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NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

NOV 1869

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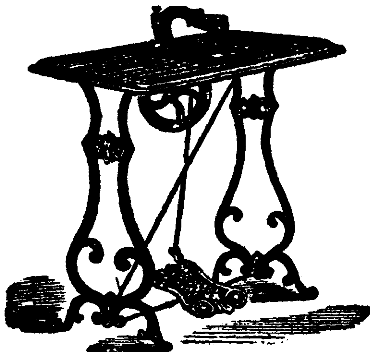

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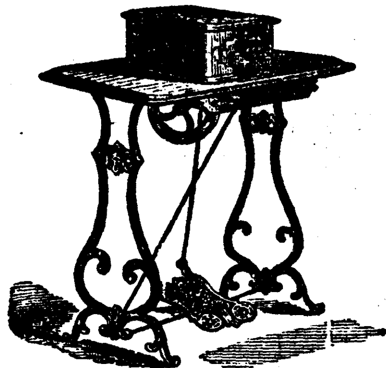

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NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

NOVEMBER, 1869.

CAUGHNAWAGA.—A HOLIDAY AMONG THE INDIANS.

BY J. C. HAMILTON, TORONTO.

Travellers who cross the Grand Trunk ferry at Lachine, or there exchange the cars for the "Corinthian" or "Passport," seldom think of the interesting remnant of Iroquois, whose little houses may be seen forming a village upwards of a mile in length, on the southern side of the Rapids.

I purpose giving a short account of such details and characteristics, as were gathered in a pleasant holiday ramble. Caughnawaga is the head-quarters of the Iroquois, and contains upwards of one thousand seven hundred inhabitants. The village is beautifully situated on rising ground, overlooking the St. Lawrence. The most conspicuous feature is the stone, tin-roofed Roman Catholic church, with priest's house in rear, built in 1845, at a cost of twenty-four thousand dollars out of the tribe's money. The houses, generally substantial, hewn-log cabins of one or two stories, form three somewhat irregular streets, with little attempt at grading or sidewalks, in which the grass grows among the boulders. Horses, cows, pigs, sheep, geese and chickens, run at large without fear of constable or pound. Old squaws with leathery faces, are seen at the windows with their bead-work. Younger women are chatting together in short, musical syllables, the papooses running round them, or hiding in their shawls from the pale faces. Men lounge about with black pipes in their mouths, or appearing at waistcoat pocket. Numerous dogs roam at large, often giving much uneasiness to a pet fox tied to one of the doorsteps. The walls of an old fort are near the church; but this was never completed, and is in ruins. This reservation was originally six miles square, and forms the Seigniory of St. Louis. The Jesuits obtained a grant of part of this, one mile broad and two leagues long, or one-sixth of the whole, for educational purposes. The people are divided into seven tribes, named, as I learn from Mr. Joseph Phillips, the interpreter, an intelligent and obliging half-breed, as follows:—1, Scanondoe, or Deer; 2, Okwaho, or Wolf; 3, Okwarikowa, or Big Bear; 4, Niwakwaritaa, or Small Bear; 5, Anowera, or Turtle; 6, Tawistawis, or Snipe, and another which I omitted to note.

THE IROQUOIS.

It may not be uninteresting to reflect on the position held two centuries ago by the great nation of whom we here see the remnant. The Iroquois, whose proper name was Agonnousiouni, or "constructors of wigwams," were of American aborigines, next to the ancient inhabitants of Mexico and Peru, the most advanced in knowledge and arts. They held sway over the regions to the south of Lakes Erie and Ontario, and the St. Lawrence as far as the Richelieu. For many years they carried on sanguinary wars with the Hurons and other Indian nations, till in 1649 the

Hurons were driven to take refuge in the Island of St. Joseph and the Manitoulins, where evil fate still followed, and many perished through severe cold and famine.

There are now several settlements of this nation in the State of New York. Mr. Morgan in his book entitled, "The League of the Iroquois," estimating those in that State at four hundred in number. The settlement at St. Regis, opposite Cornwall, is the next in importance to Caughnawaga in Canada.

The history of the Jesuits in Canada is replete with tales of suffering, tortures, and death, often endured by their missionaries to these savages.

The names of their braves are frequently found in our early colonial history. The eloquent Logan was an Iroquois Sachem. Tyendinaga, better known as Lieutenant-Colonel Brant, whose name has been rendered immortal by Campbell's lines in "Gertrude of Wyoming," was a Chief, had received a collegiate education, and made a translation of the gospel of St. Matthew into this language.

THEIR LOYALTY.

That part of this nation residing in British territory, has been noted for loyalty to the Crown. It is remarkable, however, that the boundary line between this Province and New York, runs through the St. Regis settlement; and during the war of 1812, the tribe divided, showing their patriotism to be of a decidedly local character. On the fourth of November, 1838, a body of insurgents moved from Chateauguay against Caughnawaga, with the view of seizing the arms and stores. The Indians were mostly at church; but were warned by the cries of a squaw who saw the rebels approach, and running out, armed themselves hastily with guns, axes and pitchforks, put to rout the invaders, and captured sixty-four prisoners.* This achievement gained the victors much *éclat*.

EFFECTS OF CIVILIZATION.

To see the war-dance, and hear the awful whoop to perfection, one must now pass over the Rocky Mountains. Our Canadian Indians, it is true, sometimes paint their faces, fasten feathers and pieces of bear and fox skin about their persons, dance, howl, cry "Ugh! Ugh!" as they jump at the lacrosse ball, and make grimaces to please white folks on a holiday; but this is but mimicking the reality. At their simple labors, and in their villages, the men are habited as whites of the same means. The women's dress differs most, as they have not adopted crinoline and the like articles of high feminine civilization; but use our manufactured cotton and woollen goods for their short skirts, a piece of silk appearing on special occasions. The blue blankets of the old squaws, or the brighter colored shawls of the younger women, are worn over the heads—just open enough to allow bright hazel eyes to peep out. Bonnets are never seen, but broad-brimmed straw hats sometimes take their places. The papoose is carried under the blanket; but in the houses we find it strapped in the cradle, formed of a board shaped like a coffin lid, the back of which is often prettily ornamented with paint and porcupine quills; a little board is nailed across the end on which the feet rest, and the infant in its blanket, is strapped tightly in, and seems very content with its fate, as the mother, working at her bead-work, sometimes places it like a little, living, laughing mummy on the ground, upright against a chair, or lays it across her knees. When she goes on a journey, the ends of a hoop are run through the upper corners of the cradle, which is slung behind the mother, and carried by the hoop passed round her forehead.

Many of these tawny old women could tell tales of strange and distant lands, which they have seen in their gypsy-like wanderings with bead-work and baskets. Some have sold their wares on Ohio and Mississippi steamboats; in New Orleans; at the White House, and even across the Atlantic. Men are here too, who, as raftsmen and voyageurs, have learned to paddle the canoe, by almost uninterrupted passages, from the Upper Ottawa to the Pacific.

We no more think of this tribe as the "howling desolating band" of old. Still, we heard of, and saw some customs and

* McMullen's History of Canada, page 427.

ceremonies, which were peculiar. We cannot, however, say:—

> "You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,"

for they have adopted all the modern improvements in the Terpsichorean art. A similarity may be found at wakes and weddings, between Irish and Indian customs. At the former, they assemble in large numbers to smoke and feast at night.

Mr. J. B. Morrison, the resident teacher, told me of the following ceremony, the meaning of which he could not discover:—After prayer and singing in the church, a priest followed by a crowd, proceeded to a place in the village, where a pole was set up, bearing on its summit an ornamented bush, to represent the head of John the Baptist. At this numerous shots were fired, while singing was kept up by the priest and choir, till several well-aimed shots brought the bush down. When it fell, the procession returned to the church, where singing and prayer concluded the ceremony. It is also a custom to "shoot the Devil" on a certain day of the year; but why they select these two personages for this ceremony, my informant could not say.

Many of those who have travelled among the whites, can gather our meaning when speaking on common topics. A few talk English. The two score children who rather irregularly attend the school, are fast learning our tongue, and will find it the great means of their fuller development and civilization. Among themselves, however, all use their native tongue, of which we will give some specimens.

They express ideas in groups, and form a complicated "word-picture." An example of this may be observed in the name appropriated to Captain Fraser, as detailed hereafter. The customs as to intermarriage between tribes, stated in Mr. Morgan's book, are certainly not strictly observed in this settlement, nor do we here find all the tribes, or clans, enumerated by him, to exist. The interpreter, at least, knew nothing of the Heron and Hawk tribes mentioned by that writer.

Strong drink is the bane and curse of the Indian. This traffic was carried on by certain low whites among them to so mischievous an extent, that all whites except the priest, teacher and a few French Canadians who have married squaws, and keep shops in the village, have been expelled.

THE CHURCH.

The present church building, as is usual in Roman Catholic countries, was open all day, but we saw none enter it. Nor were any devout souls seen during any of our several visits, kneeling and counting beads within, before altar and crucifix, as would be the case among the *habitants*. A dispute has arisen as to the church property; but whether litigation be now pending or not, we did not learn.

Monsieur N. B. Burten, a Jesuit, is the resident priest, and officiates in Iroquois; but some of the Indians seemed either to have little love for him, or to consider that they had good cause for complaint, because of the neglect of the clergy, who occupy the position, to look after educational matters. They say, and apparently with reason, that they and their children have for years, lost the opportunity of improvement and growth in civilization, which the important grant of land above stated, should have secured for them. Tithes are collected for the support of the church, as in other parts of the country.

It was with strange interest that we stood by the font and before the crucifix in this temple, now quiet and alone, and took up well-thumbed hymn books, in which, sometimes in print, and sometimes in manuscript, the old Latin and French hymns reappeared in the musical Iroquois. And we would have much liked to have attended their Sunday services and have heard them chant their songs, even though they were but such as those of which we take two verses at random:—

> Ise oni Onwari.
> Seriasa Aswani,
> Nasakwanonwehake,
> Akwa iatekent.

Meaning:—

> You also, O Mary,
> Your heart we borrow,
> That we may love Him,
> For ever and ever.

Kweh! sanonsanorow
Sanonsatokeuti,
Tsi thotinonsote
Jesos, Wari, Sose.

Meaning:—

We welcome ourselves
To your holy church,
To the dwelling place
Of Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

THE SCHOOL.

About four years since, some good people in Montreal, learning the neglected condition of this race, obtained the services of Mr. J. B. Morrison, who, with the approbation of the chiefs, has ever since conducted an elementary school in the village, and trained many of the young folks with much success. His narrative is certainly most encouraging; parents are found desirous that their children should have an education to fit them for civilized life, and the children are docile and apt. Government supplemented individual efforts by a yearly grant of $200, till lately when this has been withheld—probably through the jealousy of the Catholic Church party.

THE CHIEFS.

Asking for the men of rank, we are shown "Big Joe," a tall good-natured looking man of middle age, who shakes us warmly by the hand, saying, "Lako," or good morning. Each tribe has a chief, elected for five years —subject to Government approval—so there are seven, named as follows:—Joseph Tarononiote; Martin Sakoriaitakwa; Francis Ataherishon; Joseph Kentarontie; Louis Tiorakarow; Thomas Assennase; Louis Shatekaienton. There are also sub or deputy-chiefs. Our Government has so far assumed a protectorate over Indians, that the duties and authorities of chiefs, to use the words of the interpreter, "don't amount to much." They are road masters, and are expected to take part in negotiations, and ceremonies, in which the tribe is concerned.

AN INDIAN WEDDING.

As our party strolled towards the eastern end of the village, we noticed an unusual bustle and concourse about one of the larger two-storey houses. Pretty faces peeped from under variegated shawls, as they passed to and fro. Boys covered the porch, or verandah, that ran along the front of the house, looking in at the windows and doors, and conversing with anything but "Indian gravity," with the smiling and laughing possessors of bright brown eyes, variegated shawls, and little prettily buskined ankles, of the Wolf and Deer clan, here meeting for a two days carnival.

The interpreter, as jolly a fellow as ever raised a war-whoop, or danced a reel, met us as we advanced, and informed us that the revelry was in the mansion of the fair Ann Tekaherha, who was that morning, united in the holy bonds with the brave Peter Tekariwakhen. The church ceremony, in usual Christian form, had been performed early in the morning, and then followed two days of rejoicing at various friends' houses, at the conclusion of which, and not till then, the young folks quit the estate of single blessedness, and the husband is brought to the dwelling of his spouse by the jolly company.

Our party was kindly invited to enter the house, which was that of the bride's parents, given seats, asked to join the dance and merriment, and throughout treated with the utmost courtesy. The main room which we entered, was certainly not palatial; had uncovered wooden floor, deal chairs and benches for seats, pine tables, tin and delf ware. Two corners were occupied with beds, with high posts, covered with neat counterpanes. Young mothers with their papooses sat in corners, while old squaws kept the more obstreperous urchins in abeyance. An accordion and small drum seemed to be the favorite instruments; but a fiddle and concertinas also were used—several boys and girls being capital performers. It was a rare treat to see the hearty mirth of these simple people when the dancing began. And we need not say that the fun was irresistible and contagious. One pale face, who was present, will long remember how merrily laughed the papooses, and how the squaws clapped their hands, as he attempted to perform a French cotillon in English style; and how he felt as a board of the floor gave way, and he had nearly ended a

reel in the cellar, to the consternation of his partner, sweet Mary, with brown languishing eyes, pretty white teeth, and plaited black hair, fairest daughter of the Small Bear tribe.

Who is she, the tall damsel in checked dress and belt, whose pretty feet go out and in to the sound of the drum, as she keeps time to the music, and chasing now to the right, and now to the left,—a smile always shining through the features, whose shade the rose and falling maple-leaf, only could rival? Atonwentsine, daughter of Jean Baptiste, whose bronzed face as he comes on board the downward-bound steamer, and takes his place at the wheel, is familiar to all tourists. Good Anatakta will introduce you for the next quadrille, and tell you the suggestive meaning of the fair one's name, viz., "The Emigrant."

THE FEAST AND THE COMPANY.

But it is afternoon, and our kind friends approach and say we are invited to the feast, at the house of the groom's uncle. This is like the last in internal fittings; but many tables are spread, neatly covered, on which a plentiful and varied repast is laid, to which all the company soon come. As honored guests, our party are placed at the head of the table, at the centre of which sits our grave respectable old host, in brown clothes, and with a felt hat on his head. Big Joe, the chief, with his jolly face, sits near us. Young and old come in and take seats without ceremony. Hats were worn, or removed as pleased each wearer. We saw little of that courtesy in handing the ladies to seats, that is manifested at the feasts of pale faces; but there was no rudeness, no greed or savagery displayed. The manners and feelings were those of children. To the left of our host sat the happy couple,—the groom, who is a voyageur in summer and axeman in winter, in as neat summer dress as any of our young yeomen usually don, with prettily-worked soled mocassins. How was the fair Takaherha dressed, ask the ladies? Over a purple velveteen underskirt, which did not hide her daintily fitting *bottines*, was a white embroidered skirt, a finger length shorter. Above this, also an inch shorter than the last, was a magenta silk dress, made loosely and gathered with a purple belt at the waist, trimmed at the bottom with a broad band of green. The neck was open, and ornamented with a ruffled blue ribbon. Long gold earrings, and a necklace of gold beads, were her only ornaments. When not dancing, a small silk scarlet shawl fell over her head and shoulders. There were two bridesmaids, one of whom was similarly dressed. The bride's sister, a pretty girl of fourteen, who was married a fortnight ago, wore a purple merino dress, made in loose Indian style. All the squaws had shawls, which they wore on their heads when not dancing, or otherwise actively employed.

None touched the viands—all respectfully waiting. The venerable host arose, and spoke bluntly in Iroquois for about ten minutes. The interpreter told us the gist of the oration as it proceeded. "Now," said he, "he reminds the young couple of the careful and pious manner in which they have been brought up; and urges them to remember their parents' teachings—to be sober and diligent—not to quarrel or forsake each other, as so many do." The old gentleman concluded with asking the blessing, during which he made the sign of the cross. All then fell to with hearty wills: no liquor stronger than tea, which was well made, appeared. A little silver bell was rung occasionally, as anything was desired. The meal was happily ended. The party adjourned, going back in a pretty procession to the bride's house, where music and dancing again began, and "all went merry as a marriage bell." There seemed a singular appropriateness in the names of the young people thus happily united, which are explained in the verses of one of our party in the Hiawathan style, which we will give for the amusement of readers who are not too critical.

TEKAHERHA AND TEKARIWAKHEN.

You have listened to the story,
Simple tale of feast and wedding,
Of the lovely Tekaherha
And the brave Tekariwakhen.
Would you know their tribes and lineage?
Do you ask me what the meaning,
What the hidden sense and meaning,
Of these strangely sounding names are?

Kanatakta, the name-maker,
The interpreter will answer:—
'Of the Wolf tribe the fair bride is,
And her heart a gallant Deer has;
For the groom is of the Deer tribe.
And we call her Tekaherha,
'One who works alike with both hands,'
For she no lazy idle maid is,
But her ready hands applying,
Both her hands expert and willing,
Kneads the dough or weaves the basket.

Him, we call Tekariwakhen,
Meaning one, who for each action,
Has a twofold reason ready.
Thus their parents fondly called them
As they came from the Creator.
Thus the squaws around repeated,
As they stretched their limbs and wrapped them,
In the soft and yielding blankets;
Strapped them in their little cradles,
Cradles strangely wrought and painted;
But the parents fondly dreaming,
Didn't see into the future—
To the far off cloudy future,
When the lovely Tekaherha,
And the brave Tekariwakhen,
Should in wedlock be united,
Should join thought and skill and labor;
When these names, so strangely given,
When their virtues, works and wisdom,
They unite together, sailing
On the stream of life together;
Looking oft to life's great Master,
Litche Manito, the Mighty,
Till they reach the blissful waters,
In the Kingdom of Ponemah,
In the land of the hereafter.

OTHER PECULIAR CUSTOMS.

We are informed that when both of the young folks are of the one tribe, only members of that tribe are, as of course, invited; but as, in this case, the Deer took the Wolf to wife, the respectable members of both tribes were guests.

The custom, as to the issue of such mixed marriages, is that they belong to the mother's tribe, at least, during her life; should she die before the husband, the children, if not of age, return to their father's tribe. If of age, they may elect to which they will continue to belong.

During the carnival occasioned by a wedding, all business is at a standstill. Two marriages have taken place within as many weeks. Another is on the *tapis* for an early day. Why not let all take place at once, we say? "Oh, we would not have so much fun," say the jolly fellows. We regretted the inevitable loss of time; and, especially, that the interesting school must be so much deserted by the children. Will our good friends Big Joe and Kanatakta, take the hint and use their influence?

A PALE FACE CAPTAIN MADE BIG INDIAN.

In the evening an interesting ceremony took place. Capt. Fraser, of Her Majesty's 60th Regiment, had, while hunting, employed several of the Iroquois as guides, and been much pleased with their faithful, honest conduct. Mutual esteem arose. The Captain was invited to the wedding, and repaired with kilt and dagger. A beautiful tartan shawl delighted the fair Wolf; while the happy Deer received a pipe, and tobacco enough for a score of honeymoons. A council was held; the gallant son of Mars was accounted worthy of the high honor of admission to the tribe. A new name was invented, and the evening of the wedding-day appointed for his initiation. Great was the excitement when, attended by the Big Chief, Joe-Break-the-Sky, and Kanatakta, the interpreter, and in the uniform of a Highland officer, the gallant captain entered the wigwam. The Chief, taking him by the hand, addressed all present eulogizing the gallant pale face,—told of his kindness and favor to the Indians, and that he, as Chief, now admitted him to be one of the tribe, by the name of Rosennakehtetsherowawnentseriio, meaning, "kind and gallant Captain." Then followed speeches from the Captain, from the Interpreter, and Mr. Morrison; introductions to the chief persons present, shaking hands, immense cheering, stamping, and whooping.

I have stated shortly some of the facts observed, and attempted to tell of matters which befell our little party in a few hours happily spent among these interesting people. We will not readily forget their pleasant faces, and hearty kindness; and will be glad to hear of their continued progress towards higher usefulness, civilization, and pure Christianity.

AN ORATOR IN A COUNTRY PLACE.

BY P. K. CLYNE, WALSINGHAM.

The village of T——y is situated on a fine stream of water, in rather a thinly-settled portion of the Province of Ontario. Being a considerable distance from the track of the "iron horse," its inhabitants, as might be expected, seldom enjoy anything very far beyond the ordinary, in the line of "intellectual feasts." It was not at all strange, then, that an announcement like the following should cause a general sensation in the village, and among the people of the surrounding country:—

"The Reverend Mr. Punshon, M.A., will deliver a lecture on Saturday, the 21st day of November. Tickets, seventy-five cents each, to be obtained at the principal stores."

WHAT THE PEOPLE SAID ABOUT IT.

For some days before the meeting, the principal topic of conversation in nearly every household for miles around, was the "lecture and the lecturer." A schoolmaster of a rural section said that he had heard Mr. Punshon in the city once, when he was so carried away with his eloquence, that at one time he actually had to gasp for breath. Another person, a sapient merchant, who had travelled a great deal, and had patronised all the city orators of the day, asserted that he had heard *one* Canadian, at least, that "could beat the man from 'Old England' all out." But Mr. Punshon was a good speaker, and he meant to hear him again.

Some of the literary class of the community, who knew how the reverend gentleman was appreciated as an orator, at first could scarcely believe that his services had been secured. Could it be possible that he who would be greeted as one of the greatest of speakers in any city on the continent, would condescend to visit this out-of-the-way little village, to give to the inhabitants a treat having scarcely any precedent? It was not long, however, before such incredulous persons were convinced that it was actually a fact, and they immediately made arrangements to attend on the evening appointed.

There were a few individuals, and such may be found in nearly any community, who denounced the thing as an "enormous speculation," and declared that they would not pay such a sum to hear any man. Others thought that their money would not be entirely lost if the lecture did not come up to their expectations, as the proceeds were to be applied towards the liquidation of the debt of the chapel, which place of worship was a credit to the village.

Even P. Finnigan, one who believed in his countryman, Mike O'Leary, the politician, as being the greatest orator on earth, actually put aside enough money to insure him an admittance; but his wife cruelly objected to his going, notwithstanding many weighty arguments were given by Pat in favor therof. "And sure and you are detarmined to go," said Bridget to her husband on the Saturday evening before the lecture. "You had better lay your money out for tobacco that is naided in the house, for all the good it will be till yous," she continued. "Be aisy, Bridget," answered Pat, "I havn't the sowl to kape away when it's him that's comin' so far to give a bit of advice. According to the paper, sure the likes of him we can't hear every day, Bridget."

In many a cottage, fathers and mothers, with sons and daughters, were anticipating a glorious time. Even grandfather on his crutches caught a spark of the excitement and concluded that he, too, must hear the wonderful man speak. He was very doubtful, though, about understanding the language the orator must use, as his education was, unfortunately, very limited.

THE EVENING OF THE LECTURE.

The much-talked of time was fast approaching. Already the western forest hid the sun from the eyes of the villagers, but several hours had yet to elapse before the lecturer would occupy the platform. These were hours when all the excitement around was converging in the village. Notwithstanding the muddy roads and the unpropitious appearance of the clouds above, many loaded vehicles, dashing equestrians, and fatigued pedestrians, were continually arriving in the place. The streets, hotels, and nearly every accessible spot, soon exhibited scenes of bustle, that would compare favorably with those of Broadway. Never before had been seen there such a collection of the literary talent of the parts. Here were famous politicians, members and ex-members of parliament, doctors, lawyers, authors, editors and reporters, assembled together, each occasionally glancing at his time-piece, while engaged in some interesting conversation. An unsophisticated important-feeling Londoner, who had unceremoniously initiated himself into their society, might be heard to abruptly enquire, "'As the horator harrived yet, and 'ow soon will the doors be hopened?"

Equally well was the illiterate part of the community represented, from Mr. Jones, the unlearned grocer, down to Biddy, the kitchen-maid. All who had succeeded in raising the admittance fee, were garbed in their best, and were trying to put on "important airs." Young gents dressed in broad-cloth at their fathers' expense, were strutting about, puffing cigars. Barney McFadden and Jim O'Brien, who had imbibed freely of the "intoxicating cup," were about settling with blows a dispute relative to the pedigree of the orator; one asserting that his grandfather was born in Europe, and the other that he was an Irishman.

Mischievous urchins, who had never possessed a sixpence in their lives, were devising ways for eavesdropping. One proposed that they should place some boards against the back wall of the chapel, so that they could ascend directly in rear of the speaker. Others thought that the windows were the best stations for hearing; but one, more thoughtful than the rest, convinced them that "honesty was the best policy;" and, therefore, they had better be honest boys, and grow up honest men, when they could easily earn enough to take them to hear whom they liked.

There were honest people in the vicinity, whom misfortune had visited, that were longing to go, but whose scanty means did not allow them the privilege. They would willingly have denied themselves any luxuries in living and dressing, and thus have saved enough to provide themselves with tickets, but anything beyond the actual necessaries of life, they were unacquainted with. There was poor Mrs. Wickson, who knit till her fingers were sore, to lay by the necessary amount; but before this Saturday night came, she had been compelled to spend a little for this thing, and a little for that thing, and now she saw, to her utter despair, that she would be denied the "blessed" privilege of hearing the orator. And Johnson, the lame cobbler, and Wilson, the decrepit weaver, and Samson, the sickly hatter, and Mitchell, the unfortunate cooper, with a host of others, remained at home through straitened circumstances, though they did so with heavy hearts.

There were a few "sneering persons," who seldom thought of anything else but eating, drinking, and sleeping, that had procured tickets in order to ridicule the "sham affair," as they termed it. These were already holding indignation meetings, censuring themselves as fools for giving away their money for nought. They, however, were afterwards some of the very first to besiege the entrance of the chapel.

An hour before the time appointed for the lecture to begin, a crowd of people, made up of the different classes already mentioned, had assembled in front of the church. Some were pressed against the door, while the sexton within was begging them to be patient only a little longer, and they should gain a respectful admittance. After many entreaties on both sides, the door was finally unbolted, and the mass began to move in. Every seat was soon occupied, and then ensued the tedious task of "waiting for the orator to make his

appearance." Every sound attracted the attention of each as the minutes passed slowly away. At length a company appeared moving up the aisle, but nothing very remarkable about the person of any attracted unusual attention. One person, however, seemed to be regarded as the principal by those around him. He was a stoutly-built man, of medium height, with broad shoulders, large head, and deep penetrating eyes. When about half-way up the aisle, some knowing who that individual was, began to cheer, and many others, imitating, cheered without knowing what it was for; but it was soon whispered that that hearty, good-natured looking individual was the orator himself. Some smiled; others looked disappointed; while a few knowing ones shrugged their shoulders, and softly said, "There is more in that man's head than you imagine."

THE LECTURE.

Every eye in the house was attentively fixed on the gentleman, who, after being introduced, stepped forward upon the platform, amid bursting cheers of applause. At first his voice was rather harsh, his manner and language were not particularly attractive; but as he proceeded with his subject, his voice became exceedingly harmonious, his manner most pleasing, and, using simple language, he gratified his hearers with great and original ideas. We will not enter into the detail of the lecture, but conclude by saying that before the orator had gotten half through with his discourse, Billy Blake, the leader of the Sneerer's Club, was nearly off his seat, inclining forwards, catching the words as they fell from the speaker's lips; and audibly, though unconscious of it himself, sanctioning assertions by heartily ejaculating, "That's so." Patrick Finnigan had come to the conclusion that his hitherto favorite speaker, Mike, was fairly "baiten," and believed that the present one must be an Irishman. Grandfather had let his crutches fall, and was ascertaining to his heart's delight that it did not require such a polished education after all to understand an orator. In short, every one was perfectly satisfied that the person speaking was no ordinary man; and when he took his seat they could scarcely believe that he had been entertaining his audience an hour and a half, so swiftly had the moments passed by.

After the meeting, crowds might be seen gathered here and there discussing the merits of the lecturer. All seemed well satisfied that they had not spent their money for nought, and avowed that if ever they had an opportunity they would go a considerable distance to hear him again.

The people of this place are now anticipating that when the proposed Southern Railway is built, they will be favored oftener with the advent of orators. Until then, they can only hold forth a few inducements to those who are not afraid to hazard their lives by riding in coaches drawn by lively steeds. They may be sure of cosy parlors to sit in while here; a sociable and a somewhat intelligent people to converse with; a grateful audience to address, and a cherished remembrance that will live in the hearts of all.

HARVEST TIME IN EUROPE.

Through lanes with hedgerows pearly,
Go forth the reapers early
Among the yellow corn.
Good luck betide their shearing,
For winter now is nearing,
And we must fill the barn.

At noon they seek the meadow,
Beneath the friendly shadow
Of monarch oak to dine;
And 'mid its branches hoary
Goes up the thankful story,
'The harvest is so fine.'

And when the west is burning,
From shaven fields returning,
In merry train they come.
While the hamlet neighbors
Rejoice to end their labors
With happy harvest-home.

THE MARSH POINT GHOSTS.

BY J. H. McN., TORONTO.

The most important work which the difficult and dangerous navigation of the St. Lawrence river made necessary, the most expensive and the longest in construction, was the Cornwall Canal, which, extending from Dickinson's Landing to Cornwall, a distance of about twelve miles, forms the most important link in the great stretch of navigable water, which admits vessels from beyond sea to those immense lakes in the bosom of this continent, which some day will become the great highway of the world.

This canal, past the Long Sault Rapids, enables vessels, by a lift of sixty-four feet in eight lockages, to navigate in safety a water-way previously monopolised by a few small batteaux; and thus, with the Beauharnois and Lachine Canals below, by facilitating commerce, increasing the happiness and prosperity oı an infinite number of people. In its construction the line of the river has been followed to a great extent; but a number of head-lands, which diverted its course, have been ruthlessly severed from the main-land, and, from being capes and promontories, are for ever fixed as islands.

Many farm-houses have thus been set adrift, and the busy little village of Mille-Roches found itself one morning completely out of the world, and only accessible by a subaqueous passage—a sort of Thames tunnel in dirty, dripping miniature—and as it found itself on that memorable morning, so it continues to this day; not a house has been built or pulled down since; half-finished tenements of that morning have not advanced by the addition of a single board or stone; a sort of Wandering Jewishness fell upon the place and its inhabitants, and they flit about the desolate and deserted streets, without occupation, and without interest in all the stirring events which are daily transpiring in the busy world, from which they are shut out.

Some of the younger and more enterprising attempted to transplant the hitherto busy place to the main-land; but their well-meant efforts proved a wretched failure, and the "Bridge" never grew beyond a stupid hamlet of half-a-dozen one-storied houses. None of the older stock were ever tempted to remove by the brilliant prospects of the "Bridge." They had been born at Mille-Roches; their lives had been passed there; they knew no other place; their last breath should be drawn within the sound of the old mill-wheel; and there, with a few exceptions, they are at the present time. Business in the village there is none; no one buys, for there is no money, and no one sells, for there are no merchantable commodities. In summer, the villagers catch perch; and in winter they are never seen—how they then subsist is unknown, but many suppose that they become torpid.

Not far below this "Sleepy Hollow," an early settler had built a commodious farm-house in the midst of a grove of hickory trees, on a head-land, which thereafter became known as Marsh's Point. This Point, which embraced a number of acres, was also detached by the canal from the main-land, the only means of communication therewith being by the way of the Mille-Roches culvert. The appearance of the farm-house and its surroundings, indicated plainly enough the rural architecture of a past century; high and steep roofs left the eaves not many feet from the ground, and, altogether, the quiet and ghostly air which pervaded the place told plainly enough, what its occupants were ready to substantiate, that the storms of a hundred winters had beaten upon it, and the bright-

ness of the suns of a hundred summers had illumined it. At the time when the incidents occurred which this sketch proposes to speak of, the autumn of 1845, the place was occupied by two old ladies—Granny Marsh, and her daughter, Miss Clara—of the ages of eighty and sixty years respectively, who lived quite alone in the solitary old house, and seldom or never left it. Many years they had been living thus alone, when, early in the month of September, in the year above mentioned, some extraordinary circumstances occurred, which greatly alarmed the old ladies, and were succeeded by inexplicable, and, the neighbors firmly believe, supernatural events, which could not be explained at the time, and have never been since, and which still form the burden of the conversation about the fires of many a neighboring farmer in the long winter evenings. One evening, shortly after dark, a farmer on the main-land was returning from the Bridge, and, happening to look over towards the Point, was astonished to see the number of lights which appeared to be moving about the old house. He could only suppose that some accident had occurred to Miss Clara or her mother; and, early next morning, went over to hear of the supposed trouble, and tender his sympathy. Great, however, was his surprise when he found the old ladies in the best of health and spirits, and quite ignorant of any unusual occurrence about the place—in fact not a little amused at the idea of so many people having been about the house the evening before without their knowledge. He returned home greatly surprised, and by no means satisfied; and, although silenced for the time, determined to watch closely for a return of the lights. Not long after, they were again seen, and by a number of people; and, in a short time, their visitations became so frequent that all the neighbors had seen them, and they had also been seen by the Marshes. They then began to ask farmers' sons of the vicinity to pass the night at the place; and shortly, the strange visitors, coming nightly, the whole country side was put under contribution to furnish watchers. Two always watched together, and every effort was made to unravel the mystery, but unsuccessfully. People came from miles about to see for themselves, and expose the deception. Many were convinced it was nothing, absolutely nothing, and they would be able to prove it; but all went away with a quiet and subdued air, and often very uncommunicative. One of Wellington's Waterloo veterans was determined to get at the bottom of it, and, heavily loading his gun, placed himself at an open window to watch. Presently, a figure with blackened face rose up before the window, and was commanded to stand —a nod was the only response—but the figure began moving away; a second command producing the same result, the old soldier fired, and the figure fell—all rushed out of the house to the spot, but nothing could be seen.

It often occurred that from the main-land people could see many things being done, which the watchers at the house had not seen; and, on one occasion, on a dark night, a heated oven was seen near the house, and a number of people hurrying to and fro, with what appeared to be pans of bread from the oven. The watchers protested they saw nothing of this, and certainly there was no oven about the house. Sometimes a great number of lights seemed playing at hide and seek among the trees; now running along rapidly close to the ground, and then quickly ascending to the top of a lofty tree, would spurt about among the branches; at other times, a number of them would swing to and fro, forming arcs of circles, some of which were immense. Their movements were at times so fantastic as to appear to be governed wholly by caprice, and, again, so slow and cautious as to indicate great care and circumspection. They seldom or never left the immediate vicinity of the house; but on one occasion a number began slowly filing off towards the canal, to the consternation of the gazers on the opposite bank. Arrived at the edge of the water, all returned save one, which, without slackening or accelerating its speed, crossed the canal very near the surface of the water, and, ascending to the topmost boughs of a very lofty tree on the main-land, reminded one of a sailor on the look-out at the mast-head. After some little delay, it again descended the tree, recrossed the canal, and joined its

comradés about the house, which gathered about it like a lot of gossips to hear the news; or like friends gathering about a returned traveller to offer congratulations for the safe arrival.

At the commencement of these extraordinary occurences, the lonely occupants of the old house were greatly alarmed; but would not be persuaded to leave it; and after a time, when it was found that although the ghosts were troublesome, and at times somewhat noisy outside the house, and in dark rooms and passages within, they were, nevertheless, beyond that quite harmless—the fear of them in a measure subsided; and after the unusual sights and sounds were discontinued on the approach of winter, the old ladies were again content to be left alone in the dreary ghostly old place, and thereafter were not disturbed.

The writer has not attempted in this brief sketch to tell of all the inexplicable sights and sounds which surrounded the Marsh house during the eventful autumn in question, much less is it pretended that they were supernatural. No doubt, many of the circumstances were greatly distorted and exaggerated by the fears and excitement which prevailed in the neighborhood thereanent; but all these stories, of which the neighbors can tell numbers, where the imagination would appear to have been drawn upon for details, have been passed by, and only those which the writer knows from personal knowledge, have been spoken of. Modern science has been able to explain many apparently supernatural things, and has invented many which our fathers would have been burned for practising. Lights and figures have been moved at will. Still the difficulty, and, indeed, impossibility, which would attend the working of reflections in such numbers in a grove of trees, and among the leaves and branches, must be apparent; and the idea of a number of experts combining to work the machinery for effecting such results as those witnessed, for no apparent reason but to frighten two old ladies in a remote and secluded part of the country, is furthermore not reasonable. So that although the ghosts were, doubtless, of the earth earthy, whence they were, and why they should have so outrageously tormented two helpless women, and what was the result of the months of such unremitting labors has never been known; and as no possible explanation could excuse conduct so utterly at variance with all Christian precept, so it is more than probable that the secret will never be divulged; and another generation will repeat the story of the Marsh Point Ghosts, with embellishments, to their children.

WOULD YOU BE YOUNG AGAIN?

COMPOSED BY LADY NAIRNE IN 1842, WHEN IN HER 76TH YEAR.

Would you be young again?
So would not I—
One tear to memory giv'n,
Onward I'll hie.
Life's dark flood forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore,
Say, would you plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now
Retrace your way?
Wander through thorny wilds,
Faint and astray?
Night's gloomy watches fled,
Morning all beaming red,
Hope's smiles around us shed,
Heavenward—away.

Where are they gone, of yore
My best delight?
Dear and more dear, tho' now
Hidden from sight.
Where they rejoice to be,
There is the land for me;
Fly, time, fly speedily,
Come life and light.

LOCOMOTION FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY G. S. P., QUEBEC.

In these days of rapid transit, both on land and water, when every facility for comfort, convenience and despatch is afforded to the traveller, it may be curious and interesting to revert to the former modes of locomotion; and in the following brief sketch, we will take, for instance, that which prevailed in this part of Canada, at the beginning of the present century.

Reader, just let us take a trip from Quebec to Montreal. It is midsummer time, and we have the choice of proceeding by land or water conveyance. The craft then plying on the river St. Lawrence between Quebec and Montreal, consisted of schooners and sloops, each with roughly-fitted up cabins, commanded by a French Canadian, with a crew of four to six men of the same nationality. If the wind is fair, we may possibly reach Montreal in the course of two or three days; should it, however, prove contrary, or calm weather, we may be a week or ten days on the passage—rather a tedious voyage—so, as our time will not admit of such delay, we will go to Cady's Livery stables, in Ann street, and book our names for the stage coach, which leaves at six o'clock in the morning. After our night's repose, the sonorous notes of a tin horn sounds in our ears, and the rattling wheels come to a stop at the door of our residence. The luggage is safely strapped on the back of the stage, and we are comfortably esconced in the coach. Crack goes the driver's whip, and off start four fine bay horses at a rapid pace, till we reach St. Agustin, fifteen miles from Quebec, where we change horses; and, entering a neat comfortable inn, sit down to a cleanly-laid table, and partake of a hearty breakfast of meat, eggs, coarse sweet bread, toast, butter, and tea. Having done ample justice to our repast, we are summoned to our places in the coach, and off we go again with four fine fresh steeds. The road is very even, and kept in excellent order; almost equal to our present turnpike roads. The country through which we pass, is laid out in narrow strips of land for farms, which are cultivated after the rude fashion of the *habitants* of that period. The newly-mown hay sends forth its pleasant fragrance,—the men and women are busily engaged in gathering the stock for the season; patches of wheat, oats, peas, &c., promise a bountiful supply; while the little garden, adorned with flowers around the house, yields the necessary vegetable food. The grotesque attire of the *habitants*,—the men clad with their home-spun *etoffe du pays* and *bonnet rouge*,—the women in their blue-striped petticoats,—and the half-dressed urchins—form a curious group, as they cease their labor to pay a respectful obeisance to the passers by. This novel scene forms a pleasant reminiscence; but on, on we go, arriving next at Point-aux-Trembles, where another change of horses takes place; and fifteen miles further on brings us to Deschambault, where we are provided with a substantial dinner, served by the host and hostess in the polite and respectful manner which forms such a conspicuous and interesting characteristic of these worthy people. The next stopping places, each fifteen miles distance, are St. Anns, Cap Santé, Champlain, and Three Rivers, where we remain for the night at Ostrom's Hotel, far-famed in those days for its comfort, convenience, and sumptuous fare, and the portly, hospitable landlady, who so ably presided over its affairs. The town of Three Rivers is situated ninety miles distant—half-way between Montreal and Quebec—on the confluence of the rivers St. Maurice and St. Lawrence, and was at that time quite a flourishing place, being the depot for the sale of the products of the Eastern Townships; but the course of this traffic has

been diverted into other directions. It is, however, destined to become a rising town when the St. Maurice district is fully opened up. But to return to our travels. Called from our slumbers at an early hour to partake of a hearty breakfast—fine fresh fish forming one of the most attractive dishes—we are again seated in our coach, and, with four noble steeds, we continue our journey to Montreal, changing horses every fifteen miles, at Point du Lac, Masquinongé, L'Assumtion, Berthier, and Lavaltrie. From the latter place, four grey horses brought our coach into Montreal, which was driven up to the hotel, in fine dashing style.

WINTER TRAVEL.

The ground is now covered with its white mantle of snow, and we will take another trip to Montreal. Our names are again booked at the same place as mentioned before, and at early dawn we proceed in a cariole to the stage office, whére we embark in a capacious vehicle, roofed over on top, the sides fitted with strong cloth curtains, and furnished inside with a good supply of Buffalo robes; two strong built Canadian horses, placed tandem, form our team. The driver, closely muffled up in a huge Buffalo-skin coat, shouts out, "*Marche donc*," and on we skim over the road to the tune of the merry sleigh bells. This peculiar mode of traveling, is necessitated by the narrowness of the road, which admits of only one vehicle. This proves very inconvenient and uncomfortable, when encountering sleighs, as is frequently the case on the route, especially on a *fête* day, when strings of carioles with *habitants*, are on their way to or from the parish churches. The same process of changing horses, and sometimes drivers, occurs as previously stated. The incidents of the journey are somewhat monotonous; every now and then those famous bumps, phrenologically known as *cahots*, formed by the peculiar construction of the carioles, would disturb our equilibrium, tossing us about like a ship in a heavy sea; and after a violent snow-storm. the huge drifts of snow prove a formidable obstacle to overcome, sometimes causing a delay of five or six days between the two cities. The cold, keen, sharp wind, will penetrate, notwithstanding the closely-curtained vehicle, and the warmly-heated stove is eagerly sought at the various stopping places, where we meet again with that kind and polite attention from the brawny *habitant* lasses, in laying off our cumbrous winter wraps on our arrival, and re-adjusting them on our departure. What a change has come over the scene since our summer trip? "The harvest is past and the summer is gone;" and the out-door work of the *habitant* is now cutting and drawing fuel from the woods; feeding and taking care of the cattle. The flail is pounding out the grain on the barn floor; the *bonne femme* and daughters are busy at the loom, spinning-wheel, or knitting stockings; the aged *grand-père* is quietly sitting smoking his pipe in the corner,—an object of great veneration and respect. A creditable characteristic of the *habitant* is the affectionate regard paid to his aged parents. Again we reach the welcome half-way house, Ostrom's Hotel, at Three Rivers, where a good substantial supper and clean warm bed awaits us, with the cheerful greeting of our worthy hostess. At break of day we hastily partake of a cup of delicious coffee, and don our robes for the continuation of our journey; and, at evening, enter the streets of Montreal, which are dimly illuminated with the "light of other days."

Thus, gentle reader, we travelled fifty years ago. Just compare it with locomotion now-a-days, and I bid you adieu! *Tout cela est changé !*

THE LIONS OF LONDON.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PRIVATE LETTERS OF A CANADIAN.

A FLOWER SHOW.

May 15, 1869.

I have just had a most delightful afternoon at the Crystal Palace—the first flower show of the season. We walked leisurely over to the station, and found on the platform a good many waiting. Several trains arrived, and were emptied, while we stood there, so that the platform was full when the Palace train came up. Alas! it was nearly full, too. By dint of perseverance, we discovered that one carriage had only four on a side, instead of five, so, much against their will, the ladies had to squeeze up their silks and make room for us. I wore my walking dress, but I don't think I saw a single lady the whole afternoon who was not dressed in silk, white lustre, or grenadine. It is a very pretty ride to Sydenham, and the station adjoins the palace. Of course, the latter could not be seen to advantage to-day, on account of the awnings. The flowers were magnificent. Azaleas were the most prominent feature; but the wreaths were wonderful, and though it is not quite the season for roses yet, Paul and Jones had a magnificent show. The bouquets were lovely, not like the stiff things we see in our exhibitions, but real gems—beauty of arrangement, not quality of flowers, being the test of merit. One wedding bouquet was composed almost entirely of white azaleas and maiden-hair ferns. There were only two little cases of tulips, not forty altogether, and those rather past. The crush at the roses was immense, and it was no easy matter to get to the rope. The orchids were about equally crowded, and, towards evening, when other places were almost deserted, it was still almost impossible to get near the bouquets. In the intervals of seeing the flowers, we wandered off into different parts of the palace, but did not attempt to see the grounds or galleries. The variety here is endless. A part of the burnt portion is being restored to its former magnificence. I recognized the Alhambra Court from the photograph as soon as I saw it.

EXETER HALL—MAY MEETINGS.

On Thursday, we attended one of the May meetings at Exeter Hall. It was that of the London Missionary Society. The meeting commenced at ten, the doors were to be opened at nine, so about ten minutes after eight, we got into the omnibus—Exeter Hall being four miles from here. It seems to be a rule for each gentleman who gets in, to salute everybody else with "Good morning." We went along the Upper Kensington road, and Westminster Bridge road, across the bridge, catching a glimpse, in passing, of the Houses of Parliament and the Abbey, down Parliament street, past St. Martin's in the Fields, past Whitechapel and the Horse [Guards, to Trafalgar Square, where we alighted. The Hall is on the Strand. It was about a quarter to nine when we got there, and the doors were not yet open. The pavement in front of them was completely blocked up. We mingled with the crowd, and, in a few minutes, found ourselves almost in the centre of it, so fast did the people collect. When, at length, the doors were opened, there was a great rush. I believe the side seats on the platform, were for the wives and daughters of the missionaries. At all events, two rows of seats were occupied by their sons. For an hour we had to amuse ourselves] as best we might. By ten o'clock, the whole place was crammed. The chairman was Charles Read, M.P.; several of the speeches were from missionaries, of whom there were eight or nine on the platform, all of whom were introduced, and had to stand up and make a bow. Between twelve and one, we eat our biscuits and oranges. Some old

ladies near us were busy knitting stockings. The meeting lasted till three, and then we were a quarter of an hour getting out. On the whole, I was disappointed in the meeting, chiefly, I think, on account of the closeness of the room.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

May 17.

To-day, I have seen the National Gallery. We left Surrey, by omnibus, a little after two, and reached Trafalgar Square at eleven. This square is all paved with flagstones, and is adorned with two fine fountains, a tall monument supporting a statue of Nelson, statues of Napier and Havelock, and last, but not least, Landseer's Lions, at the base of Nelson's column. A great improvement has recently been made in the square by the introduction of several bay trees in boxes. Leaving our umbrellas in the vestibule, we passed on into the presence of the old masters. Two rooms are very full of queer ecclesiastical paintings, with gilded back grounds, holy families, saints, and angels in wonderful variety. In some of these, the work is exquisite, and must have occupied a great deal of time in its execution; but the result is not beautiful. One painting represents St. John, the Evangelist, raised to Heaven. He is being drawn up by the wrists, and the expression on his face is one of great bodily discomfort, as well it may be. But I think that is the only face, in this class of painting, that has any expression at all. The more modern pictures are better, such as Murillo's Infant St. John and the Lamb; his Peasant Boy, close by, is a perfect gem. Some of Rembrandt's are delightful; and Claude's are soft and pleasant. Sir J. Reynolds' Samuel, is lovely, but faded-looking. And now we entered the Turner Gallery, and wandered through two halls, going into raptures over pictures, of whose meaning we could not, in the majority of cases, form the slightest conception, without the names underneath. I think Turner looked at everything through London air. A comparison of his paintings, with the elaborate works of the old masters, does not tell well for his industry. He may have spent a good deal of time over them; but it does not look like it.

COVENT GARDEN—BLUE-COAT SCHOOL.

After leaving the gallery, we walked by way of Chandos and Henrietta streets, to Covent Garden Market. Such a display of fruit, flowers, and vegetables; green peas, green gooseberries, strawberries, apricots, and every sort of thing. The bouquets and flowers in pots, were lovely. Then we took a cab and drove to the new meat market in Smithfield, a magnificent structure built of brick, with arched-glass roof. It was recently visited by the Queen. On the opposite side of the square, is St. Bartholomew's Hospital, through which we walked, and found ourselves outside Christ's Hospital, or the Blue-Coat School. Peeping through the railings, we could see the boys at play; and ridiculous they looked in their long, blue coats, some of which were tucked up into their belts, pannier fashion; yellow stockings; ministerial collars, and bare heads. We went in, and were shown the magnificent dining hall, which, the porter said, is the second largest hall in England, Westminster being the first. It is all in solid oak, and very finely decorated.

Passing several places of note, we turned into the Royal Exchange, a large square building, with an open court in the centre. Over the principal door is the motto chosen by the Prince Consort:—" The Earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof." Leaving this we retraced our steps to King Street, and turned down to Guildhall. A flock of pigeons were feeding in the street, undisturbed by the passers by. On one side is a beautiful drinking fountain, with a casting representing Moses striking the rock, from which the water gushes out. Just in front of this, the great black prisoners' van was drawn up. The Guildhall has a fine vaulted oak roof. On either side of the west window are the colossal figures of Gog and Magog, of unknown origin. There are, also, some very fine monuments. Then we went into the Council-room, where are a good many paintings, among them a portrait of Peabody. The room where the

Mayor and the Aldermen sit is also very pretty.

THE TOWER.

On Friday morning we went to the Tower, where, entering a gate, and paying our shillings at the office, we had to wait a few minutes, until a beefeater came to conduct us and a good many more. The beefeaters are a fine looking set of men, but their uniforms are by no means dignified. They look as if they were dressed out for a carnival.—Passing through two gates, and over the ancient moat, the first place of interest is the Traitors' Gate, the entrance from the Thames. Then we go into the Horse Armory, filled with figures of the kings, in the armour they used to wear. Raleigh's Chamber contains horrible instruments of torture, thumb-screws, etc. There is a headsman's axe, and a block with the marks of the axe in it. Then there are ancient weapons—military flails—cruel things.—War has become more humane by being reduced to a science. The walls of this room are fifteen feet thick. The Volunteer Armory is wonderful. You walk through rows of rifles, stacked from floor to ceiling. Devices on the walls and ceilings are made by different weapons and parts of weapons. Higher up, in St. John's Chapel, "Visitors are requested to take their hats off on entering, as it is a consecrated building," and this rule is rigidly enforced by the guide, though there is nothing to be seen inside but stone arches. Coming down, we cross the yard past the place where Lady Jane Grey and Anne Boleyn were beheaded, and go up into the Beauchamp Tower, where are inscriptions by Lady Jane Grey, and other prisoners. Down again, and across to another building, where we leave our umbrellas, and are admitted to the Crown Jewels. The Kohinoor is about the size of a bantam's egg, and is set in a bracelet with two other diamonds about as big as robins' eggs, one on each side. There are five crowns, and I think the Queen's by far the prettiest. It is a perfect blaze of diamonds. The gold dishes are grand, but the appearance is not equal to the reality. There is a lovely salt-cellar, in the shape of a castle, set with jewels. But we are not allowed to stay here long, and so cannot make very particular observations.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

May 19.

We spent the whole day yesterday at the Crystal Palace, looking, first, at the Japanese Jugglers for a little while—wonderful little boys turning summersaults with swords in their mouths, or balancing themselves on top of pyramids—and then we wandered through all the wonders of glass, china, pictures, furniture, toys, silver and jewellery—everything is there. It was a shilling day, and, being Whitsun week, there were a great many poor families out holiday-making, though, as the weather was threatening, there was no inconvenient crowd. It was so pleasant to see the people enjoying themselves, and, in spite of the perfect liberty, or, perhaps, on account of it, there was perfect order. The people's palace must be a wonderful blessing to London. There are some beautiful pictures in the gallery, one of which, representing, I suppose, Aurora, I could have looked at all day. The blue of the sky, changing from the hue of night to that of day, as the figure, crowned with the morning star, and lighted up with the red rays of the rising sun, floats over the lofty domes of some great city far below, is wonderfully painted. Another picture represents a family crouching in the snow, and looking back with terrified faces at their burning home, the light from which only is visible, There is, also, a beautiful statue in bronze of a little boy, about three years old, who has fallen over his hoop, and a great dog is lying beside him.

THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

May 25.

Last Saturday was devoted to the Parliament Buildings, which are only open one day in the week, and to Westminster Abbey. We walked over Westminster Bridge, in order to look at the embankment, which is just a road by the water-side, with a white stone parapet. Westminster Palace is a splendid pile of buildings, and harmonizes very well with the Abbey, looking quite as ancient. We go in at the Peers'

entrance, and, mounting a stair, find ourselves in the Royal Gallery, in which are two large frescoes, representing the Death of Nelson, and Wellington meeting Blucher on the field of Waterloo. Next is the Victoria Hall, a little room, with two octagonal, ink-spotted, leather-covered tables, surrounded by sixteen equally substantial, and unornamental chairs. In the panels all round the room are historical bas-reliefs, carved in oak. Opposite the doorway is an arched recess occupied by a colossal statue of the Queen, with Justice and Clemency on either hand. On each side of this recess is a door leading to the House of Lords. There the seats are covered with scarlet Morocco leather. The windows are of stained glass, the walls covered with carved oak panelling. The Throne is not exceedingly beautiful, the ornamentation consisting of the Royal Arms and motto, repeated over and over again in gold, fresco and embroidery. In front of the Throne is the Woolsack, the red covering of which is tied at the corners, and a red-covered back is stuck up in the middle of it for the Lord Chancellor to lean against. It looks very comfortable. In front of it are two similar bales, but I could not learn their use. Through the Peers' Corridor, ornamented with frescoes, relating to the Civil Wars, we come to the Central Hall, chiefly remarkable for its height. The Commons' Corridor, similarly frescoed, leads to the House of Commons. The House is imposing, certainly, filled with a "dim, religious light;" but there is more grandeur than beauty. Our Parliament Buildings are much more pleasing to the eye. While we were in the House of Commons, "Big Ben" tolled twelve o'clock.

St. Stephen's and Westminster Halls are not easy to describe, because there is nothing particularly to be said about them. There is a beautiful chapel down in the crypt, which was only discovered a few years ago. We peeped in at the Courts of Exchequer and Queen's Bench, and saw the judges and lawyers in their wigs.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Just across the way is Westminster Abbey. The entrance is not at Poet's Corner, but by the North door. A guide takes us the round of the chapels, where kings and queens, and noblemen, are mixed up confusedly. In the same chapel with Queen Elizabeth, lie the bones of Addison. In several chapels hang old, mouldy, rotten banners, falling to pieces with age. In Edward the Confessor's Chapel, just behind the altar, stands the Coronation Chair, an ugly thing, scratched over with names, under the seat of which is fastened the Scone Stone. Beside it is a similar but somewhat smaller chair, made for the coronation of William and Mary. Near to the entrance door, on one side of the aisle, is a polished slab with a cross on it, which marks the grave of Palmerston. There was a black slab on one side of it, but none that I could see, on the other. The inscription was illegible, and the place covered with benches.

GONE BEFORE.

There's a beautiful face in the silent air,
  Which follows me ever and near,
With smiling eyes and amber hair,
With voiceless lips, yet with breath of prayer,
  That I feel, but cannot hear.

The dimpled hand, and ringlet of gold,
  Lie low in a marble sleep;
I stretch my arms for the clasp of old,
But the empty air is strangely cold,
  And my vigil alone I keep.

There's a sinless brow with a radiant crown
  And a cross laid down in the dust;
There's a smile where never a shade comes now,
And tears no more from those dear eyes flow,
  So sweet in their innocent trust.

Ah, well! and summer is coming again,
  Singing her same old song;
But oh! it sounds like a sob of pain,
As it floats in the sunshine and the rain,
  O'er hearts of the world's great throng.

There's a beautiful region above the skies,
  And I long to reach its shore,
For I know I shall find my treasure there,
The laughing eyes and amber hair
  Of the loved one gone before.

THE COLONISTS—AN EPISODE IN ACADIAN HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.

And Desert Isle abrupt and bare,
Lifts its grey turrets in the air;
Seen from afar like some stronghold,
Built by the Ocean Kings of old;
And faint as smoke-wreath, white and thin,
Swells in the north vast Katahdin,
And wandering from its watery feet,
The broad Penobscot comes to meet,
And mingle with its own bright bay.

— *Whittier.*

The day was clear and bright. There was in the air that freshness, which, in autumn, so often follows a long succession of rain and storms. The sun shone in tempered radiance, and glistened on the waves which came rolling up the rocky shore of the eastern point of Acadia; for while over all that man has power all is changed, the sun and the sea, at least, were the same as when, two hundred and fifty years ago, the French held possession in that country of the fisheries and the fur trade. Two persons of that nation, a man and a woman, both young, now watched from a rock, the progress of a small vessel, which was trying to approach the land. The wind was contrary, and the little bark, slowly tacking and spreading her sails, might, to a contemplative observer, have called up images of the vicissitudes of human life; but neither of the two observers, on this occasion, did such ideas occur to their minds, express them.

Present cares occupied their thoughts. The woman spoke first. "Charles," she said, "perhaps your father is on that vessel? We should stay here till it comes in."

"Would to heaven it were so," the young man replied. "Truly, my father would enjoy the air of the sea, after languishing so long in an English prison."

"How little we can foresee the future," rejoined his companion. "When your father left us, I only feared for him the perils of the sea. How many nights did I lie awake, trembling at the thought of that fearful Sable Island, whence such long shoals of sand stretch away into the sea; where, they say, eddies of the ocean sweep the ships on shore; where so many have perished; so many brave mariners have been lost; and where, when the sands shift, buried skeletons and treasures come up to view. How often I terrified myself with the idea of M. de LaTour being cast on those dreadful shores; but he passed on safely and landed in France."

"To meet a fate more dismal far," replied Charles. "Of little value is life, when confined by relentless enemies in a gloomy dungeon, there to spend, in all probability, the remainder of his days; at the moment, too, when he expected to extend his command over all the shores of Acadia. Doubtless, had he been here, we might have held our own, but now, Marie, we shall have to make a hard fight."

"Look up! look up!" said Marie; "our hearts, *mon ami*, must not fail. Help will come, and we shall maintain our own. See! the light rises already."

"Light!" said the young man; "all is dark about me; but you, Marie, why did I bring you from France, where you might have lived peaceful and happy, to struggle on these wild rocks, to which the English have driven us?"

"Do not regret it, I could not have been at ease in France without you," returned Marie; "and it is pleasanter for me to look on the wide ocean, and to range these rocks, than to live shut up between the gloomy walls of the convent, in which I should be, were I not your wife. Port Royal is lost, it is true, but our home in the fort here is agreeable. We are improving it every day."

"How long shall we stay in the fort?" asked Charles. "The more pleasant we make it, the more temptation to our enemies to come and drive us out."

"We will not be driven out, my husband," said Marie. "We will make the walls of Fort LaTour too strong for that."

"If the king had granted the request of my father, and sent us some hundreds of soldiers, it would have been possible for us to maintain ourselves; but these few Indians, this handful of French, what can be done?"

"Stout hearts and strong hands can do a great deal," replied Marie gaily; "and the enemy are not coming yet. But it is time for me to get back to my work; my loom stands still too long. The enemy, when they do come, must not find you in a tattered cloak."

So saying, with a laugh that made the rocks ring, she tripped off along a winding path that led to the fort. LaTour watched her retreating footsteps. She stopped and pointed towards the sea. Her husband turned; the ship was still there, having made but little progress; but he saw that a boat had left the vessel, and, impelled by several rowers, was quickly nearing the shore. The young man went to meet it, and, in a few minutes, it touched the land. One man got out, and the boat pushed off again. The man came towards LaTour. His appearance was gaunt and grim, as if worn with fatigue and hardships; but his sufferings had not entirely overshadowed the calm and earnest expression of his features. He wore the dress of a priest, and by the cross which hung from his girdle, LaTour knew him to be a Jesuit. Recollecting the differences which had taken place, not long before, between the Governors of Acadia and the Jesuits, LaTour hesitated a moment, then said, "Welcome my father, welcome to land after the perils of the ocean. You came, doubtless, from France; can you give me tidings of Claude de LaTour?"

The priest looked at him, but did not immediately reply, and LaTour, regarding the stranger more attentively, saw that he had made a mistake; as a voyage from France could scarcely have made such a change as he now observed in the religious garb.

"Pardon, my father," he said; "yours has, doubtless, been a course of difficulty and danger, and I have done wrong in intruding on you my worldly questions; yet, you will not refuse to excuse my want of consideration, as my anxiety was for my father."

"My son," replied the stranger, "I did not answer your question, because I did not comprehend it. I have been living for years among savages, in hardship and toil, and have almost forgotten the usages of civilized life; but this I can tell you—two large ships are in the distance with soldiers."

LaTour clasped his hands in an ecstacy of joy.

"I know nothing of what is passing in the world beyond these wide waters," said the priest. "What I have told you, I learnt this day from an English vessel that spoke the sloop, in which I have been for ten days a passenger; but the troops of whom he spoke are not for you, possibly."

"I expect some," LaTour said, too much excited to restrain his impatience. "Come with me, my father," he continued, "and partake of what little hospitality my wife and I can offer. I must not delay to share with her the news you have given of ships being at hand."

The stranger thankfully accepted the invitation, and they took their course by a shorter path than Marie had chosen. The way was easy, and they were soon at the fort. It was a stone structure of some pretensions to strength, and looked as if, with a sufficient garrison, it could keep an enemy at bay. The number of its present inmates was, however, very small. Charles de LaTour led the way to his wife's apartment, in the keep. She was seated at her loom, and great was her delight, when she heard from her husband that succors were probably approaching. After giving vent to her feelings of joy, she was applying herself again to her work, when her husband gaily reminded her she need not labor so hard, as there was no danger of an enemy coming now. Marie discontinued her weaving, and quitted the room to attend to the duties of hospitality, leaving her husband and his guest earnestly engaged in conversation.

The state of manners at that period in France, towards the middle of the seventeenth century, was, we may suppose, nearly

on a level with that of the dwellers in the country in England, a little later, as represented by the historians of the times,—a mixture of unrefined habits and elevated ideas, of rudeness in living and loftiness of demeanor.

A similar degree of civilization, such a measure of comfort as prevails now among the *habitants* of Canada, nearly the same as has existed among them since their first settlement in the country, was that of the early colonists of Acadia. They were brave, religious, industrious, contented; and happy, could they have enjoyed, in tranquillity, the portion of the new world, to gain which they had left their native country, and encountered the perils of the ocean, and the still more fearful dangers of struggles with the Indians.

Charles de LaTour belonged to a respectable family, and his wife, who was also the descendant of an ancient house, endeavored to retain, amid the changes of position through which her husband had passed, driven from one station to another, as much as possible of comfort and self-respect.

Her apartment was small, the necessity of restricting space in the fort scarcely admitting of the advantageous display of her furniture, part of which had been brought from France. There was the bedstead, with embroidered canopy, and curtains drawn closely round. A mirror, in a gilded frame, ornamented with curious carvings; an oaken-table, with claws, also carved, not a bad specimen of mediæval art, and some high-backed chairs; a solid settee, made by the Swiss soldiers, and a capacious chest, of Venetian workmanship. The window was curtained with knotting, the production of Marie's own industrious fingers; and on the hearth lay a mat, the fur of a silver-grey wolf, killed by her husband.

In this not inelegant apartment, the repast was served. If not sumptuous, it was abundant; and Madame de LaTour had taken care it should not disparage the commandant of Fort LaTour's character for hospitality. There was fish, fresh from the salt-water, herrings, and alewives, (the *fretin*) with venison, and partridges, cooked according to rules of French *cuisine*, imparted by Marie to a serving *garçon*. The Indians furnished corn, and this, boiled with peas and beans, formed *sagamite*, so long the choice material of colonial festive entertainments—still a standing dish on New England tables.

When the repast was finished, Charles de LaTour requested his guest to resume the conversation, which the dinner had interrupted.

"Go on, father," he said, "my wife will have pleasure in hearing your account."

The priest bowed, and recommenced his narrative.

"As I have described," he said, "we had established ourselves, and were peacefully lodged at St. Sauveur, and the Island of Mont-Desert, after long labors, had begun to appear a haven of rest; and by the aid of the saintly lady, Madame DeGuercheville, we had even overcome the indolence of the savages, who preferred hunger to the labor of grinding corn. They were now around us satisfied and attached, and. while listening to our instructions in the way of life, they had profited by the lessons we gave them in agriculture, and corn and vegetables were springing up.

"On the eastern shore of the island is a rock, which the beating of the waves for ages has separated from the mainland, by a chasm of eight or ten feet wide, through which the tide rushes with a thundering roar, into the rocky chamber below. It is a frightful spot, and I never visited it without a feeling of awe; for it was here that, driven by fearful tempests, we first landed on the island. In a little cove near this we made our first rest, and, setting up the cross, we named the place, with thankful joy, St. Sauveur. Truly, it was a lovely spot, and, as our work progressed, we found it an agreeable location, In time, as our Indians collected round, we dug deep the foundations of our houses; our mission prospered, and we trusted many years of useful labors extended before us. I had one evening been detained by various duties so long, that, returning home, I was benighted just as I reached the "Spouting Horn," the rock of which I have spoken. It was too late for me to proceed further, and I had no alternative but to remain all night. The only danger was from wild

animals, but these were rarely met. I had a dog with me, and, not feeling fear, I sat down against a rock, and, wearied by a long journey, soon fell asleep. My slumber was calm and pleasant; I had been occupying my mind with reflections on the peaceful course of our lives, working so tranquilly among the children of nature, so much more docile than their kindred in the far North-West; and I anticipated future progress with joyful hope. Awaking at day-break, and preparing to resume my journey, I was surprised at the sight of a vessel larger than those that usually visited the island, in full sail for the point. After vainly trying to conjecture whence the strange bark could come, I set off for a solitary habitation, at some distance, where was a sick convert I wished to visit. On my way, as the sun rose, I met several Indians, who, impelled by curiosity, were hurrying to gain a nearer view of the strange vessel. Soon, from all parts of the settlement, our people were flocking to the point; the reverend fathers also went thither. Leaving the sick man, I joined the crowd, when my brethren remarked to me the strange movements of the ship, on board of which were, evidently, a large number of men. Her course was, for some time, undecided. At length she came to anchor in front of the point. The Indians were eager to go off in their canoes to visit the vessel, but we restrained them. Presently, the flag of Virginia was hoisted on the mast. Some of our men uttered a cry of surprise, and all pressed forward more clearly to see it. In a moment, fire flashed along the vessel's side, and it was wreathed in smoke. The deadly discharge took aim with fatal effect on the unsuspecting crowd. One of the priests, DuThet, with several of the Indians, fell desperately wounded; and shrieks and lamentations resounded from the survivors, as, panic struck, they fled with precipitation, bearing off the wounded; while, through the smoke, two boats were seen advancing to the shore. For myself, I hastened, with my brethren, to the side of those who were left for dead. One still breathed; we carried him off before the boats could reach the shore; we also bore off the body of the priest. He, too, still breathed; but before we could gain a place of safety, life had departed. While I attended to the dying Indian, my brethren went in search of our scattered flock. All day I was alone. I bound up the wounds of my charge. I had nothing to give him but a little water; yet I could administer that spiritual consolation which soothed his fainting spirit. Loud shouts and cries reached my ears continually from the crews of the boats, ranging round, but they did not come near us, and we were alone another dismal night. The next morning one of the priests returned, bringing some food, which he had happily been able to save from our abode before the arrival of the enemy, who now burst with lawless fury over our late peaceful homes. I learnt now that our treacherous assailant was the Virginian commander, Argall, who, desirous of gaining possession of the fishing grounds, had come thus cruelly to seize on Mont-Desert Island. That one broadside had ensured his victory. The Indians had fled in terror to the woods. Resistance was vain; it was useless to attempt it. We consulted for some time as to what was to be done, and decided that the other fathers, as soon as the wounded Indian could walk, should endeavor to rejoin our flock, whom we could not abandon in their desolation; and for myself, that it would be best for me, when a *chaloupe* could be found, to resume my original destination to Canada. With regret I prepared to quit this sphere of labor for untried scenes. With many pleasing recollections of the devotion of some of our converts; with painful thoughts of the relentless avarice which prompts the cruel nature of ambitious men to grasp the hard-earned possessions of their fellows, regardless of suffering and of blood, I took my way to the *chaloupe*.

"The mariners were iu haste to sail, as they feared being detained by Argall. They were only waiting for the tide to turn, when an interesting incident occurred. A boat, floating lightly on the waves, came drifting in with the last roll of the flood. The sailors soon discovered there was some one in it; and, going in pursuit, speedily returned with their prize. In it they had found a sleeping youth, his leg badly broken—a boy who might have seen some

fifteeen or sixteen summers. He was handsome, and interesting; and when he recovered from his surprise at finding himself surrounded by strangers, in reply to the questions put to him, answered in English; but none on board our *chaloupe* spoke that language. All that could be understood was, that his name was Edward. Whence he came, or by what strange accident he had been left alone in the boat, drifting on the ocean, could not be ascertained. As he did not recognize the name of Argall, we concluded he did not belong to the jurisdiction of that governor."

Madame de LaTour enquired what had become of the boy.

"He is still on board the vessel," replied the priest; "and most gladly would I find a home for him, as it is scarcely possible for me to take charge of him longer in his present disabled state."

Madame de LaTour looked at her husband. "With your permission, Charles," she said, "I will take this youth, and do for him what I can to supply the absence of his friends."

Charles de LaTour made no objection; and the priest, with many expressions of gratitude towards his hosts, and especially for this last kindness, took his leave, promising to send his *protégé* on the morrow.

CHAPTER II.

"The glory of Newfoundland is its coasts, a wonderful perplexity of fiords, bays and creeks, islands, peninsulas, and capes, endlessly picturesque and often magnificently grand. Nothing can exceed the headlands and precipices, honey-combed, shattered and hollowed into vast caverns, and given up to the thunder and fury of the deep-sea billows—the sea filled with a multitude of isles of every height and form, a village gleaming in the setting sun, as if flames were shining through the windows—mountains, pyramids and crested ridges, down to rounded knolls and tables, and grotesque masses, ruffling with curling surf.

"The field-ice lies in vast floats on the ocean, rolling at times with its billows and falls with perfect order. But this order goes into confusion in a storm, presenting in the succeeding calm, a waste of ruins, masses of ice, thrown into a thousand forms."—NOBLE.

Through this expanse, two ships were slowly proceeding, steering their way, in comparative tranquillity, to clearer waters. For several days, though surrounded by dangers, these vessels, after a stormy passage from England, had been nearly absolutely becalmed, and the weary passengers were refreshing themselves with needful repose. The sun had now gone down, a mass of flaming gold; the blazing radiance, as it emerged from the clouds, reflected in many successive bands of crimson on the dancing waters, and the brilliant tints above slowly fading into long crimson-edged streaks of grey, and gradually stretching into dark massive rolls. On the foremost vessel one of the passengers, leaning over the bulwarks, lingered long after sunset, watching the changing sky. He at length left the deck, and descended to the cabin, where a light was already burning. It was a resting place, small and confined—yet, perhaps, not more inconvenient than those of the vessels of modern times—and this state-room, if such it might be termed, had, with no slight degree of taste and elegance, been fitted up with damask seats and cushions; while mirrors reflected the uneasy motion of the chandelier, and rich cloaks and laced hats hung on the partition walls. In the midst of these sat a lady, with the bright complexion of Albion's daughters, and dressed in the fashion of the English court, handsome, and much younger than her husband, who now entered the cabin. It was Madame de LaTour, formerly a Maid of Honor to Queen Henrietta. Claude de LaTour had been well received in England, and had married this lady during his detention there, at the same time pledging himself to the service of the English king. She had borne, with tolerable equanimity, the hardships and discomforts of the voyage, cheered by the prospects LaTour had held out of a splendid reception when they should arrive at their destination.

The lady was reclining in an attitude of languid indifference, but at the entrance of her husband, she assumed a gay, confident air. "Well, *mon ami*," she said, "when are we to reach our promised Eden? that precious place, the delights of which are to reward us for all we have gone through in this long, most tedious voyage."

"We shall be at our destined port," replied LaTour, "in the course of three or four days; but whether it will prove the

paradise which your imagination has pictured, remains to be seen. For myself, I anticipate much difficulty and vexation with my lofty-minded son."

"Oh! he is a good Catholic," said the lady, "and has been taught to be obedient."

"Not so," was the reply. "My son has always shown himself honorable and brave, and a good Christian; but had he received, like DeMont, a patent to rule from Virginia to the extreme North, he could not be more submissive to the King of France."

"What has he to do with the King of France?" asked the lady.

"I was formerly myself his subject," returned LaTour. "It was in the service of the French king that I sailed for Quebec, when I was made prisoner by Kirtch; but that day, which I then considered so disastrous, changed my fortunes. I received a large grant of land, and it gave me the opportunity of seeing you."

"No great fortune for me," said the lady, "if I am destined to the desert you speak of."

"No, certainly. You are suited to a brilliant sphere, my princess; but triumphs may await you in your yet unknown domain!"

The lady curled her lip with a disdainful smile.

"You are thinking of the gay dances at Whitehall," he continued, "where you shone so brilliantly in the train of the Queen. There were none there, Catherine, that could compare with you."

"Ah, well," she returned, "I must think no more of all those past enjoyments, that now fleet before me as a mocking vision. I was only a silly Maid of Honor then; now I am the wife of the Governor of Acadia."

"And when had Governor a fairer partner?" he asked. The lady cast a glance at her reflection in the mirror. More satisfied, she then, drawing off her headdress, prepared to retire to her couch, her mind still occupied with the splendor and festivities in which she had mingled in the abodes of royalty. Her husband, too, endeavored to sleep; but his thoughts soon wandered from the gaiety of Whitehall to his son, so loyal and faithful, so devoted to his principles of duty.

Claude de LaTour's was no easy pillow.

CHAPTER III.

It was evening at the fort, and Charles de LaTour and his wife sat talking over their favorite schemes. As the dusk came on, a bright fire on the hearth blazed below the tall brass dogs,—logs of well-seasoned walnut sent up a steady flame, while curling wreaths of clear blue smoke ascended at the sides. The commandant, fatigued by a long hunt, was not inclined to move, and Marie, notwithstanding her eagerness in general to prosecute her labors at the loom, was enjoying so earnestly the conversation and the charm of the fireside, that she sat "carding her reels," not disposed to shorten the twilight hour.

Suddenly, a slight disturbance was heard below. Footsteps sounded on the stairs, a man entered, and, without speaking advanced to the table. LaTour and Marie instinctively rose. The air and the mien of the stranger commanded respect and bespoke authority; and his dress was costly, though not in the fashion of France. They stood for a few moments in silence, then Charles de LaTour, darting forwards, threw his arms round the stranger, and kissing him on both cheeks, exclaimed, "My father!"

The elder LaTour warmly returned his son's salutation, then embraced his daughter-in-law. The surprise was soon over, and they seated themselves round the fire,—Charles and Marie, in their excess of happiness at this realization of their fondest hopes, feeling as if all their anxieties had vanished. But it was soon evident that the father was not at ease. He withstood all his son's attempts to engage him in conversation; and Marie, concluding that after the fatigues of his voyage he was in want of rest, hastened to prepare a bed, and advised his retiring to repose.

The next morning the father and the son went over the fort, and Charles pointed out what he considered requisite to be done to make the post defensible. The father only shrugged his shoulders with expressions of contempt.

"You are throwing away your time," he said, "in vain attempts to do what is impossible. The sway of France is over here."

"Not yet, my father," said the young man. "Our Indians are faithful, and, with your advice, surely we can carry on our works. When the promised reinforcement arrives, it will require a strong force to reduce this fort."

"All that you can do is useless," replied his father. "Why attempt what is impossible?"

"To the resolved mind, nothing is impossible," answered Charles.

"You speak like a visionary youth. My experience does not warrant such ideas. The young are hopeful; but it is idle to contend against fate and destiny."

"What would you have me to do father?" asked the young man, as he looked up with a doubtful and distressed air.

A grim smile passed over the features of Claude de LaTour, as he said:—"There is no use in perplexing ourselves about what has been, or might still be done, had we the opportunity and the means. If the French Government had so willed, this territory could have been preserved to France. It is now irrecoverably lost. You may be the instrument of destroying these Indians, who, you say, are disposed to be faithful. You may throw away your own life, and sacrifice that of your wife, who, so young and devoted, deserves a better fate; but to preserve the fort to France is impossible. Nor is it possible for you to return to France, to poverty and neglect. No; you have been accustomed to command; you cannot descend to a lower position. You are fitted for the highest; it depends on yourself to choose."

Charles de LaTour had listened to his father's words with fixed attention. He now looked up. "What am I to choose, my father?" he asked. "What would you have me to do?"

"Give up the fort to the English," was the answer.

The young man started back with horror and dismay.

"Never! never!" he exclaimed. "Rather than betray my country and my king, I would resign every hope of happiness on earth; and not even you, my father, shall convince me I am not right in so doing."

Claude de LaTour turned contemptuously on his heel, and walked away. "Fool!" was the only word he uttered. An invincible feeling of repugnance chained Charles for some moments to the spot. What had passed seemed a fearful dream.

While he remained immoveable, not in doubt, but in dismay Claude de LaTour came suddenly back. "Charles," he said, in a tone of authority, "cast away these absurd scruples, unfit for a man of your age and sense. What is the King of France to you now? The King of England can give you rank and preferment. You can gain sums such as you have never touched. Do not cast away needless advantages which may never again come within your reach."

"Never! never!" cried Charles, "will I grasp the reward of a traitor."

The father was silent for a moment. Twice he turned to depart, twice came back. Then in a tone of tenderness that was not wholly assumed, he said; "My son, must we part then forever on earth? Has a parent's advice and entreaties no weight with his offspring, his only remaining child, for whose welfare he has spent his prime, and to whose care he looked as the solace of his declining years?"

His son was sorrowful but not irresolute. His mind was fixed. "I cannot follow your advice, my father," he said; "yet I would not say adieu for ever on earth."

He grasped his father's hand, but Claude sternly shook him off, and, without another word, strode away. Charles returned to his apartment, a tumult of conflicting emotions struggling in his breast. He felt as if he had been undutiful to his father, though the advice of that parent had been so strangely dishonorable, that he could not bear the idea of disclosing it even to his wife.

To Marie's eager and repeated enquiries about his father, he returned evasive answers, painful to himself and perplexing to her; and Madame de LaTour, unable to extract any satisfactory reason for the short stay and sudden departure of M. de LaTour, at length decided that natural reluctance at parting with his father caused the dejection, and abstracted manner of her husband. She exerted herself to revive his spirits, but her efforts to maintain their

usual lively conversation failing, she took refuge in her labors at the loom, and the evening passing wearily away, they retired to rest.

Charles could not sleep. His father's words sounded continually in his ears, and the dreadful idea of his parent being a traitor, tormented him to agony. He rose and looked out through the narrow casement. It was quite dark, the air was dull and heavy; nothing could be distinctly discerned. The clouds moving slowly from the east, now and then a star was visible, while the moaning of the wind through the forest, mingled with the distant murmurs of the sea, seemed to fall like footsteps at regular intervals. It was cold; but unwilling to return to his sleepless couch, he dressed himself, and again took his place at the window. The darkness seemed to have deepened, yet, as he peered into the gloom around, was it imagination, or did something move? Was it a racoon or a caribou? Where were the dogs? He looked more steadily. This time he could not be mistaken. Armed men were gathering round the walls. Instantly he closed the casement, and sounded his whistle. In a moment he was answered by the cries of his own soldiers, the shouts of the enemy, and the yells of the Indians. Then commenced a rapid discharge of musketry, which was quickly returned by the commandant and his little garrison. They were not long in perceiving that they were far outnumbered by their assailants.

Madame de LaTour awoke in terror. Starting up, and finding her husband gone—the sound of cannon and musketry, the tumult of the combat, the flashes of light, told her the fort was attacked. She rose and groped to the window. Charles had closed the shutter, she dared not to open it; but stood trembling, listening to the fearful clamor. Amid the shouts and confusion, one word distinctly reached her ear—it was the voice of Claude.

"Merciful heaven!" she exclaimed, as the dreadful truth flashed on her mind. "It is his father who attacks us."

Then, as fresh cries and groans became distinguishable, she remembered that she ought to attend to the wounded, and immediately descended to the court. Two men were bringing in a Swiss, his arm shattered by a ball. Marie was distracted by the thought of the danger to which her husband was exposed. She would have flown to the rampart, but the wounded Swiss required aid, and another and another bleeding soldier was brought in. Seizing a lamp, she hastened for the requisite appliances, enclosed the wounded limbs in splints of bark, and wound bandages round, then administered a few drops of cordial, in which she infused a decoction of the plant now called Boneset, the properties of which were known to the colonists.

The contest lasted till break of day. The assailants, with resolute bravery, repeatedly advanced to the attack; but were as often driven back. Marie busied with the wounded, and would not suffer herself to think of danger; but the point of a dagger seemed to pierce her heart, when the voice of Claude de LaTour, hoarse with rage and exertion, rose above the tumult, urging on his allies to the attack, while the soldiers of the garrison vented their fury in imprecations against the father, who, thus assisting the enemy, would have sacrificed his son. But morning dawned, and the assailants retired. Charles did not descend from the rampart till he had provided against another attack. His wife flew to meet him, but Charles was dejected and incapable of excitement. He had no satisfaction in having repulsed his father. No consolation in seeing him retire with redoubled shame,—defeat added to the degradation of treachery.

The Indians who went out as scouts, brought with them when they returned the boy of whom the priest had spoken. The inmates of the fort were pleased with the appearance of the youthful stranger, who, though belonging to a hostile people, interested all by his open, beaming countenance, lighted up with bright blue eyes, and shaded by brown, shining curls. As he could not speak French, and no one in the fort understood English, no information could be gained as to his parents; but the novelty of all around seemed much to amuse the youth, and he was soon quite

contented with his new associates, who vied with one another in endeavoring to make his time pass as agreeably as possible. Charles de LaTour and his wife felt some surprise that no effort was made to reclaim him, as he was evidently born in a superior rank; but they had no children of their own, and Marie especially soon began to entertain almost the feelings of a mother towards the boy, whose present suffering state required so much care. He soon began to express himself in French, and to speak of England and of his mother; and as they sat in the evening before the blazing fire, he would take out his little English Bible, and translate to Madame de LaTour the stories and the precepts his mother had taught him. Marie was a willing listener, and what she heard sank deep into her heart. In the performance of duty, she had never thought of moral obligation. Her whole soul impelled her to exertion, for the love of God, for her husband's interests, for her own gratification.

"What is your mission, my sister?" was a question as generally understood and responded to in those times, as in the present day, and Madame LaTour had striven to fulfil hers. She had begun by instructing the women of the tribe, and many an hour destined to the needle or the loom, had been devoted to the more interesting work of teaching.

It had been an express article in the charter granted De Mont, that while he was allowed the exercise of his own religion, the doctrines of the Catholic faith alone should be taught to the Indians. Charles had acted on this regulation, and Marie considered herself bound to the same. But there was no need for her to argue for the truth; her daily life and every action were moulded on Christian principles, and, learning from her young patient, she now began earnestly to read the Scriptures, and as what she read sank into her heart, she applied herself to calm the storms that so frequently rose in the mind of her husband. Often, as at rare intervals tidings from the old world reached the dwellers in Acadia, had Charles and Marie de LaTour rejoiced that their lot was cast in this fresh, untravelled land, where, when unvexed by hostile force, they were free to enjoy the bounties of nature. They had to forego, certainly, the refinements of civilization, and the inventions of luxury—but these were not needful to their happiness—and the discontents and contentions excited by the mal-administration of Marie de Medici and her favorite, Concini; the struggles against the noblesse; and the dreadful persecutions of the Protestants—the hideous details of which were wafted over the Atlantic—were contrasted with their own quiet existence; and, while Charles de LaTour held absolute sway over his thinly peopled, but wide domain, Marie, in her more restricted yet ample rule—"woman's kingdom"—had home and children, and the Indians, who, to her, represented those who are always with us.

But the succours promised by the Home Government had never arrived, and LaTour was anxious to make another attempt to induce the king to grant him sufficient aid to establish his authority through the colony. To do this, he must go to France, or his wife must go. The idea was dreadful to Marie. She could not go alone; nor could she endure to be left. The heart of LaTour was touched by the sadness of his wife. He could not but relinquish his project. They both returned to their usual course of life—he to his hunting, she to carrying out her plans of progress; and, as far as was in her power, she urged the strengthening of the fort. In such employments time passed quickly on, if not with silken, with very smooth pinions; and Marie saw many little pupils growing up round her, grave and earnest, fulfilling their Christian duties, and instructed by herself in useful arts; and to these employments she added the instruction of Edward. The youth meantime roamed the woods with the pupils of Madame de LaTour. His particular friend was "Bright Lightning," a girl about his own age. What could these young people talk about, as they sat in the shade, watching the squirrel skimming along the boughs, and the woodchuck stealing to its hole, setting snares for the marten, or strewing corn for the scarlet tanager? Sometimes they would float over the lake in a canoe, or

paddle down the river to fish, or to catch the breeze; and in winter, when the ice was forming, or breaking up, boldly contend with the floating masses. Did the canoe upset, they were able to swim.

The Indians were setting off on an expedition—a hunt—which was to be prolonged for some time, and Edward was to accompany them. Bright Lightning also went. Madame de LaTour parted reluctantly with her favorites. She felt, though she did not avow it, a presentiment of something amiss, but she would not damp the spirits of the party, and watched their departure with words of encouragement, while an undefinable dread lay on her heart.

CHAPTER IV.

We must now go back a little.

There was an entertainment at La Hève, in the best colonial style, given by the French Intendant, D'Aulnay de Charnisé. The house was a long, low structure. The centre room, in which the repast was spread, included two small cabinets; the kitchen was at one end, a retiring room at the other. The iron fire-place was decorated with the royal arms; the furniture—a mixture of some handsome articles brought from France, with the rougher productions of household ingenuity. The dishes that covered the table came from the abundant larder and the lakes; and no expense had been spared in the selection of costly wines. Regardless of incongruities (were such apparent) the magnates of La Hève, collected round the board, failed not to do honor to the hospitality of their hosts, and, after amply enjoying themselves, in due time took leave. One only of the company remained, and this guest, with de Charnisé, presently removed to the inner room, where were seated two ladies, who had left the table some time before. Both these ladies were splendidly attired. One of them was the *ci-devant* Maid of Honor. She had recovered from the effects of the voyage, and regained all the brilliancy of her complexion; but an uneasy expression of anger and disappointment was plainly visible in her countenance, while striving to conceal her feelings by a flow of volubility. The other was Madame de Charnisé, the wife of the host. Less dazzlingly beautiful than her companion, her appearance was equally studied, and, as both ladies spoke French, a torrent of light raillery and agreeable banter was poured forth on the entrance of the gentlemen, Claude de LaTour and D'Aulnay de Charnisé.

Madame de Charnisé complimented the former on his good looks, after having survived the attack on the fort, She affirmed that it was a most brilliant affair, and asked why he had retired when success was so certain.

A cloud came over Madame de LaTour's brow, as her husband, in reply, spoke of his trials and disappointments, the toils he had passed through; and how all his endeavors were frustrated by the invincible determination of his son. And now, what was to be done? He had only to sit down in poverty, and resign himself to insignificance.

"Insignificance!" cried Madame de LaTour. "Am I to be told to resign myself to this?"

"All is over with me." replied Claude.

The lady turned appealingly to Charnisé. "Have you no ambition, no desire of distinction?" she asked. "Will you, too, see Charles de LaTour favoring the Protestants, if, indeed, he is not a Protestant himself? Will you tamely resign to him, ungrateful and grasping, and unmindful of his father as he is, the sole rule over the country, to which you have as much right, and a better title, perhaps, than he has ever had?"

Madame de Charnisé, with imploring looks, seconded the entreaties of her friend.

"It is true," Charnisé said, "when I left France, I was promised a Patent of Government, and why should I not claim it? As you, madame, give me encouragement, I will do so."

(*To be Continued.*)

EXTRACTS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN.

DANGERS OF DENSE SHADE AROUND COUNTRY DWELLINGS.

We invite the attention of our country readers to the following article. The facts it contains are justly calculated to startle and alarm. Although not at liberty to disclose the name of its author, we can give assurance that what he says *deserves* to be carefully considered.—*Editor Hearth and Home.*

July 15th.

I visited to-day, with an old practitioner, in an adjoining county, a family in which consumption had for years claimed its victims.

As we rose to the summit of a commanding eminence which overlooked a wide stretch of country, dotted with farm-houses, and waving with the rich and abundant harvests for which that county is distinguished, the physician tightened the reins, and halted to enjoy more fully the beautiful panorama. Certainly, a fairer or more mellow landscape never shimmered in the rays of the sun. The harvest-crowned hills heaved with gentle undulations; the deep-green valleys, embosoming glistening streams, pursued their devious windings as far as the eye could reach; the white farm-houses, indicating wealth, refinement, and comfort, gleamed out of many a grove of densely shading trees.

"I take it," said my old friend, as we pursued our journey, "that however readily we may explain the causes of typhus and typhoid fevers, we have made little progress in determining the sources of such an insidious disease as consumption. If any disease can be truly considered a visitation of God, it is consumption. You must agree with me that all the conditions of a high degree of public health exist in this community, and yet consumption, which from its very name, would seem to imply the existence of poverty and want, is not an unfrequent disease over this entire district. Indeed, I think it is greatly on the increase, for within my recollection the number of deaths from this cause annually has more than quadrupled. And what is most remarkable to me, is that this disease seems to increase with the increase of wealth and the personal comforts of the people. In my experience, it is not the poor that suffer most from consumption, but the rich—and of the rich it appears to single out our oldest and most respectable families."

"It is quite true," I replied, "that consumption is an insidious disease, and hence more difficult to understand; but yet, like all diseases, it must depend upon some perversion of the conditions of health, and these may always be explained and determined by careful and logical inquiry. Certain facts are now well established in regard to the causation of consumption, though they do not explain all that pertains to its etiology. This much we know—namely: that the disease occurs by preference among those who live much in a damp, shaded atmosphere, as in apartments which are close, dark, and wet. Thus we find it very prevalent among the poor in cities, and especially among those living in dark basements and cellars, as compared with the same class living in high, airy, and sunlighted rooms. In the country, you know, we meet with it more often in wet districts, so situated as to have but little exposure to the sun."

"But how do you explain," said he, "the action of these causes in producing consumption?"

"A person living in a damp room, without the sun, and without ventilation," I replied, "is nourished like a plant in a cellar; he is very succulent, but has no stamina; he grows rapidly, but has no real vitality; his tissues are weak, and fall into decay by a kind of over-growth. The chemistry of life wants its chief factor—sunlight; and hence all its processes are imperfectly performed."

"But it strikes me," said he, "that your theory strikingly fails to explain why in this dry, airy, and sunlighted region we have consumption, and in increasing frequency. The soil is daily becoming more dry by drainage, and the removal of the forests has given us more sunlight, and a much freer circulation of air. And yet I can recall several old families which forty years ago had not a taint of consumption, but now are nearly destroyed by that disease. Consumption has seemed to be developed in these families, and with great intensity."

"I nevertheless believe," I answered, "that a careful inquiry will disclose the fact that these families have grown up under very different circumstances from those which surrounded the parents and grandparents in their early life. They have lived too much indoors; in houses situated in damp localities, and perhaps enveloped in a dense shade. I venture to affirm," I added, pointing to a venerable gate-way leading into the dense and impenetrable shade of a grove, and through the carriage-way of which we caught a glimpse of a low, moss-covered building, situated upon the margin and level of a wide, shallow, sluggish stream, "that if a family has been reared in that house during the last fifteen years, consumption has appeared in a fatal form, especially among the female members; and through that gate-way most of the children have already been carried to their graves—victims of that malady."

"Alas!" said the physician," it is lony too true. Five times have I witnessed the processions which have borne, mid the falling leaves of autumn, the female members of that interesting family group to yonder cemetery. All died of consumption, the seeds of which we have believed were inherited. The father and mother and grandparents still live here in feeble health, but they show no signs of consumption. Two sons are living and healthy—one in the farm-house on the hill, and the other in New-York, both having left home early in life."

"Your statement," I resumed, "confirms my remarks. The old settlers were hardy pioneers; they lived in the open air, and had vigorous exercise, and were consequently very healthy. But unfortunately too often they selected as sites for their permanent dwellings low grounds, and generally the margins of streams. The first improvement was the removal of the forest, or the clearing; this was an important sanitary measure. But immediately they planted fruit and ornamental trees thickly about their houses, and these in time grew so thriftily that they came too often to overhang the houses, and completely shut out sun and air. In these damp, unaired, and unsunlighted dwellings the next generation was reared, and if any escaped consumption, they were those who left home early, or who reached maturity before these shades became too dense. The female members suffer most, because they are more confined to the house, and rarely leave home until adult age, when the constitution is fully formed."

At this moment we turned from the highway, and entered a deeply-shaded grove of low and venerable trees, along an old private carriage.road. I was so chilled by the change from the warm external air to the damp, cold atmosphere of the grove, that I instinctively buttoned my coat.

So completely was the house enveloped in the shade and thicket, that we were at the porch before I noticed it.

In a room on the north side of the house, which a ray of sunlight had never penetrated, we found the invalid. The air, warmed by a small wood fire, had the faint, sickly,and repulsive smell of a consumptive's room. The young lady gave a very interesting account of her family, illustrating forcibly the points developed in our conversation as to the causes of consumption in her family. She had rarely been long from home, and had grown up like a vine in a cellar, and was now in the first stages of that inevitable decay which must attend such growth. Her venerable medical adviser gave her most emphatic instructions, directing her to leave home, take up her residence in a mountain district, and live in the open air and sunlight.

I am satisfied that the great increase of consumption in the older settled parts of the country is due to the damp location of dwellings, and the growth of shade-trees enveloping the dwellings.

IMPORTANCE OF SANITARY DRAINAGE.

August 10th.

Autumnal fevers, and especially fever and ague, are a disgrace to our civilization. Their causes are as removable as a thorn in the flesh, and yet intelligent communities will quietly endure them year after year, until whole generations are rendered almost bloodless. There are whole townships within the circle of my acquaintance, of the first quality of land, rendered nearly valueless by this autumnal scourge. In the village of E——, consisting of one hundred and ten dwelling-houses, there have already occurred this season, in fifty different houses, seventy-five cases of sickness, due directly or remotely to malarial poison. Last year half of the dwellings were deserted in September, and but fifteen houses escaped a visitation of this disease. Now, E—— is very beautifully situated, and many wealthy people visit it annually for the purpose of purchasing summer residences. They are all surprised at the cheapness of the lands, and on inquiry learn the humiliating fact that the people suffer periodically from fever and ague. This confession drives away every desirable inhabitant, and leaves the town abandoned to a class of disease-stricken people, who feebly cultivate the soil and allow their homes to fall into decay and ruin.

The village of E—— is but an illustration of which there are thousands of examples. In the vicinity of many large cities, and beautifully located for residence, are hundreds of acres of land lying waste, like commons, because the soil is filled with the germs of fever and ague. If the land were free from these sources of unhealthiness, its value would in many instances be ten times what it is now estimated at.

The principal conditions which develop the causes of fever and ague, and other autumnal fevers, are, a soil well charged with organic matters, continual moisture from stagnant fresh water, and a continual high temperature. Where these conditions are found, the elements of fever and ague poison exist, and will be rendered more or less active according to the temperature of the summer season. As the water gradually evaporates under the influence of the summer and autumn sun, the remaining portion, filled with vegetable matter, becomes more and more concentrated, and being constantly warmed, a hot-bed for vegetable

germination is formed, from which are eliminated poisons most dangerous to animal life. When the hot season is protracted, the form of fevers becomes more grave, as these poisons become more virulent and concentrated. It is plain that a soil, to be saturated with moisture, must be so situated that water cannot drain from it; this may occur from its being on a low level, or it may be so underlaid by clay or rock that water remains stagnant upon it. We may find areas thus underdrained upon uplands, and even upon hilltops, the substratum being either clay or rock, scooped out into large basins. And in these districts, fever and ague prevails, whether they are located in deep valleys or on tablelands.

There are two substantial reasons why the residents of these districts should desire to rid the soil of its noxious qualities; first, and most important, to improve the health of its occupants; and, second, to increase the pecuniary value of the lands. Fortunately, one means serves both ends—namely, drainage. The prevention of fever and ague by drainage is as certain as that effect will follow cause. It is one of those absolute preventive measures which never fails of its purpose, when properly performed.

But why then, it will be asked, is not drainage more frequently undertaken by the residents of these districts? Or, perhaps, some one will recall instances, which are sufficiently numerous, where individual land-owners have drained their farms, under the belief that it would relieve their own households of fever and ague, and have failed to effect their object. The anwer is very simple and direct. Drainage for sanitary purposes must in general be undertaken on a liberal scale and in a systematic manner. It involves expense, often considerable, and requires the co-operation of the people of a neighborhood, often of townships, and occasionally of a county. It is not sufficient for one man to drain his own farm—he may thus render his own soil dry; but if his neighbor's is wet, he is still subject to fever. Sanitary drainage requires the best engineering ability, and never should be undertaken without the full co-operation of the land-owners of the entire area drained by certain natural water-courses.

In the town of A——, drainage was thoroughly and effectively done several years since, through the influence of General H——, a gentleman of wealth, and himself an engineer. Autumnal fevers were so severe that the whole town was almost deserted. I had often urged drainage on a large scale, but without avail, until this gentleman located upon the confines of the town. Aroused to the importance of drainage by the occurrence of fever in his family, he immediately took steps to interest his townsmen in order to make thorough work. Meetings were held, which we addressed, urging drainage as a measure that would greatly enhance the value of the land, as well as relieve them of fevers. But all in vain; the cost was too great, and they had become accustomed to fever. At length General H—— proposed to bear a large share of the entire expense, and consent was given, extensive surveys were made, the water-sheds were carefully studied, and the work pressed forward. Large and deep main-drains were cut; deep side-drains were run through every stagnant pool, and reaching to the utmost limits of the district. The result was incredible to the citizens; not a case of fever due to malaria has occurred since in that town; all the old neuralgias have disappeared; swamp-lands have been reclaimed; and the price of land is increased fully ten-fold.

This is by no means an exaggerated statement of what occurred in the town of A——. I was a witness of the marvellous improvement of the health of the people, and of the rapid and almost exorbitant rise in the value of its lands. What was done in A—— may be done in E——, or any other town. England is an illustration of the value of sanitary drainage, though undertaken for agricultural purposes. Fever and ague was once very prevalent in the different undrained counties. Many years ago, the grain crops were found to be falling short of a supply for the people. The alarm was raised, and the cry became general, "Let us increase the cultivated territory by reclaiming the wet lands by drainage." Drainage became popular and general. The result was two-fold; an enormous increase to the cultivated lands, and a total disappearance of fever and ague throughout England. A recent traveller suffering from fever and ague informed me that he could not find an English physician who had seen a case of that disease in many years.

Sanitary drainage is a great and pressing necessity in this country. So insensible are the masses of the people to the importance of drainage, both to their health and profit, and so reluctant are they to incur the necessary expense, that there should be general drainage acts in each State, so framed that when a majority of the land-owners vote in favor of drainage, the town can be bonded, and the work effectually performed. If drainage were systematically carried out throughout the country, these destructive pestilential autumnal fevers which slowly sap the vitality of the generations exposed to them, would forever disappear; the pecuniary value of the lands now cursed by them would be greatly enhanced; and the area of arable soil would be largely increased.

NEVER RAISE A CHILD BY THE HAND OR WRIST.

September 1st.

It is a common practice of nurses and parents to grasp children by a single hand or wrist, and lift them bodily, as in stepping over gutters, streams, etc. Occasionally a child is seized by the hands and swung around with great force, the body being held nearly at right angles. This feat is not always followed by immediate ill effects, but it is liable to result in most serious injury. At this period of life, the ends of the long bones are united to the shafts by cartilage, which renders them weak and very liable to be distorted by force. There are three of these bones in the arm: one between the shoulder and elbow and two between the elbow and wrist. The arm of the child is, therefore, very weak. When extension is made at the hand, the force is not expended upon long, firm bones, but rather upon bones broken at several points, and very loosely united. A small force, far less than is required to fracture a fully formed bone, will separate the cartilaginous portions, or permanently bend them. There is also another form of injury which may occur at the instant. Of this I have seen several examples. It consists in a slight displacement of the cartilages in one of the joints either the wrist or elbow, attended by pain, swelling, and tenderness. The joint is fixed in a semi-flexed position, and the little sufferer will not allow it to be moved or even handled. It can be easily rectified by a surgeon, by forcible flexion and extension. Finally, by lifting a child in this manner the ligaments about the joints may be extended, and this will weaken the joints, and this weakness may remain as a permanent disability.

HOW CONSUMPTION MAY BE CURED.

September 5th..

The first announcement to a patient that he or she has consumption, is often like a death knell. The vacant stare, the pale cheek, and the convulsive sigh indicate a shock of the most profound character. Indeed, I have known persons to swoon away, and require the most active exertions to restore them. And yet it is not true that consumption is necessarily a fatal disease. In point of fact, it is not as fatal as many diseases which prevail in every community, and yet excite no remark. Consumption results from a perverted nutrition. Instead of that perfect assimilation essential to sound health; there is an imperfect elaboration of the nutritive fluids, which leads, by inflammatory action or other processes, to the deposition in the lungs and other tissues of crude material known as tubercle. Persons predisposed to consumption, or living under circumstances which lower the vital energies, and prevent the nutritive processes, are those in whom this affection most frequently appears. It follows that there is no specific for consumption. It is not curable by medicines; on the contrary, its fatal issue is more often hastened by medication.

For the encouragement of patients, and to illustrate the course of life most likely to restore vigorous health, a condition incompatible with consumption, I usually relate cases that have come under my observation. The following is one example among many:—

"A young medical friend, having an hereditary tendency to consumption, began to realize its first well-marked symptoms. It progressed rapidly toward a fatal termination. The cough, emaciation, and hectic cheek, betrayed his condition to the most superficial observer. Alarmed at his condition, but dreading to yield to the conviction of his friends that he was a victim of this disease, he refused to be examined, or even to talk on the subject. At length he became so weak and prostrated that he consented to have his lungs examined, and on the announcement of the physician that they contained large cavities, he fainted, and was rallied with great difficulty. Aroused to a pitch of desperation, he determined that he would not lie down and die, but would betake himself to out-door life. He accordingly spent his entire day in horse-back exercise, sawing wood, boat-rowing, etc. At night he slept on a hard bed in an out-house, through which the winds had full play. His diet was plain and but little cooked; his clothing coarse and scant. That physician is to-day practising his profession in a New-England town; he is upward of forty-five years af age, and weighs about two hundred pounds. A finer specimen of health is not seen in New-England."

Recovery from the latest stage of consumption is therefore possible. The following outline of the course of life to pursue is given:—

Live in the open air and sunshine; avoid dampnesse and darkness in your dwelling; if possible, choose a dry mountain region; develope by vigorous exercise every muscle in the body to its fullest capacity; select nourishing and easily digested food, and be sure that it is not over-cooked; dress in coarse woollen clothing; bathe for cleanliness and comfort; never forcibly distend the lungs, but increase their capacity by exercise; and, finally, take no medicines except as aids or additions to the course of life recommended.—*Hearth and Home.*

NOTES ON THE REV. MR. PUNSHON'S LECTURE.

BY LAON.

As a popular lecturer, the Rev. Mr. Punshon possesses gifts of a very high order. He has, in the first place, a simple unaffected manner, which puts him at once upon the most natural and friendly footing with his audiences. Some great orators seem by their style and manner to demand your admiration in advance; they seem to place you under an obligation to give them the praises to which they are accustomed. With Mr. Punshon there is no feeling of this kind. You may admire him or not, just as you like; your judgment is completely free, and you feel that you might criticise his performances to himself without at all forfeiting his good will. He gives one the idea of a pre-eminently healthy man, and in this respect recalls to our minds the picture drawn by Carlyle of Sir Walter Scott. The "sunny current of true humor and humanity, and free, joyful sympathy with so many things," which the great essayist attributes to Scott are among the most marked characteristics of Mr. Punshon's mind. He is a most genial, honest man, and, in all that he says, gives you the impression of sterling good sense, good faith and good will. One great secret of his success is that he addresses his audiences in language they thoroughly understand, and does not affectedly pretend to take for granted a level of knowledge and a development of thought which it is impossible they should possess. He never aims at being either subtle or profound. There is no mistake about his opinions or sentiments. He draws trenchant distinctions, presents obvious truths in their strongest light, and never loses sight of the two great categories (so supremely important in every Englishman's philosophy) of right and wrong. He presents you with no unsolved or insoluble problems; his mind seems to have no affinity for the abstruse; the path that it follows is the broad highway of common sense. He does not speak as one upon whom the intellectual difficulties, as they are sometimes called, of the present day had made any impression. Whatever his creed is, he seems to move within its limits with perfect ease and freedom, undisturbed by the solicitations of adventurous thought. His command of language is very great, and it is seldom that the most exacting taste can complain of a single word misplaced or misapplied. He has a warm and graceful fancy, which gives life and variety to his representations of scenes and delineations of character. The animation of his style is a natural animation, and he is, therefore, never compelled, as many platform orators are, to resort to a forced levity to save himself from falling into dreariness and stupidity. It puts one into a good humor with himself and all the world to listen to Mr. Punshon; the simple-minded are carried away by a genuine enthusiasm, and the fastidious are warmed into a livelier sympathy than they are accustomed to feel for the mass of their fellow-creatures.

Having said thus much as to the characteristics of the lecturer, I may, perhaps, be permitted to enquire whether there are any reservations to be made as to the merits of his lectures, considered as literary compositions. The one upon Macaulay is the only one to which I have had the pleasure of listening; upon that then I propose to offer a few remarks, with a view (I confess it at once) of satisfying my own critical instinct, and of giving expression to opinions which I know are entertained by a few others as well as by myself.

1. The lecturer was very emphatic in claiming a high rank for Macaulay as a poet. Upon this point he is certainly at variance with some of the most accomplished critics of the present day, and notably with Matthew Arnold, perhaps the foremost of them all. Macaulay's poems (let us call them so) are, no doubt, spirited in the highest degree, but let any one analyse them and he will find they are constructed on precisely the same principle as Macaulay's prose, and that they owe their effect to precisely the same causes. They present vivid pictures to the eye, but they do so almost invariably in the same way, that is by means of an accumulation of concrete images. There is in them no subtle interpretation of nature, no deep sounding of the heart, no revelation of hidden beauty. They are addressed not at all to the inner sense, but only to the outward eye: consequently they furnish us with no ideal conceptions, but only with certan material images which have but the most transitory effect upon the mind. Now, if any one is disposed to dispute this, I should like to bring the matter to a test. The lecturer made his audience laugh at Wordsworth by reading, with great admiration for the precocity of talent it displayed, Macaulay's boyish criticism of the "Excursion." He made no effort to counteract the effect which that criticism would naturally tend to produce, and I am much afraid that nine-tenths of the audience were left under the impression that, in Mr. Punshon's opinion, no less than in young Macaulay's, Wordsworth was a very ridiculous person. Well, then, I should like any one who shares the lecturer's estimate of Macaulay to produce anything from his poems which, for abiding poetical effect, can approach these two lines of Wordsworth's:

> "To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

The lecturer appeared to think that if he could so recite a couple of Macaulay's ballads, as to hold his audience in rapt attention, it would be a conclusive proof that the ballads in question belonged to a high order of poetry. No test could possibly be more delusive; because many a prose recital would have thrilled the audience quite as much. It is not in the amount of attention, or the vehemence of the feelings which a composition excites, that we recognize its claim to be regarded as poetry, but in the nature of the feelings it calls forth. Neither volume nor concentration of sound make music; you require tones and harmonies. Macaulay's muse declaims and shouts, but she never sings, not one musical note does she ever render. The test, then, which the lecturer applied to Mr. Macaulay's pieces was wholly fallacious. Tried in the same way—that is, by their effect upon the popular audiences—some of the most beautiful creations of the poetic spirit, would prove utter failures. Let Mr. Punshon try to electrify a miscellaneous gathering of eight hundred persons, by reading the "Ode on Intimation of Immortality," or the "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," or "Rabbi Ben Ezra," or the "Lotos Eaters," and he will find it cannot be done. The failure would arise from the fact that the order of ideas in each of these compositions is altogether above the level of ordinary popular sentiment. Probably, too, the thought in them is somewhat too subtle to be easily apprehended by the multitude. Then does Mr. Punshon really hold that Wordsworth, Shelley, Browning and Tennyson, judged by the poems I have named, are inferior poets to Macaulay? He spoke of Macaulay's Lays stirring the pulses of boyhood; but surely the boy often admires and is moved by what the man thinks is very ridiculous. To the boy some piece of tawdry magnificence often appears sublime, and the falsest notes of feeling amazingly touching. This appeal to the instinctive feelings of multitudes and of youth, seems to me utterly out of place when poetry is in question. The multitude can bear witness as to what things please and move it, and so can youth; but after you have heard their witness, the question is still an open one, whether that which wrought the effect is poetry or not. To the multitude Dickens' delineations of character seem far more effective and powerful than Shakspeare's; and in antiquity Euripides was always more of a popular favourite than Sophocles. In music, I have no doubt that "Slap Bang" would be received by a popular audience with far more pleasure than one of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words."

Mr. Punshon apparently thinks Macaulay's style of prose writing little short of perfection. He had almost laid himself up, he said, by reading the criticisms which had been written upon the great historian, so absurd and so contradictory were these attempts at discovering spots upon the great literary sun. One thing, the lecturer said, he had remarked almost universally, and that was that the very critics of Macaulay were his servile imitators, and attacked him with his own weapons of epigram antithesis. This, I think, is a somewhat exaggerated statement. Macaulay has had very many imitators, and one of them, beyond all question, is the Rev. William Morley Punshon; but he has certainly been criticised by men who owed him nothing in regard to literary style. Moreover, every one who is acquainted with the higher walk of English literature in the present day, knows that the taste of our best writers inclines to a much simpler mode of expression than Macaulay practised.

Mr. Punshon doubtless attributes many of the criticisms which have been directed against Macaulay to jealousy; that cause can hardly have operated, however, in the case of M. Henri Taine, a Frenchman, who has seized with wonderful penetration some of the chief peculiarities and defects of his style, and not of his style alone, but of his intellectual character. I quote from the "Westminster Review" a summary of M. Taine's opinions:

"He appreciates the ardour for freedom which glowed in Macaulay's breast. He points out how naturally the intensity of his convictions gave an emphasis to his language and decisions; how a man of his temperament could not help regarding those from whom he differed as undeserving of quarter. He exhibits with extreme clearness the real weak points in his armour, his deficiency in philosophical depth and breadth of thought, his lack of artistic grace. He shows us moreover that the style of which so many among us are so foolishly enamored is by no means a perfect style; that while in the eyes of Englishmen it possesses all the excellence of a good French style, a Frenchman considers it as essentially monotonous, emphatic, inflexible."

A short time since the "Pall Mall Gazette," a journal which is on a level with the very highest English culture, said, of a work of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's: "If Lord Macaulay had lived to read this book he would have repented even more bitterly than he did of the false taste and stilted staccato manner which his Essay on Milton introduced into English literature. . . . The simplest passages have that false metallic resonance which was well imitated in a parody on Lord Macaulay's style during his lifetime."

I have spoken of the Rev. Mr. Punshon as being himself an imitator of Macaulay. If I had his lecture before me I think I could point out several passages in support of my

opinion. One example, however, I remember. In speaking of the historian's tomb in Westminster Abbey, the lecturer enumerated all the eminent men who had been buried in the same part of the Cathedral, attaching to each one some words expressive of his character or renown, and concluding by depicting the poet Campbell, as looking as if the "Pleasures of Hope" had forever vanished. The whole passage struck me as weak and artificial, but the touch about Campbell and the "Pleasures of Hope" seemed in positive bad taste. It was, however, a most manifest imitation of Macaulay, who could never mention a name without calling up some of its associations, so as to make, as it were, a picture in his reader's mind of the person referred to.

3. To one assertion in the lecture I must be allowed to take serious exception; and that is that Macaulay had found history a lifeless statue, and had breathed into it a living soul. (I cannot, of course, give the lecturer's precise words, but I try to render his meaning as correctly as possible.) In no sense whatever is this statement true. What Macaulay did was to popularize a vast amount of historical knowledge, but that is a very different thing from making history a living science. Gibbon preceded Macaulay by nearly three quarters of a century, but his Decline and Fall was just as much a living work as the History of England. With regard to the proper objects and methods of history he had nothing to learn from his celebrated successor; and if his style seems to us at the present day somewhat stiff and artificial, it is well to remember that in his day it was considered as almost the very perfection of English historical writing. It has retained its hold upon the world now for nearly a century, and is very far from being superseded yet. It will be much if Macaulay's history is read a hundred years hence. But what shall we say of Macaulay's contemporaries, Palgrave and Hallam, Arnold and Grote? Did he teach them to write history? Or what shall we say of the French school of historians — of Guizot, Thierry, Michelet, and so many others? Was Macaulay their instructor? The fact is that more than four hundred years before the Christian era, history was written by Thucydides in the true modern spirit; and that Macaulay never wrote a chapter which more excited the reader's interest and sympathies than the seventh book of the Peloponnesian war.

A man many be said to breathe life into a study who raises it from the empirical to the scientific stage by discoveries which at once enlarge its scope, and open up to it a career of indefinite progress. Thus, the discovery of the close relation between the languages of Europe—ancient and modern—and those of the East, that is to say, of Persia and Hindoostan, may be said to have raised that which was scarcely more than a curious pursuit for scholars and antiquarians, and mainly subsidiary to purposes of verbal criticism, to a vast, most important and most progressive branch of human knowledge. What services comparable to this has Macaulay rendered to history? He established no new principles, made no great discoveries; he merely wrote in a particularly attractive style; his style was his speciality, and that died with him. We possess it now only in imitations, which weary and disgust the cultivated portion of society, while they tend, powerfully, to corrupt the popular taste.

To conclude, the Rev. Mr. Punshon seems to fulfil all the conditions required for a successful and useful popular lecturer. When this has been said it seems naturally to follow that there are other conditions which he fails to satisfy. Those who went to his lecture expecting anything like fine criticism or delicate delineation of character must have gone away disappointed, unless indeed the genial influence which the lecturer seems to diffuse caused them to forget that their expectations had not been fulfilled. Mr. Punshon is not a critic; he shows no power of keen analysis, and none of that eager desire which French critics in particular so strongly display of getting at the very root of things. His literary taste appears to incline to the sensational rather than to the severely classic. He does not give one the idea that he is a deep or laborious thinker, nor can it be said that he leaves upon the mind any peculiar impression as though we had come into contact with some strongly-marked individuality. Mr. Punshon, with all his fine powers, his command of noble and expressive language, his graceful fancy, his tenderness, his warmth of moral feeling, gives one no impression of what has been called "distinction." He has endowments which enable him to add to the world's stock of good sense and feeling, but he does not in any great degree stimulate thought or help people to change their intellectual habits. In his lecture on Macaulay there was not, that I remember, one single popular prejudice strongly combatted, or combatted at all. There was sound exhortation—a great deal of it—but no searching or probing of hearts, no removing of veils, none of those flashes of light into the dark places of human nature which a Carlyle or an Emerson would have been sure to strike out. Mr. Punshon seems to make things almost too pleasant for people, and in this respect, too, he is very like Macaulay, who never stirs uncomfortable reflections in his readers. There is a word which Carlyle applies to Sir Walter Scott, and perhaps

shielding myself under so powerful a name I may venture to apply the same word to Mr. Punshon. Carlyle says that Sir Walter Scott is commonplace, and it seems to me that Mr. Punshon, with all his merits, cannot escape the same epithet. But surely when a man like Scott can be called commonplace the word seems to lose all its sting. One thing is very certain, and that is, that many who perceive this characteristic of Mr. Punshon's mind would find it as impossible to be commonplace after his manner as to be original after the manner of Carlyle.—*Ottawa Citizen.*

VITTORIA COLONNA.

BY ALICE KING.

Independently of her remarkable personal attractions and high mental qualities, Vittoria Colonna claims our especial attention from the prominent part that she played in an epoch which was one of transition, and of peculiar importance to her sex. Vittoria was sprung from one of the most ancient of old Roman patrician families, and an exalted idea of the greatness of her race, and of what was required from a member of it, would be one of the earliest things instilled into her childish mind. When the child began to toddle through the spacious galleries of the Colonna Palace, the grim portraits of her martial forefathers would be among the first objects that excited her mingled wonder and awe. When she sat by her father, the stern old Fabrizio, in the evening quiet of their summer villa, with the sounds of the great city faintlv heard in the distance, he would, doubtless, often at once delight and terrify his little daughter by weird and strange tales of deadly herbs gathered by night on the Campagna; of lovers forced by dark spells to forsake the women most dear to them, and become slaves to the will of some cruel enchantress; of saints rising from their biers to light their own funeral tapers: in all of which histories some lady of the house of Colonna acted the principal part. When she grew to girlhood, her female relatives would be constantly torturing her as to what might or might not be done by a maiden who had been brought up beneath the august shadow of the grand parental column.

Partly from these thus early conceived ideas, and partly from her own natural proclivities and thoughtful gravity, she preserved throughout her youth a reputation unsullied at a time when such reputations were somewhat rare things in Rome; and in middle age never forgot that she was a princess, even with Michael Angelo. At the period of which we are writing, art (through the presence of Michael Angelo and Raphael in the city) formed, as it were, part of the air of Rome, and it was almost impossible for any one, from the Pope down to the beggar in the streets, to avoid inhaling something of it. It was the fashion for the great Roman nobles to have their houses crowded with artists; and those who frequented the Palazzo Colonna must often (with all the innate love of their class for what is beautiful) have played with and caressed the lovely little Signorina of the mansion. As they turned away for a few moments from toying with the pretty child, to listen to or to answer some professional remark from one of their companions, their words must have given Vittoria her first ideas upon such matters. There was too great a similarity between the characters of Julius II and Fabrizio Colonna, for a very congenial feeling not to exist between the Sovereign Pontiff and his powerful subject. Vittoria must often have visited at the Vatican, to kiss and be blessed by the rough but kindly hands of the Warrior Pope, her father's friend. As she came down the Scala Regia, her nurse (following the customs of her class in every age and in every land) may perhaps have turned into the Sistine Chapel, and Vittoria, as her curious childish glances wandered into the interior of the sacred building, may have caught a glimpse of a strange-looking figure, covered all over with many colored stains of paint, that seemed to be suspended in the air, and to be hanging, back downwards, like a spider from the ceiling. Little did that weary man, depressed by the vastness of his work; by the impetuosity of the fiery Julius; by the want of sympathy of the many; half-blinded by constant gazing upwards in his constrained position; almost worn out in body by want of food and sleep, and yet bearing up by the might of his genius against all these things—little did that man know how near to him at that moment was the only music that was ever completely to soothe for awhile the ruffled pinions of his soul. Little did Michael Angelo suspect the presence of Vittoria Colonna. No wonder then, that, brought up in days and in the city so devoted to art, Vittoria should afterwards have become the patroness of painters and sculptors. In that age, if a woman read at all, she was obliged to become a deeply read woman. In the nineteenth century, it is quite possible for a woman to rise from reading many books without having one idea more in her head than if she had never left her kitchen or her embroidery; but it was very different in the sixteenth; no such a book as a modern novel then existed.

The Decameron of Boccacio, and the Orlando Furioso, were the only great fictions of the period; and in these there is a good deal that would make our present

novel-readers feel sufficiently drowsy. From this paucity of the literature of their own day it arose that thoughtful women, desirous of food for their minds, were obliged to have recourse to the Classics. Almost as children the daughters of noble houses were taught Greek and Latin, and often, at a surprisingly early age, attained considerable proficiency in these languages. The luckless ladies, Jane Grey and Arabella Stuart, are remarkable examples in England of such female scholarship; and Vittoria Colonna, if in fortune she was happy enough to be before them, was not far behind them in learning. Even as a girl her pretty mouth could trip through a difficult passage in Thucydides; and her Latin verses still ring out clear and silvery in our ears over the waves of time. At that Papal Court, so remarkable for female loveliness, there were few more beautiful women than Vittoria Colonna, in the days of her prime. Her full and stately figure might have given a sculptor a model for a Juno. Her rich hair, singularly enough for an Italian beauty, was light brown, and tinged with the pale sunshine of the north. Her face, in its massive perfection of feature, and its profound, half-melancholy thoughtfulness, brought to mind the heads of some of the divinities of Ancient Egypt. We know little of Vittoria's unmarried life, except that, though her wit, her rank, and her beauty drew around her all the young gallants of that dissipated Roman Court, she kept the jewel of her reputation as pure as was the enchanted mirror when the fated bride of the 'Eastern prince looked upon it. She and Michael Angelo must have often met during this period, but we have no evidence of their intimacy having then begun. As a girl, Vittoria was, no doubt, somewhat stiff and shy in manner, and it is hardly likely that she would have made advances towards the reticent, sensitive artist, who never shone in female society, and who, on his side, had she not given him some especial sign of her favor, would never have presumed to approach so exalted a lady. Raphael, however, whose winning and courteous bearing made him always the first man, even in the palace of the proudest noble, and whose strong perception of the rare and the beautiful must have made him keenly sensible to the rich attractions both of her mind and person, most probably often held communion with her. We would give all the dry old official documents preserved in the Vatican for but an outline of some of the passages in their intercourse. We can fancy with what easy grace the mighty artist, who had been so long accustomed to have the almost adoring gaze of all Rome constantly fixed upon him, but who had yet been accustomed also to move beneath that gaze with as much quiet composure as if he had been treading the most common path of private life, approached the young patrician beauty. We can fancy the smile that rested for a moment upon his sweet, intellectual mouth, as he perceived the half-shy, half-dignified manner with which at first she seemed inclined to receive him. We can fancy how he set about to thaw her coldness, until at length, like all other women, she was carried away by his irresistible power—and even the queenly Colonna forgot to be queenly as she listened to Raphael.

Vittoria was eminently lucky in her married life. In that age, as in this, there were narrow-minded men—a disgrace to manhood—who regarded women either merely as they might a beautiful picture or statue, or else as useful machines to do the housework; who would have considered that they were deeply aggrieved, if their wives or sisters had enjoyed the same advantages of education and the same wide range of thought as themselves. Vittoria's husband, the Marquis di Pescara, was not among these men, and, indeed, no great man ever has been amongst them; for in every age, and in every nation, the belief in, and reverence for woman, has been one of the marked attributes of him who conquers on the battle-field, or rules in the State; and of him who, greater still, follows the paths of poetry, of art, or of science, shedding light as he goes on the surrounding people, and on centuries to come.

The Marquis di Pescara was a soldier, a scholar, and a gentleman. He wooed and won his bride with all the devotion ot a knight of old. But he also did more than any knight of the Middle Ages would have done. He did not merely adore her as the queen of stately grace and beauty, but he recognized in her a strong intellectual power which, if it was wanting in the clear judgment of man, made up nevertheless for this defect by a keen subtlety of appreciation, which, in its fineness, excelled every faculty of the kind possessed by masculine minds; and in recognizing this, he recognized the especial mental gift of woman. Hitherto it had been a rare thing to see a woman the centre of a literary circle. Hitherto women had been pre-eminent for the splendor of their jewels, the richness of their robes, or the lustre of their charms, rather than for their intellect. Sometimes their influence in society had consisted in the power which they possessed of drawing and keeping lovers around them. Sometimes they had been merely humored in every wish, like lovely children whom it was impossible to resist. Pescara, however, intended for his wife a far higher sovereignty. He at once perceived her peculiar aptitude for being the presiding spirit in an intellectual circle, and he delighted in gather-

ing round her men of letters and of art, In these literary assemblies Vittoria soon lost her girlish shyness, and acquired all that easy dignity, and by degrees also, all that graceful, delicate tact, which afterwards so especially distinguished her. The only drawbacks to the happiness of her union with the Marquis were his frequent absences in the wars which were perpetually devastating Italy. During these solitary periods we catch glimpses of her, wandering among the shadowy groves and arched fountains of her gardens, or sitting in her lofty halls, a lonely stately figure, pouring forth from time to time some tender complaint in melodious verse. These poems are sweet and elegant, and often remarkable for a certain plaintive grace that reminds us of the notes of the widowed nightingale. It is impossible, however, to place her in any very high position as a poetess. Her productions are wanting in originality, and follow too closely the line of thought and expression common among those Italian writers who are of the school of Petrarch. In fact, great as must be our admiration for her talents, we cannot grant her letters of nobility as belonging to the highest order of the aristocracy of intellect; namely, to that of genius. The dim eyes of contemporaries may overlook the badges of that glorious rank, their unskilful tongues may miscall it; but though too often wearv and neglected, struggling against prejudice or poverty, or some physical defect, their actions frequently misconstrued, their fair fame frequently cruelly maligned—though too often in these many ways misused by the world, the sons and daughters of genius have been, and will ever be, a peculiar people, a grade higher than even the rest of the great intellectual family, Mere talent is like the mortal princess who, in the classic tale, stole away the lover of the water-goddess; she is beautiful, but still she is of earth. Genius is like that goddess herself, and suffers not her favorites to serve any more material divinity.

Vittoria Colonna was a woman of much learning and thought, and possessed of a considerable power of expressing herself in verse. But after the lapse of three centuries our chief interest in her poems consists in the fact that some of them refer to, and many of them must have been often read with pleasure by, Michael Angelo. The bright years of Vittoria's married life passed but too quickly away. The Marquis di Pescara was snatched from the world while his wite's beauty was still in its noon-day—while his own manhood was still green. Peace be to his noble spirit! He was a right gallant soldier, and a right worthy gentleman; and woman should speak his name with gratitude for the assistance which he gave to the development of Vittoria Colonna's character. This untimely loss seems to have given a yet more serious cast to Vittoria's already thoughtful mind. She now spent many of her hours in reading the writings of the early Christian Fathers, and the Holy Scriptures. Though she had always been a devout daughter of the Church of Rome, she could not enter deeply into this latter study without perceiving how little the life led around her in the religious capital of Europe reflected back the teaching of those sacred pages. How was it possible for her to see, hanging on the walls of the churches, lists of the prices at which every imaginable sin might be committed with impunity; how was it possible for her to watch the obsequious crowds assembling at the door of the most powerful person in Rome—the reigning mistress of the Cardinal prime-minister; how was it possible for her to hear at Mass the ignorant, common people say Amen to a prayer which, in a language unknown to them, called down the malediction of heaven on all heretics—without feeling how great was the discord between these things and the fearless adherence to truth, the purity of manners, the gentle, large-hearted doctrine inculcated in the Gospel? In consequencc of the partial change thus gradually wrought in her religious opinions, all the men whose writings were colored with the reformed faith that was taking such deep root in the north of Europe, and who were watched by the Church through the spy-glass of suspicion, began to mingle with poets and artists in the halls of the Palazzo Pescara, when its widowed mistress once more opened her doors to society. It was at this period that Vittoria's intimacy with Michael Angelo first commenced. The great artist, now almost past middle age, had hitherto trodden his grand, solitary path through the world without meeting with one really sympathetic spirit. No woman had ever sat beside his lonely hearth. No hand had yet held his in any warmer grasp than that of ordinary kindliness. His person (except for the expression of power in his face) was not attractive, and had been rendered less so by an accident which he had met with in his youth, and which had broken the bridge of his nose. Morbidly sensitive upon this point, he seldom sought female society. It has been supposed that some of his sonnets have reference to an early hopeless attachment which he cherished for a Florentine lady. This circumstance may perhaps account for the little influence which women (until he met Vittoria Colonna) seem to have had on his life.

In common with Vittoria and all the other purer and more thoughtful spirits in Rome, Michael Angelo had begun to perceive the errors and the narrow bigotry of the Church and to hold in some measure more liberal and enlightened opinions. This fact formed a further bond of union betweent Pescara's

widow and the great Buonarotti. Seldom has there met together during the world's history such bright and variously composed assemblies as those which gathered at this period around Vittoria. There glowed the pure flame of the reformer's zeal—there sparkled the flash of wit—there blazed the many-coloured rocket of imagination—there shone the steady torch of learning.

Even now, as we gaze up the long avenue of time, we seem to catch a brief view of those wonderful assemblies. Let us hasten to engrave the picture on our page ere it fade away.

It is a sultry Italian noon, and partly for the coolness, partly because the meeting of to-day has a partially religious character, the friends have gathered together in the sacristy of a small church near the Palazzo Pescara, the priest of which is inclined towards the reformed doctrines. There is a soft subdued light in the place, broken only by a few gorgeous sunbeams that fall through the painted glass of the circular window.

First, there is she whose harmonious and queenly influence is the key-note that pitches the tone of thought throughout the whole assembly—first, there is Vittoria di Pescara herself; her stately figure arrayed in the black velvet robes that have been her favorite dress since she became a widow; her face still majestically beautiful, for the lines which time and sorrow have marked upon it seem but as characters writted there by thought; her fair hair drawn back beneath her close-fitting, almost nun-like hood. In her hand she holds a volume of lately published poems, the young author of which stands somewhat timidly and awkwardly before her, as she speaks to him words of mingled encouragement and criticism. Near to her leans, with folded arms against a pillar, the man of shabby dress, but regal soul—of spare frame, but large heart—of rugged features, but sublime imagination—of closely-cut black hair, but luxuriantly fertile brain. The young men that crowd around Vittoria cast significant looks towards that deeply meditative countenance, and those eyes which seem to be gazing at some grand vision, visible to him alone, and then, half-smilingly, half-reverently whisper to the Signora that unless she exert her magic power, the lyre of Michael Angelo's genius will be mute among them to-day. But who is she, clad in robes rosy as the morning?—she who reclines on a low seat at Vittoria's knee, with a half-petted air? Who presumes to cast saucy coquettish glances even towards Michael Angelo himself—on whose head the hand of Vittoria rests with almost maternal fondness? She with the mouth such as the fanciful poets of the day loved to sing of as Cupid's perfect bow—she with the dark eyes, that now flash in pride and now sparkle in mirth? She with the brilliantly changeful cheek, and the locks wavy as the tendrils of the young vine?

Well might a Turkish pirate-chief, fired by the stories that had spread through the distant East of that wondrous beauty, come gliding in his swift galley across the moon-lit Mediterranean, to seek to steal her away as she slept in her villa on the sea-shore. Well may all the youth of Rome be in danger of becoming proselytes to the reformed faith, when it is taught by two such preachers as the ready wit and the dazzling loveliness of Giulia di Orsini. Near at hand sits a man of an olive complexion and sharp inquisitive face, who seems to be intently observing all that is going on. He is a Spaniard, and wishes to take back to his own country an accurate account of the celebrated Italians around him. Little does he think that the journal which he writes each evening for the amusement of his private circle of friends in Madrid, will be discovered by some chance means three centuries after, and that it will be regarded as the well-known text-book of all those who wish to know something of the Rome of that day in its true colours. The rest of the assembly is formed of the most varied ingredients. There are a few middle-aged artists, who, as boys, sat at the feet of Raphael. There are many younger artists who regard each word that falls from Michael Angelo's lipsa s a jewel dropped from a prince's crown. There are grave professors from the distant universities of Bologna and Padua. There are poets who have heard Ariosto himself read before the Court of the Este. There are scholars who spend their lives in explaining and lecturing upon Dante. There are priests who now wear the vestments of the Roman Catholic Church, but who one day, for the sake of the purer faith they are even now beginning to hold, will wear triumphantly the martyr's robe of flame. Among these men are scattered some of the most highly cultivated and most liberal-minded of the noble ladies of Rome. But hark! a sound as of a silver chime rings through the sacristy. There is a sudden hush in the assembly. A wonderfully melodious voice is uttering, in the rich Italian tongue, those words which in every language seem fraught with divine music, those words in which the Apostle of the Gentiles portrays the Christian grace of charity. The appearance of the reader does not at first much excite our interest. His person is insignificant. His complexion is sallow, and his black hair long and straight. His hands move about with a sort of nervous twitching. But when he begins to comment on the

sacred text a sudden change comes over him. That pallid face is transfigured, as though by the light of a Divine lamp burning within him; those nervous hands are now raised commandingly, and now extended in passionate supplication. His whole body appears intensified and glorified. Every muscle in his frame seems to be preaching as well as his tongue. His voice strikes every note in the gamut of feeling. The impressible sons and daughters of Rome stir beneath his eloquence, like the ocean beneath the wind. The faces of strong men quiver. Beautiful women bow down their stately heads in silent agitation. The impulsive Giulia hides, sobbing, her face upon Vittoria's breast. Lights and shadows of emotion flit across the majestic countenance of the Signora herself. The finer feelings which Michael Angelo possesses in common with most men of genius, are touched, and a humid mist curtains those inspired eyes. We need not wonder at such emotions, for the preacher is Osceano, the celebrated Neapolitan Reformer.

But these assemblies were too soon to be broken up. The Roman Catholic Church, which had slumbered almost carelessly while the trump of reform had been blown in the North of Europe, now that the unhallowed blast was sounding beneath the very windows of her most sacred temple, had fully awakened to her danger. She comprehended that some prompt and extreme means must be employed to crush out every spark of free religious thought in the Eternal City. For this purpose, therefore, she framed the most iniquitous machinery of oppression that ever was invented by unscrupulous arbitrary power. This machinery was the tribunal of the Holy Inquisition, which was established at this period in Rome, for the searching out and judging of those inclined towards the reformed doctrines, Too much has been already written and said about this institution to make it necessary for us to dwell upon it. It suffices here to say that the circle which surrounded the Marchioness di Pescara was one of the first subjects of inquisitorial suspicion. From some friendly quarter Vittoria had timely warning of this fact, and at once perceived that she and her friends must either bear the whole weight of the strong arm of this formidable power, or else immediately be dispersed. She chose the latter alternative; and we must pause before we tax her with cowardice for so doing. She was an unprotected woman. She was suffering from feeble health. Her womanly delicacy shrank from the insults, and her womanly weakness from the harsh treatment, to which she might be subjected at the bidding of this new and terrible tribunal. She lamented the errors, and longed for the purification of the Roman Catholic Church; but she had not by any means renounced her communion. That brilliant circle, therefore, never met again, and most of its members left Rome for a time. The ladies withdrew to their villas in the country; the artists and men of letters found it expedient to be seized with a desire for visiting the picture galleries and seats of learning in the north of Italy; Osceano disappeared, and was next heard of, preaching in Calabria; Michael Angelo, however, remained tranquilly in Rome, in the proud assurance that his name alone would suffice to protect him. In truth, all Italy would have risen as one man against the Papacy, had it presumed to touch with a rough hand her great son. The shadow which her husband's untimely death had cast over Vittoria's life. but which the brightest intellectual society had in some measure dispelled, now began (increased probably by the low spirits attendant on ill-health) to close more darkly than ever round her. Partly to satisfy the desire for retirement which this frame of mind produced within her, and partly to quiet the suspicions of the Church, she left Rome and took up her residence in a convent at Viterbo. There she passed the greatest portion of the remaining years of her life; her time being chiefly employed in theological studies, in meditation, and in works of charity.

She seldom again saw Michael Angelo, but her correspondence with him during this period, some of which is extant, sufficiently proves that her friendship for him did not fade with absence. She had grown no narrow-minded recluse. Her fancy was still alive to intellectual pleasures, and her heart to social sympathies.

The end came, at length, to Vittoria, very calmly and very brightly, before age had laid his hand upon her, before the slightest decay had touched the fine powers of her mind. The lamps of soul and of intellect burned on clearly and steadily till the last,and then were gently removed by the hand of Almighty Love to shine in a purer atmosphere with a far more perfect brightness. Michael Angelo stood beside her a short time before the end, and this is all we ask to know of that scene.

Long after, a little while before his own death, he regretted to one of his favorite pupils that in that last farewell he had not pressed his lips upon her brow instead of her hand. The remembrance of so small a fact by the great lonely old man after the lapse of so many years, that had been so fruitful for him in grand works and in grand honors, has to us in it something almost too touching for words to dwell upon. So lived and so died Vittoria

Colonna, having done gloriously woman's two chief duties, of making beautiful and of harmonizing the world. We have but to read her story to comprehend the grievous folly of those who speak of high mental cultivation as unnecessary, nay, as almost prejudicial to women, and to feel how much we owe to those who would open to them every branch of learning. The old poets loved to sing of heroines, who now conquered, irresistible in arms, in the field of battle, and now shone with every seductive charm in brilliant halls. In the same way strength of intellect may and ought to exist in woman, with all the softer social graces. —*Argosy*.

EVENING PRAYER.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

Take unto thyself, O Father!
  This folded day of Thine,
  This weary day of mine;
Its ragged corners cut me yet,
Oh, still they jar and fret!
Father! do not forget
  That I am tired
  With this day of Thine,

Breathe Thy pure breath, watching Father,
  On this marred day of Thine,
  This wandering day of mine;
Be patient with its blur and blot,
Wash it white of stain and spot,
Reproachful eyes! remember not
  That I have grieved Thee,
  On this day of Thine!

Young Folks.

ALL NIGHT IN THE SNOW, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY JEANNIE BELL.

One beautiful day in autumn, two young girls stood at a parlor window, watching the fleecy clouds as they chased each other across the blue sky. Alice, the younger of the two, looked out, and she thought what a nice day this would be for a walk; immediately adding, aloud:—"Mamma, may we not go and see Auntie Davidson to-day; it is so pleasant outside?"

"I fear the afternoon is too short," replied Mrs. Andrews; "besides, it is cold, and we may expect snow soon. Just fancy if there came a heavy snow-storm, you would certainly lose the track—then what would become of you?"

"Who could expect snow with such a bright sun, mamma? I do so want to go and see Auntie. Mary will go, too, won't you, Mary?" she said, coaxingly, to her elder sister.

"I think we may venture, mother; there is little appearance of snow; and if we should be a little late, it is moonlight, and the path very familiar."

Thus besieged, what could Mrs. Andrews do but smile assent to her two darlings, who, thereupon proceeded to pack a basket with bread, butter, and several other good things, knowing they need not depend on Auntie's larder for much. Many a tasty bite did our young friends carry to Auntie, who had little of this world's wealth, and was an invalid almost unable to make any food ready for herself. In return, Auntie told them stories of her early days, when she was in better circumstances; but never happier, she would say; "for in those days I knew not what a glorious Heavenly Father I have. It is a blessed thing to have the peace of God in our hearts, children," was always the conclusion of Auntie's stories.

As soon as the basket was packed, and the little ones warmly shawled, they kissed mamma good-bye, and set off with glad hearts. With the extravagance of youthful spirits. they exclaimed aloud about the beauty of the sky and the pretty appearance of the bare branches of the trees.

"The branches remind me a little of the rigging of a ship," said Mary; whereupon Alie plied her with questions about ships till they emerged from the woods; and soon they were in Auntie Davidson's humble cottage.

How cheered and delighted the old

woman was with their bright talk, while they were enjoying the unusual employment of getting tea ready.

After tea, they begged for a story. "Not an old one, Auntie," pleaded Alie. "A new one we want this time."

With a smile, Auntie began. "Well, children, I think I never told you how I came to love Jesus. You have heard before of my youthful life, how wild I was, caring nothing for the good lessons my mother endeavored to teach me; and though I dearly loved her, yet, how often I grieved her by my foolish ways. I have told you before, too, of my father's dissipation; how he wasted our means, until when he died, we were homeless and penniless. Even this trial did not make me better; it seemed as if my heart were dead. My mother's prayers seemed of no avail; true, I helped her to sew for a living, not because I liked work better, but because I was too proud to beg, and I could not starve. Yes, I was as fond of the gay dance as ever; gay clothing was more to me than my mother's love; and foolish company I liked as well as before. At a ball, not many months after my father's death, I met Mr. Davidson. He was young; I but eighteen. After a short acquaintance, we fancied we loved each other, and though he was beneath me in station, I would marry him. In vain my mother warned me against taking a man with no principle; and as I would do little to improve him, she feared our lives would soon be miserable. Too soon her fears were realized. I soon grew wearied trying to make home attractive, as it is every good woman's happiness to do. Occasionally, my husband spent an evening out; but I believe now, if I had tried the few first months after our marriage to have his home comfortable for him, and a bright welcome when he returned from his labors, that I might have made him a better man; but no, I had lived hitherto to please myself; and if my husband did not try to please me in everything, I thought I had no reason to take trouble for him. I now began to neglect home duties; went about gossiping among my neighbors, and got to care less and less for my husband. He complained justly of my conduct, and finding the parlor of the 'Red Lion Hotel' more comfortable than his own home, spent most of his evenings there. One very dark night, about a year after our marriage, I waited up longer than usual for Mr. Davidson. Feeling very wearied about twelve, I retired—awoke very early next morning; but Mr. Davidson had not come in. Fully believing that some accident had befallen him, I hastily dressed, and went to the door. Going towards the mill-stream, a short distance from the door, I found his hat lying on the bank. Much alarmed, I called a few of the neighbors, who began to search the stream. Sure enough, my fears were verified, for near the gate that shuts off the water for the mill, my husband's body was found cold and stiff. This was a shock to me; yet I had lived so unhappily with my husband, that I could not mourn for him as for one very dear to me. Scarcely a year married, and this was the end of my fancied happiness.

"Shortly after this, my little Charlie was born,—my precious child. This healed the wound caused by my husband's sad death, and made me wish to be a nobler woman for Charlie's sake. My own dear mother hoped and prayed that this new joy would soften my hard heart. Charlie was a beautiful boy, and I fairly worshipped him, forgetting, or rather never thinking, that God will not permit us to make idols for ourselves. As Charlie grew older, his strange. serious ways, sent many a pang through my heart. I sometimes overheard a neighbor say:—'That child is too fair to live;' another said, 'He is too wise to be long for this world.' I would not own my fears to another; but Charlie was so strange. He often spoke to me of heaven, and his wish to be there. His greatest delight was to have grandma tell him about Jesus; all about his childhood; his death; and above all, his home in heaven. The New Jerusalem was Charlie's favorite theme. Sometimes he would ask me if I was going to live with Jesus in heaven? adding in his solemn way, with his finger pointing to the skies, 'remember, mamma, if you don't love Jesus, God will be angry.' Well, Charlie was spared until he was five years old, then he began to droop. Nothing would save him, the doctor said; so I had to try and make myself believe the

sad truth. My heart bitterly rebelled against God; my treasure, the only one I had, to be taken, truly it was a bitter trial. Charlie was fading fast now. He told me, with a look of joy, one morning, 'he had dreamt he was in heaven, and he saw Jesus with the crown on His head, and the angels praising God with their golden harps.' I believed then that my boy would not be long with me. One evening, after a very restless day, as I sat watching by Charlie's crib, he fixed his searching eyes on my face, and said, 'Ma, I will soon be with Jesus. Won't you promise to come, too? If you ask Jesus, mamma, perhaps He will take you along with Charlie. Do go and ask him?' I could not withstand the pleading eyes of my child, went to a closet adjoining, and on my knees, for the first time in many years, prayed,—prayed that my sins would be forgiven, so that, when Jesus called for me, I might be ready to join Charlie in the skies. That prayer was answered. I was very unhappy for a long time; but I was able to give my dying child the promise that I would strive to be ready when Jesus called. Since then I have had many trials to contend with; yet, I can thank God for them all, even for the bitterest, that my Charlie was taken from me into the Heavenly Fold of the Gentle Shepherd. I want you to remember, children," Auntie said, as she concluded her story, "that most of my trials came from disobedience. I forgot the fifth commandment; and by neglecting my mother's advice, I brought upon myself many a trial I might have been spared from."

Many a tear fell from the children's eyes during the telling of the story.—Mrs. Davidson was the first to speak. "I fear I have kept you too long with my story. See how dark and lowering the sky is." Mary looked out with anxious eyes. Sure enough, the short twilight of this autumn day was settling down in unusual gloom. Mary resisted Auntie's entreaties to stay all night, saying how anxious her mother would be if they remained. Hurrying on their wraps, they bade their Aunt an affectionate good-bye, and started off at a quick pace. Scarcely had they entered the path in the woods, when snow began to fall. Faster and heavier came down the large snow-flakes—the wind drifting them into their faces,—It became so dark, they could scarcely keep the path. For some distance, the little ones struggled on bravely; but ere long Alie's strength began to fail. Mary sought to encourage them onward, her own heart sinking, meanwhile, as she thought of the weary way still before them. At last Alie's strength gave way entirely; she sank on the soft snow, saying wearily, "I cannot walk any farther, Mary. You take Bertha home, and I will wait here till papa comes. You know God will take care of me." For a moment Mary was paralyzed; then, as a thought struck her, she said, "the cave, where you so often played in, dear Alie, must be near here. Oh, if we can only reach it, we will, at least, get shelter from the storm." Some way-marks were felt for and found, and soon they were safe from the storm without. What was called "The Cave in the Woods," was but an overhanging rock on the one side; on the other, the trunks of two large trees, meeting so as to form a three-cornered space. Fortunately, the protected side was to the storm; and against the other Mary hung a piece of carpet, brought there by themselves in summer. Shaking the loose snow from their garments, Mary took the shivering Alie in her arms, wrapping as much of her own clothing round her as she could spare.

So far anxiety for their personal safety kept thoughts of the dear ones at home from Mary's mind; but having now done all she could, her mother's alarm, and the fears of all their friends, crowded into her thoughts, so that it was with difficulty she restrained her feelings, so as to answer Alie's questions: "What mamma would say; and papa do?" And "Oh, Mary," sobbed the child, "do you think God will keep us from all harm?"

"Don't you remember Charlie Davidson," said Bertha. "He wasn't afraid—even of death. God took care of him, and He will care for us, too."

"We will ask God to keep us from harm," replied Mary; "and you know, Alie, mamma and papa, and Auntie Davidson, will all be praying for us. Can you remember a verse in the New Testament

that promises an answer when two or three pray about the same thing?"

The child thought a moment, then repeated from Matthew, the eighteenth chapter and nineteenth verse:—"If two of you shall agree on earth, as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."

Mary then folded her hands and prayed that they might be kept from all harm and danger, expressing their faith in God's promises, "to deliver all that call on Him," at the same time commending all others who might be out in the storm to her Heavenly Father's care.—Mary's heart was strengthened as she communed with Him who had power to still the raging tempest; and with perfect confidence, she believed they would be delivered from their prison by the morning.

Now, it so happened that a young man, who was a native of the village where Mary lived, chanced to be coming home the same night. He had just returned from a German University, where he had been for the last four years. Finding he could get no conveyance at the station to convey him home, he shouldered his carpet-bag, and started off to go home by the path through the woods. Before he reached the path, snow began to fall; but still he persevered, though warned it would be a heavy storm. Trusting to his familiarity with the way, he fancied he would soon reach home, notwithstanding the darkness and storm. When about half-way, however, he saw matters were becoming serious. It was so dark he could scarcely discern the path at all; and the snow, drifting in his face, made things worse. He was just considering what to do, when he suddenly remembered a bright sunshiny day—the summer he had left home—when, with his two sisters and Mary Andrews, they had a party in a cave somewhere near here. The overhanging rock he remembered perfectly, and thought if he could only find the path to it, he would, at least, get some shelter. Thanking his lucky star, (for he did not acknowledge any higher guidance) he groped first one side, and then another, until he found the path that led to the rock. As he came nearer it, he, much to his surprise, heard a voice, and soon distinguished words of prayer. Words such as he had not heard since those his mother breathed over him as he bade her good-bye. The simple faith of Mary's prayer went home like a flash of lightning to the brain and heart of our German student, reminding him of his promise given to his mother at parting, that he would read his Bible daily, and pray to God for guidance. True, he had not imbibed the atheistical views of many of his fellow-students; but he had been as thoughtless as they. Mary's simple faith had more influence on him than a thousand elaborate discourses; or all the arguments the most learned could use. "Ah," thought our student, if some of my companions heard this confidence in an unseen but omnipresent God, the evidence by words that they have had experienced, that the Lord does answer prayer, surely it would do much to dispel their doubt and unbelief." Fearing to make the least noise, lest he alarmed whoever was there, our young friend crouched as close to the rock as he could, rising every now and then to rub his benumbed hands, and walking a little distance to supple his stiffened joints. This long night was the turning point in our student's life. Alone with God, the words of prayer he heard, formed a prayer for himself with the more earnest one, that he, too, might have the same faith in God. It may not have been a pleasant night to him, but it was a profitable one; for, while he watched for the first streak of light that would herald in the dawn, a better and a brighter light had entered his soul, giving him a hope of a more glorious dawn, that would usher in an eternity of joy. As soon as it was sufficiently light, James Herbert broke off two strong branches; and, with these, endeavored to make a path to the main one. Hearing the noise, Mary looked out surprised and somewhat alarmed. She was re-assured, however, by James' smile and "Good morning." James recognized Mary Andrews at once; but a four years' residence abroad, had altered the young man's appearance so much, that, until he had finished speaking, Mary could not recall who he was. Suddenly, a tide of old memories came back; she remembered the playmate of her youth, and with a

blush, she said, "You are James Herbert." He assented, as Mary explained that she had heard he was coming home soon. In few words James told her of his starting for home in the snow-storm; his finding he could not get on; and his sudden recollection of the cave; and his resolve to get shelter there, modestly withholding that he had walked up and down outside, rather than frighten them by seeking a better shelter within. They now consulted what was best to be done. James volunteered to go off in search of friends, adding that it would be impossible to get home without snow-shoes.

"Young ladies," he said gaily, as Alie and Bertha watched him preparing to start, "if you can only do without your breakfast for an hour, I promise you shall get it soon after."

The girls watched him anxiously as he plunged into the soft snow, making but little progress; yet, that little was homeward. If Mary had not felt too unwell from her exposure through the night, she would have joined Alie and Bertha in their admiration of the trees,—beautiful, indeed, was each one with its covering of pure white, dazzling now in the sunshine. As Mary watched some of the loose snow-flakes fall, she repeated aloud:—

> Pretty snow-flake, soft and white,
> In thy beauty angel-like,
> May my life in pureness be,
> Pretty snow-flake, just like thee.

We leave Alie repeating these simple lines, and turn to look at James Herbert, nearing the edge of the wood, almost exhausted with his heavy walk. Just as he emerged into the open plain, to his joy, he heard voices, and in a minute or two found himself face to face with Mr. Andrews. Too much surprised at the meeting to ask many questions, James advised Mr. Andrews to take two others with him on snow-shoes, for though the snow was not deep enough to bury them, it was so sfot they would take a long time to wade it. James told his name, and that the girls were well, but could add little more, he was so thoroughly exhausted. Bidding a friend drive James home, Mr. Andrews, with two others, proceeded to the cave, going much quicker than Mr. Herbert came. Alie cried for joy when she saw her papa; and I rather think the other two girls kept her company. Wrapping the girls up as well as they could, they were soon carried to the sleigh awaiting them at the entrance; and in a very short time were safe with their mamma in their own home. What a happy meeting between all!—the servants rejoicing as much as any. After all were well warmed, and had partaken of a good breakfast, Mary told her story:—How early the night set in; how they hurried, yet could not get on for the blinding snow-drift; and how she prayed for guidance, when immediately the cave flashed across her mind as a safe shelter. Then Alie told how Mary had taken off her own cloak, to keep Alie warmer, "and I was not a bit afraid after Mary asked God to take care of us, papa."

"Yes," said Mrs. Andrews, "we felt some hope too, after we had prayed God to keep you from harm."

The children were as well as ever next day; but poor Mary suffered long after from her exposure—too thinly clad as she was. When Mary was able to come down stairs again, she found James Herbert a constant visitor in the house. His joy, evinced when she was able to join the family circle again, was visible to more than Mary.

James' mother rejoiced in the change in her hitherto thoughtless son; but, when she questioned him as to the time and circumstances of his first desire to live for something better and nobler than heretofore, he put her off with a promise that he would tell her some other time. He shortly after entered into partnership with his father—his kindly manner and upright conduct giving good promise of success.

The following summer, when the trees were covered with luxuriant foliage, and the wild rose and honeysuckle made the air fragrant with their perfumes, the families of Andrews and Herbert had determined on a pic-nic in the woods. They went to "The Cave," regarded with kindly feelings the rocks, the tree roots, and the old carpet that had been indeed a shelter from the storm. Alie's tongue was free to go over "Our Night in the Snow;" and the parents were as much interested as ever in the story.

After a quiet rest, the little ones proposed

to go after water-lilies, that grew in a pond a short distance farther through the woods. All went but James and Mary; James telling Mary then of his hearing her prayer that night. That her simple faith and trust in God's promise to deliver those that "call on Him," had been the means of awakening him to a sense of duty towards God. "Your prayer urged me to pray for myself; which I did, and I found the promise sure: 'Ask and ye shall receive.' Ever since I have been trying to live for something higher than a position in the world."

This was not all that James told Mary, gentle reader, suffice it that both communications were pleasant and interesting to both parties; and if James did get a promise from Mary to take him for better or worse; and if he did seal it in the usual way, why need we wonder, especially since all the friends are pleased. Dear Auntie Davidson was not forgotten amid the general rejoicing at this happy termination of their "Night in the Snow." Often did our young friends visit her, getting as much comfort as they gave. Many a time in after-life, did Mr. Herbert tell the story of his "Night in the Snow-storm," adding, with a smile to his wife, "the most profitable night I ever spent out."

THE VOYAGE IN THE ARM CHAIR.

Oh! pa, dear pa! we've had such a fine game,
We played at a sail on the sea;
The old arm-chair made such a beautiful ship,
And it sailed—oh, as nice as could be.

We made Mary the captain, and Bob was the boy
Who cried, "Ease her," "Back her," and "Slow."
And Jane was the steersman who stands at the wheel,
And I watched the engines below.

We had for a passenger grandmamma's cat,
And as Tom couldn't pay he went free;
From the fireside we started at half-past two o'clock,
And we got to the side-board at three.

But oh! only think, dear papa, when half-way
Tom overboard jumped to the floor;
And though we cried out, "Tom, come back, don't be drowned,"
He galloped right out at the door.

But pa, dear pa, listen one moment more,
Till I tell you the end of our sail;
From the side-board we went at five minutes past three,
And at four o'clock saw such a whale!

The whale was the sofa, and it, dear papa,
Is at least twice as large as our ship;
Our, captain called out, "Turn the ship round about;
Oh, I wish we had not come this trip!"

And we all cried, "Oh, yes, let us get away home,
And hide in some corner quite snug;"
So we sailed for the fireside as quick as we could,
And we landed all safe on the rug.

—*Phrenological Journal.*

LITTLE LOU'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(By the Author of "Susie's Six Birthdays.")

PART II.—(*Continued.*)

CHAPTER VI.

On hearing this, Lou cried harder than ever, and as they drove through the village, everybody they met heard him. The students were going to prayers, for the bell had just rung, and they heard him. How ashamed his papa and mamma were!

Does everything pleasant have such a disagreeable end as this trip up the mountain had? Yes, it does, sooner or later, unless people choose to be as amiable and pleasant when they come home as they were when they went away. One excuse must be made for Lou. He was very tired, for it was a warm day in the very midst of summer. After his papa had helped him and his mamma from the carriage he stopped crying, and began to look for his raspberries. He thought they would be nice for his supper, with some of Mrs Thompson's cream. But the soft fruit was buried up under leaves and twigs, and mixed up with bits of toadstool, moss, and gravel. Then Lou burst out crying again, but this time not angry, but in a grieved way that made his mamma sorry for him. She led him up to her room, and washed the stains of yellow egg from his face and hands, and cooled his forehead with fresh water.

"Next time you will be a good boy," she said, kindly, "and thank Mrs, Thompson when she gives you a little tiny egg. And you won't roll it over your cheek and crush it, again. I am going to forgive you now, because I am sorry for you."

"Why don't you punish me before you forgive me, mamma?" Lou asked, in a gentle, pleased voice.

"I will tell you the reason. It is because God so often forgives me, without punishing me."

"Why, *mamma!* Are you ever naughty?" cried Lou. "Why, what do you do?"

Before mamma had time to answer, the bell rang for tea, for papa had come in from prayers, and was waiting for them downstairs. All the way down Lou kept kissing his mamma's hand. He felt very sorry that

he had not been a good boy, and he loved his mamma dearly, because she had forgiven him. Don't you sometimes feel just so when you have said or done what you know displeases God? If you do, that is a sign that you love Him, and are His own dear child.

The next morning at breakfast, neither Lou nor his mamma had much appetite. Mamma said it was because the night had been so warm. She said Lou did not lie still a minute, but tossed and turned all sorts of ways, and that she should be thankful to get him to the sea-shore.

"By the by, I promised to make him a wooden spade to dig with," said papa. "I must not forget my promises. He will enjoy digging in the sand."

"Are we going to-day, papa?"

"No, not to-day."

"To-morrow, then?"

"No."

"The day after that?"

His papa shook his head.

"We *never* shall go! It is a year since Aunt Fanny told us to come. I'm afraid the ocean blue will all dry up before we get there!"

His papa smiled.

"We are going on Friday. We shall stop in Boston a little while, for I have business there, and then we will go straight to Aunt Fanny's."

CHAPTER VII.

Lou asked so many times the next day how soon it would be Friday, and was so restless, that his mamma got very tired. She was trying to get something done that she should need at the sea-side, and could not read to him as much as usual, and so he had leisure to get into all sorts of mischief. He took up his papa's inkstand, which he had been forbidden to touch, and spilled the ink all over some papers on the library table, and on his own frock and apron. Then when his dress had been taken off, and a clean one put on, and his mamma was busy in trying to save papa's papers, he ran to her cabinet of shells, pulled out a drawer, and fell backwards with it, scattering the neatly-arranged shells all over the floor. How glad she was when Friday came, and this uneasy little mortal could set forth with her upon the journey. It was a very warm day, and the cars were crowded with people. Lou had a seat by the window, and for a time everything he saw amused and interested him. As they approached the first town at which the train was to stop, he heard a loud, long whistle, that was like a dreadful scream.

"Oh, what is that?" he cried, shrinking away from the window.

"It is the locomotive whistling, to let people know it is coming," said his papa.

"Why I did not know locomotives had so much sense!" cried Lou. Several persons who sat near smiled on hearing this speech, and he heard some one say,—

"What a bright little fellow that is! He talks as plainly as a grown man."

"Yes," said another, "and how the mistakes of little children amuse and please us! Last winter one of my children asked another if birds of prey were good to eat, and was told they were not. 'Why, yes they are, we had some for dinner the other day. We had preying (prairie) hens!'"

Both gentlemen laughed, and so did Lou, though he didn't know why. The dust and cinders began to fly in at the windows; they settled on his moist cheeks and on his frock, and got into his eyes. He was tired and thirsty, and looking from the window no longer gave him pleasure.

He yawned, and said "O dear!" and got down from his seat, and twisted this way and that, and wished he had some water, and wished he was at Aunt Fanny's, and was sure he was hungry and wanted his dinner. His papa and mamma were thankful when the train went dashing into the depôt at Boston. They were as tired and thirsty as he was, and just as dusty, and had as many cinders in their eyes. And they had, besides, the fatigue of having a hot little boy leaning on them, asking a hundred questions, teasing for water, and for dinner, and making himself very tiresome. But they were patient because they knew fretting would do no good, and because grown people know that in journeying you may expect to be tired.

They went to a large hotel at Boston, and mamma shook off her dust and cinders, and Lou's also, and brushed papa's coat, that looked like a miller's, till it was black again. Then they went down to dinner, and the man who was to wait upon them poured out for each a glass of ice-water. Lon had never seen ice in summer; in his papa's deep well the water was always cool and fresh. He turned quickly to his papa, and cried in an excited, eager voice, "Jack Frost is in my glass, papa."

CHAPTER VIII.

It was too late when they reached Aunt Fanny's for Lou to go out to see the sea, or to pick up shells. He was too tired and sleepy to care, or to look at Aunt Fanny, or let her speak to him. He went to bed with a large shell under his pillow, in which he could hear the murmur of the sea, and did not so much as turn over once all night. The fatigue of the journey, and the change to delicious sea-air, made him sleep soundly. When he opened his eyes in the morning, his mamma was standing by his bedside, smiling.

"What time is it? Is it morning?" he cried.

"How long have you been asleep?" asked mamma.

"About three minutes."

He looked about him a little surprised.

"Why, where am I? Oh I know now! I am at Aunt Fanny's house, and I am going to see her ocean blue."

"Do say blue ocean," said mamma, who was quite tired of hearing him quote Aunt Fanny. "Come to the window, and you shall see it before you are dressed."

Lou climbed into a chair, and looked out, and for the first time in his life saw the ocean. His mamma thought he would say something wonderful, that she could run down and repeat to Aunt Fanny. But he did not say a word. He was too much surprised to speak.

"It is too cold to stand in your nightgown any longer," mamma said at last. And she drew her shawl closer around him.

"Are you *cold*, mamma?"

"Yes; it is very different here from the air in our little valley, Look down there. Don't you see papa walking on the shore?"

"O yes!" cried Lou, clapping his hands. "Let me get dressed and go down there too!"

Mamma dressed him as fast as she could, put on a little coat, and his hat, and let him go.

"Why, mamma! I don't wear coats in summer!" he said, waiting a moment.

"You do here. Now run!"

Lou ran. He met Aunt Fanny at the foot of the stairs, but he would not stop to look at her; his new uncle tried to catch him as he rushed by, but it was of no use. He was off like an arrow, and soon reached his father, who was walking up and down, holding his hat on, and trying to get warm.

"I really believe Lou will be blown off to sea!" mamma said to herself, as she stood at her window, watching them. "Dear little fellow, how he will enjoy it here!"

But before long they were blown in to breakfast, Lou's cheeks quite rosy, and both quite hungry, Lou had already picked up a few shells; it made no difference to him that they were clam shells; they were the first he had ever found.

At the breakfast-table Aunt Fanny could see her beloved little Lou, and watch his little ways, and laugh at all his little sayings, just as she used to do.

"What shall I give him for his breakfast?" she asked. "Does he like clams?"

"He never saw a clam till now," replied his mamma. "I think he had better have his usual breakfast, if you have milk to spare."

"I don't believe bread and milk will satisfy him in this sharp air," said Aunt Fanny. "Lou, my darling, you haven't spoken to Uncle Henry yet This is your Uncle Henry."

"Yes, I know it," said Lou. "And you are his sister."

Everybody laughed at this, and Lou thought he had said something wonderful.

CHAPTER IX.

After breakfast Lou expected to fly down to the beach again, but he found he must wait until after prayers. Aunt Fanny led the way to the library, and they all followed; and presently the cook came in, with a little girl about twelve years old. Both were colored. Lou had never seen any but white persons, and he sat looking, first at one, then at the other, in perfect amazement. The moment prayers were over, he ran to his mamma, and whispered in her ear,—

"Why don't they wash themselves?"

"They do wash themselves. They are clean and nice as you or I. But God has made them with dark skins."

"Could He have made them white, if He had had a mind to do it?"

"Certainly."

"Then I wish He had. They don't look nice now."

"They *are* very nice," said Aunt Fanny, drawing near. "Martha is one of the best old souls in the world. I wish I was half as good as she is. And Chloe, her little daughter, is just like her."

"But what *made* God paint them black?" asked Lou, who had quite forgotten the blue ocean, the white sand, and the shells.

"Come here, Lou," said his papa. He took Lou on his knee.

"There is a country away off in this world where all the people are like Martha and Chloe. They looked beautiful to each other, for they had never seen any white people. But at last some wicked men went there, and caught a great many of them, and brought them here and sold them for money, and the people who bought them made them work very hard. Martha was one of these people, but she got away from her master and came here. You must speak kindly to her when you pass through the kitchen, and never let her see that you do not think her nice. Perhaps her soul is whiter than your skin, and perhaps God loves her better than He does me."

"Will He let her go to heaven?"

"Yes; I have no doubt He will."

"Does Martha like to be black?"

"She likes to be as God made her. He loved her just as well when He gave her a black skin, as He did you when He gave you a white one."

Lou slipped down from his papa's knee and ran towards the kitchen, and peeped

in. He could not look at Martha and Chloe enough.

"There's that pretty little boy peeping in!" said Chloe to her mother. "I wish I was as white as he is. Do you think I should be white if I pulled off all my skin?"

"No, you would be as black as you are now," replied Martha, laughing, and showing a row of white teeth. "I know enough to know that. Come in, you dear little boy! Come in and see what old Martha has got for him!"

Lou stepped a little farther in, looking curiously at them both.

"My papa says you are wicked spirits from the far west!" he cried, and ran away as fast as he could. Somehow he had got all his father had said mixed up in that little head of his, that had not been on his shoulders quite three years.

Martha was not angry with him, as some foolish people would have been, She only laughed, and said softly to herself,—

"Wicked spirits! And that's so. And may the Lord forgive us, and make us good spirits!"

CHAPTER X.

Lou ran back to the library, and asked if he might go down to the shore again.

"You shall go pretty soon," said his mamma. "Just as soon as I am ready to go."

"Why need I wait for you, mamma? I know the way."

"Yes, but you do not know the way to keep from being drowned. Now understand: you are never to go to the shore unless some one of us is with you."

While they were talking together, Aunt Fanny went into the kitchen to direct Martha about the dinner, and Martha told her what Lou had said to her.

"What a boy!" said Aunt Fanny. "I hope, Martha, that you do not believe Professor James said anything of the sort."

"Oh no, ma'am. Lor' sake, no! I jist sat down and laughed till I cried,"

"While he is here I want his mamma to get all the rest she can, and Chloe can take him down to the shore and watch him while he plays about."

Chloe smiled. She thought it would be charming to watch him; everything he did seemed so amusing, and his talk was so funny. But when she went into the library, and took his little white hand in her black one, Lou looked uneasy; he drew away his hand quickly, and brushed it, as if it were soiled. His mamma was ashamed of him.

"I hope you will excuse him, he is such a little fellow, and does not know any better. I am sure he will grow fond of you as soon as he gets acquainted with you, you look so good-tempered, and speak to him so kindly."

Chloe looked pleased, and tried once more to coax Lou to go with her; but in vain.

"In a day or two he will know you better," said his mamma. "I am going to the beach presently, and I can take him with me."

So Chloe went back to the kitchen to help her mother, and Lou and his mamma went down to the shore. They each took a basket, and while Lou picked up shells and pebbles, mamma searched for sea-mosses, of which there were some lovely kinds to be found here. She did not find many on the shore, however, and seeing some rocks at a little distance, she thought she would go and look in the crevices among them, and see if any had lodged there. She drew a line in the sand with her parasol, and said to Lou,—

"Look here Lou! you must not go beyond this line while I am gone. I am going to search for mosses among the rocks, just a little way off. Now be sure not to go any nearer the water than this line."

"Why not, mamma?"

"Because it is dangerous."

She walked away slowly, looking back every moment or two, to see that Lou was obeying her. He was busy collecting shells, and a good way from the water.

"He is quite safe," she said to herself. "I need not watch him so closely." She went a little farther, and among the rocks found tiny pools of water full of mosses. Some were green, some pink, some pure white. She gave a cry of surprise and pleasure.

"How beautiful! Little gardens full of sea-flowers! Come here, Lou!" she called, "come and see some lovely little gardens made of water!"

But Lou did not hear her. The wind carried her voice another way. She stooped down, and, with the end of her parasol, fished out some of the green seaweeds and graceful mosses. They lay in little heaps on her hand, and did not look at all as they did in the water. Still, she thought she would take them home. Meanwhile Lou wandered about, and, seeing a large beautiful white stone just beyond the line his mamma had marked, he ran to take it.

"It's only a little way; mamma won't care," he thought.

He then saw a shell a little farther off. It was of a bright yellow.

"There is a shell that looks like a little chicken!" he cried. "Mamma will be glad when she sees my little chicken-shell."

So he went on, step by step, nearer the sea, and the sea was all the time coming nearer to him.

(*To be continued.*)

THE NEW, BEST NAME.

"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it."

(*From "The Singing People," by Philip Phillips.*)

1. He hath giv'n me a gem, as a to - ken so rare, In my bo - som I've placed it for safe-keeping there, And it shines with a lus - tre so calm and so bright—No drift from the mountain was ev - er so white.
3. And oft when my day-dreams draw nigh to a close, And I sigh for the calm of the evening's re - pose, How sweet is the sol - ace, when left all alone, Which is mine when I gaze on my beau - ti - ful stone.

2. This em - blem of pu - ri - ty bears my new name, Which no one can
4. And this blest bond of union is promis'd the same To all who will

read, tho' to me 'tis so plain; And I hope to preserve it as
love, and be - lieve on his name; Ah! who would not cov - et a

rit.

long as I live, For so precious a gift none but Je - sus can give.
to - ken so rare, In their bo - som to place it for safe - keeping there.

Domestic Economy.

ON USING STRENGTH WITH ECONOMY.

We almost hesitate to proceed to say that a very great amount of strength is wasted in the ordinary hand-work of the world, because within our limits it seems quite impossible to give such a series of illustrations as will in any adequate degree indicate the various forms of waste, or avail at all for the correction of the evil. The more serious part of the ineffectual expenditure referred to arises not so much from miscalculation as from lack of calculation; as from working without a definite plan; as from setting to work without first thinking the work out in advance, and pushing it forward with urgent haste, without circumspection and deliberation as the process goes on. There were two men, both farmers, with whose methods of labor we were well acquainted in our childhood, who illustrated, each in his way, the important principle here referred to. The first was Mitchel, "the roarer," as the villagers called him, and a roarer he was. His power of work was prodigious, and the use he made of it still more prodigious. But he never seemed to do any thinking about his work. He took everything butt foremost. He used to "break a pitchfork handle a day," all through haying, trying to throw on a "two-hundred" cock of hay at a fork full; he would get hold of the big end of a rock weighing half a ton to slue it into place in a stone wall, when a crow-bar stood just at his elbow; he drove his oxen with shouting and gesticulation and flourishes of goadstick that would alone have tired out a common man; he would be just as likely as not to drive brads all day long with a broad-axe, when a tack-hammer lay on the bench before him. The consequence was that, although he worked twice as hard as common men, he did not bring much more about at the year's end than ordinary people, and at middle age was getting all jammed out of shape with the distortion of overwork.

In contrast with him was old "Pud" Wells, as he was called, Pud being probably the short for putterer. Old Pud was as strong and as slow in motion as a fat ox. Whenever he had anything of moment to do he used to sit down and ruminate upon it—generally light his pipe and smoke over it. If there was any easy way about it, he always hit it. He never miscalculated the strength of a pitchfork handle so far as to break it, and he never would have broken it, though it had been made of pith-stalk. He was a miracle at moving heavy stone for cellar walls or bridge abutments and such work, canting them round with light lifts of the lever in just the right place, and settling them into their beds as if they had been babies in their cribs. He could hitch the chain to deep-rooted stumps so that a yoke of steers could twitch them out, when other men could not "fetch" them with seven-foot cattle. When about to cut down a tree, he cleared away the brush carefully, studied out a good position to stand in, trying it once or twice, and if on a side-hill knocking away the turf to get firm foothold, or hunting for a flat stone to bolster up the down-hill side of his foot, so that he never slipped or had to stop work to readjust himself, and so that he could strike to the best advantage and every stroke told its utmost. He could mow with a marvellous ease, for he had made a study of the proper length of snath, the proper adjustment of the handles, the proper breadth of swath, the proper inclination of the body, the proper swing, and the proper thing for him to do in the whole matter. This man thought out his work beforehand, and kept thinking about it all the way along, having learned the practical wisdom of the old saw—"Calculation is better than hard work." In the course of his long lifetime (not ended yet we believe) he brought more about than average men, and by judgment brought it about with so little of excessive hard labor that people thought him lazy, and that he got along so well because his luck was good.

Now, these two workers are types of two great classes into which all hand-workers, male and female, are divided—those who by timely thought economize their strength, and those who from lack of thought subject it to continual waste. Whether there is a larger proportion of this latter class amongst men than women it would not be possible to determine; but it may perhaps be justly assumed that the error is a more serious one for women than for men, since their physical strength is materially less. Accordingly, it may be proper to comment specially upon the waste of strength so frequently noticeable in the conduct of our ordinary housework, that being the leading employment of women and the most important single industry in the world. It is perhaps

the necessary result of the deficient mental discipline bestowed upon women as compared with men, and especially upon house-working women, that they should exhibit less of judgment, less of a thinking habit at their labor, than average men at their labor; or, without instituting comparisons, less of tact, of the faculty of taking things to advantage, of mechanical ingenuity, of labor-saving combinations of work, than would seem to be easily attainable to ordinary intelligence if moderately thoughful and trained to the *study* of its labor. In the mere act of "clearing away" the table we have often noticed a really painful squandering of strength, just from the want of a little deliberation. The bustling worker, apparently flurried by the sense of what she has got to do, sees the salt-cellar, catches it up, runs across the whole breadth of the floor to the closet with it; hurries back, snatches the sugar-bowl and a fork that does not need washing, and puts them away; ditto, the pepper-box and two napkins; ditto, two napkins and the vinegar-cruet, making six journeys across the room, when, with the little tray or the bread-board on the other table, all the articles might have been carried at once and so many steps saved.

So, too, when the "parlor fire" is to be built: the hurrying housewife runs into the room first with a handful of shavings and splinters, forgets the match, hastens back for that, and just as she has lighted it thinks of the charcoal; hies after that, but neglects to bring along with it the scuttle of coal sitting by. Presently the coal is wanted; her steps are bent for it in haste, but as she goes she omits to carry out the charcoal-basin, and when she returns forgets to bring in a hod for the ashes or the dustbrush and pan, which therefore cost her another journey. The process goes on after this sort, so that, by the time the fire is built and the debris cleared away, she has gone forth and back a dozen times or more betwixt the parlor and kitchen, when deliberation and a thinking over at the outset of what would be wanted would have saved at least one-half the trips. Multitudes of women work thus all the day long and all their life long. They work hard and move fast, yet are "slow workers" and bring little to pass, because they were not trained to use their heads as well as their hands about their work.

Anything like a general change or improvement in this matter amongst the great mass of workers can be looked for only as education advances, and the general public capacity for thinking is thereby increased. Accordingly, those persons, men or women, who may suspect the infirmity referred to to be their own, should take its correction into their own hands, without looking for help from the outside, and do the best they can at it. If in the habit of working thus precipitately and inconsiderately, they should compel themselves to *sit down* and think over what they have before them to do, and to think until they have the outlines of the work clearly defined to their mind's eye. They will thus accomplish more the very first day of trial. They will visibly save strength the first day, and day by day they will find the gain to increase.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

HEEDLESSNESS.

There are three things, at least, that it seems impossible to teach servants, namely, to shut a door, to use a "holder," and to put things on the table, or in the closet or sink, instead of on a chair.

When cooking is going on in the kitchen, it is very uncomfortable and annoying to have doors, leading into the dining-room or halls, left open, and all the odors and steam pervading the house. "I only left it open just a minute," is the invariable reply, when told to "shut the door," without a thought that just that "minute" will fill the house with disagreeable odors, as effectually as if left open half an hour.

You provide good dish towels, of all kinds, and with them hand both cook and waiter "holders," saying, "Now, if you use the towels, even the coarsest of them, to take off pots and kettles, or to remove food from the oven, or for anything but their appropriate use, you will annoy me very much," the answer will surely be, "Oh! no, indeed. I never do such a thing!" and almost while speaking, you will see pies, cakes, or bake-pans lifted from the oven with a towel, which is either burnt, or smeared, by so doing. "Dear me! I didn't think!" is the excuse.

Pots, dishes pans, pails and towels are all thrown on chairs, instead of being placed on the table, or in the closet or sink, where they belong, and your dress is constantly in danger of ruin because the chairs are so soiled by this untidy habit. The dish towels are thrown into the chairs also, to be sat on by any one entering the room one moment, and to *wipe dishes* the next; or, perhaps laid over the bread, rising at the fire, or to wrap it in, when taken out of the pans, regardless of the large, clean bread cloth which should be used. (No matter how often the dish towels are scalded and rinsed, they are *never* fit to use over, or about bread, or to wipe meat with. Cloths should be always kept for bread, and also for meat, separately, and used for nothing else.) Unless servants can be taught to overcome such habits, any one with an observant eye, or fastidious stomach, will find the frequent visits which

should be made to the kitchen, not likely to promote a good appetite.

What can be devised to overcome such untidy and heedless habits?—*Mother at Home.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

COOKING A TOUGH TURKEY.—After dressing and stuffing the turkey, put in a boiler water to cover the bottom, and a basin to put the turkey on. Lay it on the back, not letting the water reach it. Cover the boiler, and steam two hours. Roast one hour. Boil liver, gizzard, and heart in this water; then chop fine and put it in the gravy. Pour the water from the boiler into the roastpan to baste the turkey with.

VERMICELLI SOUP.—Put four pounds of any kind of fresh meat, except pork, into a gallon of cold water, cover close, and boil gently until the meat is tender. Throw in a head or two of celery, and half an hour afterwards take it from the fire, strain it, and return it to the pot. Season with salt and pepper. Add vermicelli, which has been scalded in boiling water, in the proportion of two ounces to a quart of soup. Boil ten minutes.

MOCK TURTLE, OR CALF'S-HEAD SOUP.—Boil the head and lights till very tender, then take it up, strain the liquor and set it away until the next day. Then skim off the fat, cut up the meat, after carefully removing all the bones, and put it into the liquor, and stew the whole gently for half an hour. Season the soup with salt, pepper, and sweet herbs; add cloves or curry-powder, if you want it seasoned highly, and just as you take it up stir in some lemon-juice.

POMMES DE TERRE EN PYRAMIDE.—Either steam or boil some very good mealy potatoes, mash them and put them into a stew-pan together with some butter, a little salt, and milk; as the mixture becomes stiff add more milk, but let it be of the desired consistency to arrange it in the form of a pyramid in a buttered dish. Place it in a hot oven, or brown it with a salamander, and serve.

BOILED CRACKER PUDDING.—Split four soft crackers, pour a pint of boiling milk over them, and add immediately a cup of suet well chopped; when cold, add five eggs well beaten, a little mace, and as many raisins as you like. Boil three hours, and eat with sauce.

APPLE SNOW BALLS.—This elegant and wholesome dessert may be made as follows:—Pare and core several large apples, filling the holes with orange or quince marmalade, or with lumps of sugar flavored with a tea-spoonful of lemon juice. Boil the apples in hot paste, (potato paste made without shortening is the best,) and make the crust of an equal thickness. Bake them in tins in a moderate oven, and ice them with a sugar frosting one quarter of an inch thick; harden them at a distance from the fire, that they may not be browned.

CORN-STARCH CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, the whites of six eggs, two cups of flour, and one of corn-starch, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half teaspoonful of soda. Flavor with lemon.

BUCKWHEAT GRIDDLE CAKES.—Put three pints of warm water into a stone pot or jar, add half a gill of baker's yeast, or an inch square of turnpike cake dissolved in a little warm water; add a heaping teaspoonful of salt, and half a small teaspoonful of saleratus; have a pudding stick or spatula, and gradually stir in enough buckwheat flour to make a nice batter; beat it perfectly smooth, them cover it and set it in a moderately warm place until morning. A large handful of corn meal may be put with the flour, and is by many persons considered an improvement.

TO BAKE BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Set a griddle over a gentle, steady fire; when it is hot rub it over with a bit of suet, or fat fresh pork, on a fork; the griddle must be hot, but not scorching; put the batter on in small cakes; when one side is nicely browned and about half cooked through, turn them. These cakes, to be perfection, must not be much thicker than a dollar piece, and both sides a delicate brown. Should the batter prove too thick it may be made thinner with sweet milk; this will also make them bake a finer color. The best of sweet butter and syrup to be served with buckwheat cakes hot from the griddle; should the cakes be preferred thicker than mentioned in this recipe it is an easy matter to make them so; take care that they are baked through. Buckwheat may be mixed the same as wheat muffins and baked on a griddle.

WAFFLES.—Four eggs; one pint of milk; two ounces of butter; one pound of flour; four tablespoons of yeast; a little salt. Beat the eggs to a froth; put the butter in the milk and warm it until the butter dissolves; when cool, add the eggs and flour, and afterwards the yeast and salt. When light, pour the batter in the "waffle iron." Bake on both sides by turning.

ROASTED OYSTERS.—Large oysters not opened, a few minutes before they are wanted, should be put on a gridiron over a moderate fire. When they are cooked they will open. Do not lose the liqnor that is in the shell with the oysters.

TO REMOVE THE TASTE OF NEW WOOD.—A new keg, churn, bucket, or other wooden vessel, will generally communicate a disagreeable taste to any thing that is put into it. To prevent this inconvenience, first scald the vessel with boiling water, letting the water remain in it until cold; then dissolve some pearlash or soda in luke-warm water, adding lime to it, and wash the inside of the vessel well with this solution. Afterward scald it well with plain hot water, and rinse it with cold water before you use it. The reason for this is the ready combination of resinous matters with alkalines to form compouuds soluble in water. The resinous substances of wood, while new, cause a disagreeable taste and odor in substances kept in wooden vessels.

Editorial.

H. R. H. PRINCE ARTHUR.

We give, as our illustration for this month, a wood-cut portrait of His Royal Highness Prince Arthur, engraved by Walker from a photograph by Notman, of this city, and generally conceded to be an excellent likeness. We also furnish the accompanying biographic sketch, which will be the more acceptable to our readers, as His Royal Highness is at present sojourning in this country.

His Royal Highness Arthur William Patrick, was born on the 9th of November, 1850, and is, therefore, nineteen years of age. He is the third son of Her Most Gracious Majesty, and completed his education at the Royal Academy, Woolwich, where he passed a very successful examination, and was afterwards, on the 19th of June, 1868, gazetted to a Lieutenancy in the Royal Artillery, with which corps he served at Woolwich. He was next transferred to the Royal Engineers, at Chatham, on the 2nd of November, 1868; and, finally, gazetted to the 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade, on the 3rd of August, 1869.

It may be here stated, in proof of the thoroughness of the Prince's military education, that no officers are admitted to the Royal Artillery, or Royal Engineers, unless they have first passed through the military school; and all promotion is competitive, and not by purchase. The object in bringing His Royal Highness to the Infantry, is to qualify him to serve on the Staff of the Army. Prior to such an appointment, he must serve with each arm, or branch, of the service, so as to obtain a practical knowledge of them,—the ascertaining of whether he has done so, being elicited by a lengthened examination before a superior Military Board.

The Prince arrived 22nd of August, by the "City of Paris," at Halifax, Nova Scotia, and made the tour of that Province, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, being everywhere most enthusiastically received. He thence went rapidly forward by rail to the Province of Ontario, opening the Exhibition at London, paying a hasty private visit of a few hours to Buffalo, and afterwards descending the St. Lawrence to Montreal, where he arrived on Friday, the 8th of October. He was received in the cities of Western Canada with enthusiasm, and in Montreal the Mayor and Corporation, and citizens, gave him a most flattering public reception, as a son of their Sovereign, and one who was about to become, for a short time, as the Prince himself expressed it, "a resident amongst them." On the following day, Saturday, he opened the Grand Dominion Lacrosse Tournament, at Montreal; and also visited the Exhibition of Athletic Sports. On the Monday, he, accompanied by his suite, started on a trip to the Upper Ottawa, to enjoy a few days' shooting, as well as to see the magnificent scenery of that region at the present season of the year.

At the city of Ottawa, he was received with expressions of loyal attachment, similar to those that had signalized his presence in other places; and, finally, he returned by boat, without ostentation, on Thursday evening, the 21st, to Montreal, where he is now serving with his corps, the first battalion of the Rifle Brigade.

It but remains to state, in concluding this rapid sketch of the career of His Royal Highness that his affable and courteous manners and prepossessing appearance have won him universal favor.

EXPLANATION.

Some few of the subscribers to the New Dominion Monthly, whose year expired with last September number, claim three months additional for their dollar, on the ground that we offered last winter the three numbers from October to December gratis to new subscribers, for the then ensuing year. But the cases are not similar.

When we made the offer alluded to, we had a surplus on hand of the three numbers, which we offered gratis; and, besides, they were given as a premium. Now, we have to print the three numbers which are sought; and premiums are never given to old subscribers, for the simple reason that they cannot be afforded. When given for a new subscriber, it is hoped that he will continue much longer than one year, and thus the premium will be diffused over a number of years; but to renew it annually, would be to give publications below cost. Indeed, the Dominion Monthly, for a year at one dollar, is below cost as it is; and we are sure when this explanation is made, that all will see its reasonableness; and that none will ask more for the dollar than twelve numbers.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY FOR 1870.

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

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

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

The attractions of the New Dominion Monthly will then be:—

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

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

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

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

Special Notice.—All who remit one dollar before 1st December next, will be entitled to the New Dominion Monthly for one year from receipt of remittance; but after 1st December the new terms above stated will go into effect.

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

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

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

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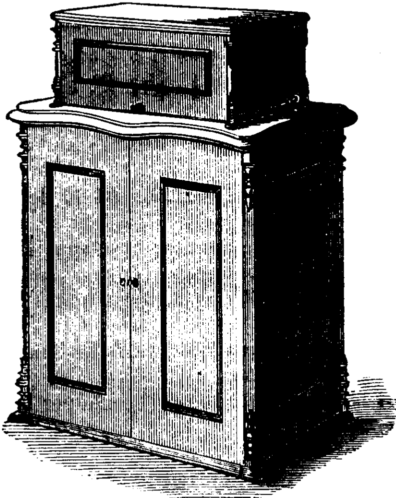

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For Church Choirs, Choral Classes, the Family Circle, &c., who may require larger numbers of particular pieces, the following list of Music is published in Sheet Form, at the rates annexed:—

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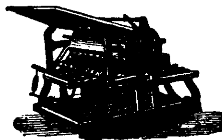

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The Proprietors deem it best frankly to state that in this New Department the same well-known rules of selection will be observed as in the advertising columns of the WITNESS.

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS OF

WITNESS, MESSENGER,

AND

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

RENEWING SUBSCRIPTIONS.

THERE is often more difficulty about this seemingly simple operation than one would think. There may be a pen and paper to seek in order to write a letter, and then the ink-bottle may be dry; and, worst of all, paper money may not be procurable to enclose. Any one of these four articles awanting in a house, causes the renewal to be postponed to a more convenient season, and then it is forgot till the paper or magazine stops; and then the subscriber, perhaps, says: "Well, if they stop *my* paper, who have *always paid* and *always mean to pay*, they may just keep it." In answer to this we can only reiterate that sending papers for cash in advance is one business, and sending them on credit is another, and these businesses cannot be run into each other. The credit system necessitates collectors, delays, and a considerable proportion of bad debts; and the cash system absolutely requires discontinuing in all cases where the subscription is not renewed. In the latter way, a paper can be furnished at half the price of the former, and all who pay must see the advantage of getting their paper cheap. It is only those who do not pay at all, that profit by the credit system and dear papers.

With respect to the difficulty that is often experienced in a dwelling-house in finding all the materials for letter-writing, we would suggest that an envelope and a pencil are all that are needed. On the inside of the flap might be written:—

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And on the outside:—

"WITNESS,"

Montreal.

Such an envelope, thus addressed in pencil, with the dollar inside, paid and registered, would not only be as good as a letter of two pages, but a great deal better, for it takes time to wade through a long letter to find what its real business is; not but that we are always pleased to receive letters containing any information of importance, but they should be on a separate sheet or half sheet from the business part.

Considerable irregularities we have discovered exist in the delivery of our publications in some parts of the country; and although these have been going on for some time, we have not been informed of the fact, but have simply lost our subscribers. We shall be greatly obliged if our friends would, in every case, inform us at once of irregularity, that the causes may be sought out without delay.

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