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NO. 4.

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MONTHLY.

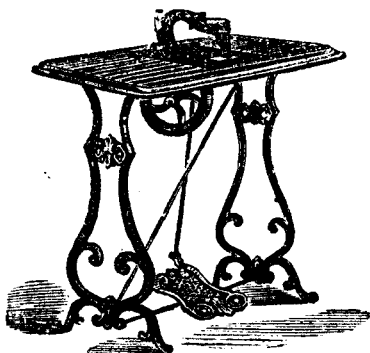
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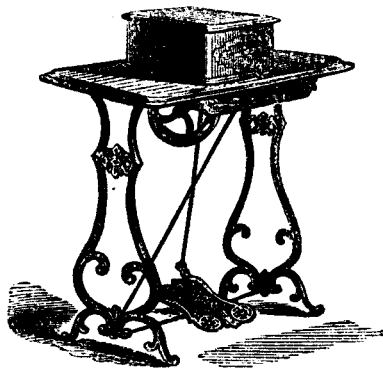
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THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY,

A Magazine of Original and Selected Literature.

JANUARY, 1869.

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A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The New Dominion Monthly.

VOL. III.

JANUARY, 1869.

No. 4.

Original.

GUSTAVE DE MONTBEL ; OR, NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1792.

"The everlasting to be, which hath been,
Hath taught us nought, or little."

A brilliant moon on the New Year Eve of 1792, was making night, in the quaint little town of Montreal, almost as light as day. There was an unusual stir within its walls ; its inhabitants were keeping vigil to welcome in the New Year, and for that night had abandoned their custom of retiring early. Merry parties of the young were driving round the narrow streets in their little carioles, drawn by diminutive ponies, dashing sometimes through the gates into the limited extent of suburbs, and enjoying with youthful glee, testified by ringing laughter and merry shouts, the cahots, as their vehicles bounced up and down the succession of hillock and hollow. Elderly persons sat at the closed windows contemplating the gaiety without ; and, as the New Year drew nigh, knots of young men assembled together, bearing musical instruments, preparing to serenade their favorites among the young and beautiful, and the oldest and most honored families of their acquaintance. The houses were in general of but one story in height, those of the principal inhabitants being of considerable length on the frontage. Little muslin half-curtains adorned the windows, which on other nights were barricaded with iron shutters. The luxury of carpets was not known, even in the dwellings of the highest rank, where only the carved high-backed chairs, and other antique heirlooms, and the portraits of an honorable ancestry hung round the white-washed walls, marked the distinction between the noble and the *bourgeois*. At the window of a dwelling

thus distinguished, about eight o'clock in the evening, an elderly lady, having the remains of a stately beauty, sat on one of these high-backed chairs. A young girl stood beside her, surpassing, to all appearance, what might have been her mother's beauty. She held the curtain back as if expecting some one, and her eyes sparkled at each approaching step, and the exclamation, "It is too bad!" escaped her when the house was passed. After several disappointments, a remarkably handsome and noble-looking young man—a happy smile giving greater beauty to his frank, open countenance—stood before the window in the full light of the candles. The young girl clasped her hands and exclaimed, "Oh, he is beautiful as the blessed Jesus!" Pious and earnest in religion, she would not so thoughtlessly have uttered that holy name, but that the use of pictures and images lowered it to such familiarity. Her mother was distressed, "My child, my child," she cried, "take heed to your words: offend not the Holy One."

"Dear mamma," replied her daughter, "I have sinned. I will repeat six aves, and say my rosary twice before I sleep, to expiate my sins. But do let me go: I must open the door for dear Gustave," she added, as an impatient knock summoned her to the door.

"Adorable Ernestine," cried the young man as he entered, and, seizing her in his arms, smothered her with passionate kisses. "Precious Ernestine," he continued, after he had released her, "I have not a moment to stay, and have come to ask a great favor of you: go not out to-night; remain at home for my sake, beloved."

"Why not? dearest Gustave; I much wish to attend the service to-night."

"That is where I would not have you go," he said; a dark shadow, which he endeavored to hide by a forced smile, clouding his usually pleasant expression.

"Gustave," she answered, "I will do anything for you; I will sacrifice my wishes to yours always: it is my happiness to do so."

"That is my darling!" he cried, once more embracing her fervently. "Now, adieu, adieu, my much-loved one. I have promised to meet a few friends, and we shall be here at midnight to awake you from your slumbers with sweet music."

"Cruel, to leave me so soon; but if you must go, go; and mind let your music be of the sweetest when you return;" and the young girl stood at the door, watching her lover until he was out of sight. Happiness added new beauty to the lovely girl. She possessed the true mark of French aristocracy,—a fair and expansive forehead above beautiful black eyes, brilliant with intelligence and animation; a slight expression of *hauteur* added piquancy, without being annoying. Smiles wreathed her classically formed mouth, and she exclaimed as she entered the room, "Am I not a happy girl to be loved by that perfect Gustave de Montbel?"

"May heaven bless you, my child, and order all for your good," said her mother, seriously; for Gustave's request had pained her, she knew not why.

"Dearest mamma, you look as if you thought it a misfortune to be so loved;" and her eyes sparkled, and her smile grew brighter, as she thought there was absurdity in the idea.

During the year that was passing away, and several previous ones, Europe had been in the throes of a mighty moral revolution, accompanied with great sufferings and afflictions to its inhabitants, from kings on their thrones down to the lowest peasantry in their humble dwellings. France, above all other countries, was drinking deep of the cup of retribution. She had quenched the

light of the Reformation within her borders; she had cast the Bible out of her dominions; she had given her people over to the oppression of a corrupt aristocracy, and to tyrant money-jobbers, lay and clerical: and now, without religion to guide them individually, or other leaders than infidels to direct them, her gentle, long-suffering, and intelligent people, frenzied by their afflictions, were trampling law and order under their feet. The infidel spirit that triumphed in the parent country had cast some of its poisonous influence over the pious and prosperous people in Canada. A few, in the pride of a finite intellect, were deceived, and, of them, a club of thirteen among the young and gifted had been formed, in imitation of the blasphemies of the ancient country, to scoff at the Redeemer and deride his religion.

The night wore on; it was within an hour of midnight; the streets were becoming quiet; all had retired to their homes to await the serenaders, except a few restless beings who continued to rove about without an object unless of mischief.

"My dearest mother," cried Ernestine, kissing her, "I must go to my couch and sleep, so that I may be awakened by the sweet music. Oh, dearest mamma, only think to be awakened by music from Gustave: it will be like awakening in heaven!"

"My child, be not profane; tempt not thy Maker," said her mother, sadly.

"My mother, I must make my devotions; embrace me once more," replied Ernestine, and again she kissed her. "Now sleep well, my dearest mother,—I bid you good-night;" and the young girl retired to her apartment and faithfully performed her duties, and, those accomplished, she prepared for rest. "Now," she soliloquized, "I must put out the light before he comes, so that he may think he awakes me." Just then a loud rapping at the hall door, accompanied by cries of "Open, open; quick, quick," from a female voice, alarmed her, and she hastened to obey the call. She found her mother and the servants there before her.

"Madame de Lastie, your mother is dying!" exclaimed the person who had roused the household, when the door was opened. "Oh, Madamed'Harville, hasten, hasten to her, if you want to see her again; and, Mademoiselle, run for the priest: lose no time; have pity on her soul."

Ernestine, in the distress this announcement caused her, and in terror lest her grandmother should die before the priest arrived, forgot her promise to Gustave, and, in a few minutes, accompanied by her maid, was on her way to the Seminary. The short streets, calm and quiet in the bright moonlight, were quickly traversed, and they soon reached the Place d'Armes. When half-way across it, the Seminary clock struck twelve; as it ceased, a strain of beautiful music from Handel's finest compositions rose in the air, sung by excellent and well-trained manly voices. For a moment Ernestine was beguiled from her sorrow, and she felt pleased that the good fathers should be the objects of such pious reverence. As she approached the gate of the Seminary, opposite which the serenaders were, she distinguished that the words adapted to the sacred music were the grossest parodies on all that she, or any who are called christian, hold most sacred, and that they were pronounced with studied distinctness and emphasis. Horror-struck, she would have retraced her steps, but that love for her grandmother urged her forward; and on reaching the gate, while the servant rang the bell, she turned to look at the actors in this dreadful scene, and, as she looked, she felt that happiness and joy in this world had gone from her forever; death would have been preferred to the agony that wrung her soul, and set her brain on fire. Thirteen noble-looking men formed a living *tableau* of the Redeemer and the twelve apostles, taken from one of the greatest masters. Twelve of them formed a semicircle round one who represented the Saviour, and that one was Gustave de Montbel, the president of this iniquitous club. The powder which was worn in those days had been taken out of his hair; the queue, unbound, fell in dark

brown curls around his shoulders; a slight tint of rouge colored his cheeks; and a large white cloth robed his entire figure. His head was a little bent, and one hand was held out as if teaching. At him she wildly gazed; her countenance became pale and rigid; and, with clasped hands, she stood looking, hoping that what she saw was but the phantasm of her fevered brain: but no, the awful words of the song were rising clear and distinct in the silence of the midnight hour; and, as it proceeded, high above their voices rose her distracted cry, "Gustave, Gustave!"

Her lover rushed towards her, his countenance distorted with fury and despair; and, seizing her hand, he said angrily: "Ernestine, did you not promise that you would not leave your house to-night?"

"Oh!" she moaned, "my punishment has quickly followed my sin. Oh, pardon, Father! I have sinned;" and for a moment a feeling of faintness overpowered her.

Gustave, alarmed, said more gently: "Ernestine, why did you come out to-night?"

"Gustave," she cried, rousing herself and withdrawing her hand from his grasp, "a merciful Providence has led me here to-night, to show me the gulf of misery I was falling into, and to take the idol from my heart, that He alone may be all in all to me."

Gustave sneered slightly. "I do not understand you," he remarked.

"Mademoiselle's grandmother is dying, and we have come for the priest," said the servant, pulling violently at the bell, "and that devil's song of yours, Monsieur Gustave, has scared them. They won't answer the bell, and Madame may die, and her soul be lost, if she dies without the precious offices of the church."

"If she has nothing better than that to depend on, she will not miss them, I can tell you, Mademoiselle Elise," said Gustave, with a sneer. Though he knew it not, his words were true, inasmuch as the scripture saith that, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of heaven;"

that is, cannot even comprehend what the kingdom of heaven means. How, then, can forms and ceremonies accomplish that sanctifying of the soul which alone prepares it for the presence of its Maker? as it is further said, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

Without answering, Elise rang again, a door within slammed, and steps across the paved court were heard approaching. Gustave, recollecting the appearance he presented, prepared to follow his companions, who had already slunk away, and attempted to embrace Ernestine; but she repulsed him with horror and disgust. Trying to hide his discomfiture under a light and gay manner, he said:

"You are angry with me, *mignonne*: to-morrow you will repent. I shall be early with you, dearest, and demand a kiss of pardon;" and, hurrying away as he heard the key turn in the lock, he failed to see the stern, determined expression in Ernestine's countenance. The wicket was opened with trembling hands by the porter, and several of the priests stood by him, evidently expecting violence or insult. The truth was, that these gentlemen of the order of St. Sulpice had but lately been driven out of France by the fearful revolution there enacting, and had hoped to have found safety and peace in this their new home in Canada; but not only had the spirit of infidelity preceded them, but the spirit of the revolution also, and the seeds had been sown of that disaffection which culminated in the events of 1837. On this New Year's eve, parties of young men had, as they passed the Seminary, raised the cry of "Down with the priests! down with the English! down with the government!" The terror of the inmates revived with these cries. They had assembled together in a large antechamber; and when that terrible song went up, they had sunk down upon their knees in tears and in prayer, supposing that the ringing of the bell by

Elise was but a part of the plan of annoyance. Pious, refined, and learned, many of them of high birth, their faith was purer than is the teaching of their church in these times; for it is against what we have seen enacting to say that that church never changes. These gentlemen have exercised a salutary influence upon the people committed to their spiritual care, which is felt to this day.

The agitated Ernestine could not answer the query of what was wanted; and the maid exclaimed:

"Oh, Messieurs, why did you not come sooner? Oh, she is dead! she is dead, perhaps! We have been ringing for half-an-hour or more; oh, she is dead, poor Madame!"

"Dead! dead! Who? who?" was inquired anxiously by the priests.

"Madame de Lastie. Send Monsieur her confessor; quick, quick; lose no time. Come, Mademoiselle;" and she retraced with rapid steps the way back, Ernestine following mechanically.

Before daylight broke on the New Year morn of 1793, by the side of the dead Ernestine was weeping and praying, and vowing to devote herself to a life of penance and prayer, buried in the cloisters of a convent, far from the world and its snares. A keen west wind, flurries of snow, alternating with bright gleams of sunshine, gave tokens that old January would not belie himself.

True to his word, Gustave arrived early, and found Madame d'Harville seated in her favorite chair, weeping more for the daughter that would be dead to her while living, than for her aged parent, released from the pains and trials of this changeful world. Ernestine was standing beside her,—oh, how changed from the lovely, playful, confiding girl of the preceding evening, full of joy and love and hope! Tall and erect, she looked a woman tried in the furnace of a deceitful world. Pale she was, her eyes were sunk and her mouth compressed with stern resolution. Gustave took in the scene at a glance, and won-

dered what was the meaning of the words the sobbing mother was uttering as he entered :

"Oh, my child, my child!" she said, "it is hard to part with thee; but, if it must be so, His will be done."

He had entered timidly, and was not encouraged by these words. Subdued, but dignified, he looked handsomer than ever in this mood. Ernestine's heart wavered for a moment; and she grasped the crucifix hung round her neck to give her courage.

"Ernestine," he said, and his voice trembled, "will you pardon me, and grant me the kiss of forgiveness?"

"Gustave, you must ask forgiveness of Him whom we both have offended. I am a sinner, and have nothing to forgive," she replied.

"What have I done?" he exclaimed, impetuously. "Oh! embrace me, Ernestine, my heart's treasure."

Tears fell from Ernestine's eyes, and she said, "Gustave, my beloved, I will embrace you, and for the last time. Gustave, I must quit this world, and dedicate myself, in prayer for you and for myself, to Him whom we have both offended;" and, flinging her arms round his neck, she kissed him repeatedly and fervently, and at length tore herself away, and quitted the room, saying as she left it :

"This is the last time you will see me, beloved Gustave; and when you would blaspheme, think of me, alone, and in prayer for you." She was gone, and Gustave, pale and trembling, sank at Madame d'Harville's feet, and hid his face in her lap.

"Oh, Madame, Madame, what has happened?" he cried. "Oh! explain."

"Gustave," replied the weeping mother, "you whom I love as my own son, you have forsaken and denied your Maker, and my child will not, neither can I desire that she should, wed with the unbeliever; therefore does she dedicate herself unto Him in prayer for your soul and her own. After the obsequies of my sainted mother, she retires to a cloister."

"Oh, my mother! can you permit it?" cried Gustave.

"It rests not with me: if she is called, I must submit."

"Called! called by Him whom you worship? Does he thus tear asunder the mother and the child, and the hearts bound as mine and Ernestine's are in the strongest ties of love? Is he not gracious whom you worship? He is cruel! he is cruel! and you called it blasphemy to mock at him;" and Gustave rushed from the house, the victim of a church that teaches for "doctrines the commandments of men," whose dogmas he rejected, but would not investigate; if he had, he would have known how far different they are from the teaching and example of Him whose active and perfect fulfilment of every duty, public and private, social and domestic, contradicted the evil, and too often cruel, system of monachism.

Ernestine resolutely refused to meet Gustave again. Painfully he watched, in hopes of intercepting her ere she quitted her mother's roof; but she passed away from her mother's home early one morning, between the hours of three and four, when her lover lay in a deep and heavy slumber, wearied with grief and watching.

Late hours were not the fashion in those days, and, before the laborer would be astir in our time, Gustave entered Madame d'Harville's parlor on that day. It was all over, he saw at once, and threw himself, almost fainting, on the large, square, soft, chintz-covered sofa, where he had so often sat with his arm encircling Ernestine's slender waist, and listening to her merry remarks. Madame d'Harville, weeping bitterly, rocked herself to and fro in an agony of grief. A kind relative, who had undertaken to perform for Ernestine the precious duties she had forsaken, was attempting to comfort the afflicted mother.

"Look, dear Madame," she said, "it is the Spirit that calls your Ernestine to this avocation: you should rejoice she is chosen to so much honor."

She was a worthy and amiable woman that spoke, and firmly believed what she

said; but her words grated on Gustave's ears and heart: he restrained himself from uttering what he knew would only wound Ernestine's mother. Rising from his seat, he knelt down beside Madame d'Harville, took her hand in his and kissed it repeatedly.

"My mother," he said, "you will always be a mother, loved and honored, to me, and we will mourn together our irreparable loss. Oh, what can I do to comfort you?"

"Return, dear child, to the church you have forsaken, and I shall be comforted. It will be proof that Ernestine's prayers have prevailed, and that the sacrifice has not been in vain," she answered.

Gustave would not utter an untruth, and promise what would only be a deceit, so he parried her request by making another proposition.

"My dearest mother," he said, "we shall attend the services in the convent chapel together, and then we shall hear our beloved's voice from behind the cruel lattice."

From that time, illness alone deterred Madame d'Harville and Gustave from being present at these services, and in all weathers Madame's feeble and wasting frame, leaning heavily on the young man's arm, was seen daily tottering over the rough pavements of St. Paul street, wending their way toward the little chapel. They seated themselves always opposite the lattice; Gustave pleasing himself with the idea that he could distinguish Ernestine's voice amid the sweet chorus,—a consolation Madame d'Harville's more matured mind and imagination did not permit her.

To these bereaved ones, the year wore wearily on, until the new year, 1793, arrived. On the first day of this year was Ernestine to take her final vows; at her earnest request, her novitiate had been shortened. The early morn was clear and cold, the stars sparkled with unusual brilliancy, and a keen west wind sent a fine *poudre* of snow into the faces of the crowds that were passing toward the chapel, anxious to witness the noble and beautiful Mademoiselle d'Harville

take the vows of a cloistered nun. Gustave, as he led Madame d'Harville, overpowered by his feelings, was nearly as feeble as his companion, and with difficulty made his way against the sharp wind. Their usual place had been left vacant for them, and, pale and trembling, he sank down on the chair, and buried his face in his hands, to conceal his emotion. The chancel was brilliantly lighted, and the effect was strikingly in contrast to the gloom of the body of the chapel, now filled with a dense and silent crowd. After a pause, the sweet voices of the nuns were heard rising from behind the lattice. Gustave raised his head, and before him, in the glare of the chancel light, stood Ernestine in her novice dress; her hands were crossed over her bosom, and her eyes raised to heaven. She was surrounded by those who were to officiate. He rose and made a step forward. Madame d'Harville caught his hand, and forced him to sit down, and continued to hold it in hers, in the vain endeavor to soothe him. One moment she felt he was in a burning fever, the next cold and shivering; and observed that, glazed and distended, his eyes were fastened on Ernestine. The solemn rites proceeded, until the novice was introduced, arrayed in bride's dress, the last gorgeous costume of this world she ever was to wear. Her surpassing loveliness drew forth a murmur of admiration, and Gustave again made a step towards the chancel, and again was drawn back by Madame d'Harville. But, when the ceremony had reached that point where the novice's beautiful hair is cut off, and she was arrayed in the convent garb, laid in a coffin, and covered with a pall, Gustave's brain, already fevered, became frenzied, and he could no longer be restrained. He rushed forward, crying in a voice harrowing and agonized:

"Ernestine! Ernestine! my beloved! don't leave me! Come back! come back! Ernestine! Ernestine!" each time pronouncing her name in tones of greater anguish.

A slight movement was perceptible from

under the pall, and he was about to leap over the rails of the chancel, when the strong arm of one of the priests withheld him ; and, recalled by this repulse to the full extent of his misery, he lost all strength, and fell back senseless. In the silence that for a moment ensued, Madame d'Harville's sobs were distinctly heard, as were the plaintive words she uttered :

" Oh, my children ! my children ! am I to lose you both ? "

There in her coffin, did the world Ernestine thought she had died to, inwardly as well as outwardly, flow back into the inmost recesses of her heart, with all the loving instincts man has been blessed with, to make him happy here, and increase his happiness hereafter. And there, as she lay bound irrevocably in a remorseless isolation, did that voice within, whose suggestions she had resisted as so many temptations to draw her from the stern life of penance she believed herself called to, make itself heard. " Were not these dear ones given to you to cherish," it said clearly and distinctly. Scarce could she refrain from lifting the pall, but she dared not do even that ; and the tramp of the men's feet who carried Gustave out, in the stillness that otherwise prevailed, struck like thunder on her ears. Go where we will, to the uttermost ends of the earth, or down into its very depths, we cannot flee from the world ; for it is within us, in the heart, with all its loves, its hopes, its aspirations, its sorrows and its joys, its good and its evil. Buried in her cloister, this world within ceased not its exactions from Ernestine, and the doubt that arose in her soul, just as her final vows had been made, would not yield with all her efforts to efface it ; and the constant repetition of rosaries and litanies became mechanical, notwithstanding her struggles to confine her thoughts upon this occupation of her life, so different from that praying without ceasing which, in the midst of the heaviest occupation, keeps an enlightened Christian in constant communion with his Maker. But, to this sweet spirit in prison, Christ had not yet been

preached in all the fullness of his love and power to save, and it wearied itself in unceasing efforts to propitiate Him who is the " propitiation for our sins " " Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows," and as Isaiah further says : " But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities ; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed." Precious truth, that brought no comfort to Ernestine ! Thus, far from the light of the natural day, and further still from the light of that " Sun of righteousness" which has arisen with healing on his wings, she faded as a tender plant lacking light and moisture. Often would she awake out of the little sleep she allowed herself, fancying she beheld her mother sick, dying, and neglected ; and often would she hear Gustave's loud cry of " Ernestine, Ernestine, don't leave me," and would answer ere quite aroused, " Here, here I am, Gustave, beloved," and, counting this unconscious act a great crime, would renew her penances with increased severities ; and thus she lingered on a few years, and one morning was found dead upon the steps of the little altar in her cloister.

A severe fit of illness followed the painful scene in the chapel, and it was long doubtful if Gustave would ever rise from this bed of suffering ; and when he did, his beautiful hair had become white as the driven snow. Long as Ernestine lived he attended the chapel, still cherishing the delusion that he could distinguish her voice. This was all the honor he ever paid the communion to which he belonged, taking no heed to the fables taught in it. He no longer denied the existence of God. Acknowledging Him in His works, he formed this creed for himself,—that the Creator of so much beauty and so much good must also be just and merciful.

I have often pondered over the state of mind of those whose intelligence refuses to yield obedience to the dogmas of this church ; and been astonished at the repugnance generally manifested to search the

scriptures. These persons are little aware of their responsibility when once awakened to religious error. It may be with some a fear lest the word of God should confirm the teaching they disapprove. But first of all, this indifference must be traced to the utter alienation of the human soul from God, in consequence of the spiritual death derived from Adam; and so they care not to resist error in a church whose immense power, pomp, and pretensions exercise a powerful influence over them, of which they are unconscious. To use the words of one of the best of modern authoresses, "There is a moral force in great pretensions, few are able to resist."

After Ernestine's death, Gustave de Montbel retired to his seigniory. He fulfilled his duties to the satisfaction of his tenantry, and rather late in life he married, and had children whom he loved much, but left their religious instruction to their mother. His last years were spent in a happy and well-ordered home; living to a great age, he slept quietly away. Ernestine was the last word he ever uttered. It was during this last slumber his anxious wife had performed over him those services she deemed necessary for his salvation; and his body was received into consecrated ground with all the pomp accorded to the great and wealthy by the church to which he nominally belonged.

Original.

ROBERT BURNS.

(Written on the Anniversary of his Birth, Jan. 25.)

BY T. W. F.

Bard of the North! beside thy glowing lines,
The fires are dimmed in song of southern climes;
Thy lay is warmer than th' impassioned strain
That Lesbian Sappho warbled to the main,
More tender than the plaint that Petrarch made,
In Vaucluse Valley, to his Laura's shade.
Poets full oft have charmed the world, but none
Have touch'd its sympathies as thou hast done;
Thy noble aspirations, simply told,
Are unalloyed, although unburnished gold.
Thy love of Caledonia, patriot bard,

Hallows a fame that patriots will guard—
That Heaven will guard—the patriot's God will
guard,
The patriot's friend, inspirer, and reward.

Poor was the shed where Scotland's child was
born,
Unnoticed by the rich, or viewed with scorn;
Contemtpuous Fortune passed it heedless by;
But Genius gazed on it with tender eye,
And spread her wings around with guardian
care,
Lest aught degrading should find entrance
there.
A pearl of price was in that rugged shell,
A gem to deck her living coronal!

When the young peasant trod the furrowed
fields,
He caught the witching power that Nature
yields,
From linnet's song, and ripple of the burn,
And smile of Spring, and frown of Winter
stern;

From the dark shade the fir-clad uplands cast,
From the loud clarion of the northern blast,
From the sad tale the sobbing south wind
tells

To whispering leaves and tearful heather-bells.
'T was then he laid his hand upon the lyre,
His bosom panting with the fond desire
To sing a song, at least for Scotland's sake,
Though he no useful plan or beuk could make.
Poetic feeling thrilled through all his soul;
But skill was wanting—feeling to control.
He struck the chords—the elements of song,
In wilding cadences, came right and wrong;
Yet then an action did his thoughts express
That was a poem in its tenderness.

For Scotland's sake he turned the clips aside,
And spared the rough burr-thistle spreading
wide—

The sturdy symbol of his native land,
Amid the bearded bear he let it stand.

At length his partner in the merry train
That swept the golden harvest from the plain—
The sonsie quean whose image bore the sway
Within his breast for many an after day—
Aroused the forming strain, untied his tongue,
And Nelly's praise in artless rhyme was sung.

Henceforth the torch, lit at the muses' shrine,
Ceased not to shed its beams of light divine,

Steady and clear as Sol's unclouded ray ;
 Cheering the bard through all his devious
 way,
 Shedding a radiance round the fair and free,
 And gilding worth, though linked with poverty ;
 Bright'ning the glory on the warrior's brow,
 Cheering the rough swain at the rustic plough ;
 Strength'ning the glow around the cotter's
 hearth,
 The scenes enlivening of honest mirth ;
 Wak'ning the fires of love of auld lang syne,
 Wafting its incense to the realms divine.

Britannia, mistress of the boundless main !
 Thou Tethys realized of ancient fame,
 Throned in the waters, mighty in command ;
 Waving thy sceptre over sea and land,
 Wealthy in all the wealth allowed of Heaven ;
 Learned in all the lore that Time hath given ;
 Boasting thy vig'rous sons of peace and war,
 Upholding Commerce, Liberty, and Law ;—
 How sadly didst thou flog, in other days,
 From off thy brow the best and brightest
 bays !

Massinger, Otway, Chatterton, and Burns,
 The stranger learns their fates, and wond'ring
 learns.

But Britain's eyes are opened—one, in thought
 A monarch of the mighty ones, has taught
 (And she accepts the teaching) that 'tis from
 Its Authors that a land's chief glories come ;
 And Burns has now been known in hall
 and cot
 For years—shall auld acquaintance be forgot ?
 No. Time shall ne'er purloin from Memory
 His name: 'twill live till Time himself shall die.

Original.

CICILY ; OR, THE HASTY MARRIAGE.

A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL.

On one of those delicious late autumn evenings in the middle of England, when fires are not necessary, but just pleasant, a young girl sat reading, with her feet on the fender, in front of a cheerful grate-fire. The room was a small *boudoir*, tastefully fitted up with windows opening out upon a

garden, sloping down towards a river which ran at its base ; the noise made by the ripple of its waters, added to that of a mimic toy-mill it turned, formed a sort of lulling murmur, and deadened the sound of the footsteps of a young man who opened the window behind the girl, entered the room, and placed his hands upon her shoulders, ere even she was aware of his presence. Stooping over her playfully, he peeped into her book, when suddenly his whole expression changed, a dark, angry look crossed his handsome face, and seizing the book from the hands of the astonished girl, he dashed it into the fire, and buried it beneath the embers with the poker.

"Emily, Emily!" he angrily exclaimed, "how dare you read that book—a French novel of the vilest kind! You know how particular I am what you read, and yet you deceive me so. The woman who would read that book—don't speak, don't try to justify it—I say the girl who could so deceive, can never be my wife," and, taking his hat, he dashed it upon his head, and strode through the open window the way he came.

One or two ineffectual attempts had the girl made to speak. Twice had the word, "William!" passed her lips, but pale and terrified by his violence, she could utter no more ; and as he left the room she sank into her seat again, and burst into a long hysterical fit of tears.

Emily Crichton and William Blanche had been engaged for nine years. From her earliest girlhood, and with the full consent of her parents, had she looked forward to the time when William's means would be sufficient to make her his wife. Of a loving, gentle nature, she clung to him in spite of a haughty, overbearing temper he had, from which even she—the creature he loved best upon earth—was made a frequent sufferer. Side by side, almost like brother and sister, had they grown up together ; and if he tyrannized over her sometimes, with a woman's loving kindness she overlooked and forgave it, ever too ready to find excuses

for him : and thus she fostered, more than helped to cure, his infirmity.

About an hour after the occurrence related above, and as soon as she had got over her agitation, Emily drew her writing-desk towards her, and penned the following note :—

“DEAR WILLIAM,—It was very naughty of you to get so angry with me, and run off as you did, without allowing me time to explain what appeared so wrong in my conduct. As your affianced wife, I have submitted to you, as I promised I would, all books before reading them; and the way in which the book which offended you came into my hands was this: Dear papa asked me to look over and sort a box of books in the garret for him, in which he said some were of value and some were trash. I did so, and found a French book among them, and brought it down to rub up my knowledge of the language. I was looking through it, and had not read a page when you so unceremoniously committed it to the flames. Now, dearest, acknowledge that you owe me an apology, which your own Emily excuses, as appearances were against her.

“Ever your devoted,
“EMILY.”

The note was sent early next morning, but it was left upon the table of William Blanche. His servant returned with the message that the young gentleman had started the previous evening by the night stage for parts unknown. Very sorrowful and sad was Emily. William's elder brother, who lived near, could give her no clue to his whereabouts, though very angry at what he called his folly. Time passed on, bringing no changes, not even a letter from the wanderer, till, at the end of two months, a newspaper came, directed to Charles Blanche, containing the following notice :—

“Married, at St. J—'s, by the Rev. D. E—, William Blanche, Esq., barrister, to Cicily, only daughter of the late G. Bigglestone, captain in Her Majesty's navy.”

Great were the anger and indignation of William's family and friends at his behavior; but upon Emily the blow fell with peculiar severity. Always delicate and frail, she withered beneath the stroke, and the disease commonly called consumption, known sometimes as “broken-heart,” set its seal upon her immediately.

We must now go back a little, and follow William upon his travels. After leaving Emily, he reached his home in a very unenviable state of mind, striding up and down his chamber in an agony of passion, vexation, and mortification, at what he considered Emily's duplicity, and thinking himself a very ill-used individual. Presently, his eye was caught by a letter lying on the table, and, tearing it open, he found it was an invitation from a college friend to go north for a few days' shooting. With his usual impetuous haste, he murmured :

“Just the thing—just the thing!” and ringing the bell, he gave orders to a servant to pack a portmanteau, and have a “fly” ready in an hour's time to convey him to the coach office, as he had business north.

No mother or sister had William, no one but a brother; and so each came and went as he pleased, unnoticed, unremarked. A few days' shooting did not dispel the gloom upon the heart of our hero; and he readily accepted a further invitation to prolong his stay, and entered with apparent zest into all the gaieties of the shooting season in the north of England. Fair ladies were there, who smiled upon the handsome barrister; but he turned from them with a cynical sneer upon his lip, till they, justly offended with him, and unwilling to cast their pearls before swine, voted him a sulky misanthrope, and avoided him accordingly. As he sat in an arm-chair in his friend's library one day, he overheard some ladies at the door making arrangements for a riding-party; and his own name being mentioned, he looked around for a way to escape, not liking to play eavesdropper; but there was only one door to the room, and one of the fair ones kept rattling the handle of that all the time, and the windows were too high for a jump, so he had to sit still and make the best of it.

“Can we not leave out that sulky Mr. Blanche?” inquired a voice William recognized as belonging to the belle of the season.

“Oh, yes, do,” ejaculated another. “The ruins we are to visit will be gloomy enough;

we need not carry thunder-clouds with us. Why does he not go home ?”

“Oh, fie, girls!” said the sweet voice of a young girl; “do you not see that he is unhappy, and we ought to try and cheer him, instead of taboo him. He looks as if he had met with some great grief, and I feel very sorry for him.”

A ringing peal of merry laughter answered her speech, and a voice said :

“Well, dear Cicily, you try him. You are welcome to him; be ministering angel to this dark, handsome mortal, only don't lose your heart in the work!” This broke up the conference, and the fair ones dispersed in different directions—some upstairs to dress, some to the garden, and the fair one who had been holding the handle of the door, to quietly turn in and reveal herself as the Cicily just spoken to.

A gentle little laugh followed her look of amazement at seeing William, and she said :

“So, Mr. Blanche, I have been keeping you prisoner.”

“Yes, indeed,” was the reply, and forcing me to play eavesdropper as well—not very pleasant when one finds one's self the subject under discussion;” then with a voice full of emotion, he continued: “I owe you thanks for your kind apology for me. I am in sorrow, though I do not wish to make myself disagreeable to others by it. May I ride with you to-day?”

An assent was given, and that day, and every succeeding day for some time, did William Blanche ride with Cicily. Insensibly, her extreme youth, brightness, and beauty charmed and soothed him. Forgetting everything, he gave himself up with his usual impetuosity to the fascination of her presence; and she, poor child—only seventeen—was charmed and pleased to be “ministering angel,” never dreaming of consequences or remembering her companions' charge to keep her heart. Out of this state of things they were both roused by a summons from Cicily's mother for her to come home, and by William's friend saying to him :

“I hope you have not lost your heart, Blanche, with that pretty little Miss B., as it will be a hopeless case for you. She is an only child, and her mother a rich widow who will never give her darling to a poor barrister. She intends her for a live lord or baronet at least.”

That afternoon Cicily left Horneliff the affianced wife of William. How they had drifted into it, neither of them could tell; but both were pleased that it was so. Did a thought of the gentle, loving Emily cross William's mind at this time, and trouble his conscience, he speedily banished it, satisfying himself by the idea that she deserved it, and after all would as likely soon forget him, as he was doing her. Little indeed did he understand the clinging, trusting nature upon which he was tramping.

In a couple of days he followed Cicily to her home, to find himself haughtily rejected by her mother. Headstrong, passionate, without a guiding religious principle, always allowing himself to be the sported waif of the hour, William was not of a nature to take opposition to his wishes quietly. He followed Cicily, joined her in her walks, entreated, implored her, till at last the poor girl, rendered half frantic by his persecutions, and without much more Christian principle than he had, allowed herself to be privately married to him, in direct disobedience to her mother's wishes, trusting to that dotting mother's affection for her to forgive it all. In this case she had not trusted in vain. Although very angry and much hurt at the affair, the love and pride of the old lady hushed it up, and her son-in-law was at once received and introduced in the neighborhood, as if she were quite pleased with him. Of his former engagement, William had said nothing to Cicily, probably finding it hard to explain how he could visit so heavily a slight disobedience to his wishes in one case, when he was urgent for the committal of the grave sin of disobedience to an only parent in the other; and thus six months passed quietly on; then the sudden death of old Mrs.

Bigglestone, from heart disease, broke up her establishment, and left William, through his wife, heir to a considerable fortune, and free to return to his home. Anxious to cheer Cicily's low spirits, and also to show her to his friends, he lost no time in bringing her to the old place, which he had not visited since the night he had parted so hastily from Emily—a night not yet effaced from his memory, haunted, as it was sometimes, by the shadows of remorseful hastiness, and the pity which a knowledge of her suffering state occasioned.

CHAPTER II.

Under Cicily's womanly touch, the bachelor home of Charles Blanche soon assumed a new aspect. At her suggestion the garden was laid out anew, and put in perfect order, and various improvements made in the old place itself. Cicily's deep mourning garb, and sweet sad expression, coming, as she did, a stranger amongst them, won upon the heart of her brother-in-law, and dissipated his feeling of resentment against her for occupying a place he had looked upon as belonging to Emily alone. He devoted a great deal of his time to her, walking with her, and taking pride in showing her the beauties of the surrounding scenery, differing, as he teasingly loved to tell her, in its quiet beauty, from the ruggedness of her barren north. Often, as they passed a neighboring garden, Cicily had noticed a delicate, emaciated-looking lady lying wrapped up in shawls, and supported by pillows upon a sofa, till, her sympathies being warmly excited, she inquired who the sufferer was.

"Did you never hear the story of Emily Crighton?" asked her brother-in-law, looking searchingly at her.

"No, I never heard her name before. Do tell me about her: she looks so sweet and patient, almost saint-like."

"Indeed, dear suffering Emily is a saint if there is one living. Her story is very short, but sad. She was engaged for nine years to one to whom she was tenderly

attached, and he, for some unknown or insufficient cause, broke off the engagement, and shortly after married another. Emily, always frail, sunk at once into illness, and is now in the last stage of consumption."

"How shocking! how heartless!" murmured his listener. "Surely no good can ever come of that marriage. Do you know her well, Charles?"

"Yes, dear, I did know her once too well, for my own peace; but that is now past; and I go to see her constantly. She is bringing me to the feet of that Saviour who is her own support and stay. Had she been able, she would have called upon you. She has asked with much interest after you frequently."

"Do, Charles, take me to see her: if she teaches you about Jesus, perhaps she can teach me also. I have felt so unhappy since poor mamma's death; and I often fear," she added, with quivering lip, "my hasty marriage may have helped to cause it; though the doctors assured me she could not have lived longer under any circumstances, there being organic disease of long standing. Still, I cannot help wishing I had always pleased her. It is dreadful for me to look back, and think my union did not carry her blessing with it, though it did her forgiveness."

"Do not reproach yourself, dear Cicily, for what is past. Longfellow says: 'Go forth to meet the future'; and I advise you to do so. I will take you in to see Emily on our way home, and may her influence be blessed to you, as it has been to me."

Very sisterly and loving was the greeting which the sick girl gave to the wife of one who had been so dear to herself. She folded her in a clinging, yearning embrace, which Cicily returned with all the warmth of her young heart, putting her reception down to the fact of her being sister-in-law to Charles, and the tender pity Emily would have for her own orphaned state; not seeing the Christian forgiveness which beautified the act. After this, very constant was the intercourse between the newly made friends. Cicily had told her husband where

she had been, and he had replied, with so much of his old gloom, that he thought Charles might have chosen for her a more cheerful companion than a sick girl, that she had not again referred to the subject; and so, while he occupied himself with his money, his horses and dogs, she was left at leisure to go very much where she chose, her deep mourning being an excuse for her not being seen in public with him.

Autumn had again drawn on, with its soft, lingering, regretful evenings, and its long shadows, and one day Cicily, followed by her nurse and baby—for she had a little son now—walked through the garden, noiselessly opened the window of Emily's boudoir, and entered the room.

Lying upon a sofa, in front of the grate fire, was the poor invalid, almost in the very spot where we first introduced her to our readers, exactly that day one year ago, with her eyes absently watching the flickering shadows of flame, as if wrapped in thought. She was unconscious of Cicily's presence, till, putting her hand lightly upon her shoulder, she bent over her and kissed her; then taking the baby—now three weeks old—in her arms, she put him upon her friend's lap, saying:

"See, I have brought a nice surprise for you. There is my darling baby; is he not like his father?"

Stooping over him, the dying girl kissed him tenderly, then signifying for him to be taken away, she burst into a fit of convulsive weeping, murmuring:

"My Saviour! pardon! forgive! I thought it was all dead—all earthly feeling—this day one year ago."

Pale and trembling, Cicily seized her hand and said:

"Emily, answer me truly, was it William, my husband, to whom you were engaged?"

"It was. I thought you knew it, dear. It is all past now though. My Saviour is my Husband, and I go to Him. Pardon a sudden weakness which the surprise must have occasioned, sending sweeping over me recollections of what happened this day last

year; but it is gone now, and I would not have things other than they are. Happy wife and mother as you be, I would not—oh! I would not—change places with you."

"Oh! Emily, Emily! why did I not know this before?" exclaimed her friend, in tones of anguish. "How you must have hated me! Can you ever forgive? Surely, no blessing will follow a union made over such broken vows. Oh, William, William! what have you done? Was it not enough that I should have so grieved my mother, and must there be this too?" and the unhappy wife threw herself upon the foot of the sofa, sobbing bitterly.

Lifting her head till she rested it upon her own bosom, Emily, with soft, loving words, tried to comfort her, pointing her to the source of her own peace and happiness,—“the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world.” Nor did she let her leave her, exhausted though she was, till she saw, by her sweet smiles and old playfulness of manner, that the Dove of Peace had returned to her breast again.

There was another to whom that day had not passed unmarked also. In sorting some old letters and papers, William Blanche had come upon the note sent by Emily a year before, which, through his passionate haste, had never reached him; and the explanation it gave had swept from beneath his feet the small foundation of justification upon which he had been resting, and a very haunting shadow of remorse stood accusingly before him. Just at that moment his wife opened the door, and, coming up to him, said sadly:

"Dearest William, I have just seen Emily. She cannot live long. I did not know till to-day that her blood lay at our door. I will not reproach you, but let us pray God that the stain of it may be washed from our lives, and not fall with blighting effect upon a union which trampled upon so much that was sacred."

That lovely autumn evening, the golden sun, as he dropped below the horizon and crimsoned the mountain tops, fell with subdued and softened rays upon all that

was earthly of the sweet, patient form of Emily Crighton. Her gentle spirit had taken flight, leaving the sunlight and the shadows of earth behind, to dwell in the full blaze of the Sun of Righteousness, where

No shadows linger, no night is there.

CHAPTER III.

Several years passed away. William had removed to France, anxious to leave a spot fraught with painful memories to himself and wife. Cicily was the mother of several children—the careful Christian mother. Emily's teachings and example had been blessed to her, and she walked in the ways of understanding. Was her union a happy one,—happy, as she had, in the full trust of her girlhood, hoped it would be? We think not. Yet, if the pauses and hindrances of life are made to be times of journeying towards heaven, it might be happy still. William loved his wife as much as he could anybody; but his love was unmarked by those little acts of unselfishness and self-denial which form the flowers which grace and perfume the path of wedded life; and so, while she went on her way alone, her heart often felt a lonely ache at having to tread the journey by herself, for by herself she trod it. William's road had been for some time steadily downwards. Living in the environs of Paris, he became entangled in its dissipations. Sabbaths were neglected and forgotten, such means of grace as were at their disposal slighted, and ill-chosen companions soon helped him to impair a large part of the once handsome fortune Cicily had brought him; and now reckless speculation threatened to engulf the remainder, and leave her and the children in poverty. Misfortune had laid her withering finger on all his affairs. In this crisis, he made up his mind to return to England, a step approved of by his wife, who trusted that the wise influence of his brother Charles might be of use to him; but a stronger influence than that of Charles had got hold of him. He was soon followed

by a companion whose power over her husband Cicily had always dreaded and feared.

Matthew Davis was a man, who, to many attractions and apparent openness of manner, joined the most unscrupulous meanness, baseness, and treachery. Being poor, he was anxious to push his way in the world by fastening as a leech upon whoever would not shake him off; and William seemed well suited for his purpose. Honest and open-hearted himself, he believed others to be so also; and thus he became the dupe of one who professed to aid him to repair his fortunes. In vain had Cicily, with her wise, womanly foresight, warned him and begged him to have nothing to do with the man: he either laughed at her fears, or scoffed at what he called her "Christian charity."

Before they had been two months in England, a ship had been chartered, loaded with a valuable cargo of goods, purchased by the remains of William's wealth, and set sail for Charleston, South Carolina, with Matthew Davis on board as supercargo. William and his family were to follow soon after; and then the plan was for him to set up as merchant, with Davis as assistant, to work the concern for him. Sadly and sorrowfully did poor Cicily see the white cliffs of her dear England fade from her view, with little prospect of ever looking upon them again. Who can tell how many hearts are broken by the last sight of fatherland? Voyages in those times were not as they are now, when the broad Atlantic is bridged over in ten days. Five weary weeks did the emigrants remain on shipboard, longing and pining for land, even though it was to be a strange land, and of this fact they were forcibly reminded as soon as they put their foot on shore.

Charleston, with its hot climate, its almost tropical vegetation, its numerous slaves, with their shining black faces seen at every turn; its busy trade of cotton and rice, with bales and bags of which the wharfs were piled,—spoke plainly to the new-comers of the wide, wide distance which separated

them from their beloved home. Cicily, never strong, had suffered much from the length of the voyage, the banishment, and the many cares she had; and, when she landed, looked worn and ill, almost exhausted in body and mind. William, on the contrary, was in high spirits. He had built castles in the air, and settled them upon a firm foundation in his own mind. He would see Davis, begin business at once, and together, as merchants, they would grow richer than ever they were; then, perhaps, return home, and buy back his property—but they would see about that afterwards.

Little prepared was William for the toppling down his airy fabrics were to have before long! Matthew Davis was soon found. His large, handsome warehouse in full view of the wharfs, could not easily be passed unnoticed, especially as he had his name in flaming gold letters over the door; but William Blanche's was not with it, nor was it to be! Davis, in full possession of all, claimed it as his own, and ignored William's rights altogether. In vain did the bewildered and astonished man claim his cargo, to pay for which he had sold the last bit of landed property he owned. Davis refused to give him any account of it, and laughed at his threats of recovery by law. No extradition treaty at that time existed between England and the States, stopping the thief and cheat in their guilty career, and handing them over to the strong arm of the law for deeds committed in either country. William, in his trusting confidence, had neglected all precautions, and had only too easily fallen into the trap laid for him. This fact was confirmed beyond a doubt by application to a lawyer, who, after an hour's conference, sent him to his family with the terrible truth made clear to him that he was a betrayed and ruined man.

In a large easy bamboo-chair, upon the wide verandah of the hotel, sat Cicily; her head resting upon her hand, her eyes far strained out to sea as if to pierce through the distance, the melancholy smile which flitted over her features telling her thoughts were with the things of the past. Her

youngest child lay, with his head upon her knee, fast asleep; traces of tears not yet dry upon his cheeks—tears because of the new black nurse he felt afraid of—tears for the loss of the motherly woman who had taken care of him on the voyage, and who had gone with her husband into the interior; not less real tears because childish ones. Together they formed a beautiful picture; little heeded, however, by William, as his quick, impatient step roused them both. Springing to her feet, startled at the haggard look upon her husband's face, Cicily inquired in tones of alarm what had happened.

"Happened!" was the passionate reply; "oh! nothing, nothing at all,—only Davis has betrayed and cheated me, and we are paupers, beggars, you and the children. Lost! yes, lost everything. I wish I was dead."

A slight scream, and with the words,—"Oh! mother! Emily! we deserved this," Cicily sank to the ground, a stream of blood spurting from her mouth, and tracing its crimson line over her white dress.

In an agony of alarm, William carried her to a bed, and rang for assistance. Doctors came, but their skill availed little. The suddenness of the shock had proved too much for her weak state of health. The tide of life welled out, and ere an hour was over the dark angel of death had set his seal, and "life's fitful fever" was over with Cicily Blanche. She also "slept well."

We dare not lift the curtain and reveal the struggles of that night in which the poor man was left alone with his dead. The plaintive cries of the young child for his mother, vainly hushed by pitying strangers, were echoed in the distance by the groans and sobs of the unhappy widower, bereft of more than worldly wealth. Did he see Retribution with her gaunt shadow hovering near, adding remorse to his sorrows? We cannot tell. Oh! sad is the case of that mourner who can but trace back a retrospect of omissions—things, little deeds of kindness, little acts of love, left undone which ought to have been done; and now

cold Death has stepped in between and left him nothing but the memories of what might have been, what ought to have been. Not unneeded is the warning, "Work while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work."

Original.

A WORD ON THE WEDDING-DAY.

BY A. J.

Trifles, apparently insignificant, influence all our future destinies. The merest pebble upon the cloud-capped crest of the Rocky Mountains determines the course of the condensing vapor which trickles by its side, and decides in a moment of time whether its course shall be to the Missouri or Columbia, to the Atlantic or Pacific Ocean.

Love is blind, but love hath wings,—
Gently bind them ever;
He with pride will wear the strings,
Second thy endeavor.
Love can feel, and love can hear,
Shrinketh when affrighted;
Let thy gentleness endear,
Lest thy hopes be blighted.

Give, that thou mayest receive,
Nor be slack in giving:
Love takes pleasure,—oh! believe,—
Giving and receiving.
Love which floweth but one way,
All its strength bestowing,
Groweth weaker day by day,
Till it ceaseth flowing.

Kindly natures turn to stone,
Early hopes disproving;
True and strong ones linger lone,
For the lack of loving.
Love misguided shrinks and dies,
Faith and truth denying:
Love requited death defies,
Though all else be dying.

Loss of sight he doth not mourn;
Faithfully confiding,
Underneath his wings upborne,
Let thy heart be hiding.
He will feel its genial glow;
Other impulse never
Let those airy pinions know,
They shall sleep for ever.

Should thy doubting heart wax cold,
Or its warmth grow lighter,
He those soft wings might unfold
First to fan it brighter.
But that motion, once acquired,
Might perchance grow stronger;
And the bonds so late admired,
Fail to hold him longer.

That which gossamer once bound
Tenderly yet surely,
Never eord shall there be found
Which may bind securely.
One true heart may love enfold
In its clasp forever;
Should the circling arms grow cold,
Will love stay? Ah, never!

Age may dim the softest eye;
Care may furrows borrow;
Health and beauty both may die,
Ay, before to-morrow:
But the light of love within,
True love still beguiling,
Love for love shall surely win,
All else reconciling.

Maiden, yet in love untried,
Think on these things duly;
Should he faithfully confide
In thee, trust him truly.
Shouldst thou those ties abuse,
Which alone can bind him,
He another heart may choose,
Leaving thine behind him.

Original.

VOLCANIC INFLUENCE.

BY J. DAVIS, OTTAWA.

The subject of this paper is, "The grand operations of nature as carried on by subterranean fire." Let it not be supposed that these operations are confined to the more obvious one of the raging volcanoes, or the devastating earthquake. The stream of lava and the shattered wall, are indeed visible proofs of the great influence appalling to the spectator; but to the eye of philosophic inquiry they are secondary to that silent, steady force, everywhere at work, never ceasing, but acting like an

earthquake, raising in one part, and depressing in another, irresistible, and yet imperceptible.

We need not be astonished at the ancients for supposing that volcanoes were so many mouths of Tartarus, and that earthquakes were the throes of condemned giants and Titans; for, even with the advances of modern science, it has been found difficult to account for them satisfactorily, though opinions have been put forth founded more or less on direct observation.

Volcanoes and earthquakes are by some considered to be caused by water coming in contact with certain compositions known to produce fire when in such conjunction; but others have started the idea that the fire is pre-existent to the influx of the water, and that decomposition only of that fluid is the cause of eruption or convulsion. One thing is certain: all volcanoes are either close to the salt-water, or can be proved to have connexion with others which are so; and, moreover, the gases evolved during an eruption are for the most part those which would be produced by salt-water coming in contact with fire.

The fact has, however, within the last few years attracted considerable attention, that volcanoes and earthquakes are divided into groups and families; and some have endeavored to use this fact as a key to unlock the great and hidden chambers of the globe.

A second clue has been found in the circumstance that earthquakes move forward in straight lines, and by connecting these together most curious coincidences are elicited. As when any great earthquake occurs in the West Indies, it is generally felt strongly about as far north as the Bermudas; thence it travels westerly at a rate of about fifty miles a minute, and for a distance varying with its intensity.

While Stromboli is active, Etna is comparatively quiet, and a violent eruption of Etna is usually accompanied by comparative quietness in Stromboli. Earthquakes in Spain and Portugal are, at times, felt in England and Ireland, but it has

been doubted whether it be from actual subterranean force, or merely from a prolonged vibration. In some parts of Scotland, slight shocks are by no means unfrequent; and during the last few years several were felt near Stirling.

One great division of the volcanic kingdom is the region of the Andes, extending from the 46° of south latitude to the 27° of north, which has an active part to almost every degree. From one of these, Tunguragua, near the equator, a deluge of mud descended in the year 1797, and filled valleys 1,000 feet wide to the depth of 600 feet. This region appears closely connected with that of the West Indies and the southern parts of the United States, and its western limits extend from under the Pacific Ocean; but, as Brazil and Paraguay never suffer from its effects, we may conclude that a line drawn from the 46° of south latitude to the mouth of the Orinoco would mark its eastern boundary.

Another commences at the Aleutian Isles, extends westerly about 200 geographical miles to south of Kamtschatka; then southerly, through Japan, to the Moluccas; and then branches to the west and east,—the easterly branch taking New Guinea and the islands north of New Holland, and possibly being the one connected with the islands of the North Pacific; and the westerly extending, through Sumatra and Java, to the Bay of Bengal.

A third extends from the Caspian Sea to the Azores, and to it all the European volcanic region belongs. The north-eastern portion of Africa, including Egypt, lies six and seven degrees south of the boundary, and is therefore free from earthquakes, but Fez and Morocco frequently suffer.

Palestine and Syria have not of late years been much disturbed; but history states that such was not always the case. The region of Iceland and Greenland, in the north, and that of the southern continents, including Terra-del-Fuego, "The Land of Fire," and the South Pacific, will conclude this catalogue; but to it we must add the fact that Arabia and Hindostan

have ever been at times liable to shocks more or less severe; that in the former extinct volcanoes exist; and that whether there are active ones in Madagascar is doubtful.

But although particular districts seem thus marked out, it is evident that some chain of connexion runs through all; for at times the whole volcanic kingdom is peculiarly active. These various concurrent facts have caused some of the most daring theories of the present day; albeit it is not a day of theory, but of proof.

It has been proved by mathematics that certain great astronomical movements require that the solid crust of our globe be at least one thousand miles thick, or one-fourth of its radius. Even if we admit that below, or rather inside this, is a large molten sphere, we can hardly suppose—it is indeed physically impossible—that effects, similar to what we are now treating of, could be produced from such a depth; but if we imagine that, at the depth of about eight or ten miles from the surface of the earth, great lakes of melted matter exist, connected by means of channels, we shall see certain difficulties vanish at once.

Suppose, for instance, that one of these great lakes exists under the West Indies, the neighboring parts of the Atlantic, and part of this continent of North America; and that from the sea breaking or rather percolating in certain convulsions, huge waves are caused,—it is evident that a wave so generated would travel in the exact course it is found by observation to do, namely, from east to west; for under this continent to the west, disturbance could not arise, but under the sea to the east it could; and so for others.

With the effects of earthquakes and eruptions, all are too well acquainted to make it needful for one to enter on the subject in detail. I need not instance Herculaneum and Pompeii, as monuments of the latter; nor in more modern times Lisbon, and various parts of the new world, as sufferers by the former: still there are some points of interest on which I must

touch even at the risk of being thought tedious.

First: as a proof that the cause of earthquakes is not deeply seated, it is to be observed that those parts of Lisbon which were built on the low alluvial soil near the river, suffered much more severely than the higher parts of the town, founded on the solid rock.

Secondly: the assertion that lava is permanently raised by earthquakes has been found undoubtedly correct; for in that at Concepcion, in the spring of 1835, a great portion of the coast was elevated three feet, and in the bay of Porico, the bottom, consisting of hard rocks, was raised to the height of four fathoms above its previous level. At the same hour, when the whole country round about Concepcion was permanently elevated, a train of volcanoes situated in the Andes, in front of Chiloe, instantaneously spouted out a vast column of smoke, and during the subsequent year, continued in uncommon activity. In the immediate neighborhood of these eruptions, the ground seemed relieved, whilst as the distance increased the vibration became more severe. To the northward, a submarine volcano burst out, and the volcanoes of Central Chili became active. If there be not a great band of connexion over this area, how are we to account for the phenomena?

The action upon water is very evident. Witness the sudden shocks experienced by ships at sea, and the huge waves called "bores," which, at Lisbon and elsewhere, swept off thousands of people from the shore, where they had fled for safety. But there is another effect of volcanic influence more circumscribed than any I have hitherto touched upon, being confined to a single island, and yet deserving of the most minute attention. I allude to the Geysers of Iceland. Three huge spouts of boiling-water and steam have for ages excited wonder, and various explanations have been given. None are perfectly satisfactory, but the most plausible is rested upon the expansive power of steam. Suppose that a

subterranean reservoir be formed, with an opening near the bottom, terminating in a pipe which leads upwards, and finds vent at the surface of the ground; it is evident that if this reservoir be filled with water, and exposed to the rush of high pressure steam, which is always escaping from the fissures of lava, that the water will be intensely heated, and, in boiling, generate steam itself; also, that the pressure from above will force the water up through the pipe, and that when the water has sunk so low as to leave the opening uncovered, steam will rush out with extreme violence. This great evaporation will cause gradual cooling, and water will again fill the reservoir to be relevelled.

Having thus given a sketch of the more violent convulsions, I shall proceed to that general movement to which I alluded in the commencement of this paper.

It is startling, at the first, to be told that the earth and solid rocks, which we have from infancy been accustomed to consider as the very emblem of immutability and strength, are, in truth, constantly changing their relative and actual position and elevation. We do not perceive this, for the most obvious reasons.

First: the motion is so very slow, that it is only by constant and close observation, extending over a series of years, that any alteration can be detected.

Secondly: we ourselves move with it, and do not therefore experience any change in our own sensations.

For instance, on the southern shores of Ireland, peat bogs with trees extend far inside the surface of the sea as it flows. At present, the trees, too, not merely drift there, but actually remain on the spot where they grew, and extend their roots into the soil beneath the peat. I have seen this in many localities, but never in such perfection as at Tramore, in the county of Waterford, in Ireland; and even if we admit the possibility of a barrier of soft sand or other substance having existed in former times, the mere destruction of this would not produce all these changes without subsidence, or

sinking downwards. Besides, on the west coast of Ireland, the phenomena are so evident as to almost induce a belief in the old continent of Atlas, for walls are at this moment sinking into the sea,—not founded on unstable sand, but on solid rock. On the contrary, the harbor of Placentia, in Newfoundland, is gradually becoming more shallow, and rocks which were at a great depth are now at the surface.

In Sweden, a good deal of discussion has taken place as to whether it is rising or stationary, and the whole weight of proof seems to be in favor of elevation. One thing is certain, the Baltic is sinking below its former level; but whether from actual elevation of the land is doubtful. The Pacific is the great area of marked elevation and depression. There the whole coral formation is becoming gradually depressed by slow but steady movement, whilst the volcanic formation is as steadily rising.

It is not the province of this paper to enter upon the subject of the wonderful polypi that inhabit and form the coral; but here it will be sufficient to say that, below the depth of 15 fathoms, the coral insect cannot live, that above low-water mark it cannot work, and that its labors can only be exerted perpendicularly, and not laterally; and yet, from age to age, the little laborer works on, aided by the mighty principle of depression—the greatest earthly agency assisting the least—the weakest providing the mightiest, and yet both equally efficient, and equally powerful in the hand of Him to whom the hills are as dust in the balance, and who “taketh up the isles as a very little thing.”

One effect of volcanic influence is the large amount of electricity generated during its palpable action; and so great is this that the compass is materially altered, whilst within the range of an earthquake or eruption.

We have but one more point to bring up in connection with this interesting subject; which point, however, involves a question that no one is as yet prepared to answer. The question is, how long the

silence of a volcano is to continue before we deem it extinct.

In the Island of Ischia, in the Mediterranean Sea, seventeen centuries intervened between two consecutive eruptions; viz., that which drove out the early Greek colonists, and that in 1832. The crater of Vesuvius, and the active vents in that region, were of very inferior consequence until the first century of the Christian era. Strabo recognizes it as a volcano only by the circumstance that its general conformation was similar to that of other mountains known to be active; but Pliny does not include it in his list of active vents. It is, therefore, evident that Vesuvius had become quiet previous to the settlement of the first Greek colony in this part of Italy, a period usually considered by chronologists to be about 1,600 years before Christ; and that after a lapse of about 1,700 years it again resumed activity, and has continued it to this day, the last great eruption having taken place about three years ago.

In the Pyrenees, in the district of Auvergne in France, in Ireland, and in many other parts of Europe, in Asia, and in Africa, many mountains containing hollows which are evidently extinct craters, are found; and whether they will continue so, or whether they will again burst forth, we have no means of judging.

We now draw to a close this slight sketch of one of the most powerful agencies in nature; still, through the veil of secondary causes, we must look to Him by whose word they were first called into action, and by whose power they are still sustained.

Original.

GOING HOME.

A TALE IN TWO PARTS.

BY HOPE A.

It was a lovely day in early summer. The sunshine seemed bent on penetrating every nook and corner of that quaint old city of Quebec; which, were every other trace of the French power once dominant in

Canada removed, would still silently remind us there was a time when Old England's flag had its place filled by another, though not, to our thinking, a worthier one. Not alone did the generally dull and quiet streets of Quebec rejoice in the glorious sunlight. The waves of the noble St. Lawrence danced and sparkled, till they seemed like molten gold; the sky, too, was of a blue that only Italy can rival; while trees and grass were robed in that peculiarly fresh, bright green that belongs alone to the early summer months, and which, after the long and severe winter months of that portion of Her Majesty's dominions, is so refreshing and gladdening. But, though all nature rejoices in the freshness of this bright June morning, it is far otherwise with a group gathered on the deck of the little tender that will every moment (as fear some of her passengers, that have a large amount of luggage and a small amount of calmness) be off to her destination—the mail packet that lies some distance down the stream.

Now the bell actually does ring. What passing and repassing! What endless injunctions "to be sure to write soon"! What a kissing, and—as Artemus Ward would say—what a "power of a-doo!" The group that first attracted our attention are preparing to leave, only two of their number going on the English steamer. One, a fair, sweet-looking English girl, seems the centre of attraction, and her friends gather round her, with many regrets, and not a few tears and wishes that she may have a safe and pleasant passage.

"It is not so very long to wait till the autumn, after all," exclaimed Alice Blythe, a bright, dark-eyed girl. "O May, I shall long so for it," and, with an arch glance up to a tall, handsome man by her side, so like her that they must be sister and brother: "Walter, of course, will be so sorry when it comes."

But now, positively, "good-byes" must be said, and very soon the party leave the tender, with the exception of Mr. Blythe, who, as May Sinclair's accepted lover,

naturally wishes to see her safely in charge of the lady in whose care she is returning to her Devonshire home; for May lives in Devonshire, and it was only at the earnest entreaty of Mrs. Sinclair's mother that she was parted with for a few months. Those few months were passed in her grandmother's Canadian home. This brought some changes to May, and, greatest of all, she had learned to love with all the warmth of her nature, and all the freshness of her guileless, trusting heart, one who was thought worthy even of "our May"; for among her Canadian friends, as in her own dear home, that fond title was given to one who never was a bit spoiled with spoiling. She was an only child, whose parents were very comfortably off. Every advantage had been hers, and she united with a confidence and warmth of heart rarely found, an intellect that, originally good, had been, by careful culture, rendered remarkable.

Such was May. No wonder her lover feels it so hard to part from her!

"Yes," May answered to some remark of his, "I shall be so very glad to see them at home again;" and her tear-filled eye spoke volumes, at least to Mr. Blythe.

But now the tender has reached the ship. After consigning her to her friend's care, Mr. Blythe prepares to leave the steamer. One more word, and it is is:

"Good-bye, my own May. God bless and keep you till I come for my treasure;" then he is gone.

But for a long, long time, May sees through her tears a head uncovered, and a hat waved; and then, remembering the home she is going to, and that it will not be so very long ere they meet again, she banishes sorrow, and her own sweet smile is the last remembrance her betrothed cherishes of May Sinclair.

PART SECOND.

It is a wild night. The wind is growing fiercer and fiercer, and every minute is lashing old Ocean's waves into fury, till they seem running "mountains high."

A ship is toiling through the billows, freighted heavily with human lives; and, as the timbers shriek and groan as wave after wave sweeps over her, methinks the hearts of those who watch for the coming of those on board would be wrung with agony, for surely no vessel could ever live in such a sea.

Let imagination try to picture the scene. The passengers are gathered in the saloon. Some are praying; others are trying in vain to deceive their own and others' fears, by laughing at the idea of danger. The captain is accounted the best of the line; the steamer and her crew are alike worthy of him. Such arguments are used again and again, by lips whose pallor contradicts each assertion. Still the storm rages,—its fury but increasing; and above the roar of the elements is heard the hoarse tones of the captain's voice, issuing hurried directions to the men.

But what avails the strength of human arm? The Almighty alone can command a calm. It is in vain. Everything has been done that man can do; but it is utterly hopeless to avert the doom the captain feels must, ere another hour passes, overtake his ship and her passengers. To launch boats in such a sea would be madness. So he descends to the cabin, and, in a solemn and impressive manner, tells those assembled there that in less than an hour they will be in the presence of God—in eternity. Face to face with Death, face to face with the inexorable tyrant, who to-night claims them as his prey: shall we draw a veil over the anguish—over the hurried meeting between parent and child, lover and friend—over the shrieks of agony, the wails of despair?

"I cannot die! I cannot die!" shrieked a young girl, erewhile the gayest of the gay.

Who is it that, soothing her distraction, tells of One mighty to save, not alone from the pangs of this death, they may any moment encounter, but from a death far worse; and who will to all who come to Him give strength to die as a Christian

should? It is May Sinclair! May, whom loving hearts wait for, and loving hearts regret. What wonderful spell sustains her now amid this awful scene? Even the Saviour of whom she tells; even He whom not seeing, yet she has loved. His powerful arm upholds her, and, though called to leave her loved ones behind, and meet death all alone, she feels it is all ordered for the best, that she is going to the happiest home of all. Going before, it is true, but she will wait for them there; and, with the prayer that all may one day come home, May Sinclair's soul passed away—not to the Devonshire home, nor to the joys, sorrows, hopes, and fears of earth, but to that far better home where all the Father's children meet; where mysteries are made plain, and the craving of heart and brain—never satisfied here—is stilled in the fullness of the Lord God Almighty, who reigneth there.

In the beautiful church-yard of the town of C—, in Devonshire, there is a fair, white marble monument, and the tears start in many eyes as they read the inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of
Our darling MARIAN,
Who went Home, June —, 186—."

"Lord grant us grace to meet her there.

"Amen."

Original.

OUT IN THE NIGHT.

Out in the pitiless storm-driven night,
With the plain behind, and the plain before;
Not a star in the heavens to give me light,
Nor a sound to be heard save the North wind's
roar;

The snow drives fast to fill up my track,
But the very snow in the night seems black.

Out in the horrible darkness, such
As a man might almost cut with a knife,
A darkness that seems to close and touch
With the touch of fingers seeking my life;
And the sleet that strangles my heavy breath
With its life-like might has the might of Death.

Out in the blackness, stumbling on,
Through sixteen inches of clammy snow,
Heart-sick, with strength and spirits gone,

Scarce knowing whither I stagger, I go;
And over my frost-bound senses creep
The treacherous cat-like steps of sleep.

How well I remember the shady nook,
So pleasant to me in the warm July,
Where I lay by the quietly murmuring brook,
And watched the trout swim lazily by;
And the thrush in his leafy canopy
Woke up the woods with his melody.

The cricket chirped in the grass hard by,
And the beetles droned in the Fairy ring;
But the bumblebees flitted on silently
As if 'twere too hot to work and sing,
For even the waves of the little brook
As they babbled by had a simmering look.

It was very warm, but so was the fire
That blazed at home in the Christmas times,
When we watched the yule-log embers expire,
And heard the songs of the merry chimes,
And the shadows throughout the old oak hall
Danced, to the music, upon the wall.

How pleasantly drowsy we were! enough
Of sport we had as times now go,
Snapdragon, dances, and blindman's-buff,
And kisses under the misletoe;
Such screaming and laughter as well might fire
The veriest romp by the Christmas fire.

And there we sat while the Church bells told
Of the birth of the Prince of Love and Peace,
And listened to tales of the days of old,
Till we heard the echoes tremble and cease,
And then yawned lazily off to bed;
How sleepy—Good God, what was it I said?

Out in the blackness, alone and chill,
In the driving snow and the biting frost,
With the North wind fighting o'er valley and
hill,

Footsore and hungry and faint—I am lost!
A few short hours, and the passer-by
Will see but a snowdrift where I lie.

Let me rest—what! do I already dream?
Or there, through the blustering, driving night,
Do I see a flickering, ruddy gleam,
That whispers of rest and warmth and light?
Onwards! it is but a little more,
And I reach, thank Heaven, a cottage door.

But so it is in the storm of life;
We struggle in darkness, thick and drear,
Weary and fainting, and sick of the strife,
And blind, though the saving light be near;

The light that waits for us while we roam,
To cheer and to guide to our Father's home.

And, like that horrible, cruel sleet,
Sin beateth against us, and drives us back,
And wraps us in darkness as with a sheet,
And stays with treacherous dreams our track,
And would lull the soul more surely to kill,
But our Father lives, and His light shines still.

Out in life's pitiless storm-driven night,
With danger behind and danger before,
Courage, faint heart! and turn to the fight,
In faith and in hope, till the struggle be o'er.
There's a light to show thee the path to be trod,
And to guide to the rest prepared of God.

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THE CRUCIBLE.

BY ALICIA.

CHAPTER XXII.

(Continued.)

That night, Edna and her father were sitting in the dining-room, silent, and evidently in sorrow. They, too, had received the sad news of Charlie's accident, and had resolved to sit up, thinking there was a possibility Charlie might arrive.

Mr. Clifford had just closed their evening prayer, and the servants had been dismissed, when a loud ring at the door caused them both to start.

"That must be my poor boy!" exclaimed Mr. Clifford, hurrying into the hall, followed by Edna in silence, her heart seeming almost to stand still in that moment of suspense. The first person she saw, as the door opened, was Ernest; but, forgetting all save her anxiety for her brother, she hurried forward, and, taking his hand, said quickly:

"Oh! is he still alive; do tell me!"

"Yes," replied Ernest, "yet alive, but very, very weak. Where shall we lay him?"

"His room is ready. Had he not better be taken there at once, Papa?"

"Yes, certainly," replied Mr. Clifford.

"Cannot I help you, Leighton?" and the anxious father hurried, with Ernest and

Larry, out of the house, leaving Edna alone, straining her eyes into the darkness.

After some moments, the tramp of feet told her they were bringing her brother in. She stood on one side, and clasped her hands tightly as if to nerve herself for the sad meeting. Slowly, the melancholy procession moved in, carrying Charlie on a mattress. As they passed her, Edna caught sight of her brother's face. So altered was it, she would hardly have known it. The curly hair had fallen back from the pale damp brow; the features were thin and sharp, and distorted with pain; his clothes were soiled with mud and dust. A sad sight it was, and one to make a loving sister's heart faint. Edna stood motionless, watching her beloved brother's receding form, and when Ernest spoke to her she almost started; his kind words broke her down completely, and for the first time since she had heard of Charlie's accident, her tears fell fast.

"Come, Miss Clifford," he said, gently drawing her hand within his arm. "Come and let me get you some wine, you look so ill; you are not fit to see your brother." He led her into the dining-room, and pouring out a glass of wine from a decanter which stood on the side-board, he handed it to her. "Please do take it," he said imploringly, as she turned her head away; then, without a word, she drank it. He gave her his arm, and together they went up to Charlie's room; he was lying on the bed, gasping for breath, and Mr. Clifford was leaning anxiously over him.

"Has not Doctor Ponsonby come yet?" inquired Edna.

"He was out, when I sent him word of Charlie's accident."

At that moment the doctor entered the room, while Edna, going up to her brother and kneeling beside him, clasped his cold hand, and, tenderly kissing his damp brow, called him every endearing name. He opened his eyes, and looked around him. Then his gaze fixed upon Edna, and he murmured feebly:

"Edna, my own dear Nedly." He pressed Edna's hand, and again closed his eyes wearily.

Dr. Ponsonby, meanwhile, was conversing in a low tone with Mr. Clifford, who, at length, said :

"Edna, my love, I think you had better leave the room for a little." Edna, again kissing her brother, rose, and prepared to leave the room.

"Ernest," said Mr. Clifford, calling him to him, "you will not leave the house. I would like you to be here if—if the poor boy should not live," he added in low, trembling tones. Ernest promised; and then he and Lionel followed Edna down stairs. When they had reached the dining-room, Edna said, turning to Lionel :

"You had better go at once, and bring your sister here, had you not, Mr. Wyndgate? My poor brother may not have long to live," she added, looking up at him, through her tears.

"Yes, I will do so, if you will allow me, Miss Clifford?" replied Lionel.

"Certainly; she must be here."

Lionel went out of the house, leaving Edna and Ernest alone. Edna had sunk into an armchair, and buried her face in her hands, Ernest sat near the table, turning over the leaves of the family Bible, which lay just as Mr. Clifford had left it. At length he spoke :

"Would you like me to read, Miss Clifford?"

Edna looked up, and, seeing the Bible open before him, she said :

"Oh, yes, if you please; I should be so glad."

Without making any further remark, Ernest began, in a low impressive voice, the one hundred and third Psalm. By degrees the soothing, comforting words, calmed Edna's troubled heart, and after some moments, she ventured to look up at the reader. His head was resting on one hand, the other lay on the book before him; the curling brown hair was pushed back from the noble brow, and his pale face wore such an expression of peace and happiness as

Edna had never seen there. So natural it seemed to hear his voice reading to her once more, that the years of separation appeared but as some bitter dream. And yet, how changed they were—these two—softened by sorrow, subdued by the responsibilities and cares of manhood and womanhood! Unlike they were, to the joyous, merry creatures of two years ago, and yet the same,—the same in true, deep affection, the one for the other,—alike in having both endured suffering from their estrangement, now united by the bonds of sympathy, for Ernest's affection for Charlie was scarcely less than that of a brother.

The Psalm was ended, and Ernest, raising his eyes, met Edna's gaze fixed upon him, he looked at her in silence until her eyes dropped once more, and then, turning over the leaves of the Bible absently, he said :

"What a beautiful Psalm the one hundred and third is! It is one of my favorites: it seems to come home to our daily life, our daily wants, and daily griefs, and to point us so beautifully to One who can supply all our need,—who is the God of consolation, and comforteth all those who are cast down, pitying us as a father pitieth his children; through whose strength alone we shall be enabled so to walk through this life, that we fail not finally to obtain the life which is eternal. Do you not agree with me, Miss Clifford?"

Edna did not answer, but Ernest could see the tears quietly dropping down between the fingers clasped so tightly over her bowed face. Oh, how he longed to comfort and console her—to clasp her once more in his arms! His heart was stirred to its very depths, as he looked at this frail girl, struggling with sorrow, and he—he had no right, with the assurance of his love, to comfort and sustain her, to help her in bearing her heavy load. What was there to prevent him, at least telling her of his love? But again came the memory of Captain Ainslie's passionate words of endearment, and his heart died within him at the thought. At this moment, Dr. Ponsonby's

quick step was heard descending the stairs. Edna hastily brushed away her tears, and, looking up at Ernest, she said calmly :

"Would you be kind enough, Mr. Leighton, to ask the doctor to come in here?"

Ernest rose, and went into the hall, soon returning with the doctor, who sat down near the table, and began drawing his fingers backwards and forwards through his bushy hair; he looked at Edna, then at Ernest, who was standing leaning against the mantel-piece. After a few moments' pause, Edna rose, and going up to the doctor, she said in a low but steady voice :

"Dr. Ponsonby, I hope you will tell me exactly what is your opinion respecting my brother; do not try to conceal anything from me."

"Indeed," replied the doctor in a husky voice, "there is no need of concealment: the truth is but too evident. Your poor brother has not many hours to live. You had better go to him at once; you look ill yourself, child."

Ernest came forward and offered his arm, which Edna took in silence, and the two proceeded upstairs. Only once, when they were directly under the gas-burner in the upper hall, did Edna venture to look up at her companion. His gaze was bent on her, and their eyes met,—his so full of love and pity, hers so appealing in their expression of deep sorrow. When they had reached Charlie's closed door, she gave him her hand, saying :

"You are so very kind, Mr. Leighton, and indeed I do not deserve it of you."

He pressed the little hand to his lips, but, with the other, she had opened the door; and he had thus no opportunity of speaking.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Oh! sweet and strange, it seems to me that ere this day is done,
The voice that now is speaking may be beyond the sun,—

Forever and forever with those just souls and true,—

And what is life, that we should moan? Why make we such ado?

Forever and forever, all in a blessed home,—
And there to wait a little while, till you and Effie come,—
To lie within the light of God, as I lie on your breast;

And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."—*Tennyson.*

When Lionel Wyndgate reached home, he found that they had not expected him, and had all retired to rest. They were soon, however, aroused, and in a few minutes all the elder ones were gathered around him yet with hushed voices and fearful welcomes, for all thoughts were on poor Charlie. Lionel looked in vain for his merry, gay-hearted Jessie,—his favorite sister, who, at any other time, would have been the first to meet him, and the warmest in her greetings. After a few moments of whispered conversation, Lionel said :

"And now, Margaret, you must tell Jessie; for she has no time to spare. Poor Charlie's hours on earth are very few."

When Margaret entered Jessie's room, she was surprised to find her already equipped for walking.

"How did you know that Lionel was here?" she asked.

"I was sitting up when I heard him come in, and put on my cloak immediately. Maggie darling, you will pray for me," said Jessie, in a low voice; but when she met her brother all her forced calmness gave way, and in a moment she was sobbing on her brother's breast.

"Come, come, my poor darling, my dear Jessie," he said, at length; "we must not delay."

"Oh! no,—no, indeed," said poor Jessie, quickly wiping away her tears.

She kissed her father and mother, and, without speaking, went out with her brother. They walked on quickly, and in silence, until they reached Mr. Clifford's gate; then Jessie said, so low Lionel could scarcely catch the words :

"Is there no hope, Lionel?"

"None, I am afraid, Jessie darling."

She tightened her clasp of his arm, but did not speak.

Edna met her on the stairs, and threw her arms round her, in mute sympathy;

then gently removing Jessie's cloak and hat, she led her into Charlie's room.

Charlie was lying with closed eyes, perfectly still,—an occasional moan from the sufferer alone breaking the deep silence which reigned in the apartment. Edna motioned Jessie to take the chair by the bedside, which she did, and gently laying her hand on the cold white one which lay on the quilt, she bent down and whispered: "Charlie!"

He opened his eyes slowly, but when they met hers, they brightened up with a gleam of recognition; and, clasping Jessie's hand in his with all the strength he was capable of, he murmured:

"My own darling! my own dear Jessie!"

Such an expression of satisfaction and peace stole over his face, as he lay; his hand clasped in Jessie's, and looking at her with his deep blue eyes, over which the dimness of death was fast stealing. There was unbroken silence in the room. All eyes were fixed upon Charlie, and all ears were strained to catch the feeblest word. Dr. Ponsonby had entered unperceived, and now joined the anxious group gathered round the dying bed.

At length, Charlie's eyes opened once more, and slowly, yet distinctly, he said:

"I know I am dying—dying—leaving you all forever—leaving my darling Jessie. But—I am happy. My sins are all washed away—in my Saviour's precious blood—and I am going to be with Him—forever. Jessie—my own Jessie—you will meet me *there*. You will—all meet me *there*."

These words were spoken in detached sentences, and the voice grew fainter and fainter, till every breath was hushed to hear. He ceased, and, in the stillness of the room, a pin falling might have been heard.

The dying man clasped again the hand which lay in his, and once more murmured: "Jessie!" and then all was still.

It was the stillness of death. The silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl broken, and the spirit of Charles Clifford had returned unto the God that gave it.

As the stars were paling, one by one,

and the grey dawn was stealing over the quiet earth, earthly things faded from Charlie Clifford's gaze, and the light of eternity burst upon his soul. The Sun of Righteousness rose upon that ransomed one, never to set.

Yet, so calmly and gently did the spirit take its flight from its earthly tenement, that it was not until Dr. Ponsonby quietly left the room, motioning Lionel and Ernest to follow, that the three mourners knew that all that was left them of their loved one was his poor body, worn and wasted with suffering.

Jessie's sobs broke the silence. While bending over Charlie's inanimate form, she implored him once more to open those dear eyes, and give her one loving glance. Alas! she knew too well that never again would the tones of that loved voice fall on her ear; that never more would that smile of tenderness be fixed upon her, until she should join him in that better land where the God of Love Himself should wipe all tears from her eyes.

Yet, difficult was it in that bitter hour of bereavement to look from earth to heaven—to turn her affections from that poor, cold body, and remember that he whom she loved was not there, and that there was in store for her a blessed reunion,—a meeting which should know no parting. Great as was a father's grief at the loss of his only son, and deep the sorrow which filled a loving sister's heart, to neither could the death of Charlie be fraught with such bitter anguish as it caused to Jessie Wyndgate; dearer he was to her than father or mother, brothers or sisters,—for him she was willing to forsake all: the life which now lay before her seemed but a terrible blank.

She suffered herself to be led away by Edna, but implored to be allowed to remain in the house, until poor Charlie's remains should be borne to their last resting-place.

Charlie having died on Thursday morning, the funeral was to take place on the Friday. Major Bird came up to attend it, and so thin and altered he looked from the

happy man of a year before, that Edna truly pitied him. Mr. Clifford, the Major, Ernest, and Capt. Ainslie were mourners, while Lionel and Frank Austin were among the pall-bearers. Very large was the gathering of young and old, to follow Charlie to the grave; universal sympathy was felt for the bereaved ones, and the whole city seemed to mourn for the kind-hearted boy, so well known among them,—beloved, as he had ever been, by rich and poor. But little could even the most sympathizing among them know of the sorrow which bowed the father's head, as he walked feebly behind the hearse, supported by Ernest; or of the anguish of the two, who, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, were watching, through closed blinds, the melancholy procession move off. When it was out of sight, Jessie buried her face on Edna's shoulder, sobbing forth her sorrow:

"Oh Edna, Edna!" she moaned, "how shall I ever live without him! I think if I could but have his poor body with me, I should not grieve so much; but to think of it lying in that cold vault, all, all, alone!"

"But, dear Jessie," answered Edna, looking down through her blinding tears on the pale sad face upturned to hers, "what you really love is not there. Charlie, our darling Charlie, is in heaven; always think of him as being happy with his Saviour, not in the dreary coffin; he is not there, darling: he is in perfect happiness, safe from the sufferings, the trials, he must have had if he had lived; he was taken from the evil to come. And soon, Jessie, you will join him, and never be parted again; look forward to that, Jessie dear, and the separation now will not seem so hard."

Edna's words were often broken by sobs, yet they comforted Jessie; and when she left her that night to go to her dreary home, she told Edna she would try and do as she had said, and that already her words had comforted her.

Margaret, with loving consideration, had removed everything from Jessie's room

which might remind her of the sad change her life had undergone, and unpacking all her clothing which had been ready for the bride's departure from her home, she put everything in its accustomed place.

Jessie saw, on entering her chamber, that loving fingers had been at work there, and she felt that all that tender sympathy and affection could do, would be done to alleviate her sorrow. But deep and lasting was the wound made; and though the Good Physician with His healing, soothing hand, poured in the oil and wine of heavenly comfort into that lacerated heart, and healed its wounds; yet through life the scar remained, and it was many a month, even year, ere Jessie Wyndgate's merry laugh resounded from the walls of the old Rectory, and even then it had not in it the joyous ring of former days.

After Charlie's death, Edna saw little of Ernest; she supposed all his time was spent at the Rectory: but one day, shortly before his departure, he had come to the house, wishing to see Mr. Clifford on some business matter, Lionel accompanying him. Edna's door was partly open, and, as they were standing near the register in the hall waiting for her father, she overheard Lionel say:

"I say, Leighton, why don't you come up and see us? I believe you have only been once at the Rectory since you came."

"Well, you see what little time I have I ought to spend with my mother and Winnifred," replied Ernest; "I so seldom come to town, that they think while I am here I ought to be with them."

"Well, but surely you could run up occasionally; come to tea to-night?"

"I cannot indeed, thank you," was Ernest's quiet reply; "I promised mother I would be back. But here comes Mr. Clifford." They followed Mr. Clifford into the study, and Edna heard no more; she mused long over Ernest's words.

"Is it not strange," she thought, "if Ernest is engaged to Margaret, or even wishing to pay her attention, that he should go so seldom to the house?"

At this moment, Captain Ainslie was announced; and when Ernest passed the drawing-room door on his way out, he saw Edna and the Captain sitting conversing together. Edna's quick eye noticed his look of disappointment as he glanced towards her, and she longed to be able to go to him and tell him all. She did not see him again, excepting for a few moments when he came in to bid them good-bye, and then he was very quiet and even cold in his manner. He asked her if she would be kind enough to tell Mrs. Maitland when she saw her, that he had been twice at the house, but could not find her at home. Edna told him she thought Mrs. Maitland was not in town, as she always spent Christmas with one of her sisters. Ernest expressed his regret at not seeing her, and Edna could not but feel that, if her friend had been at home, Ernest's parting would have been different from what it was; for she had begged Mrs. Maitland (should he allude to the subject) to assure Ernest that she and Captain Ainslie were merely friends, and of how grieved she had been at her hasty conduct.

A few years ago, Edna would have scorned to humble herself thus; but her spirit of pride was subdued now, and she was willing to confess her faults, and acknowledge that she had done wrong.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"It is most genial to a soul refined,
When love can smile, unblushing, uncon-
cealed;
When mutual thoughts, and words, and acts are
kind,
And inmost hopes and feelings are revealed;
When interest, duty, trust, together bind,
And the heart's deep affections are unsealed;
When for each other live the kindred pair,—
Here is indeed a picture passing fair!"
—*Tupper.*

Our readers will be wondering what has become of Winnifred and Frank Austin all this time. Suppose we peep into their cheery home, this cold February evening.

In the snug little parlor at Woodbine Cottage, the crimson curtains had been drawn, and a bright coal-fire was burning

in the grate. By a table in the centre of the room sat Frank Austin, and in his arms lay his infant son, now two months old, looking pretty much as all babies do at that interesting age, and appearing decidedly more comfortable than his father, who seemed scarcely to know how to handle the little bundle of white, and from time to time casting uneasy glances at his wife, sitting beside him; not, however, so engrossed in her stitching, but that she had time to bestow sundry looks of proud love and satisfaction on her youthful son. Grandmamma was sitting knitting by the fire, looking the very picture of quiet contentment.

At length, young Master Frank grew weary of staring at the bright gas and the dancing flames in the grate, and began to show decided signs of uneasiness. Now it was as much as "papa" could do to manage the infant prodigy when he was quiet, and he commenced tossing him about frantically, expecting every moment to hear his wife's unflinching caution:

"Oh! do be careful of his back, Frank."

Notwithstanding his most vigorous efforts, baby refused to be soothed or hushed; and Winnifred, rising, and laying down her work, said she would take him to nurse, that the poor darling was sleepy.

"Let me carry him upstairs for you; he is really getting quite heavy," said Frank.

"No, thank you, dear; I must see him put in his cradle," replied his wife, tenderly taking the baby, who, even now knowing mother's arms, ceased his cries.

When Winnie returned, after having been absent some time, she found her mother nodding over her knitting, and Frank quite tired of his newspapers.

"Come, little wife," he said, as she entered; "you've done enough work for this evening. Come, and sit down, and let us have a little quiet chat," and suiting the action to his words, he wheeled the couch near the fire; and, motioning Winnie to a seat, placed himself beside her.

They were silent for some moments when Frank suddenly said:

"Mother, what are you thinking about? You look as sober as a judge."

"I was thinking about Ernest," replied Mrs. Leighton, starting up from her reverie.

"So was I," said Winnie. "How strange! I was thinking how much happier he would be if he had such a home as we have," she added, looking up, with a smile, in her husband's face.

"Yes, indeed," remarked Mrs. Leighton; "he must often be very lonely. I never can understand what the state of affairs is between him and Edna Clifford. By the way, is it true that she is going to marry that Captain Ainslie?"

"She told me herself to-day," said Winnie, "that she had not the slightest intention of marrying Captain Ainslie, or any one else; that the Captain knew perfectly well that he could never be anything but a friend to her, and that it was only as such he came to the house, or went out at all with her. I asked her if she was never going to get married, but had resolved to live and die an old maid; she said it was very likely she would be one, that her only wish now was to make her father happy."

"Well, she is a noble girl," replied Frank, warmly; "and I think Ernest is a fool if he does not try to win her back. She must like him, or she would never have refused Captain Ainslie, for he is a fine, handsome fellow, and very well off."

"Even all the qualifications you have named will not always win a woman's love," said Mrs. Leighton. "At all events, I heartily wish Ernest would get a good wife, and there is no one I would sooner call my daughter than Edna Clifford. I thought at one time Ernest liked Margaret Wyndgate; but, if he had done so, he would surely have gone more to the Rectory when he was here. I don't think he was there more than once or twice."

"Oh! I don't believe Ernest cares a fig for Miss Wyndgate," cried Frank. "Lionel would like to make a match well enough between Ernest and his sister; but it is my opinion that he won't manage it."

"What makes you think so?" inquired his wife.

"Oh! personal observation—personal observation, my dear," answered Frank, putting his arm round his wife's waist, and with the disengaged hand playing with her curls.

"Poor Edna!" continued Winnie; "she has had so much trouble. Charlie's death was such a dreadful blow!"

"It is my belief, Mr. Clifford won't last much longer, and what will become of the poor girl then?"

"She would probably live with Miss Ponsonby or Mrs. Maitland. But do you think Mr. Clifford so ill?" asked Mrs. Leighton.

"Well, he is not what might be called ill; but he seems so languid, and takes very little interest in anything. The fact is, if he should die, Ernest would be obliged to come here. Mr. Clifford's affairs are in such disorder, that no one but Leighton could settle them up," said Frank, rubbing up his hair, and gazing with a perplexed expression into the fire.

"Don't worry yourself, Frank dear," coaxed Winnie. "I am sure that Ernest would make everything quite plain; not but that I am certain you understand business thoroughly," she said quickly; "but, then, Ernest went into Mr. Clifford's office when he was quite a boy, and so must know more about everything than any one could do who had only been there a few years."

But the anxious look remained on Frank's face, in spite of his wife's attempts to cheer him; and when Mrs. Leighton asked him if there would be anything left for Edna's support, in the event of Mr. Clifford's death, he started, and, passing his hand over his forehead, said:

"Did you speak to me, mother?"

Mrs. Leighton repeated her question. Heaving a deep sigh, Frank replied:

"Not much, I am afraid. Mr. Clifford lost a great deal by the failure of the North American Bank. He went the other day to get his life insured, but there was not a

company in town that would hazard the insurance."

"Why not?" inquired Winnifred.

"Why not? Because they thought he was too old, or his health too delicate, I suppose. But mother is looking sleepy, we had better go to bed, I think," said Frank.

Thus closed this conversation, and preparations were made for retiring. In this way passed most of the evenings at Woodbine cottage; perhaps few happier homes could be found in L—, and few lives had known less sorrow than that of Winnifred Austin. Her father dying when she was too young to feel his loss, perhaps the only grief she had ever experienced was on her friend Elna's account, and the sorrow we feel for others' woes—however much we may love and sympathize with them—is not like the crushing anguish which swallows up all else in its bitterness; the heart-breaking sorrow which is felt when death tears from us with ruthless hand those dearest to us, or when a hasty word separates us from them for years.

To Winnifred Austin it would have been impossible to realize the sorrow which poor Jessie Wyndgate now suffered,—all her bright hopes for the future shattered in one terrible moment,—he who was dearer to her than her own life, taken from her by a sudden and fearful death; or even to understand the depth of Elna Clifford's daily, hourly grief, weighing on her young spirit so heavily that she could never have borne it, had she not been sustained by a strength not her own,—by His almighty power, who sustaineth all, however heavily laden, if they put their burdens upon Him.

(To be continued.)

Original.

THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.—No. II.

BY GEO. VICTOR LE VAUX.

Towards the close of the last century, a trading depot was established by the Hudson Bay Company at the junction of the Assiniboine and Red Rivers. This depot was called Fort Garry, and is now known

as Winnipeg City, being about fifty miles south of the lake bearing that name. In 1811, the country surrounding this fort, to the extent of fifty miles, was ceded to Earl Selkirk, who induced many emigrants to settle in the immediate neighborhood, and along the fruitful banks of the rivers. In a few years the population of the embryonic colony numbered six thousand inhabitants. Twice since then its existence has been threatened by the Indians, but its hardy sons meeting the enemy, as Celt and Saxon have always done, rolled back the tide of war, and chased the red man of the West to his woods and wilds, leaving him a wiser if not a better warrior. The population of the settlement now exceeds *thirteen thousand*. Winnipeg City is beautifully situated for commercial purposes. It commands a very extensive trade with the United States, *via* the Red River, and with the Great West, *via* the Assiniboine. The united rivers from the city to the lake are capable of floating vessels of the largest tonnage. This settlement, now surrounded by a vast wilderness, and far removed from the civilized world, is nevertheless destined to become the nucleus of a new empire, which, in days to come, will exercise no small influence on the affairs of men. Fort Garry cannot fail to become a very large city. Nature seems to have intended it as a western metropolis. There is no other site in the North-West which can surpass it as a great *inland* commercial emporium. It is a very "fast city," for such an out-of-the-way place. It contains a cathedral (R. C.), an Episcopal church, a kirk, two Methodist chapels, a college, and several schools.

Lake Winnipeg is about 300 miles long, and from 5 to 60 in breadth. It communicates with Lake Superior, through the Lake of the Woods; but the intermediate stream, being very shallow and broken by rapids, is totally unfit for navigation. The Saskatchewan, the principal tributary of Lake Winnipeg, is 1,300 miles in length; the Red River, 700; and the Assiniboine, 500. This lake discharges its surplus waters into Hudson Bay, by the Nelson River. During

the summer months a steamer plies between Winnepeg City and Georgetown, in Minnesota, calling at intermediate places. This is the mail and emigrant route, and that by which the colonists receive their goods from Canada and elsewhere. Communication is occasionally held with Fort Garry by way of Fort William, on Lake Superior; but the obstacles to be overcome by the traveller in this route are very great.—Government organs inform us that ere long portages will be established where necessary, and good, serviceable waggon-roads constructed where now but very imperfect trails exist. The best route at present from Canada to Red River is *via* Goderich, Saginaw, Milwaukee, St. Pauls, Georgetown, and Pembina. The journey will occupy from three to five weeks. The banks of the Assiniboine and Red River are clothed with timber of gigantic proportions; and, in many cases, the plains between the rivers are decked with groves of pine, poplar, and a thick growth of underwood.

FARMING IN THE RED-RIVER SETTLEMENT

is subject to many disadvantages. Farmers in that locality have many difficulties to contend with,—difficulties which should be duly considered by every would-be emigrant. The farmers of all other countries and colonies in the world are certain of a good market for their surplus produce; but at Red River such is not the case, nor will it be so in the Saskatchewan until a railway intersects the country. Being situated in the centre of this vast continent, more than a thousand miles from the sea; and no good markets, foreign or domestic, within easy reach,—the settler can command no reasonable price for his produce, whilst he has to pay for imported goods at an exorbitant rate. Tea, coffee, sugar, spices, and all sorts of foreign goods, are extremely dear—far dearer than in any other English colony, whilst native produce is much cheaper. There is, therefore, a general dearth of many of the luxuries of life. Farmers are of necessity compelled to regulate their farming operations by the amount

of local or home consumption. Red River imports large quantities of English goods, and exports nothing in return, except furs. Such will be the state of things until the Intercolonial Railway is built. In the meantime, some American capitalists may construct a line from St. Pauls to Winnepeg City. The natural resources of this fine country must, and will, be developed ere many years elapse. Then it will undoubtedly export more grain in proportion to its population than any other colony. It is now the only English settlement of any importance having an *inland* situation, and the only one with which communication is maintained by the kindness and courtesy of a foreign nation. Its *inland* situation has materially retarded its progress. The mode of transit to and from the other colonies is pleasant, comfortable, and comparatively cheap; and, in addition, they all export goods in return for those imported. At Red River the reverse is the case; and, while the present state of things continues, the settlers can never be very prosperous.

THE SASKATCHEWAN TERRITORY

is one thousand miles in length, from east to west, and about three hundred and fifty in breadth, from north to south. The name *Saskatchewan* is an Indian word, signifying “rapid current,” or “swiftly rolling river.” It is bounded on the south by the United States; on the north by the fifty-fourth parallel of N. latitude; on the west by the Rocky Mountains; and on the east by the Red-River Territory. It is well watered, well timbered, rich in minerals, and, without doubt, possesses a climate superior to the most favored parts of Canada. Its population, not including Indians, is supposed to be about 3,000. The people settled round the shores of Lake Manitoba, numbering about *three hundred*, have lately declared themselves “free and independent,” and added another “Republic” to the bright stars of the western world. They have elected a President and other executive officers; but as yet the Home Government has not recognized the new “Republic

of Manitoba," nor is it likely to do so. Our friends in the North-West were compelled to adopt this course in consequence of the tyranny of the Hudson Bay officials, and the culpable negligence of the Imperial Parliament. For many years they earnestly desired to have a responsible government established amongst them, similar to that now enjoyed by Ontario and Quebec; but the Colonial Secretary paid no attention to their representations or entreaties. Now, like sensible men, resolving to help themselves, they have taken the management of their own affairs into their own hands, and in future will probably decline to be governed by proxy,—by strangers whose interests are inimical to the welfare of the country.

ROUTES TO CARIBOO AND THE PACIFIC.

There are two routes from Pembina, on the confines of the Red River, through the Saskatchewan, to British Columbia and the Pacific,—the northern and the southern. The latter is the shortest, but the most dangerous, as the country on either side is infested by Sioux and Blackfeet Indians,—gentlemen who seldom fail to scalp their "white brother," the emigrant or traveller, unless he can prove to their satisfaction that he is a "King George's man"—that is a British subject. The English Government granted them some favors in the time of George III., which they still remember with gratitude. Americans, in consequence of their numerous border depredations, seldom give these lawless fellows any quarter, nor do they ever accord it to the Americans; but they have never been known to injure a "King George's man" who could produce his "credentials."

Were we to proceed to British Columbia by the southern route, we should proceed to Winnipeg City, by way of Goderich, Milwaukee, St. Pauls, Georgetown, and Pembina. From Winnipeg City, we should ascend the Assiniboine to Fort Ellice and the river Qu'Appelle; from that depot to Sand Hill Lake. From this point the south branch of the Saskatchewan is only thirty

miles distant. Having arrived on its shores, we should ascend this beautiful stream to the Red Deer River; and, having followed its course to the ruins of Old Bow Fort, we should enter Columbia by the Vermilion Pass.

The scenery in this vicinity is amongst the most beautiful in America. It is a happy junction of the beautiful, romantic, and sublime. The great mountain ranges rise tier over tier, one behind the other, the heavens appearing to repose on the more remote, whilst soft, silvery clouds occasionally float between the isolated summits of those nearest to the eye. Towards the north, Mount Lefroy rises high above its fellows. On the south side, Mount Ball rises majestically from the plain, dressed in all the gorgeous draperies of nature; while right in front Mount Vaux hides its white summits in the clouds. It frequently rains amongst these "Columbian Alps." Myriads of streams, rushing down the sides of the mountains, water the valleys and wind through the plains towards some of the distant lakes, like "enormous things of life." The great prairie stretching out, far as the eye can reach, towards the sun-rising, and the beautiful valleys through which the trail winds its way, are decked with an emerald verdure. Sylvan lakes, studded with numerous islands covered with trees to the water's edge, add to the enchanting beauty of the scene. These lakes teem with fish; birds of every form and size, with plumage of many varieties, float in flocks over their placid surfaces, repose in sullen grandeur along the shores, or chatter amongst the broad branches of the trees: so that one might easily imagine himself to be in some beautiful park of Nature's own planting, where every variety of the animal and vegetable kingdoms would be represented. Such doubtless was that Garden of Eden, of which we have heard so much and know so little, where old father Adam first greeted his numerous subjects, and dispensed titles with no niggard hand. These primeval panoramas seldom fail to remind the weary emigrant

or lonely traveller of other and dearer scenes far away in Eastern climes,—scenes of early youth and childhood, which, in all probability, he shall never see again. Full many a time does he shed a tear over the memory of the past, as the fond associations of other days arise in fancy before him,

Were we to select the northern route, we should proceed across the plains from Winnipeg City to Fort Ellice, which is situated at the junction of the Assiniboine and Qu'Appelle rivers. This fort is built of timber, surrounded by a deep trench and *chevaux de frise*, like almost every other fort in the North-west. The only stone forts in this immense region are Stone Fort and Fort Garry, in the Red River Settlement. There are bastions at the angles of the fortifications of all the forts, and the walls are pierced so as to facilitate the use of the rifle, if attacked by the Indians. Proceeding over the Touchwood Hills, the next depot is Fort Carlton. The scenery along the route is agreeably diversified. The countless lakes, rivers, groves, birds, and wild animals, are sources of never-failing interest. The undulations of the country are exceedingly agreeable to the eye, without being inconvenient to the traveller. Proceeding by the Redberry Lake, the next station worthy of note is Fort Pitt, which is beautifully situated on the north branch of the Saskatchewan. The next station of importance after leaving Fort Pitt is Fort Edmonton,—the pride of the Saskatchewan. It is situated close to an immense forest, on the confines of one of the most magnificent plains in America, where the prairie and forest literally kiss each other. It possesses hundreds of sites well adapted for mills and factories, whilst its coal-beds rival those of Brazil or Nova Scotia. This useful mineral frequently protrudes along the banks of rivers and elsewhere in seams more than eight feet in thickness. Travellers cook their provisions with it, and the Hudson Bay officials use no other fuel. In the Red-River country, except along the banks of the rivers, the tall prairie grass is sole monarch of the treeless plains, but in the Saskatchewan the

districts between the rivers are frequently adorned with groves of poplar, beech, fir, and white oak. It is worthy of remark, that wheresoever there are groves there are springs of living waters, and *vice versa*. There are many salt lakes in these immense regions; and as a rule their shores are totally devoid of trees and shrubs. Prairie chickens, swans, sandhill cranes, geese, ducks, and pigeons abound on the Saskatchewan. The country is well stocked with elks, moose, deer, and caribou. Buffalo roam in countless thousands over the plains, and are still, as in days gone by, the hope and dependence of the red man; so that there is no scarcity of game. Wild fruits are also very abundant.

The Hudson Bay officials at Fort Edmonton (and elsewhere) are very unkind, ungenerous, and inhospitable. They look upon every emigrant and traveller as their enemy, and seldom fail to treat him as such. The prices of goods at this fort are very high,—flour \$50 a barrel, tea \$1.50 and sugar 60 cents a pound, and all other necessaries are proportionally dear.

Leaving Fort Edmonton, we should proceed by lake St. Anne, the Pembina, McLeod, and Athabasca rivers to Jasper House. After recruiting for a day or two, we should ascend the mountains to Cow's Lake, and descend thence to Moose Lake, which is a mere expansion of the Fraser River. Proceeding thence by Tête Jeune Cache, Traverse, and Lake La Hache to the famous Carriboo waggon-road, we could ascend by it to the gold mines or descend to the Fraser. Proceeding along the banks of this river, or across the country, to the town of Yale, we could descend thence by steamer to the Pacific Ocean *via* New Westminster; distance from Jasper House, about 700 miles.

We have now traversed the great Saskatchewan and the "land of gold." We stand on the genial shores of the Pacific seas. Looking back in fancy over the wide prairies of the Saskatchewan, we feel inclined to make a few additional remarks concerning it. Its rivers possess beautiful pebbly beds, and are all fordable. Rising

in regions having a low elevation, and being of considerable length, their currents are slow and placid; and, being devoid of cataracts or other impediments, they are well adapted for navigation. There is no territory of equal area in the world where the want of roads or bridges causes so little inconvenience. People can travel, with very little trouble, through any part of the country from Pembina or Fort Garry to Jasper House,—a distance of more than 1,300 miles.

The Intercolonial Railway is the magical wand which is destined to people the Great North-West. Until the iron bands of civilization are extended across the continent to Red River and the Saskatchewan, the latter region will remain as it is,—the richest, the strangest, and the wildest country in the world; and those who tear themselves away from home and country and settle there, may be said to spend their days in a "living tomb." As in the States, let the railroad lead and then colonization and civilization will follow. These immense prairies now invite the permanent presence of civilized man. Let the railroad be built, and thousands of cities will deck their lonely streams, and the spires of myriads of churches will be reflected in the clear blue waters of the Assiniboine, Saskatchewan, Athabasca, and Similkemeen. The evening bells in many a prosperous town will hereafter call the happy villagers to prayers in those primeval haunts, where savage men, yelling like demons, now practise their "war-dance," and other barbarous rites. The roar of the steam-engine will succeed the lowing of the buffalo. Instead of the direful "war-hoop," the heavenly strains of the organ and piano will resound on the breeze; the plough and the sickle will succeed the tomahawk and scalping-knife; the "hatchet of war" shall, we trust, be buried forever, and the "pipe of peace" smoked from age to age by the English-speaking race. The superabundant population of the British Isles will then seek homes in fruitful prairies and glorious valleys of the North-west, on which bounti-

ful nature has showered so many blessings. The men of Europe, "seeking the transcendent sweets of domestic life" in our midst, will strengthen our union and increase our influence. When this railroad is completed, the deserts of the North-west shall blossom as the rose, and millions of men shall live in peace, ease, and comfort, over those vast plains, where now a few thousand savages drag out a miserable existence. In the meantime, let the Canadian Government continue to invite the young men and young women of Europe to settle in our midst, and share with us the divine blessings of liberty, equality, and religion,—the inestimable treasures of learning and science which we enjoy. Holding out the hand of fellowship to every race and nation,—and especially to the oppressed people of Europe,—let us cordially invite them to share with us the prairie and the forest of the far West, the verdant valleys, healthy climate, and clear, bright skies of "this Canada of ours."

The northern route is that which is likely to be chosen for the Intercolonial Railroad. No better route could be selected. The country on either side is far richer and more beautiful—better watered, better timbered, and more thickly settled—than that on the southern route. In addition, the Jasper Pass is the only opening in the Rocky Mountains through which a railroad could be constructed without extensive tunnelling. Another argument in its favor is its greater distance from the American lines. The following table, exhibiting the principal depots or stations from Red River to the Pacific and Columbian Gold Fields, with their respective distances, will doubtless be interesting to many:—

	MILES.
Pembina or Winnepeg City to Fort Ellice.....	400
Fort Ellice to Fort Carlton.....	400
Fort Carlton to Fort Pitt.....	150
Fort Pitt to Fort Edmonton.....	150
Fort Edmonton to Lake St. Anne.....	50
Lake St. Anne to Pembina River.....	50
Pembina River to M'Leod River.....	50
M'Leod River to Jasper House.....	80
Jasper House to Cow's Lake.....	40
Cow's Lake to Moose Lake.....	40
Moose Lake to Tete Jeune Cache.....	10
Tete Jeune Cache to Traverse.....	60

Traverse to Lake La Hache.....	95
Lake La Hache to Lytton.....	200
Lytton to Yale (head of navigation on Lower Fraser).....	59
Yale to New Westminster.....	100
New Westminster to Gulf of Georgia....	15
Total from Red River to the Pacific..	1,940
From Red River to Lake La Hache....	1,575
Lake La Hache to Carriboo East.....	160
Total from Red River to the Carriboo Gold-Fields.....	1,735

Original.

THE TULIP.

RY THOMAS WIDD, (A DEAF MUTE).

The history of this beautiful flower, now so common and so much admired, is so very little known, even by florists and lovers of flowers, that a few facts connected with its first introduction to the world will not be out of place in the pages of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

Perhaps no plant or flower has caused so much stir in the world, or so much fortune and ruin to a nation as the TULIP. Conrad Gesnar, who first introduced it into Western Europe, little dreamed of the vast commotion it was shortly afterwards to make in the world.

Gesnar is said to have first seen it in a garden at Augsburg, in 1559, belonging to a man very famous in his day for his collection of rare exotics. The bulbs were sent to this gentleman at Augsburg by a friend from Constantinople, where the flower had long been a favorite.

In the course of a few years, the tulip was much sought after by the wealthy; especially in Holland and Germany. Rich people at Amsterdam sent for the bulbs direct from Constantinople, and paid the most extravagant prices for them. The first roots planted in England were brought from Vienna, Austria, in 1600. Until the year 1634, the tulip annually increased in reputation, until it was deemed a proof of bad taste in any man of fortune to be without a collection of them. Many learned men soon became passionately fond of the tulip, and the rage for possessing them caught the middle classes of society; and

merchants and shopkeepers, even of moderate means, began to vie with each other in the variety of these flowers, and the preposterous prices they paid for them.

One would suppose that there must have been some great virtue in this flower to have made it so valuable in the eyes of so prudent a people as the Dutch; but it has neither the beauty nor the perfume of the rose—hardly the beauty of the “sweet, sweet pea,”—neither is it so enduring as either; yet some poet, in praising the tulip, says its

“Beauty is to please the eye
And outshine the rest in finery.”

Many persons grow insensibly attached to that which gives them a great deal of trouble, as a mother often loves her sick and ever-ailing child better than her more healthy offspring. Upon the same principle we must account for the unmerited encomium lavished upon these fragile blossoms. In 1634, the rage among the Dutch to possess them was so great that the ordinary industry of the country was neglected, and the population, even to the lowest, embarked in the tulip-trade. As the mania increased, prices augmented, until in the year 1635, many persons were known to invest a fortune of 100,000 florins (\$50,000) in the purchase of forty roots! It then became necessary to sell them by their weight in *perits*, a small weight less than a grain. One tulip, named after a Dutch Admiral, weighing 400 perits, fetched 4,400 florins (\$2,200), and another was considered very cheap at 5,500 florins, because it was so rare. It is said that at one time, only two of those costly tulips were to be had in all Holland, one being owned by a dealer in Amsterdam, and the other in Haarlem, and the speculators were so anxious to obtain them, that one offered the fee-simple of twelve acres of building ground for the Haarlem tulip. That at Amsterdam was bought for 4,600 florins (\$2,300), a new carriage, two grey horses, and a complete set of harness!

People who had been absent from Holland, and whose chance it was to return

when the folly was at its maximum, were sometimes led into awkward dilemmas by their ignorance. There is an amusing anecdote of the kind related in "Blainville's Travels": A wealthy merchant, who prided himself not a little on his rare and costly tulips, received a valuable consignment of merchandise from the Levant. Intelligence of its arrival was brought him by a sailor, who presented himself for that purpose at his counting-house, among bales of goods of all kinds. The merchant, to reward him for his news, munificently made him a present of a fine red-herring for his breakfast. The sailor had, it appears, a great partiality for onions, and seeing a bulb very like an onion lying upon the counter of this liberal trader, and thinking it, no doubt, very much out of its place among silks and velvets, he slyly seized an opportunity, and slipped it into his pocket, as a relish for his herring. He got clear off with his prize, and proceeded to the quay to eat his breakfast. Hardly was his back turned when the merchant missed his valuable tulip, worth 3,000 florins, or about £280 sterling. The whole establishment was instantly in an uproar. Search was everywhere made for the precious root, but it was not to be found. Great was the merchant's distress of mind. The search was again renewed, but again without success. At last some one thought of the sailor.

The unhappy merchant sprang into the street at the bare suggestion, and his alarmed household followed him. The sailor, simple soul! had not thought of concealment. He was found quietly sitting on a coil of ropes, masticating the last morsel of his "onion." Little did he dream that he was eating a breakfast whose cost would have regaled a whole ship's crew for a year; or, as the plundered merchant is said to have expressed it, might have sumptuously feasted the Prince of Orange and his whole household!

Anthony caused pearls to be dissolved in wine to drink the health of Cleopatra, and Sir Thos. Graham drank a diamond dis-

solved in wine to the health of Queen Elizabeth when she opened the Royal Exchange in London; but the breakfast of this roguish Dutchman was as splendid as either. However, the most unfortunate part of the business for the sailor was that he was cast into prison on a charge of felony, by the merchant, and there remained for some months.

In Mackay's "Popular Delusions," an anecdote is related of an English amateur botanist who happened to see a tulip-root lying in the conservatory of a wealthy Dutchman. Being ignorant of its quality, he took out his pen-knife and peeled off its coats, making all the time many learned remarks on the singular appearance of the unknown bulb. Suddenly, the owner pounced upon him, and, with fury in his eyes, asked him if he knew what he was doing.

"Peeling a most extraordinary onion," replied the philosopher.

"It is an Admiral Van der Ezck," shouted the owner.

"Thank you," replied the traveller, taking out his note-book to make a memorandum of the name. "Are these Admirals common in your country?"

"Death and the devil!" roared the Dutchman, seizing the astonished man of science by the collar; "come before the magistrate, and you shall see."

The unfortunate travelling botanist was led through the streets, followed by a mob, and brought to the magistrate, and learned that the bulb had just been bought for 4,000 florins! The hapless Englishman was kept in prison until he paid that sum.

The demand for tulips of a rare species increased so much in the year 1636, that regular marts for their sale were established on the Stock Exchange of Amsterdam, in Rotterdam, Haarlem, Leyden, and other towns. Symptoms of gambling became apparent. The stock-jobbers, ever on the alert for a new speculation, dealt largely in tulips, using all their art to cause fluctuations in prices. At first, as in all these gambling manias, confidence was at its height, and everybody gained. The tulip-

jobbers speculated in the rise and fall of the tulip stocks, and made large profits by buying when prices fell, and selling when they rose. Many people became suddenly rich. A golden bait hung temptingly out before the people, and they rushed to the tulip-marts like flies around a honey-pot. Every one imagined that the passion for tulips would last for ever, and that the wealthy from every part of the world would flock to Holland, and pay whatever price they were pleased to ask for them, and poverty would be banished for ever from the favored clime of Holland. Noblemen, citizens, farmers, mechanics, seamen, footmen, maidservants, even chimney-sweepers and old-clothes women, dabbled in tulips. People of all grades converted their property into cash, and invested it in tulip-bulbs. Houses and lands were offered for sale at ruinously low prices, or assigned in payment of bargains made at the tulip-mart. Foreigners poured into Holland from all quarters of the compass, and the prices of the necessaries of life rose by degrees, and for months Holland seemed the very ante-chamber of Plutus.

The operations of the trade became so expensive and so intricate, that it was found necessary to draw up a code of laws for the guidance of the dealers. Notaries sprang up whose business was to devote themselves to the interests of the tulip trade, — which was known about this time in England as the *Tulipomania*. To such an extent had the tulip-trade grown in the Holland markets that the tulip, and nothing else, was talked about by everybody, and everybody traded in it.

At last, however, the more prudent began to see that this folly could not last for ever. Rich people no longer bought the flowers to keep in their gardens, but to sell them at cent-per-cent profit. It was seen that somebody must lose fearfully in the end. As this conviction spread, prices fell, and never rose again. Confidence was destroyed, and a universal panic seized upon the dealers. Hundreds, who a few months previously began to doubt that there was such

a thing as poverty in the land, suddenly found themselves the possessors of a few bulbs which nobody would buy, even though they offered them at a quarter of the sums they had paid for them. The cry of distress resounded everywhere, and each man accused his neighbor. Rich merchants were made penniless, and many a representative of a noble line saw the fortunes of his house ruined beyond redemption.

When the alarm had subsided, the tulip-holders in the several towns held public meetings to consider what could be done to soften the heavy misfortunes that had befallen them; but they could not arrive at anything satisfactory. They petitioned the Government, which at first declined to interfere, and advised the tulip-holders to devise a plan among themselves. All the meetings were of a stormy and uproarious character; complaint and reproach were in everybody's mouth. Tulips which had been sold and sold again for 6,000 florins each, were offered for 400 florins, and found no purchasers. Those who were unlucky enough to have had stores of tulips on hand at the time of the sudden re-action, were left to bear this ruin as philosophically as they could. Those who had made fortunes by the tulip, were allowed to keep them. But the commerce of the country suffered a severe shock, from which it did not recover till many years had elapsed.

The English followed the example of the Dutch to some extent. In the year 1636, tulips were publicly sold in the Exchange of London, and the jobbers exerted themselves to the utmost to raise them to the fictitious value they had acquired in Amsterdam. In Paris also the jobbers attempted to create a tulipomania. They were only partially successful in both those cities.

The Dutch, even to this day, are notoriously fond of tulips, and pay a higher price for them than any other people. As an Englishman is proud of his fine race-horses, or his old pictures, so does the wealthy Dutchman vaunt him of his tulips.

In England, in our day, strange as it may appear, a tulip will produce more money

than an oak. There are many species of tulip bulbs offered for sale in Covent Garden, London, at a high price; and some of the rarest are bought only with many pounds sterling. A writer in the supplement of the third volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," says the price of tulips was as high as ten guineas in Scotland in the seventeenth century. In the year 1840, a bulb of the species called "Miss Fanny Kemble," was sold by public auction in London for £75 stg. A gardener in London, not long ago, had a species of tulip set down in his catalogue at £100. Some of the rarest and most beautiful kinds of tulips may be seen in the gardens at the Crystal Palace, London. The last time I was there, the tulip beds were the chief attraction of the whole place. The Londoners have abundant means of seeing the tulip in all its glory at the Kew Gardens, and also in the Regent's and St. James' Parks, where the pet flower is laid out with no niggard hand; but the days of the tulipomania are past.

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH.

BY E. A. ABBOTT.

The following remarks, concerning the teaching of English, can lay no claim whatever to attention, except so far as they are the results of experience. It will, therefore, be best to intrust the care of theories to the more able hands of Professor Seeley, whose suggestions originated the practice described below; and, plunging at once into work, to imagine our class before us, the books open (say a play of Shakespeare, —Richard II., for example), the boys expectant, and the master ready. It is quite certain, however, that the latter fiction—I mean the readiness of the master—will depend to some extent upon the distinctness of his conception of his object. Let us, therefore, apologize for keeping the class and our visitors a few moments waiting, while, without theorizing whether the study of English be desirable or necessary or worthless, we ask ourselves what object we wish to attain by this study.

I answer, not the knowledge of *words*, or of the laws of *words* (except in a secondary

degree), but, in the first place, the knowledge of *thoughts* and the power of *thinking*, and, in the second place, the attainment of the idea of "a book," as a work of art.

If English is to be regarded merely as an instrument for training boys as the classical languages train them, from that point of view English does very imperfectly what Latin and Greek do far more perfectly; and, should I ever be converted to that belief, I would at once give up English studies altogether.

There has been a great deal of exaggeration on this subject. The merit of the classical languages, as a method of training, when tolerably well taught, is precisely that which Mr. Lowe, in his remarkable speech at Liverpool, refused to recognize in them. They force boys to "weigh probabilities." Out of the ten or twenty meanings of the Latin word "ago" found in a dictionary, a boy must select the right meaning by "weighing probabilities" and pondering the context. Inflections give additional scope for the hunting and digging faculties. A boy has to disentomb nominatives, hunt after accusatives, eliminate all manner of other possible constructions of a dative until he is forced to the "dativus commodi," and the like. Surely no one will maintain that in these respects the training afforded to English boys by their own uninflected language is equal to the training afforded by Latin or Greek.

Hence the study of English as a study of *words* will be, comparatively speaking at all events, a failure, and likely also to superinduce a petty word-criticising spirit of reading which is to be avoided. For these reasons, both etymology and grammar ought, in the study of English, to be kept in strict subordination to the study of thought. The great question ought always to be, "What does the author mean?" and the continual requirement from the pupils ought to be, "Put the meaning exactly into your own words." Of course, directly the question is asked, "What does the author mean?" grammar and etymology will at once step in under their proper ancillary character, doubly valuable because used as servants. They will not merely afford their usual mental training; they will also disabuse boys of the notion that grammar and etymology are infernal machines destined for their torture.

Wherever grammar and etymology illustrate the laws of thought, there they have their place in English studies; but where they do not illustrate, or cannot be made to appear to boys to illustrate, thought (as, for instance, where etymology simply illustrates

the laws of euphony), they ought to be carefully kept out of sight. Thus, if we take Richard II. act i. sc. i.,—

“Thou art a traitor and a miscreant,”

I should think the derivation of “miscreant” far more important than that of “traitor,” and the process of thought traceable in the former (or even in the latter) word far more important than the law which drops the *d* in both words. In the same passage, a few lines above,

“Each day still better other’s happiness,”

if you were to ask young boys what is the meaning of the verse, and then, when some careless boys would show (as I think some would show, and know that some have shown) that they had misunderstood it, were to ask them to parse “better,” I think even the average boy, instead of feeling aggrieved by the question, would have a new light shed upon parsing and grammar, on finding their aid useful for the understanding even of his native language.

But now I come to the great objection, which is, as I think, felt by many old experienced schoolmasters. “There is no work,” they say, “no digging, in all this; the boys cannot get it up; there’s nothing to get up—no lexicon to be turned over, no grammar to be thumbed; the masters must lecture the boys; the boys are merely the recipients, and, at best, repeaters of what they have received.”

I don’t think this is so. It is true there will be comparatively little turning over dictionaries and very little use of grammars in preparing an English lesson. But is it not a most valuable result that boys should be taught that the mere looking-out of words does not constitute mental work? Is it not work for boys that they should be forced to *think*? that they should be obliged to turn over, not lexicons, but *thoughts*, and perpetually be compelled to ask themselves, “Do I understand this?”

But it may be said, “You cannot get boys to do this.” On the contrary,—and this is almost the only point on which I speak with perfect confidence,—I am sure you can. Boys may not do it at first; but as soon as they perceive the kind of questions which they must be prepared to answer, they will work most thoroughly and satisfactorily in preparation. The great business of the master will be to prevent them from working too hard, and from accumulating a number of pieces of philological and grammatical information which, as not tending to illustrate the meaning of the author, must be stig-

matized as *cram*. The derivations alone of the words in a single scene of a play of Shakspeare would take several hours of a boy’s time. Therefore the master will not merely, with great self-denial, suppress his rising inclination to pour out his own superfluous knowledge, and to convert words into pegs whereon to hang his dissertations, he will also encourage his pupils to keep to the point, and nothing but the point, directing their labors (and this will be absolutely indispensable at first) by giving them at the conclusion of every lesson some indications of the difficulties which they must be prepared to solve in the next lesson. In a word, there must be this understanding between master and pupil: that the former, though he may ask more, is to be contented if the latter shows that he understands exactly what his author means, and has formed an opinion about the truth or falsehood of it. Other questions may be asked, but warning should be given of them beforehand.

And now let us return to our pupils whom we left patiently perusing their Richard II. Last week they received notice of the questions that would be asked, with the exception of those that arise naturally from the passage, most of which they are expected to anticipate without warning. I turn to the bottom boy.

“The which he hath detained for lewd employments.”

“What was the the original meaning of the word ‘lewd’?” He answers, or ought to answer (for notice has been given of this question), as his dictionary tells him, “connected with the laity.” “What process of thought is traceable in the change of meaning which the word has undergone?” He cannot answer; the question passes to the top, and you are told that “it was thought that the laity were not so good as the clergy, and so the name came to be considered a reproach.” Perhaps you extract from another boy that “by degrees the word came to express that particular kind of badness which seemed most unclerical.”

That is of the nature of a luxury. We pass to a more solid question.

“We thank you both: yet one but flatters us
As well appeareth by the cause you come.”

“Explain the construction in the second line. Put the argument into the form of a syllogism, showing the suppressed major. Is it correct or incorrect?” This question brings a clear-headed boy to the top, or near it, and we pass on.

"That he did plot the Duke of Gloster's death
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,
And consequently like a traitor coward
Sluiced out his innocent blood."

"Illustrate, by the derivations of the words, the Shakespearian use of 'suggest' and 'consequently.'"

"That which in mean men we entitle patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts."

"Give reasons for justifying or condemning this maxim. What are the two faulty extremes between which lies the virtue patience? What is the mean between cowardice and the other faulty extreme?"

"Yet can I not of such tame patience boast."

"What is the difference between 'patience' and 'tameness,' 'tameness' and 'cowardice'?"

Then come two questions of which notice has been given. "What marked difference is there between Richard's language before and after his return from Ireland? Explain it. What is there in common between Hamlet and Richard?" After obtaining satisfactory answers, evincing thought and study and coming not far short of the mark, you can, if the class seems worthy of the information, guide them, by a series of searching questions carefully arranged, to a more complete answer than they have been able, unassisted, to give.

Then, passing to the subject of rhythm—

"As near as I could sift him on that argument."

"Is there any rule with reference to the number of syllables in a Shakespearian line? How would you scan this verse?—

"Setting aside his blood's high royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him,
Call him a slanderous villain and a coward,
Which to maintain I would allow him odds;
And meet him, were I tied, to run afoot," &c.

"Analyze this sentence, pointing out the main proposition or propositions, parsing 'setting' and 'let,' and expressing the whole sentence in a number of affirmative and conditional sentences."

"Ere my tongue

Shall wound mine honor with such feeble wrong
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear," &c.

"Expand the metaphor contained in the two first lines into its simile. Is it in good taste? Give reasons for your answer. Explain the meaning of 'feeble wrong.' Give the derivations and meaning of 'parle.' What is the metaphor in 'sound so base a parle'? What is the derivation of 'motive,' and

how does the derivation explain the Shakespearian and the present use of the word?"

I have forborne, for space' sake, to show how the answers to such questions, even when not entirely satisfactory, would give evidence of preparation, above all of mental, not merely manual, book-thumbing preparation, and would afford to the teacher a test of the diligence of his pupils as well as a means of developing their intelligence. Many may think these questions absurdly easy. I should be glad if they were found so; but my experience indicates that boys ranging in age from thirteen to sixteen will not find such questions too easy, and that for younger boys much easier questions would be necessary.

It may be well here to add that though a knowledge of Latin has been presupposed above in our imaginary class, and must always be most useful in an English lesson, yet it is not necessary. It is no more, or but little more, useful for such a purpose than a knowledge of German. It is certainly possible so to teach English, even without the aid of Latin or German, as not to leave one's pupils at the conclusion of the lesson under the impression that they have been studying "a collection of unmeaning symbols." The boys may be told the meanings of the roots "fer," "scribe," "sent," and hence led on to infer, from the knowledge of these roots and of a few prefixes, the meanings of the compound words "refer," "suffer," "infer," "consent," "dissent," "assent," "resent," "subscribe," "inscribe," "describe"; and there is no more difficulty in learning English thus than there is in learning Latin thus. There is less difficulty, for side by side with this method another can be employed. Boys who know nothing but the vernacular can be trained to explain many words, such as "contract," by themselves suggesting different uses of the word: "I contract my expenditure," "I contract for the building of a bridge," "I contract a debt." Then from these meanings they can eliminate what is accidental in each, and leave behind that which is common to all, the essence of the word. The former is the deductive, synthetic, and shorter, the latter is the inductive, analytic, and more natural method. A teacher may justify his preference, but not his neglect, of either.

For young boys (between eleven and fourteen suppose) it is scarcely possible to frame too easy questions. One point never to be lost sight of is to make all the questions illustrate the sense; and one danger never to be forgotten is the danger of insisting on

too much. Let your young pupils read the whole of their play for the sake of the story; expect them, if you like, to be able to tell you what they think of King Richard and of Bolingbroke, but do not let them prepare—do not let them imagine they can prepare—more than fifty or sixty lines critically in the course of a school term, so as to understand and explain the text thoroughly. For such a class, questions on the meanings of words will constitute a large part of our English lesson, and will reveal deep abysses of ignorance.

"First Heaven be the record to my speech!
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my
prince," &c.

Let us suppose you have already asked the pupils to parse "be,"—not, I fear, an unnecessary question. "What is the meaning of the word 'precious'?" "Nice." "Dear." "Good." "Kind." You might annihilate the last answer by eliciting from the class that a jewel is called "a precious stone;" but as the word is somewhat disused, except in that kind of maternal colloquy which probably originated some of the above-mentioned answers, I think you would be forced by the want of materials for analysis to fall back on "price," and teach synthetically. But it is different when you come to ask, "What do you mean by 'record'?" Your answers will come fast and thick, and amid a heap of nonsense, you will pick out "monument," "book," "history." Then, by suggesting the office of the "recorder," and asking the class whether they have ever seen the "Record Office," you will at last extract from some one that "as a man takes down the notes or record of a speech that it may be afterwards remembered, so the Power who rules in heaven is asked to register the words of Bolingbroke that they may never be forgotten." Then if you like (but it is a luxury, or, at all events, not a necessary) you can, should your class be learning Latin, point out to them how much trouble they would have saved themselves if they had remembered that *recordor* means, "I call to mind," and hence "record" signifies, that by which one causes one's self or others to recollect. The same use first of analysis, then of synthesis, first of induction, then of deduction, may be made in eliciting the meaning of "devotion."

Beside being subjected to such examinations, the pupils ought also to read passages in class, having their faults pointed out to them, and receiving marks for correctness,

clearness, and taste. Recitations, essay-writing, and paraphrases are also most useful.

I cannot quit this part of my subject without expressing my very strong belief that a knowledge of the processes of induction and deduction, and of the relation between a metaphor and simile, and the manner in which the latter is expanded into the former, ought to be communicated to boys earlier than is now customary. We want to teach boys to think. Now, thought has metaphors for its materials, logic for its tools. And therefore to set boys on the study of thought without a knowledge of logic or of metaphor, is to set them building a castle of shifting sand,—soon built, soon unbuilt. It is possible to teach (1) the processes by which we arrive at the knowledge, or what we call the knowledge, of general and particular propositions; (2) the stages of such processes in which we are most liable to be deceived; (3) a few of the commonest fallacies corresponding to those different stages, without making boys "smatterers"; and if a teacher knows what he wants to teach, and confines himself to it, it may be taught in an hour and a half, and tested every day throughout the term. As regards metaphors, boys should be made not merely to get up the definition of "metaphor" and "simile," which is of little or no use by itself, but, as soon as they have attained the idea of proportion, to expand each metaphor into its simile by supplying the one or two missing terms of the proportion. Thus, "the ship ploughs the sea." "How many terms are here given?" "Three." "How many do you want for the simile?" "Four." "Supply the missing term, and give the whole proportion." "As the plough is to the land, so is the ship to the sea." And in "the mountain frowns," the two missing terms could of course be supplied in the same way. This might be taught thoroughly to upwards of sixty boys, between the ages of eleven and fourteen, in less than half an hour; and it would be difficult to overvalue such a stimulant and test of intelligence.

After receiving this preliminary information, a boy would need nothing more in order to prepare for his English lesson but a dictionary and a handbook. I dare say it is possible to find many faults in all existing dictionaries and handbooks, particularly in dictionaries; but still, with such treatises as Dr. Angus's "Handbook" and Chambers's "Etymological Dictionary," a teacher can work away pretty well. And when I hear the cry for English teaching met with the cry for English text-books, I am tempted to

think of the old proverb about the workman who found fault with his tools.

This brings us to the question of text-books, by which I mean authors edited with notes. I frankly avow that, unless they give very little and very carefully selected information, they seem to me worse than useless. Of course I admit that for Early English, or even for Elizabethan writers, text-books are desirable. But it is evident to me that, if an English book is edited with answers to all questions that can fairly be asked, all obscurities explained, all necessity for thought removed, then, though such books may exactly suit crammers for Civil Service examinations, they are useless for us; there is an end of the training which we desire. The notes ought only to illustrate historical questions, explain archaic words or idioms, give parallel passages, and now and then hints to direct the reader to the meaning of a very difficult passage. They ought not to explain fully any obscurities, nor paraphrase any sentences, nor completely elucidate any thoughts.

I do not believe in "extracts" or "specimens," except where Early English is being studied more for the words than the thoughts. In different schools the matter may present itself under different aspects; but at many middle-class schools there must always be a great number of boys who may get no idea of literature or of the meaning of "a book" at home, and it therefore seems necessary that they should have the opportunity of acquiring that idea at school. Even in the lowest classes I should prefer to use a book that should contain tales or poems complete in themselves, however short.

For the same reason, I should not trouble myself much about the "History of English Literature," at all events till the pupils had reached the highest classes in the school, when such a study would imply something more than mere cram. I cannot help thinking that, in the middle and at the bottom of most schools, the study of a "history of literature" would be little more than ornamental cram. Besides, there is the question of time. If it could be combined with the study of authors, well; but where could you find the time?

I would have each of the lower classes working at two subjects,—one a longer book for home reading, the other a short poem for school-work. The home book should be studied for the book as a whole; boys should not be troubled with detail, but merely be examined occasionally in the plot, characters, &c., in such a way as to bring out for them the drift of the book and

purpose of the author. The shorter poem should be thoroughly studied with all minutest details. The home-work should teach boys what is literature, the school-work what is thought. A beginning might be made with "Robinson Crusoe" and Byron's "Sennacherib," or some other short, intelligible, and powerful poem; then "Ivanhoe" and the "Armada"; then Plutarch's "Coriolanus" and the "Horatius Cocles," Plutarch's "Julius Cæsar" and Gray's "Ruin seize thee"; Plutarch's "Agis and Cleomenes" and the "Battle of Ivry"; then "Marmion"; then the "Allegro" and "Penseroso," or "Comus"; then (in the class in which those boys leave who are intended for commercial pursuits) Pope's "Iliad"; then part of the "Paradise Lost"; then part of the "Fairy Queen"; then Chaucer's "Knight's Tale" or Dante's "Inferno" (in English), or the "In Memoriam," or some of the poems of Dryden, Pope, or Johnson. It would be well, if time could be found for it, to include in the subjects of the highest class some specimens of Early English. For though the study of Early English approximates to the classical studies, yet it cannot be denied that the philological knowledge obtained from the study of Early English pronouns, and of the employment of the subjunctive, and an acquaintance with the obstacles, impediments, and barrenness which made Early English what it was, contribute in no slight degree to the exact understanding of the expressions of Elizabethan and of Modern English.

A play of Shakespeare might be read during another term throughout almost every class in the school. Shakespeare and Plutarch's "Lives" are very devulgarizing books, and I should like every boy who leaves a middle-class school for business at the age of fifteen, suppose, or sixteen, to have read three or four plays of Shakespeare, three or four noble poems, and three or four nobly written lives of noble Greeks and Romans. I should therefore like to see Plutarch's "Lives" in the hands of every English schoolboy; or, if it were necessary to make a selection, those biographies which best illustrate one's "duty toward one's country."

Now let me answer one objection. It may be said, "The object you have described is desirable, but can be attained by the study of Latin and Greek, and does not necessitate the study of English. There are metaphors and syllogisms, thoughts as well as words, in the classical languages, and not in English merely. Why cannot all this be done in Latin and Greek?"

I answer, "Is it done?" Can any classical master deny that often, when he has wished to elucidate the thought of his author, some enveloping difficulty of *ὀ* or *μῆ* has extinguished the thought in a mist of words? Of course you meant to point out to your pupils that, from one point of view, the Illisus is as important as, or more important than, the Mississippi: that, whether it be Brasidas with five hundred men, or Napoleon with five hundred thousand, it matters nothing as regards the principles on which cities and battles are won or lost; you intended no doubt, to make your pupils feel the exquisite Sophoclean irony which sets poor strutting *Oedipus* spinning like a cockchafer for the amusement of gods and men; but did you? I am afraid that you have almost persuaded yourself that you did; but a regard for truth must induce you to confess, on second thoughts, that Brasidas was smothered in his case, and the Sophoclean irony extinguished by a tribrach in the fifth foot. Or, if you thought of it, you found it was getting late, and you could not do your forty lines, or your page and a half, unless you "kept to the point."

Classical scholars are like Alpine travellers, who ascend a mountain on the pretext of a glorious prospect, or scientific observations; but ninety-nine out of a hundred climbers find that when they have reached the top they are too tired to see anything,

and that it is so late that there is nothing to see; and then, coming down again by the most difficult way they can select, they secretly confide to their most intimate friends their private conviction that the exercise is the great thing after all.

No doubt Latin and Greek might be taught much better than they often are. I do not envy the teacher who can teach them, without obliging his pupils to "weigh probabilities"; but, for the study of thought, English is evidently more ready to our hand, because in other languages that study cannot commence till they have been translated into English.

I do not think that English can ever supersede or do the work of Latin and Greek, even for boys who leave school at the early age of fifteen. But, on the other hand, I venture to suggest that Latin and Greek may be unable to do the work of English. I am convinced that the study of English may be undertaken so as to interest, stimulate, and develop the student; that it is perfectly compatible with the discipline and competition of very large classes; that its success, as also the success of other studies, depends, to some extent, upon the way in which it is taught, but that, even when taught tentatively by those who will be very glad to receive hints how to teach it better, it may produce results not altogether unsatisfactory.



THE SKATER'S SONG.

Allegro' con spirito.

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass clef with a 6/8 time signature. The treble clef contains a melodic line with triplets, and the bass clef contains a rhythmic accompaniment of chords and eighth notes. Dynamics include *ff* and *f*.

Musical notation for the second system, including vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has lyrics, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef with a dynamic marking of *p*.

The moon is our lamp in the cloud - less sky, The
Then, a-way, a-way, on the crys - tal plain, We will

Musical notation for the third system, including vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has lyrics, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef.

stars burn bright on their al - tars high, And the north - ern lights in their
'grave our path as we fly amain, We will chase the white bear to his

fit - ful glow, Seem to mimic our ma - zY dance be - low; With
is-lands of snow, We will gaze when Hec - la's fur - na - ces glow, Then

wings to our feet we skim a - long, And mer - ri - ly e - cho the
away, on our dia - mond path, a - way, And the ice - bergs shall e - cho the

ska - - ter's song. Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly,
ska - - ter's lay. Mer - ri - ly, &c.

f ritca. *p*

mer - ri - ly e - cho,
ice-bergs shall e - cho,

the skat - er's song.
the skat - er's lay.

p

Young Folks.



Original.

THE ROBBER STORY.

BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL.

The fire was blazing cheerfully in a large old-fashioned grate, and the dancing flame sent weird flickering shadows up and down the wall of a handsome parlor, over its closely drawn curtains, and ever and anon throwing bright lights upon the faces of some half-dozen children grouped in various lazy attitudes upon the hearth-rug, and around the chair of a lady who was talking to them. Now and then, as a wild blast would shriek down the chimney, and howl as if in anger at its impotence, the children would draw more closely together, and remark what a terrible night it was, or wish dear papa were home.

"I know what makes the noise," whispered a little one, who had coiled herself up snugly on mamma's lap. "'Tis Santa Claus telling us he's coming next week, and we must be good or we'll get nothing."

"Just listen to Jenny," laughed her

brother of twelve; "she knows she was naughty to-day, and she's afraid."

"Me not 'fraid," wrathfully replied the little one. "Me good now. Santa Claus see Jenny good girl. You 'fraid, Herbert, youself."

At this outburst from the spoiled darling of the family, there was a general peal of laughter, followed by a dissertation upon fear,—what it was; what caused it; &c., &c. At last, when tired of hearing themselves talk, some one proposed that mamma should tell them a story. This was immediately seconded by some one else saying:

"Oh, yes; you might tell us a ghost story, or something of that kind: this is such a good time for it, such a stormy night and no light but the spectre-like flashes of the fire. Do, mamma, tell us one!"

"Oh, do! do!" was clamored all round.

"Why, my dears, there are no such things as ghosts; they have been the creations of the fancy of the ignorant and the superstitious in different ages. I do not believe anybody ever saw a real ghost, or that one ever existed."

“Not even Hamlet’s, mamma?” sorrowfully inquired a thoughtful little miss of fourteen, just priding herself upon her acquaintance with Shakespeare, Milton, &c.

“Not even Hamlet’s, my dear. He lived but in the fertile imagination of Shakespeare; so, as I do not believe in ghosts and am not clever enough to conjure one, I cannot tell you a ghost story.”

“Well, then,” remonstrated Herbert in a tone of disappointment, “you might tell us a robber story,—a good, exciting one that will make our hair stand up all straight, you know, at the escapes they had.”

“Herbert wants the escapes to be hair-breadth ones, mamma, doesn’t he?”

At this the merry party united in another peal of laughter, which Herbert himself very unwillingly joined in, saying:

“Oh, you girls, you are so fond of laughing, you laugh at nothing. Mamma, do shut them up, by telling us the story.”

“Very well, Herbert, I shall try; but, before I begin, allow me to remark that it is not a sign of manliness to be rude to your sisters. I think I have had to rebuke you for this fault before.

“In the southern part of Virginia, upon a plantation, lived a family of the name of V—. Their house was a large, old-fashioned, square-built stone one, with a wide veranda all round. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. V., three sons, and one daughter. Most of the servants of the household were black slaves, and lived in huts at some distance from the house. At the time of which I am speaking, the father and sons were from home, and so Mrs. V., Martha, her daughter, and a black girl named Dinah, were the only inmates of the house. Mrs. V. was a tall, handsome lady; stately, strictly religious, devoid of fear, and with a spice of humorous vivacity about her which marked her as no unworthy descendant of the noble French Huguenot family from which she had sprung. The night was a dark and stormy one in December, very like this; and mother and daughter were occupying the same room for company, while Dinah made

a bed upon a sofa in an adjoining one for herself. Many shakings and chatterings of the teeth had Martha, a pretty girl of sixteen,—not from cold, but from fear at the thought of their being alone in the house on such a wild night; but her mother laughed at her, and, extinguishing the candle, drew the curtains, remarking how thankful she ought to be she had no dear one at sea that night, and telling her to pray for the poor sailors.

“Hardly had they closed their eyes, when crash went a loud noise, as of some one breaking in on the flat below. Breathlessly they listened. A sort of scuffle was heard, and gurgle—gurgle, as if some one were struggling in the grasp of death.

“Something terrible is going on below, mother; some one has broken in, and is doing something desperate—perhaps killing some one.”

“‘There is no one there to kill,’ dryly answered the elder lady, as she stepped out of bed; and, feeling for her tinder-box, struck a light.

“‘Mother, mother! you are not surely going down-stairs to be killed too,’ whispered the terrified girl.

“‘I am going down-stairs to see what is the meaning of all this noise; but you need not have the slightest fear that I shall be killed, or even hurt,’ was the mother’s reply, as she closely wrapped her flannel dressing-gown around her, and put her feet into her slippers.

“‘Wait there a moment, and I will go too, for I should die if you left me here all alone,’ said the girl.

“Just then Dinah poked in her woolly head, rolling her eyes about in the most extraordinary way, and exclaiming:

“‘Oh! Missa, um big ghost down stair kill ebery body dead!’”

“‘Well, Dinah, we’ll go and see the fun,’ laughed her mistress; and, with poker in one hand and candle in the other, she led the way.

“Jumping, forward, Martha caught her mother by the skirt, followed by Dinah, holding on in like fashion to herself, clutch-

ing a broom-stick, and bringing up the rear. It would have made a very grave person laugh to see the trio descend the broad oaken stair-case, creaking with the suppressed sound of their footsteps. The handsome, grave face of the old lady, as, with anxiety she tried to conceal, she peered forth into the darkness, listening; the blanched, quivering lips of her daughter, the rigid clasp with which she held her mother's skirt for protection, her long fair hair floating like a cloud over her night-dress, making her look like a spirit herself; and the terrified expression of Dinah's black face, as her eye-balls kept up a sort of whirl round and round in her head all the time!

"Following the direction pointed out by the sounds, Mrs. V. soon reached the pantry, at the end of a long, dark stone passage. At the foot of the staircase, she paused, and told the girls they had better wait a moment where they were; but a martyr-like shake of the head, and a tighter clutch of the gown, was Martha's only reply, as she hurried on after the old lady towards the terrible, unearthly, gurgling sound, now growing louder and louder, which seemed to proceed from the pantry. Cautiously advancing, and holding up her candle, the old lady noiselessly half opened the door, and peeped in; then, springing forward, brandishing her poker, she shouted with a loud voice:

"Ha! girls, I see the thief! I have him,—help me to catch him! quick, quick!"

"One scream, and Martha fell fainting to the floor; while Dinah, feeling bound to follow suit, dropped herself down also, yelling, and kicking her heels in the air with most terrific energy. Laughing very heartily, Mrs. V. got a jug of water from a room near, gave a little to Martha to recover her, then dashing the contents of the jug into Dinah's face, speedily stopped her tattoo heel-and-toe movement, and set about catching the thief herself.

"It appeared that, during the day, a hog-head of molasses had been brought into the house, and set on its side ready to be drawn.

In the night, the props had given way, sliding it to the ground; hence the crash which had so startled them all: and the bung coming out, the molasses had gone gurgling, gurgling all over the pantry-floor, making the thief, which the old lady stopped, and reassured the frightened girls."

"Well, what a funny robber-story!" said Herbert. "He *was* running away with property, though; wasn't he?"

"Yes, indeed," laughed the rest; "nice, sweet stuff, too! But, oh, it was enough to frighten one to go down those stairs, and along that dark passage: it was no wonder Martha was so afraid. Was she ashamed of having been such a coward, mamma, after it was all over, and she saw it had only been a *mock* robber?"

"Probably she was," answered their mother; "for she well redeemed her character for bravery four years after, when she had a real robber to deal with."

"A real robber! Oh, how nice!"

"I do not think you would have found it very nice," was the laughing reply, "if you had been in her place."

"Oh, I don't mean the robber was nice, but the story will be; so go on, please, mamma."

"One hot midsummer night, it happened that Martha and a young friend were, with Dinah, the sole occupants of the house; her mother was also away this time. As they were undressing for bed, laughing and chattering and capering about, as light-hearted, merry girls are apt to do,—Martha suddenly spied a large black hand under the bed, where the valance was a little lifted. Without betraying what she saw to her companion, she continued laughing and dancing as before, till she saw her comfortably in bed; then, as if she had forgot something downstairs, she skipped off, telling her friend to lie still, and she would be back in a few moments, singing down the stairs as she went. Finding Dinah, who was not yet in bed, she cautioned her to listen, and go if she heard Miss Mary call, as she might be nervous at being left alone. Then, shutting Dinah's door, she

noiselessly unbolted the dining-room window, let herself out, and almost flew to the nearest of the huts, and roused a few trusty servants of the plantation. On returning, she entered the house as quietly as she had left it; then mounted the stairs, singing again to drown any noise made by her bare-footed followers. Once in the room, she revealed to her now terrified friend the fact of there having been a black man under the bed all the time. The man was taken, and upon his trial confessed that robbery, murder, and, finally, arson to cover all, had been his intention. It appeared that he had been punished by his master for a fault some time before, and had vowed revenge. That night, when all the family, save the dearly loved daughter of the house, were absent, seemed a fit one for his purposes. He said he had not the slightest suspicion that the young lady knew of his presence when she left the room, or he would have crept out, followed her, and killed her before she could have given the alarm. He was a hardened man, little better than a heathen, poor wretch! as, when sentenced to be hanged, he expressed sorrow that he had not been able to revenge himself upon his master."

"Did they hang him upon his own confession, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear. I suppose his being found in the house was sufficient evidence that he intended to commit a crime. This took place very long ago, when capital punishments were more common than now; besides, negroes were executed upon slighter causes than white men, the reason given being, that it was necessary, in a community where the latter were so few, that they had to be protected by the terrors of the law."

"Mamma, are you not glad there are no slaves where Old England rules? I think the cruelty of keeping slaves made them cruel and wicked too."

"Undoubtedly, dear. How could it be otherwise when the light of the glorious Gospel never shone upon their darkness—when it was a crime to teach a black?"

The American Civil War was the terrible result of all this; but God, who maketh the wrath of man to praise Him, has overruled it to the freedom of the poor slaves, and now they will be taught and have the Gospel message delivered to them,—that good news of salvation through Christ to sinners, white or black."

"Do you think 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' true, mamma?" said Herbert. "I know there are many people who pooh-pooh it, and say it is overdrawn."

"There are, my dear; but from my own experience, having lived a good deal in the States, and seen slavery in other places as well, I should say that, though there are people who are kind to their slaves, yet the horrors of slavery can never be overdrawn, and that Mrs. Stowe has by no means done so. I would not sadden your hearts just now by telling you of the scarred and disfigured bodies I have seen of poor slaves in Brazil, made so by long and frequent flagellations. Thank God, children, that the soil of our dear native land is free soil."

A quiet, thoughtful mood seemed to rest after this for some time upon the fireside circle, till the spell was broken by Herbert saying:

"Mamma, what became of Martha, for I think you have been telling us a true story; have you not?"

"Yes, Herbert, perfectly so. Martha, shortly after, married; her husband became one of the most eminent judges in the State of New York; she brought up a large family of children, and died beloved and respected by all who knew her for her earnest piety, charity, and a lofty nobleness of character for which she was very remarkable. Many of her descendants are still to be found in different parts of the States."

"Well, she behaved bravely in that robber case," remarked Herbert, "and managed the affair as coolly as if she had been a man. Did you ever see any of her descendants, mamma?"

"Yes often," was the smiling reply, "and so have you."

"I! how? when? where?"

"Quietly, my dear, or you will wake little Jenny, who has fallen asleep. Your dear friend and playmate George, who made you so happy by a visit last summer—

"What about him?" was the eager interruption.

"He is the grandson of Martha." Now go to bed, like good children, and talk it all over if you wish to-morrow morning. We shall have prayers in the nursery to-night, as papa is not home."

Original.

THE WHITE PALACE.

BY E. O. L. O.

Lord High Chamberlain Frost was in a state bordering upon distraction; and well he might be so, for it was already evening, and he had just received an intimation that old King Canadian Winter would hold a grand New-Year's reception in the White Palace, on the morrow, at which some distinguished foreign guests were to be present, and all must be put in order for the occasion. Now, there had been no great state levees for some time, and Lord Chamberlain Frost knew that the curtains and carpets would never do in their present state, being old and soiled and torn, while the ornaments of the furniture were all chipped and broken. To aggravate matters, South Sun, the workman whose business it was to take the old things away to be made over, had gone to sleep and could not be wakened, so the Lord Chamberlain did not see well how he should get through.

However, Frost was not one to be discouraged by difficulties. As a first step, he called Rain and South Wind, and bade them do their best at clearing away what was not wanted. So South Wind took down the old tapestries from the walls, uncovered the furniture, and carried off the worst worn of the carpets. Rain followed, washing down the pillared walls, and cleansing the carpets left by South Wind. Meanwhile the myriad lamps which hung high in the vast

arched roof had been lighted one by one by Darkness, the lamplighter, that the laborers might see to do their work. As soon as this was done, Frost himself—for he could entrust the work to no inexperienced hand—plated the walls and floors with silver, and hung the furniture with diamonds, that they might sparkle in the rays of the lamps and give evidence of the wealth of King Winter.

Then the Lord Chamberlain called the Clouds,—by special appointment, Weavers to His Majesty,—and bade them prepare new carpets and curtains for the White Palace; and the Clouds came and took up their position on the rafters, monopolizing all the lamps, and leaving the laborers below in the dark, save for the lustrous sheen of the soft carpeting, whose snowy folds fell so fast about them; for the Clouds were good workmen, and did not loiter over their task, especially as they felt they were working to sustain the world-wide reputation of the White Palace.

Meanwhile, Frost went to the Brook Brothers, the royal sculptors, and bade them design new ornaments for the halls through which the strangers must pass on the morrow; and the Brooks worked with a will, moulding and carving the silver with which the Lord Chamberlain provided them, into forms of most wonderful beauty.

In a few hours the Clouds had finished their work. Indeed, so zealous were they that they would not stop when they had done enough, but kept on till North Wind, the Master of Ceremonies, had to come and send them away to make the royal robe. Then the lamps shone out again and the sparkle of the Brooks' chiselled silver added to the brightness of the glittering palace.

When the Clouds were gone, it was North Wind's task to arrange to the best advantage the snowy jewelled material they had left in such heaps on the floor. So he carried it hither and thither,—laying it smoothly in some places, in others taking it away altogether, that the beautiful polish of the floors might be displayed; and piling the surplus material in such a manner that the bril-

liants with which it was studded might catch the light, and dazzle the eyes of the guests. He festooned the tapestry in delicate folds, catching up the lace every now and then with a crystal vine spray, or fastening it with a rugged uncut diamond; and cushioned the jewel-studded furniture with the same snowy covering. Meanwhile, Frost was busy preparing pictures for His Majesty's guests to feast their eyes on. Every resting-place that was provided for them was hung all round with transparencies carved out of crystal in a few minutes by his skilful hand.

Scarcely was this accomplished, and the last finishing touch given to every part of the work, when the visitors approached the southern entrance of the palace. They were attended and guarded by a troop of mail-clad veterans, the Buffalo battalion; for, without such escort, none—not even the king's sons—dare come into the presence of King Winter. As they entered the porch, they were met by the porter, East Wind, who roughly insisted upon searching them before they went farther; but the Buffaloes closed round them, and offered such firm resistance that he very soon gave up the attempt. As soon as they crossed the threshold, they were saluted by a merry tinkle of silver bells, playing the National Anthem in praise of King Winter. Sometimes louder, sometimes lower; in front, behind, and on either side,—this music accompanied them all the way. So they passed along the great corridors of the palace, wondering at the vast dimensions and costly magnificence of all that they saw; the sculptured forests with their long aisles of miniature silver trees; the fountains which, bubbling up amid fretted and frosted pillars, and dropping their spray on grass and leaves, sticks and stones, chiselled in crystal; the polished floors, on which they vainly tried to preserve their dignity and their footing while the inhabitants of the country glided over them with ease; and the piles of soft carpet through which they struggled, while the king's subjects walked easily over the surface.

As they went on, the lamps were extinguished; and now they could see the gorgeous blue of the vaulted roof. Lazy Daylight, attended by lazier South Sun, crept before them along the rafters overhead, to guide them through the numerous passages to His Majesty's apartments.

At length they entered the presence chamber. It was a magnificent hall, tapestried and carpeted, like the rest of the palace, only still more luxuriantly. The arched roof was supported by green pyramidal pillars wreathed in white. Opposite the door was the throne,—a piece of solid crystal, over which a white canopy was supported by four pillars. The splendor of the King's jewelled robe, and the glitter of the canopy and throne, so dazzled the eyes of the strangers that they could see nothing of the King himself.

As they crossed the hall, one of them, thinking it hardly courteous for invited guests to approach a friendly monarch in such warlike guise, rashly separated himself from the escort, and went forward alone. Then old King Winter rose in wrath at his presumption, and North Wind sounded his trumpet; and immediately Cold, the Captain of the Body Guard, with all his men-at-arms, set upon the unprotected foreigner, and drove him from the presence. Through the long corridors he fled from the deadly missiles of the King's soldiers, who pursued him to the very door, while the bells rang angrily around. Sorely wounded, he escaped at last to his home, with no very pleasant memories of the hospitalities of the White Palace, and deep regret for his rashness.

But his regret became deeper still, when tidings came of the cordial reception of his companions; of the comfortable apartments provided for them by Fire, the Housekeeper; of their wanderings through the different parts of the palace, guided by the King's sons; and of all that they saw and learned: and much he wished that he had remained with them, that he, too, might have seen all the wonderful beauties of the White Palace.

Domestic Economy.



KEEPING HOUSE.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

To be a good housekeeper involves very much more than being able to sweep rooms and cook the food of a family, and no woman should marry till she is able not only to do this, but to preside over a household with good economy, with forecast and dignity. She must understand the requirements of a family, the prices and quantities of expenditure, and she must be willing to keep a rigid account thereof.

Every housekeeper should have an account-book, in which should be carefully noted down every article purchased, with date and price. In doing this a woman will be surprised to learn how much it costs to live, and she will learn also to husband her resources, and avoid unnecessary expense. She will remember that, while all the time and energies of the heads of a family are required to meet its daily animal necessities, they are no better than slaves; and hence it seems the fitting province of a woman to see that there is no waste; that what is brought into the house is carefully looked after, made to go as far as possible, made to look as well as possible, and made to afford the fullest possible comfort to the family.

For this purpose she must be orderly in her habits, and be capable of planning with judgment. She should know the quantities required, and how to preserve from waste what is over and above the daily needs of the household. She may be pardoned a good deal of girlish vanity in dressing herself, and arranging her surroundings becomingly, in order to set off all to the best advantage; for this is to keep a fresh, cheery house, the delight and comfort of its inmates: but let her never for one moment consider what this or that neighbor will think about his or her little republic of home. If they praise her, very well; if they criticise and sneer at her, very well, also: she must be above minding it.

It requires great skill and judgment to cook well. A young housekeeper must do nothing without exact rule, weight, or measurement, otherwise she will make innumerable mistakes, and create much disappointment and discomfort. *It is very important that a family should feed well.* Health, and cheerfulness, and good morals, are all more or less involved in the way our tables are managed. A bright, happy wife feels delight in serving up delicate dishes for the man of her choice, and a gratified look or appreciative word should not be withheld by him.

I think men are more naturally inclined to system and order than women are; they dislike to "see things out of place;" perhaps the nature of their studies, and the great exactitude required in all and every species of handiwork, produce this effect; and hence it often happens that matrimonial bickerings are produced by this cause alone, and thence they go on, till, like the accumulating drift of the maelstrom, petty vexations increase and are swallowed up in one vast circle of never-ending, always-beginning discords.

"A place for every thing, and every thing in its place," is the law of good housekeeping. A bag for twine and strings; a basket (or cheap vase, which is prettier) for loose papers; a box for bundles, neatly assorted and strongly tied; jars of all the delicious fruits labelled; loops to dusters; pegs for all needful purposes; and, over and above all, the pleasant, watchful eye of the mistress. Every week, from attic to cellar, every department is inspected by the good careful wife; and every morning the daily work should be so planned that cheerfulness and good order will prevail, and no flutter, no fluster nor hurry, mar the sweetness of her handsome, winsome face.

Every woman should be able to cut and make household linen and garments with economy, neatness, and despatch. She should cut her work, and always have a piece ready for the needle, to husband her time, and avoid hurry and confusion; and, lastly, my lovely married pair must so manage the needful work of the household, that one hour at least in the twenty-four be devoted to reading and study,—good, solid, substantial books to be read with care, for mutual advancement of thought and solidity of character; poetry and romance also, to elevate and enliven; not forgetting the great storehouse of our spiritual ideas, the Bible.

LEARNING FROM A SERVANT.

From this woman, who was no cook, I learned many useful things, though it was "line upon line," "precept upon precept," with both of us. All her cooking was guesswork, which banished comfort; but by degrees I got her to follow my plans, and in turn I learned in various ways much from her experience. She had lived with other servants, and had seen a great deal of housework,—could tell me that a teaspoonful of oil of vitriol put into a little water, and with a piece of flannel tied round the end of a stick dipped in it, and then drawn through a smoked lamp-chimney, would entirely clean it; and

yet, for want of knowing this, I had been throwing away many a lamp-glass because it was dim.

The wood-work of our house was grained and varnished, but in the course of time it had become very dirty. I was lamenting one day that it could not be cleaned, as soap took the varnish off. I saw Hannah smile, but she said nothing. The next morning, on coming to breakfast, I was surprised at the freshness of the paint. It certainly had been cleaned, but how? "How was this done, Hannah?" I asked.

"I just boiled down the tea-leaves left from yesterday, ma'am, then strained them, and while the liquor was hot, I washed the paint with it, using a soft piece of flannel, and then wiped it dry with a soft cloth; but then I didn't rub it round and round as some senseless girls do, but wiped it up an' down just straight."

I did not credit the story till I tried it myself, then became astonished at the cleansing properties of tea infusions; for discolored varnished pictures, French polished or other furniture, could all be cleaned from dirt without injury to the original varnish. Oil-paint could not be cleaned but with *white curd soap* and water and a soft flannel. *This kind of soap contains less soda than any other, therefore destroys the paint less.*

I also found that tea liquor cleaned looking-glasses and windows better than anything else.

I had been accustomed to have the stair-roads cleaned with brick-dust and vinegar, at which Hannah expressed much surprise.

"Rotten-stone and oil, ma'am, will make 'em keep their color twice as long, but the vinegar turns 'em black a'most directly. I know the girls will use the vinegar because they can scour quicker with it, just as they wash up dinner-glasses with hot water when they should use cold. Glasses that have been washed in hot water won't polish well."

I found Hannah was so often right in such matters I did not understand, that I found her in many ways invaluable to me, though she knew nothing about the art of cooking; but yet she could teach me much. My friends around me were now perpetually changing their servants, even those mistresses who had heretofore kept theirs for years; and as change brought nothing but sorrow to them, I thought it best to bear the ills I had, though her ignorance upon some matters was excessive.

SELECTED RECIPES.

SOYER ON PASTRY.—One of the oldest modes of cooking, either by mixing oil or butter with flour, sweetened, scented, or flavored, according to the fancy of the cook, is pastry. The Romans had their peculiar cakes of paste, the Egyptians had theirs; in fact, all countries have, during the periods of the greatest prosperity, endeavored to add to the number of their luxuries new modes of making paste. With

none of these have we, at the present moment, anything to do; our task is to show how paste can be made to suit everybody.

PUFF-PASTE.—Put one pound of flour round your pastry-dish, make a hole in the centre, in which put a teaspoonful of salt, mix it with cold water into a softish flexible paste with the right hand, dry it off a little with flour until you have well cleared the paste from the slab, but do not work it more than you can possibly help; let it remain two minutes upon the slab, then have a pound of fresh butter, from which you have squeezed all the buttermilk in a cloth, bringing it to the same consistency as the paste, upon which place it; press it out flat with the hand, then fold over the edges of the paste so as to hide the butter, and roll it with the rolling-pin to the thickness of half an inch, thus making it about two feet in length; fold over one-third, over which again pass the rolling-pin; then fold over the other third, thus forming a square, place it with the ends top and bottom before you, shaking a little flour under and over, and repeat the rolls and turns twice over again as before; flour a baking-sheet, upon which lay it, upon ice, if handy, or in some cool place, for half an hour; then roll twice more, turning it as before; place again upon the ice, a quarter of an hour; give it two more rolls, making seven in all, and it is ready for use, as directed in the following receipts. You must continually add enough flour while rolling to prevent your paste sticking to the slab.

When I state that upwards of a hundred kinds of cakes may be made from this paste and the following, I am sure it will be quite sufficient to urge upon every cook the necessity of paying every attention to their fabrication, as it will well repay for the study and trouble. One-fourth of this quantity may be made.

HALF-PUFF PASTE.—Put on the dresser or table one pound of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, two ounces of butter, mix all together, then add half a pint of water, or a little more; form a softish paste; do not work it too much with the hand, or it will make it hard and tough; throw some more flour lightly over and under; roll it out with a rolling-pin half an inch thick, about a foot long; then have half a pound of fresh butter equally as stiff as the paste, break it into small pieces, and put it on the paste; throw a little more flour over it, and fold it over in two folds; throw some more flour on the slab, roll it cut three or four times, letting it rest between each two rolls, and it is then ready for use.

It can be made with lard instead of butter.

The yolk of an egg, or the juice of half a lemon, added to the water, makes it lighter.

Half butter and half lard may be used, or if butter is too dear, use all lard; if neither, mix well with the flour two ounces of dripping, no salt, lay it on the board, and mix half a pint of water, till a softish paste; roll it out, then chop a quarter of a pound of good beef suet very fine, mix with a quarter of a pound of good dripping, free from water or gravy, roll out the paste, and add the dripping and suet as preceding receipt. —From "Cookery for the People."

Editorial and Correspondence.

EDITORIAL TRIALS.

Some one who had experienced the labors and anxieties of the editorial chair, cried out, in an unguarded moment, that no one who had wit enough to get into the Penitentiary would be an editor. This exclamation we do not endorse, though we can imagine the state of mind which dictated it. That editor, doubtless, had, like us, ten times as much good selected matter on hand as could be got in, with an equal surplus of original matter, still more urgently claiming a place and mostly too good to be rejected.

There is no difficulty with articles which are so superior that there is no question about their insertion, or with those that are so poor that there is no question about their rejection; but with the great majority of articles whether selected or original which are about alike good, what is to be done? Yet a selection must be made in some way for all cannot be inserted.

It is of this great middle class of composition that all the magazines we receive from Britain and the United States, and their name is legion, are chiefly made up. Each has here and there a very superior article or story which we try to make room for; but, generally speaking, the most of their contents may safely be left to slumber where they first appeared.

With regard to original articles, we must give up all thoughts of payment until the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY obtains a much larger circulation than it now has, but this we think it ought to obtain speedily. At its low price, and containing, as we believe it does, as rich a variety of articles as any dear magazine, we can see no reason why it should not have twenty thousand subscribers in the Dominion of Canada, instead of six thousand; more especially as quite a number of its articles are by writers, and on subjects connected with the Dominion. None will, we think, deny that every

family which takes it will get a great deal more in the course of the year than value for its dollar, in the cultivation of taste, strengthening of principles, and positive enjoyment which its perusal will yield.

Original.

A NEW YEAR VISIT.

See Frontispiece.

"He left us—Sammy did—twelve year agone last May,
We hated he should go, but didn't bid him stay;
'Twas hard to lose him then, yet 'twasn't half so lone
As this New Year 'll be, now all the rest are gone.
What a mischief he was, and always up to fun,
You couldn't scold that boy if he left his work half done;
The smartest chap alive, but couldn't be held down,
He needn't have done bad at home—nor yet in town.
And mind you 'taint soft work this knocking round the earth;
What did that fellow know what going to sea was worth?
There wasn't a thing that I could say but off he goes;
And where he is to-day I'm sure the goodness knows.
He may be drowned or eat by sharks for all we'd hear;
We haven't had a line its going on three year,
He wasn't to say bad—and yet I wish and pray
We had him safe at home out of temptations way—
—There's some one at the gate, may be one of Tommy's folks,
We'll have a time with games and jokes to-night over there,—
My gracious Heaven its *him*, why, Sammy, is it you?
I can't tell how I knew you, my boy! how d'ye do?"

"It was only Friday night I landed in New York,
And I tell you getting here it was the greatest work,
How's mother? where's the girls? what's happened since I heard
Tommy was to be married? since then I hadn't a word."

"Come sit you down, my boy,—My! but you don't look bad;

I'll have tea in no time if there's water to be had;

This here is Mary's boy; you heard how Mary died?

Well, William he's gone west, and I don't know where beside;

Your father was just talking of your being so long away

And feeling kind of lonesome being its New Year's day;

But that's all gone, I guess, now that he's got you here,

The folks that come to-day needn't wish a good New Year."

To the Editor of the New Dominion Monthly.

BUTLER'S RANGERS AGAIN.

In the 2nd volume of the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY*, on the 378th page, is a chapter on the olden times. You may be sure it was read with deep interest, and with surprise. For the first time in fifty years, has the writer found the term "respectable," associated with the name of "Butler's Rangers." The grand-parents of the writer left the territory of what is now called the United States, for the same reasons that the U. E. Loyalists did, and settled in Canada. None of his kindred, so far as known, took part in the "Revolution War"—as they called it, and were treated alike by "Tories," and "Rebels," being freely robbed by both parties. They were firmly attached to the British Government, and to British Institutions, but were not disposed to shed blood. They bought the exemption by the loss of property,—at the close of the war, several of "Butler's Rangers" settled in our part of Canada, among as loyal a people as ever trod the soil of Britain and among

these Loyalists, the "Rangers" were looked upon as a forlorn, "blood-stained set," never as a "respectable" body of men. No sir; but as men "laboring under the malediction of heaven" for the "abominable cruelties perpetrated by them in Cherry Valley and Wyoming." We must of course "tread lightly on the ashes of the dead." But in all ages "the way of the transgressors is hard," and "iniquity has been visited upon the third and fourth generation of them that hate God," and "Butlers Rangers" form no exception.

That Joseph Brandt died a Christian, is most devoutly to be hoped. But did his Mohawks never bathe their weapons in the blood of helpless women and children? Could even Brandt prevent his band, when inflamed by the war spirit, from gathering a treasure of scalps when those coveted laurels of the Indian were in easy and safe distance of them? One who knows the Indians will believe them to be innocent when that Bengal Tiger is produced that never licked its chops when wet with gore. The doings of Brandt and his Mohawks in Cherry Valley and Wyoming must just be placed in the category of other bloody forages of the native race. They are no worse,—they are no better,—equally barbarous—equally inglorious. No tears of humanity however can wash out the stain from Britain's Flag, that waved over those scenes, and in whose name those cruelties were committed.

That Col. Butler was a man of honor and respectability is possible. His operating in conjunction with Brandt and his Mohawks, makes it quite probable in the writer's mind that Col. Butler had very easy views of "retaliation on the rebels." He may have had some moderate men in his regiment; for that even the "Rangers" were not all equally bad can be proved by their own testimony. The lowest depth of iniquity must be deep indeed. That they were sufficiently bad may be gathered from the following short stories taken from scores of others told by those "respectable" supporters of British supre-

macy,—“Butler’s Rangers,”—not gleaned from Campbell’s “Gertude of Wyoming”; nor yet from the “Bug-a-boo stories of Yankee Histories”; but from the lips of live “Rangers,” who exulted in the recital of their fiendish exploits. Some of those lost men the writer has seen himself.

No. 1. “I was once sent for by a squaw, who wanted to see me. I went to her camp, and asked her what she wanted. She said, ‘I took this white child from its dead mother, and I want to keep it; won’t you make quiet for me?’ ‘I took it away to one side,—it kept on crying,—so I took it by the heels and smashed its skull against a tree,—it soon stopped crying. When I sat down by the Indian’s fire, she saw I hadn’t her child: she asked me for it. I told her it was under the tree. She went and got it. Oeh! wasn’t she in a rage! So she got a tomahawk, and slipped up behind me, and struck at my bare head. An Indian put up his war-club, and saved my head from the tomahawk.”

No. 2. “We went into a house. No man about. Couldn’t find a woman; found a little baby in the cradle. We knew the mother was not far off, for the child was awake; but still we raked up the coals in the chimney, and laid the young thing on them to make the mother come out of her hiding-place; but all the screeches of the child wouldn’t bring her out, so we turned it over and over till it died.”

No. 3. “We stole on ten men, and shot them all down. We then stripped them naked, and hung them by the heels with a stick between, like they hang up hogs when butchering.” Imagination may conceive the obscene brutality that followed, but decency forbids to write it.

[Here follow some confessions, or rather boasts, of the murder of women too shocking for publication.—ED.]

Only interlard the above with oaths and filthy jests of the obscenest type, and the picture is complete! Such were the “Ran-

gers,” the writer has seen, some of whom have warmed their decayed limbs at our own hearth in by-gone days. Never let such monsters be put in the list of U. E. Loyalists; never mention them, but to abhor! But there is proof that all were not so bad as some confessedly were. “One night,” said one, “as we were sitting round a fire, making big speeches,—our leader, a subaltern, said, ‘I and my company, could sculp (scalp) Jesus Christ and the twelve Apostles.’ None of us would ever go with him again on an expedition: ’twas too bad.” Let us hope neither Brandt nor Butler knew of these cruelties; but the “Rangers,” confessed they committed them.

You ask what are their names? The answer is, let them be forgotten among men, as we hope their crimes will be at the Bar of God. They lived to a great age, unhonored and despised slaves to tobacco, whiskey, and low profanity; and, in death, some known to the writer and his kin met the terrors of a coming hell. One who died in our neighborhood couldn’t be induced to stay inside a house, alone, after sunset,—nor yet to sleep alone in a dark room; another, in dying, constantly cried out to “take that child off the fire. Oh, do take away that woman! Oh, save me, the devil is come to carry me off!” &c., &c. I never heard of one that fared better,—nor did the writer ever see one of their children that gave scriptural proof of being a Christian person.

More might be told of this class of men and of their children; but let it pass. The reason for writing you at all, was, pique for the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, and dis-relish to have “Butler’s Rangers” elevated to the rank of “respectable” United Empire Loyalists. Let us join in praying that the old red-cross flag may never float over another Wyoming nor Cherry Valley.

LOYALIST.

October, 1868.

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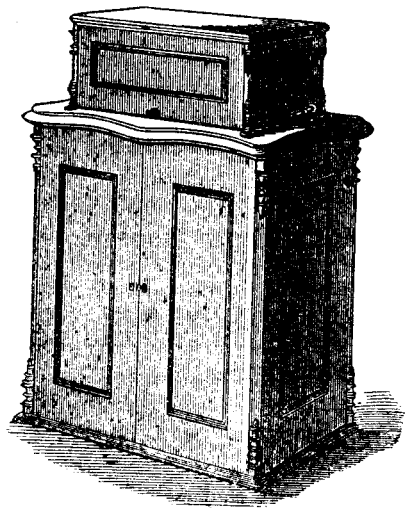
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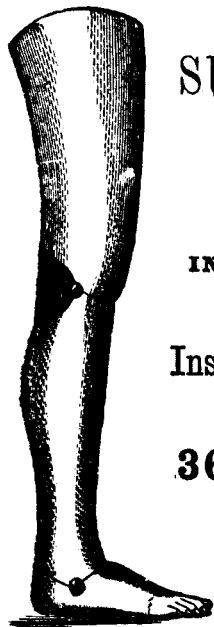
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Manufactured at the Canada Truss Factory, 36 Victoria Square, Montreal. This is an entirely new and superior article for Ladies and Gentlemen who have acquired a habit of stooping. This Brace is certain to answer the purpose of keeping the Chest expanded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

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

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

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

ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

HOME AMUSEMENTS.

HENRY SANDERS,

OPTICIAN,

**No. 141 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET,
OPPOSITE THE OTTAWA HOTEL,
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THE LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT IN CANADA OF
MAGIC AND DISSOLVING-VIEW LANTERNS.

A Boy's Lantern, with 36 Pictures, \$2.25.

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BOOK ON THE LANTERN. "HOW TO BUY AND HOW TO USE IT." Also, "HOW TO RAISE
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THE NEW MICROSCOPE.

This highly-finished Microscope is warranted to show the animalculæ in water, eels in paste, &c., magnifying several hundred times. The Microscope is mounted on a Brass Stand, and has a compound body with Achromatic Lenses, Test Objects, Forceps, and spare glasses for mounting objects, &c., &c. The whole contained in a highly polished mahogany case. **Price \$3.00, sent to any part of Canada.**

Opera and Field Glasses, Telescopes,

ALSO,

THE CELEBRATED BRAZILIAN PEBBLE

SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES,

MATHEMATICAL AND DRAWING INSTRUMENTS,

**THERMOMETERS, BAROMETERS, HYDROMETERS, GALVANIC BATTERIES,
STEREOSCOPIES AND VIEWS.**

H. SANDERS' POCKET BAROMETER,

size of a watch, for foretelling weather, and for mountain measurements, as supplied to leading scientific men.

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\$12.00 SEWING MACHINE !

The Best and Cheapest Machine in the Dominion of Canada.

It makes the Elastic Stitch, and will Hem, Seam, Bind, Quilt, and Embroider, in fact do all kinds of Household Sewing, from the coarsest to the finest work, and is so simple in its construction that a child may work it with ease.

UPWARDS OF ONE THOUSAND

Have been sold in Montreal alone, and not one complaint. Call and see them at

**H. SANDERS, 141 Great St. James Street,
Opposite Ottawa Hotel, MONTREAL,**

And at **C. RAYMOND'S MANUFACTORY,
GUELPH, ONTARIO.**

Agents wanted in Province of Quebec.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS!!!

The Subscriber invites attention to his large and varied assortment of NOVELTIES, suitable for HOLIDAY GIFTS, comprising in part:—

TOYS!!!

Building Blocks,	Picture Books,
Alphabet do.,	Tea and Dining Sets.
Dissected Maps and Pictures,	Drawing Slates,
Woolley Sheep and Dogs,	Drums,
Sheep Folds,	Weather Houses,
Noah's Arks,	Carts and Horses,
Rubber Balls,	Wheelbarrows,
Humming Tops,	Waggons,
Paint Boxes,	Sleighs, &c., &c.

GAMES!!!

Dominoes,	Parlour Aunt Sally,
Backgammon,	Parlour Croquet,
Chequers,	Nine Pins, &c.

DOLLS!!!

Wax Dolls, dressed and undressed,	China do., assorted sizes,
Crying do., in great variety,	Comie do., in every style.

DESKS AND WORK-BOXES!!!

Writing Desks,	Ladies' Companions,
Work-Boxes,	Porte Monnaies, &c.

VASES AND WAX FLOWERS!!!

Bohemian Glass Vases,	Wax Lilies, under Glass Shades,
China dc.,	Do. Flowers do.,
Do. Cups and Saucers, decorated,	Do. Fruit do.

WOOLLEN GOODS!!!

Breakfast Shawls,	Children's Jackets,
Antimacassars,	Mufflers,
Children's Hoods,	Neck Ties,
Slipper Patterns in Beaded and Wool Work,	
Footstool do. do. do.	

WOOLS!!!

Berlin, Fleecy, Shetland, Fingering, Lady Betty, Andalusian, and Merino, in all the various shades; together with a variety of Articles too numerous to mention.

F. B. WRIGHT,
386 Notre Dame Street. Montreal.
Opposite C. Alexander & Son's.

N.B.—Country Orders, accompanied by a remittance or City reference, promptly executed.

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THE BUSINESS AND COMMERCIAL COURSE INCLUDES
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A Scholarship issued by the Montreal Branch entitles the holder to Tuition for an unlimited period of time, and the privilege of reviewing any part of the Course in any of the Colleges connected with the Chain.

The attendance of students is gradually and steadily increasing, and many who have been in attendance are now occupying positions of trust and responsibility in Montreal and other places. Every effort is made to assist those who are deserving and competent to procure situations.

The original copies of the following and other testimonials may be seen on application at the College:

From James Mavor & Co., Montreal Marble Works, Corner of St. Catherine and St. Alexander streets.

MONTREAL, 18th March, 1868.

MR. J. TASKER,
Principal,

Montreal Business College.

We have much pleasure in expressing our approval of the system of instruction and training for business pursuits adopted and carried out at your College. We have lately received into our employment a young man as Book-keeper, one of your graduates, he having had no previous instructions of the kind, to our knowledge, and we have found him in every respect fully competent for the situation.

We remain,

Yours truly,

JAMES MAVOR & CO.,
Per ROBT. REID.

From Murray & Co., Wholesale and Retail Stationers, corner of Notre Dame and St. John streets.

STATIONERS' HALL, MONTREAL, March 28, 1868.

MR. J. TASKER,
Principal,

Montreal Business College.

DEAR SIR,—We have great pleasure in informing you that the young man you recommended to us as Book-keeper has given us entire satisfaction. He has undoubtedly received a thorough training in the principles of Book-keeping; and his general correctness and steadiness testify to the advantages of your system of study.

We are, dear sir,

Yours very truly,

MURRAY & CO.

Circulars containing full information in reference to terms, course of study, &c., may be obtained on application, either personally or by letter, to

J. TASKER, PRINCIPAL.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.

Burnett's Cocoaine

Prevents the Hair from falling.

Burnett's Cocoaine

Promotes its Healthy Growth

Burnett's Cocoaine

Is not Greasy or Sticky.

Burnett's Cocoaine

Leaves no Disagreeable Odor.

Burnett's Cocoaine

Subdues Refractory Hair.

Burnett's Cocoaine

Soothes the Irritated Scalp Skin.

Burnett's Cocoaine

Affords the richest Lustre.

Burnett's Cocoaine

Is not an Alcoholic Wash.

Burnett's Cocoaine

Kills Dandruff.

Burnett's Cocoaine

Gives New Life to the Hair.

Burnett's Cocoaine

Remains Longest in Effect.

Burnett's Cocoaine

PREPARED ONLY BY

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.

27 Central Street, Boston,

And sold everywhere.

The Human Hair.

How many persons abuse this delicate and beautiful ornament, by burning it with *alcoholic washes*, and plastering it with grease, which has no affinity for the skin, and is not absorbed! BURNETT'S COCOAINE, a compound of Cocoa-nut Oil, etc., is unrivalled as a dressing for the hair, is readily absorbed, and is peculiarly adapted to its various conditions, preventing its falling off, and promoting its healthy growth.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.

To the inhabitants of the intertropical regions the tree which Linnæus calls the *cocca-nucifera* is the most useful species of the palm, as every part of it is adapted to some peculiar purpose.

The fibrous covering of the nut is used for cordage and matting; the kernel is for food; its milk is nutritious when fresh; its expressed oil, when recent, is equal to that of sweet almonds, and is employed in the arts; its wood is used in various ways; its leaves form thatching and baskets; and from its sap is distilled Indian arrack; and it also yields sugar. But it was reserved for American ingenuity to bring it to another use, and Messrs. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., of Boston, distinguished Pharmacautists, have for many years prepared "COCOAINÉ" to impart luxuriance and a beautiful gloss to the hair, so that it has become the most favorite of all toilet articles, and the cocoa-oil is its basis and principal ingredient.

It has had an extensive sale in this country, and, indeed, ALL THE PERFUMERY AND TOILET PREPARATIONS OF BURNETT & Co. enjoy the very highest reputation among the ladies, who do not agree with Thompson that

Loveliness

Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,

But is, when unadorned, adorned the most;

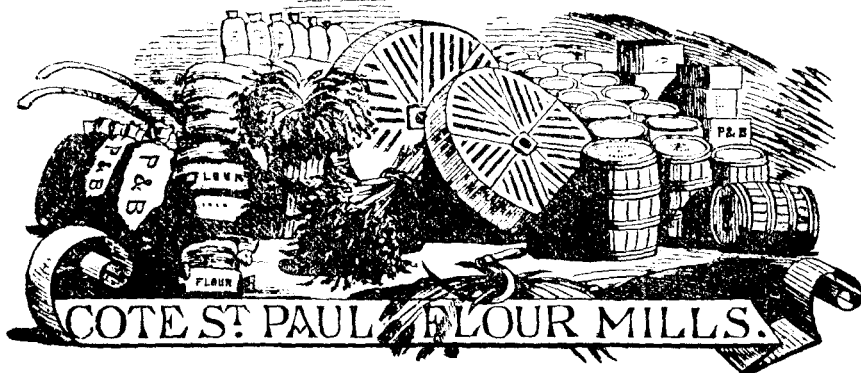
Nor do we, and the poet of the seasons was an unreasonable fellow to attempt to impose such nonsense upon us.—*Geo. D. Prentice.*

JOHN PALMER, Hair-dresser and Wig-maker, 357 Notre Dame street, says:—"There is no hair-dressing that I can recommend with such ENTIRE CONFIDENCE as I do BURNETT'S "COCOAINÉ. Sales are large, and my patrons express much gratification with its use."

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For Sale by BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. For Sale, Wholesale, by HENRY, SIMPSONS, & CO., and LYMANS, CLARE, & CO., Montreal; Northrop & Lyman, Newcastle, O.; Lymans, Elliott, & Co., Toronto.

PARKYN'S



SELF-RAISING FLOUR.

This Self-Raising Flour is an invaluable article for producing, in a few minutes, by the addition of cold water only, without yeast or salt, the most nutritious and wholesome Bread; also, Biscuit, Cakes, Pastry, etc., rendering it of great importance to Housekeepers, Invalids, Dyspeptics, and Sea-faring Men.

Bread, to be wholesome, must be light and porous. This result, hitherto, has been obtained almost exclusively by fermentation with yeast. It is well known that fermentation is the first stage of decomposition, and that a portion of the saccharine and other nutritious parts of the Flour are sacrificed to render the remainder palatable and wholesome. The Self-Raising Flour contains the entire nutrition of the grain, and yields a Bread more digestible and of finer flavor than the fermental article, and may be produced by the addition of cold water only.

ADVANTAGES OF SELF-RAISING FLOUR

Bread from Self-Raising Flour will keep good much longer than any other, and will not mould nor become sour, and may be eaten while fresh without detriment.

It gives 16 per cent. more bread than flour raised with yeast; of finer flavor more digestible and nutritious; making 32 pounds more bread to the barrel.

The gluten, saccharine, and other elements of nutrition in flour, are wasted or destroyed during fermentation, to the extent of seven per cent. or more; while they are preserved in all their strength in bread made from the Self-Raising Flour.

When used for Pastry, Pies, Confectionery, etc., less than the usual quantity of eggs and butter will suffice.

In Custard and all other Pies, the under-crust bakes as light as the upper—an important advantage over common flour, as regards health and economy.

The SELF-RAISING FLOUR will be found decidedly THE CHEAPEST that can be used for household purposes, saving *thirty per cent.* in butter and eggs, and making the most superior Bread, light Pastry, Cake, Puddings, Dumplings, Batter and Griddle Cakes, etc., with much economy of time and trouble.

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MONTREAL.