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VOL. 2.

NO. 3.

THE
NEW DOMINION
MONTHLY.

June, 1868.



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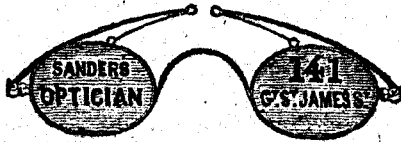
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A Magazine of Original and Selected Literature.

JUNE, 1888.

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KING THEODORE.

The New Dominion Monthly.

VOL. II,

JUNE, 1868.

No. 3.

Original.

THE CRUCIBLE.

BY ALICIA.

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CHAPTER VI.—*Continued.*

The weeks at last slipped away, and Charlie took his degree as Bachelor of Arts, not with honors, however—indeed, he almost expected himself to be plucked—but he was heartily glad he had managed to pass his examinations; as that fellow Sharpe (with whom, by the way, Charlie had been on excellent terms before he became his rival in his attentions to Miss Jessie) had taken honors both in classics and mathematics. He verily believed there was partiality shown in many cases. He did not see why he should be behind such a conceited puppy. Poor Charlie had forgotten how in the beginning of the session Sharpe had begged him to come to his rooms, and study with him, instead of going out skating and sleigh-driving, and how he (Charlie) would run off laughing at such an old Solon, and say he was not going to sit and mope such a splendid night; study might do very well for stormy evenings. How hard our friend had to grind at the last for fear he should be plucked; while Sharpe was quite cool, and even able to spend the evening previous to the examination at the Rectory, while poor Charlie was trying to cram his bewildered brain with the Q. E. D's, and the Q. E. F's of the darkey Euclid, and *hoc omne genus*; though his unruly thoughts would run riot, and follow Jessie and Sharpe, till in despair he would throw his book across the room, and declare nothing would keep him a moment longer; but again the thought of to-morrow would come, and, slowly and sadly, he would set to his work again.

Thus passed the night, and when the

morning dawned, and the glorious king of day appeared, rejoicing in the east, Charlie had about as much idea of what he had been cramming himself with as he had had the previous evening. How he ever got through he did not know, but on hearing the joyful news that he had passed, he performed such antics as would have for ever thrown the Grecian gymnasts and athletes into the shade. He thought himself rather a lucky fellow after all, and declared that he would go and see Jessie; it was only polite to call after being invited, he argued. So off he started, whistling "Jolly Dogs," with great vigor.

He found Miss Jessie looking blooming, and drew a partial promise from her to attend the approaching conversazione, on which occasion Charlie hoped to be her humble cavalier.

He went home in great spirits, but received a check from Selina, who greeted him with the encouraging words,

"I never saw such a rude boy in my life!—rushing into the house like some great plough-boy, whistling and stamping." This kind remark drew nothing from Charlie, but a scornful, defiant look, as he brushed past her; yet it had the effect of damping his ardor in some degree—he could not whistle so merrily, though he tried hard as he ran upstairs, two steps at a time.

"I wish Edna were at home," he said, musingly, "then Jessie could go with us—but then I would have to see Edna home, or she would have to walk round with us, so it is better as it is; for I want to tell Jessie that I think of leaving town. I won-

der if she will care! What a bother it is people have to be so proper! Why can't Jessie come with me, instead of being obliged to have some respectable female to take care of her, and beautifully in the way, if she only knew it."

At length the longed for hour arrived, and Charlie, resplendent in shining boots and snowy cravat, made his way to the Convocation Hall. He was kept in misery for some time, looking anxiously for Jessie, who did not make her appearance till late in the evening, and then she entered leaning on her father's arm. Charlie came very near making some very impolite and disrespectful remarks towards the "old gentleman," as he denominated Mr. Wyndgate, but wisely restrained himself; and as soon as possible made his way to his young lady's side. She received him very graciously, permitting him to hover about her, and take her into the Museum to show her some curiosities. Charlie cast sundry triumphant glances towards Sharpe as he marched proudly out of the room with Jessie on his arm; however, he could not have the pleasure of escorting her home, but when on asking her if she would not come and see him take his degree, she smilingly promised to do so, if she could, and congratulated him so warmly, Charlie forgot his disappointment, and thought himself the happiest fellow that ever lived; he did not even remember to tell her of his proposed departure, but after he had left her with her father, he was in such good spirits that he made himself generally agreeable even to Sharpe, and took Miss Ponsonby into supper, making himself useful as well as ornamental.

The next afternoon, true to her promise, Miss Jessie Wyndgate honored the Convocation Hall with her graceful presence, and looked so lovely that Charlie wished he might kneel before her, instead of on that formidable-looking cushion, and before the stern-looking principal, whom Charlie declared appeared, for all the world, like some fierce executioner. Charlie rushed down after all was over, in his haste nearly

breaking his neck over the tail of his tattered gown, and managed to reach Jessie before she disappeared. Completely out of breath, he could say nothing, and only gazed at her in speechless admiration. She at length remarked:

"Your feelings seem to have overcome you, Mr. Clifford. You look very nervous."

"Oh, not at all," gasped the youth, "I—I was in a hurry."

"Indeed," said his fair enchantress, "why, what occasion was there for your feeling hurried? There was plenty of time after you took your degree for the rest to be capped."

"Oh, I did not mean that," exclaimed the young B.A. "I was in a hurry to get up to you. I have something to say to you."

Now Charlie had intended to broach the subject of his intended departure suddenly, and then, scanning Jessie's face, endeavor to read there what were her feelings in the matter; but now, in "his blundering way," he had given her ample time to prepare herself, and answer him coolly. He was delighted to find that Miss Wyndgate, who had been walking in front with a friend, was to leave her sister at the next corner. When Margaret had thus unconsciously given great satisfaction, by turning her steps in another direction, young Clifford asked Jessie to take a walk, which she did. It was rather a silent one, and they had nearly reached the Rectory, when Charlie said, abruptly:

"Miss Jessie, I think of leaving home before long."

"Do you?" replied the fair girl, quietly.

"But I mean to leave home altogether."

"Yes," said Jessie, in the same tone; "I am very sorry."

"Are you," said Charlie, "very sorry?"

"Yes," replied Jessie, "I am always sorry to say good-bye to any one."

"Humph!" muttered her admirer. "I suppose if that fellow Sharpe was going away, you would feel bad enough; but because it is only I who am leaving, you only say you are *always* sorry to bid people good-

bye. I would rather you would not say you were sorry at all, than class me with all the other people to whom you say good-bye."

Miss Jessie looked up at Charlie after this outburst, during which he had been growing very red, and calmly said :

"I think you are forgetting yourself, Mr. Clifford—forgetting, indeed, that you are a gentleman and I am a lady. It is you who will be sorry now, I think."

She gave him her hand, as they had now reached her father's door. Poor unfortunate Charlie took it, but said not a word. He fancied he saw tears in her hazel eyes, which looked so sad as she raised them to his. Taking off his hat politely, he left her.

When this unlucky youth arrived at his own room, he sat down to meditate on what had occurred, in a rather different frame of mind to that in which he had been when he last left it—so gay and full of spirits.

"I am a wretch," he muttered, "and she is an angel! I am a brute, and I don't know what I am not, and what will I ever do now? I shall not see her again. I suppose I might write and beg her pardon—yes, I think I might do that—but I have not a nice sheet of paper. What will I do? I'll run out and buy some."

With this, the despairing boy seized his hat, and rushing off to the nearest stationer's, procured delicate pink-tinted paper and envelopes. When walking quickly back again, he nearly ran against Selina in the hall, who exclaimed, in no very duleet tones,

"What is the matter with you, Charles? Have you no eyes?"

Alas! poor Charlie's were blindfolded! He made no reply, but, unheeding the remark, ran off to his sanctum. Having placed paper, pen, and ink before him, he sat down to write—but, all at once, he began to wonder how he should address Miss Jessie!

CHAPTER VII.

"These two, a maiden and a youth, were there Gazing; the one on all that was beneath Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her: And both were young, and one was beautiful;

And both were young, yet not alike in youth. As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge, The maid was on the eve of womanhood;—

His heart

Had far outgrown his years, and, to his eye, There was but one beloved face on earth— And that was shining on him; he had look'd Upon it till it could not pass away;

He had no breath, no being; but in her's:

She was his voice; —he did not speak to her, But trembled on her words; she was his sight, For his eye follow'd her's, and saw with her's, Which color'd all his objects; —he had ceased To live within himself; she was his life—

The ocean to the river of his thoughts, Which terminated all! upon a tone, A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow, And his cheek change tempestuously—his heart Unknowing of its cause of agony."

—Byron.

It was the first time that Mr. Charles Clifford had ever written a note to a young lady, and he wondered as to how he should commence. "She is dear enough," he mused, "but it would not do to begin, 'My dear Miss Jessie.' What on earth will I do? There are books that tell a fellow the correct thing, but if I go to get one it will be too late when I return; and then, after all, it would sound so stiff and pokey, and I have made fool enough of myself already without doing anything worse. I'll begin, 'Dear Miss Jessie,' and run the risk." With this brave resolve, Charlie drew a sheet towards him, and dipped his pen in the ink, suspended it mid-air in order to prepare himself to make his most dashing D—when plump on to the fair pink paper dropped a large blot of ink. "Bother it!" muttered Charlie, impatiently. However, he took a new supply of paper, and succeeded in writing the opening words to his entire satisfaction; but here he came to a full stop.

"I don't know what under the sun to say," he growled, rubbing up his curly hair till his head looked like a mop. "If Edna were here she would tell me, and yet I would not want her to know about it either. What a stupid ninny I am? I don't care, I'll just write anyhow, and take my chance." So Charlie proceeded :

"I write to beg your pardon, Miss Jessie, for the rude and ungentlemanly manner in

which I spoke to you to-day. I hope you will forgive me; but I don't know what you will think of me. I am afraid that even if you ever did care for me, you will not want to speak to me again after my conduct this afternoon. I had a long conversation with my father this morning, and we have decided that I am to go at once to see a cousin of my father's, who lives somewhere in New Brunswick, or some such outlandish place, and if I like it I can remain there; if not, I will come home again. At any rate it won't do me any harm to see a little of the world. I am to leave next week, so you will soon get rid of me, troublesome fellow that I am."

Here poor Charlie was quite overcome with his pathetic remarks, and had to stop in order to recover himself. At length, he regained his equanimity, and continued,

"If you would write me a little note, and tell me you will pardon me, you will confer an everlasting obligation on your humble and devoted servant,

"CHARLES LEE CLIFFORD."

The writer folded his note, placed it in an envelope, and addressed it; but now a new difficulty presented itself—how was it to reach the Rectory? If he put it in the post, Jessie would not get it that night, and it would never do for him to take it himself.

"I'd ask old Larry," said he to himself, "but he is such an old cove for teasing a fellow. However, I'll have to give it to him, for there is no one else."

Charlie seized his hat, and running down stairs, and out of doors, found the said Larry sawing wood. Larry had been in Mr. Clifford's employ ever since he had been married to Charlie's mother. Larry, moreover, was rather an odd character in his way. Charlie greeted him with,

"I say, old fellow, you would do a good turn for me now, wouldn't you?"

"What's the matter now, Master Charles?" growled Larry. "You're always after wanting something done for ye."

"You'll just run over to the Rectory

with this note for me; do, that's a good old chap."

"I'm thinking you are as fit to run as I am, Master Charles. I used to have work enough running for Miss Edna—bless her sweet face—but since I took that same large parcel, I haven't had no bother on that score; but you're beginning with your love-letters, are ye? Is it the young lady with the bright eyes and cheery kind of way with her, that you're sparking?"

"Come now, old fellow, none of your chaffing," laughed Charlie. "Just put on your best bib and tucker, and trot over. Come now, a little exercise will be good for you."

"Indade, not a bit will I change my coat if I was going to the Lord Mayor's," grumbled Larry, "and, mind ye," he added, "I'll not take any more for ye."

"Oh, no! not till next time. Never mind, Larry, you are a pretty good old coon after all. Wait till I get rich, and I'll do all kinds of jolly things for you."

"I'm thinking it will be some time before you get rich, Master Charles, unless you act differently. It would be better if you waited a bit, before you began your courting, that's my mind."

"Your advice is always good, Larry. I'll pay attention."

"I dare say you will," muttered Larry, as he walked off.

"Am I to be after waiting for an answer?" shouted he.

"Oh, no, thank you; but you understand 'mum' is the word, with regard to this affair," said Charlie.

"Oh, never fear, Master," rejoined the old Mercury.

This accomplished, Charlie hastened into the dining-room, where his father and Selina were already sitting at table. Mr. Clifford looked grave as his son sat down, and said:

"You are never here in time for your meals now, Charles; this won't do—do you hear?"

"Yes, sir," replied Charlie, meekly. "Well, I was at College this afternoon."

"I was there, too," said his father, "and have been home nearly two hours."

"And Charlie has been in the house for an hour," said Selina, "running up and down stairs every few minutes, as if he were going mad."

"Well," retorted Charlie, angrily, "I'll be away soon, and then I hope you will be quiet enough. You are always snarling about something."

"Come, come," said Mr. Clifford, "stop. I can't have this noise and quarrelling. Selina, I wish you would not for ever be finding fault; and Charlie, you must learn to behave yourself, or leave the room."

Charlie at once chose the latter alternative, and going into the yard again, found Larry had returned, and thus accosted him:—

"Come, now, old fellow, tell us who you saw up at the Rectory."

"You'd be after liking to know, would ye?" replied Larry, sitting down on the wood-pile.

"Now just tell all about it," said Charlie, impatiently.

"Och! sure, and you are in a hurry. Who should I see but the housemaid?"

"But you did see somebody else, you saw Jessie."

"Oh! but you are getting free, Master Charles; and who may Jessie be?"

"Say Miss Jessie," snapped Charlie. "Now, come, don't bother me."

"Well, now let me see," said Larry, provokingly, "I went along the first street, and then turned to the——"

"Now, I say," interrupted Charlie, "if you can't tell me what I want to know, you can stop chattering."

"Very good," said Larry, quietly, moving off; "just as you please, Master."

"Now, Larry," said the young gentleman, coaxingly, "do be a good fellow and tell me who you saw."

Larry thought he had tried his young gentleman's patience sufficiently, so he said,

"Well, now, if you'll just be quiet, and not be stopping me just in the middle of the thing, I'll tell ye."

Charlie promising to be good, Larry proceeded.

"Well, as I was saying, I went along the front street, till I came to the big bank yonder. Well, then, I turned up, and was going out to the Rectory, when I sees a young lady coming down, looking so sad and downhearted, that thinks I to myself, this is Master Charlie's sweetheart, and they have had a spat, and he's written her a letter to make up. So thinks I to myself, 'I'll give the note to her;' so says I, touching my cap, says I, 'Begging your pardon, Miss, but 'aint you Miss Jessie Wyndgate?' 'Yes, I am,' said she, looking so sweet, that thinks I, 'I guess Master Charlie has eyes in his head anyhow.' 'I was just a-going up to the Rectory,' says I, 'to take a note for you from Master Charles.' She blushed all up, and looked like a cabbage-rose, so sweet and lovely-like. 'From whom?' says she, purtendin' she didn't know. 'From Master Charles Clifford,' says I, and gave her the note. 'Did it require an answer?' says she, looking kinder shy. 'Master Charles said not this time,' and with that I touched my hat again, and she said, 'Good-bye,' and 'thank you,' and so she goes her way—that is, she turned back again—and I came home. And now, Master Charles, that's all I've got to say, excepting that she's a rare purty young lady, and you may be proud of her."

With these remarks, Larry walked off, and left Charlie to his own pleasant thoughts.

Charlie could hardly sleep, so anxious was he for morning to dawn. He felt very much inclined to run down to the post-office before breakfast, but wisely concluded that it would be useless, as Miss Jessie could not be stirring so early. His father looked quite surprised to find Charlie in the dining-room when he descended.

"Why, how is this?" exclaimed he. "Turning over a new leaf—eh? Well, I am glad of it; a young man who lies in bed in the morning will never be good for much. Keep it up, my boy, keep it up."

"Well, I really do believe it is better

than lying snoring till nine o'clock," said Charlie.

"I should rather think so," replied Mr. Clifford

Their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Selina and the coffee. When they were partly through breakfast, the postman arrived, and a servant brought in the letters. Mr. Clifford began turning them over, while Charlie gazed with longing eyes at the pile, and thought his father intolerably slow.

"One from Leighton," said the father, musingly, "and a budget from Edna. Here, Selina, you may open it," he said, handing it across the table. "And here is a note for Master Charlie. A love-letter?" he queried, glancing at Charlie over his spectacles.

"No, sir," replied his son, thrusting it into his vest pocket. He longed to leave the room, but he was afraid his departure would be noticed, and so was compelled to wait for half an hour, listening to a long epistle from Edna, full of interesting details concerning their travels, and not saying anything of when they intended to return.

"I should think it was pretty nearly time she was coming home," said Selina.

"Yes," replied her father; "but no one must speak of it. Let her remain as long as she pleases. Poor child," he murmured sadly, "I hope it will do her good."

"Yes, I hope so," said Selina, gently. "She was not looking well when she left."

"No, indeed. But I must be off, for I have a good deal of business on hand, and though Austin is very good, and does his best—he is not like Ernest. Of course, no one else could be."

With this, Mr. Clifford gathered up his letters, and went off. Charlie, glad of a release, bounded upstairs, shut himself up in his room, and drew out his precious missive. He looked carefully at the envelope, which was addressed in a clear, sharp hand, "Mr. Charles Clifford, Elizabeth Street." With trembling hands, he cut the envelope, and opened the note, which ran as follows:—

"Dear Mr. Clifford,—I received your note from your servant about an hour ago, and reply to it, in order to assure you of my hearty forgiveness of your thoughtless words, for I am sure you are too kind to offend or grieve me willingly. I am afraid I did speak coldly, but, indeed, it was not because I felt so. I never felt so sorry to bid any one good-bye (excepting, of course, Lionel); for you have always been so kind to me, and to us all. I hope, however, that we shall see you often in L—, even if you make up your mind to remain in New Brunswick. To assure you of my free forgiveness, I tell you I will be glad to see you, if, according to mamma's wish, you will come and take tea with us this evening,

"Ever your sincere friend,

"JESSIE WYNDGATE."

Charlie pressed the little note to his lips, and murmured,

"Oh, isn't she an angel! I do believe she does care for me. How I wish I were three or four years older, and had plenty to live on, I would pop the question right off; but, of course, it would never do now."

He was in such good spirits, that he resolved to write Edna a long letter, which he accordingly did—indeed, it was the longest epistle the young gentleman had ever penned, and he felt quite proud of it. He told his sister little about Jessie, but informed her of his intended departure, and filled up the interstices with trash. After such an effort of genius, Charlie really felt quite exhausted, and as it yet counted two hours to lunch-time, he thought he would go and see Sharpe. He carried out the idea, and rather astonished his friend by such a show of cordiality.

"What's been the matter with you, old fellow?" inquired Sharpe. "You've been so stiff you'd scarcely speak."

"Oh!" replied Charlie, confusedly, "it was through a misunderstanding with a third party, but now it's all cleared up. There's no use saying anything about it. Shake hands, old fellow, and let us be chums again; but we won't be so for long, for I am going away on Wednesday"

"Away?" exclaimed Sharpe. "Where to?"

"Oh, to somewhere in New Brunswick, I think."

"Going for good?" inquired his friend.

"I don't know. It depends upon whether I find anything to do, and whether I like the place. Anyhow it will be seeing a little of the world. A fellow that's lived all the time at home, needs something of the kind. I'll astonish the natives when I come back."

"I wish I was going, too," rejoined Sharpe; "but I'm such an old stick-in-the-mud, I'll live here for ever, I suppose."

"Worse places than this to live in," said Charlie, emphatically.

"Well, perhaps there are. But I must be off. I have an engagement with Snobs."

"Hullo! What's up in that quarter?"

"Oh, nothing in particular—wanted to see me," said Sharpe, with an air of importance, so the friends parted.

Charlie took about an hour to adorn himself before he considered himself presentable for the evening. He had never felt so bashful before. However, he managed to get over his shyness, and the evening passed pleasantly. Jessie was so gracious and kind, that her admirer was in ecstasies, and began to think that, perhaps, his speech on Thursday, which he had feared would end so disastrously, had been a good thing for him. He had no opportunity of speaking to Jessie alone, but on asking her to take a drive with him on Tuesday, the day before his departure, she consented; and so all Charlie's hopes for the time were set on that drive, and he heartily wished the intervening days were over.

At length, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday passed—as the longest days will, if you only wait long enough—and Tuesday dawned bright as a spring day could be, the air soft and balmy, the sky brilliant in its deep blue. Charlie had begged for the horse in the morning, and at the appointed hour drove up to the Rectory door. He ran in, and said good-bye to the Wyndgates; and when Jessie appeared, looking lovely

in a drab dress and jacket, with a blue-gauze veil floating from her little black hat, Charlie thought he had never seen her look so beautiful. They drove many miles, and when they were far beyond the town and its bustle, Charlie spoke of his proposed departure on the morrow. They were driving slowly through a wood; the road was lined on either side with the giants of the forest; the spreading beech, and the towering elm, or the sturdy oak, interspersed with the maple and the bass-wood. Nature had not yet donned her emerald robe, but here and there the grass was springing up, and the starry hepatica once more awakening to light and life. Neither Jessie or her companion had spoken for some minutes. The horse was walking slowly, as if appreciative of his master's unusually quiet mood, when, suddenly, Charlie broke the silence by saying,

"Miss Jessie, will you really miss me, or ever think of me when I am gone?"

"Oh!" she said, looking up at him, with her bright eyes full of tears, "how can you ask such a question? I cannot tell you how much I shall miss you."

A little hand was lying so temptingly, that Charlie could not resist the temptation of taking it in his own. At the magic touch of the soft fingers, all his resolution about waiting for years gave way, and he broke forth—

"Oh! Jessie, Jessie, if you only knew how I love you! I would do anything in the world for you; and, oh, if I only knew that you cared for me—loved me—I would not mind any hardships. I would not mind how I worked, if only I had the hope that one day you would be my own Jessie. Could you give me that hope—oh! could you not, dear, dear Jessie?"

Jessie's face was crimson with blushes, and she had turned, so Charlie could not see it. She did not speak for some time, but at length she said,

"We are both very young, Charlie," (how Charlie's heart beat to hear the familiar name) "and we might change our minds, and that would be worse than if we never

promised to love each other always. I am sure also, that papa would neither consent to my being engaged, nor to my writing to you; but if it will be any comfort to you to know that I like you better than anyone else, you may have that comfort."

She glanced archly up at him, and met such an earnest, loving gaze that her eyes dropped again.

"How can I thank you even for that, Jessie, dear Jessie! It is indeed, and will be, an unspeakable comfort to me. God bless you for it; and now, good-bye," he added, for they were nearing home again, having returned by a different and shorter road. "I trust the time may not be very long before I see you again."

"I hope not," said Jessie, gently withdrawing her hand, which lay in Charlie's, for they were close to town. Neither of them spoke till they had nearly reached the Rectory, when Jessie turned round, and once more looking up in Charlie's face, saw there such an expression of deep sorrow, that again she slipped her hand into his, and said,

"You must cheer up, dear Charlie; time soon passes, and I believe, Charlie, we will be true to each other always."

"Yes, my darling Jessie, I believe we will," replied Charlie. "And I will be cheerful—why should I not be? I believe I will get on; don't you?"

"Oh! yes," said Jessie. "I think you will; but Charlie," she added, looking again earnestly at him, "papa says we ought always to ask God's blessing on all we do, and then all must be well; and I do believe it is true, Charlie, so let us ask God to bless us, and to bless you in all you do."

"You must ask Him, Jessie," replied he, "I am afraid that I am not what I ought to be; but if I were only with you always, I am sure I would improve, and become much better."

"Oh, don't, Charlie," murmured Jessie, reproachfully. "I am sure I am very giddy and thoughtless; but though I never could

be like Margaret, I do indeed wish to be better. But now, dear Charlie, once more good-bye, and God bless you."

"Good-bye," said Charlie, as he handed her out of the phaeton; "and, oh, Jessie, you will pray for me?"

"Indeed, I will," replied poor Jessie, in a husky voice.

And thus the two parted, full of bright hopes for the future—hopes which, alas! like so many things connected with earth, were never to be realized. Who in this world ever meets with the entire fulfilment of his expectations? The rose has its thorn; the cup of happiness its bitter dregs. And is it not well?—we would become intoxicated with joy were it not so. The cords which bind us to earth would become so strong that we never would soar on high, were it not that they are often ruthlessly torn asunder by affliction, and severed by the hand of death. Many will think that Charlie and Jessie were very foolish, and so no doubt they were; and yet when is love so true, so pure as in youth? An earnest nature's love, which has its birth at a time when hope is strongest, when affection is trammelled by no low, mercenary motive, will outlive the storms and shocks of a life-time. No tempests can destroy it—no opposition can crush it. It remains constant, unchanged. But it is better, far better, to let time test it; to wait until maturity has formed and experience has deepened this youthful affection, before those vows are made which should ever be considered as binding as those of the marriage rite itself. It is in this respect that so many young people err. If their love is as strong as they believe it, time will not lessen it; separation will not change it; opposition will but strengthen it. We have no more beautiful instance of youthful love than that displayed by Motherwell, in his devotion to Jeannie Morrison; though the love that only deepened with increasing years, was not returned, and Jeannie became another's bride; yet does he never cease to mourn for her, and love her. What can be more touching than these simple, yet exquisite lines?

"I marvel, Jeannie Morrison
 Gin I hae been to thee
 As closely twined wi' earliest thochts,
 As ye hae been to me?
 Oh! tell me gin their music fills
 Thine ear as it does mine;
 Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
 Wi' dreamings o' lang syae?"

"O dear, dear Jeannie Morrison,
 Since we were sundered young,
 I've never seen your face, nor heard
 The music o' your tongue;
 But I could hug all wretchedness,
 And happy could I dee,
 Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
 O' bygone days and me!"

Yet Motherwell was only fourteen when he sketched the outline of his poem to Jeannie Morrison.

Charlie started early on the following morning, and thus left Mr. Clifford and Selina alone. Though Mr. Clifford said little, he felt very keenly the parting with his son, and yet, having been an earnest though silent observer of Charlie's attentions to Jessie, he rather hurried his departure, thinking that it would be far better for him to wait till he was older before he pledged himself to any one. Poor Mr. Clifford thought he had already seen too much of early courtships. He rose early on the Wednesday morning to accompany his son to the station. The light-hearted boy was in good spirits, all serious thoughts which Jessie's words may have caused, being dispelled by the bright morning air, and the bustle of departure. He chattered gaily to his father as they drove along.

"And now, my boy," said his father, as they neared the station, "you are going out into the world, and you know little of the temptations you will have to encounter. In all you do, act as a gentleman, and a Christian gentleman. Charlie, bear in mind that nothing but the power of God can keep you from falling. As you will not have your earthly father to depend on, go to your heavenly Father—you can never go where He is not. And be very careful with what young men you associate. Remember, nothing is truer than that you may know a man by the company he keeps. If your mother had lived, she would have spoken to

you more of these things than I have. Good-bye, my boy."

"I am sure, father, you have always shown me a good example. I only hope I may be half as good as you are."

Mr. Clifford shook his head sadly.

"Well, my boy," he said at length, "I commit you to God. May He watch over you, and keep you. Good-bye," he added, pressing his son's hand warmly, "and let me hear from you soon."

"Oh, never fear, but I shall do that," replied Charlie. "Good-bye, Larry," he said when they had reached the depot, extending his hand to the old servant.

"Good-bye, Master Charles, and may the best of luck attend ye; and it's sorry I am to see you leaving the master, and he looking so weakly."

"Oh, he has Austin," answered Charlie, and I am afraid I would never be of much use to him."

"May be it's your own fault that, Master Charles. However, I am sure I wish you all kinds of luck, and plenty of it."

"Thank you," replied Charles, laughing, and wondering what might be included in "all kinds of luck." He sprang up the steps into the car, and took off his hat, waved it to his father, who was still waiting in the carriage, and was gone.

CHAPTER VII.

"The moon is up, and yet it is not night—
 Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
 Of glory streams along the Alpine height
 Of blue Friuli's mountains; heaven is free
 From clouds, but of all colors seems to be
 Melted to one vast Iris of the West,
 Where the day joins the past eternity,
 While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
 Floats through the azure air—an island of the
 blest."
 —Byron.

What hour can be more beautiful than that of twilight—day melting into night? The busy sounds of daily life, silenced into the melodies of evening; man resting from the weary labors of the day; nature herself seeking repose; the delicate flower which all day long has been gazing up into heaven, drinking in the dews of morning, and re-

joining in the glorious sun-beams of mid-day, now closes its leafy portals, and droops its tired head. The merry songster, who from the earliest hours of dawn has been pouring forth his hymn of praise to his Creator, stills his blithe song, and, rocked to rest on some waving bough, closes his starry eyes and folds his drooping wings, keeping watch over his mate and the little ones in the nest below.

It was in this evening hour that we first met our heroine, and her friend Mrs. Maitland. You will remember that Edna had partially promised little Bessie to accompany her on a visit to a Swiss family, with a member of which she had become acquainted. Accordingly, the following morning, Edna, fully rested from her fatigue, told Bessie that she would take the promised walk, and the child ran off gleefully to prepare. She soon came back, carrying a small basket.

"What is that for?" enquired Edna.

"Oh, Klaus will pick me some strawberries, if I give it to him."

The two started off, full of life and spirits. They crossed several meadows, and then began to ascend a steep, craggy path which led to the Mer de Glace. It wound through little clumps of firs and occasional bright plains, while far above towered crags of ice and granite, rising higher and higher till lost to view. On one of these little fertile plains (oases, they might almost be called), on the heights of Montamoert, stood an humble chalet, the summer abode of a family named Gervais. The household consisted of an old Swiss dame, her daughter, her daughter's husband, and little son Klaus. The child, when our friends came in sight, was cutting grass near the house. He was a bright-looking little fellow, of about eight summers, with long, light curls reaching to his shoulders, clad in a sort of blue blouse in the shape of a tunic, which set off his fair complexion to advantage. Bessie nodded to him, and he smiled in return, and seeing that they were going to the cottage, he ran forward and, throwing open the door, went up to an old woman

who was lying in a rude bed in one corner of the room. He said something to her in French, then, running back, he motioned to Edna to enter. Spying the basket, the boy said,

"Vous voulez des fraises, Mademoiselle?"

Bessie appealed to her companion, who replied for her,

"Oui, s'il vous plait."

The child ran off with the basket, and Edna entered the little cabin. A young-looking woman who was making up some butter, courtesied as she entered; but the old woman, partly rising on her rough couch, said,

"You are welcome, Mesdemoiselles; will you be pleased to be seated?"

She pointed to a bench near her. Edna sat down, and turning to the old woman, said,

"I am glad to find that you can speak English. My friend who is with me—little Bessie's mother—understands your language; but I know very little of it. How is it that you speak English so well?"

"When I was a very young girl," replied the old woman, "I went with my lady to her own country, and there I learned to speak the English. My lady came here to Chamouni, as you have done, and she was so fond of me, she would not leave without me; and I lived with her four years, but I was unhappy till I came back to my own beautiful mountains and valleys. Oh, it is so dull, so flat, in England! I could not bear it. It would kill me to live there. Your home is there?" she added, questioningly.

"No," rejoined Edna, "I live in Canada, far away across the Atlantic."

"Oh, yes, I know; my lady had a brother there. I wonder if you know him," she said, brightening up. "But, oh, no. You are too young. I forgot, it is so many years ago."

"Are you obliged to keep your bed?" enquired Edna, inwardly rather amused at the old woman thinking she should know every one in America.

"For five years" replied her new friend, "I had an illness, and have not been able to walk since. What was it, Marguerite?" she said, addressing the young woman.

"La paralysie," said Marguerite.

"Oh, yes, I know," said Edna; "paralysis."

"Are you not very tired of lying here so long, and don't you wish to be able to walk?" inquired little Bessie.

"Oh, no, ma chère," replied the old woman. "It is the Lord's will, and would old Jacqueline murmur or be unhappy? Have I not a kind daughter and my little Klaus? And then," she continued, clasping her old thin hands, "the precious Jesus is ever with me. Do you love Jesus?" she said, looking at Edna.

These words, spoken so imploringly in broken English, so touched Edna that the tears rushed to her eyes, as she answered sadly,

"I am afraid not in the way you mean."

"Oh! do you not? I am so sorry for you. You cannot be happy if you don't love the precious Jesus."

"My friend will come to see you, and she will talk about these things with you," said the poor girl.

"Does she love Jesus?" asked the old woman.

"Yes, indeed she does," answered little Bessie.

At this moment Klaus entered with the basket full of ripe, red strawberries, so Edna rose and bade the old woman good-bye. The aged Christian, taking her hand in both of hers, said,

"Oh, do love the Lord! He loves us all so much. He died for us," she added, impressively.

"I wish I did love Him," murmured Edna; and placing a piece of money in little Klaus' hand, she took the basket, and departed.

"Wont you let me carry the strawberries?" asked Bessie.

"Yes, certainly, dear," she replied. "But be careful that you do not spill them."

Their path was very lovely, carpeted with violets and daisies, while on all sides bloomed the fragrant rhododendron, or rose of the Alps; below them lay the smiling valley, with its hamlets, fields, and gardens; while above them roared and thundered the mighty cataract. There is something strange in the different impressions made upon the mind of a traveller among the Alps. On one side all is busy life, light, and warmth; while but a few steps beyond you Nature is awful in her lonely grandeur—all is cold, sublime, magnificent.

(To be Continued.)

Original Translation.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

TRANSLATED FROM OVID'S "METAMORPHOSES"
BY J. M. READE.

[While other Theban ladies were celebrating the festival of Bacchus, Alcithoe, the daughter of Minzas, and her sisters, whose good sense and modesty forbade them to take part in the extravagant ceremonies with which that god was wont to be worshipped, stayed at home, and, without any intermission of their gentle, household tasks, amused each other by telling stories. Among those which they narrated was that of "Pyramus and Thisbe," which is little known out of the circle of classical readers, except through the travesty of it which Shakespeare has introduced as an interlude in his "Midsummer Night's Dream."

From this use that Shakespeare has made of it, some persons may be inclined to think that he thought it of no account; but such persons reason badly, for Shakespeare merely adapted it to the *extravaganza* character of his "Dream," having, not improbably, in his mind the monster miracle-plays of an age not very remote from his own, in which all subjects, even the highest mysteries of religion, had to submit to rather rude histrionic treatment.

That the many-minded master of the drama was not insensible to the beauty of Alcithoe's tale, may be inferred from his having put it into the heart of "pretty Jessica," in one of the sweetest love-scenes in the world:

"In such a night

Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismayed away."

Besides, in its essentially dramatic feature—the forbidden love of the representatives of two rival houses, and the tragic fate of the lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe bears a striking resem-

blance to the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet, than which, in the words of the Prince of Verona (which are Shakespeare's)—“There never was a story of more woe.”]

“Fairest of many youths was Pyramus,
And Thisbe beauteous among Eastern maids.
These dwelt in neighbor houses, where, of old,
Semiramis girt Babylon with walls;
And, being neighbors, these two fell in love,
And love with time grew stronger. They had
wed,

But that their parents willed it not, and so
Forbade all intercourse. With mutual breasts,
Each sighed for other. Parted thus, they spoke
By signs, and being hindered loved the more.
There was an opening in the common wall
That made their houses two, long unobserved,
But (what does not love see?) by them dis-
cerned.

Of this they made a passage for the voice,
And, safe from notice, murmured loving words.

As oftentimes they stood, the wall between,
Whispering and catching soft replies in turn,
‘O envious wall, that standest in our way,
Who love each other,’ they would, vexed, ex-
claim,

If thou wouldst let us meet full face to face,
Or e’en enough to touch each other’s lips!
And yet we are not thankless; ’tis to thee
We owe this pleasure of exchanging words.’

Thus oft conversing, at approach of night,
They said ‘farewell,’ and kissed with longing
lips,

That never met, the wall that stood between;
And when Aurora quenched the fires at night,
And Phœbus dried the dew upon the grass,
They came again unto the trysting place.

Once, having come and many complaints exchanged
Of their sad lot, they each with each agreed
To leave their homes, and in the silent night
Baffling their guardians, through the quiet
streets

Pass to the fields and meet at Ninus’ Tomb.
There stood a tree with snow-white fruit adorn-
ed,

A lofty mulberry—a cool fount close by;
This was to be their trysting-place.

That day

Was slow to vanish in the western sea.
Then in the darkness Thisbe issued forth
With stealthy footsteps and with close-velled
face.

She reached the Tomb, and ’neath the trysting-
tree

Sat down (love made her confident);—when, lo!
A lioness, her mouth all froth and blood
From recent slaughter, came to quench her
thirst
At the near fountain.

Thisbe saw her come,
(For the moon shone) and fled with frightened
feet

Into a cave, and, running, dropt her veil;
Which, having quenched her thirst, the lioness,
Returning, found, and tore with bloody mouth.

Just then, came Pyramus with later feet,
Who saw the lion’s tracks deep in the soil,
And paled with sudden fear; and when he
found

His Thisbe’s garment stained with blood, he
cried,

‘One fatal night two lovers shall destroy,
Of whom she was the worthiest of life,
My soul is guilty, O dear perished love,
Who bade thee come at night to scenes of dread,
And let thee come the first. O lions, rush
From where you have your dens beneath the
rock,

And tear these cursed limbs with ruthless teeth.
But—’tis a coward’s part to wish for death.’

Then with the veil he seeks the trysting-tree,
And to its cherished folds gives kisses, tears,
And to his sword, ‘Drink now my blood,’ he
cries,

And sinks it in his heart, and draws it forth,
And falling, lies at length with upturned face.
The blood spurts forth, as when a pipe that’s
burst

Throws from the hissing gap a slender jet,
Beating the obstant air with watery blows.
The trysting-tree is sprinkled with his blood
Till its fair fruit is changed to gloomy black.

Then Thisbe, half afraid e’en yet, returns,
Lest Pyramus should miss her. Eagerly
With eyes and heart she looks for her beloved,
Burning to tell him of the danger past.

But when she gained the place and saw the tree
Sadly discolored, she was sore in doubt
Whether or no it was the very spot;

Till, all aghast, she saw the blood-stained ground
And quivering limbs, and started, horror-struck;
Trembling as does the sea beneath a breeze.
And when she recognized her dear one’s face,

She threw her tender arms above her head,
And tore her hair, and the dear form embraced,
Filling the wound with tears, and with her lips
Touched the cold face, and called him by his
name;

'Pyramus, answer, thine own Thisbe calls!
Oh! hear me, Pyramus, look up once more!
Touched by the voice, he oped his dying eyes,
Then closed them on the world for evermore.

She now saw all—her veil—the empty sheath.
'Ah! hapless love,' she said, 'hath slain my love,
But love will make me strong like him to die,
Fearing no wounds; for I will follow him,
The wretched cause—his comrade, too, in death.
And death that parted us shall re-unite.

O whored parents of the wretched pair,
Whom true love bound together to the last,
Hear this, my dying voice, and not refuse
To let our ashes mingle in one urn.

O trysting-tree, whose funeral branches shade
The corpse of one, and soon shall wave o'er two,
Henceforth forever be our mark of fate,
Bear in thy fruit the memory of our death!
She spake these words, and fell upon the sword,
And the point entered deep within her breast.
His blood, yet warm, was mingled with her own.

Her dying prayer the gods in heaven heard,
Her dying prayer touched the lone parents'
hearts,

And both their ashes mingle in one urn."

Original.

FISHING IN CANADA.

BY THOMAS CROSS, OTTAWA

The time has come at last when man and nature rejoice in deliverance from the bonds of Winter, when one can saunter through the woods, glad of relief from the necessity of running at a killing pace to keep up the heat so essential to comfort, if not to life itself; when one can lie down by the stream and listen to its voice, that sounds like the voice of a dear and well-remembered friend, long unheard; when the invitation to go out and stay out as long as possible is irresistibly extended by earth, air, sky, and water.

Water will be our chief entertainer, we loved him so of old, and have been kept

from him so long. Air has been very snappish, but we will love him in proportion to the forgiveness he needs, and enjoy his relenting mood in the society of the element he has so long imprisoned, but the memory of whose hard usage he tries to efface with the softest caresses.

But water possesses our attention. How we love to look upon his bright face again, and to hear the music of his voice, and to know that there is no corner in our broad land where he will not be to welcome us, dressed in ten thousand glories, ready with sport and hospitality, to which we are about to bear grateful witness.

The profusion of sport and aquatic beauties which present themselves to us just now is quite bewildering. Shall we troll for game black-bass, or mighty maskinonge in our larger lakes and rivers? Shall we betake ourselves to some of the myriad lakes and streams of our vast northern hill-country, where every mountain tarn and tumbling brook is alive with speckled trout? Or shall we make our way to some stream flowing into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to ensnare the royal salmon, and subdue his strength and courage with gossamer tackle, to all appearance unfit to hold a stickleback?

In favor of each of these courses there is much to be said. Our greater waters, stretching endlessly away in dreamy loveliness, bright and placid as the sky above them, seem to promise forgetfulness of everything save the sleepy happiness of the hour. As our boat glides slowly along, it requires frequent bites on the part of the gallant black-bass to keep us from yielding wholly to the lazy blissfulness that possesses our senses. But when the line tightens, when the reel hums away, when the rod jerks and bends as the brave fish leaps into the air, and dives deep, and darts this way and that, the awakening is complete, and the excitement absorbing. This fish, though lacking the great beauty of the trout and salmon, possesses all their game qualities, and is comely enough. His haunts can be reached, by the greater number of Cana-

dians, with less expense and trouble than those of the other two game fish, and have the great advantage of being comparatively free from mosquitoes and a thousand and one other diabolical insects.

The sport of the trout-fisher, on the other hand, takes him to scenes of more varied and picturesque beauty. Sometimes he casts his invisible line and fairy bait into a pool into which some tiny stream falls in spray, fretted and torn by the thousand little steps of rock over which it tumbles, until it looks like a cunningly-wrought lace curtain. If he be a lover of the German poets, Undine and Huhleborn, and a thousand "silvery forms of old," as Gæthe calls them, will dance through his brain. If a Shakesperian, he will think again, very pleasantly, of the poetry he loves best. If a reader of "sermons in stones, and books in running brooks," how ample his library! What sermons these Laurentian rocks unfold! Though somewhat obscure hitherto, we are beginning to read a few of them, and these may help us on to more; and no stones could preach more eloquently than do these, on the vastness and endlessness of the wonderful works of God. If a botanist, what a vast museum he has here, not of specimens pressed and dried, but living, and growing, and blooming, in number and variety that irresistibly call upon the most unlearned and unthinking to "consider the lilies." His prey is perhaps the prettiest creature in our waters, and quite large, and strong, and game enough to test his hand and eye, and to give him "play," producing an exhilarating excitement, enough and not too much. His sport does not necessarily lead him so far from home and civilization as does that of the salmon-fisher, and requires less of trouble and forethought in the way of preparation.

But the sportsman who has once tasted the thrilling excitement of a fight with the king of fishes may be excused if he look with some impatience upon the taking of other and less royal members of the tribe. The size, strength, beauty, and courage of the salmon are ever before his mind's eye.

The surroundings, too, of his sport are not easily forgotten. His tent must be pitched far away amid the awful gloom of the Laurentian hills, upon some tumbling, roaring river flowing into the Gulf, amid bare, black crags and bleak, barren hills, raising their round backs far into the sky. To enjoy his sport properly, he must be a man of some means and leisure, besides being sound in health and limb. He requires more in the way of tackle, and outfit, and attendants than does the killer of fish of lower degree.

The three fish at whose capture we have glanced are, perhaps, with the exception of the sea-trout, the only really game fish of the country. There are plenty of others, excellent on the table, some of which afford good sport from their great size. But we are speaking as sportsmen, as killers of fish whose killing needs the greatest skill, and affords the greatest enjoyment to those practiced in sportsmanlike ways of going about it. Though sometimes condescending, in the case of the black-bass, to the live minnow on the "spoon," we are impatient of any bait less elegant and artistic than the fly, and of any way of fishing needing less skill and practice than does the effectual use of the fly.

Of the three fish to which we mean to devote our attention for the present, the black-bass is the most essentially Canadian; and, from the fact that his haunts lie chiefly in the more civilized parts of the country, the most accessible to the greatest number of Canadian sportsmen. He may be taken anywhere in the upper St. Lawrence, in the Ottawa, the Lake of the Thousand Islands, along the shores of lakes Erie and Ontario, in the Detroit, St. Clair, and Niagara rivers, and in all the principal streams flowing into all the great lakes, except Superior. He loves eddies among rapids, and reefs of rocks, and stoney bottoms, near the shores of large rivers. It is useless to fish for him in deep water. He rises well to the fly, and seems to prefer scarlet body and white wings, body ribbed with silver. The sportsman needs strong tackle and a steady hand,

for no fish has such strength for his size, or fights with greater tact and desperation for life and liberty. He dashes away with the line, leaps again and again into the air, rushes wildly this way and that, dives suddenly down, seeking roots, or rocks, or anything to help him to break loose, and does everything a brave fish could do for freedom. The interval between the striking and the landing of a large black-bass is passed in a state of very lively excitement. To our mind, the most enjoyable way of fly-fishing for bass is from the shore, by the foot of some rapid; but many good grounds for this sport require a boat to reach them, which should be anchored in case of finding a good feeding-ground, as a number of fine fish may often be taken in one place. In the broader waters, however, it is usual to row the boat slowly along, near the shore, and to have about thirty yards of line out. In the latter case the live minnow will be found the most enticing bait. The spoon, too, does very well. The wind should be south or south-west, and the day warm, but with sufficient wind to ripple the water.

The domain of the Canadian trout-fisher is ample indeed. It stretches from Lake Superior to the Atlantic. Into any of the myriad lakes and rivers of the Laurentian hills he may cast his fly with the most satisfactory results. The scenes of his sport, as we said before, are also scenes of the most enchanting beauty. What could be more delightful than to walk along the flowery bank of some winding, tumbling, bubbling river, as it laughs merrily over the shining pebbles and golden sands of its shallows, or falls flowing into some black pool, among rocks of every hue, where the lusty, beautiful fish shows off all his strength and grace and many beauties during the quarter of an hour's struggle that probably precedes his final capture, if he be a worthy specimen? It is only possible to describe a few of the multitudes of excellent hunting waters of the country. Perhaps those best known to the majority of Canadian sportsmen are the many pretty lakes near Quebec, the Montmorenci river, and the lakes and

streams near the shores of the Gulf, in the neighborhood of the various places of summer resort—Murray Bay being far the prettiest place, and perhaps the best centre among the north-shore watering-places for the tourist to start from. Easy and beautiful drives will take him to the various lakes—Lake Gravel, Lake Navin, or Petit Lac; and should he be, as a sportsman ought, sound in wind and limb, and not afraid of walking through the woods, he may reach other lakes a little further than those named; or, still better, manage to strike the Murray river some twenty miles from Murray Bay. In the latter case, he should have a light tent of twilled calico, a frying-pan and teapot, and a sufficient quantity of tea, bread, etc., which he can take in a cart or waggon to within a little way of the scene of his exploits. In point both of number and weight of trout this is the best spot we know. In the earlier part of the season, when the water is high, the best way is to pack one's tent, blankets, etc., along with his wife—if he has one—in a light one-and-a-half-fathom bark canoe, and push his way up the river. It is a most lovely stream, and this way of travelling, up rapid current and over many portages, affords every chance of seeing its many beauties. It is like some of the rivers in the north of England or Scotland, full of the pools best-loved of the trout-fisher, as it alternates between reaches of still water and little falls and rapids; and, in ascending it in the canoe, one can of course pick out all the best spots, and fish them at leisure. On the way back, too, there is the exhilarating sport of dancing down the many rapids, and proving one's skill as a canoeeman among the many rocks everywhere looking out of the roaring water, that whisks one round sharp corners and over little cataracts with very small notice. The Canadian sportsman, whether hunter or fisherman, should be a canoeeman, otherwise he loses a very great deal of the pleasure properly belonging to his sport, and becomes much more dependant than he should be upon hired attendants, who are often a very great nuisance. There is no

reason why ladies should not attend their husbands on trips of this kind. It is the only way in which they can get a glimpse of the greatest beauties of Canadian scenery. There is not necessarily any great fatigue; and those ladies who have tried such excursions always remember them with pleasure, and with a desire to repeat them.

Lake Gravel affords perhaps the best sport of all the lakes within easy distance of Murray Bay. It is reached by an enchanting drive of about twelve miles along the St. Lawrence, and a walk of perhaps four miles over a dark and lofty mountain-ridge. The first part of the road shows views of coast-scenery never to be forgotten. The traveller looks nearly straight down, hundreds of feet, into the broad blue water, or sees far across the hills on the south shore. The drive brings the fisherman to the cottage of old Morin, of whose guidance and aid it is usual to take advantage. The good old man, when we saw him last, was nearly fourscore; but he shouldered our pack, and led the way over the steep hills at a pace quite fast enough for such a road. The path lies through forest, and the ground is covered with the prettiest creeping plants and flowers. The lake lies in a hollow, almost surrounded by black walls, and is savage and solitary enough, the only sign of life on its shores being the little cabin built by old Morin for the accomodation of fishermen, which contains a stove and a few berths round the walls, where one sleeps on young branches of pine. The usual thing is to arrive at the lake in time for the afternoon and evening fishing, sleep in the cabin, and fish from daybreak until about eleven o'clock; the result of which, should there be two rods engaged, is generally a terrible load for poor old Morin's shoulders, for in that space of time each rod has probably taken from two to three hundred fish, most of them small—nothing like as big as the Murray Bay trout—but some quite large enough to give capital sport, especially should both flies be taken at once, as is constantly the case. There are other lakes a

little further in the forest, but the way to them lies through pathless woods, over ground bad enough to terrify all but the most robust; and the difficulty of bringing the fish home in good condition is another reason against visiting them.

Two other lakes in this neighborhood—Grand Lac and Petit Lac—afford good sport, especially the former, which contains heavy fish. The drives to all these lakes are through a mountain country of great and varied beauty, of which the available land seems to be nearly all under cultivation, and which is inhabited by an honest and courteous class of people. It is altogether one of the most charming places that could be imagined to pass a quiet summer in, and is always fondly remembered by those who love simple living and natural beauties.

As we said before, it is only possible to glance at a very few indeed of our trouting grounds. It may suffice to say, that throughout the whole of the great hill-country north of the St. Lawrence and the lakes, and also in the Gaspè Peninsula, all the small lakes and streams are alive with trout.

The flies used must be adapted to the nature of the stream or lake, and the state of the weather. Our experience agrees with that of Major W. Ross King, that, "as a broad and general rule, black and red hackles, and middle-sized hooks—1 to 12 Limerick—may be used for both lake and river." The same writer gives a list of other trout-flies, some of which we have used with good effect.

Though salmon formerly abounded nearly all over Canada, there are now but few rivers west of the Saguenay where they can be taken in anything like great numbers with the fly. The salmon-fisher had better betake himself at once to the tributaries of the Saguenay, or to some of the streams flowing into the Gulf eastward of that river. Most of these streams flow through scenes of horrible desolation, though of a singular grandeur, possessing a strange fascination that lingers long in the memory. The

sensation of utter solitude produced by these scenes is enhanced by the reflection that one is in a wilderness whose only bounds to northward, eastward, and westward are the Arctic, Pacific, and Atlantic Oceans; and that one might walk over the thousands of intervening miles to any of these oceans without meeting with a trace of humanity. One thinks of the ancient mariner,

"So lonely 'twas that God Himself
Scarce seemed there to be."

Some of our salmon-rivers, however, are softer and more varied in their surroundings. All, like the hunting grounds of Canada, try the skill and pluck of the sportsman to the utmost.

It is usual for salmon-fishers to form small parties, as well for the sake of sociability as to divide the expenses necessary to the successful prosecution of their sport. All who have tried camp-life, in pleasant company, know the delight of a temporary escape from the many worries of civilization. Indeed, the horror of these worries, and the relief of getting away from them, are known to him alone who has crept into and out of his tent without dread of seeing anybody he doesn't want to see, or being subjected to any of the multitudinous bores of everyday life. After a while, however, one yearns for the delights of society, and for knowledge of what is going on, and accepts civilization again with all its botherations. As many as thirty fish a-day, averaging about twelve pounds each, may sometimes be taken by a single rod; but the usual number is far smaller, from seven to fifteen being a good day's take, and affording quite enough both of fatigue and excitement to make supper and tent very welcome things. Indeed, the readiness of hand, eye, and limb required to land a salmon, in most of our rivers, are known only to those who have tried it. When the mighty fish dashes away down stream, among rocks and rapids, it is not always possible to find dry footing in the quick, break-neck race one sometimes has to make after him; and one is apt unconsciously to flounder into water of an unknown depth; for who thinks of a duck-

ing or a drowning either when the "salmon's on?"

Besides the salmon-rivers flowing into the Gulf from the north, mention must be made of those of Gaspè, which are of great and picturesque beauty, and afford excellent sport; and also of those flowing into the Bay of Chaleurs. These streams, being more accessible to Canadian sportsmen from the fact of their being in regular steam communication with Quebec and Gaspè, are more fished than those on the north side of the Gulf.

In the matter of flies, sportsmen differ so much that it is perhaps safe to say, that most of those commonly in use are good. Those of medium size, of all descriptions, seem to be most enticing.

We have endeavored, as well as space will permit, to set before our countrymen the attractions of fishing in our waters, when the sport is followed in a sportsmanlike way.

It is not within our province, as sportsmen, even to glance at the immense extent, value, and variety of our vast inland fisheries, already such a source of wealth, food, and employment to the country. We hope, however, shortly to say a word or two upon other fish besides the three we have chosen for our especial notice, as the taking of several of them comes fairly within the limits of sportsmanlike angling.

Original.

THE PILGRIMS' REST.

Rejoice ye Pilgrims, soiled and weary,
Tho' your road be dark and dreary;
Tho' your toils be long in ending,
Yours is rest all rests transcending.
Were some enchanted garden found,
Where fruits of every clime abound,
Where Nature's most bewitching bowers
Are fragrant with the sweetest flowers;
Where music's richest strains are borne
On breezes of the summer morn,
'T would be a wilderness compared
To mansions for you long prepared,
Where neither cloud nor storm can come—
Your Saviour's blest eternal home

Original.

CHRONICLES OF A CANADIAN FAMILY.

BY J. R. RAMSAY, AUTHOR OF "THE CANADIAN LYRE."

It is interesting to notice how soon an event, even of national consequence, is expunged from that wonderful encyclopædia of literature—the public memory.

Public events, however, are like ships at sea. Though they trace no perceptible paths on the ocean, they leave their impressions on the commerce of the world. So individual circumstances, however trivial in themselves, and overlooked by the political historian, have snaped the shores of empires; and from being merely personal peculiarities of thought, have arisen to the dignity of national influences; and are thereby rendered worthy of commemoration.

The drift of the following record has a political undercurrent; but there are so many eloquent tongues, willing (for a small remuneration in the shape of a government office) to wag nonsense concerning Fenianism and Annexation, on both sides of "Laurie's burn," that we consider ourselves justified, as far as politics are concerned, in taking the old Patriarch's advice "to be still and meditate."

To those who believe in a retributive Providence it may not be uninteresting to follow the footsteps of a family, now linked in fortune with the Canadian experiment; but whose early history traces itself back to a residence in the Mohawk Valley, in central New York.

By a beautiful slope on the east side of this vale lived the Von Holdts. They came originally from Holland. After years of sturdy toil and self-denial, they had succeeded in making themselves wealthy. There were six sons, and an aged father and mother in this household. At the beginning of the war of independence three of the sons assumed arms to assist in separating the land of their adoption from the yoke of foreign oppression.

At the period to which this story relates the three sons were under Washington, at Valley Forge, near Norristown, Pa. Two boys of the family remained "leal" to "The Crown," as the British government was called at the time; and were therefore named "Loyalists."

The sixth, and youngest son—the pride of his doting parents—had not yet joined either cause; and at the time of which we write, was away from home on a hunting expedition.

The two Loyalist brothers, finding themselves greatly annoyed because of the political stand they had taken, resolved to remove with their parents, and as much property as they could carry, into Canada.

It costs the heart a considerable wrench to quit those scenes wherein we have not been happy, if the suffering was endured with those who are dear, but when forced to say farewell to the place rendered sacred by happiness it is more trying still.

While debating some important questions as to what they should take or leave—questions which might be answered by years of want and regret—they suddenly received an answer in the terrible war-whoop of the Pequod Indians. These Indians, as is well known, were the most savage of all the tribes with whom the early settlers had to contend. They had promised to aid in the cause of Independence, but whenever plunder was to be obtained they served Revolutionists and Loyalists alike. While these Indians were rounding a peculiar promontory of marshy ground, overgrown with elders, the Von Holdts escaped in the opposite direction, and gained the woods in safety. If anything were required to fill their cup of sorrow at parting it was added while beholding from their bushy retreat the dance of Death which the savages were holding around the burning barns and house. They did not indulge in this retrospection of desolation long. Fearing the foe might follow, they urged themselves on. Their way was through leagues of trackless forests. They were forced to build rafts in order to cross strange streams—to take their

waggon apart and carry them up the mountain sides piecemeal. Exposed to cold storms by day and night, driven to caves for shelter, way-worn, and sick, harassed by savages, by wild beasts, by uncertainty as to the way, and by the taunts of the more turbulent rebels, who pretended to despise the course they had taken as one of cowardice, the family still pushed on in their terrible journey, evincing a determination of purpose which of itself was more than sufficient to belie the charge of want of courage.

It may be as well to pass by in silence their grief in burying their parents in unknown graves, miles apart in the forest. Nor shall we attempt to describe the privations quietly endured before they reached the long-looked-for Niagara frontier. The battle-field never calls forth such heroism as the domestic circle.

They made their new home at a place named Drummondville, near Niagara Falls.

Having heard from some hunters about "a goodly land" lying around the western extremity of Lake Ontario, the elder brother, Andrew, concluded to "spy it out," and possess it, or a portion of it.

Accordingly, early in the summer of 1796, he took his household, consisting of his wife, a little lad named Peter, and one hired man, with two teams, and once more attempted the unknown wilderness. After trying days of forest travel, they at length rested on the beautiful hills of Flamboro', which overlook the shores of azure Ontario. Here they purchased from the British Government about two thousand acres of land. A portion of this land they cleared and cultivated, and in good time it enriched them. Conscious that the early days of those pioneers are not so well known as their interesting isolation entitles them to be, we would willingly linger a little longer to chronicle the friendly scenes in the light of the old log fire-places, when the few but ever-welcome neighbors assembled around the social evening meal. But it is beyond their power to extend us an invitation to partake of their cheerful fare. The

suns of so many years have set. Only the ghosts of memory can look in on them for a little space. Such visitors are the only company that those scenes can entertain now. There the thrifty spinning-wheel made its hum. The father mended at evening by the pine-knot flame—what was broken during the day,

'The mother wiv' her needle and her shears
Made old clothes look amaisht as weel's the new.'

Meantime the country gathered in more settlers. Land increased in value. The sons grew to manhood, the daughters were dowered with beauty; and the family became an influential one through its ambition and energy.

Schools were almost unknown in those days, consequently they were forced to rely on Nature for the influence which they exercised; and Nature did deal out her most precious gifts of mental and physical excellencies upon them with lavish liberality. They were a strange race; full of curious, opposite extremes—pre-eminently gifted with

"The hate of hate,
The love of love."

There was withal a deep well of superstition permeating their peculiar idiosyncracies. Thought and expression in their most practical forms were strangely fused into oneness by the vivid fire of excessive though uncultivated imagination; and added to this was a weight and depth of morality which many more godly men have prayed for in vain.

But with wealth came luxury; with luxury, temptation; with temptation, disgrace. The dark days followed. Since they had fixed their new home among the western hills of Flamboro', the eldest son, having obtained the warm heart and hand of a neighbor's fairest daughter, married, and settled in a pleasant place not far from his father's farm. There he established himself in an extensive distillery business. All things seemed to prosper with him. Riches came quickly; money seemed to coin itself in his hands—though, with the strange characteristic which not unfre-

quently accompanies success, he greatly underrated his wealth. But the flow which let him down on the rock of ruin which underlies the stream of every life, was a disposition too benevolent to say "No." It was the weakness which ultimately overwhelmed the entire household, though, being superstitious, they attributed their doom to a retributive Providence, because an uncle named Benjamin had joined the outcast crew known in history as "Butler's Rangers," in the destruction of Wyoming. It may be that both causes were operative. At the breaking out of the war of 1812, business became unsettled, although the change did not affect him.

Through a series of circumstances, too long and too complicated to detail, he was, without any wrong intention on his part, convicted of forgery under mitigating circumstances, and committed to prison for a term of years.

Six months before the dreary term had expired, one of the prisoners knocked the turnkey down with a club which he had whittled out of a bed-post, and they all got out. They had not got far when one of them sprained his ankle while jumping over a stone fence. Von Holdt returned to assist him. While doing so he was shot in the shoulder, and stabbed in the thigh. The dirk-blade broke off, and remained in the wound. The Sheriff, with his assistants, then manacled him, and when he urged the jailor to let him use his hand to extract the blade, which was cutting at every step, they refused to do so, saying he wished to arm himself. After having scourged him at the jail door, they thrust him in, and left him alone, cold and bloody, lying on the stone-floor.

That same night his parents both saw in a dream all that had happened to their son. The mother could not rest. After relating their visions, she urged her husband to set forth at once, and visit their erring but grievously punished child.

Although it was a dark November night, the old man arose, went to the barn, and harnessed his horses alone. Adversity had

left him without help in his declining years. "Sorrow and years had done their work on him."

His poor, world-weary thews were all warped by the cruel clamp of rheumatism; nevertheless, he persisted in his design. The prison was at H——, about twelve miles from his home. The two did not reach it till dawn. With much trouble they found the turnkey, who received them gruffly; but was at length prevailed upon to let them see the prisoner.

It would have been better if the jailer had denied them, for their vivid visions were verified in all their agonized details.

"O my son! has it come to this!" was all the aching spirit of the father could utter.

He (Von Holdt) raised himself partly when he heard his father's voice of anguish, and looked up, stupified with pain, and stiff with his wounds. He did not raise his eyes to his mother's wrinkled face, but he heard her moan, he felt her trying to hold his bruised head in her old arms—shrivelled with care and cold, but loving still. Unable to endure the sight in silence, the breaking heart of the father burst forth—

"In the resistless eloquence of woe."

"My son, my son! would to God I had died in thy stead!"

"O my father, better if you had let God take me when He wanted to! Now I am bringing down thy grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."

He alluded to a malignant fever which had attacked him when a boy, out of which his parents, as they believed, had prayed him back to life, after he had been apparently dead for two days.

After having bound up his wounds, they had him taken into an hospital, and then they returned home.

His mother died of a broken heart in one month after her visit to the prison, and his father followed her in less than a year.

It was kind in death to release them, for their son was remanded for five years more. Having spent most of the time in hospital, he made himself master of mathematics,

history, and surveying; and at the lapse of the time—twelve years in all—he returned home. Here a severer trial than all awaited him. The chosen of his boyhood, the idol of his youth, the wife of his manhood, “the ocean to the river of his thoughts,” had not been true to him.

“This was the unkindest cut of all.”

But his pride had been crushed too severely in the great wine-press of woe to hinder his hungry heart from imploring her to return once more to purity and him. This she refused to do, though he promised to redeem the past if she could forgive him his share in their mutual disgrace. So this last hope of happiness was also swept away. His name he felt was dishonored, his spirit prematurely blighted, his home invaded by vice, his possessions squandered. Taking up the broken links of life, he resolved to quit the scenes rendered repulsive by so many cruel associations. Everything seemed to rise up and rebuke him.

There is a strange strength in inanimate objects to twit the troubled conscience with past pain. No man can know the terrible power of a memory until he has been tossed about on the rack-wheel of Remorse.

Around their old fire-place in winter evenings, when yet an innocent boy, he had often heard his parents tell about the beautiful Mohawk Valley where they had lived. He resolved to visit it in order to try and disburden his mind of its unhappiness as far as possible.

One evening in his journey, when within fifteen miles of Rochester, he entered a tavern, intending to rest there during the night. After tea, while waiting for the landlord to show him to a bed-room, he strolled into the bar. On the wall of the bar-room was suspended a notice offering a large reward for the apprehension of a man who had committed a murder a few days before. The most astonishing circumstance in connection with the notice was that it contained an exact description of his own person! Though all eyes were fixed upon him, he read the description as unconcernedly as possible.

For a little while he felt that sickening of the spirit which the mind experiences on the renewal of danger, after having been exposed for a long time to pain; but being possessed of great presence of mind, he managed to master himself sufficiently to seem calm. The remarkable resemblance between himself and the suspected murderer could not be accidental. The only manner in which he could account for his precarious position was this: two days before he had been accompanied by a person whose appearance he did not like, but from whom he could not rid himself without rudeness.

Most probably this man had been induced by hopes of a reward to form this plot against him. He knew instant flight would cause his instant apprehension. Yet there was no way by which to prove his innocence, without loss of time or imprisonment. The idea of such detention was unendurable. When the landlord re-entered with a light, he followed him up to a little room. He placed the light where they could not see it or him through the chinky door, while he sat waiting for the coming darkness. As he sat thinking how to escape, he heard a portion of the bar-room conversation, and ascertained that they would not arrest him till morning. As soon as the house was quiet he cut the sheets into strips, by which to let himself from the window. Escaping in this way, he crossed the fields, and gained the forest in safety.

After wandering from city to city for a few years, he returned to his native place. An idea, however, had taken possession of his mind that he was fated to suffer whenever he came in contact with his fellow-men. It is an idea which is likely to produce just what it dreads.

Against the wishes of his few remaining friends, he therefore settled up his business, placed his money in the hands of his brother-in-law, and went away to the Lake Superior Copper Mines. There his usual luck with regard to riches attended him.

Again he grew wealthy, chiefly by trading with the Indians, whose habits and

language he understood; and there he remained apart from all civilized society, except such as his business required, holding very little communication with his former friends.

About three years ago his only brother received a letter from him—the last he ever wrote. It was such a letter as many eminent for piety would gladly be able to produce—so full of Christian advice—but containing withal an impression that his end was at hand. Strangely enough, it was shortly followed by another, written by a person purporting to be a missionary, who stated that Von Holdt had died of a fever. The letter did not contain any valuable particulars, merely saying that Von Holdt's effects scarcely defrayed his funeral expenses.

Last summer his son—the son of his happier days—having returned from a twenty-two years' sojourn in California to Canada, went up to the Copper Mines of Lake Superior in order to investigate his father's affairs.

In a deserted spot, called by the Indians "Shushugah Station," he found a neglected grave. His suspicions were confirmed that his father had met with an untimely end, although there was no positive proof, as all traces of the missionary had disappeared.

The station was almost wholly abandoned; the transient trade having taken a new channel since his father's death. He told us on his return that, in all his wanderings in uninhabited lands, he could remember no scene so utterly forsaken or desolate as this place where his father was buried. There was but one tree to be seen, and that was blown down by a storm directly across the grave, crushing the boards which surrounded it. It seemed as if the Spirit of Persecution pursued him even to death.

Among his few remaining papers, the following lines were found:—

"My sister, when I look upon the vanished,
The voiceless past where all my hopes lie dead,
I feel like one from his own kindred banished
For some dark crime, to a far country fled.

There was no crime; yet a great shadow hovers,
Like mists which keep the mariner from shore,

Hiding the Isles of Peace, which hope discovers
In early life, from me for evermore.

So life's unanchored barque goes drifting vainly
Where rude winds veer, and swollen waves roll high;

And all my toils have had this ending mainly—
Warming to life the worm which would not die

My aims have been to aid whom fortune slighted.

My bent to benefit the trouble-crushed;
The faith of those who trusted me is blighted;
Whom I could teach have for my folly blushed.

Yet blame not one who has no right or title
To hope or happiness here, or to come;
Whose lofty longings end in the recital
Of dreary dirges o'er a dreadful doom!"

Original.

LAUGHTER.

BY FLORINE.

There's childhood's laughter, so pure and bright,
It sends through the heart-strings a thrill of delight;

It comes, it goes, it rises and swells,
Like the joyous sound of joyous bells;
There is nothing to check it—no care, no pain,
To warn us, that sound returns not again;
For we never in after years can raise
Aught like the laugh of our childhood's days.

With reckless mirth, the bright-eyed boy
Will laugh, as he handles the new-found toy;
Or with joyous thought will shout and spring
If a fly but pass, with a gaudy wing.
In after years, such trifles as these
May raise a smile, but no power to please;
Manhood laughs not with the cadence wild
Which bursts from the lips of the happy child.

E'en youth will come, with an eye as bright,
And a lip as warm, and a step as light,
And a laugh which thrills with a wistful glee;
But it is not the laugh it used to be.
It strikes, with rebound, on the list'ning ear,
With music as bright, as joyous, as clear;
But something the world has given is there,
And formeth an undertone of care.

Would'st thou rob the day of its morning hour?
Would'st thou spoil the rose of its witching
power?

Would'st thou stay the song of the wood-bird
wild?

Then, check the laugh of a happy child.

Nay, check it not; let it upward rise

Till it pierce through the dome of yon distant
skies;

Untouch'd by sorrow—uncheck'd by pain—
It will never return to the lips again.

Original.

CAPTAIN HOWARD'S DREAM.

BY J. A. H., LEEDS, MEGANTIC.

INTRODUCTION.

This may certainly be termed the age of doubts. The progress of civilization has done away with the belief in anything but what is patent to the senses, or what may be proved geometrically. Everything is questioned before being received as authentic; even the faith of our fathers is carefully scrutinized by an undutiful generation, and in many cases entirely rejected. Such being the general feeling, of course the belief in ghosts, and all similar beliefs, are almost universally discarded as absurd, and any one who dares to lift up a feeble voice against the prevailing cry is held up to ridicule and scorn, as superstitious; and if the ghosts have been denied even the elementary right of existence, though supported by a thousand testimonials, classic and otherwise, will it be wondered at that the belief in dreams, though supported by revelation, has been scarcely less fortunate?

Dr. Dick, the learned author of the "Philosophy of Religion," says: "This belief has created innumerable unfounded alarms, and has greatly increased the sum of human misery; and is founded on the grossest absurdity and most palpable ignorance." Without presuming to express an opinion different from the talented philosopher just named, I will simply quote from the immortal bard of Avon:—

"There are more things in heaven and earth,
Horatio,
Than are dream'd of in your philosophy.

With this belief, or rather unbelief, so general, no surprise will be expressed if persons should be found to doubt even the following authentic story. To such as may do so the writer has only to say that they have a perfect right to their own opinion—a right which he will be the last to question. To those who are kind enough to credit his veracity, he has to tender his most grateful thanks, and, though it may seem strange, bid them

"As a stranger welcome it."

SCENE FIRST.

In the lovely little town of Waterton, which nestles cosily among the hop-fields of Kent, and in one of the prettiest and neatest of all the pretty and neat houses which characterize that town, and in a cosy back parlor of that house, and on the 15th of December, 1811, two persons might have been seen taking leave of each other. A glance is sufficient to reveal the relation they hold to one another—that of lovers. Were I writing a novel instead of telling a simple story, I could easily give a glowing description of the beauty and modesty of the lady, and the manly grace of the gentleman. I can, however, truly say that he was every inch a man, and more—an Englishman; while from the depths of her dark, clear eyes there shone a true woman's soul and a pure woman's love.

The lady is Annie Lee, and the gentleman Captain C. E. Howard, of the 47th.

His regiment has been ordered to Canada, and he has to accompany it. Though he feels the parting keenly, yet, with a man's love for change and adventure, it is not so bitter to him as to his betrothed, whose mind, quickened by her great love, is filled with anxieties and forebodings of evil to such an extent that she is imploring her lover to throw up his commission, and remain at home.

"Why, Annie," he replied, "would you have me disgrace myself? It will only be for three years, and when I return it will be to take you to our own home."

"Do not think me selfish," returned the

almost broken-hearted girl, "for wishing you not to go to that dreadful place. Yesterday I had made up my mind to bear it bravely, but to-day I have a fearful presentiment of coming danger. I feel that if you leave me, I will never see you again alive." And at the thought of that she lost all control of herself.

He soothed her gently as a man ever should, reproached her tenderly for her unfounded fears, and when she had recovered herself, bade her good-bye "for three years," he said, but she slowly shook her head, her eyes filled with tears, but in a moment he was gone—haunted, ever haunted by the sweet, tearful face of lovely Annie Lee.

So, sorrowfully, ends the first scene.

SCENE THE SECOND.

Away out on the broad Atlantic a ship is resting peacefully on the quiet waters—the blue sky above, and the deep blue waters below. The moon and stars, shining clearly from the heavens above, and reflected almost as clearly from the waters below, give some conception of the awful vastness of the creation, and the insignificance of things earthly.

There is a solitary figure pacing the lonely deck of the vessel, backward and forward, with arms clasped behind his back, and his eyes bent on the ground as if in deep and painful thought. Is it Annie Lee that occupies the thoughts of Captain Howard? He is joined by a friend who asks him the same question.

"Crawford, do you believe in dreams?" is the reply he gets.

"Believe in dreams!" answers his friend. "Of course, I believe in dreams; so does every one believe that people dream."

"No, no!" said Captain Howard, impatiently. "I don't mean that; but do you believe that dreams sometimes foretell future events?"

A hearty laugh is the only response to this question, which is interrupted by Howard haughtily drawing himself up, and turning away from his companion.

"Come, Howard," says Crawford, "you

must not be angry with me. You know I do not mean to offend you; but surely you are not serious," and he attempted to straighten his face. "Captain Howard believe in dreams!" and the thought appeared so ridiculous that he again burst into a fit of laughter, in which his friend was forced to join.

"Listen, Crawford, and I will tell you," at last said Howard, when they recovered their gravity. "You spoke of Annie Lee just now. I saw her last night."

"Of course you did," returned his friend. "What lover does not see his mistress in his dreams? but surely that does not make you so blue."

"I saw her," said Howard, without heeding the interruption, "I saw her as plainly as I see you now. It seemed to be a night something like to-night; clear and beautiful. It was in a place I had never seen before, but what I had imagined a new country would look like. It was on the banks of a large river, under the shade of a noble elm, at the foot of an overhanging precipice. A man was lying at the foot of the tree still and silent, and I felt that he was dead. I looked at the pale face as it was reflected with more than deadly pallor in the moonlight, and saw a hideous wound on the forehead, as if made by a musket ball. I looked again, and recognized myself, with a feeling more of pity than fear, for though the dead man appeared to be me, yet I seemed to be some one else.

"Everything then became indistinct, and when I next remember anything it was in the churchyard of Waterton. A large funeral procession came slowly along. Old Mr. Lovegood, our dear old pastor, came out to meet the procession, in which I saw many an old friend.

"My attention was principally directed to a lady dressed in deep mourning, with a crape veil over her face. I thought her figure familiar, but could not find out who she was as she never raised her veil, but appeared to be weeping sorely all the time. The mournful service was gone through, and I remember shuddering as I felt rather

than heard the earth fall with a heavy sound on the coffin; but before it was let down into the grave, the pall was removed, and I read the name on the lid—

“Charles Edward Howard,
“Died 15th of December, 1814.”

“Then the grave was filled up, and no one left except the lady in black. She knelt down and for the first time raised her veil, and I recognised the face of Annie Lee. She was not then weeping, but the expression of her face was that of deep and overpowering grief. I wished to comfort her, but I could not move or speak, and in my efforts to do so I awoke, but little relieved to find it a dream, for the impression it made on my mind is so strong that I cannot get rid of it, and every time I close my eyes I see the black coffin-lid with the words, ‘Charles Edward Howard, died 15th of December, 1814’; that is almost three years from now, and three years from the day I parted from Annie, and she too expressed great fears at my going.”

“Surely, Howard,” said Crawford,—gravely enough now—“you, with your strong mind and sound education do not allow yourself to be frightened by a dream?”

“My reason, like yours, ridicules the idea, but still I cannot shake off the impression this dream has made on my mind. I do not say I believe in it, yet I would that the fifteenth of December, 1814, were passed.” His friend endeavored to reason with him on the subject, but could not succeed. All the answer he got was:—

“That is true, all very true, and I have said the same to myself a hundred times; but still I see the black coffin-lid with my name on it.”

With such forebodings ends the second scene.

SCENE THIRD.

The last scene was on the waters of the broad Atlantic; this opens on the bank of the St. Lawrence, where a large boat is moored on the shore opposite Quebec. It is night again, but not such a night as the former. The clouds have closed in round the earth making everything as black as

Erebus. The tide coming in against the shore, and the wind among the rocks of Point Levi make that peculiarly mournful sound heard only on the shore of some sea or large river—a sound which made the sentry in the boat look fearfully out into the darkness. In the little cabin of this boat are the two officers of the look-out party, and in them we recognize the two friends last seen on the deck of a ship on the middle of the Atlantic.

“Well, Howard,” said Crawford, “what do you think of your dream now? Here you have been out in this wild country for three years; you have had many a brush with the Yankees, and several adventures with the Indians, and you have escaped without a scratch to prove that you have ever smelt gunpowder. This is the dreaded 15th of December. To-morrow we are relieved, and return to the pile of rocks they call the city of Quebec; and I heard it reported that we start for England in a month, so Annie Lee will have her lover back again in spite of all her fears, and all his dreams.”

“Yes, Crawford,” said Howard, “I will acknowledge that I have been deceived if to-night passes without accident.”

“It is a fearful night, but the wind appears to be rising, and the clouds begin to move. It may brighten up,” said Crawford, after a long pause on the part of his companion.

“Crawford,” said Howard, suddenly, “if anything should happen, remember what I told you. My body will be taken to the churchyard of Waterton. Take my locket and Bible to Annie Lee. In the Bible she will find a letter from me, I wrote it last night.”

“But, my dear fellow,” expostulated his friend, “you must not talk so. It is now half-past eleven. In another half-an-hour the dreaded day will be past without anything happening. Surely, now you will give in to what I always said that such fancies should not be encouraged.”

“Never mind that now,” said his friend. “Will you promise what I wish?”

"Certainly, I promise you all you want," said Crawford, and his eye glistened as Howard grasped him by the hand. "But tomorrow you will laugh with me at all these fears."

"It is time to visit the sentry," said Howard, as he glanced at his watch, which marked the time as five minutes to twelve, and, turning round, he went slowly out.

A minute passed away, and then a sharp report was heard from the deck. Rushing on deck, Crawford saw the lifeless form of his friend stretched on the deck, shot through the head by the sentry, who had mistaken him for a spy. Kneeling down beside what had been Captain Howard, he found him quite dead. The ball had entered the forehead, passed through his head, and must have killed him instantaneously.

As the boat is filled with men, Crawford has the body of his friend carried on shore, and placed under a large tree while he sent for assistance. While gazing at the lifeless form of him who but a short time ago was so full of life and manly strength, now a senseless lump of clay, and as the moon, struggling through the parting clouds, shone on the face of the dead, the dream of Howard came with terrible force to his mind. How terribly it had been fulfilled!

Thus awfully terminates the third scene.

SCENE FOURTH.

Our first scene opened in England, in the little town of Waterton. Our last is in the same place, but in the grave-yard.

Over a newly filled grave, sweet Annie Lee is weeping. That grave contains the body of him she so loved. She had entered the churchyard with a heart almost broken, but as she kneels down beside the grave and prays that that God who had stricken her heart would take her to her rest, she finds the consolation she so much needs, and feels strengthened to wait His pleasure.

Who will dare to say that the spirit of Charles Howard did not flutter near the mourning girl, and bring the message of consolation from heaven? Slowly, Annie Lee rises and returns to her home, resigned to the will of God, and almost happy in the

thought that she will soon join her lover in the spirit world.

Thus peacefully ends the last scene.

THE END.

About 3 P.M. of almost every fine summer day an old gentleman may be seen leaving his house on "The Cape," Quebec. He is a tall, soldierly-looking man, with hair and beard almost white, but still with an erect form. He always carries either a gold-headed stick or an umbrella, but seldom makes use of either, generally carrying it under his left arm, one end sticking up behind, the other end clasped by his right hand. He leaves Upper Town, reaches the wharf, and crosses over the river to the town of Levis. Under the overhanging rock he paces backward and forward for about half-an-hour, and then quietly goes back again. That old gentleman is Colonel Crawford, and he has been visiting the place where lay the body of his early friend so long ago.

Next we visit the churchyard of Waterton. On a marble tomb-stone we read the name,

"Charles Edward Howard,
Died December 15th, 1814."

And on one near it we also read,

"Annie Lee,
Died December 15th 1815."

Original.

MY TREES.

BY E. O. L. O.

Spring time is here, and the birds have come home again,

Hark how they warble on bush and on tree;
See how the flowers are beginning to bloom again;

Hear the brooks laughing and leaping in glee.
Sing Heigho, my pink-flushing apple trees,
Showering around them a carpet of flowers,
Sing Heigho, my fresh-budding maple trees;
Spring sits enthroned here in garlanded bowers.

Summer is come, and the birds are not singing now,

Only at dawning their concert we hear.

Few are the flowers which their perfumes are flinging now;

All things are green at the height of the year.
 Sing Heigho, my leafy, green apple trees,
 Filled with the promise of good days to
 come.
 Sing Heigho, my green, waving maple trees,
 Where the mild summer winds tenderly
 roam.

Autumn comes on, and how changed is the
 scenery!

Filled are the fields with the tall golden grain,
 Gone is the summer's soft mantle of greenery;
 Richly-dyed hues are on mountain and plain.
 Sing Heigho my red-loaded apple trees,
 Bent to the ground with the weight that
 they hold.

Sing Heigho, my beautiful maple trees,
 Autumn's rich harvest of scarlet and gold.

Now reigns white winter with north winds and
 drifting snows,

How the fields dazzle in glittering light!

All the green fields are enshrouded in shifting
 snows,

Winter's pure robe of be-diamonded white.

Sing Heigho, my many-twigged apple trees,
 How they stand gauntly against the grey
 sky!

Sing Heigho, my bare-branched maple trees,
 Bending their boughs as the winter sweeps
 by.

Original.

D'IBERVILLE—THE CID OF NEW FRANCE—1642-1706.

BY J. M. LEMOINE, QUEBEC, AUTHOR OF
 "MAPLE LEAVES."

To those unacquainted with the past, it
 may appear singular to assert that the cap-
 ital of the Province of Quebec, with its
 70,000 souls, carries less prestige in North
 America than it did two centuries ago, with
 a population of a few thousand only. Still,
 such is the fact. At the period in question,
 Quebec was the key to the extensive
 transatlantic possessions of Louis the Great
 —it was the fulcrum on which moved the
 vast military power that so effectually kept
 in check the English Provinces beyond its
 border. On the loftiest peak of Cape Dia-
 mond floated a royal banner, whose lord

could trace his lineage beyond the crusades,
 beyond Charlemagne, up to the fourth cen-
 tury. From the stately council-chambers
 of the Chateau St. Louis issued those dreaded
 decrees which presaged war or peace from
 the shores of the St. Lawrence, to the fer-
 tile valley of the Ohio, or to the green banks
 of the Mississippi. The capital of the
 French King in New France was indeed
 an important city in those days, filled with
 a warlike race, which needed not conscrip-
 tion to push its squadrons across the border,
 whose martial ardor was damped neither by
 arctic cold nor by tropical heats. A most
 resolute nobleman held his court at the
 Castle St. Louis—Count de Frontenac.
 Never did the Gibraltar of America appear
 so imposing as when the lion-hearted
 de Frontenac, in 1690, warned off so sum-
 marily Sir William Phipps, who, in the
 name of King William III., threatened, un-
 less the place surrendered within an hour,
 to bombard it with his powerful fleet, which
 lay moored in view of the battlements.
 The Count's reply to the British Admiral
 has been preserved in history.* There
 were, also, brave men amongst the garrison
 ready to make good the warlike answer of
 their valiant commander.

Foremost amongst the defenders of Que-
 bec was D'Iberville, one of De Longueuil's †
 illustrious brothers. To Montreal is due the
 honor of having given birth, in 1642,
 to this sturdy sea-captain—one of eight

* "I do not," said De Frontenac, "acknow-
 ledge King William; and I well know that the
 Prince of Orange is an usurper, who has violated
 the most sacred rights of blood and religion. I
 will answer your master by the mouth of my
 cannon." To this Phipps replied by sending a
 tremendous broadside into the town. But De
 Frontenac did answer by the mouth of his can-
 non; and his reply was found so much to the
 point that, notwithstanding the advantage
 gained under Major Walley's detachment, land-
 ed at Beauport, Phipps, on the 11th October, set
 sail at night for Boston, where he arrived on the
 19th November following, minus nine ships
 wrecked in a storm.

† On a recent visit to Montreal, the writer had
 the pleasure of seeing in the album of the late
 Jacques Viger a good drawing of the ruins of
 Baron de Longueuil's castle at Longueuil.

brothers destined to shed lustre on the French arms, by land and sea, for more than half a century. D'Iberville may be counted the representative man of de Frontenac's glorious administration. More fortunate than many other Canadian worthies, whose merit has been sedulously ignored in the mother country, under French and English rule, D'Iberville's fame was proclaimed far and wide, all over Europe—national vanity prompting the French, if they even did feel inclined to ignore the colonist, to remember the great sea-captain who, in so many instances, had humbled the old foe. Our own historians have carefully described the feats of D'Iberville; but some may say these accounts are too flattering, and liable to be doubted. Let us, then, borrow the text of the most reliable writers of the present day. Pierre Margry, for many years and still in charge of the French Archives de la Marine, in Paris, in his researches on the part taken by the travellers of Normandy in discovering and colonizing the valley of the Ohio and the Mississippi, sets forth most ably the doings of D'Iberville and his brothers. There is also, amongst other books, a beautifully illustrated work, "*Les Navigateurs Français par Leon Guerin*," in which an ample sketch of the celebrated Montrealer is contained. As this account, written in France, is new to most of our readers, we will render it in English for their information.

"At the time," says the writer, "when Louis de Buade, Count de Frontenac, was administering so gloriously New France, eight Canadian brothers, whose ancestors came from Rouen, in Normandy, were vying to excel one another in feats on land and on the sea—equally at home on both elements—ever ready, brave, active, venturesome, under the impulse of national honor. They rendered the country (France) services the more honorable and meritorious that they fought far away from the eyes of the court, with little prospect of obtaining the great rewards they merited, and which they did not obtain in the proportion due to them.

"These eight brothers, whom it would be proper to call eight heroes, were d'Iberville, de Sainte Helene, de Maricourt, de Longueuil, de Serigny, de Chateauguay, and the twode Bienville. The first, d'Iberville, was one of the greatest and most skillful sea-captains France has ever had." Margry calls him "une espèce de Jean Bart Canadien;" the historian, Ferland, awards him the title of "Le Cid du Canada."

The company which had then recently been formed in connection with Hudson's Bay having applied to King Louis XIV. to be protected against the usurpation of the English of Fort Bourbon,—called by them Fort Nelson,—a decree of the 20th May, 1685, vested in it the property of the river Ste. Therese; and without delay an expedition, commanded by the Marquis d'Enonville, Governor-General of New France in the absence of Frontenac, was fitted out to repel the English, during the short but glorious peace of Nimeguen. D'Iberville, Sainte Helene, and Maricourt left the year following under the Chevalier de Troyes, a captain of infantry, serving at Quebec, and chief of the expedition, to capture the Forts Monsipi, Rupert, and Kichichouami, which the English had built on the Bay. They left Montreal by land in March, 1685, drawing their canoes and provisions over the snow and swamps; the roads being nearly impassable. They travelled thus until the 20th of June, enduring almost intolerable hardships and fatigue with a courage and spirit of which Canadians only are able, and the party, eighty-two strong, arrived at Monsipi, at the southern extremity of Hudson Bay, at that part since called James' Bay. Without losing a moment, preparations were made to attack the Fort—a square redoubt surrounded by palisades sixteen or seventeen feet high, and flanked by four bastions, on the top of a mound, thirty yards from the edge of the river. A guard was left in charge of the canoes, two merely were drawn, loaded with provisions, shovels, picks, gabions, and a battering-ram. D'Iberville and de Sainte Helene made the assault on one side, whilst the Chevalier de

Troyes and Maricourt attacked the other, and were battering in the main entrance of the Fort with the ram. Followed by five or six men, they scaled the palisade, opened a door which looked on the forest, and reached, in order to destroy it, an outer door of a redoubt, built in the centre of the Fort. At the same time, the Chevalier de Troyes rushed into the interior of the redoubt; whilst d'Iberville and de Sainte Helene and their followers kept up a brisk fire on all the apertures. An Englishman, having rashly replied, declining all offers of quarter, de Sainte Helene shot him dead at the gun he was pointing towards the French. Soon the ram was brought to bear against the door of the redoubt, and half stove it in. Of a sudden, d'Iberville, with sword again in hand, rushed into the redoubt, but as the door was still held up by one hinge, an Englishman from the interior closed it, leaving all in darkness. D'Iberville might have considered his case desperate, but, retaining his presence of mind, he kept striking even in the darkness, and hearing some one descending a stair-case, he fired at him at random. In the meantime, the ram had re-commenced battering in the door. It fell and allowed free ingress to the French, who hurried to the assistance of d'Iberville. The English, having scarcely had time to dress—(the attack was at midnight)—so sudden had been the assault, asked for quarter. It was granted, and the Fort handed to the French.

“The victorious party then, following the sea-shore, took the direction of Fort Rupert, situated forty leagues further on; whilst a boat, built on purpose, accompanied them, mounted with two guns taken at Fort Monsipi. After five days marching, the party arrived during the night of the 1st of July before Fort Rupert, of which de Sainte Helene made a reconnoissance, favored by night. The English had an armed vessel there to protect it. D'Iberville and his brother Maricourt, aided by nine men in two bark canoes, were intrusted with the boarding service. The enemy being taken unaware, the boarding party noise-

lessly and at leisure got on board, and stumbled over the man of the watch fast asleep in his blanket. He received a blow just as he was preparing to alarm the crew; when d'Iberville, striking the deck as is customary when it is intended to give the alarm to those on ship-board, split open the head of the first man who tried to venture on deck. The next sailor shared the same fate, and they then attacked the cabin with axes, until d'Iberville considered that his party was numerous enough to hold against all comers. The vessel once captured, he gave quarter. Amongst the prisoners was the Governor-General of Hudson Bay. Whilst this sea-fight was going on under the lead of d'Iberville, the Chevalier de Troyes was beating in by force the door of the Fort, and entering it with drawn cutlasses. Grenades were used, causing dreadful havoc amongst the besieged. A redoubt, which had been also built at Monsipi, in the centre of the Fort, after having been battered with a ram, was on the eve of being blown up with powder, when the enemy, seeing that no hope remained, sued for mercy. All the prisoners were then placed on board of a sloop which was aground at some distance from the Fort; and as it would have required more men than could be spared to garrison the place, the palisades were destroyed and the Fort blown up. D'Iberville and de Sainte Helene remained there, however, a few days. The English armed-ship was sent to Monispi, and was soon followed by the lugger, which had been repaired. The Chevalier de Troyes, who had returned to Monsipi, was desirous to close the campaign by the capture of Fort Kichichouami. None, however, knew exactly the geographical position of this English Fort, and the roads were impassable; but these obstacles were insufficient to stop the Canadians. It was necessary to carry the canoes when the tide did not answer, or when ice on points of land interfered. The party had been for a long time travelling in this manner, without having the means of knowing whether they would reach the object of their search, when

the report of eight guns suddenly sounded in their ears. Kichichouami must be close by, and some festivity going on there. On de Sainte Helene devolved the task of reconnoitring the position of the Fort. D'Iberville had had much trouble to penetrate through the ice with his prize, containing the flags of the English company. He entered the river without accident, and, during the night, landed ten guns. Aftersome useless proposals to the governor of the place, the guns were placed in position, and aimed at the very room he occupied. A masked battery on a wooded height kept up such a cannonade that more than forty discharges took place in an hour and a quarter, riddling the enemy's works. Soon melancholy voices issued from the subterranean passages suing for quarter. No Englishman had shown himself to strike the flag, and soon after the Fort capitulated de Sainte Helene entered it. D'Iberville removed on board of his prize the governor and his suite to the Island of Charleston, to wait for English ships, in conformity with the terms of the surrender. The remainder of the English were sent to Monsipi. The 6th August following, the Chevalier de Troyes returned to Montreal to enjoy his success; but D'Iberville, who had left his brother Maricourt in charge at Hudson Bay, arrived at Montreal two months after.

"War re-commenced in Europe, and spread to America. D'Iberville was, by de Frontenac, re-appointed commander in New France, and specially entrusted with guarding Hudson Bay. Two English men-of-war had appeared before Fort Kichichouami, whose name he had altered to that of Fort Sainte Anne, and where he commanded in person. He captured them, and conducted triumphantly the largest to Quebec, whilst his Lieutenant, La Ferté, was making a prisoner of the English Governor of Fort New Haven, who had been sent from London by the Company to proclaim William III., who pretended he was sole proprietor of Hudson Bay. D'Iberville returned at the commencement of the following year, 1690, in the ship 'Sainte Anne,'

together with the ship 'Armes de la Compagnie,' Capt. Bonaventure Denis, with the view of expelling the English from Forts New Haven and Nelson, which they still occupied. He anchored, on the 24th September, close to the river Sainte Therese, and came ashore with ten men, intending to make a few prisoners and find out the state of the Fort. A sentry saw him, and the English instantly despatched a vessel of 36 guns to intercept the retreat of the French, but without success. D'Iberville got on board of his boat, made his way in spite of pursuit to his vessel, and made sail. The fall of the tide having caused the English vessel to get aground on some rocks, the French commander, in order to mislead the enemy, steered as if he intended to leave the Bay; but altering his course, he came to the Kouachaony river, and there found a ship, the 'Saint Francois,' commanded by Maricourt. The two brothers left for New Haven, an English Fort, situated thirty leagues from Fort Nelson. The English then found themselves under the necessity of burning it down and breaking it up. D'Iberville, however, secured a quantity of provisions and furs, which he conveyed to Fort Sainte Anne. He wintered there with his ship, the 'Sainte Anne,' whilst Maricourt, with the 'Saint Francois,' sought winter-quarters at Rupert, after having relieved Fort Monsipi. The ship 'Armes de la Compagnie' was anchored at Charleston Island. D'Iberville was on his way to Quebec in October, 1690, when his brother de Longueuil informed him at Coudres Island, in the St. Lawrence, that an English fleet was laying siege to the capital of Canada. The forces being unequal, he determined to sail for France, laden with English spoils; but previously to leaving, he despatched a boat to de Frontenac to inform him of the success of his expedition to the north. At this period, several of D'Iberville's brothers were keeping up the honors of the family by valiantly defending Canada. All New France was in a blaze. The English had excited the Iroquois tribes to rise, as well as other Indian tribes who

had recently been allies of France. They were helping them to attack the west of Canada by Montreal, whilst a fleet at Quebec, under William Phipps, threatened the eastern section. Fortunately, there had recently been re-appointed Governor-General in New France a chief gifted with all the attributes of a great man—firmness which ensures command, with kindness which inspires love. De Frontenac was great, generous, magnificent, like a king. He was at Quebec the worthy representative of what Louis XIV. was at Versailles. A word, a glance of his eye, electrified the Canadians, always ready to fight. He was the love and delight of New France, the terror of the Iroquois, the father of the tribes who were allies of the French. His activity was only equalled by his courage. After having pacified the country round Montreal, and slain a good number of the Iroquois, he had sent three detachments to attack the English of New York. De Sainte Helene, in company with his relative, de Martigny, and leading a party of French and Indians, two hundred and ten in number, after a tramp of twenty-three days, through snow and ice, and sometimes walking in water up to their knees, had arrived at Fort Corlard, which they captured, after slaying the whole garrison. Martigny had been wounded twice during this expedition. Another captain, named de Portneuf, had compelled Fort Kaskebe to capitulate; and a third, called Hertel, after a march just as fatiguing as that of de Sainte Helene, had taken possession of Fort Sementals,* in Acadia. At the same time, Frontenac had undertaken prodigious works to fortify Quebec, which, though thickly peopled, had no fortifications which it could depend on. He had dispersed, without striking a blow, an army of English and Iroquois, who were advancing from Lake St. Sacrement, and had been enabled to devote himself entirely to the defence of his capital. The fortifications which de Frontenac had built began at his palace † and

then ascended towards the upper town, which they surrounded, and ended at the brink of a mountain at a spot called Cape Diamond. The places where there were no gates were barricaded with timber and puncheons filled with stones and surrounded with earth. The avenue from the lower to the upper town was intersected by three entrenchments, made with puncheons and bags of earth. Numerous batteries had been mounted. The whole soon presented a respectable system of defenses.”

We shall pass over the incidents of the glorious siege of 1690, related by us elsewhere. D'Iberville was intrusted by government with a small fleet, and hoisted his flag on the “Pelican.” His mission was to harass the English wherever he could meet them. He obtained some important successes; but the spot where fortune seemed always to favor him was Hudson Bay, where the English had re-taken Fort Nelson. He took a signal revenge by the capture of the place, in 1696, for the death of his brother Chateaugay, killed in 1694 whilst defending it. He also had the satisfaction of securing as a prize the English frigate, the “Hudson Bay.” But his own vessel, the “Pelican,” was nearly in a sinking state. Having manned his prize with a portion of the crew of the “Pelican,” he was preparing to attack the enemy when, in a furious storm, and notwithstanding his skill as a mariner, both vessels were driven ashore. Nothing daunted, the brave commander, having waited for the arrival of some other vessels of his fleet, succeeded in capturing, for a second time, Fort Nelson, which gave France, for several years, the possession of the northern part of North America.

Peace being signed at Ryswick, d'Iberville took advantage of it to press on his government to resume the project of discovering the mouth of the Mississippi. He sought as a companion the brave Chateau Morand, worthy nephew of the great Tourville. Both sailed from Rochfort in October, 1698, with two ships. They anchored at St. Domingo; and having left

* Lake George.

† Where the Queen's wood-yard now stands.

that place on the 1st December, they came in sight, on the 27th January, 1699, of Florida. They sailed as close to the land as prudence would allow, and sent one of their officers to hold parley with the inhabitants. That officer, on returning, stated that the ships were then opposite to a bay called Pensacola, where three hundred Spanish had recently settled in anticipation of French settlers. On the 31st January, d'Iberville, whose ship had out-sailed the other to reconnoitre the coast, anchored at the south-east of the eastern point of the river Mobile, which runs parallel with the Mississippi. On the 2nd February, he landed on an island close to it, and four leagues round. It had then a harbor tolerably commodious, which has since been obstructed by sand. D'Iberville called it Massacre Island, from having noticed towards the south-west point, a large quantity of human heads and bones. From Massacre Island, whose name was soon to be changed to that of Dauphin Island, the great mariner crossed over to the main land, and having discovered the river Pascagoula, he left it, in company with his younger brother de Bienville, then an ensign, and forty-eight men, in two long-boats, carrying provisions for twenty days, to find the Mississippi, of which the aborigines had made mention to him under the name of the Malbouchia, and the Spaniards under that of the Palisade river. He entered the mouth of the river on the 2nd March. In prosecuting his discovery, d'Iberville arrived at the village of the Bayagoulas, composed of seven hundred huts, amongst which could be distinguished the temple of these savages, filled with smoked furs, offered to propitiate their fantastic gods. The French discoverer ascended as high as the Oumas, where he began seriously to doubt whether it was the Mississippi. However, a letter, found by an Indian chief in a tree, handed to his brother de Bienville, soon dispelled all doubts on this point. It was dated April, 1683, and bore this address:—"To Monsieur de la Sale, Gouverneur de la Louisiane, de la part du Cheva-

lier de Tonti." Tonti had, in his fruitless search of La Sale, deposited this letter in the hollow of a tree. D'Iberville, reassured, then sojourner in the Bay of Biloxi, situated between the Mississippi and Mobile rivers, built a fort there, where he left de Bienville as his lieutenant, and then returned to France in January. On the 8th January, 1700, d'Iberville returned to Biloxi. In 1706, he got together a small squadron and attacked the English island of Nevis, and captured it. On the 9th July, 1706, this successful sea-captain died at Havana, whilst commanding the vessel "Le Juste." The eldest of the brothers de Bienville, had been killed in an attack on a fort. Maricourt, an ensign, was burnt to death in a house with forty French, in 1704, by the Iroquois. Serigny and the second of the de Bienville brothers died whilst commanding vessels. De Longueuil, the eldest brother, died in 1718, Governor of Montreal. In 1722, when the East India Company laid the foundation of New Orleans, on the banks of the Mississippi, to be the centre and capital of Louisiana, it was a son of de Chateauguay who was second in command in this vast country which had originated so many bright dreams. After serving at Martinique, he was Governor of Guyanna. The Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, had deprived the French of Hudson Bay, Newfoundland, and Acadia. To compensate this loss, they immediately set about to colonize Cape Breton, called Ile Royale, where they founded Fort Dauphin, Port Toulouse, Nerika, and chiefly Louisbourg, and her arsenal. De Chateauguay, junior, was called,—from 1745 to 1747, when he died—to defend this key to Canada, and did so successfully.

"Thus," concludes Guevin, "from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to that of Mexico, from equinoctial France to New France, continued to shine with undimmed splendour probably the most glorious family which ever existed in the French colonies."

D'Iberville had thus closed at Havana his brilliant career, after gathering laurels at Quebec, on the frozen shores of Hudson's

Bay, on the coast of Acadia, in the Mississippi, at New Orleans, and in the West Indies. Pierre Margry is then justified in describing this illustrious Montrealer as "Une espèce de Jean Bart Canadien." Mr. Morgan thus sums up d'Iberville's career:

"A Canadian navigator, who began the colonization of Louisiana; born in Montreal in 1642; died at Havana, July 9th, 1706. He was one of seven brothers who were all active in Canadian affairs in the latter half of the seventeenth century. He early went to sea, and distinguished himself for bravery and ability as a volunteer in the midnight attack on Schenectady; as commander of the expedition which recovered Fort Nelson from the British (1686), and with it the control of the Indian commerce of the region of Nelson's river; as a successful invader of the English possessions in Newfoundland; and as a victor in naval contests (1697), in spite of icebergs and shipwrecks in Hudson Bay. He was reputed the most skillful officer in the service of France, when, in 1698, he was commissioned by the French Government to explore the mouth of the Mississippi, which had never yet been entered from the sea, and to erect a fort near it. With two frigates, two smaller vessels, a company of marines, and about two hundred settlers, he set sail from Rochfort, October 17, 1698; was welcomed at St. Domingo; found Pensacola pre-occupied by Spaniards; and cast anchor, February 2nd, 1700, on the Island of Massacre, near Mobile. Accompanied by his brother De Blenville, a Franciscan, who had been a companion of La Sale, and forty-eight men in two barges, and with provisions for twenty days, he sailed thence to seek the Mississippi, which they entered 2nd March, and ascended to the village of the Bayagoulae. They also visited the Oumas, among whom they found a letter, written by Tomti to La Sale in 1684, and they probably reached the mouth of Red River. Returning to the Bay of Biloxi, D'Iberville erected a fort as a testimony of French jurisdiction, the command of which he entrusted to his two brothers, Sauville and Blenville. He himself sailed for France, but returned when the French supremacy on the Mississippi was endangered by British aggression, and the French-Protestant refugees were seeking there an asylum after their exile from France. He again ascended the Mississippi, in 1700, as far as the country of the Natches, while his brother explored western Louisiana, crossed the Red River, and approached New Mexico. Bilious fever desolated the colonists at Biloxi. Sauville was a victim to it, and the chief command devolved on Blenville; and when D'Iberville arrived with reinforcements, July 22, 1701, there were but one hundred and fifty of them alive. Soon after, this fortress was transferred to the western bank of the Mobile river, the first European settlement in Alabama. D'Iberville also constructed fortifications on the Island of Mas-

sacre, which he named Dauphin Island, and which became the centre of the colony. Attacked by the yellow fever, he escaped with broken health in 1706, in command of three vessels. He made a descent upon the English Island of Nevis, which he captured; and he died at Havana on board of his ship, on the eve of an expedition against Jamaica."—*Biography of Celebrated Canadians.*

Original.

THE UNSEEN.

BY MAUDE STANLEY, PINE ORCHARD, ONT.

We have laurel crowns for the victor's brow,
Who wets with the tide of life his sword,
Where, crimsoning Liberty's altar now,
Its rich libations are freely pour'd.
But is there no thought of the crownless few
Who champion'd virtue and truth to win
Some victories only the angels knew—
Asphodel crowns for the spoils of sin?
The gems of feeling and thought are bright
In many a niche of fame to-day,
And mirrors of glory, divinely light,
Reflect the glow of their fadeless ray.
No lyre is swept for the minds that wrought,
The gifted who tolled in vain alone,
Whose flagree tissues of grander thought
Lie in the soul or the grave unknown.
The tears of sympathy seem to be
For sable pageants of grief and woe,
While the threnodies of their deeper sea
Float never up from the depths below.
There are cypress shades in the human heart,
And broken shrines where memory clings,
And radiant visions, of life a part,
Where sepulchres sanctify buried things.
O argosies, freighted with cares, ye drift
Wearily out to that unknown shore,
Whose melodies thrill in the air you'd rift
With dirges whose echo floats back no more.
But the Unseen, yet the Eternal, lies
Girdled where mystery's dark wave rolls,
And the missing links in these earthly ties
Bind faith and patience around our souls.
The proudest of deeds may be bars and locks,
Anvilled by selfishness out of pride;
And a mite in the world's great charity-box,
A key to the ferry to cross the tide.
Judge not the lives which seem useless to thee,
Seeds may spring up where the wanderers plod,
Thy gleanings from temporal things may be
But theirs in the harvest fields of God.

COLORED SUNS.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.A.S.

If a brilliant star be observed when, near the horizon, it will be seen to present the beautiful phenomenon of "colored scintillation." The colors thus exhibited exceed in purity even those seen in the solar spectrum or in the rainbow. By comparison with them the light which flashes from the ruby, the emerald, the sapphire, or the topaz, appears dull and almost earthy. There are three or four stars which present this phenomenon with charming distinctness. The brilliant Vega in the constellation Lyra, which rarely sets in our latitude, is one of these. At midnight in winter, and earlier with the approach of spring, this splendid steel-blue star may be seen as it skirts the southern horizon, scintillating with red, and blue, and emerald light. Arcturus twinkles yet more brilliantly low down towards the northeast in our spring evenings. Capella is another notable scintillator, seen low down towards the north during the summer nights. But these, though they are the most brilliant northern stars, yet shine with a splendor far inferior to that of Sirius, the famous dog-star. No one can mistake this noble orb as it rises above the southern horizon in our winter months. The vivid colors exhibited by Sirius as it scintillates, have afforded a favorite image to the poets. Homer compares the celestial light which gleamed from the shield and helmet of Diomed to the rays of "Sirius, the star of autumn," which "shines with a peculiar brilliancy when laved by ocean's waves"; and, to pass at once from the father of poetry to our greatest modern poet, we find in Tennyson's "Princess" the same image, where he says of Arac and his brothers, that—

"As the fiery Sirius alters hue,
And bickers into red and emerald, shone
Their morions, washed with morning, as they
came."

It is difficult to persuade one's self that these ever-changing tints do not really belong to the stars. But there is now no doubt that they are caused by our own atmosphere. Unequally warm, unequally dense, and unequally moist in its various strata, the air transmits irregularly those colored rays which together produce the light of a star. Now one color prevails over the rest, and now another, so that the star appears to change color. But it is only low down towards the horizon that these

changes take place to their full extent. In the tropics, where the air is more uniform in texture, so to speak, the stars do not scintillate unless they are quite close to the horizon, "a circumstance," says Humboldt, "which gives a peculiarly calm and serene character to the celestial depths in these countries."

But the stars are not wanting in real colors, caused by peculiarities in the quality of the light which they emit towards us. In tropical countries the colors of the stars form a very obvious and a very beautiful phenomenon. The whole heaven seems set with variously colored gems. In our latitudes, none but the brightest stars exhibit distinctly marked colors to the naked eye. Sirius, Regulus, and Spica are white stars; Betelgeux, Aldebaran, Arcturus, and Antares are red; Procyon, Capella, and the Pole-star are yellow; Castor exhibits a slightly green tint; while Vega and Altair are bluish, Antares which we have described as a red star, presents when carefully watched a greenish scintillation so peculiar as to have early attracted the notice of astronomers. The green tint of Castor had been found to arise from the fact that the star is double, and one of the components green. But, for a long while, powerful instruments failed to exhibit a companion to Antares. At length, General Mitchell, with the great refractor of the Cincinnati Observatory, detected a minute green companion to this brilliant red star,—the Sirius of red stars as it has been termed.

But, as we have said, the stars which present distinctly marked colors to the naked eye in our latitudes, are few and far between. It is in the telescope that our observers have to seek for a full view of the delicate phenomenon of colored stars. When a survey is made of the heavens with a powerful telescope, peculiarities well worthy of careful attention are revealed to the observer. We have seen that there are no stars visible to the naked eye which are decidedly blue or green. The ancients, also, recognized only red and white stars. In the telescope, this peculiarity is still observable when single stars only are looked at. We met with some telescopic stars the depth of whose red color is remarkable. There are stars of a fiery red, of a deep blood-red, and of a full orange-color. There is a well-known star, entitled the "garnet-star." And, in fact, every variety of color, from white through yellow and orange to a deep, almost dusky-red, is met with among the single fixed stars. But there is no in-

stance throughout the whole heavens of a single green, blue, or violet star.

The case is altered when we come to examine those double, triple, and multiple stars, the observation of which is one of the most pleasing employments of the amateur telescopicist.

Among these systems we meet with all the tints of the rainbow, and with many colors which are not seen in the rainbow, such as fawn-color, lilac, gray, and so on. "The attentive observation of the double stars," writes the celebrated Struve (who detected 3,000 of these objects), "teaches us that besides these that are white, all the colors of the spectrum are to be met with." "Here we have a green star with a deep blood-red companion, there an orange-primary accompanied by a purple or indigo-blue satellite. White is found mixed with light or dark red, purple, ruby, or vermilion." Sometimes a single system offers at one view many different colors. Such is the case with the remarkable group detected by Sir John Herschel within the Southern Cross. It is composed of no less than 110 stars, which, seen in a telescope of sufficient size, appear, Herschel tells us, like "a casket of variously colored precious stones."

It will be well to examine some of the collocations of color, that we may trace the presence of a law of distribution, if such exist.

We have said that blue stars are not met with singly in the heavens. Among double stars they are common enough. But they are generally small. When the larger star or primary is not white, it is usually either red or yellow; then the smaller star—or satellite, as we may term it—is frequently blue or green. But this is so far from being a law without exception, that the more common case is to find both stars similarly tinted. Among 596 bright "doubles," Struve found 375 whose components were similarly colored, 101 whose components presented colors belonging to the same end of the spectrum, and only 120 in which the colors were totally different.

Amongst double stars whose components are similarly tinted, by far the greater number are white, yellow, or red. But there are some instances of double-blue stars, and there is in the southern heavens a group containing a multitude of stars, *all blue*.

It is impossible, therefore, to suppose that the blue colors seen in multiple systems are due to the mere effect of contrast. In some cases this may happen, however; or at any rate the effect of contrast may intensify the

colors of each component of a "complementary double." There is one very charming instance of complementary colors in a double star which may be separated with a telescope of very low power. We refer to the star Albireo on the beak of the Swan. The components of this star are orange and blue, the tints being well pronounced. It has been found that when one of the components is hidden, the other still preserves its color, though not quite so distinctly as when both are seen together. Another "complementary double," is the star γ Andromedæ. The primary is red, the smaller star green. In very powerful telescopes the smaller component is found to be itself double, and doubts exist among astronomers whether the two minute components of the lesser star are both green, or one blue and the other yellow. There is another double star very beautiful in a powerful telescope. This is the star ϵ Bootis, on the Herdsman's belt; it is called also Mirach, and on account of its extreme beauty, Pulcherima. The components are nearly equal—one orange, the other a delicate emerald green.

One of the most startling facts revealed by the careful observation of the fixed stars is that their color is not unchangeable.

We may begin at once with the brightest of the fixed stars—Sirius. This star was known to the ancients as a red star. To its fiery hue may doubtless be ascribed the peculiar influence assigned to it by ancient astronomers. At present Sirius is brilliantly and unmistakably white.

We have not such decisive evidence in the case of any other noted star. But among telescopic stars, there have been some very remarkable changes. There are two double stars, described by the elder Herschel as white, which now exhibit golden-yellow primaries and greenish satellites. That careful observer, Admiral Smyth, records also that one of the components of a double star in Hercules changed, in twelve years, "from yellow, through gray, cherry-red and egregious red, to yellow again."

The questions may well be asked, whence do the stars derive their distinctions of color? and by what processes do their colors change? To these questions modern discoveries have supplied answers, which, if not complete, are well worth listening to.

It has long been suspected that the stars are in reality suns. It has been shown that their distances from us must be so enormous as to enable us to assign to them an intrinsic brilliancy fully equal in some instances, and in others far superior, to that of our own sun. Nothing remained but

that we should have some evidence that the kind of light they emit, is similar to that which we receive from the sun. This evidence has been supplied, though only of late years.

We cannot here enter at length into an account of the important discoveries of Kirchhoff and Bunsen which have enabled astronomers to analyze the light emitted from the celestial bodies. It will be sufficient to remark that in the solar spectrum there are observed fine dark lines breaking the continuity of the streak of light, and that these lines have been proved to be due to the presence of the vapors of certain elements in the solar atmosphere. The proof depends on the exact correspondence of numbers of these lines, grouped in a complex manner (so as entirely to eliminate the possibility of a mere chance accordance) with the bright lines seen in the spectra of light from the vapors of those elements. When once Kirchhoff and Bunsen had proved the possibility of exhibiting the same set of lines either as bright lines on a dark ground or as dark lines on a brilliant spectrum, all doubt as to their meaning in the solar spectrum disappeared at once.

It has been found that in the sun's atmosphere there are present the vapors of iron, copper, zinc, and nickel, besides calcium magnesium, sodium, and other metals. But the vapors of tin, lead, silver, and gold do not appear to be present in the solar atmosphere. One of the most remarkable dark lines is due to the presence of hydrogen.

But it has been found possible to extend these researches to the fixed stars. Mr. Huggins and Dr. Miller have done this successfully, and their discoveries afford a means of assigning very sufficient reasons for the colors of the brighter stars. By analogy also we may extend a similar interpretation to the colors of stars not bright enough to give a spectrum which can be satisfactorily examined.

Let us take first the brilliant Sirius. This star belongs to the southern half of the celestial sphere, and although it becomes visible at certain seasons in our latitude, it never rises very high above the horizon. In fact, at its highest—that is, when due south—it is only twenty-two degrees above the horizon, or less than one-fourth of the way from the horizon to the point immediately overhead. This peculiarity somewhat interferes with the observation of the star by a method so delicate as that applied by the celebrated physicists we have named. On the other hand the exceeding brilliancy of Sirius makes some amends for the effects

of atmospheric disturbance. By selecting very favorable opportunities, Huggins and Miller were able to analyze the star's spectrum, with the following results:—

The atmosphere around Sirius contains sodium, magnesium, hydrogen, and probably iron.

The whole spectrum is covered by a very large number of faint and fine lines, indicating a corresponding variety in the substances vaporized in the star's atmosphere.

The hydrogen lines are abnormally strong as compared with the solar spectrum, all the metallic lines being remarkably faint.

This last circumstance is well worthy of notice, since it is a *peculiarity characteristic of white stars*—so that we begin already to find a hint respecting the source of color or of the absence of color in stars.

Take next an orange-red star, the brilliant Betelgeux. The spectrum of this star was very carefully analyzed by Messrs. Huggins and Miller. They marked down the places of two or three hundred lines, and measured the position of no less than eighty. They found that sodium, magnesium, calcium, iron, and bismuth are present in the star's atmosphere, but the two strong lines of hydrogen were found to be missing.

But we are not entitled to assume that red and yellow stars are characterized by the absence of hydrogen from their atmosphere. On the contrary, the noted red star Aldebaran, the spectrum of which was very carefully analyzed by Huggins and Miller, was found to exhibit the two lines of hydrogen with perfect distinctness. This star exhibited a richness in the construction of its atmosphere not presented by any other. The elements proved to be present are sodium, magnesium, calcium, iron, bismuth tellurium, antimony, and mercury. It must not be supposed, in this or any other case, that other elements might not by a sufficiently laborious scrutiny be proved to exist in the star's atmosphere. The observations required, says Mr. Huggins, "are extremely fatiguing to the eye, and necessarily limited to the stronger lines of each spectrum."

It is clear, however, from the above short list of examples, that a considerable variety exists in the physical constitution of the fixed stars. This of itself affords a suggestive hint respecting the true explanation of the variety of color which we have described. And the peculiarity that in the white stars the hydrogen lines are singularly strong, while the metallic lines are as singularly weak, is yet more to the

point. *Sirius* was a red star. Was it at that time unlike present red stars? Does it not seem more probable that, if there had existed in those days a Huggins or a Miller, and the instruments used so successfully by these observers had been invented, it would have been found that *Sirius* did not—when a red star—present peculiarities now observed only in white stars?

We recognize, then, the influence of time upon the spectrum of this celebrated star, as probably tending to render the lines of hydrogen more distinct than of yore, and the lines of the metallic elements less distinct. But what is the meaning of such a change? Suppose a chemist, for example, observing the spectrum of the flame produced by the combustion of a compound body, should notice that the lines of some elements slowly increased in distinctness, while the lines of others grew fainter, how would he interpret such a phenomenon? If we remembered only that the dark lines are due to the absorptive effect of the vapor they correspond to, on light which is trying, so to speak, to pass through the vapor, we might readily jump at a conclusion, and answer that the extent of absorptive vapor is increasing when the lines are growing more distinct, and *vice versa*.

But we must also consider that these lines are partly the effect of contrast. The lime-light held before the sun's disc appears black, though so dazzling when seen alone. It may be, therefore—or rather we may say it certainly is the case—that these parts of the spectral streak which seem dark, are in reality luminous; or—which is merely another way of saying the same thing—that the vapors which absorb light from the solar beams, send us light of their own. And so with stars. Therefore, we have this difficulty to contend against, that there is no power of determining whether a change in the intensity of a line, or of a set of lines, is due to a variation in the light-giving power of the corresponding vapor, or to a variation in the quantity of vapor whose absorptive effects produce the lines.

But, inasmuch as it resulted from Mr. Huggins' examination of a temporary star which appeared last year, that the increase of light—for it was only the abnormal brilliancy of the star which was really temporary—was due to a sudden outburst of inflamed hydrogen, it seems on the whole more probable that the incandescent vapors of stars burn with variable brilliancy, than that they vary in quantitative distribution.

As regards the constant colors of different

stars, we are enabled at any rate to deduce negative results.

For instance, we may dismiss at once the theory started some years ago by a distinguished astronomer. He supposed that the colors of a star are due to the proper motions of a star, acting so as—in effect—to lengthen or shorten the waves of light proceeding from the star to the earth, just as the apparent breadth of sea-waves would be greater or less to a swimmer according as he swam with or against their course. It is quite clear that the effects of a motion rapid enough to produce such a change would be to shift the position of the whole spectrum—and this change, though accompanied by a change of color, would be readily detected by a reference to the spectral lines.

Another theory—that the orange and red tints indicate a lower degree of temperature; must also be dismissed. For we have seen that the spectral of red stars indicate the presence of the vapor of iron and other metals, and nothing but an exceedingly high temperature could vaporize these.

It seems clear that the difference of tint is due to the different arrangement of the dark lines—in other words, to an absolute difference of physical constitution. "There is a striking difference," remarks Huggins, "between the effect on the color of a star of such closely grouped and very dark lines in the green and blue part of the spectrum of Betelgeux, and of the corresponding part of the spectrum of *Sirius*, in which the dark lines are faint, and wholly unequal to produce any noticeable subduing of the blue and green rays."

But we have still to consider the peculiarities presented by the double stars. We have seen that amongst the components of these there are observed some which present a distinct blue color. It has been found possible to analyze some of these with the spectroscope. We have spoken of the charming double star *Albireo*, the components of which are orange and blue. Both have been analyzed—with this result, that the spectrum of the orange component was remarkable for the great strength of the lines in the green, blue, and violet, while the spectrum of the blue component is equally remarkable for the great number of groups of fine lines in the orange and yellow.

It would seem then that the complementary colors observed in certain double stars, indicate a sort of complementary distribution between the two stars of elements which in our own sun are associated equably and intimately.

And we must note here in passing, that it is not absolutely necessary, as some have supposed, that, if there are systems of worlds circulating around such double suns, there should be any remarkable difference in the quality of light distributed to the planets, as compared with that which we receive from the sun. Sir John Herschel has spoken of "the charming contrasts and grateful vicissitudes—a red or a green day, for instance, alternating with a white one, or with darkness, according as one or other, or both of the stars should be above the horizon." But if the dependent orbs swept in very wide circuits about their double sun, they would receive white light during nearly the whole of each of their days, since it would only be during a brief interval that either sun would be visible alone above the horizon.

Of the deeply colored stars which are visible with the telescope, none have been found sufficiently brilliant to admit of analysis.

A peculiarity has been remarked by a distinguished modern observer which is worthy of careful attention. Many of the regularly variable stars, when passing into their phase of minimum brightness, exhibit a ruddy tinge which is very conspicuous in instruments of adequate power. It does not seem easy to explain this as due to any change in the vaporous constitution of a variable star—since it seems difficult to show why such changes should occur at regular intervals. It would appear to be more probable that, in general, these changes are due, either to the rotation of the star itself, and the presentation, in a cyclic order, of the different parts of an unequally illuminated globe, or to the revolution round the star of an extensive vaporous mass, whose interposition cuts off from us at regular intervals a portion of the star's light.

It is remarkable that a large number of the known variable stars are red or orange.

It is probable that a careful examination of the stars with any efficient "color-tester" would lead to the discovery of many cases of variation in color. Admiral Smyth adopted a chromatic scale of color—but a test of this sort is not very satisfactory. Opaque colors generally vary with time, so that it is impossible to say that two observers, even if they have used the same strip of colored discs, have really made observations fairly comparable *inter se*. And it is further to be noted that there are many persons who find a difficulty and uncertainty in the comparison of stars, or brilliants,

with opaque color-scales. An ingenious astronomer has suggested the use of chemical solutions, which can always be reproduced with certainty; and he has described a method for forming an artificial star in the field of view of a telescope, and for gradually varying the color of the star until it should coincide with that of a fixed star whose color we may desire to determine. The great objection to the plan is its complexity. Colored glasses, through which a small white disc within the telescope might be illuminated (just as the wires are illuminated in the ordinary transit telescope), would serve the same purpose much more simply. The inquiry is an exceedingly interesting one, and Sir John Herschel has expressed the opinion that there is no field of labour open to the amateur telescopist which affords a better promise of original discoveries than the search for such variations as we have described.

HISTORY OF KING THEODORE.— ORIGIN OF THE WAR.

King Theodorus or Theodore of Abyssinia, with whose name and recent history every reader of newspapers throughout the world has become familiar in consequence of his war with England, has been slain at the storming of his capital, Magdala, by the English army. The original name of Theodore was Dejjajmatch Kasai. He was born of humble parentage in Quarel, on the borders of Western Amhara, and was educated in a convent, in which he was placed under restraint by his mother. He escaped from the convent to his uncle, Dejatch Comfu, a noted rebel, with whom he imbibed a taste for warlike pursuits, and eventually became ruler of a large portion of Abyssinia. Naturally ambitious and politic, he succeeded in enlarging his authority steadily at the expense of the other "Ras" or Chiefs of Abyssinia. His power especially increased when, in 1853, he defeated his father-in-law, Ras Ali, and took him prisoner. At length, in 1855, he felt himself strong enough to formally claim the throne of all Abyssinia, and he was crowned as such by the Abuna Salama, the head of the Abyssinian church. His reign soon proved to be the most effective Abyssinia had ever had. As soon as he came into power, his attention was directed to the importance of being on terms of friendship with the government which rules India, and which had established itself in the neighboring stronghold of Aden. He, therefore, resolved to assert the rights

assured to him by virtue of the treaty made between Great Britain and Abyssinia in the year 1849, and ratified in 1852, in which it was stipulated that each State should receive ambassadors from the other. Mr. Plowden, who had been for many years English Consul at Massowah, although not an accredited agent to Abyssinia, went to that country with presents for the people in authority, and remained during a war which broke out at the accession of Theodore. Unfortunately, Mr. Plowden, who had succeeded in winning the favor of the Emperor to a large extent, was killed, and his successor, Mr. Cameron, was informed, soon after his arrival, in 1862, by the king that he desired to carry out the above-mentioned treaty; and he even wrote an autograph letter to Queen Victoria, asking permission to send an embassy to London. Although the letter reached England in February, 1863, it remained unanswered; and the supposition is that this circumstance, together with a quarrel with Mr. Stern, a missionary who, in a book on Abyssinia, had spoken disrespectfully of the king, and who had remonstrated against the flogging to death of two interpreters, roused the king's temper; and a year after having despatched the unanswered letter, he sent an armed force to the missionary station, seized the missionaries, and put them in chains. He also cast Mr. Cameron into prison, and had him chained continually to an Abyssinian soldier. Great excitement prevailed in England on the arrival of the news of this outrage against British subjects; but in consideration of an armed expedition having to undergo many hardships in such a warm climate, it was deemed best by the English Government to use diplomacy in its efforts to have the prisoners released. It was not until the second half of August, 1865, that Mr. Rassam, an Asiatic by birth, was sent on a special mission to the Abyssinian potentate, and was received on his arrival in February, 1866, in a truly magnificent style, the release of the prisoners being at once ordered by the King. But the hope thus raised was soon to be disappointed, for when Mr. Rassam and the other prisoners were just on the point of taking leave of the Emperor, they were put under arrest and notified that they would have to remain in the country as State guests until an answer could be obtained to another letter which the King was going to write to the Queen. Hypocrisy, falseness, and mendacity seem to have taken a prominent part in the character of King Theodore; for while he, in an unctuous letter to the Queen,

ostensibly attributed the detention of Mr. Rassam to his wish of consulting with him in what way the friendly relations of the English and Abyssinian monarchies might be best extended, he treated the prisoners with leniency only for a short period, and soon used rigorous measures toward his victims. As a reason for his change of conduct, he afterward gave an alleged report that English, French, and Turkish troops were on their way to invade Abyssinia. Theodore's letter was conveyed to England by Mr. Flad, a German missionary, who was also the bearer of a letter from Mr. Rassam, in which he requested that English artisans be sent to engage in the Abyssinian service. The English Government engaged some artisans for the service, and having sent them to the coast of Abyssinia, notified the King that they would enter his territory if he would previously liberate the captives. The condition being not complied with, the artisans returned to England. After exhausting all diplomatic resources to obtain from Theodore the release of the captives, the English Government declared war against Theodore. The war was chiefly to be carried on with troops, European and native, which in India had become accustomed to the hot climate. The first English troops made their appearance in Oct., 1867, but it was not until the close of the year that the whole of the army arrived. The expedition was commanded by General Sir Robert Napier, heretofore Commanding-General at Bombay. Under him acted as commanders of divisions, Sir Charles Steevely and Col. Malcolm, while Colonel Merewether commanded the cavalry. The distance from Massowah, the landing place of the troops, to Magdala, the capital of Theodore, is about 300 miles. The English had to overcome great difficulties, but they have overcome them with remarkable energy. King Theodore gradually retired before the English without risking a battle until he reached his capital. Then he made a stand and fought bravely for his crown, but in vain. He was defeated, the capital captured, and the King himself slain. King Theodore was, on the whole, the greatest ruler Abyssinia has ever had, even according to English accounts; he excelled in all manly pursuits, and his general manner was polite and engaging. Had he avoided this foolish quarrel with England, and proceeded on the way of reform which he entered upon in the beginning of his reign, he would probably have played an important part in the political regeneration of Eastern Africa.

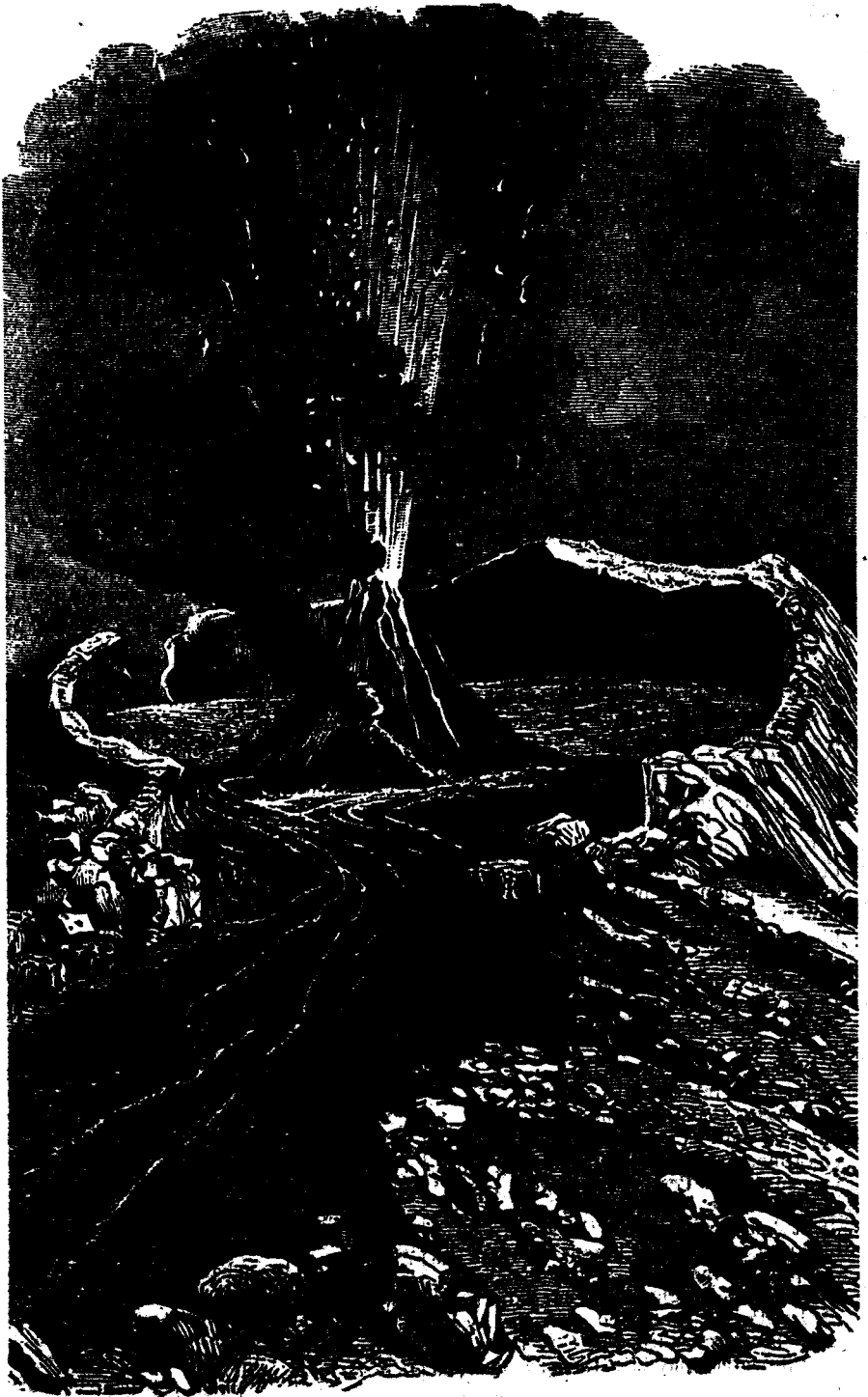
VESUVIUS.

The congregation of guides, mule-drivers, horse-leaders, bundle-carriers, and general attendants that welcomed us at Resina, where we stopped our carriage to ascend the mountain, was sufficient to have manned the expedition to Abyssinia. Such clamor, such pulling and hauling, such lying and swearing, such attempts at imposition, such utter confusion and perplexity, were almost enough to induce us to abandon our purpose. But at last, by firmness and patience, we got off with not more than twice as many guides as we needed. What advantage to the rider or mule it was to have a guide hanging to the creature's tail up the mountain, was not plain, but this was at least the only aid my guide rendered. My beast was not put into good humor by this prolongation of tail, but unhappily directed his animosity against my neighbor's mule instead of his tormentor, who merited a sound tap from his heels in return for the needless thracks he gave him, which merely endangered my seat, without the least accelerating the ascent. But at last we got up the mountain. The old road, good for carriages nineteen years ago as far as the Hermitage, was ruined by the eruption of 1857. It was a costly road, and it is not likely to be rebuilt.

Vesuvius is about four thousand feet high. The Hermitage is about two thousand five hundred feet from the base. The lower cone begins about five hundred feet above the Hermitage. The crater (the old one) opens about seven hundred higher up, and within it a new cone has shot up two or three hundred feet. The recent eruption has been active about forty days, and is not to be considered a very serious one. It has been too deliberate and methodical to be alarming. It seems about as active as the one I witnessed in 1848. Indeed, in the few days I have been in Naples there has been no serious flaming from the top, or expulsion of stones. That had all gone by. The outflow of lava, though evidently much less than at many previous periods within recent generations, has been, and continues to be, considerable enough to awaken a lively interest and to produce a very impressive spectacle. The stream of the descending lava on the Naples side seemed to be about three hundred feet wide, and ran at least one thousand five hundred feet down the mountain. It changed its form, from day to day, from a Y to an O, and then nearly to a solid band. Hanging against the blackness of the mountain, it presented a

very imposing if not a threatening appearance. It grew on the imagination with reflection, and was never grander than when it lighted us, with its lurid glare, out of the Bay of Naples—a red path of reflected light lay upon the smooth water, binding us to the volcano. The city with the crescent of lights, occupied its amphitheatre, as if spectators of the threat which Vesuvius held over it. Some day, the people are accustomed to say, the mountain will fulfil its warning, and bury Naples as it did Pompeii, and what they say as a jest, may well become a terrible fact. What a strange catastrophe, should the recovered statues of Herculaneum and Pompeii be doomed to a second entombment in the ashes of Vesuvius.

We approached the burning stream until the heat became intolerable. Where we stood, only four days before, the lava had flowed red-hot. It was still too warm for comfort. The usual egg was cooked, and the usual coins imbedded and brought away in the cooled lava. I suppose five hundred people must have ascended Vesuvius this day. A hundred sat a few rods in front of the head of the descending stream, as if defying its jaws. The motion forward was indolent and hardly visible from moment to moment, but every now and then accelerated and easily capable of becoming swift and destructive. The mass was not unlike a vast heap of coal covered with ashes, but glowing in spots, and curiously crumbling and dissolving at times, with sudden motions from beneath, so that it seemed to advance almost by melting away its own front. The old lava cracked and snapped before it, and made, I think, all the noise that was heard. The beds of the old eruptions were even more interesting than the new one. Thousands of acres are covered with rock-hardened slime of the volcano, and nothing can be more curious than the forms it has taken. Sometimes it lies in great heaps of gnarled and knotty stumps, as if the roots of its old forests had all been turned into stone and piled up here in memory of former grandeur. Then, again, enormous piles of rotting cordage appear, and you imagine that the wreck of some pre-Adamite commerce had been accumulated in a Titanic junk-shop. Again the scene is changed, and you have the skins of a million elephants lying in heaps about you, as if in a great tan-yard of the demigods, who could wear no leather of a less expensive and substantial hide. The oak bark to cure these skins lies very near by. What other fancies the lava might have



VESUVIUS.

presented, the coming on of darkness forbade me from knowing, and so, not without gratitude to the sure-footed beasts, who carried us safely down that frightful path, we bade Vesuvius good-bye.—*Rev. Dr. Bellows.*

SQUEAKING BOOTS.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The earliest impression of squeaking boots which we have treasured in our memory was of Col. Talmadge, of Litchfield, in Connecticut. He was a tall and venerable gentleman of the old school. His dress was precise. His manners were very dignified. It was a sight worth watching for on Sunday, to see him issue from his house, and walk with military precision, under the shading elms, to the village church—not a speck on his coat, not an unregulated hair on his head or wig, with immaculate ruffles to his shirt, and a sort of General Washington look on his face. He had the air of a man who had not noticed anything within a yard of the ground for a score of years. Our eyes fell from his face timidly, but found comfort in looking at his boots, which were great, broad, easy boots—none of your modern ones, that cling to the feet like a close-fitting glove to the hand—but broad, ample, well-creased by cross-wrinkles, and affording to the foot room enough for a doorway all around it.

But, though polished like a mirror, their brilliancy was not their chief attraction. They were musical boots. Every time the venerable man laid his foot upon the ground his boots responded. If it was on a week day, they said, "March! march! march!" as plainly as squeaking leather could speak. But if it was Sunday, and the colonel was on his way to "meeting," every time his foot came up or rested down, it said, "A-men! a-men!" At least, so our little ears used to interpret the sound.

It was at that time a matter of silent speculation with us why boots squeaked. At one time, a shadowy idea of life and suffering suggested itself. Then we imagined that there were bumble-bees in them—we don't know why, unless the sound resembled that made by the bees when some one stepped on their nest in the mowing-lot. But we were laughed at for our pains; and at length we concluded that the reason why boots squeaked was that there was squeak-leather put into them: and so, on one occasion, we amused the shoemaker, who was measuring our little feet, by re-

questing him "to put a good deal of squeak-leather into them."

It was but a childish taste for noise. We have long since put away childish things, and now scarcely anything is more annoying than squeaking boots. There is such an air of pretension in them, they sound their own praise in such an unnecessary manner, that we find our temper bristling up at the very sound. Who wants to hear a man's boots proclaiming his advance along the hall—saying plainly, "Here I come," "Here I come!" Or, the congregation is gathered, the organ has ceased; the audience are listening to the invocation. Just then some fat man, very much at peace with himself, pert and smiling, enters the door. Of course his pew is at the other end of the aisle. He will not wait till the prayer is over, not he. He only walks a little slower, so as to give the squeak its full effect. Squ-e-ak! squ-e-ak! as if the organist had lent him the sesquialtera stop of the organ or the cornet in five ranks. About half-way down the aisle, it occurs to the owner of the boots that they are making a noise, and that all the nervous people are scowling at him, and the boys and girls are looking with a worldly curiosity. So to mend the matter, he begins to walk on tiptoe. A fat man walking tiptoe in squeaking boots in meeting time! The noise is none the less. The squeak is simply rolled out a little thinner, and prolonged a little more vexatiously.

Before it was a frank and jolly—squ-e-a-k!—squ-e-a-k—real staccato! But now it is a diminuendo—"sq-u-e-e-e-e-a-k!—sq-u-e-e-e-e-a-k-e-e-k!"—with a vanishing quirk to it. In order to make the most of it, he walks slower and slower, holding out as long as the minister does, and sitting down in the pew with a complacent look, just as the amen is uttered!

You have an ague. Your teeth have been aching. You have slept none for two nights. In desperation you send for a dentist to remove an old offender. Your nerves are dancing. You dread the operation. At the foot of the stairs you hear a remote squeak—along the hall, squeak, squeak; in your room, there stands the dentist, smiling at one end and squeaking at the other. He opens his box, changes his place; and, as if all the outcries of all his former patients, shut up in his boots, were now uttering their warning to you not to let the dentist touch your teeth, you shudder, refuse to go on, tell him that you have changed your mind! your tooth no longer aches!

Even worse is a nurse with squeaking

shoes. It is enough to drive a sick man crazy. But what shall be said of a man who travels with squeaking shoes? You are to rise at five, and take the train; it is already 12 o'clock. You have lost sleep for several nights. You are just sinking into the deliciousness of the first sleep, when the waiter shows some late passenger into the room overhead. Creak—creak—creak—creak—he goes across the room. You imagine him putting off his things. There—creak—creak—back to lock the door. Creak, creak, back to the bureau. Your thoughts run thus; I wonder if he's looking at himself in the glass all this time?—then he goes again to hang up his coat, I guess. I hope he will go to bed, and be done with this noise. No—there he is walking across the room again. What wonder the sun does he want now? Why don't he pull his boots off? has he no slippers and no conscience? Well, at last he is still. Pshaw!—there he goes off again; now to the bureau—then to the closet—then to the mantel-piece—then to the bed. Will the fellow never get into it and keep quiet? It must be nearly 1 o'clock! Only four hours left. Squeak—squeak; there is that intolerable nuisance again. I'll ring the bell for the waiter.

Waiter! take these slippers and my card up to the gentleman overhead, and ask him politely if he will oblige me so much as to "silence his boots, and let me go to sleep."

Well—I turn over—am just dozing, when—two pair of boots come through the hall, and enter the room next to mine, with a thin door between. They are rival boots, evidently. One never squeaks, but the other squeaks louder. They go on at an extraordinary rate—in pairs and singly—in succession and in unison—squeak up and squeak down; now it is a solo recitative, then a duet, then a fugue! I give it up! I am good-natured at last! It is 2 o'clock, and Boots rule the night!

Now, ought not every polite man to have a conscience about boots? Have men not disagreeable faults enough, in manner and disposition, that they should affix artificial annoyances to their person, and go through life afflicting all tender nerves by the shrieking of their agonized and down-trodden boots?

TWO REMARKABLE WATCHES.

George III. was the fortunate recipient of the smallest watch ever made, which was constructed by the famous chronometer maker, Arnold, and was set in a ring like

a jewel. It contained one hundred and twenty different parts, and weighed just about as many grains, so that the parts averaged one grain each, the fly-wheel and pinion actually weighing the seventeenth part of a grain! Of course, ordinary tools were useless for such microscopic work, and Arnold had first to make a special set of implements for it. The king was so pleased with the wonder that he rewarded the skilful donor with five hundred guineas. The Emperor of Russia wanted a watch like it, and offered Arnold a thousand guineas for its counterpart; but in order that his gift to the king might not be depreciated, and at the same time to preserve its unique character, Arnold refused the offer.

A strong contrast to this tiny time-keeper, is a watch in the form of a skull, which formerly belonged to the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, and was bequeathed by her to her maid-of-honor, Mary Seton. It is of silver gilt; and on the forehead of the skull is the figure of Death, with scythe and sand-glass, standing between a palace and a cottage with one foot on the threshold of each. On the posterior part there is a representation of Time, also with a scythe, and near him the emblem of Eternity—a serpent with its tail in its mouth. On one side of the skull there are figures of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, and on the other a representation of the crucifixion, each set off with an appropriate legend. The inside of the skull is as elaborately wrought. The watch part is entire, and performs well; and it has a silver bell of musical sound upon which the hours are struck. A chain is fixed to the relic, but it is much too heavy to be worn; it was doubtless intended to occupy a stationary place on a *prie dieu*, or private altar.

SWISS PEASANTRY.

The peasants in Switzerland live poorly and work hard. They are up and out at their labors in the summer time at two o'clock a.m. (in winter at 4 a.m.), and with an hour's intermission keep at it till 6 p.m. The cheese-business, very modern in its origin (not more than forty years old), but now immense, deprives the peasants of the milk of their cows and goats, which has disastrously ceased to be the national food. They have substituted coffee and schnapps, and poison themselves and their children by their use. Their cretinism is the result of their terrible inter-marriages in their small valleys, their insufficient food, and their

abominable pipes, to which add their filth, and their cold, stone basements, with the malarious air of their unshaded valleys. Goitre, hard and soft, comes from the same general cause, and the lime in the water acting on feeble and overworked constitutions.

There is an unspeakable poverty in Switzerland. From ten to twenty per cent of the population are paupers, living on their respective cantons! And this is so common that it hardly seems any disgrace. The alms-house appears to be the expected retreat of the old age of many thousands. There is even an alms-house for the bourgeois in Berne, in which it is said that some decayed patricians find a home. By paying about a thousand dollars, a Berneze citizen may purchase the right of being comfortably provided for at this place in his old age, while he has a certain immediate right to an annual amount of fuel and a small percentage of income (in all say \$50 worth) per year. There are abundant evidences in Berne that the old mischief of substituting public care for private industry and thrift has found too much favor. How to live with least work and least self-providence is a fatal question. Domestic life is at a low level in the artisan and peasant class, and, I suspect, not high in the bourgeois. Men of families spend all their leisure hours at the wine-house and the club-house. The women are left to themselves, and they take their revenge. On the whole, Berne does not present a very encouraging show for the moral and social future of Switzerland. One of the testimonies to the degradation of labor is seen in the present general use of the treadmill as the approved method of raising stone in house building. In a hollow wheel of twenty feet diameter tread, like a squirrel in a rotary cage, five human beings—all day long throwing their avoirdupois into the scale, as their sole function. Such brainless, handless business for grown men, struck me with disgust and horror. Six of these wheels, some of them forty feet in the air, were going all day at the corner of the street, where a public saloon was in course of construction. I have not seen in all Europe a worse indication of the backwardness of public opinion; and this in democratic Switzerland! The fact is, with a thoroughly free constitution, there is an immense practical restriction upon industry. There is no career open to enterprising young men. Honest failure in business is permanent ruin. To be in debt is to be without character or hope. Jealousy and

solicitude about being saddled with more paupers increases cantonal narrowness and magnifies state-right feeling.

It is the bane of Switzerland. Doubtless it decreases slowly, but it is still in full force. Religious freedom practically is very weak. The Catholic cantons allow very little expression to Protestant opinion, and the Protestants are intolerant of Catholic feeling, and both oppress the Jewish citizen. If there were more fervor and earnestness of faith, this would be excusable, but there is little evidence of a deep religiousness in either Catholics or Protestants. The women keep up their pious usages, but the men are negligent of public worship. The Prussian compulsory-school system prevails, and education of the best kind is cheap and accessible. But education, without equal political rights and an open and inspiring life, without opportunity to rise and acquire personal and family independence, has never yet done much to stimulate and develop general intelligence—and it does not do it in Switzerland.

The bear, the symbol of this canton and capitol, is a sluggish animal. On the gates and upon the public monuments he presents himself with his small head and bulky body, a somewhat faithful representation of the people who are so proud of his name and figure. Berne would do better to imitate some more active animal—the chamois or the deer would set a happier example.—*Rev. Dr. Bellows.*

THE MIDNIGHT SUN IN NORWAY.

A letter on Norway, written by W. W. Thomas, late U. S. Consul at Gothenburg, Sweden, describes that far northern country and one of its peculiar phenomena:—

Imagine a huge table-land, rising 3,000 to 6,000 feet sheer above the sea, one vast rock, in fact, bleak and barren, covered with snow, swept with rain, frozen in winter, sodden in summer—the home of a few reindeer and Lapps, and you have Norway proper, nine-tenths of the Norway shown on the map.

But the rock is not whole; it is cracked apart here and there, and the fissures show like slender veins over the country. The sides of these ravines are steep as the cleft left by an axe, and the depths are always filled by a foaming brook or river tumbling along from the drenched table-land above the sea. I have looked from the bottom of one of these valleys and seen the perpendicular rock rise 5,000 feet on either side, and

show like a slip of blue ribbon. Wherever in these dales there lies a bit of earth betwixt rock and river, there the Norwegian peasant has built his cot; and it is on such bits of earth that inhabited Norway is situated, and here lived its 1,200,000 people. The land just round his door gives the Norwegian potatoes, rye, barley and oats; his cattle climb the steeps above for every stray blade; for the rest he depends upon the sea and river. Were it not for the excellent fisheries along this northern shore, Norway would be uninhabitable.

One night in July, 1865, Hon. J. H. Campbell, late Minister at Stockholm, the two Messrs. Buckley, of Birmingham, and myself, landed on the shore of a northern fiord in latitude 60 degrees north. We ascended a cliff which rose about 1,000 feet above the sea. It was late, but still sunlight. The Arctic ocean stretched away in silent vastness at our feet. The sound of its waves scarcely reached our airy lookout. Away in the north the huge old sun swung low along the horizon, like the slow beat of the pendulum in the tall clock in our grandfather's parlor corner. We all stood silent, looking at our watches. When both hands came together at twelve, midnight, the full round orb hung triumphantly above the wave—a bridge of gold running due north spanned the waters between us and him. There he shone in silent majesty which knew no setting. We involuntarily took off our hats; no word was said. Combine, if you can, the most brilliant sunset and sunrise you ever saw, and its beauties will pale before the most gorgeous coloring which now lit up ocean, heaven, and mountain. In half an hour the sun had swung up perceptibly on its beat, the colors changed to those of the morning, a fresh breeze rippled over the fiord, one songster after another piped up in the grove behind us—we had slid into another day.

THE HISTORY OF FOUR PINS.

Loungers in Rue de la Paix, Paris, have recently observed in the windows of one of the most fashionable jewelry establishments there, a very extraordinary bracelet, the oddity and splendor of which have excited universal wonder. It consists of four rusty, broken, bent, and battered pins, enclosed in a kind of frame-work arranged to expose them with perfect distinctness, and surrounded by the most brilliant and precious

gems. The history attached to this remarkable object is singular.

In the year 1828, M. Mazerès was the affianced suitor of Mademoiselle Mathilde Bruche. The evening appointed for the nuptials arrived. The night was dark and stormy: dark clouds hid the moon from sight, and the rain fell in torrents upon the earth, while the thunder uttered its loudest peals. But nothing on earth could detain M. Mazerès from the wedding. His friends protested against his going, plainly telling him the bride would be willing to wait for him until the storm should abate: but he turned a deaf ear to their pleading, and, refusing the aid of a carriage, he started for Monsieur Bruche's on foot. In the vicinity of the Royal Palace, he fell down, and was grievously wounded while treading his way along a portion of the streets undergoing extensive repairs. On letting slip an exclamation against the superintendent of streets, he was arrested and plunged into a dungeon darker than the soul of his persecutor, and condemned to solitary confinement.

Days, weeks, months fled, and he continued condemned, but not judged. Torn from his dearest affections, and buried in darkness and silence, he felt his body weaken, and his mind threatening to lose power. He was afraid of himself, and determined at all hazards to awaken from the lethargy which he knew would render him insane. Although searched from head to foot by the officers at the time of his abduction, he discovered that four pins had escaped their notice; and they immediately inspired him with a means of recreation which would at least prevent him from absolute mental decay. How could four pins aid him? will be asked; and of what use to enliven his solitude? The poor prisoner occupied himself during the two years of solitary confinement in throwing the four bits of wire at hazard about his cell, and then in searching for them, to recommence the same feat.

This was his only solace—the sole pastime presented him through all this weary lapse of time. But it served, simple as it appears, to keep him alive, until one day the Revolution of 1830 brought him his liberty. His affectionate Mathilde greeted him on the threshold of his prison and conducted him to her fireside. He related his touching story, and exhibited his four pins. A daughter's love has now caused them to be embalmed. In jewelry, to the value of many thousand francs.

NIGHT WINDS.

Words by EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

Moderato.

Ho! yo ho! the winds are call - ing, Knocking at the cottage

door, While I sit and idly fan - cy Ma - ny voices in their

cres.

roar. I can hear the sailors shouting, Where the seas are white with

dim.

foam, While they think of children, sleep - ing In their quiet beds at

dim.

home:—In their quiet beds at home.

Ho! yo ho! the winds are sighing
 Underneath the cottage eaves,
 In the dreary darkness moaning
 Like a tender voice that grieves;
 And the maples creak and shiver,—
 Yet my heart can gaily sing;
 I have caught a sound of promise
 Whispered from the coming spring.

Ho! yo ho! the winds are saying,
 "Spring is coming, full of mirth;
 You may hear her footsteps patter
 Lightly on the frozen earth.
 Storms may wake and winds be wailing,
 Clouds be black with icy rain,
 Yet be sure the grass is creeping
 Upward to the light again."

Young Folks.



Original.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

BY NELL GWYNNE.

(Continued)

The school-house being near the lake, we played about a great deal among the ice-banks along the shore, which I wonder we were permitted to do, as it was very dangerous. We would try who dared to venture out the farthest, sometimes going out till we got sprinkled with the spray from the waves that dashed wildly up over the great ledges of ice that jutted out into the water. But this was not the most dangerous part. We frequently came to cracks,—or chasms I suppose they might be called—in the ice, into which if any of us had fallen—and, indeed, it is a miracle that none of us ever did—we certainly never would have got out again. I don't know how deep they might have been, but the dark, gurgling water, which we often stood and watched, looked to be very far down. The ice-banks took all manner of grotesque shapes; some of them were shaped like volcanoes, and were hollow. We would climb to the top of these and look down into them; or if we found a place of ingress, as was often the case, we would go inside and run about, shouting to hear the echo. A great many were like caves, the mouths being closed up with rows of icicles that looked like prison-bars. The larger girls told us there were white bears in these, so we never ventured near them. Others were like mighty monsters; while there were some like piles of ruins.

I don't remember anything about leaving school; but I know I did leave, inasmuch as I found myself a "new scholar" at Mrs. Melverton's seminary for young ladies one fine morning. There was a good deal of difference between my first day here and my first day at Mr. Lette's. We first read a chapter in the

Bible, and then, it being Monday, recited a collect, which was done very indifferently indeed. Mrs. Melverton, who was a fat, jolly-looking middle-aged lady, in a widow's cap, sat conning a newspaper through an eye-glass till it was almost eleven o'clock, when she said,

"Come, come, young ladies, this will never do."

But as no one paid any attention to her, she said more sternly,

"*'Scholars' Companion,* young ladies."

And ten or a dozen girls who had hitherto been dawdling about with spelling-books in their hands went up and stood in a listless sort of way around the little desk at which she sat, stumbling most disgracefully, I thought, through a couple of dozen of hard words, at the termination of which Mrs. Melverton seemed quite as much relieved as they were themselves. The girls then got their slates and began to write exercises, in the midst of which Mrs. Melverton, after consulting her watch, arose, and saying, "School is dismissed, young ladies," marched out of the room, a movement that did not appear in any wise to surprise any one but myself.

It struck me at the time that it had been an idle, miss-spent morning; but I was not long in making the important discovery that idleness and the most wanton squandering of time was the order of the day at this establishment.

Mrs. Melverton had five grown children—two sons and three daughters. Miss Clara, or Miss Melverton, as she was generally called, who was the eldest sister, and took very much after her mamma, presided in the school-room in the afternoon. She sat at her embroidery, chatting in an easy, good-natured way while we wrote our copies, and then heard us read, after which we worked or dawdled about as the fancy took us till it was time to go home. Miss Carrie, who was next to Miss Clara, and who was handsome in a cold, statuesque style,

had a class of small children at the other end of the room, which she attended to altogether herself. It appeared to be considered the proper thing by all the girls to hate Miss Carrie, though indeed she gave them as little cause to hate as she did to like her. And then there was Miss Mattie, who had large black eyes and very white teeth, and a ruddy complexion, and who dressed gaudily, always smelling very strongly of Jockey-club; sometimes in the afternoon her proximity would almost take one's breath away. She looked older than Miss Melverton, though she was the youngest of the three. The sons were George and Melverton Neal Melverton. George was the eldest of the family; and Melverton Neal Melverton, whom his mamma always spoke of as "Mostaw Melvawton," and whom the girls called "Mell," was the youngest, and a sadly idle fellow he was.

Mrs. Melverton was so much engaged with her new paper the first morning I came to school that she did not take any notice of me at all; but on the morning of the second day, after closing the Bible, she turned to me and said,

"Well, little Miss Hop-o'-my-thumb, what have you got to say for yourself?"

Not knowing what to reply to this rather vague inquiry, I turned very red in the face and hung down my head, feeling very awkward and silly. Seeing, I suppose, that I had nothing whatever to say for myself, she desired to see my books, which she turned very carelessly over, asking me simple little questions here and there, which I was afraid or ashamed to answer; for though I did not dare to look up, I had an awkward consciousness of being stared at by the whole school. She seemed very well satisfied, however, and said pleasantly,

"I think you had better take up your lessons with Miss Teasdale."

Turning to a mild, lady-like little girl that stood beside her, she said,

"I think you had better take up your lessons with Miss Gwynne, Miss Flora."

"Yeth, Mitheth Melverton," said Miss Flora, who had a bad lisp, looking at me very hard, a compliment which I returned with interest; for be it said, there was something in the cool, insolent stare of Miss Flora's blue

eyes that made me feel as if I would like to pull her back-hair down if it had been up, which it was not.

Notwithstanding this ill-omened introduction, we became inseparable friends from that time forward. She told me afterwards that she took me for a "railroader" until she heard me speak, because I had a silk dress on,— "railroaders" being people connected with the railway, in Miss Flora's vocabulary,—a class of people that she looked down upon as being exceedingly vulgar, and who, she said, spoke like "nutmeg graters," though her knowledge of them appeared to be limited to the acquaintance of four sisters that came to school, named respectively, Maria, Mary Anne, Kate, and Eliza Jane Bunn, which they pronounced "Boon." The Bunn girls, who never made any pretension of saying lessons at all, always drove to school in a carriage, and scarcely ever got there before eleven o'clock, and sometimes not till twelve. They were all remarkably plain-looking girls, with large mouths and turned-up noses, and little, squinty blue eyes, and any quantity of light, towy-looking hair that was always at sixes and sevens, and every way but the right way. They would bring great baskets of lunch, and were never without strawberries, or melons, or cherries, or plums, or apples, in their season, which they distributed right and left with the most wonderful liberality. They were in the habit of trading their lunch all about school, a habit the girls were not slow to avail themselves of, as they always gave a great deal more than they got.

One day, just after school was dismissed at noon, Miss Carrie only lingering to look over some slates, Nellie Bayley, who was one of the little girls, held out a paper of lunch, calling out to Mary Anne Bunn,

"How will you trade?"

"What have you got?" said Mary Anne Bunn.

"Sandwiches."

"What kind of sandwiches?"

"Why, the sandwich kind, av coorse; what kind would they be?" said Nellie Bayley, who was the greatest little mischief in school, and who had a glib, Irish way of talking that both Mrs. Melverton and Miss Carrie were always trying to correct, but to very little purpose.

"But I mean, what kind of meat?" said Mary Anne Bunn.

After looking at them doubtfully, Nellie Bayley said,

"Oh, I know what kind of meat it is now. It is pig's meat!"

"Miss Nellie," said Miss Carrie, in a horrified voice, "let me never hear you make use of such an expression again; I am astonished at you."

"Well, what ought I to say, Miss Carrie?" said Nellie, innocently, though everybody knew that she understood perfectly well what to have said.

"Why, pawk, of cawse," said Miss Carrie, severely, as she walked out of the room.

Now let it be understood that truant pigs were sometimes in the habit of breaking into the lawn in front of the house, which polite intrusion Melverton would resent by loading his gun with salt, and shooting at them. We were sitting quietly writing our copies one afternoon, two or three weeks after Nellie Bayley had received the reprimand from Miss Carrie about the "pig's meat," when we were startled to hear a gun go off close to the hall-door, which was open.

"Dear me!" said Miss Carrie, starting violently; "what's that?"

"It is Melverton, Miss Carrie," said Nellie Bayley, quietly.

"Milverton! Why, what is he doing out there?"

"Shooting, Miss Carrie."

"Shooting! Shooting what?"

"Shooting the 'pawk' out on the lawn, Miss Carrie."

A dead silence followed this little dialogue, and Miss Nellie Bayley was ordered to stand in the middle of the room until she received permission to sit down, which she did with an air of injured innocence that was wonderful to behold.

There were about thirty of us at Mrs. Melverton's altogether, and as we were allowed to do pretty much as we pleased, we had a jolly time generally. If we learned our lessons, well and good; and if we did not learn them, why, that was well and good too, for Mrs. Melverton did not have the trouble of hearing them, though she would sometimes declare that this state of things had gone on

quite long enough, and she was determined we should commence on the very next Monday and turn over a new leaf. But by the time next Monday came she would have forgotten all about her good resolutions; and so the new leaf never got turned.

There was a great deal of silly talk among the larger girls about beaux and getting married, in which Miss Imogene Cambrige, a young lady gifted with any amount of romance and silliness, was the ringleader. Miss Cambrige, who had long black ringlets, and who was always going about with the hooks and eyes bursting out of her dress, and her boots, which always appeared to be too small for her, bursting out at the heels, was always protesting that if she did not get married when she was seventeen, she would stay single all the days of her life. She appeared to be in possession of any number of dirty, dilapidated, suspicious-looking novels, which she would read to us at noon or any other time that she got the chance. One of these, I remember, had a great deal in it about the Spanish Inquisition, the horrors of which were enough to freeze one's blood; but the generalities were full of love, and murder, and madness, and were anything but calculated to improve our youthful minds. Miss Cambrige had two sisters, Emma and Caroline, whom she called "our young ones," though they were only a few years younger than herself. "Our young ones" were quite as silly as herself. They would fasten bunches of asparagus in their hats, and affect to be riding on horseback, one sitting on each end of the sawhorse.

Next to the Misses Bunn, Flora Teasdale looked down upon the Cambriges, whose father, she said, had been a shoemaker once in his life, though Imogene Cambrige was always bragging about having titled relations in England, where she said her father had been most shamefully cheated out of his rights, and made to flee the country through the treachery of somebody, I forget who, and where the family mansion—Cambrige Manor—was now falling to decay, and haunted by I don't know how many ghosts, wrapped in winding-sheets, who held nightly vigils in its deserted halls and corridors.

To be Continued.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE SAXON GODS.

It was the year 627, more than twelve hundred and forty years ago. England was peopled by Anglo-Saxons, and divided into several kingdoms, frequently warring with one another. In some the Christian religion was taught and practised, in others a cruel and bloody paganism was the faith of king and people. The fierce Northumbrians still clung to their idols, and worshipped huge images of Woden and Thor, Saturn and Freya; sometimes killing children and the prisoners captured in war, as sacrifices to their false gods.

Edwin, the King of Northumbria, a year before had married Ethelberga, the daughter of a Christian king of a neighboring Anglo-Saxon people. At first her father objected to the marriage, for Edwin was a pagan. But the Northumbrian king promised that his wife should enjoy her own religion unmolested, so Ethelberga was married. She was accompanied to her new home by the venerable Bishop Paulinus and several priests, who hoped to convert the fierce Northumbrians to Christianity. Their efforts seemed to meet with little success. The people listened to their preaching in grim silence, and then turned to worship the gloomy idols their fathers had worshipped. Christianity, they said, might do for women, but not for Saxon men. It taught that people should love their enemies, whilst Thor, the god of war, said they should slay them, and their fathers, who were brave warriors, had always done so. Their Queen, who was good and gentle, was a Christian, but she was a woman. Their King, valiant and fearless in battle, sacrificed to Woden and Thor, and they would do as their king did.

For a year the good Bishop reasoned with Edwin, but to little purpose. For a year the gentle Ethelberga pleaded with him, but he did not yield. He became silent and thoughtful, sitting for hours in deep study after the preaching of Paulinus and the pleading of Ethelberga, but gave no other sign of conversion. Then a daughter was born, and the pagan priests came to bear her to the temple, to present her before the gods. But Edwin said,

"She belongs to her mother. Let her become a Christian."

So the child was baptized Eanfled, and the hopes of the Queen and Bishop became stronger.

A short time afterwards, as the king sat thoughtfully listening to the arguments of

the Bishop and the Queen, he declared that he was almost ready to become a Christian, and would do so if he were not a king; but he feared to change the faith of his people. Then, rising, he said he would summon his nobles, his chief priests and his wise men, for consultation, and, if they thought it best, Northumbria should become Christian.—Messengers were at once sent throughout the kingdom to summon the chiefs and men of rank to the Witan, or great council of the kingdom.

The council was to be held at the royal palace of Godmundingham, near the banks of the river Swale. A high wall of earth surrounded the palace and its ample courtyard, the entrance being through a single gateway. In the centre of the enclosure was a large wooden building, with pinnacles at the corners and on the points of the high pitched roof. The posts and beams were decorated with rude carvings. An open dome surmounted the centre of the building, through the centre of which the smoke found its way; for there were no chimneys in those days. This was the great hall where all the household took their meals, where guests were received and entertained, and where the councils were held. The heavy doors, iron-clasped and iron-bolted, remained open from morning to night, that all might come and go as they pleased. Only in time of war, or when attack was feared, were the great doors shut in the daytime.

Around the hall were smaller buildings, slightly built and with feeble doors. These were the sleeping-places of the King and Queen, and of the principal members of their household, the others sleeping in the hall, stretched on the floor. Each of the "bowers," or chambers, had but one room, and all the buildings were detached from one another. The furniture was very simple, the beds of great nobles being oftentimes merely bags of straw on the bare floor, and that of the Queen but a simple crib. A stool or two, and sometimes a chest, completed the bedroom furniture. Besides the chambers, there were some small buildings for offices and out-houses. The palace of a Saxon king, in the seventh century, was a very simple affair,—the wind blowing through the loosely-made wooden walls, and the sleeping-chambers being no better than a poor shanty of the present day.

It was a morning in early spring. There was no little stir and bustle in and around the palace. In the courtyard great fires were blazing under huge caldrons, in

which whole oxen and swine were seething. In other caldrons meats and vegetables were boiling together, and were frequently stirred by the cooks with ladders and hooks. At smaller fires geese were roasting on spits turned by boys, who slyly pressed their fingers against the roast, and licked their greasy tips with an enjoyment heightened by the peril they ran of a hearty thwack from the stick of the master-cook. Stout men bent under loads of fagots for the fires in the courtyard, and others carried billets of wood for the fire on the raised hearth in the centre of the hall; for the spring was still young, and the air was chilly.

The hall itself was being made ready for the council and for the great feast that was to follow it. The place of honor was at the end of the apartment farthest from the main door. Here the floor was raised a few inches from the ground, this elevation being called the dais. On this was placed a high-backed chair for the King's throne, and by its side a lower chair for the Queen when she came to the feast,—for she could take no part in the council. On either side of the throne was a cushioned bench for the principal men, and down the sides of the hall were other benches for the men of less rank and the servants of the household. The boards and cross-legged stands which served for the tables were piled up at the lower end until the time for the feast. On pegs around the room were hung shields and armor, bows and quivers. The fire in the middle of the floor crackled and blazed, sending its blue smoke up to play in wreaths and curls among the dark rafters overhead.

A horn sounds. The idlers in the courtyard scatter right and left. Those outside the walls rush in at the gate, and gather around the door of the hall. The King and his nobles are going to the Witan, and the people rush to see their loved monarch, who has led them often to deadly battle, where spear broke spear, and shield rang upon shield, and who in peace was their father and their friend. King as he was, and going to the most important council ever held in his kingdom, his royal dress differed little from that of the nobles. A short tunic covered with a cloak clasped on the shoulders with heavy bronze ornaments, bandages of different colors wound around the legs, and sandals on the feet, formed the dress alike of king and noble. A circlet of plain gold around his head, and heavy golden rings and bracelets on his fingers and wrists, alone distinguished sovereign from subject. Close to the King walked a venerable man, whose long hair and flowing

beard were the color of the trailing white robes he wore. The women shuddered and clasped their children to their breasts as he passed, and even fierce-bearded men bent in secret awe; for this was Coifi, the high-priest of the temple, and chief of those who ministered to the powerful and terrible gods,—Woden the mighty, Thor the thunder-wielder, and Freya the implacable. Silent and thoughtful, King Edwin slowly passed with bowed head among his people, and dark and troubled was the face of Coifi.

As they passed the bower of Ethelberga, she kissed her infant child, and gave it to one of her attendants. The King stopped as she came to the door, and Ethelberga, grasping his hand, knelt and kissed it, at the same time whispering a blessing on him. Then, rising, she bade the King go forward in the hope and fear of the Lord, and not to shrink from doing what was right.

"I will to my chamber," said she, "and pray that you may have strength for what you have to do."

Coifi lifted his head, as if to speak to the Queen; but the troubled look again crossed his face, and, dropping his head, he passed on in silence. A shout rose from those in the court-yard as Edwin turned, before entering the hall, and said a few friendly words to them. Then he and his nobles entered, took their seats, and waited the coming of Paulinus.

Hark! Borne upon the breeze, now swelling rich and full, now dying away into silence, come melodious voices chanting hymns, grander and sweeter than the fierce lays of wrath and slaughter sung by the gleemen in the mead hall when the twisted cup passed round. Nearer and fuller come the voices, swelling in melodious praise of Him who died upon the cross. The cooks dropped their ladders and stirring-hooks, the turnspits suffered the roasts to fall into the ashes, and the watchful overseer forgot for the moment to cudgel his neglectful subordinates into greater diligence, that they might listen to the unwonted music. With solemn and reverent step, through the gate came Paulinus, in long robes, wearing the episcopal mitre, and carrying the shepherd's crook that marked his office of bishop. Before him went the cross-bearer, holding aloft the symbol of redemption; and behind him came priests and monks, chanting litanies and psalms, and paying no heed to the curiosity of some and the muttered curses of others as they passed on their way towards the hall.

As they entered the building, King Edwin and his nobles rose, and the King himself went forward to greet the Bishop and lead him to his seat. The singing ceased. The cooks and their helpers resumed their work of boiling and roasting. The stick of the overseer was again active on the backs of the lazy and careless. The crowd of idlers who had nothing to do in getting up the feast thronged around the open door to hear what took place within. The servants threw fresh billets on the fire, sending a shower of sparks around the hall, and then withdrew to the wall at the lower end of the room.

Then arose King Edwin. Turning to his chief nobles, he said :

"You have heard, O earls and wise men, the new religion that is preached by these strangers,—that the faith of our fathers is foolishness, and the gods we have worshipped mere blocks of wood and stone. What shall be said of this strange faith? Are Woden and Thor but senseless blocks, as these men say? and is the cross of the Christians mightier than the sword of Woden and the hammer of Thor the thunder-wielder? Let him who is able to give counsel speak."

There was silence for some moments. Then arose Coifi, high-priest of the Northumbrian Saxons, the most earnest and relentless sacrificer to the cruel gods. He desired to hear more of this new religion. Perhaps it was good. He had worshipped the old gods many years with great diligence, and was satisfied they were false. The faith these strangers preached might be better. The King should examine it well, and, if it should seem good, let us at once adopt it.

A venerable earl, bent with age, and with his snowy hair hanging over his shoulders to his hands clasped on the head of his staff, next spoke :

"To me, O King, the present life of man, when compared to that time which is unknown to us, is like to the swift flight of a sparrow through the room in which you sit at supper in the winter season. Of our brief stay here we know, but of what went before or what is to follow we know nothing. If, therefore, this new faith tells us anything more certain of the past or the future, let us follow it."

Others spoke to the same effect, and were willing that the King should have the new religion proclaimed. But Coifi wished that nothing should be done hastily. He would hear more particulars of the new faith before he could fully embrace it.

Thereupon Paulinus rose. In impressive words he told the story of the cross, of the sin and the redemption of man. The importance of the occasion lent fire to his tongue. From the garden of Eden he led his hearers to the rocky manger in the cave at Bethlehem; to the Mount of Olives, whence the wondrous sermon of love and peace was given to the world; to the Garden of Gethsemane, where the sins of the world wrung with agony the spirit of the Redeemer; to the judgment-seat of Pilate; to the foot of the cross, on which the expiation was completed; and, finally, to the open sepulchre and the mount from which the Saviour ascended to heaven in the sight of his adoring disciples.

When he finished, Coifi rose in haste, trembling with excitement.

"O King!" he exclaimed, this holy man speaks the truth. I have long felt that the religion I taught was naught but lies. I sought truth therein, but could never find it. Here is truth that gives life, salvation, and eternal happiness. Let us at once embrace this religion. The gods we followed are false; let us dash them to earth. The temples we worshipped in are unholy; let them be cast down. The altars are profaned with blood shed in vain; let them be given to the flames."

The earls and counsellors rose, exclaiming,

"Coifi has spoken well, O King; let this be done."

"But who will thus dare the wrath of the gods,—if gods they be? Who will lay axe or torch to the temples protected by the thunder-wielder?"

"That will I!" answered Coifi. "I have led in their worship, I will lead in their destruction."

Striding to the door, he shouted,

"Bring me horse and armor, spear and shield. I will dare the thunder-wielder himself to the combat!"

Right and left the crowd around the door fell back in amazement and consternation as Coifi strode forth, shouting for horse and armor. No priest of Woden dared mount a horse. For him to put on armor was to provoke the wrath of the gods. To grasp shield and spear was to invite swift and terrible destruction. But Coifi was undaunted. Buckling on a shirt of mail instead of his priestly robe, he sprang lightly on the back of a war-horse, and, grasping sword and shield, rode gayly out of the gate, followed by the King and all his nobles, and by every one in the courtyard. The cooks dropped ladles and crooks, the

overseer forgot his duties and his staff, the women ran out of their chambers, and all rushed tumultuously, tumbling pell-mell over one another in their haste to see what the high-priest—who, they thought, had certainly gone mad—was about to do. The Christian bishop and his priests went solemnly, chanting prayers as they went. Only Ethelberga, the Queen, was left in the palace; and she knelt by the side of her babe, praying earnestly that the Christian cross might triumph over the pagan sword and sacrificial knife.

A little way from the palace, partly surrounded by gloomy woods, stood the heathen temple, the greatest and most renowned in all Northumbria. A stark and rugged fane, fit place for a worship so fierce and cruel as that of the heathen Saxons. A massive wall of earth was the outward enclosure. The entrance to this, defended by a gate, oak-framed and iron-bound, gave admission to a large court-yard, in which were the houses of the lower servants of the temple, who performed the menial offices. Other walls of stone and wood surrounded yards with the dwellings of the priests and virgins, fortune-tellers and performers of the cruel rites of the altar. Beyond all these barriers, and in the centre of all these enclosures, was an open spot on which was the temple itself. Here stood the gigantic images of the gods,—rudely-carved figures in stone and wood. Before every one was an altar; and each image was smirched with the smoke of countless sacrifices, in many of which the reek of human blood mingled with the smoke of burning wood.

It was to this temple that the crowd of nobles, freemen and bondmen, headed by the armed and mailed high-priest, were hurrying. The wide gate of the temple-entrance stood open, for rarely, except at night, or in time of sudden and pressing danger, were the courts of temple or dwelling closed. Saxon hospitality allowed no bar to the entrance of the latter, and the former was guarded by a dread that was stronger than oak or iron. The wide gate stood open; but when the servants of the temple saw the disorderly throng that rushed tumultuously at the heels of the armed horseman, they gathered around the entrance, uncertain whether or not to shut the massive gate. Whilst they hesitated the opportunity was lost. Waving them aside with his spear, Coifi rode swiftly through the gateway. For a moment the throng behind hesitated before passing the barrier they had hitherto held sacred; but the pressure behind allowed no stay, and like a

flock of sheep they dashed in after their leader. Through all the enclosures they passed without let or hindrance until they reached the last. Here the priests and virgins, startled from the altars by the noise of the approaching crowd, flung themselves on their knees in the entrance, and opposed the passage of Coifi with uplifted arms and wild cries of terror at the sacrilege. It was but for a moment, and then Coifi, reining his horse for a leap, bounded forward, the kneeling priests and virgins falling away on either side with the most piercing shrieks of affright.

Even the crowd that had thus far rushed heedlessly at his heels stopped without crossing the last line that separated them from the most sacred chamber of the gods, and stood looking with shuddering expectation of what was to follow. King Edwin was foremost in the line, his hands clasped, and his eyes gazing intently on Coifi with mingled hope and fear. The priests of the Saxon gods prostrated themselves on the ground, hiding their faces in the earth, and stopping their ears, that they might neither see the sacrilegious deed, nor hear the thunders of the expected retribution. Behind the shuddering, awe-struck crowd knelt the reverend Bishop Paulinus, and the priests of the true God, praying fervently that the eyes of the blind worshippers of false gods might at last be opened.

Slowly Coifi rode around the temple, striking every altar with his profane spear as he passed. Then reining up in front of the statue of Thor the thunder-wielder, and rising in his stirrups, he exclaimed with a loud voice:

“Thor, god of the roaring thunder and the death-dealing lightning, wielder of the mighty crusher, lo! in the name of the Christian’s God, thus I defy thee!”

And with these words he launched his spear right at the face of the monstrous image, striking it in the eyeball.

The crowd swung back in dread; even King Edwin clutched at a pillar, as if to save himself from the coming shock. But no shock came. No thunder shook the heavens. No lightning-bolt struck the presumptuous Coifi dead. The crushing hammer remained unmoved in the uplifted hand of Thor—a hammer of iron in a hand of wood. Slowly Coifi again rode around the temple, smiting each image in the face, and no harm came. They were indeed but blocks of wood and stone.

Then the crowd awoke from their stupor of astonishment. With a wild cry they burst into the sacred enclosure. Axe and

hammer were soon at work, and gods and goddesses were hurled to the ground. Fagots and torches were brought, and in a few minutes gods and temple were burning in one sacrificial fire. Wall and bank were next levelled with the ground, amid the wild shouts of the Saxons, above which rose the triumphant voices of the Christian priests chanting psalms and hallelujahs.

But from the exulting and excited throng one figure stole quietly out, and, mounting a fleet steed, rode swiftly back to the palace, and crossed its deserted courts to the Queen's chamber. There, leaping from his horse, Edwin threw himself into the arms of his faithful Ethelberga, exclaiming with joyous but reverent voice, "Now, indeed, Christ is Lord."—*J. H. A. Bone, in Our Young Folks.*

LOU'S MISTAKE.

Lou Parker had an unfortunate window at school, looking out at the broad, sunshiny country; at the woods, with their rustling billowy tops and their purple depths; at the little "run," that had green, buttercup-starred, pepperminted banks, at first, and after a while broadened into the bright creek at Aunt Rool's orchard, and the old "spring lane," where the yellow butterflies loved to hover upon the thistles.

Lou wasn't one of "the girls." Nobody always wanted a desk right by hers. Nobody held long, delicious, confidential talk with her at recess. Nobody spent sly hours in school with her, making paper envelopes, and trimming them daintily with gilt paper begged at the stores down town. She hadn't any beautiful, perforated paper mementoes in her "history," and not a single tender verse, scrawled in long-tailed letters, at the back of her "reader," and signed "Ever."

She didn't wear cunning little aprons with bibs; she hadn't any coral necklace with a gold locket, nor a cornelian ring. The teacher didn't like her much, either. He always said "You, I mean," when he spoke to her. He never called her Lou, not even Miss Parker.

When they all gathered sociably around one desk to sing "Willie on the dark blue sea," in the cool, fresh morning-hour, before school began, nobody ever said;

"Come, Lou Parker, we must have you."

But Lou didn't care much. She had a kind of dogged disdain for them all.

It was rather hard, when she wrote a

beautiful composition, to be told, right before the whole school, that it was "copied; meanly, unscrupulously copied;" just because there happened to be a miserable little poem that had the same name in the *Dollar Times*. Lou hadn't seen the poem, didn't know where there was such a thing in the world; and had pored over and scribbled at her precious composition two long, feverish hours in her own little, low room at home, in among the old trunks and bandboxes, and piles of bedclothes, and the children's trundle beds. But nobody would believe that, of course, and Lou hadn't the courage to tell it; and so she only stammered out, in one great passionate sob, "I didn't!" and then her homely, bony, little face grew hot, and she trembled from head to foot, and sank down in her seat and was disgraced. Poor Lou! But this happened long ago, when she first came to school.

Lou was lazy. She knew that, but she meant to study some time. Away off in some enchanted time, she liked to think of herself a great, honored woman, queening it over the whole world. How, Lou didn't exactly know. Perhaps she'd be an authoress, an actress, or a lecturer, and wear her hair parted at the side, and speak at Washington, before the President and all the Congressmen. Perhaps she'd go to England, and be introduced to Victoria, and become an intimate friend of hers. She often cried when she saw herself behind everybody in school, and maybe would have excellent lessons for a day or two; but by-and-by the old habit of thinking all manner of wild, fantastic thoughts, even with her lesson before her eyes, crept upon her with a delicious stupor, and the laziness folded itself about her, harder to break out of than bands of iron.

So it wasn't strange that, one day, the teacher said to her,

"You may take your books and go home. We can't hope for you any longer, and we don't want any drones in school."

Lou quietly gathered up her books and walked out. She didn't care for the school, nor for the teacher; but how could she go home to her dear, trustful mother, and tell her that her daughter was disgraced? How could she ever meet her father and the boys in the humble, plodding little home where they all looked up to her so, and were so sure she was going to be an honor to them all? Such a miserable, heartless, good-for-nothing she had been, and now they would all know it. And Lou thought, as she walked towards home, of her mother's hard, work-scarred hands, and her pale face, and

her slow steps; and remembered how she always said,

"Never mind the work, dear. You brought your books home, you know. I'll call Robbie down stairs, and you can go up there and be by yourself."

Much she studied up there by herself! She only dreamed over her books, and how she despised herself for it now! It seemed to her that she could never go home, and yet she had gone hundreds of times when she was meaner than now.

There was a little, old house on her way home that had once been a butcher's shop; but a little vest-maker lived there now, and had scrubbed, and whitewashed, and nailed boards over the chinks, and papered the walls with coarse, clean paper, till it was quite comfortable. She was a round-faced, rosy, simple-hearted girl, and Lou liked her. She always had a little bunch of flowers in a glass upon the window-sill beside her, and her calico sleeves always had a rim of white shading her firm, round wrists. She had to cook, and eat, and sleep in the little room where she worked, but back of that there was another little room, kept very clean, though the floor was bare, and it had one plump, white bed in it, and a cunning little stand, and a cage of birds. They often chatted together—she and Lou—by the little front window, while she stitched; but Lou never went in.

There was always a tall boy, either walking monotonously out of one room into the other, or sitting by the wall, with his large, weak, fallow hands clasping and unclasping nervously over his big knees, and his sad eyes looking forever at the floor, while his lips uttered voiceless words to himself. Lou never asked any questions about him, and she always had a vague feeling that her presence in the room where he was might be an intrusion. Her friend was very loving to him, calling him Johnny; and often, when he was walking so perseveringly, and yet so wearily, she would lay one cool, firm hand upon his forehead, and the other upon his arm, and say, tenderly and decidedly,

"Come, Johnny, you have walked too long. I wish you would rest yourself—for me, Johnny."

And he always obeyed her.

Lou's heart was very full that day when she came to the little window where the brisk hands and the rim of dainty white glanced back and forth; but the little vest-maker wanted to talk, so she called out merrily, "Stop, Lou!"

But her face grew loving and anxious as

a mother's in a minute when she saw how the great tears blurred Lou's eyes, and her hands trembled nervously in their clasp over her books.

"Are you sick, Lou?" she asked.

"No, O no," sobbed Lou, bowing her head upon the sill; "it's worse than that. I wouldn't care for that"

Her old calico sunbonnet was pushed in a heap back upon her shoulders, and the little vest-maker gently stroked her straight, brown hair.

"I'm so lazy, Ruth," she said, "and I can't help it. I'm too lazy to try to help it. And I'd be ashamed to tell you how great and wise I've always meant to be some time, and what splendid things I've meant to do. But I've never yet done one good thing in the world. I don't even help mother wash the dishes when she's sick and tired. She always tells me 'not to mind them.' She'd offer herself up for the sake of my being somebody some time—I mean somebody great; and I do believe I'd let her, I'm such a mean, selfish creature. Now I've got to go home and tell how mean I've been, and never hope any more."

Ruth left the window a minute to smooth Johnny's hair back from his forehead. It was a broad, white forehead, and she looked up to it lovingly when she touched it. Then Johnny went on walking and she came back to Lou. She was no wonderful, wise woman, with her head full of "creeds" and "theories," so she only asked Lou a little, sisterly, girlish question,

"What did you ever mean to be, Lou?"

It had never entered her head to "be" anything. She had just "been" what was given her to be, honestly, and cheerfully, and hopefully.

"Oh," answered Lou, tapping her German grammar with her fingers, and smiling in a half-ashamed way, "I don't know exactly. Only I was always so bright about learning things when I was little, and I've always read so much, and I learn so quick when I do study, that our folks all think there's something in me; and I guess there is, only I'm so lazy that whatever gift or capability there is in me won't do me any good. I wish you'd tell me about yourself, Ruth."

So Ruth did. She hadn't any girl but Lou to tell things to, and it is natural for girls to like to tell somebody, no matter how wise and womanly they are. She didn't think of comparing herself with Lou. She didn't try to analyze her, and never thought of giving her advice. For her it was only a loving, confidential little talk.

"I haven't any chance to be lazy," she said. "Johnny and I are all alone in the world. I wish you could have seen how we used to live, Lou. Not that it was at all splendid, but we had a little house all our own, with grape-vines and fruit-trees that father planted before he died. We had hard work to get along, to be sure, just mother and I and Johnny; but then it was home there.

"Mother always wanted Johnny to be a minister, and he wanted to be one, too; and you should have seen how he studied, and how he worked between times, in order to get an education, and keep mother and me comfortable, too. We had an uncle that wanted to help us, only he wouldn't as long as Johnny meant to be a preacher, for he hated preachers. And we couldn't give that up, you know—we'd rather die first. So Johnny worked and studied himself sick. It was a long, fearful fever, Lou, and he isn't over it yet. It was his delicate brain the fever hurt most—our poor, beautiful, Johnny. Then mother died, and I had to give up the house and garden, and the dear old blossomy front-yard, and all, and Johnny was sent to an asylum. He was there a long time, and at last they sent him to me cured, they said; but it's as you see, and I mean to keep him with me now. He's more like himself with me than anywhere else, and I'm a great deal happier taking care of him. I'm a real good nurse, and, don't you see, I keep his little room in there just as fresh and bright as they do at the asylum? We go to the woods and gather flowers and leaves to make wreaths to hang up in there till it's perfectly beautiful, and Johnny enjoys it so when it's all done! I can see that he's getting better every day; and, O, I am so glad! Such a very deep, perfect gladness it is that I don't feel a bit like clapping my hands and singing over it."

Somehow, being with the earnest, heart-whole little vest-maker, was like being out in a clear, fresh, bracing air. She didn't parade the sorrow of her life before you, and yet she must have known much of it, and borne it bravely. Lou never had many friends. She was too shy and awkward with most people for them to like her; so it was not strange that the new things that came to her now had never been suggested before.

"Why, Ruth," she said, looking at her friend almost reverently, "I've all my life been *in a mistake*. I've wanted to be great not for the sake of greatness, but just for the homage it brings. You're great without

knowing it. I do believe, after all, it's only in being good."

Her friend opened wide her clear, sunny-brown eyes when Lou said that.

"*Only to be good!*" she said, seriously. "I think it's hard to be good—the hardest thing in the world."

Yes, that was true. Lou gloomily confessed it to herself. It meant a whole life of bitter struggling and earnest, loving, unselfish work. But she said,

"Well, Ruth, tell me what to do next."

Ruth laughed a pleasant little laugh.

"Why, Lou," she said, "if I were you, I'd just go home and tell my mother all about it, just as you've told me; and then I'd go to work and help her wash dishes, and cook, and bake, and do all the homely housework, even if I didn't like it. That'll give you a relish for your books when you have a minute to spare to them; and I wouldn't think about *being* anything but a good, true woman. What if there is something fine and bright in you? That's no sign you're to be anybody celebrated and looked up to all over the world. It's just a blessing given to Lou Parker for her to make the most of, whether anybody ever knows it or not."

She hadn't meant to preach Lou such a sermon, but she did it, cheerfully and honestly.

Ought I to tell how Lou's loving mother forgave her when Lou told her of her disgrace and her new resolves? Has any lazy, dreamy little castle-builder seen the wrong in Lou's life? or have I told it vaguely, as Lou thought her thoughts?

ENIGMA.

My birthplace is the teeming earth,
My dwelling place the sky—
'Tis to the sun I owe my birth,
On earth's fair couch I lie.

The only thing not ranked within
The grand six days' creation,
Although 'tis true there then was seen
A very near relation.

Seldom welcome when I come,
Yet wished for when away,
Always grumbled, at by some,
And never asked to stay.

But if an unwelcome guest
To me 'tis little matter,
I always come with wondrous zest
To gala and regatta.

Domestic Economy.



RHUBARB, AND WHAT MAY BE DONE WITH IT.

"I'll tell you a secret about rhubarb. You must allow that it is very wholesome. Well, then, understand that rhubarb takes all flavors, but gives none, and, therefore, helps to make up a deficiency of more costly material. For instance, if you desire to make a large tart and have only half a pint of raspberries to make it with, how would you manage it? Raspberries are expensive to buy, and go no-way."

"Ah, well, I cannot tell. I must go without it, I suppose."

"Not so; you have only to mince the rhubarb very small, wash it well before, and particularly after mincing; stir up the sugar with it, and bake it till soft; then, when cold, stir in your raspberries, make your tart, and bake it only sufficiently long to cook the paste. The raspberries are sure to be dressed enough. My aunt used to say there were many contrivances which expensive cooks made their employers pay for, but never had. Many things can be made from rhubarb of which an inexperienced person would never dream.

"From rhubarb you may make what would be taken for 'preserved ginger,' a simple, inexpensive, and pleasant addition to the dessert,

"You may boil rhubarb and black-currents together till you have extracted the juice from both; then strain it through two sieves of a different fineness; then boil it with its weight in sugar, and you have black-currant jelly. Flavor the simple juice of rhubarb with lemon-peel and stick cinnamon, and you have quince jelly. Flavor it slightly with lemon and almond flavorings, and you have apple-jelly.

"Boil the simple juice with sugar only, and a small portion of treacle, till it is dark and thick, and you have the best coloring imaginable for gravies and soups.

"Again, boil the juice with an equal quantity of loaf-sugar and some red-currents; strain it, and when boiling drop in singly some ripe strawberries, and a more delicious addition to dessert in winter can-

not be put on the table. In fact, the capabilities of rhubarb are so various that they can scarcely be enumerated.

"There are a few things you must observe; an important one is, for mixing with any fruit, the juice must be first extracted by boiling without sugar, and then be strained. This is now the basis or foundation upon which to build other flavors, other deceptions, for the admixture is no less; but, unlike most others, the deceit is incapable of being discovered."

"But how can you make artificial ginger?" I asked; "for prepared ginger is a weakness of mine."

"Milly, you had better write down the instructions I give you, they may be of use to you some day. My aunt collected them with great care, and I think I have somewhat improved upon them, because I purpose giving you the reasons why such and such directions are to be observed; and this information my own experience has taught me."

"Well, then, about the ginger?"

"Boil down a sufficient quantity of rhubarb till the juice is tolerably clear, and the rhubarb is separated into fibre; then strain it through a flannel bag, pointed at one end as jelly-bags usually are. I have found it better for the purpose to make a little Berlin canvas bag, pointed at one end like a funnel, then a few inches below this hang the jelly-bag; the canvas facilitates the running through. While this process is going on, or at the commencement of the work, put in a *caper bottle* (because it has a wide mouth and is ready to hand) two ounces of raw ginger cut into thin slices; fill up the bottle with common spirits of wine: let it macerate till it is of tolerable strength. This is ginger extract. Weigh the juice of the rhubarb, or measure it in a half-pint glass; to every pound of juice put a pound of loaf-sugar; let it boil till it is like a thick syrup, but very clear; if it be thick, strain it through coarse muslin, or a sieve. Let the syrup boil, then have ready some pieces of fresh rhubarb a half-finger in length; when the syrup is boiling drop in the rhubarb piece by piece, let it boil till

tender, then pour it into a large basin or dish, stir it occasionally till nearly cold, then stir in the ginger extract. Place the rhubarb in layers in jars or wide-mouthed bottles, putting layers of racemes of ginger between each layer of rhubarb, then tie it down securely, and when sending a portion to table be careful that the ginger is kept back."

"Betha, how kind you are to enter into all these particulars! I shall ever look with respect upon rhubarb, which I have hitherto despised as being a mere substitute for fruit."—From "*How I managed my House on £200 a year.*"

ECONOMY.

Economy in itself is one of the most agreeable of luxuries. This I need not demonstrate. Everyone knows what good fun it is to make a bargain. Economy becomes dreadful only when some lightning-flash of truth shows us that our painful frugality has been really the most lavish waste.

So Lois and I, for nine years, lived without a corkscrew. We would buy busts and chromoliths with our money instead,—we would go to the White Mountains, we would maintain an elegant aesthetic hospitality as they do in Paris, with the money that we would save by doing without a corkscrew. So I spoiled two sets of kitchen forks by drawing corks with them, I broke the necks of legions of bottles for which Mr. Tarr would have credited me two cents each, and many times damaged, even to the swearing point, one of the sweetest tempers in the world,—all that we might economize on this corkscrew. But one day, at the corner-shop, I saw a corkscrew in the glass showcase, lying on some pocket-combs and family dye-stuffs. I asked the price, to learn that it cost seventeen cents. The resolution of mine gave way before the temptation. I bought the corkscrew, and from that moment my income has equalled my expenses. So you see, my sweet May-bud, just trembling on the edge of housekeeping, that true economy consists in buying the right thing at the right time,—if you only pay for it as you go.—From "*What shall we have for dinner?*" in *Atlantic Monthly*.

ARRANGEMENT OF FLOWERS.

Of all the various mistakes which are made by persons in arranging flowers, the commonest is that of putting too many into a vase; and next to that is the mistake of

putting too great a variety of colors into one bouquet. Every flower in a group should be clearly distinguishable and determinable, without pulling the nosegay to pieces; the calyx of a clove pink should never be hid by being plunged into a head of white phlox, however well the two colors may look together. Sweet-peas never look so well in the hands as they do on the boughs over which they climb, because they cannot be carried without crowding them; but put them lightly into a vase with an equal number of pieces of mignonette; or rather ornament a vase half full of mignonette, with a few blooms of sweet-peas, and you get a charming effect, because you follow the natural arrangement by avoiding crowding of the blooms, and putting them with the green foliage which they want to set them off. Few people are aware, until they try it, how exceedingly easy it is to spoil such a pleasing combination as this; a piece of calecolaria, scarlet geranium, or blue salvia, would ruin it effectually. Such decided colors as these require to be grouped in another vase, and should not even be placed on the same table with sweet-peas; they also require a much larger preponderance of foliage than is wanted by flowers of more delicate colors. It is unquestionably difficult to resist the temptation of "just putting in" this or that flower, because "it is such a beauty"; a beauty it may be—and so may be an apricot—but it would be out of place in a basin of green-pea soup! There is at least one proper place for every flower; and let every flower be in its place.—*Gardeners' Chronicle*.

THE DANGERS OF BENZINE.

Our lady readers should be informed that the liquid called benzine, which they use so freely for removing grease and stains from clothing, is a very dangerous article. It is one of the substances distilled from petroleum, and is highly volatile, inflammable, and, when the vapor is mixed with air, explosive. We have frequently been much alarmed, upon visiting neighbors and friends in the evening, to observe a phial of this fluid in close proximity with the lamp, or gas flame, and the odor pervading the room. A very small quantity is capable of doing irreparable mischief. The contents of a four ounce phial, if overturned and vaporized, would render the air of a moderate-sized room explosive; or, if ignited, a whole family might be seriously burned, or lose their lives from it. It should never be

used in the vicinity of flame ; and it is important to remember, that through the medium of the escaping vapor, when the phial is uncorked, flame will leap to it through a space of several feet. Benzine is often sold under various fanciful names ; and, therefore, any article procured from druggists for removing oil or grease from fabrics, should be handled with the utmost care.

POISONS IN DAILY USE.

Pickles are often poisoned by being scalded in brass or copper kettles ; it makes them look green, but that green renders them poisonous. Brass or copper kettles ought not to be used for cooking purposes. Water is poisoned by being conveyed in lead pipes, or standing in pails painted on the inside. Milk is poisoned by using such pails for milking. Cheese is often poisoned in this way, and by using in its manufacture brass, copper, or wooden tubs painted inside.

Ignorance places a deadly weapon in our articles of food, but selfishness often conceals a greater. It manufactures poisons for others in many temptingly disguised forms. Cake ornamented with colored dust, candies colored in such nice style, toys so highly attractive to children, cause decayed teeth, intestinal inflammation, nauseating headache, colic, and often convulsions. Confectionery may be prepared without coloring materials so as to be wholesome.

SELECTED RECIPES.

BEEF A-LA-MODE.—Take part of a round of beef, bone it, and make incisions, which are stuffed with bread, butter, or sweet salt pork, thyme, pepper, salt, a little minced onion, clove, and yolk of egg. After the meat is stuffed, bind it with tape, and put in an oven, with water enough to cover it, let it stew slowly for three hours. Keep a lid on while it is stewing, and if more water is needed add boiling water. The gravy will require no thickening, but a gill of walnut or mushroom catsup will improve it.

RECIPE FOR COOKING SHAD SO AS TO DESTROY THE BONES.—Put the shad in a common bake-pan, flesh side down, with a small quantity of water to prevent the shad from burning or getting too dry. Bake in a slow oven for about six hours, adding water occasionally, if necessary, as it evaporates. The complete dissolution or soften-

ing of the bones depends upon the length of time in cooking. From my experience it requires about six hours at one cooking, or four hours if kept in the oven two hours and then taken out, allowed to cool, and replaced in the oven for two hours more the succeeding day.

IRISH STEW.—Take the small ribs of lamb or mutton ; cut them up into pieces about an inch in length, and cover with cold water, and add a teaspoonful of salt. Simmer for an hour, then add peeled potatoes, which have been cut into slices and laid in cold water an hour previous, one good-sized onion, one large or two small tomatoes, and some chopped parsley. Cook slowly for an hour and a half more, then season with pepper, and more salt if required, and send to table with toast under it.

CHEAP CRUST FOR DUMPLINGS.—Boil about six good-sized potatoes, mash them in a teacupful of milk and a very small piece of butter, and salt to taste ; beat the potatoes and milk together till they are very smooth ; add to this flour enough to make a dough ; lay a large cloth on your pie-board, flour it, roll your dough out, put the apples in it, roll the crust up to form one large dumpling, tie the cloth, and put it in boiling water. Boil it about an hour and a half.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Take one coffee-cup of white flour, two of Graham flour, one of warm water, half a cup of yeast, and a little molasses, a small teaspoonful of salt, and half a teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in the water. It should be made as stiff as can be stirred with a spoon. If you prefer to add a spoonful of Indian meal it should be scalded. Let it rise over night, and when it is very light bake it about an hour in a moderate heat. The above recipe will make one loaf of bread.

HOE CAKE.—Mix a little salt with sifted meal, and pour boiling water upon it, sufficient to dip the batter out on a common cooking-stove griddle. This should be tested by throwing a pinch of meal on it, and it is hot enough when the meal begins to turn brown. As soon as this is the case, dip the batter or mush out of the pan upon the griddle until it is covered all over exactly an inch thick. Cook it with a lively fire, and when baked enough to turn without sticking, turn the cake over, and bake it on the other side.

SOUR MILK MUFFINS.—To a pint of sour milk put one egg, without first beating it; a little salt, a teaspoonful of saleratus, and one of butter, melt with the saleratus in a spoonful of hot water. Make rather a thick batter. To bake well in rings, have the griddle of a moderate heat, grease it, and also the rings, lay them on, and fill them only half full of the batter; increase the heat a little. In about eight minutes turn them, and let them lie two or three minutes more. To turn them without spilling requires some dexterity.

PLAIN COOKIES.—Three cups of sugar, one of butter, one of milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar, three eggs; flour sufficient to knead soft. Cut in small cakes and bake.

APPLE AND PIE PLANT.—Stewed dried apples, especially sweet apples, are greatly improved by the addition of one-third or one-fourth of the quantity of pie plant, either fresh, dry, or canned. (*Mem.* Be sure to put up a few cans of pie-plant in its season.)

HAM TOAST.—This is very convenient to hand round with chicken or with roast veal, and also makes a tasty breakfast or luncheon dish. Mince very finely the lean of a slice or two of boiled ham, beat the yolks of two eggs, and mix them with the ham, adding as much cream or stock as will make it soft; keep it long enough on the fire to warm it through—it may be allowed almost to boil, but should be stirred all the time. Have ready some buttered toast, cut it in round pieces, and lay the ham neatly on each piece.

SALAD DRESSING WITHOUT OIL.—Take the yolks of two fresh eggs, boiled hard, mash them in a plate with a silver fork, add a saltspoonful of salt, and two spoonfuls of mustard; rub the whole well together. Add by degrees three spoonfuls of fresh cream and two of good vinegar, stirring all the time until quite smooth. A spoonful of anchovy sauce may be added if the salad be intended to be eaten with lobster; but for cold meat, it would not be an improvement.

RICH SPONGE-CAKE.—Beat twelve eggs as light as possible (for sponge and almond cake they require more beating than for anything else), beat one pound of loaf-sugar powdered and sifted, by degrees, into the eggs, continuing to beat for some time very hard after all the sugar is in (none but loaf-sugar will make light sponge-cake.) Stir in gradually a teaspoonful of powdered mixed cinnamon and mace, a grated nutmeg, and twelve drops of lemon-essence; lastly, by degrees, put in ten ounces of sifted flour, dried near the fire, stirring round the mixture very slowly with a knife. If the flour is stirred too hard the cake will be tough. It must be done gently and lightly, so that the top of the mixture will be covered with bubbles. As soon as the flour is all in, begin to bake, as standing will hurt it. Put it in small tins, well buttered. Fill the tins about half full. Grate loaf-sugar over the top of each before setting them in the oven.

SPINACH.—Pick it clean, let it lie in cold water an hour, wash it out, and boil it an hour and a half, then put it in a cullender to drain; drop four eggs in boiling water, dish the spinach, and take the eggs out carefully so as not to break them; then lay them on the top of the spinach.

A NICE STEW.—Put into a stew-pan a beef or mutton bone, half a dozen onions, six or eight pared potatoes, and a little salt; when nearly done, add one-half tea-cupful of rice, a small piece of butter, a little pepper, etc. Thicken with a teaspoonful of flour mixed with a little water, and serve hot.

CORN-STARCH PUDDING.—Take one quart of milk, three tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, four eggs, and two and one-half tablespoonfuls of white sugar; wet the starch with a portion of the milk, and boil the remainder, to which add the starch, the yolks of the eggs well beaten, with the sugar, a little salt, and vanilla or lemon to flavor; stir till it thickens, then put in a pudding-dish, and bake slightly brown. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add four teaspoonfuls of white sugar, and flavor as before; spread upon the pudding, and bake slightly brown.

TAPIOCA BLANCMANGE.—Half a pound of tapioca soaked for one hour in a pint of milk. Boil till tender, sweeten to taste, and pour it into a mould. When cold, turn it out, and serve it in a dish with jam round it, and a little cream, or flavored with lemon or bitter-almond without jam or cream.

FLOATING ISLAND.—Beat the yolks of six eggs with the juice of four lemons, sweeten it to your taste, and stir it into a quart of boiling milk till it thickens, then pour it into a dish. Whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and put it on the top of the cream.

FRENCH CUSTARD.—Take one quart of milk, flavor it with the peel of about half a small lemon pared very thin, and sweetened to taste with white sugar. Boil it, and leave it to get quite cold. Then blend with it three dessertspoonfuls of fine flour, and two eggs well-beaten. Simmer it until it is of the proper thickness, stirring it the whole time. Pour into cups, or a custard-dish.

YEAST.—One handful of hops, boiled half an hour in two quarts of water; ten good potatoes boiled half an hour, and mashed very fine. Strain the water from the hops on to the potatoes, very hot; stir in two tablespoonfuls of salt, and one pint of flour; set it to cool. When lukewarm, add one pint of good brewers yeast, and let it rise six hours. Strain all through a cullender or sieve; put into a stone jug stopped tight. It will keep three weeks in winter, and one in summer.

CRACKING GLASS BY SUDDEN HEAT.—Pro-

bably more articles of glass in daily use are broken by being suddenly heated than by blows or other acts of carelessness. Glass is a very poor conductor of heat, and when hot water is poured suddenly into a tumbler or goblet, it is almost certain to break unless the glass itself is quite warm. Tepid water should be first used, or a little cold water be poured into the glass on which the hot water may be drawn. Lamp chimneys frequently crack when placed upon the lighted lamp, especially if taken from a cold room. The proper remedy is to turn up the flame slowly or by degrees.

LOOSENING GROUND-GLASS STOPPLES.—Sometimes the ground-glass stopples of bottles become, from one cause or another, fixed in the neck, and cannot be removed by pulling or torsion. An effectual method is to wrap a rag wet with hot water around the neck, and let it remain a few seconds.

The heat will expand the neck of the bottle, when the stopple can be removed before the heat penetrates the stopple itself. Or, wind a string once or twice around the neck, and, holding the bottle between the knees, pull alternately on one and the other end, thus creating friction, and consequently heat. Or a little camphene oil dropped between the neck and stopple of the bottle will often relieve the stopple.

Editorial and Correspondence.



EDITORIAL.

The first number of the second volume of STEWART'S LITERARY QUARTERLY MAGAZINE has come to us from St. John, N.B. It contains sixty-four pages, devoted to light and entertaining literature, the matter being entirely original. This number has, among other articles, a paper by the late Hon. T. D. McGee, entitled "The City of Colleges," which is of much interest. The price of the *Quarterly* is 10 cents a number, or 40 cents per annum in advance. This publication, which is a very creditable effort to introduce periodical literature and draw out our

home talent, is well deserving of support.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The following contributions are accepted with thanks:

- "The Story of Jeanie Stuart."
- "Donald McDougall in Canada."
- "Some Stories of a Lost Tribe."
- "She said 'Nay.'"
- "A Scene in Gaspè."
- "The Forest."
- "The Rise and Fall of Beau Brummel."
- "Alas! but thou."
- "The Forest in Summer."
- "The Wasp and the Butterfly."

IN MEMORIAM.

We have received verses from many parts of the country on the assassination of Mr. McGee, but can, at this late date, only make room for a part of a poem from the Lower Provinces, by W. A. Calnek, Annapolis, N. S. In the first verse which we print the address is to Canada :

Weep, weep for the slain, for never again,
From thy Orator's lips proceeding,
Shall the burning word for the right be heard
In eloquent transport pleading.

Oh, Erin, green isle, repressed be thy smile,
And thy bosom be filled with pity—
Thy Historian lies, 'neath Canadian skies,
In a grave near the regal city.

His great heart no more will its love-currents
pour
To his kind, as from living fountain;
But Remembrance keeps close guard where he
sleeps,
On the side of the Royal Mountain.

Thy cup is o'erfilled, oh Sorrow; and chilled
Are the hopes that a people cherished;
But his words shall thrill all the nation still,
Though his form from our sight hath perished.

In grief and in tears, lo! the unborn years,
As they float on Time's tireless pinion,
Shall imprint his name on the rolls of fame
Through his own lov'd New Dominion.

Nay, wide as the speech of his race can reach,
It shall tell the undying story,
How a good man died in his manhood's pride,
And was crown'd with a martyr's glory.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the New Dominion Monthly.

THE TAMUL LANGUAGE.

I fell in, some years ago, with a returned missionary who had long resided in the Madura district of southern India, and who

was familiar with the Tamil or Tamul language. This language, which is quite different from the other dialects of India, is spoken by the people of a very large extent of country in the Presidency of Madras and in the Island of Ceylon. Its origin and history are lost in the obscurity of long-past ages; but, like many of the most ancient languages—such as the Sanscrit, Greek, etc.—it is remarkably correct, complete, varied, and artistic. That such languages could be constructed in a rude age and among ignorant and savage peoples is impossible, and their very existence shows how much of the world's history must have been lost. But returning to the Tamul: I was very much interested in the description given of it by the missionary. He said it was remarkably suitable for poetical composition, and the minds of the people who spoke it had a very imaginative and poetic turn. The rhyme was peculiar, the first words of the lines—instead of the last, as with us—being those that rhymed. It was, however, so rich in rhymes that a clever versifier would also cause the middle words of the lines to rhyme to each other, and sometimes even the last words, in which case he would have three rhyming words in each line. To give me an idea of the richness of Oriental imagery, he recited and translated a Tamul hymn, composed by a native Christian. The words are supposed to be used by the bride of Christ, the Church, who is longing intensely for a visit from the Bridegroom, and the fulfilment of His many and great promises to her. Some idea of the train of thought may be obtained from the following inartistic and somewhat free rendering of this composition of a native Christian of Dindigul, in southern India:

THE BRIDE'S ADDRESS TO THE BRIDE-GROOM.

A TAMUL HYMN.

"My Heavenly Bridegroom, quickly come
To thy bride who longs for Thee;
I mourn and pine for my absent Lord,
And pray thy face to see.

You promised me a lovely robe
Of needlework so rare,
And a crown of gold upon my head
Such as kings' spouses wear.

Then come, my Bridegroom, come,
Nor stay away so long;
I think I hear the joy-bells ringing,
And the swell of the nuptial song.

You promised me a girdle bright,
Of pure and holy Truth;
Unfading love and heavenly grace,
And everlasting youth.

And all these gifts I seek
Only to please my Lord,
That I may be fairer in Thine eyes,
And better keep Thy word.

Then come, my Bridegroom, come, &c."

PETRIFIED WOMAN OF BERTHIER.

In the November number of the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY* there is an account of the petrified woman of Berthier. At the time of the discovery I was at boarding-school, taught by the Rev. J. Buckham, Congregational Minister at Sorel. I well remember the excitement caused by the event. The French-Canadians, especially, were awe-struck, and imagined that something dreadful had surely happened to the poor woman whose body had been changed to stone. A great many rumors were circulated about it at the time, but I remember well that it was generally conceded to be a case of petrification. Strangers came from far and near to examine into the matter; and it was reported that a certain party we often hear about, and who resided at New York, had purchased the woman for a museum. Just about the same time, too, another wonderful affair occurred at Sorel. A young girl about fourteen years of age took sick, and to all appearance died, and lay in a trance for a considerable time—as near as I recollect, three weeks—and miracles were said to be performed by this young girl while in this trance. I recollect a procession was

formed, with the Roman Catholic clergy at their head, carrying the host and all the other paraphernalia used on such occasions, and she was carried to the church, when some ceremony was performed for the purpose of restoring her to consciousness. A great many reports were in circulation about the affair, and the most wonderful cures were said to have been effected. Strangers also came to see her, and medical men, too, came to examine the case, and some said it was a case of mesmerism. I cannot now remember how the affair finally ended, but I have a faint recollection that she recovered. There must be a number of persons who remember these occurrences.

Yours, &c.,

G.M.T.

N.B.—The name of the woman whose body was petrified was Mrs. Morrice.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

We have several complaints that the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY* does not reach subscribers by the beginning of the month; but as it contains no news, it cannot make much difference whether subscribers get it a few days earlier or later. It would in either case be equally new when it came, and there would be the same length of time between the numbers. A greater difficulty is that some have got it several days before others,—an irregularity caused by the fact that we can only bind about 1,000 copies per day, and if it is all printed by the 25th, it consequently will be the 3rd or 4th of next month before the whole 8,000 can be sent off. We may, however, state that we have made arrangements to issue—beginning with the present number—not later than the 25th of the month, and to send all off nearly simultaneously. This is the English plan, and we will endeavor to carry it out. We still respectfully request present subscribers to draw the attention of their friends and neighbors to the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY*, and hope for a large accession of subscribers as soon as the hurry of spring work is over.

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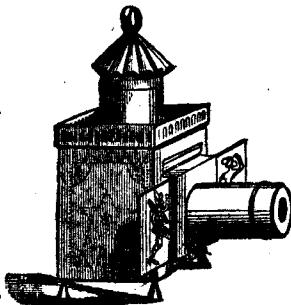
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F. GROSS, SURGICAL MACHINIST,

AND

Elastic Spring Truss Maker,

INVENTOR AND MANUFACTURER OF ALL KINDS OF

INSTRUMENTS for PHYSICAL DEFORMITIES,

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BRASS, STEEL AND IRON,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

36 VICTORIA SQUARE, Montreal.

F. GROSS'S ARTIFICIAL LEGS,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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The Daily Witness is only \$3 per annum, though it contains as much Reading Matter as dailies which cost \$6 and \$8 per annum, and more New Advertisements than most of them.

The Montreal Witness (Semi-Weekly), \$2 per annum, contains all the Reading Matter of the Daily, except a portion of what is purely Local, and each number gives the Latest News and Market Reports.

The Weekly Witness (\$1 per annum,) contains half the Reading Matter of the Semi-Weekly, including most of the News and Contemporary Press, and a Weekly Market Report, but not half of the Family Reading, Agriculture, &c.

Each of these editions will be found remarkably cheap, and well worth the money.

Payment invariably in advance, and the paper stopped unless subscriptions are renewed.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL.

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“CANADIAN MESSENGER,”

THE CHEAPEST PAPER IN CANADA. It is published twice a month, and consists of EIGHT pages, arranged in the following Departments, viz. :-

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All orders and remittances to be addressed (post-paid) to

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THE

CANADIAN FRUIT CULTURIST,

Or Letters to an Intending Fruit-Grower.

The Third Edition of this invaluable little work will be ready in a few days. Price, 25c., post-paid. Every person intending to plant Fruit Trees should send for a copy.

“Very clear and very useful.”—*Kingston Whig.*

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SECOND CIRCULAR TO ADVERTISERS.

THE

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY

MONTREAL, CANADA: JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS.

In our first Circular, issued in November, we said:

"This Magazine, the first number of which was issued in October last, has at present date a circulation of 3,000 copies, and by the end of the first year the publishers hope to have a subscription list of 8,000 to 10,000."

The March number—the 6th—required an edition of 7,500. The April number will require at least 8,000; and we now hope to see an issue much beyond 10,000 by October.

In commencing "*The New Dominion Monthly*," the desire of the proprietors has been to make the national magazine of the Confederated Provinces of British North America, and it is the only magazine of a general literary character in the Dominion, with its population of 4,000,000.

We confidently commend this new publication to the favor of advertising firms throughout Canada, the United States, and Great Britain, and solicit your patronage for it; at the same time inviting attention to the following note from a firm of considerable experience in advertising,

"MESSRS. JOHN DOUGALL & SON:—Gentlemen: We have very much pleasure in informing you that we have received more business applications in connection with our advertisements in "*The New Dominion Monthly*" than from any other advertising source; in fact, more than from all our other advertisements put together. Yours, very truly,
C. W. WILLIAMS & Co."

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

Fly-leaves, per page, - - - - -	\$10.00 per month.
" " half page, - - - - -	6.00 "
" " four lines, double column, - - - - -	1.00 "
" " additional lines, - - - - -	.12½ "
Printed leaves bound in, - - - - -	1.00 per 1,000.

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

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

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

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

No advertisement can be inserted of bad or doubtful character.

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

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL, CANADA.

Montreal, March, 1868.

DR. COLBY'S

Anti-Costive and Tonic Pills,

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

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

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 Charles Brown, M. D., Cowansville.
 J. C. Butler, M. D., Waterloo.
 Norman Cleveland, M. D., Barnston.
 C. W. Cowles, M. D., Stanstead.
 Joseph Breadon, M. D., Surgeon, R. N.

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

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

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

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

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

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HUNT'S EMPIRE HAIR GLOSS.

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