and the ship was making for Louisbourg. M. de Tourville judged that the vessel had been driven more than forty miles out of her course during the storm; but, when the damage had been repaired, the brig made rapid headway for her destination during the night, as the wind still continued fair, to the delight of all on board.

Next morning when Osborne went on deck, he found Madame de Tourville and her husband looking at a faint streak of blue to the northward, which the latter told him was the coast of Isle Royale.

"You see, Monsieur," he added, "we have made up for lost time during the night,

and are likely to see Louisbourg before many hours have passed—"

Here the captain was interrupted by a cry from the look-out,—

"A sail on the starboard quarter!"

Those who have been at sea for weeks without seeing a single vessel, know the delight with which such an announcement is received by the passengers, glad of the most trivial incident that may relieve the monotony of the voyage; but in warlike times such an event has more than ordinary significance, and it was therefore natural that all those on the deck of the "Esperance" should look anxiously in the direction indicated by the look-out. At first it was impossible for those on deck to make out the character of the vessel; but the look-out, in the course of twenty minutes after she was first seen, like a gull hovering at the verge of the horizon, announced her as a large frigate making directly towards the brig. M. de Tourville, ignorant whether the stranger was friend or foe, altered the course of the brig a little, so as to enable him to observe the frigate more satisfactorily, and to be prepared for contingencies. All the canvass possible was crowded on the "Esperance," but the stranger was evidently a fast sailer, and seeing the movement of the French vessel also changed her course a little and bore down rapidly on the former. But it was still impossible to make out the nationality of the frigate,—all that could be seen was her clean-cut bows cutting the water like a knife, and her immense mass of canvass which seemed to touch the very waves.

"Perhaps it is the "Artemise," said one of the officers, "it looks very like her, and she was to leave Louisbourg for the West Indies about this time."

The captain who was looking at her intently with his telescope, shook his head dubiously. At that moment the flag, which had been apparently just hoisted, came in view with a slight change in the course of the vessel, and as it caught the breeze, and was seen by all on board the "Esperance," it produced very different sensations in the minds of Osborne and the commander. The stranger was a British man-of-war.

## CHAPTER II.

Fierce bounding and forward sprang the ship,  
Like greyhound starting from the slip,  
To seize his flying prey.

—LORD OF THE ISLES.

Three hours went by—hours of intense interest, it is needless to say, to Osborne and the Frenchmen. As soon as the commandant was positive as to the character of the strange vessel he gave orders to change the course of the “*Esperance*” and put on all the sail possible; but it soon became evident that the British frigate steadily gained on them, despite all their efforts to avoid her. In the course of half an hour the frigate came within range and a cannon ball flew whizzing over the waves in dangerous proximity to the brig. The guns of the British man-of-war were clearly of the heaviest calibre, and the Frenchman saw at once the folly of attempting an engagement with so superior an adversary and confined himself to efforts to avoid her by trying her on different points of sailing. The “*Esperance*” defiantly fired several guns, but they all fell far short of the frigate, which still continued making headway until she came so close that it was possible to distinguish the men on her decks and the clear cut of her bows. M. de Tourville displayed no inconsiderable seamanship in manœuvring his little vessel, with the hope of keeping out of her reach until nightfall, which was rapidly approaching, and when under cover of the darkness his chances of escaping altogether would be increased. But his hopes were not to be realized, for a ball better aimed than the others, struck the main-top-mast of the brig and cut it in two, so that it fell with all its weight of white canvass to the deck, where it lay in inextricable confusion. This accident decided the fate of the “*Esperance*,” for on account of the delay that it occasioned the frigate succeeded in coming so close that the brig lay at the mercy of her broadside. M. de Tourville saw that it was madness for him to continue so unequal a contest, and accordingly with much reluctance obeyed the summons of the frigate to surrender.

“M. Osborne, fortune has favored you,” said the commandant as he gave the orders

to haul down the flag, “you will soon have the happiness of seeing your countrymen—much sooner than you could have anticipated a few hours ago.”

“M. de Tourville, replied Osborne, “it will be now in my power, I trust, to show you and your kind lady that my countrymen can be equally generous with your own, in the case of those whom the fortunes of war may place in our power.”

The wife of the commandant here came on deck accompanied by the young girl of whom we have already spoken, and said gaily to Osborne:

“Ah, M. Osborne, I hope your friends will not keep us long in your dreadful Halifax prison.

“Madame de Tourville,” replied Osborne, “if my wishes prevail, you and your husband will long remain with us, that you may see that Englishmen and Englishwomen can be pleasant friends and companions.”

By this time the boat from the English frigate was alongside and a lieutenant came on board and announced himself an officer off His Majesty’s ship the “*Hornet*,” Captain Mordaunt, on her way from England to Halifax. During the gale of the previous day she had been driven closer to the coast than the officers expected, and consequently brought within sight of the French brig.

No time was lost in transferring the crew to the frigate, and in repairing the damage that had been done by the guns of the Englishman in the course of the chase. Before twelve o’clock on the following day the frigate and her prize were on their way to Halifax. M. de Tourville and his wife, at their own request, were allowed to remain on board of the “*Esperance*,” but Osborne went in the frigate as he was anxious to hear news from England.

It took nearly two days for the vessels to reach their destination, as they were delayed by baffling and head winds. Early in the morning of the third day after the capture of the brig, they came within sight of the harbor of Halifax, and about an hour before sunset they arrived at their anchorage, off the present dockyard. As the vessels came up the harbor opposite to the town, large

numbers of citizens and soldiers crowded the forts and wharves, and as the news spread that the smaller vessel was a prize to the frigate, loud cheers went up from the concourse of spectators on the wharves. The scene which Osborne witnessed from the deck of the frigate was very different from that which is presented in these days, when Halifax is one of the principal commercial *entrepôts* of this continent. A wilderness of forest stretched far and wide, except where it had been cleared from the immediate vicinity of the town, whose rude houses lay scattered on the slope and at the foot of the hill overlooking the western side of the harbor. Two or three men-of-war and a few New England fishing vessels were anchored on the calm bosom of the noble sheet of water opposite the town. A number of fishermen's boats were coming in from the fishing grounds with a plentiful supply of cod and other fish, which abound in these waters. The only sounds that struck the ear were the music of a military band from one of the forts, and the shrill notes every now and then of a boatswain's whistle.

At the earliest possible moment Osborne went ashore, and hastened to his quarters in the principal fort, now the Citadel. He was dressed in a suit of plain black, which had been lent him by M. de Tourville the day he first came on board the brig, and his beard and whiskers had been allowed to grow so that they completely disguised his face. The sentry peremptorily refused him admittance; but no sooner did Osborne speak to him by his name, than the latter dropped his musket in his astonishment, and exclaimed—"Captain Osborne or his ghost!" In an instant, however, his military discipline asserted itself, and he recovered his musket, and presenting arms, allowed Osborne to pass in. The latter met nobody until he suddenly presented himself at the door of the mess-room, where the officers were assembled discussing the dessert, and listening to one of their number who was giving the imperfect account he had heard of the facts connected with the two men-of-war which had just arrived.

"They say," added the officer in question, after he had told his story, "that

there was an Englishman found on board the French vessel when she was taken."

"Who can it be?" exclaimed several gentlemen, simultaneously.

"I think I can tell you," interrupted Osborne, as he stood in the doorway.

The officers jumped up simultaneously, just as if a bombshell had fallen amongst them, and looked at Osborne for a moment in astonishment; but in a few seconds he was shaking hands warmly with his comrades, whose joy at his unexpected return was certainly as great as his own at finding himself once more in his old quarters, with familiar faces around him.

Osborne soon told his friends the story of his adventures, and by the time he had concluded he was gratified by the entrance of Hay and Marston, both of whom had already heard of the return of their comrade and had lost no time in seeking him at his quarters. Their arrival, however, did not surprise him, as he had been previously informed of their safety, and their arrival at Halifax some weeks before, about the time he had been taken to the Indian village by the Micmacs.

Subsequently, Hay told his friend the circumstances that had occurred since they separated from each other in the midst of the forest. "My account of what occurred on that memorable morning when we left you and poor Fortescue in the camp will be very short. Marston, the Indian and myself, in the course of an hour came up with moose tracks, and followed them for some time, when we were astounded by the Indian calling our attention to the signs of a recently constructed camp, which were visible by the side of the river on which we had again touched. It was soon clear, after a careful examination of the place, that a small party of Indians had rested there within the last twenty-four hours, and that they must have fired the gun which Toma and myself had heard, you will probably remember, in the course of the hunt of the previous night, when we returned empty-handed. This discovery forced us to retrace our steps without any delay, that we might warn you of the presence of a party of, probably, unfriendly Indians. We had not

proceeded very far, however, before we heard the report of a gun, and as we did not hear it repeated we concluded that you or Fortescue had fired it to hasten our return, in case we were within hearing. After a tedious tramp through the woods—for we were now compelled to move with much caution—we reached the camp, but only to find it deserted, and showing clearly that the Indians had been already before us. Whilst searching the surrounding woods we came upon the body of poor Fortescue, with his scalp torn off. For some time we were undecided what to do, when we finally concluded to start in pursuit of the Indians; and in this determination we were strengthened by the positive assertion of the Indian that the party could not number more than five or six at the most. We placed the body of our unfortunate friend in a place where it would be safe from the attack of any bear or other animal that might be prowling in the forest, and then followed the Indian. We kept up the pursuit for the whole of the next day without any difficulty, as the track was easily seen all the way by the practised eye of the Indian guide, and finally reached the banks of what we learned was the Shubenacadic, where it was evident the party had embarked in a canoe. Then we were compelled to give up the pursuit, as we had no means of following the party, and returned sadly to the camp, where we did not remain longer than was necessary to place the body of our unfortunate comrade in security until we could return with some men from Fort Lawrence to take it to the fort, which we did subsequently. I must mention, however, that the Indian encouraged us to believe that you had not suffered the fate of poor Fortescue, for he had discovered the track of the dog, which we knew was very much attached to you, and would never leave you whilst you were alive. Under these circumstances we decided that the Indians had carried you off to one of their settlements, where your fate would be decided according to their caprice. I must confess we were beginning to believe that you had fallen a victim to their hatred of

the English, for we had heard from our spies that they were mustering for some grand demonstration, to show their satisfaction that war had again broken out between their friends and the British."

"But is it not strange," said Osborne to his friend, "that the Indians should have followed us; when we left Halifax we had information which we believed reliable that they were not in that part of the country."

Hay then related the escape of the spy from Halifax on the night of the day he and his friend had started on their expedition, and then went on to say: "Since the escape of the spy it has come to light that a party of Indians had been seen by an Acadian in the vicinity of the second lake, on the very day the former escaped. The sentry at Fort Lawrence\* on the Upper Lake reports having seen a canoe pass up early the following day, but it had disappeared out of sight before any steps could be taken to ascertain its character. There can be no doubt that the spy and the Indians followed us, with the determination of destroying the whole party, and that they did not do so must be considered most providential. It is strange, is it not, that Fortescue, against whom the spy must have had the most intense animosity, should have been the only member of the party to fall into the hands of the Indians."

"Do you still think," asked Osborne, "that the spy is the same person of whom you have before spoken?"

"Sometimes I laugh at myself, for entertaining a delusion, and for having been deceived by a fancied resemblance. A long time has passed since I saw him; and then he was a young man. He must have altered greatly since. Perhaps fate may throw him again in my way."

But many years were to pass away before Hay and the spy were destined to meet.

\* This small post was abandoned shortly after the time in question.

## BAY OF CHALEURS, DISTRICT OF GASPÉ, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

BY THE REV. P. TOCQUE.

Point Maquereau, on the Canada side, and the Island of Miscou, (distant about fifteen miles) on the New Brunswick side, form the entrance to the Bay of Chaleurs. It is about ninety miles long and from ten to twenty-one miles wide. It has no shoals, reefs, or other impediments to navigation. It usually has a clear bracing atmosphere, seldom visited by fog, and is celebrated as the greatest fishing station on the American coast. The placid waters of this bay are, perhaps, less ruffled by the storm than any bay on the sea coast of America; which is owing to the Islands of Newfoundland, Cape Breton, Prince Edward, and several smaller islands stretching across the mouth of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, forming a great natural breakwater which resists the swelling surges of the Atlantic waves.

Here it was that, after visiting Newfoundland, the great French navigator, Jacques Cartier, in 1535, first landed and gave to it the name which it bears. Its ancient Indian name, "Ecketuam Nemaache," signifying a "Sea of Fish," well denotes its character. It abounds with every variety of fish known on the Coast of British North America.

When I arrived at Paspébiac, which is situated four miles from New Carlisle, the shire town of the County of Bonaventure, I found a dozen barques, brigs and schooners, lying at anchor inside of a beautifully curved beach, about three miles in length, forming a natural breakwater during the easterly gales against the "stirring of the ocean old." Indeed, the whole Bay of Chaleurs may be said to be one great harbor, full of coves and beaches where vessels may ride at anchor.

Paspébiac is the seat of two of the largest mercantile establishments engaged in the fish business in Canada. Here is situated

the well known firm of Charles Robin & Co., of St. Heliers, Island of Jersey, which was first established in 1768. The business is conducted in the same systematic manner as the large out-harbor houses in Newfoundland in the olden times. They have branch establishments at Percé, Carquette and other places. They export from 40,000 to 45,000 quintals of dried codfish to the various markets of Spain, Portugal, Brazil, West Indies, Italy and Mediterranean ports; besides, 30,000 gallons of oil, herring, salmon, &c., and oats, potatoes, shingles, &c., to the West Indies. Here is also the large concern of Le Boutillier Brothers, Daniel Bisson, and several small traders. Le Boutillier Brothers have also branch establishments at Bonaventure Island, Mingan and Labrador, and export altogether about 28,000 quintals of dried codfish, besides oil, herrings, salmon and furs. The Canadian codfish is small compared with the Newfoundland codfish, and neither so firm nor so fat; and the reason of the Gaspé fish commanding a higher price in the markets of Italy is because it is taken and cured in smaller quantities and less salted than the Newfoundland fish. The annual value of the imports at Paspébiac is about \$100,000, and the value of the exports in fish and oil is probably over \$300,000. Paspébiac is the depot for the goods the merchants import to supply their other establishments, and also for shipping the produce of the fisheries to the various markets.

The Messrs Robin during the last half century have annually built a ship on their own premises for their own use. No sooner is one launched than the keel of another is laid down. The vessels employed in the fish trade are from 100 to 400 tons burden. These establishments are well supplied with dry goods, imported from England, Jersey,

France, Italy, Germany, and the United States, besides every kind of provisions, groceries, wines and spirits.

The fleet of vessels are all gone before Christmas. After disposing of their cargoes at the various foreign ports, they take fruit or other freight to England, thence proceed to St. Heliers, Jersey, where the heads of the firms reside; where they fit out in the spring with salt, dry goods, &c., and return to Pasbebiac to take in fresh cargoes of fish in the summer and autumn.

The good cured fish, which is called Merchantable, is sent to Spain, Portugal, and Italy, stowed in bulk. The next in quality, called Inferior, is sent to Brazil, screwed down in tubs made for the purpose, each containing 128 pounds weight. The next quality is called West India, consisting of sunburnt and broken fish which is screwed in casks of two quintals each, and sent to the West Indies. A quintal is 112 pounds weight.

The Bay of Chaleurs remind one of Ireland, on account of its rich absentees, for all the principals of the mercantile establishments are absentees living in Jersey, and their business here is carried on through agents. The agents and clerks are all natives of the Island of Jersey, and trained to a knowledge of the business from youth. The head agent of C. Robin & Co. resides at Pasbebiac, Moses F. Tibault, Esq., a very intelligent and gentlemanly man, and a thoroughly active and diligent business man.

The first thing that occurs to break the winter's torpor is the arrival of ships from England and Jersey, bringing goods and passengers. They generally arrive about the last of April and the beginning of May, when all is bustle and activity in preparing for the fishery. Numbers leave the Bay of Chaleurs to prosecute the cod-fishery on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, and also in the Straits of Belle Isle. Those going to the former place leave on the first of June, and for the latter place on the 10th of that month. They usually return by the last of August. The cod-fishery is carried on in open boats,—from two to three and four men and boys in a boat. The average catch per man is from twenty to forty quintals for the season.

The most common mode of employing fishermen by the merchants, is by the draft. A fixed price is paid per draft for the fish as it comes from the knife of the splitter—the fisherman paying for his hooks, lines, provisions, &c. A draft is two quintals of green fish, or 224 pounds weight, with 14 pounds over, allowed for offal, &c. It takes about a quintal and a half of green to make a quintal when dry.

Another way of engaging fishermen is to give them half their lines; that is, they get half the fish they catch when cured, out of which they pay for their provisions. Some also fish on wages, the owner of the boat bearing the loss or gain.

The fall fish is either dry salted, or pickled, in flour barrels, the greater part of which is sent to the Quebec and Montreal markets.

The quantity of fish taken annually within the Bay of Chaleurs, which includes the whole of the County of Bonaventure and part of the County of Gaspé, is as follows:—

Dry Cod Fish.....	26,000 quintals.
“ Haddock.....	600 “
Herring .....	3,000 barrels.
Salmon .....	300 “
Cod Oil.....	15,000 gallons.
The number of Fishing Boats	400

The quantity of fish taken in the two counties annually is:—

Dry Cod Fish.....	100,000 quintals.
Herring.....	6,000 barrels.
Mackerel .....	300 “
Salmon .....	400 “
Halibut .....	100 quintals.
Cod Oil .....	64,900 gallons.
Number of Fishing Boats..	1,500

According to the official returns made to the Government in 1862, the following were the produce of the fisheries in the Gulf of St. Lawrence:—

Dry Cod Fish.....	169,463 quintals.
“ Haddock.....	1,066 “
Halibut .....	509 “
Herring.....	6,721 barrels.
Mackerel.....	1,065 “
Salmon .....	2,331 “
Cod Oil .....	98,000 gallons.
Number of Fishing Boats.....	2,535
Number of Fishermen.....	5,044
The number of Seals taken in nets on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, was.....	2,202
Number of Seals taken by Magdalen Island schooners.....	9,194

Number taken by schooners from the north shore of the St. Lawrence	13,195
Shot with guns by white men and Indians .....	2,000
Total.....	26,591

Producing 208,439 gallons of oil, valued at \$120,463.

The number of schooners employed at the seal fishery was 33, manned by 300 men. Some ten or twelve vessels fit out annually from Gaspe for the prosecution of the whale fishery, in the Gulf, Straits of Belle Isle, and coasts of Newfoundland. The quantity of whale oil taken in 1861, was 36,000 gallons, valued at \$17,680; but this branch of fishery within the last two years has greatly declined.

The total value of the Gulf fisheries may be fairly estimated at \$800,000 per annum. These fisheries extend along a line of coast of over 900 miles. The fishery expenditure from the 1st July, 1864, to 30th June, 1865, was in Lower Canada, \$17,500, including a sum of \$6,938, paid as fishery bounties for the year 1864. The collections made in Lower Canada (from fishery licenses) during the same period amounted to \$4,854. The Gulf coast is visited annually by about 1,500 sail of fishing vessels from the neighboring Provinces and the United States, for the purpose of prosecuting the cod, herring and mackerel fisheries, manned by about 18,000 fishermen.

The first fish which makes its appearance in the Bay of Chaleurs is the "Spring herring." They are generally caught in nets during the night, and form an important article of food of the poorer class of the people. Besides what are salted and packed in barrels, a great number are cut up and used as bait for catching the codfish, and sometimes laid over the ground as manure. After the herring comes the codfish, when all who can, leave their farms to engage in this fishery. These fish, after being headed, gutted, splitted and salted, are after three or four days, or sometimes a week, taken and washed, then dried on flakes or beaches in the sun, until sufficiently hardened to be shipped off to the merchants, whence they are re-shipped and sent away to foreign markets for sale. The Capelin school usually appears in June, sometimes in May. They are a delicate

little fish, from four to seven inches in length. They visit the shores to deposit their spawn upon the beaches. They are and found along the shores of Newfoundland the Gulf of St. Lawrence—none are found west of the Gulf. They are not found even along the Gulf shores of Nova Scotia. Immense quantities of these fish are used as bait for catching the codfish. Some are also put in barrels, pickled and dried for eating. Millions of them are also taken from their native element and laid over the ground as manure. The practice of laying them over the land in a green state by the farmers, is most pernicious, as they impoverish the land, and, besides, at the present rate, in the course of a few years, the fishermen will not be able to get any to use as bait for taking the codfish, which would be a very serious blow to that branch of the fishery. Other bait for catching the codfish is mackerel, lance, squid, smelt and clams. The first salmon are taken about the middle of May—the largest of them weighing from twenty to thirty pounds.

Frequently, on opening my door of a beautiful summer's morning, a rare sight has met my gaze. From fifty to a hundred fishing vessels, all under sail, drifting for mackerel, with numerous fishing boats at anchor, and brigs, ships and steamers in the distance, traversing the beautiful waters of the Bay of Chaleurs—the Queen Bay of Canada.

While hundreds of vessels come from the United States, a distance of over a thousand miles, and take good fares of mackerel in the Bay of Chaleurs, not a single craft, belonging to the place is fitted out for this fishery, and the resident inhabitants hardly get enough to eat—so few are taken.

The New Brunswick side of the Bay abounds in oysters, large quantities of which are annually shipped to the Quebec market and other places.

Gaspé consists of two counties, Gaspé and Bonaventure, each sending a member to the Local Legislature of Quebec, and each sending a member to the General Government in Ottawa.

The census of 1861 gives the population as:—

County of Gaspé, including Bonaventure Island and Magdalen Islands.....	14,077
County of Bonaventure.....	13,092
Total,.....	27,169

The population comprised 6,558 Protestants, and 20,611 Roman Catholics.

The Protestants are Jerseymen, Irish, English, Scotch, and their descendants, with descendants of the American Loyalists. The Roman Catholics are Canadian French, Acadian French, Indians, and Irish.

The following is the number of clergymen and places of worship belonging to the religious denominations in the district of Gaspé:—

	Clergymen.	Places of Worship.
Roman Catholic,.....	18	24
Church of England, ...	7	17
Presbyterian,.....	2	4
Wesleyan Methodist,..	1	2

At the head of the Bay of Chaleurs, at Mission Point, which is situate on the River Restigouche, nearly opposite Campbellton on the New Brunswick side, there is an Indian Settlement of about 500 Micmacs, who profess the Roman Catholic Religion. They have a church, and a priest is stationed among them who speaks their language. Here there is an Indian Reserve, and some of them have cultivated the land to some extent. Peter Basket, one of the tribe, visited England about seventeen years ago and was presented to Her Majesty the Queen and Prince Albert from whom he received several presents.

The whole population of the Gulf of St. Lawrence is estimated at about 38,000 persons.

The Canadian Government sends the armed schooner, "La Canadienne," every summer for the protection of the fisheries, which visits the whole Gulf coasts and Labrador. A man-of-war is also stationed here every season for the same purpose.

In the Bay of Chaleurs, January and February are the coldest months in the year, when, on rare occasions, the thermometer has been known to sink to from 23 to 27 degrees below zero. The whole accumulation of winter snow is from three to

four feet on a level. Rain seldom falls through the winter.

Usually, when winter once sets in, it is cold frosty weather, with no thaw until about the last of March. Almost every night the sky is brilliantly illuminated, painted with the most beautiful colors by the "rosy fingers" of the Aurora Borealis. During calm, cold weather the Bay of Chaleurs is frozen, extending a mile or two from the shore; but, during a stiff breeze, it gets broken up and scattered. But seaward, in the offing, everything presents a dreary and desolate aspect; nothing is to be seen but the glassy surface of the frozen deep. One of the most remarkable phenomena is the "frost smoke." When cold weather sets in the whole surface of the Bay steams with vapor, denominated "frost smoke;" but, as the season advances and the cold weather increases, it disappears from the surface of the waters and accumulates in a dense, black, horizontal mass hanging about ten degrees above the horizon, resembling fog seen at sea, having the appearance of land with perpendicular cliffs. Its appearance is a certain indication of cold weather. It is not visible on mild days. The cause of this phenomenon is that, as the winter approaches, the land becomes colder than the sea, since the heat acquired during the summer is lost far more slowly by the latter than by the former, and then upon the warm surface of the ocean will float the "frost smoke" as the cool air flows down upon it from the adjacent shores.

July and August are the hottest months. The thermometer ranges from 65 to 106 degrees. The warm days, however, are delightfully tempered by the "sea breeze." During the spring and summer the "sea breeze" usually springs up about two or three o'clock in the afternoon. I have observed that if the "land breeze" is blowing a strong gale from the west in the fore part of the day it almost invariably dies away in the afternoon, and blows a gentle "sea breeze" from the east, which continues till midnight or the morning, when the "land breeze" recommences.

Schools are established in every settlement throughout the district. The Roman



Catholics have two or three nunneries, in which a number of children and adults are taught.

Of the larger kind of wild animals very few are seen. The cariboo or reindeer (*Cervus Tarandus*) is sometimes killed during the winter; but the moose or elk, (*Alces America*) so abundant in Nova Scotia, has never been seen here. The wolf, (*Canis Lupus Occidentalis*) of Richardson, is not seen in this part of the country. The bear (*Ursus Americanus*) is sometimes taken in its den during the torpid state, and attains the weight of five and six hundred pounds. The smaller kind of animals are plentiful. There are plenty of sea and land birds, and the rivers are well stocked with trout, eels, &c.

There are valuable lead mines at Little Gaspé, and petroleum has been found at Douglastown and other places in the vicinity of Gaspé Basin. On the south side of Malbay, fossil plants have been met with, converted into coal, and a small seam of coal, with carbonaceous shale, measuring together about three inches. Green jasper and agates are found among the conglomerates. In the limestone of Port Daniel, there is a vein of sulphate of barytes, nine inches in breadth, containing small portions of copper pyrites, and of green carbonate of copper. Sulphate of barytes is extensively used as a paint, both by itself, and mixed with other pigments. It is said that seventy-five or eighty per cent of it enters into the composition of the cheaper kinds of white paint. About three miles up the Port Daniel River, beds of black bituminous shale come to the surface, which extend for several miles. This shale will burn with flame in the fire or when held to a lamp, and is said to yield considerable quantities of oil by distillation. Specimens of shale procured some years ago from this locality by Sir Wm. Logan, were lost by shipwreck, and he has not had an opportunity of investigating them since. In 1859, works for obtaining oil from shale were erected near Collingwood, Ontario, which proved to be very productive. Some years ago, a chartered English company, under the name of the "Gaspé Fishery and Coal Mining Company," commenced an establishment at Port Daniel, and the explora-

tion of their coal mine, which proved to be a bed of shale. From what I have heard, I think petroleum may be discovered among the shales. The distance from Port Daniel to New Carlisle is about twenty miles. The prevailing character of the rocks along the sea shore is limestone, full of organic remains, red sandstone, and conglomerates. The soil along this line of coast is, probably, the best in the Bay of Chaleurs. The land in general is fertile, being a mixture of red clay, loam, and just sand enough to make it easily worked. There is excellent limestone for agricultural purposes, red sandstone, flagstones, and conglomerates for building. The soil produces good crops of oats, barley, potatoes, wheat, hay, turnips, &c. Good farming is not understood, and the energies of the people are principally devoted to the fisheries. Sea-weed and fish offal are extensively used as manure. None of the inhabitants are living more than a mile from the sea shore, although the land in the second concession is richer and better timbered than in the first, and it is there the maple sugaries are situated. The farms are generally from thirty to fifty acres; some few have a hundred acres. The quantity of land under cultivation on each farm is from two to twenty acres, the rest remaining in the primeval state. Farming and fishing are followed together; those however, who follow farming exclusively are the best off. Those who follow fishing are mostly poor; salt herring and potatoes constituting the principal articles of food of the poorest during the winter season. It is the hardy, storm-beaten fisherman who has cause to complain. His life is daily exposed to danger and death. He draws his means of subsistence from the very gulf of danger, and, it may be, has a family of children to provide for; and after toiling with care and anxiety, enduring the hardest peltings of wind and weather, he finds that all his voyage will not pay his account with the merchant, while nothing is left to lay in his little stock of provisions for the winter. The great bulk of the population has arisen by very slow degrees, under the auspices of a small knot of merchants, who have increased in numbers and wealth by the product of the fisheries; while the poor toiling fishermen themselves, scattered

along the wild shores of the coast, reap but a mean subsistence, without the prospect of having their lot benefited by the prosperity of the merchants.

Owing to the nature of the soil, the roads are tolerably good; but very little labor is performed on them or they would be the very finest roads in Canada.

The operations of husbandry commence in May, sometimes in April; and some years the sowing and harrowing have not been finished until after the first week in June. The principal forest trees consist of maple, birch, spruce, fir, pine, cedar, &c.

During the winter, a great quantity of cedar and spruce boards are sawn by hand with pitsaws. There are several saw-mills, but a long distance apart. During the same period a number of persons are also employed manufacturing fish tubs and fish barrels for the merchants to pack the fish in for the foreign markets, also in cleaving shingles and cutting timbers for ships, &c.

New Carlisle, the county town of the County of Bonaventure, in the township of Cox, is a compact little village, containing churches, court house, jail and town hall. Here reside two of the judges of the Superior Court of Canada, who alternately preside at the courts held at Percé and Carlisle. Here also reside lawyers, the Clerk of the Court, the Registrars, doctors, clergymen, &c. The township is called after Lieut.-Governor Cox, who was appointed Governor of the District of Gaspé, in the year 1785, and resided some time in New Carlisle.

The whole coast from Port Daniel to Carlisle is delightful. It is very pleasant to walk over the red sand coves and nooks along the sea-shore, and inhale the pure, bracing air of the ocean. On the south shore of the bay, which is the New Brunswick side, the houses and churches are distinctly visible. Numerous fishing craft, merchant ships, and steam with its revolving wings are seen fretting the bosom of this beautiful bay. Hopetown and Port Daniel is a long straggling village, running along the sea-shore a distance of fourteen miles, containing a population of over 2,000, about half of whom are of British origin.

To the man of means and leisure I know of no part of Canada so desirable as a place of residence. If such a spot were distant and difficult of approach—in the United States, the United Kingdom, “gay France,” “sunny Italy,” or “romantic Switzerland,” or “classic Greece”—how eagerly would tourists wend their way to it!

Three lines of steamers are now running between the Gulf shores and Quebec, Montreal and Toronto, thus affording every facility to tourists. Here there is every attraction for the fowler, the fisherman, the hunter and those seeking a healthy climate, sea air and sea bathing. The climate, soil, scenery and great resources of this district have been greatly undervalued and misrepresented. Had the Norwegians who settled on the rocky and sterile soil inland from Gaspé Basin been located on the fertile lands and amid the fishing resources of the Bay of Chaleurs, they would not have been compelled to remove to the United States.

Who that has ever lived in sight of the sea and been accustomed to gaze upon the expanse of its mighty waters, with its rolling tide of life, would wish to live hundreds of miles from the sight of it? Here every man can stand at his door and see “life on the ocean wave”—see the ships that come and go—see the flux and reflux of its tides giving life to the various species of the finny tribes that gamble and frolic in their ocean home—see the phosphorescence of its sparkling waters dancing in the summer sun, then lifting its foaming waves and roaring in the winter storm. Here, too, we can revel in the luxuriance of nature, in her craggy mountains and ravines, her rich and beautiful plains, her flowing rivers, and her forests, with their wilderness of foliage, or their variegated autumnal tints.

Such is the Bay of Chaleurs. Why then should easiness of access and nearness deprive of interest that which is, in itself, really interesting and beautiful—a place in the extreme south-east of Lower Canada, surely in these happy days of railway and steamboat celerity the pleasure of visiting it is not to be placed among those that are “far off and dear bought.”

## THE LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS.

BY REV. S. T. RAND, MISSIONARY TO THE INDIANS, HANTSPOET, NOVA SCOTIA.

It may seem to some surprising that a rude savage tribe, or one just emerging from barbarism, should have a history. But a very little reflection will suffice to show that this must be the case.

A *written* history of course such a people have not. But in the course of their existence many stirring events will have occurred; and these events would surely be handed down from sire to son, losing nothing by the transmission, but gathering interest from the skill and imagination of those who should relate them.

The broken links in the chain of narration would be supplied by guess; plain facts would be heightened by embellishments; what was at first related in figure would come to be regarded as fact; poetry would be tamed into prose; unusual events would be deemed miraculous or magical; the occurrence of unusual phenomena would be professedly explained and accounted for; and thus stories would be transmitted so strange and monstrous as to make the impression that the whole tale was conjured up by a wild fancy, without any foundation in truth whatever. The history of all nations runs back into fiction and fable; could we follow these back through all their windings no doubt we should emerge again into the regions of truth and true history.

The similarity of the ancient legends of all nations is an argument for the unity of the race—whether this similarity be accounted for on the principle that the same facts originally led to the fictions, or whether they are the spontaneous productions of the same characteristics of the human mind and the same habits and modes of thought, the same cravings of the human heart, in all ages and places. The strong family likeness among the offspring points clearly to a common parentage.

Like the other American tribes, the Micmacs, who are still to be found in considerable

numbers in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island, have their traditions and their legends, extending back from recent times to ages remote.

These legends are of two kinds. The one they call *ah-too-kwokun*, and the other *agunoodumokun*. The first are allowed by themselves to be fiction, the others are supposed by many to be true—*agunoodumokun* signifying *history*.

Events professedly historical have usually blended with them a strange mixture of fiction.

The belief in magic is universal among the Indians.

Of the existence of wizards and witches up to a very recent period they are fully persuaded.

They also believe in *fairies*—a tiny race—of great power, and immortal—who dance by moonlight, and perform astonishing feats; are very civil and harmless if undisturbed; but who will resent insult and injury, taking summary vengeance on the offender. But should they pursue you in a fit of rage and you can cross a running stream you are safe, for *they cannot cross a stream of water* as they are "afraid of wetting their feet."

The Indians also believe in *giants*; in birds of monstrous size called *culloo*; in huge serpents called *chepitchalm*, having horns of a bright fiery color, and which are much used in magic by their wizards. Then they have a sort of demigods—male and female—fauns and nymphs, who often meet and mingle with men on friendly terms. *Migumoowesoo* is the name of these. *Glooscap* is the "Hiawatha" of the Micmacs, of whom more anon; he was clothed with divine power and was worshipped.

Our present tale is of another class of beings—the terrible *North-men* or *Chenook*—who inhabit the frozen regions; who have

hearts of ice; whose war-whoop is as loud as thunder, and kills as far off as it can be heard; who can discern objects at a great distance.

An easy and satisfactory solution of these legends of the terrible Chenook can be given.

The first European adventurers who reached these shores were fond of astonishing the natives with their artillery. Nor were they very cautious about blank cartridges, nor over careful that no deadly missiles should be hurled among the crowds of savages, whom they often seem to have regarded as only a superior race of animals. Glimpses through their spy-glasses, a sight of their strange looking food, and their hardness of heart, connected with the more tangible facts of those new and strange visitors, would form the historical and poetical basis of the legends, and an excited imagination would put the finishing touches to the picture.

The following story was related to me a few weeks ago by an intelligent Indian, who received it many years ago from his grandfather. I give it in an English dress, as I heard it in Micmac, without essential change, addition or embellishment. That it is purely an original Indian tale, I have no doubt; and, among other important particulars, it may afford an idea of the mental calibre of these uneducated people.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A CHENOO OR NORTH-MAN.

[The scene of the following tale is laid on one of the streams that run from the north and empty into the St. Lawrence, not far above its mouth.]

“One autumn, a man taking his wife and their little son with him went far up a river, towards the north, to the hunting grounds, in order to procure food and skins for the ensuing season. They would be obliged to pass the winter in the same place, as they could not return until the ice should have broken up in the spring. Having reached their destined place they selected a suitable site for their wigwam, and prepared to pass the winter there.

The autumn was spent in hunting—the man bringing in the game, and the woman,

according to custom, slicing up the flesh, drying and smoking it, thus preserving it for future use.

It was her business also to procure fuel, and to attend to all other domestic duties.

About mid-winter the hunter was one day in the forest in search of game, and the woman was out gathering fuel for the night, when all at once she heard a commotion among the thick bushes as though a wild beast were approaching. Somewhat startled, she looked carefully in that direction, and was soon horror-struck at what met her gaze. It seemed a compound of evil spirit, evil man and evil beast.

The form was that of an old, haggard-looking man, stark naked, his shoulders and lips gnawed away, as if in a fit of desperate hunger he had eaten away his own flesh. He carried a small bundle on his back. The woman had heard of the terrible North-men—the Chenoo—and she justly concluded that this was one of that dreaded tribe.

Knowing them to be cannibals she expected to be killed at once and devoured; but, quick as thought, (women are everywhere famed for presence of mind) she determined to try the effect of a *ruse*. Suppressing her emotions of fear as best she could, and assuming the appearance of great surprise and joy, she runs to meet him, and addresses him as her own dear father. She tells him how overjoyed she is to meet him, and eagerly enquires, “Where have you been that you have staid away so long?” The Chenoo looks on in mute amazement, allows himself to be seized by the hand and led into the lodge.

The woman expresses great sorrow at seeing him so woe-begone. She brings out a suit of her husband's clothes and begs him to put them on. He does so and seats himself on one side of the wigwam and looks surlily and sad; but keeps quiet.

The woman immediately prepares some food and places it before him; but he scarcely tastes it. She does not allow her little boy to pass near him, ostensibly lest the child might disturb his grandfather; but really lest the little fellow should be killed and devoured.

After a while she goes out and resumes

her labor in collecting fuel. In a short time the Chenoo rises and follows her out. "Now," thinks she, "my time is come; he will kill and devour me."

Her fears are increased when he comes up and asks her to hand him the axe. She hands it to him, however, and he commences a vigorous onslaught upon the trees, which are felled and reduced to a proper length for the fire so rapidly that she has to call out to him to stop. *Noo, tabeagul booksookul*—"My father, there is fuel in abundance."

Whereupon he lays down the axe, returns to the wigwam, resumes his seat and maintains the sternest taciturnity. The woman collects her firewood, and then sits down herself in the wigwam, watching anxiously for the return of her husband.

As soon as she hears his approaching footsteps she runs to meet him, and tells him what has happened and the plan she has adopted, in order, if possible, to conquer the ugly visitor and preserve their lives. Her husband approves of her plan and agrees to carry on the *ruse*. He enters the wigwam smiling, and addresses the stranger as *n'chilch*—"my father-in-law," and repeats the question, "Where have you been that you have been gone so long?" The old fellow looks up wonderingly, but makes no reply. The man seats himself near him and commences telling over all the events that have happened in the family circle and among the tribe since the departure of his father-in-law, in which the old chap is, of course, supposed to take a very deep interest.

The Chenoo maintains his silence; but, after a while, he relaxes his sternness somewhat. He lies down and sleeps very composedly; but his host cannot sleep. Fear keeps him awake and fear also keeps him at home all the next day. They offer their guest food again when they have prepared their own meals; but he refuses to eat except in the scantiest measure.

But when the fire blazes high he addresses the man as *n'lloo'sook*—"my son-in-law," and requests that a screen may be placed between him and the fire, as he cannot stand the heat. This is accordingly done.

On the third day of his sojourn in the family he begins to be a little more sociable. Addressing the woman he calls her "my daughter"—*n'toos*, and enquires if she has any tallow.

She informs him that she has "any quantity." He requests her to melt a little for him. She accordingly places in her kettle as much tallow as makes, when melted, about a gallon. He requests her to make it very hot, and she brings it up to a boiling heat.

He then takes the kettle and drinks off the dose, swallowing it boiling hot.

This dose is taken as an *emetic*. He has yielded to the power of kindness; has made up his mind to partake of their food and hospitality; to allow them to enjoy their mistake as to who he is; but, in order to adopt his system to the new regimen he must thoroughly clear it of the old.

He soon turns deadly pale, and forthwith his *emetic* operates on a tremendous scale. The results are appalling to all the senses of even a savage, who makes a most vigorous effort with arm and shovel to "clear the house."

When the "storm" is over he settles off into a peaceful sleep, and, when he awakes, asks for food, which is set before him, and he partakes of it bountifully.

After this he is affable and kind—they cease to fear him.

But they are living on meat that has been cured, sliced thin, dried, smoked, and then packed and pressed into large blocks.

The Chenoo gets tired of it after a while and enquires of the woman, calling her *n'toos*—"my daughter," if she had no *pela weeos*—"fresh meat."

She tells him that she has not. When the man of the house comes in that evening the Chenoo notices some black mud on his snowshoes, indicating that he has crossed over some swamp or springy ground. Whereupon he enquires of his friend if he knows of a spring of water anywhere, who informs him that he does know of one, and that he had passed it that very day; but it is half a day's travel from the place where they are. "We must go thither to-morrow," says the Chenoo.

So they get their snow-shoes ready that

evening, and are off bright and early next morning, for the spring.\*

The Indian leads off upon the run. He deems himself a capital hand upon the *akumk* (snow-shoes,) and is surprised to find that run as fast as he may, his friend from the frozen north, though apparently so old and decrepit, keeps up to him without the slightest difficulty. They reach the spring about noon. It is large. The snow is all melted around it, and the bank is level and green.

The old North-man now doffs his robes and commences a vigorous magical dance around the spring, which is kept up till he is wrought up to a perfect frenzy, and the perspiration is starting copiously from every pore.

Soon the spring begins to foam up, and rise and fall as though lifted by some huge monster from below. Presently the head of a lizard of enormous size is seen above the water attempting to come out. A blow from the hatchet lays him stiff, when he is dragged out and laid upon the bank.

The object of their visit to the spring and of the magical dance is now apparent.

This is a Chenoo mode of hunting. The North-man is a mighty magician, a Pow-wow. He has pow-wowed this lizard up into a huge crocodile,† and he is going to dress the game and carry home the fresh meat. Before he commences operations in this line, however, he proceeds in his "pow-wowing" until he "magnifies" and brings up the female. This is not so large as the other, but she is, however, a good sized crocodile.

\* The Micmacs have two words for a spring of water; one for summer—*atukubok*—which indicates that the water is cool; the other for winter—*wevoobok*—indicating that it is warm. They change these names as rabbits change their color.

† *Taktalok* is the Micmac word for a lizard. In Maliseet it is *Agatalak*, evidently the same word slightly changed. Compare *Alligator* and *Crocodile*. These two latter words do not differ more from each other, nor from the Indian names for a lizard, than the two Indian words *Taktalok* and *Agatalak* differ from each other, or from *Alligator* and *Crocodile*. Now, from the well known relation that exists between Micmac and Maliseet, we cannot doubt that these two names for a lizard were originally one and the same. Why not extend the conclusion and embrace the others as having all sprung from one and the same original source?

The Chenoo now proceeds to dress the game, and he does it in this way:—First, he cuts off the heads, the feet and the tails, which he throws back into the spring, that they may quietly settle down again into little live lizards. He throws in after them, to assist in the process, the skins and entrails.

The carcasses after being dressed look for all the world like bear's meat, and each one would weigh about two hundred pounds.

These he carefully binds together with withes, adjusts the burden to his shoulders, and bids his companion lead off for home. This he does again at the top of his speed. The Chenoo keeps up to him as easily as he did in the morning. His load appears to be no obstacle at all.

After a while the Chenoo enquires: "Can you run no faster than that?" "Indeed I cannot," is the reply. "Very well, stop then, and I will manage it. The sun is getting low, and at this rate it will be dark before we can reach home."

So they halt, and the man is directed to place himself upon his friend's shoulders above the load, and to keep his head low so as to avoid being brushed off by the limbs of the trees, and to brace his feet, so as to keep himself steady. And now then there is such running as makes the little bushes fairly whistle as they fly past them, and the parties reach home sometime before sunset.

When the woman learns from her husband what the meat is, and how it has been manufactured, she is alarmed, and is loath to touch it.\* But her husband allays her fears. She can cook it, he tells her, and their guest can eat of it; but she need not taste it.

It looks exactly like bear's meat, however, both before and after cooking, and being induced to try a piece the man finds that it also tastes like bear's meat. The Chenoo eats it with a relish.

Time passes, and before spring opens life in the woods is varied by another incident—one of a somewhat thrilling charac-

\* The Indians of these parts will eat almost anything in the shape of beast, bird or fish. But they esteem reptiles—*choojeeak*—snakes, hogs, lizards, &c. Hence our friend's scruples.

ter. The Chenoo one day informs his friends that they would be attacked by a formidable enemy in three days from that time. He informs them that a Chenoo was coming on from the north, upon them, and there would be no escaping a battle.

The most serious part of the affair was that the enemy was a *female*, a woman, (and women when they go in for a fight are everywhere ugly customers). She would be more furious, more unreasonable, more cruel, and every way more difficult to manage than a male would be. Therefore the issue of the contest would be doubtful.

He would himself, however, have to do the fighting; they must look out for themselves lest they should die from the effects of the terrible war-whoop.

In order to escape the effects of this, they must stuff up their ears, and hide below the surface of the ground.

Meanwhile he musters his weapons and prepares them.

First, he sends the woman out for the small bundle which he brought with him when he came, and which has been ever since hanging undisturbed upon the limb of a tree near the wigwam. He tells her to open the bundle before she brings it in, and if she finds anything offensive to her, to throw it away; but to bring him a smaller bundle which is enclosed in the other.

So out she goes, takes down the bundle and opens it.

What finds she there but a pair of human legs and feet, the carefully preserved remains of a former horrid meal. These she throws away as far as she can sling them.

She finds the small bundle he had spoken of and brings it in.

This the Chenoo opens and forthwith draws out a pair of dragon's horns, the horns of the formidable *cheepitchcalm*—an immense serpent—which are about six inches long, and bright like glittering brass. One of them has two branches, the other is straight and smooth. The latter he places in the hands of his host, and keeps the other himself. These are magical weapons, he informs them, and the only arms which are of service against the approaching foe. Every thing being ready they await the onset.

The third day arrives. The Chenoo watches and listens. He can hear the horrid shout of the approaching foe long before the others can hear it, and as soon as it is heard he intends to go out and meet the enemy, while they will betake themselves to their hiding place, and stop their ears.

Should they survive the first shock they will be out of danger; the following shouts, though they may be many and loud, will not injure them; and though they may be wounded by the first one, if they are able to hear the answering shout of their friend, they will be all right again. One more direction is given. "Should you hear me call for help, come at once, armed with your dragon's horn, to my assistance."

Soon the Chenoo hears the expected signal, and starts to meet the foe. The others—the man, woman and child—carefully follow their instructions; they stop their ears and hide below the surface of the ground. But suddenly the war-whoop of the enemy bursts upon them like the explosion of a cannon, making their ears ring again, and nearly killing them, notwithstanding the precautions taken. But immediately after they hear the answering shout of their friend, and this cures them. They are now no longer in danger of death from mere noise.

And now the encounter commences between the two redoubtable belligerents, and fearful is the commotion produced, which is heard distinctly by the party concealed, though the combatants are far away from their hiding place; the ground trembles trees are smashed, rocks are hurled upon rocks, and the conflict deepens and darkens. After a time the friendly Chenoo is heard calling, "*N'loosook! choogooye! abog unumooe!*" "My son-in-law, come hither and help me." Away darts the man to the fight. When he arrives on the ground what a sight is before him! The two combatants have increased their corporeal proportions, being "swelled with rage," until they have swelled out to the size of mountains! The friendly Chenoo has fallen in the fray; the enemy has him down and is holding him, and is exerting herself to the utmost to strike her weapon (a dragon's

horn) into his ear. The other is evading the weapon by rapidly moving his head back and forth from side to side.

His enemy is at the same time mocking his cries for help and telling him insultingly, "You have no son-in-law to help you." "*Neen nabujjeole!*" "I'll kill you \* and eat your liver."

The Indian who has come to assist his friend is so small in comparison with the combatants that the stranger cannot see him. His friend directs him to thrust the weapon into the ear of his adversary. Watching his opportunity he makes a successful thrust and the dragon's horn goes straight through the fury's head, and is instantly enlarged to the size of a huge crow-bar. He is now directed to place the opposite end on the ground. As soon as it touches the ground it strikes downward and takes deep and firm root.

Then he lifts up the other end and places it by the side of a large tree. Instantly it coils itself around the tree, and the foe is pinned hard and fast.

She is not dead, however, but she is deprived of all power of resistance. The other works himself out from under his foe, and then the two commence operations on their prisoner in order to dispatch her.

But this is no easy task. She must be hewed into inch pieces and consumed in the fire. For this purpose a huge fire is built, and the process goes carefully forward.

Should the smallest portion escape the flames their labor will be all lost. From that small piece will spring up a full-blown Chenoo, with all the force and fire of the other.

Meanwhile the work of subjugation goes slowly forward.

The wrath of the parties having expended itself, both have contracted to their usual dimensions.

In order to be avenged for the insulting threat about eating his liver, the conqueror,

\* *Nabujjeole* means more than simply "I'll kill you." The Indian mode of *profane swearing* is to insert one or more syllables in the midst of the word, which expresses the venom and vengeance one does not care always to translate. Thus *nabole*, "I'll kill you;" *nabujjeole*, "I'll kill you," but with an expression of *fury* and *vengeance* superadded.

having roasted a portion of that part of his captive, eats it in mocking triumph in her presence, telling her he would serve her as she had threatened to serve him.

And now commences the tug of war (to subdue cold icy hearts is a difficult task all the world over). The heart of the fallen foe is frozen like ice. It immediately extinguishes the fire; but this is roused up anew and the frozen heart is replaced in the flames. It yields a little; but again extinguishes the fire. However, by perseverance, they reduce it so that they can, at last, break it to pieces and burn it all up.

They now return in triumph to camp.

Spring comes at last. The snows of winter dissolve and the river becomes clear of ice.

The hunting parties gather in from their various winter quarters and return to their homes.

Our friends prepare to return also, and their Chenoo comrade, now completely domesticated, consents to go with them.

An additional canoe is constructed and covered with skin instead of birch bark,—an article which it would be difficult to procure at that season of the year, owing to the impossibility of peeling it. Into this additional "craft" a portion of the venison and skins—the accumulation of the hunting season—is placed, and it is given in charge to the Chenoo, while the rest of the family and freight occupy the other canoe. The river is swollen and the current is rapid, and the two canoes move swiftly down, the Indian and his wife both using their paddles and taking the lead, while the Chenoo follows.

After winding on in its course for some distance, the river swells out into a broad beautiful lake. When they have reached about midway of this lake the Chenoo makes a sudden dash and hides himself in the bottom of the canoe. Being asked for an explanation of this sudden and strange movement he informs his friend that he is discovered; that, on the top of yonder mountain, just shewing its head away to the northward, there stands a Chenoo who is surveying the surrounding country. "He has caught a glimpse of me; but he cannot see you nor the canoes, nor can he



see me now; but, should he discover me again, his wrath will be roused, and he will be down upon us and attack us."

To avoid this he keeps himself concealed, his friend taking him in tow until the river again narrows down to its usual dimensions and is concealed among the lofty trees that line its banks.

The Chenoo now declines going any further by water. He asks his friend to describe the spot where he intends to land and pass the night.

Having received this description he goes on by land, and the other tows the additional canoe after him. They sweep on rapidly, the canoes being impelled by the stream and by the vigorous arms of the "oarsmen."

But what is their surprise, in rounding the point where they design to pass the night, to see smoke rising up among the trees; and, on landing, they find their companion quietly snoring by the side of the good fire which he has got ready for them.

They continue their journey which lasts several days, in the same way—the Chenoo always arriving at the stopping-places before the canoes come up—until they have advanced far south, and have nearly reached their own village.

But now a change takes place. The Chenoo is not at ease in the heat and sunshine. His home is in the frozen north. Ice and snow have no power over him; but he cannot stand the heat of the summer's sun. His grows weak, feeble, and finally becomes perfectly helpless; and when they reach their home he is so feeble that he has to be carried like a child. His fierce and formidable countenance has become changed. His lips and shoulders, that had been gnawed away to appease his hunger, have healed. But it is evident that his end is near.

The report of his arrival soon spreads among the people and old and young crowd in to see him. They send for the priest,—(for the story dates at a period subsequent to the conversion of the Indians to the Catholic faith, and is believed by the Indians to be true). The priest endeavors to instruct him, but finds him as ignorant as a beast of the first principles of religion;

and he stoutly repels, at first, all the priest's attempts to enlighten him. But he at length yields, listens to the truths of the gospel, receives the rites of the Church, and dies.

[The foregoing story was related to the writer by Benjamin Brooks, whose father was a Frenchman. As the narrator is a man of established probity, the fullest confidence can be reposed in the Indian authorship of the legend.]

## VICTUALS AND DRINK.

"There once was a woman,  
And what do you think?  
She lived upon nothing  
But victuals and drink.  
Victuals and drink  
Were the chief of her diet,  
And yet this poor woman  
Scarce ever was quiet."

And were you so foolish  
As really to think  
That all she could want  
Was her victuals and drink?  
And that while she was furnished  
With that sort of diet,  
Her feeling and fancy  
Would starve, and be quiet?  
Till the famishing heart,  
And the feverish brain  
Have spelled out to life's end  
The long lesson of pain.

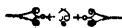
Yet, stay! To my mind  
An uneasy suggestion  
Comes up, that there may be  
Two sides to the question.  
That, while here and there proving  
Inflicted privation,  
The verdict must often be  
"Wilful starvation."  
Since there are men and women  
Would force one to think  
They choose to live only  
On victuals and drink.

O restless, uncraving,  
Unsatisfied hearts,  
Whence never the vulture  
Of hunger departs!  
How long on the husks  
Of your life will ye feed,  
Ignoring the soul  
And her famishing need?

Bethink you, when lulled  
In your shallow content,  
Twas to Lazarus only  
The angels were sent;  
And 'tis he to whose lips  
But earth's ashes are given,  
For him the full banquet  
Is gathered in heaven!

—Mother Goose for Old Folks.

## Young Folks.



### THE BRIERS.

BY NELL GWYNNE, COBOURG.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### AUNT SOPHY'S STORY.

The verandah at Carew Farm was what our American cousins would call an "institution" of itself. It was a regular out-door room, being twice as wide as any ordinary verandah, protected at each end by two projecting wings of the house, and partly shaded in front by a luxuriant curtain of grape vines. Large well-worn home-made mats lay scattered up and down as they listed over the floor, and in one corner stood a flower-stand, one mass of foliage and bright blossoms. A bird cage, containing two carolling songsters, hung from the white-washed roof; and, suspended over a little rustic table, was a hanging basket, from which the vines wreathed and trailed in profusion; and then it contained a delightfully comfortable old lounge, with a faded chintz cover, and two just as comfortable easy chairs, in one of which Mrs. Carew, the mistress at the farm, sat at her knitting on the particular afternoon of which we write. She was a middle-aged lady with a soft, serene expression of countenance, on whom the hand of time lay lightly—as it ever does on those to whom the world goes smoothly; and, as she sat slowly plying her knitting needles, ever and again glancing mildly up at a couple of pee-wees that fluttered noisily in and out of their clumsy-looking nest in the corner of the verandah, she presented a picture of homely comfort and quiet contentment not often to be met with in this world of many cares and sorrows.

"Aunt Sophy, I have been away up in Aunt Lisette's parlor looking for you to clasp my belt," said a voice from within.

"Well, come here, child, and I will clasp it for you," said Mrs. Carew, who was the Aunt Sophy addressed.

"Oh, thank you, Aunty, it is clasped; Aunt Lisette did it for me," said the same voice, the owner of which appeared on the threshold of the French window that led out on to the verandah the next instant. Miss Lisette Carew, whom we hereby take the liberty of introducing to our readers, was a young lady, apparently about fourteen years old, with bright blue eyes and a sweet little mouth, and a quantity of golden yellow hair that shimmered down about her shoulders like rippling streams of yellow light. She wore a white dress, clasped about the waist with a golden belt, and had a pair of dainty white boots on her feet, while in her hands she bore a blue velvet tatting-holder, fretted with white glass beads. This young lady had come a great many miles to spend her summer holidays at Carew Farm, where she was a special favorite.

"Aunt Sophy, don't you think it is very warm this afternoon to work," she said after she had taken her seat on a little stool at her aunt's feet and taken a tiny ivory shuttle from its fairy receptacle.

"Just as you think, my dear," said Mrs. Carew quietly. "I was just thinking what a beautiful afternoon it was."

"Oh, yes; but I mean for working," she said, rising and going over to the flower-stand to pluck a spray of crimson blossoms which she fastened in her belt.

"Aunt Sophy, why doesn't anybody ever live at the Briers?" she said suddenly, after she had resumed her place at her aunt's feet.

"At the Briers, child. What put that into your head?"

"Why, nothing; I have often thought of it before. I thought of it just now when I was brushing my hair. I asked Sarah about it once; but she said I must never mention it while I was here. It seems so strange to see such a nice place all falling to ruin."

"Falling to ruin! the Briers falling to ruin! and it seems such a little while, oh! such a little while! and yet the years have been long and weary enough to poor Lisette," said Mrs. Carew in a murmuring voice as if communing with herself; and her eyes wandered far out over the landscape, as if looking back at the past.

"Do tell me about it, Aunt Sophy," said Lisette coaxingly.

"Well, child," said Mrs. Carew with a sigh, "I suppose you know your aunt Lisette once had a son."

"Oh, yes; the little boy that was lost. I have heard mamma tell about him; but why don't you begin at the beginning and tell who first lived at the Briers, like a real story, you know?"

"Who first lived at the Briers? why your aunt Lisette and her husband. You see, my dear, after your grandmamma died there was no person here on the farm but your grandpapa and the servants; your aunt Lisette being at school, and your papa at Edinburgh studying for his profession. So your grandpapa sent for your uncle Richard and me to come and live with him till your aunt Lisette should be old enough to take charge of the house; and here we have been ever since, and always will be now while we live, for your grandpa willed the old place to your uncle Richard when he died. When we had been here about a year and a half your aunt Lisette came home from school, and a sweet little rosebud she was, as like my little Lisette as two peas," she said, patting her listener's cheek; "and by and by your papa came home also, and with him came a young, foreign looking gentleman whom he called St. George, and a fine handsome young fellow he was, with a dusky complexion and dark flashing eyes, and a careless sort of dashing air about him. All your papa could tell about him,

was, that he had met him at the medical college in Edinburgh where he was a student like himself, and that he had had, as he expressed it, "a row with the governor" about money matters, and had started off to Canada on French leave in consequence. But we afterwards found out that his father was an English baronet—though young St. George had never been in England himself, having been born in the Island of Cuba from whence he had been sent to Edinburgh to study for the medical profession. Well, my young gentleman took up his quarters at the farm as free and easy as if he had been born and bred there, and he had not been with us more than two months when one fine afternoon he took your aunt Lisette out for a horseback ride, and they did not get home till tea was almost over, when in they walked and, without saying one word or another, St. George marched up to your grandpapa and held up your aunt Lisette's little white hand to show that it had a wedding ring on it, for he had taken her off to a little out-of-the-way village in the country and married her. Well, child" said Mrs. Carew, drawing a long breath, "there is no need to say that we were all struck dumb with astonishment, and that your grandpapa was very angry indeed, as I am sure he had a right to be; but he got over it after a while and settled the Brier farm on your aunt Lisette, until she should come in for her own money; for she had a considerable fortune in her own right, left her when quite a child by a French lady, a distant relation and great friend of your grandmamma's, and whose god-child and namesake your aunt Lisette was. But as she could not get a cent of it till she was twenty-one years old, and she was now only eighteen, they had to have something to live on in the meantime, and it was then that the Briers was built. Young St. George's father had never taken any notice of him since he had been in Canada, though I believe he had written to him two or three times, by reason of which my young gentleman was utterly penniless; but that would not have mattered so much if he had not been as wild as a deer, and a reckless young spendthrift when he got anything to spend. And many an aching

heart he gave your poor aunt Lisette—off hunting and horse racing and I don't know what, month in and month out, and half the time she would not know where he was. But it was not till he got his wife's money into his hands that he showed what a mad rig he could run—he must have half a dozen race horses and a yacht, and the Briers must be pulled down; such a house, he said, was not fit for pigs to live in; he must have a billiard room and a smoking room, and dear knows what, but as luck would have it, he had not commenced his projected improvements when he took it into his wild head to go off on a European tour in spite of all your grandpapa or anybody else could say.

“It was about this time that your aunt came over to the farm one afternoon. I remember it as well as if it only happened yesterday. I was sitting at my knitting just as I am now, and she sat down at my feet just as you are doing now. She looked pale and worn; but I thought it best not to notice it, for I knew what she had to trouble her; and, for all her scapegrace of a husband was breaking her heart and squandering her fortune before the face of the world, she would not breathe a word against him if she were to die. After we had talked for a while she said, ‘Sophy, do you believe in dreams?’

“In dreams, child! I never thought of any one being so silly as to think of such a thing,” I said.

“‘Sophy,’ she said solemnly, ‘you have never had a vision sent you to warn you as I had last night, or you would not talk like that.’

“Well, my dear, what was this wonderful dream or vision?” I said, for I saw that, whatever it was, it troubled her and I thought it best to make light of it. So your aunt began in a solemn, earnest way:—

“I thought I was sitting on the lake shore on a moonlight evening, watching the moonbeams that glittered and sparkled in the smooth water like millions of diamonds. Suddenly, as I watched them, these shadows died out, and, glancing up at the moon, I perceived that it had become obscured by a cloud. As my eyes again

fell on the water it appeared to have become very much troubled, the waves growing wilder and wilder till they roared and lashed about with a terrific frenzy that was fearful to look upon, while the sky turned to an inky blackness. Dark jagged rocks rose up between me and the sky, over which the roaring waves dashed wildly up, sending their spray into the very heavens. Now and then there would be a lull and the waves would sigh and sob down among the rocks with a doleful sound. All at once the clouds parted and the moon shone out, looking ghastly and wan amidst the black ragged clouds that looked as if they had been torn to pieces in some terrible strife, and casting its pale beams over the sharp edges of the rocks; and now, borne up from the midst of the wind and the waves, there came a cry—a long, piercing, heart-rending wail that could only be wrung from a breaking heart. Nearer and nearer it came, that terrible cry that seemed to sink into my soul with a dreadful agony; and, as I gazed in the direction from whence the sound proceeded, there appeared moving, in the pale, shuddering light on the rocks, the figure of a weird woman, with long, waving, yellow hair that streamed in the wind, and a face as wan as the moon became, and Sophy,’ said Lisette, grasping my hands, ‘as she came nearer to me, I saw that it was my own face, grown haggard and stony with some great agony; and, as I wandered over the rocks, for I know it was a vision of myself, I kept looking down among the seething waves as if seeking something, and then I would wring my hands and send forth that agonizing wail.’

“‘My poor child,’ I said, when I found she was through, for I thought it best to let her tell it her own way without interruption ‘My poor child, you should not let that dream trouble you; I dare say I have had many just as strange if I took the trouble to repeat them.’

“‘No! no! Sophy,’ she said, ‘it was not a dream, it was a vision sent me to warn me of some great trouble that is to wring my heart till I weep and wail, and till my face grows haggard and stony like that weird woman’s.’

"'Lisette,' I said, 'you are getting morbid; God forgive me, child, you have been left alone too much with your thoughts and your troubles.' For the conviction smote upon me like a blow that I had been neglectful of your poor aunt. In the petty cares of my own peaceful household, I had forgotten that she must have many an anxious and lonely hour at the Briers, all alone with the baby; for by this time she had a little boy a couple of years old.'

"Well, I talked to her and tried to cheer her up as well as I could, and as I could not persuade her to stop to tea I put on my hat and went over to the Briers with her; for I could not bear to leave her alone in her troubled state of mind, and it was a blessing that I did, for it was this very evening that young St. George was drowned in some of his mad pranks at a yacht race at C—. This was your poor aunt's first great trouble, but it was not the trouble that was to wring her heart till she wept and wailed and till her face grew haggard and stony"—said Mrs. Carew solemnly. "But that came all in time as you will see, my dear. After her husband's death, your poor aunt seemed to turn with her whole soul to her little son, whom she had called Charles after his grandpapa; she could not bear him out of her sight an instant, day or night—not even while he spent a few hours with his grandpapa, who was very fond of him. Often and often have I said to her:—

"'Lisette, you set your heart too much on that boy; you should remember, child, we are all mortal.'

"And then she would look at me in a frightened way and say:—

"'Sophy, what is to happen to my child?'

"Little Charlie was the very image of his father, and promised to be as wild as ever he was. When he was only six or seven years old he took to running away from home, which was a great worry to his poor mother—though I do think, through her great love for him, she was to blame for it herself. You see, the natural impetuosity of his disposition chafed under the constant watch kept over him; if he had had his liberty like another child, I don't suppose he would have thought of such a thing. And so things went on till

Charley was about ten years old, when one Saturday afternoon his mother sent him to C—to post a letter, and from that day to this he has never been seen or heard of; and it will be ten years ago on the fourteenth of next month."

"Why, Aunt Sophy, what became of him?" said Lisette, interrupting her for the first time.

"Heaven knows, child," said Mrs. Carew. "He was advertised all over Canada and the States; and the country was searched for him far and near; and the lake dragged for miles, for the poor mother seemed to have a conviction from the first that he had been drowned. 'Take me away from the Briers, Sophy,' she said. 'I can't bear the roaring and sobbing of that dreadful lake. Its waves seem to beat against my heart,' and so she came to live with us. Your uncle Richard took the management of the farm; but, for some reason, your aunt would never hear of having any one to live in the house; and so you see it has stood, just as you see it, ever since she left it. For a long time after your poor aunt's great trouble we feared for her reason; night after night she would pace her room in terrible agony."

"'I think I would be contented if I knew he was dead—even drowned,' she would sometimes say, 'but where can he be, what can have become of him?' And she would wring her hands and moan till it made my heart bleed to look at her. As month after month rolled away and no tidings came, her very heart seemed to die out.

"'Sophy,' she said one day as I sat in her room at my work—for I am thankful to say I never left her a moment alone that I could help—'Sophy, don't you remember the dream I told you of a long time ago—on the very day that they carried my husband home to me dead?'

"'Yes, my dear,' I said, 'I remember it very well.'

"'Well,' she said, 'when I looked at my face to-day in the glass I thought of the weird vision I saw of myself that night, wandering over the rocks with the cruel waves dashing up about me. Oh! I have had a great deal of sorrow,' she said in a

wailing voice, 'almost more than I can bear.'

"My dear," I said, taking her hands in mine, for she had sat down at my feet as she was wont to do a long time ago, 'my dear, we never have more sorrow sent to us than is good for us; we should learn to put our trust in God and think all he sends us is for the best.'

"She looked at me earnestly as I said this and said: 'Sophy, you look worn and ill. I have forgotten in the selfishness of my grief what a drag and worry I have been on you all since I have been here, but I will try and bear it more bravely for all your sakes.' And from that day she took a little heart, and would go out walking—sometimes even over to the Briers. Gradually the poignancy of her grief wore off, and she settled down into what you see."

"And there never was anything heard of the little boy?" said Lisette.

"Never," said Mrs. Carew as she arose to go into the house, for now the pleasant tinkle of cups and saucers could be heard from the dining-room, and the sun had crept round till it peeped through the grapevines and lay in little fretted patches on the floor of the verandah—falling across the doorway in a broad beam that changed Lisette's bright locks into a shower of gold as she stood gazing over at the Briers, which had now a new interest for her, as had also her gentle Aunt Lisette, whom she had often, in her own mind, likened to a lily of the valley; while Aunt Sophy, good kind Aunt Sophy, was a marigold—not a French marigold with crimson velvet petals, but a good, old-fashioned, yellow marigold that bloomed in the sun, and always looked cheerful; and that she sometimes sent her to gather to flavor the soup for dinner. Perhaps it was because the marigold was useful as well as pleasant to look at that caused Lisette to liken it to her Aunt Sophy.

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## CHAPTER II.

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### HOME AGAIN.

It is Christmas Eve, and our scene lies in a small bed-room with a small win-

dow looking out over the roof of the identical verandah we described at the commencement of our first chapter; and here again is our old friend, Lisette, come to spend her Christmas holidays—for holidays would be no holidays to Lisette if she did not spend them at the farm. She looks plumper and rosier than when we last saw her, and has changed her white dress for a garibaldi as blue as her eyes, and a black skirt and bodice; and she is now in the act of divesting herself of a small linen apron, for she has been all day in the kitchen helping Aunt Sophy with her mighty preparations for Christmas, and has only now come upstairs to wash her hands and brush her hair, for the afternoon, though it is almost four o'clock. Instead of proceeding to wash her hands immediately she got her apron off, she turned a small wooden button on the aforesaid small window and pulled it open. It had been snowing all day, and Lisette was struck with the dead calmness that reigned outdoors. The snow was piled up in a long, narrow heap like a grave on the roof of the verandah, over which the dark branches spread like skeletons of birds' feet, and it lay like a pall over the landscape—the dark woods looking darker against the white hills, and the Briers looking drearier than ever with its white roofs standing out in bold relief against the dark waters of Lake Ontario, whose inky blackness put Lisette in mind of a picture she had seen at a panorama, when quite a child, of a woman dressed in trailing white garments, and with a white band wound about her deathly face, crossing just such a lake and looking back with such a ghostly look in her white face that it made her shudder to think of it; and then, as she made prints with her little dimpled hands in the grave-like snow-bank underneath her window, her thoughts wandered back to a certain summer day when the leaves rustled on the trees and the fields were yellow with golden grain, and the lake lay sparkling in the sunlight, skirting the horizon like a broad belt of silvery fire, when Aunt Sophy had told her the story of the Briers and Aunt Lisette's little lost boy. Her thoughts were here interrupted by a knock at the front door, which it was her business to

answer for the day. Hastily dipping her hands in the basin she wiped them as she ran out of the room, throwing back the towel after she had got a couple of yards from the door. A moment afterwards Lisette found herself standing face to face with what appeared to her to be rather an odd-looking gentleman; but as he politely doffed his broad peaked cap, which he wore rather rakishly on one side of his head, there was something that struck her as being exceedingly jaunty and pretty about the style of his short blue cloth cloak with its stiff collar and little full cape; and what was it that brought her aunt Sophy's words with a rush to her mind—"With a dusky complexion and dark flashing eyes and a careless sort of dashing air about him?" Was it that the description tallied exactly with the gentleman before her? or was it that that story had kept running in her head because she had been just thinking of it? In the meantime the stranger had enquired for Mrs. St. George and been shown into the parlor.

"Aunt Lisette," said Lisette, bursting into her aunt's room, "there is such a handsome gentleman in the parlor wants to see you."

"To see me," said Mrs. St. George, "who can it be?"

"I don't know, Aunt Lisette, but he is so handsome."

"Well, let us go down and see what this very handsome gentleman wants," said her aunt with a smile.

"But he only asked for you, Aunt Lisette."

"Nonsense, child; come down and see what he wants."

As she opened the parlor door Lisette observed that the stranger had not sat down, but stood at the window with his head turned as if looking over at the Briers. He turned quickly about as they entered, and to her utter amazement advanced towards her aunt Lisette, extending both hands, and exclaiming "My Mother!" Mrs. St. George, whose face had turned to an ashy pallor, stood gazing at him like one

petrified, but spoke not a word. "Mamma," said he again, "have you no word of welcome for me after all these years?"

"It is he," said Mrs. St. George in a faint voice; it is my little lost boy grown to be a man. My God, I thank thee!" she said, fervently clasping her hands, and the next moment she lay fainting in the arms of her long lost son.

It is needless to say that Aunt Sophy and everybody else concerned were very much astonished indeed at such a totally unlooked for event as the return of Charley St. George after ten years' absence; which event, as Uncle Richard observed, made his mother ten years younger in one night.

Young St. George's story was soon told. He went to Rochester on a steamboat that was receiving its cargo on the wharf at C— on the afternoon of his disappearance. He met a gentleman on board the boat, to whom he gave a false name and told a fabulous story, who engaged him on the spot to accompany him to New Orleans to work in a factory, which he did for about a year, after which he had many ups and downs until the breaking out of the war when he entered the army, where he rose to the rank of captain.

"Did I not tell your aunt Lisette, years ago, that God ordered all things for the best," said Aunt Sophy when she wrote to Lisette in the spring time to tell her that Aunt Lisette and her son were comfortably settled in their old home at the Briers. "If Charley St. George did not go off when he did," continued Aunt Sophy, "now would be the time he would be breaking his mother's heart by going out to see the world; but he has seen the world to his heart's content, and promises to be a blessing and a comfort to his mother; and if the truth must be told, there was a time when I thought he would be the very reverse."

Lisette now divides her holidays between the Briers and Carew Farm, and often thinks of the time when she used to wonder why nobody ever lived at the Briers.

THE END.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT.



The Owl and the Pussy-  
cat went to sea,  
In a beautiful pea-  
green boat,  
They took some honey  
and plenty of money  
Wrapped up in a five-  
pound note.  
The Owl looked up to  
the moon above  
And sung to a small  
guitar,  
"O lovely Pussy, O  
Pussy, my love,  
What a beautiful  
Pussy you are,  
You are—  
What a beautiful  
Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl,  
"You elegant fowl,  
How wonderful sweet  
you sing!  
O let us be married, too  
long we have tar-  
ried—  
But what shall we do  
for a ring?"

They sailed away for a year and a day  
To the land where the Bong-tree grows,  
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,  
With a ring in the end of his nose,  
His nose—  
With a ring in the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you  
willing to sell for  
one shilling  
Your ring?" Said the  
Piggy, "I will."  
So they took it away,  
and were married  
next day  
By the Turkey that  
lives on the hill.  
They dined on mince  
and slices of quince  
Which they eat with a  
runcible spoon,  
And hand in hand on  
the edge of the sand  
They danced by the  
light of the moon,  
The moon—  
They danced by the light  
of the moon.





## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE; OR, SCHOOL DAYS OF BERTHA PRICE.

BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL, QUEBEC.

(Concluded.)

### CHAPTER IV.

If Bertha's school days at Miss Mark's could be characterized as dark and cloudy, these now at Rahway were surely the sunshiny ones of her life; and she felt they were so, and tried to show her gratitude for such happiness by working hard, and doing her duty in the state of life to which it had pleased God to call her. Whether she succeeded satisfactorily enough to her own mind is another question. We are as liable to deceive ourselves as others, and often rest our self-deception upon the opinion our friends have of us—willingly looking through their spectacles. Outwardly, Bertha was changed and improved, and after a year or two at Mrs. De Veuve's few would have known in the tall, bright, happy looking school girl, the pale, delicate, sad looking little creature she was when she came there first. In the large school circle she soon formed intimate friendships, though the new growth did not root up the memory of the old love for Elinor Lake, that ever remained a green and cherished spot, often watered with tears, and thought of and talked over in long twilight hours with some sympathizing young companion or friend. But we must go a little more fully into the occupations of the girls out of school, if we wish to see how Bertha spent her time, and what influences were brought to bear upon her character then. Mrs. De Veuve was not one who, once lesson hours were over, thought her work was done, and left her young people to do as they liked, and so fall into habits of idle talking and gossiping for want of something better to do. All hours were to her alike responsible ones, while they were in her care, and she so planned their amusements as to bring an amount of active occupation into them, and keep their minds in a healthy moral

state. Saturdays were made days of instruction and pleasure combined; a ramble in the woods, perhaps, might be got up, with a teacher or two as escort, a lot of small luncheon baskets, stout shoes, &c., and the whole party would be off botanizing, returning only just in time for tea, laden with the spoils of nature and glowing with health and merriment. Another time they would follow the windings of the nearest streams and rivers in search of fossils and stones for those who studied geology; the younger ones who were not interested in the study gladly going in for the fun of the excursion, and occupying themselves catching small fish or collecting lichens and mosses, or arranging ferns, of which even some of the very little ones had fine collections. All such tastes were encouraged at the Institute, as having a strengthening and purifying influence on the character, teaching them in their knowledge of and admiration for nature, to "look through nature up to nature's God." When the weather was not propitious for out-door amusements, the young people took possession of the huge school room, and benches and desks were arranged for private entertainments, such as *tableaux vivants*, readings, recitations, &c. To these the teachers were invited, and as many of the day scholars as could be got at upon short notice; and in their turn entertainments of this sort were enjoyed very much. Occasionally Mrs. Price drove into Rahway and took a lot of the boarders off to New York for the day. Here their first visit generally was to the ladies' sea-bathing house at Castle Garden, where for a few cents each they enjoyed the luxury of a splash in salt water; then they went to the American Museum or some such place for two or three hours, examining with the curiosity of enquiring minds all the won-

ders they saw there; and after lunching at some nice quiet confectionery shop, returned home delighted and supplied with matter for conversation for the next month. Each year brought its May party, a custom borrowed from the dear old land across the sea, which we must describe a little particularly. For the week preceding the first of May there was generally unusual bustle; out of school hours conversation was carried on in corners by knots here and there—a little mystery attending, the whole, very exciting and charming to everybody concerned. A ballot box was provided, in which every girl dropped a slip of paper, with the name of that schoolmate written upon it she wished chosen as queen, also those of four maids of honor. With her usual tact and skill, Mrs. De Veuve managed this part of the business so successfully that party feeling and ill-will did not break the harmony of the school; and usually the one who had been the most amiable and unselfish during the year past was rewarded with this mark of approbation and distinction from her companions. The grounds where the feast was held were at some distance from the Institute, and were owned by a gentleman whose little daughters were day scholars at the school, and who took a great deal of trouble and pains in having swings hung, tables spread, and everything done he could think of to make the day pass happily for them all. On May morning, dressed in plain white, with garlands of natural flowers made by themselves hanging from their shoulders, and wreaths of the same in their hands, the girls walked in procession, led by the Queen and her maids of honor, through the fields to the grounds prepared for them. Then Her Majesty was conducted with some ceremony to a raised throne of branches and moss, and crowned; and a pretty little address, written and learnt for the occasion, was delivered to her, saying that her gentleness, good temper, or some such virtue, had so won the respect of her companions that they had chosen her queen. This was followed by a reply from the throne, thanking them for the honor, though modestly disclaiming all claim to it; and trusting that she might be enabled so to conduct herself in the ensuing year as to be

not unworthy of that respect of her companions she valued so highly. These ceremonies over the wreaths were put upon their heads and games of all sorts began, which were kept up till late in the afternoon. Meanwhile, the teachers and a few of the elder girls set the tables from the contents of the various baskets provided for the feast. A camp fire was made, and a huge, black kettle kept up its merry singing and supplied the hungry and tired company with refreshing tea all the time. After supper, hymns were sung, and all walked home wishing that first of May came oftener than once a year. So ended the May party.

Fearing lest her young people should become selfish in their enjoyments and forgetful of the sufferings of others, Mrs. De Veuve suggested that one Saturday afternoon in every month should be given to working for the poor,—a suggestion which was eagerly adopted and carried out, and a little sewing club was then formed, which not only clothed in the cold winter many a suffering little one, but helped to teach the girls to sew and cut out as well. Only small garments were made, such as they could cut out and make themselves; for their wise teacher wished them to manage it all without her interference, even to the purchasing of the material; and so it came to pass that many a penny, which would have found its way into the candy shop, turned into grey and blue cotton, to the far more lasting satisfaction of its possessor.

Twice a year—namely, at midsummer and Christmas—there were holidays of several weeks' length. Then the school emptied, and everybody, teachers as well as scholars, went home except two sisters, who had no mother and no home, and remained with Mrs. De Veuve all the year round. They were very happy, however, in her diminished circle; and spoke of the charming places she had taken them to see, and the delightful times they had had, with great apparent satisfaction, on the opening of school again. The only known relation these girls had was their father, who lived in New York, and appeared very fond of them, coming to see them once a week. Now, as he often brought his young partner

with him, it came to pass, that, after a while, and before Bertha left school, to the surprise of everybody, except, I suppose, those nearly concerned, who are never surprised at what they believe will happen, a marriage took place between this gentleman and Mary, the eldest sister, who had finished her education and been a parlor boarder for upwards of a year. Having, as we said before, no home, the wedding took place at school and it was a pretty sight to see all the blooming school girls of different sizes and ages, dressed in white, looking their best, glad to do honor to the bridal of dear Mary Woodruff. The large drawing rooms were loaded with flowers, arranged in every sort of decoration and device, while the bride herself shewed the loving touch of her companions, in the natural flowers which ornamented her hair and person. No stiff, hard artificials were there. The girls discarded with disdain the wreath and bouquet sent by the New York milliner, and arrayed Mary in one of their own weaving. A simple bunch of forget-me-nots was the only ornament worn by themselves, and Mary as she glanced round and saw the speaking emblem on every breast, burst into tears of sorrow at parting with so many loved companions, and that happy home, where the dear head of it had so long supplied the place of mother to her. A mingled shower of tears and kisses, old shoes and bouquets, fell upon her as she bade farewell to them all, and took her place as wife and head of a home of her own; no doubt well fitted for both, from the careful Christian training she had had.

Bertha's holidays were spent partly at Hatfield, and partly at the Marsh's farm with her mother, where the change from the routine and work of school, to the perfect liberty and rest of the farm was very pleasant; and the visits of the bright, merry school girl were always looked forward to and welcomed, every member of the household trying to add their mite by making her holidays pass pleasantly. Old Dad in summer kept his best peaches and melons untouched, and in winter his apples, nuts, and best barrel of cider, till Bertha came home. Mrs. Marsh (or Aunty as she was familiarly called by neighbors) reserved

all her apple bees, quiltings and festivities of all sorts for the holiday season, while George and his sister, the grown up son and daughter, drove her about to see the prettiest parts of the country in their best carriage and pair, with most untiring patience. Then there was her mother, ever ready to do all sorts of kind offices for her, as mothers always are; and her little brother and sister to go nutting, blackberry hunting and fishing up the little stream with, glad to point out their favorite haunts and sweetest places to sister Bertha, and, lastly, Dinah! black Dinah!—by no means the least important personage in the household—to bustle about and do marvels in the cookery line for “Misse Bertha holiday.” “Poor chile,” she would say, “you learn book book all the school time till you tired; no nice tings to eat I spose. I give you nice tings now my dear.” To Bertha's reply “that she got nice things, very good things, at Mrs. De Veuve's,” she would toss her head with contempt and say: “Werry good of you to say so, chile, not good to tell tales out of school, but I know you got no tings like mine there. School cooks, indeed! what dey know! poor affairs? wonder whar dey'd get the cream and lots of fresh eggs I puts in my tings from. I know what schools is. Dere's Colonel Cave's daughter who went down to Woodville, and she cum home half starved; salt cod-fish twice a week, t'was a sight to see her eat they say. La's I know a little of schools I guess.” Much amused—visions of Miss Mark's rising up—but without opposing the black woman further, Bertha would pat her fat shoulder and say “I did not mean, Dinah, our cooking was as good as yours. I never tasted such pies and cakes as you make anywhere, or buckwheat cakes either.” “Wall, chile, I don't spose you did,” would be the softened remark of the easily appeased damsel, as she settled the handsome red turban Bertha brought from New York becomingly upon the top of her bushy, black wool. “I'll have some prime fust-rate ones for to-morrow's breakfast, you'll see,” and as good as her word she would pop into the dining room with plate after plate of the smoking delicacies, and fork in hand slyly toss a few of the hottest

and brownest upon Bertha's plate, often till that young lady was puzzled how to get rid of them.

Bertha and Dinah's discussions were not always in the cookery line, though various were the subjects they talked about; but, principally, as with Biddy of old, on religion—poor Biddy, who could not bear "Yankee-land" as she called it, and who, after her mistress had settled at Marsh's, had returned to some relatives at Montreal. To Dinah, therefore, had Bertha turned,—Dinah the warm-hearted enthusiastic Methodist, singing snatches of hymns as she went about her work, and good for any amount of experiences. Horrified at the stories she heard—to Bertha's great delight, who loved to tease and astonish her by telling her of convents, nuns, penances, fastings and prayers to saints and the Virgin, all of which Dinah jumbled up very indiscriminately in her own mind, setting the whole down as heathenish and the work of Satan himself—she doubled her subscriptions to foreign missions, and piously thanked God that she was not born in Canada! poor benighted Canada. If Bertha's Romanish ideas and notions had awakened interest and concern for her in the breast of good Mr. Imbray, in that of Dinah the feeling amounted to anxiety and pity of the most intense kind. She looked upon the young lady as little less than a heathen in her views, and, at several prayer-meetings, had "a friend lost in great darkness" prayed for, and now watched and waited for the answer to these prayers. Greatly attached she was to Bertha, who, coming from a land of British rule and freedom, had no false notions of distinctions in shades of color, and treated the black woman with kindness and love. Often in long winter evenings would she, big girl as she now was, steal off to the warm, clean kitchen, seat herself in Dinah's lap to the manifest hindrance of her stocking-knitting, and there talk over all these things with her till Aunt's little bell called the household to prayers. If Bertha was a subject of anxiety and concern to Dinah, Dinah was one of admiration and wonder to Bertha. The amount of knowledge she possessed, without education, the unvarying cheerfulness

and brightness of her disposition in the midst of a life of toil and loneliness—for she had been sold as a slave when very young and knew no relations—puzzled and perplexed her, and she felt curious to possess the key to the secret of Dinah's goodness and happiness.

"Where are you going, Dinah?" said Bertha one day as she sat watching Dinah give some finishing touches to her dress.

"To camp meeting, Miss Bertha. Dere is one to be held two miles from here on Massa Fogg's place, and Misse Marsh gib me whole day. I sit up late and git my work done last night, and left all ready dis morning to go off."

"What do you do at camp meeting?" enquired Bertha.

"Oh we sings and we prays, and two or tree ministers dey address us, and dere is generally a lot of conversions—poor sinners brought to Christ. Wish you'd go camp meeting, Miss Bertha."

"No, indeed!" laughed her hearer, a little scornfully. "I don't believe in camp meetings. I go to church. I like these sort of things done respectable and in order."

"Don't know what you mean by respectable," was the blunt reply. "We not fashionable Christians dere. Don't go to spy each oder's bonnets and get de pattern of their cloaks, and talk bad of dem when we go away; but I guess we'es respectable for all dat. We not Pharisees, dat sure; we sinners—noting but sinners. Guess our camp meeting pretty much de same sort as de Saviour's when He upon earth."

"Camp meeting!" ejaculated Bertha in surprise. "Where does it speak of the Saviour holding camp meetings?"

"What you call the Sermon on the Mount? Guess dat was camp meeting, wasn't it? De Saviour got no church to preach in. He not despise de crowd in de open air, and He hold camp meeting and feed de hungry, too. Spose you not think dat respectable? Oh, Misse Bertha, chile, dat de pride of the human heart you got. If you only was a Christian you'd know better."

"I am a Christian," replied Bertha warmly. "I was made one in my baptism. See here," and she reached down a little prayer-book from a shelf near. "Listen

to this, Dinah; it is one of the prayers used at baptism of infants: 'We yield thee most hearty thanks, most merciful Father, that it hath pleased thee to regenerate this infant with thy Holy Spirit, and to receive him for thine own child by adoption,' so you see as I have been baptized. I am regenerate and a child of God; therefore, a Christian."

"You twisting dat wrong. Dat may be prayer-book religion; but it's not de Gospel for all dat. Miss Bertha baptism no more for Christian than circumcision for de Jew. It was an outward seal or mark of de outward church, no more. Dere was Nicodemus, ruler of the Jews, circumcised, and yet de Saviour tell him: 'Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God.' Guess Simon Magus was baptized Christian, yet de Apostle tell him when he want to buy de Holy Spirit he no part nor lot in de matter. Dear chile, if you rest in your baptism you find yourself mistaken at last, dat all I got to say. Suppose you say to de good Lord at the Judgment Day: 'I baptized Christian, I child of God,' do you think dat will do?"

"No," said her hearer; "of course not. I must work out my salvation and continue a child."

"Dere you are on de old story. So heathen that work! work! You like to be slave, Miss Bertha. I don't, thank God. Once I slave, now I free; my ransom's paid. I not put my neck in yoke any more; it's all paid; I not want to pay over again. I shew my receipt; de Lord He buy me with His own blood. He work for me a salvation. I a fool not to take it. Suppose I like to stay a slave when I can be free. No! no! I not such a fool; I not trust any words of church. Any works of mine dey broken reeds; I trust only the ransom my Saviour paid for me. I believe dat, and de love of Christ constrain me to live to Him. De Holy Spirit sanctify me and make me, poor black woman, washed and clean—make me Christian."

"Dinah, you don't mean to say that our Church is wrong and does not teach us right?"

"I not mean to say nothing about it, chile. Guess you Church ought to mean de same thing, only you twist it wrong,

and I not learning to explain it. Christians dat holds to Christ only for salvation de same all de world over. Christian Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Episcopalian, only dey wear different outside thing-like de soldiers; but my opinion dey too respectable. But I must go, chile; black Ben, he's waiting in de yard I see. Pray God to open your eyes and convert you with the real regeneration, inside as well as out. I won't forget you at de despised camp meeting." Dinah turned away and Bertha sat and pondered. Was it so as Dinah said? So simple as that; nothing to do; all done long ago; and, as she sat, she seemed to hear the echo of sweet sounds which had touched the chords of her heart from the lips of her dear friend. Mr. Hall, years before: 'All the good works in the world could not save you. You cannot buy salvation, Bertha. It is a free gift without money and without price.' Had she also been a slave? Yes, she had; she saw it all now; how blind she had been, the bondage of sin she had been in all her life turning from the offered freedom of salvation, preferring the hard service of Satan to the perfect liberty of God—despising the ransom. This poor black woman had been wiser and happier than she; and as her simple words gushed again over her heart, so convincing, so true—"It's all paid; I not want to pay over again; I show my receipt; de Lord Jesus He buy me with his own blood; He work for me a salvation. I a fool not to take it"—the scales seemed to fall from her eyes, and she fell upon her knees, saying, "Is it possible, and for me, even me, my Lord and my God?"

Mr. Hall planted, Dinah had watered, and now the Lord was giving the increase.

In the evening, when Dinah went to lay aside her bonnet and best clothes, Bertha followed her, and going up to her with both hands outstretched, said in a soft, tremulous voice: "Dinah, my ransom's paid; not by works of righteousness which I have done, but according to His mercy He saved me."

"Bless de Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, praise His holy name," was the fervent exclamation of the black woman as, with streaming eyes, she clasped the girl to her heart. "De good Lord; He

better than our fears; He answers most afore we call. Oh, wicked sinner that I was to doubt Him; to forget dat your soul more precious to Him dan to me! Let us praise Him for His great goodness. Dis de most happy day of my life."

Bertha's day of sunshine had now indeed come. The Sun of Righteousness had arisen upon her with healing in His wings. Clouds might yet arise—what life is without them? but to her they would ever have a silver lining, knowing that behind them God the Father, her reconciled Father in Christ Jesus, hid a smiling face.

Our story is ended, what more have we to tell? Bertha's school days were over, and amid many tears and regrets she left the Institute, carrying with her the friendship of many a young companion, and the prayers and hopes of the two dear friends so interested in her favor, Mrs. De Veuve and the Rev. Mr. Imbrey.

To those wishing to know further of her we have only to say that she married, and now a group of merry, happy little children alternately cry or laugh over the story of the Clouds and Sunshine of their mother's School-day life.

THE END.

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## A VISIT TO A COAL MINE.

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It was while on a visit to that dear old land, England, the mother country, that I found myself one lovely summer day in smoky Birmingham with a spare day to dispose of. Having long had a desire to visit a coal mine and learn the *minutiae* of its working, I gladly availed myself of an introduction given me by a Christian friend to a missionary laboring among the miners in the Quaker's Coal Fields near Wednesbury. Armed with my introduction I started off by rail early in the morning, and on arriving at the coal district set out in quest of the good friend who, I hoped, would allow me to join him in his rounds. Here I met with a slight difficulty, for no one seemed to know him. At last I thought I would ask for "the preacher," imitating the dialect as well as I could, and at once I found some one to show me where he lived. He received me most cordially, and seemed pleased at the interest I took in his work. After some alterations in our dress, &c., we proceeded to the mouth of a limestone pit and prepared to descend. We stood on a platform about four feet square, holding on by chains, I with my arms around the missionary's waist. I felt very dizzy at first as the platform rapidly sank with us; but we soon

arrived at the bottom of the shaft, 200 feet below the level of the earth. On stepping from the platform I was taken by the hand by my kind friend and led a short distance into the mine, it being so dark to me that I could not distinguish anything. Being provided with a small candle and a lump of clay to hold it with, I began to make out the forms of men and horses moving about drawing the stone to the bottom of the shaft. Having regained my sight and being able to make out the paths around me, we commenced to explore one of them. We had not gone far before we came upon a man engaged in cutting the straws used in blasting the rock. We advanced very carefully, having every now and then to crouch close to the rock, as a horse with a load of stone would pass us. At last we reached the end of the cutting, where we found several men at work. We wished them "good day" and received a very hearty answer. We were then shown the process of drilling the rock, and when all was ready were conducted behind an angle of the mine, when the train of powder was fired and a huge quantity of the stone loosened. When we returned to the scene of the explosion one of the men began to climb up the loose rock to throw

it down, ready to be loaded on the trucks. Just as he reached the top the mass gave way and he fell—several large pieces falling on him. All rushed forward to his help, and at first it was thought his leg was broken; but on examination it was found uninjured though badly bruised. My friend enquired his name and place of abode, and took a note of it, that he might call upon him. After seeing the poor fellow carried to the bottom of the shaft, we explored one or two other cuttings and then reascended. Upon emerging into the clear sunlight I felt, as I had never felt before, the blessings of light and air. How lightly do we esteem the many blessings that we enjoy, and do not realize their worth till deprived of them? We next proceeded to the mouth of the New Forge Coal Pit, and, after waiting a short time, during which I observed that the work of emptying the trucks, raking and sorting the coal as it came up from the mine, was all done by girls from fourteen to twenty years of age, we descended in the same manner as we did the limestone pit. Upon reaching the bottom we were furnished with lamps, and then found that the cuttings were not so high as in the other mine, and, as we went on, they got lower and lower till we had to almost creep along. At last we heard the sound of the men at work and soon came to them. They were at what is termed square work, and were opening up a new vein of coal. The miners are only allowed the depth of from the tip of the finger to the elbow to work in, and, consequently, I had to lie at full length and look in before I could see them at work. The poor fellows wore nothing whatever but trousers and boots, and, with their bodies and faces grimed black with the coal dust, the lamp in the rock close to them lighting up their faces and the shiny coal around them, they looked more like demons than human beings. The coal cut by these men is drawn out by boys from twelve to fifteen years old, who, with ropes around their bodies, creeping upon hands and knees, drag small truckfuls of coal after them to the larger cuttings, where they are again loaded on the larger trucks and drawn by horses to the bottom of the shaft. Going further on through small

trap doors for regulating the ventilation. we came to men engaged in what is called "pike" or pick working, that is, after the mass of coal has been undermined by the square work before described, these men, with "pikes" as they term them, after marking out a certain portion, cut away the sides till the whole mass is loosened and falls. This is very dangerous work, and, at intervals, you would hear one of the miners cry out "haul still," and all would stop and anxiously listen for the cracking of the mass. I was told that sometimes it would fall with scarcely any warning, burying the unfortunate miners beneath it. While watching this kind of work one of the men called out, "Oj zay, it be drink toime," and all left off work for dinner. They met together from all parts of the mine in a cutting that was more roomy than others, and I shall never forget the scene. Let me endeavor to describe it to you. Imagine a low, narrow passage with the sides, floor and ceiling all of dull black coal—a darkness about you that you would almost feel, only lit up faintly by the lamps of the men placed in niches of the rock—not like a room closed in, but either end stretching away into indescribable darkness; the men and boys, with their black, grimy faces and bodies, numbering over a hundred, seated on either side of the cutting eating their dinners; a lad passing up and down the centre with the drink, (small beer furnished by the owner of the mine), and the hubbub of men talking, and you will have a faint idea of the strange scene. Noticing that the dinners were nearly all done up in the same kind of colored handkerchiefs, I asked the man next me how they distinguished them. He told me that his had three holes worked in the corner; another had a peculiar button sewed on, and several other simple means were used. This was now the missionary's opportunity to speak to them of a better world and a better life; and, while they were eating, he stood up in their midst, Bible in one hand and lamp in the other, and spoke to them of Christ's love for sinners, telling them the old, old story of the cross and of redemption through Jesus' blood. They listened very attentively—more so than I expected—and seemed pleased at his visit. After

dinner, and at the close of the address, we distributed sheets of hymns and tracts among them, and sang the hymn commencing:—

There is a better world they say—  
 Oh, so bright!  
 Where sin and woe are done away—  
 Oh, so bright!  
 And music fills the balmy air,  
 And angels with bright wings are there,  
 And harps of gold and mansions fair—  
 Oh, so bright!

Many could not read; but all joined heartily in the refrain "Oh, so bright!" I thought that these poor men, in their dark mine, could better far appreciate the change to that "Beautiful Land on High" than we in our comfortable workshops and homes. At the conclusion of the dinner hour we were quite perplexed which kind offer to accept,—the men wishing us to go down the different cuttings in which they were working. We went down one or two, the mode of working being the same as described. We then made our way to the bottom of the shaft, right glad to breathe fresh air again, and were soon on our way back to Wednesbury. On the way my friend informed me that there were, in his district, twenty-seven pits, which he visited in rotation, and, with open-air preaching and home visitation, his time was fully occupied. The miners receive an average wage of two shillings and sixpence sterling a day—the day's work being measured by the amount of coal cut. After changing my dress, &c., my kind friend, though fatigued with the labors of the day, saw me off by the train, and I soon found myself again in my comfortable room at the hotel in Birmingham.

### BOBBY ROBB'S NEW GAME.

"Mamma!" cried Bobby Robb, in great excitement, "please come take baby away. We're going to play my new game!"  
 "Oh! please do, mamma, quick!" put in little Mannette eagerly. "Bobby's made it up all hisself, and he's going to teach it to us."

"Thankee, mamma—that's right," said Bobby, as his mother lifted the baby from the floor; "take him way off. It's a awful dang'rous game. *He might get killed!*"

Very naturally, mamma, with the baby in her arms, stood near the door to see what was going to happen.

"Now, chil'ren," cried Bobby, "take your places all over. Kitty, you'm a lion; Sammy, you'm a big wolf; Julia, you'm a wild cat; Kitty, you'm a elephant; and, Tommy, you'll have to be (let's see, what other animals is there?) Oh! yes; you must be a kangaroo! and I'm a great big hunter-man, with a gun an' a sword!"

So saying, the great big man took the long brass-handled shovel and poker from the brass stand by the fireplace and struck an attitude.

"Now, chil'ren, you must all go 'round, a howling, and going on like what you all are. I'll pounce on you fass as I can an' kill you. When I shoot, you must fall right down; an' when I chop off your heads with my big sword, you must roar awful."

"Hah! Where's the game in that?" cried Kitty, scornfully.

"Why—let's see," said Bobby, rather puzzled. "Oh! yes: the one I kill first is *It*—that's the game."

"All right," spoke up Tom, "and then that one takes the gun and sword and hunts. That's first-rate. Let's begin."

But Bobby objected to this.

"No, no," he said, "I've got to do all the killin' coz it's my game. I'll tell you what! The ones that gets killed is dead animals—and all the dead animals can go under the bed!"

"That'll do," they shouted, and the game began. Such roaring, and baying, and shouting were never heard before.

The baby, who must have been born for menagerie-keeper, looked on in great glee: and mamma tried not to feel frightened.

Bobby made a capital hunter; he shot right and left, and sawed off the heads of the slain like a good fellow, until at last there were four dead animals under the bed, all lying curled up just as still as mice.

There was only one more animal to kill, and that was Tom, the kangaroo.

Bang! went Bobby's gun—the shovel-end dresse in style against his shoulder—bang!

But the kangaroo didn't fall.

Bobby took more careful aim, and fired again.

Bang!

Still the kangaroo hopped about as frisky as ever.

"Bang! I tell you! Don't you hear me say bang? Why don't you go dead?"

"You haven't hit me yet," retorted the kangaroo, taking wonderful leaps. "Look out! Pretty soon I'll jump on you and smash you!"

"No, you won't, neither!" cries the hunter, growing very red and taking fresh aim.

Bang!

Unlucky shot! The kangaroo was on him in an instant.

"Now, sir," growls the kangaroo butting the overthrown hunter with his head.



"what's the next part of this game? Who beats?"

"I do!" gasped Bobby. "Get off me."

This was too much for the dead animals under the bed. They began to laugh.

"Stop laughin'," shouted Bobby, still struggling under the kangaroo, "an' all come out. Don't you know when all the animals 'cept one is killed that's the end of the game? Let's play somethin' else."

### THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

The sagacity and fidelity of this dog are wonderful. He presents an interesting example of the effect of education in changing the direction of instinct. He was, no doubt, originally a destroyer of sheep, instead of being, as now, their guardian and preserver. A disposition to take care of sheep has become hereditary, so that a true shepherd's dog takes naturally to his duties. For any other office he would require a course of careful training. The sheep-tending talent is born in him.

Anecdotes of the shepherd's dog are almost as numerous and interesting as those of the Newfoundland. We can give a single one. It is related by Captain Brown in his "Anecdotes of Dogs," on the authority of Sir Patrick Walker:

"A gentleman sold a flock of sheep to a dealer, which the latter had not hands to drive. The seller, however, told him he had a very intelligent dog, which he would send to assist him to a place about thirty miles off, and that when he reached the end of his journey, he had only to feed the dog and desire him to go home. The dog received his orders and set off with the flock and the drover; but he was absent for so many days that his master began to have serious fears about him, when one morning, to his great surprise, he found the dog had returned with a very large flock of sheep, including the whole that he had lately sold. The fact turned out to be that the drover was so pleased with the animal that he resolved to steal him, and locked him up until the time when he was to leave the country. The dog grew sulky, and made various attempts to escape, and one evening succeeded. Whether he had discovered the drover's intention, and supposed the sheep were also stolen, it is difficult to say; but by his conduct it looked so, for he immediately went to the field, collected the sheep and drove them all back to his master."—*Children's Hour*.

### GAMES AND RECREATIONS.

Some months ago we gave the game of Crambo. We now copy a lively account of what is substantially the same game,

only played in a somewhat different style and entitled:—

#### ORACLES.

For the older boys and girls, who have quick wits and a lively imagination, there is no better game than "Oracles." Pencils and paper must be distributed, and then A must silently write some question, while B (also in silence) writes merely one word. Any question may be asked, and any word chosen, provided only it be good English. Next, the question and the word should be read aloud, and every one in the company must write an answer to the former, in which B's word must be brought in. An easy matter enough, were it not that this reply must be in *rhyme*. Nine out of every ten of you will at once exclaim, "O, I *never* can do *that*!" but if you will only try, most of you will produce something worth hearing. It need be but two lines long, if you choose; it should not be over ten or twelve; it may be the merest jingle, the absurdest doggerel; so much the merrier. Let your answer be quickly written, and to the point; funny, if you can make it so, sentimental if you choose, but in some way do your part to keep up the game, and after one or two trials you will find that you can scribble away bravely, however tough the question, however ridiculously inappropriate the word. I made one of a happy little picnic party last summer, when "Oracles" was played, and some one gave the question: "What is the dearest spot on earth?" The word to be introduced was "*feather*." Of course it was decided on before the query was announced. Here are two of the replies, which were promptly written:—

1.  
"Without wherefore or whether,  
No matter what weather,—  
Where friends meet together  
There, light as a *feather*,  
My heart finds its rest,  
Without query or quest,  
Like a bird in its nest."

2.  
"Not the toss of a *feather*  
Does this boy care whether  
His home is on land or on sea;  
Be it mountain or dell, it is equally well,  
So my Sukey's there waiting for me."

Oddly enough (but it often happens so), the first of these was written by a very lively girl, while the more sprightly verse came from the sedatest member of the party. This want of consistency often leads to queer mistakes, when some chosen person reads aloud all the verses, and the company are allowed to guess the authorship of each. In the second round, C must give the question and D the word, and so on, in turn. One of the boys saucily inquired, "What becomes of all the hair-pins?" and the word being *spot*, one answer was,—

"The central magnet of the earth,  
With grim resistless power,  
From maiden's heads doth draw them forth,  
And downward, hour by hour.  
And could we reach that central spot  
Of seething, bubbling fire,  
We'd find our hair-pins all red-hot,  
One mass of tortured wire.

This one game is all that we can afford room for this month, for we want to tell you how to keep an Aquarium, from which you may obtain not only occupation and amusement for many spare hours, but much instruction in natural history, besides adding to the beauty of your home. The following information on this subject is from *Hearth and Home* :—

#### GOLD-FISH AND AQUARIA.

Boys and girls! is there a window in your home where you may hang a glass globe, or place an aquarium, or even a big glass jar? If so, and you have any twenty-five-cent currency bills that you wish to spend for something which will please you for more than a day, invest in gold-fish, and have something bright to care for and admire.

Be sure to allow at least a quart of water to every fish. If you use a small vessel, the water should be changed every day in summer, and every other day in winter; but if you are fortunate enough to have an aquarium, with the right proportion of growing plants in it, the water will keep clear for months.

Now, if you can build a stone arch, to stand in the centre of your aquarium, high enough to have its top out of water, you will find that it will fully repay your efforts.

When the arch is completed, put some soil on its top, and plant an English ivy-vine there; the roots will very soon run down into the water, and will find all the nutriment they need. While the gold-fish are swimming around under the arch, feeling as if they were going through grand halls, and playing bo-peep around the columns, your ivy will be slowly climbing up over the windows, making a lovely frame for the view beyond, besides adding its share to the home-like, cheery effect of the room.

Now, with growing plants in the water, the gold-fish need not be fed; but otherwise from the first of March until November it is well to feed them every third or fourth day with crackers, yolk of egg, lettuce, flies, or vermicelli; but be sure to give only one kind of food at a time, and in very small quantities.

Don't neglect to let them have plenty of pebbles, for they are accustomed to them in their native rivers. In China, where first the golden creatures gleamed in the sunlight, the brooks have pebbly bottoms, just as the brooks have here.

In the summer, you may be able to add

to your stock of fish by going to some stream, and trying your luck with a net. This net you can make yourself, by fastening a little hoop of iron or wood to a stick, and hanging from it a bag of mosquito netting, secured all around the hoop. Take a pail with you in order to give the fish a comfortable voyage to their new home. And here let me warn you against capturing eels and murderous pike; you'll know these last ugly fish-killers by their long, sharply-pointed heads. You may think them pretty at first, but beware of them—they will kill any of their finny brothers with whom you allow them to associate. They, and the deceitful eel, who will suck the very life from the gold-fish, should never be allowed to move beyond the sphere of their fellow pike and eels. But bring home all the tadpoles you want, for the jolly little creatures go wriggling around in such an irresistible way that you will laugh at them in spite of yourself; and if some fish-enemy don't kill them just as they arrive at the dignity of owning two hind-legs, and dropping their tails, they will turn into frogs, and jump away before your very eyes.

Take home with you some of those bright little shiners and sun-fish, that are found in so many of our brooks; for, having amiable dispositions, they make friends directly, and are not too proud to be polite, even to the homely little tadpole.

Do not be discouraged if you cannot at first find the proper balance of animal and vegetable life. The fish that are not wanted will soon let you know, by their slow movements, and by keeping near the surface of the water, that they must either return directly to their native brooks or die.

During the summer months you will find it pleasant to have your aquarium out of doors. Place it on a rustic stool on your piazza, or wherever it will keep cool and be protected from rains. The ivy can then fall over the sides.

In changing the water, be sure to have a fresh pailful standing close by and put your fish in it, so that they may be sure not to be injured. A hand-net should be used in moving them, for the delicate little creatures are apt to die if handled too much.

Be careful not to leave any soapy water in your aquarium, as that will be sure to kill the fish.

If you have any shells or pieces of coral, put them in, and they will do their best to look pretty among the pebbles.

Now, boys and girls, who will start an aquarium?

The Answers to the Riddles given last month are :—

- I. Scowl, cowl, cow.
- II. Trash, rash, ash.
- III. The letter I.
- IV. Ring, King.

**MOTHER, WATCH THE LITTLE FEET.**Words by **MRS. M. A. KIDDER.**Music by **J. W. TURNER.**

1. Mother, watch the lit - tle feet, Climb - ing o'er the garden wall,  
2. Mother, watch the lit - tle hand, Pick - ing berries by the way,

Bound - ing thro' the bu - sy street, Rang - ing cel - lar, shed and hall,  
Mak - ing houses in the sand, Toss - ing up the fra - grant hay.



Ne - ver count the mo - ments lost,      Nev - er mind the time it costs,  
 Nev - er dare the ques - tion ask,      "Why to me the weary task?"



Lit - tle feet will go a - stray,      Guide them, mo - ther, while you may.  
 These same lit - tle hands may prove      Mes - sen - gers of light and love.



3. Mother, watch the little tongue,  
 Prattling, eloquent, and wild,  
 What is said and what is sung  
 By the joyous, happy child.  
 Catch the word while yet unspoken,  
 Stop the vow before 'tis broken;  
 This same tongue may yet proclaim  
 Blessings in a Saviour's name.

4. Mother, watch the little heart,  
 Beating soft and warm for you,  
 Wholesome lessons now impart;  
 Keep, oh, keep that young heart true.  
 Extricating every weed,  
 Sowing good and precious seed,  
 Harvest rich you then may see  
 Ripen for eternity.

## The Fashions.



### FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

There is little change in styles for the spring. We give this month several useful patterns for dress waists, which need no particular description. The square-cut neck so much in vogue lately for afternoon and home evening wear, has, in a great

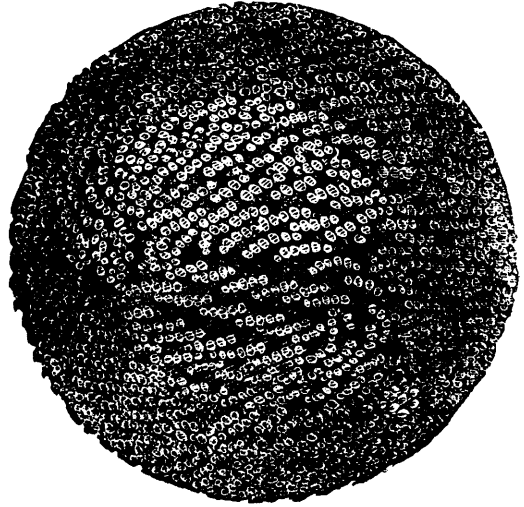
measure, given way to the pointed style, which is the favorite at present, and has the advantage of being easily simulated by turning in the fronts of the dress and basting a frill underneath. Our illustration gives a very elegant pattern for this style, the sleeves being arranged to match the collar.

### SNOW-BALL PEN-WIPER.

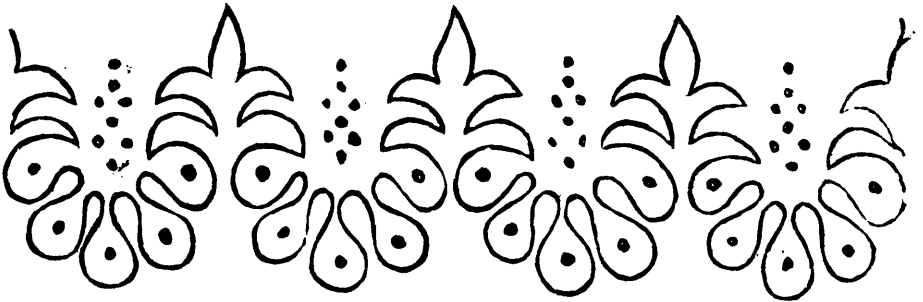
This Pen-Wiper consists of eighteen circular pieces of cloth, measuring three inches in diameter, sewn over round the edges with four milk-white beads, strung.

In order to make it, fold each piece in four, and join by firm stitches in the middle to form the ball.

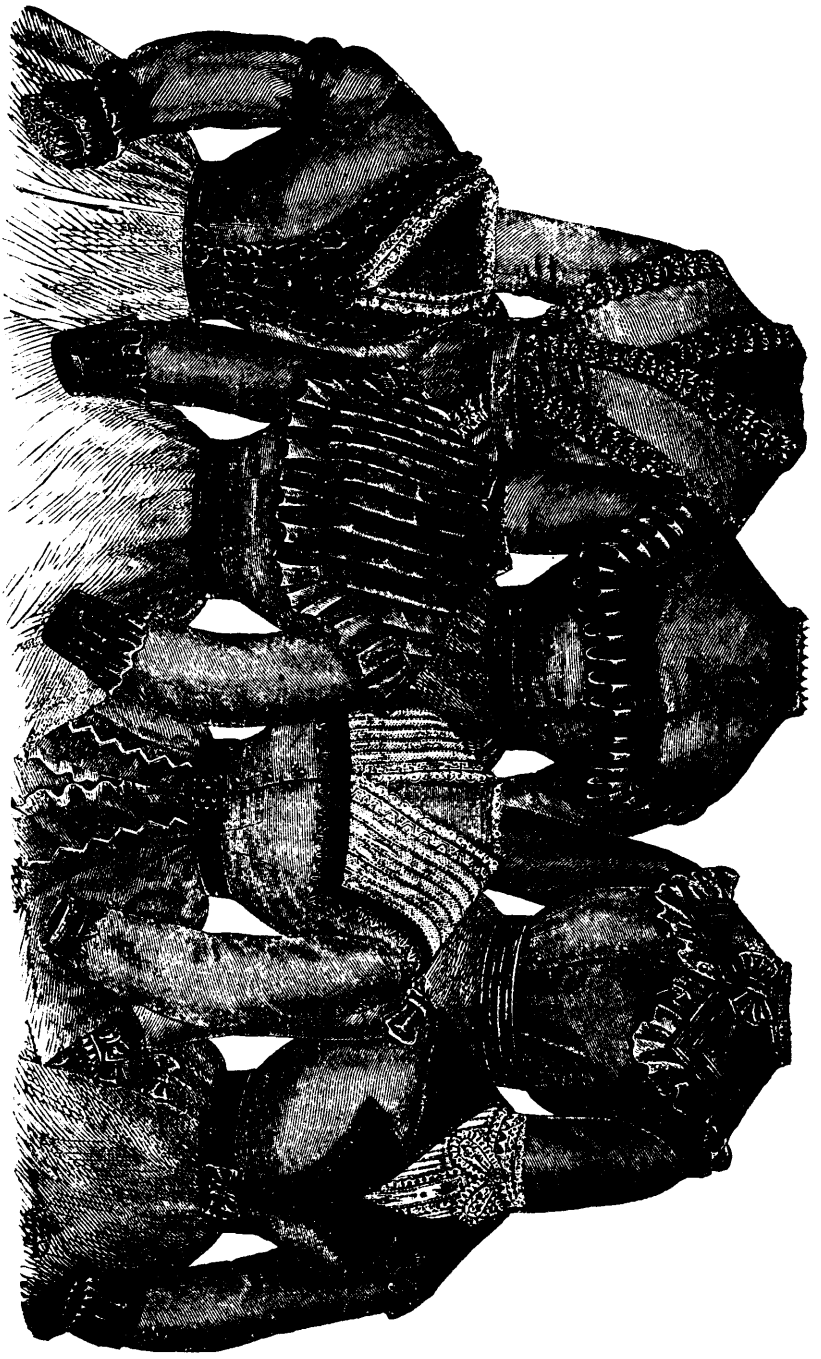
The pattern is a very pretty one. Most pen-wipers are ugly affairs, but this is an exception.



SNOW-BALL PEN-WIPER.



PATTERN FOR BRAIDING AND EMBROIDERY.



FASHIONS FOR APRIL.



## Domestic Economy.



### BREAD AND YEAST.

As "bread is the staff of life," and yeast an essential ingredient in its combination, we offer a receipt which we have found satisfactory.

**YEAST.**—Put in the yeast-jar three pints flour, one table spoonful of salt, one of sugar, and half that quantity of ginger. Boil four good sized potatoes in three pints of water; when cooked, mash smoothly and put into the jar also. Throw into the same water a handful of fresh, or two tea-spoonfuls of pressed hops, and boil fifteen minutes; then strain the hops, and if the water has boiled away, add enough to make up the three pints. Bring the water again to a boil, and pour it boiling hot into the yeast-jar, upon the flour, potatoes, etc., beating all very thoroughly together. When about luke-warm, stir in a cup of yeast, and let it stand in a warm place, till it is light. When perfectly light, cover your jar tightly, and set it in a cool place.

**BREAD.**—Before making your sponge, or bread, if you prefer not to sponge it, set the flour by the range, or fire, to dry a short time. Melt a piece of butter the size of an egg in a pint of milk, or if milk is not plenty, use half water. When luke-warm put in a cup of home made, or a penny worth of bakers' yeast, and two small tea-spoonfuls of salt; make a hole in the centre of the flour and stir this in; strew a little flour over the top, cover with a thick cloth, over which put a small crib blanket, which should always be kept for the purpose. (It is well to keep a nice, flat stick in the drawer with the bread cloths and blanket, to lay across the bread pan, to prevent the cloth from falling into the sponge.) If the sponge is made at night, set it in a warm place till morning; then add half a pint more of warm milk, or milk and water, and make the whole into a dough just stiff enough to knead. Then, folding the fingers over the thumb, knead and beat the dough, first with one hand, then with the other, till it no longer adheres to your hands. This done, take it on to your bread-board, and beat it ten or fifteen minutes longer, with a long handled pounder, something like a potato masher, but much heavier, and then put it back into the bread pan to raise. When well raised, which may be known by the cracks on the

top of the dough, take it again on to your board, knead ten minutes; then make it into loaves and set in the bake-pans to rise once more, before going into the oven.

One hour should bake it. When done take it out and wrap a bread-cloth round each loaf, and turn top down into the pan, that the steam may soften the crust.

Excellent bread can be made without "sponging," but "setting sponge" first, is security against much waste, in case yeast or flour should not prove satisfactory.

Have patience to pound and knead long enough, and you can hardly fail of having good bread. Much kneading makes the bread white and finer.—*Mother at Home.*

### THE YOUNG LADY'S ACCOUNT BOOK.

In every well regulated household where suitable clothing and other necessaries are provided, according to the family income, it is an excellent plan for the young girls of the household to keep their own account books, in which is strictly set down every item of expense, even to the pennies. If an allotted sum is given to them quarterly, which is to constitute their principal resource for procuring what they need, it will be still better. All purchases should be made under the direction, or with the advice of a judicious mother, or other friend. In no other way can a young lady so well learn the systematic and economical use of money. Most girls of thirteen or fourteen are old enough to set up their own account book, and if it is begun much earlier it will do them no harm. It will teach many useful lessons besides that of economy. It will require self-denial oftentimes to avoid spending the whole allowance on some tempting trifle; but the experience of going without absolute necessaries for a whole quarter, will be a salutary lesson. The account book will be a silent rebuke when it is opened, if money has been thus expended. Put down everything fairly therein black and white, and do not hide your foolish expenditures under the cowardly title of "sundries." Be honest with yourselves as well as with others you deal with.

Keep your account book very neatly. Set down the articles one below the other in regular order, the prices in the margin with



the dollars and cents exactly under each other. This may seem a trifle, but nothing is a trifle which helps to form orderly habits. I once saw the large account book of a young married lady in which accounts were kept in this style:

"Bought on the 5th of June two pound of sugar for 28 cents; also, the same day, 3 pounds of beef for 60 cents." It would be a perplexing business to balance her books at the end of the year, whereas a little system would have made all very easy. Learn to do every thing in the best way while you are learning it. Cultivate a quickness in finding out the ways of getting the information you want, not idly sit down and wait for it to come to you. Try keeping an account book neatly and orderly from your girlhood, and I will venture that your husband will never have cause to fret because you do not know how to expend his money with system and prudence. Rather he will rejoice that he has drawn such a prize in the world's lottery—that he has such an efficient helper in building up a fortune.—*Cultivator.*

### PUDDINGS.

The freshness of all pudding ingredients is of much importance, as one bad article will taint the whole mixture.

When the *freshness* of eggs is *doubtful*, break each one separately in a cup before mixing them altogether. Should there be a bad one amongst them, it can be thrown away; whereas, if mixed with the good ones, the entire quantity would be spoiled. The yolks and whites beaten separately make the articles they are put into much lighter.

Raisins and dried fruits for puddings should be carefully picked, and, in many cases, stoned. Currants should be well washed, pressed in a cloth, and placed on a dish before the fire to get thoroughly dry; they should then be picked carefully over, and *every piece of grit or stone* removed from amongst them. To plump them, some cooks pour boiling water over them, and then dry them before the fire.

Batter pudding should be smoothly mixed and free from lumps. To insure this, first mix the flour with a very small proportion of milk, and add the remainder by degrees. Should the pudding be very lumpy, it may be strained through a hair sieve.

*All boiled puddings* should be put on in *boiling water*, which must not be allowed to stop simmering, and the pudding must always be covered with the water; if requisite, the saucepan should be kept filled up.

To prevent a pudding boiled in a cloth from sticking to the bottom of the saucepan, place a small plate or saucer underneath it, and set the pan *on a trivet* over the fire. If a mould be used, this precaution

is not necessary, but care must be taken to keep the pudding well covered with water.

For dishing a boiled pudding as soon as it comes out of the pot, dip it into a basin of cold water, and the cloth will then not adhere to it. Great expedition is necessary in sending puddings to table, as by standing they quickly become heavy, batter puddings particularly.

For baked or boiled puddings, the moulds, cups, or basins should be always buttered before the mixture is put in them, and they should be put into the saucepan directly they are filled.

Scrupulous attention should be paid to the cleanliness of pudding cloths, as, from neglect in this particular, the outsides of boiled puddings frequently taste very disagreeable. As soon as possible after it is taken off the pudding, it should be soaked in water, and then well washed without soap, unless it is very greasy. It should be dried out of doors, then folded up, and kept in a dry place. When wanted for use, dip it in boiling water, and dredge it slightly with flour.

*The dry ingredients* for puddings are better for being mixed sometime before they are wanted; the liquid portion should only be added just before the pudding is put into the saucepan.

A pinch of salt is an improvement to the generality of puddings; but this ingredient should be added very sparingly, as the flavor should not be detected.

When baked puddings are sufficiently solid, turn them out of the dish they were baked in bottom uppermost, and strew over them fine sifted sugar.

When pastry or baked puddings are not done through, and yet the outside is sufficiently brown, cover them over with a piece of white paper until thoroughly cooked; this prevents them from getting burnt.—*Lady's Book.*

### SELECTED RECIPES.

**BEEF COLLOPS.**—Any part of beef which is tender will serve to make collops: cut the beef into pieces about three inches long, beat them flat, dredge them with flour, fry them in butter, lay them in a stewpan, cover them with brown gravy; put in half a shallot, minced fine, a lump of butter rolled in flour, a little pepper and salt. Stew without suffering it to boil: serve with pickles, or squeeze in half a lemon, according to taste. Serve hot, in a tureen.

**VEAL CUTLETS.**—Cut the veal in slices three-quarters of an inch thick. Season with salt and pepper, and dip in beaten yolk of egg, and then in grated cracker or bread-crumbs, and fry in hot lard. When the veal is done take it up, and pour into the gravy some cream or milk, a little cut parsley, and some salt and pepper. Let it boil a few minutes, and pour over the veal.

**FORCEMEAT FOR VEAL, TURKEYS, FOWLS, ETC.**—Two ounces of ham or bacon, quarter of a pound of suet, the rind of half a lemon, one teaspoonful of minced parsley, one teaspoonful of minced sweet herbs; salt, Cayenne, and pounded mace to taste; six ounces of bread crumbs, two eggs. Shred the ham or bacon, chop the suet, lemon-peel, and herbs, taking particular care that all be very finely minced; add a seasoning to taste, of salt, Cayenne, and mace, and blend all thoroughly together with the bread-crums, before wetting. Now beat and strain the eggs, work these up with the other ingredients, and the forcemeat will be ready for use. When it is made into balls, fry of a nice brown, in boiling lard, or put them on a tin and bake for half an hour in a moderate oven.

**BURNT ONIONS FOR GRAVIES.**—Half a pound of onions, half a pint of water, half a pound of moist sugar, a third of a pint of vinegar. Peel and chop the onions fine, and put them in a stewpan (not tinned), with the water; let them boil for five minutes, then add the sugar, and simmer gently until the mixture becomes nearly black, and throws out bubbles of smoke. Have ready the above proportion of boiling vinegar, strain the liquor gradually to it, and keep stirring with a wooden spoon until it is well incorporated. When cold, bottle for use.

**PASTRY SANDWICHES.**—Puff-paste, jam of any kind, the white of an egg, sifted sugar. Roll the paste out thin, put half of it on a baking-sheet or tin, and spread equally over it any preserve that may be preferred. Lay over this preserve another thin paste, press the edges together all round, and mark the paste in lines with a knife on the surface, to show where to cut it when baked. Bake from twenty minutes to half an hour, and a short time before being done, take the pastry out of the oven, brush it over with the white of an egg, sift over pounded sugar, and put it back into the oven to color. When cold, cut it into strips; pile these on a dish pyramidically, and serve. These strips, cut about two inches long, piled in circular rows, and a plateful of flavored whipped cream poured in the middle, make a very pretty dish.

**SNOW CAKE.**—One pound of arrowroot, half a pound of pounded white sugar, half a pound of butter, the whites of six eggs; flavoring to taste of essence of almonds, or vanilla, or lemon. Beat the butter to a cream; stir in the sugar and arrowroot gradually, at the same time beating the mixture. Whisk the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add them to the other ingredients, and beat well for twenty minutes. Put in whichever of the above flavorings may be preferred, pour the cake into a buttered mould or tin, and bake it in a moderate oven from one hour to an hour and a half.

**WAFFLES.**—With two fresh eggs, half a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of sifted-sugar, two slices of butter, melted in a little milk, and some drops of orange-flower water, compose a batter well mixed, containing no lumps, and which ropes in pouring.

Heat your waffle-iron, grease it inside with butter, fill it with batter, close it and return to the fire, browning the waffle on both sides. After being assured that it is of a good color, take it out and keep hot until the moment of serving.

**SUET-DUMPLINGS WITH CURRANTS.**—Scald a pint of new milk and let it grow cold; then stir into one pound of chopped suet, two eggs, four ounces of cleaned currants, a little nutmeg and salt, two teaspoonfuls of powdered ginger, and flour sufficient to make the whole into a light batter-paste. Form this into dumplings, flour them well outside, throw them into your saucepan, being careful that the water is boiling, and that they do not stick to the bottom. Half an hour's boiling will do them.

**RYE BREAKFAST-CAKES.**—Two cups of rye-meal, cup of flour, two well-beaten eggs, whites and yolks separately, one pint of sweet milk, and a little salt. Bake in earthen cups about thirty minutes in a hot oven. If they are not thoroughly done when removed from the cups, they will fall.

**VERY RICH PUDDINGS.**—Line a deep pie-dish with puff-paste, having first buttered it thoroughly; place on this a layer of jam, then a layer of custard, then jam, then custard, until the dish is nearly full, leaving the custard layer at the top. Slice the minced peel and cut it into diamonds, and arrange on the top. Bake for twenty minutes in a moderate oven; let the pudding cool, beat up the whites of the eggs that were used for the custard into a stiff whip, with a little powdered sugar; pile the whip on as high as possible, and serve.

**LEMON FLUMMERY.**—Squeeze four lemons into a basin, throwing in the rinds, but not the seeds; add half a pint of water, half a pound of loaf-sugar, and cover close for an hour; take out the lemon-rinds and again cover, and let it stand all night. Then strain through a cloth, and add one ounce of isinglass, and put it in a sauce-pan, with six eggs, well beaten; set over the fire, and keep stirring one way till it is as thick as cream. When milk-warm, put into moulds previously dipped in cold water.

**GINGER-SNAPS.**—Take three pounds of flour, one of butter, one pint of molasses, one table-spoonful of soda, four of ginger; about three-quarters of a pound of brown sugar added makes them more crisp. Roll thin, cut out, and bake in buttered tins in a quick oven.

**TO CLEAN A GOLD CHAIN.**—Put it in a small glass bottle, with warm soap-suds and a little tooth-powder or prepared chalk, shake it well, rinse in clear, cold water, and wipe on a towel. All jewelry that can be immersed in water without injury can be cleaned beautifully by this method.

**TO TAKE GREASE SPOTS OUT OF LEATHER.**—Two table-spoonfuls each of oil of turpentine, mealy potato, and Durham mustard, and a teaspoonful of vinegar, mixed together and applied to the spot, will remove it. When dry, the mixture is to be rubbed off.

## Literary Notices.

**THE ANDES AND THE AMAZON; OR, ACROSS THE CONTINENT OF SOUTH AMERICA.** By James Orton, M.A., Professor of Natural History in Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N.Y., and Corresponding Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia. Harper Bros., New York. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

The Rev. J. C. Fletcher, well known as the author of "Brazil and Brazilians," in his introduction to Prof. Orton's book, gives some idea of the rapidly growing importance of the region traversed by this scientific expedition. He says that it seems as if Providence were opening the way for a great change in the Valley of the Amazon, which, though including a region as large as all the United States east of California, Oregon, and the Territory of Washington, has yet been so secluded, mainly by the monopolistic policy of Portugal, that it has not a population equal to that of Rio de Janeiro or of Brooklyn. Riches, mineral and vegetable, of inexhaustible supply, have been locked up here for centuries. Brazil holds the key, and within the last few years has awakened to the desirability of opening up this great region. Steamers were introduced in 1853, subsidized by the Government. In 1867 the Amazon was made free to the flags of all nations from the Atlantic to Peru, and the monopoly of the coast trade was abrogated. The commercial results of this new policy have been already beyond expectation. Thus the growing importance of this region invests everything relating to it with new importance, and the narrative of this expedition will be read with the more interest as Prof. Orton and his party have been the first English-speaking travellers who have journeyed down and described this route from the plateau of Ecuador to the Atlantic Ocean. The expedition passed some time in Quito preparing to cross the mountains, and the description our author gives of the inhabitants is not such as to make one wish to live in that city. He says:—

"Quitonians put us to shame by their unequalled courtesy, cordiality and good-nature, and are not far below the grave and decorous Castilian in dignified politeness. Rudeness, which some Northerners fancy is a proof of equality and independence, we never met with, and duels and street quarrels are almost unknown. We detected none of the touchy sensitiveness of the punctilious Spanish *hidalgos*. Their compliments and promises are without end; and, made in the magnificent and ceremonious language of Spain, are overwhelming to a stranger. Thus a fair Quitonian sends by her servant the following message to another lady: 'Go to the Senorita Fulana de Tal, and tell her that she is my heart and the dear little friend of my soul; tell her that I am dying for not having seen her, and ask her why she does not come to see me; tell her that I have been waiting for her more than a week, and that I send her

my best respects and considerations; and ask her how she is, and how her husband is, and how her children are, and whether they are all well in the family; and tell her she is my love, and ask her whether she will be kind enough to send me that pattern which she promised me the other day.' This highly-important message the servant delivers like a parrot, not omitting a single compliment, but rather adding thereto. "A newly-arrived foreigner is covered with promises: houses, horses, servants, yea, everything is at his disposal. But, alas! the traveller soon finds that this ceremony of words does not extend to deeds. He is never expected to call for the services so pompously proffered. So long as he stays in Quito he will not lose sight of the contrast between big promise and beggarly performance. This outward civility, however, is not hypocritical; it is mere mechanical prattle; the speaker does not expect to be taken at his word. The love of superlatives and the want of good faith may be considered as prominent characteristics. 'The agreement (wrote Colorel Hall forty years ago) can only be equalled by the sophisticated ingenuity with which they defend themselves for having done so.' The Quitonians, who are sensible of their shortcomings, have this standing apology: 'Our vices we owe to Spain; our virtues to ourselves.'

"Such is the mutual distrust, partnerships are almost unknown; we do not remember a single commercial firm, save a few made up of brothers, or father and son. With this moral debility is joined the procrastinating spirit of the Oriental. *Manana* (to-morrow), like the *Boukra* of the Arabs, is the universal winding up of promises. And very often, if one promises a thing to-morrow, he means the day after that. It is impossible to start a man into prompt compliance; he will not commence a piece of work when you wish nor when he promises. No amount of cajolery, bribery, or threats will induce a Quitonian to do anything or be anywhere in season.—If there were a railroad in Ecuador, every body would be too late for the first train. There are only one or two watch-tinkers in the great city, and, as may be inferred, very few watches are in running order. As a consequence, the people have very little idea of time. But this is not the sole reason for their dilatoriness; they are indifferent. Nobody seems to want to make money (though all are in sad need of it) nobody is in a hurry; nobody is busy save the tailors, who manifest a commendable diligence. Contempt for labor, a Spanish inheritance, and lack of energy, are traits that stand out in *alto rilievo*.

"One can form his own judgment of this spiritless people from the single statement which we have from Dr. Jameson, that during the last forty years not ten Quitonians have visited the grand crater of Pichincha, though it is possible to ride horseback to its very edge. Plenty of gentlemen by profession walk the streets and Cathedral terrace, proud as a Roman senator under his toga, yet not ashamed to beg a cup of coffee at the door of a more fortunate fellow-citizen. Society is in a constant struggle between ostentation and want.

"The ladies of Quito give few entertainments, for lack of ready money. They spend much of their time in needlework and gossip, sitting like Turkish sultanas on divans or the floor. They do not rise at your unmusical voice. They converse in a very loud, the street or parlor. We never detected bashfulness in the street or parlor. They go to mass every morning, and make visits of etiquette on Sundays. They take more interest in political than in domestic affairs. Dust and cobwebs are unmistakable signs of indifference. Brooms are rarities; such as exist are besoms made of split stick. Since our return, we

have sent to a Quitonian gentleman, by request, a package of broom-corn seed, which, we trust, will be the forerunner of a harvest of brooms and cleaner floors in the high city. Not only the lords, but also the ladies, are inveterate smokers. Little mats are used for spittoons.

"Perhaps Quitonian ladies have too many Indian servants about them to keep tidy; seven or eight is the average number for a family. These are married, and occupy the ground floor, which swarms with nude children. They are cheap, thievish, lazy, and filthy. No class, pure-blood or half-breed, is given to ablu-tion, though there are two public baths in the city. Washerwomen repair to the Machangara, where they beat the dirty linen of Quito over the smooth rocks. We remember but two or three tablecloths, which entirely covered the table, and only one which was clean. There are but two daily meals; one does not feel the need of more; they are partaken at nine and three, or an hour earlier than in Guayaquil. When two unwashed, uncombed cooks bend over a charcoal fire, which is fanned by a third unkempt individual, and all three blinded by smoke (for there is no chimney), so that it is not their fault if capillaries and something worse are mingled with the stew, with onions to right of them, onions to left of them, onions in front of them, and *achote* already in the pot in spite of your repeated anathemas and expostulations—*achote*, the same red coloring matter which the wild Indians use for painting their bodies and dyeing their cloth—and with several aboriginal wee ones romping about the kitchen, keen must be the appetite that will take hold with alacrity as the dishes are brought on by the most slovenly waiter imagination can body forth. The aim of Ecuadorian cookery is to eradicate all natural flavor; you wouldn't know you were eating chicken except by the bones. Even coffee and choco-late somehow lose their fine Guayaquillian aroma in this high altitude, and the very pies are stuffed with onions. But the beef, minus the garlic, is most excellent, and the *dulce* unapproachable."

After leaving Quito, the travellers visited Chimborazo, and then Pichincha—a volcano with the deepest crater on the globe. Our readers will be interested in Prof. Orton's description:—

"The first to reach the brink of the crater were the French Academicians in 1742. Sixty years after, Humboldt stood on the summit. But it was not till 1844 that any one dared to enter the crater. This was accomplished by Garcia Moreno, now President of Ecuador, and Sebastian Wisse, a French engineer. Humboldt pronounced the bottom of the crater 'inacces-sible, from its great depth and precipitous descent.' We found it accessible, but exceedingly perilous. The moment we prepared to descend our guide ran away. We went on without him; but, when half-way down, were stopped by a precipice.

"On the 22nd of October, 1867, we returned to Pichincha with another guide, and entered the crater by a different route. Manuel, our Indian guide, led us to the south side, and over the brink we went. We were not long in realizing the danger of the under-taking. Here the snow concealed an ugly fissure or covered a treacherous rock (for nearly all the rocks are crumbling); there we must cross a mass of loose sand moving like a glacier down the almost vertical side of the crater; and on every hand rocks were giving way, and, gathering momentum at each revolution, went thundering down, leaping over precipices and jostling other rocks, which joined in the race, till they all struck the bottom with a deep rumbling sound, shivered like so many bombshells into a thousand pieces, and telling us what would be our fate if we had made a single misstep. We followed our Indian in single file, keeping close together, that the stones set free by those in the rear might not dash those below from their feet; feeling our way with the greatest caution, clinging with our hands to snow, sand, rock, tufts of grass, or anything that would hold for a moment; now leaping over a chasm, now letting ourselves down from rock to rock; at times paralyzed with fear, and always with death staring us in the face; thus we scrambled on for two hours and a half till we reached the bottom of the crater.

Here we found a deeply-furrowed plain, strewn with ragged rocks and containing a few patches of vegetation, with half a dozen species of flowers. In the centre is an irregular heap of stones, two hundred and sixty feet high by eight hundred in diameter. This is the cone of eruption—its sides and summit covered with an imposing group of vents, seventy in number, all lined with sulphur and exhaling steam, black smoke and sulphurous gas. The temperature of the vapor just within the fumarole is 184°, water boiling beside it at 180°. The central vent, or chimney, gives forth a sound like the violent bubbling of boiling water. As we sat on this fiery mount, surrounded by a circular rampart of rocks, and looked up at the immense towers of dark dolerite which ran up almost vertically to the height of twenty-five hundred feet above us, musing over the tremendous force which fashioned this awful amphitheatre—spacious enough for all the gods of Tartarus to hold high carnival—the clouds which hung in the thin air around the crest of the crater pealed forth thunder after thunder, which, reverberating from precipice to precipice, were answered by the crash of rocks let loose by the storm, till the whole mountain seemed to tremble like a leaf. Such acoustics, mingled with the flash of lightning and the smell of brimstone, made us believe that we had fairly got into the realm of Pluto. It is the spot where Dante's *Inferno* ought to be read.

"Finishing our observations, and warming our dinner over the steaming crevices, we prepared to ascend. The escape from this horrid hole was more perilous than the entrance, and, on reaching the top, we sang, with grateful hearts, to the tune of 'Old Hundred,'

'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'

"We doubt whether that famous tune and glorious doxology were ever sung so near to heaven.

"The second line,

'Praise Him all creatures here below,'

had a strange meaning fifteen thousand feet high."

Numerous illustrations scattered throughout the volume give a better idea of the scenery and inhabitants than mere description can do; and the value of the book is enhanced by a new map on a large scale of Equatorial America.

## Publishers' Notice.

Notwithstanding our clear announce-ment, reiterated for months, of the change of terms which we found it necessary to make on the first of January last, namely, raising the price of the *DOMINION MONTHLY* from one dollar per annum to one dollar and a half, some subscribers continue to remit, in renewal, the former amount, which only pays for eight months. Now, we draw the attention of all such to the terms formerly announced, namely, that by procuring and remitting for another subscriber, both copies will be sent for a year for one dollar each. It should not surely be difficult to comply with this condition, without which (as it is necessary to make all alike) we cannot credit the parties who have remitted a dollar for more than eight months.

## Notices.

### DR. DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

Dr. David Livingstone was born in Lanark, Scotland, and worked in a cotton factory in his youth; but, being distinguished for ability, piety and enterprise, he secured a medical education for the missionary work in connection with the London Missionary Society. He was sent to South Africa, where he became intimate with the celebrated Missionary, Robert Moffat, and married his daughter. He labored as a missionary for a number of years among the native tribes of the interior; and, in one of his exploring expeditions, discovered the great Lake Ngami—a discovery which gave him a world-wide celebrity. He returned to Britain and published a very interesting book, giving the account of his missionary life, of the Kafir and other tribes, and of his geographical discoveries. On his return to Africa he undertook a new exploring expedition, which resulted in the discovery of the great River Zambesi and the stupendous Victoria Falls, as well as much valuable information respecting Central Africa; and his book, describing these discoveries, raised him to the very highest rank of modern travellers. The great universities of England formed a society to utilize his discoveries by sending him out again with a missionary bishop and a staff of agriculturists and mechanics to found a settlement on the Zambesi. This worthy effort was frustrated partly by the jealousy of the Portuguese, who claim that

country, partly by the cupidity and treachery of the natives, partly by the climate, and partly by the mismanagement of the Colonists. The question which then excited the public attention most was the exploration of the great lakes lying between the Zambesi and the Nile, which had been known to the ancients, and were again partly discovered by Livingstone and partly by Burton, Speke, Baker and others; and to explore these Lakes, and, if possible, open them to English commerce and missions, was the object of Dr. Livingstone's last expedition. This has been going on for several years with very rare letters from him—the latest dated in August last. Reports, indeed, of his having been put to death as a wizard have been received; but they are not credited, and, as a longer time has more than once elapsed before without hearing from him, it is hoped that he will yet reach the Coast in safety, bringing much precious information. At the date of his last letter, however, he had been deserted by all his followers and robbed of nearly all his outfit, so that his safety is a matter of deep anxiety.

The likenesses of the four most celebrated ministers of the Crown, which form our frontispiece, will please both those who are familiar with their faces and those to whom this is the first introduction to the countenances of men whose names are so familiar. We hope to continue the series for a month or two with likenesses of some of the more prominent opposition and independent members.

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# SUPER-PHOSPHATE,

MANUFACTURED FROM

## CANADA PHOSPHATE,

BY THE BROCKVILLE

### Chemical and Super-Phosphate Co.

BROCKVILLE, Ont.

**T**HIS COMPANY desires to inform the farmers of Canada, that there have been erected at this place extensive Chemical works, for the Manufacture of Sulphuric Acid and other Chemicals, but more especially to manufacture Super-Phosphate of Lime from the rich native mineral phosphates of Canada, and it is to be hoped that a full supply of this superior and invaluable fertilizer will be ready for sale for next Spring's crop.

It is proposed to make a strictly standard article guaranteed to be of uniform quality, and equal to the best Super-Phosphates of England, and the United States.

Super-Phosphates have been very extensively used in England, Scotland and Ireland for more than twenty 25 years, and in the United States for over 20 years. When carefully and properly prepared they have invariably given entire satisfaction to the farmer.

This fertilizer has hitherto been but little used in Canada, probably on account of the high price of the materials necessary in its manufacture, such as bones or their equivalent, and Sulphuric Acid.—The latter article has only lately been manufactured in Canada. Its liberal use is absolutely necessary in order to produce a really good Super-Phosphate.

This Company has erected at great cost apparatus for the manufacture of Sulphuric Acid and Super-Phosphate from materials taken from mineral deposits owned and mined by the Company. The ownership of mines and material is an advantage which will result in the

production of a superior fertilizer at less cost to the farmer than the same quality could possibly be obtained in any other country.

Every intelligent farmer must be aware of the enormous consumption of Super-Phosphates in the Old Country, and of the great benefit resulting from their use. Our farmers in this country need this manure more than the farmers on the other side: especially is it needed on those wheat lands which from continual cultivation show a constantly decreasing return: and it is honestly believed, that after a trial no farmer will put in a crop without using this fertilizer.

When Super-Phosphate is applied to Wheat, Rye, Barley, Corn, Potatoes, or in fact any Crop, the result will be a large increase of the same, its effects being seen for many years. Consequently it is not a mere stimulant but a permanent improver of the soil.

In offering this Super-Phosphate to the farmers of Canada, the Company does so with entire confidence that it will meet the wants and satisfy all who will give it a fair trial. The patronage of the entire farming community is therefore solicited.

This fertilizer will be put up in packages of about 200 lbs. each, and will be sold at the price of 25cts. per lb. to farmers, at the works. A liberal discount will be made to wholesale dealers.

All orders addressed to "The Brockville Chemical and Super-Phosphate Company," Brockville, will be promptly attended to.

ALEX. COWAN,  
Manager.

(Turn Over.)

# DIRECTIONS FOR USE.

The following general directions are based upon the experience and experiments of practical farmers, together with the experience of the proprietor himself, who has used the Super-Phosphate in a variety of ways on general crops. The application must be varied in accordance with the nature and condition of the soil.—The farmer, therefore, may use his own judgment in regard to quantity and manner of application.

## FOR WHEAT.

Use from 800 lbs. to 400 lbs. to the acre, sown broadcast and harrowed or drilled in with the seed; some plough it under lightly, but harrowing is the better way.

Super-Phosphate is without doubt the best manure that can be applied on this crop—either Spring or fall Wheat. Not less than 800 lbs. should be applied per acre. It will cause a quick and vigorous growth in the Fall; thus giving the seed a strong root to withstand the frost, and the grain will generally mature and ripen earlier than where barn-yard manure is applied. The heads fill better, the grain is more plump and will weigh heavier.

## For Oats and Rye.

From 200 lbs. to 300 lbs. to the acre, sown broadcast and harrowed in with the seed, will produce a large yield of either.

## For Buckwheat.

An application of 100 lbs. per acre is sufficient for this crop, and will produce a large yield.

## FOR CORN.

The usual method of application on this crop is to sprinkle about a handful to two or three hills, scattering it well.—Then drop the corn upon it and cover with the hoe. We think the best plan is to sow about 300 lbs. to the acre broadcast, then preparing the ground, and harrow in before striking out the rows; then apply about 100 lbs. to the acre in the hill when planting, which is about a spoonful to a hill; drop the corn directly upon it,—there being no danger of injury to the seed if the Phosphate is well scattered; then cover with the hoe. Another method, which is said to be an excellent plan, is to drop the corn

first, cover it very lightly with the soil, then sprinkle about a handful of Super-Phosphate on two or three hills, and cover all up together with the hoe. In this manner it takes about 200 lbs. per acre, and will generally increase the yield of corn to *double* that not treated with the Phosphate.

## FOR POTATOES.

Apply from 400 lbs. to 500 lbs. to the acre. If planted in hills, drop the potato and cover lightly with soil, then scatter well a *good sized handful* of Super-Phosphate and cover all up as usual. If planted in drills, first drop the potato, cover lightly with a hoe; then sow a large handful of the Phosphate to about a yard of drill, well scattered in the centre, letting a portion go to the sides of the drill; then cover with the plough as usual. In many localities barn-yard manure cannot be used on potatoes from fear of rot. There is no risk of that kind with Super-Phosphate, it is rather a preventative of the rot, and with 500 lbs. to the acre, will produce an abundant yield on very ordinary soil.

## FOR GRASS.

Sow broadcast during the Fall or early in the Spring before the frost is out of the ground, or any time after, before the grass gets so high as to prevent the Phosphate reaching the surface of the ground. Apply about 200 lbs. or 300 lbs. per acre. It will greatly increase your pasture, and more than double the quantity of hay.

## For Cabbage, Beans, Peas, &c.

For these we can give no explicit direction. The quantity applied should be from 300 lbs. to 500 lbs. per acre. On Cabbage the best way to apply it is to scatter about half a handful where you intend to set the plant, in a surface, say 8 inches in diameter; run your dibble directly through it, and set your plant as usual, after which cover the Phosphate with the hoe and at next hoeing draw it towards the plant. When used on Peas, scatter well in the rows when sowing the peas, and cover together. For Lima or any other Beans in hills, a handful to two or three hills. For Beans in drills, same as peas. For Tomatoes, apply same as for cabbage. For Onions sow in drills or broadcast. On other garden vegetables it can be applied as the judgement of the gardener may dictate. It is an excellent manure for Spinage and Sprouts.

## For Turnips, Carrots and Sugar Beets.

This fertilizer is a *speciality* for all these root crops, and when applied at the rate of from 300 lbs. to 500 lbs. per acre, will produce enormous crops. Our farmers should cultivate root crops more extensively for feeding their horses and cattle, than they do. When properly cultivated, few crops will pay better.

## For Tobacco and Sorghum.

Apply from 200 lbs. to 300 lbs. to the acre at the time of planting. In the application, it must be well scattered in the rows, and covered in with the seeds.

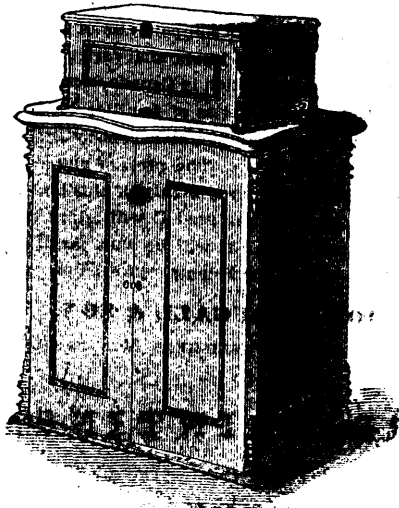
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This fertilizer, being in a finely pulverized condition, is easily applied, and will be found highly advantageous in the cultivation of Plants and Flowers, and will produce the most satisfactory results.

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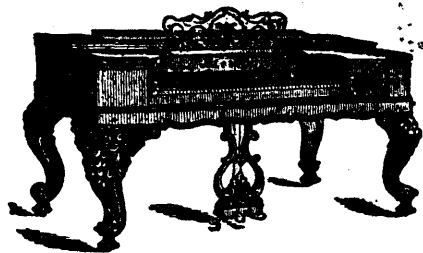
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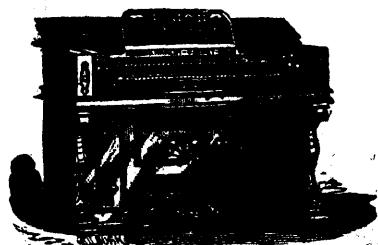
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