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# NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

NOV.,

1870.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL.

# PROSPECTUS

OF THE

## NEW DOMINION MONTHLY

### For 1870.

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

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

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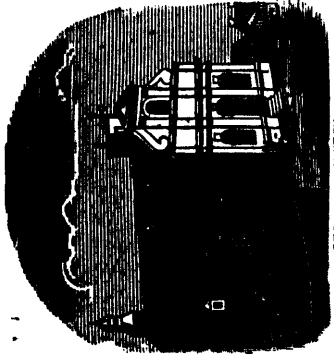
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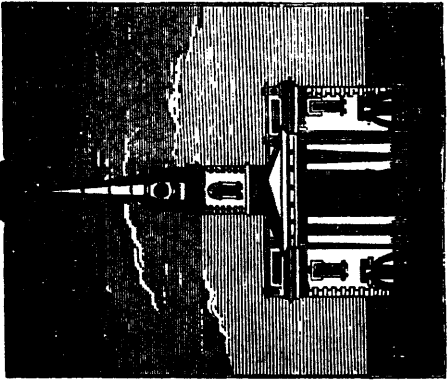
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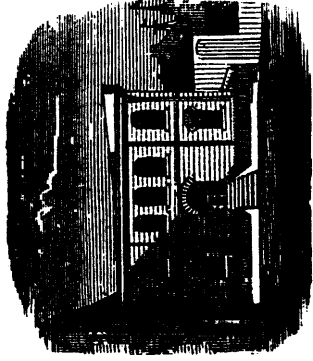
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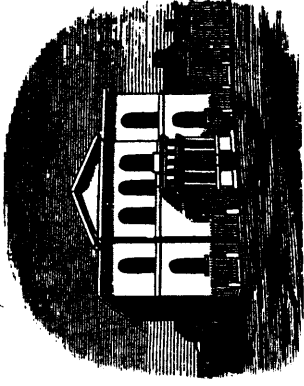
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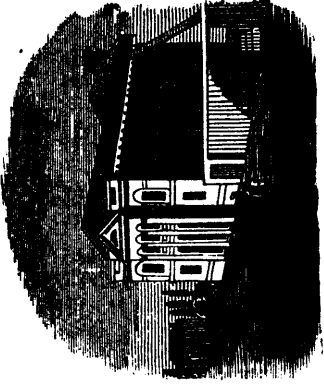
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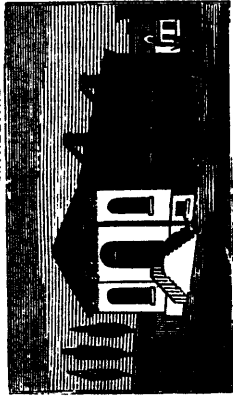
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CHURCHES OF THE PAST.

(From VILLE-MARIE, or Montreal Past and Present. By Alfred Sandham, author of "Coins, Tokens, and Medals of Canada," &c., &c.)

The New Dominion Monthly,



NOVEMBER, 1870.

# NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

NOVEMBER, 1870.

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ADRIENNE CACHELLE.

BY ALICIA; AUTHORESS OF "THE CRUCIBLE," "RECOLLECTIONS OF A SEWING-MACHINE," ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

It is early spring-time in sunny France. The dark, dreary winter is over; the warm sun shines on each bursting leaf and springing flower, as if gladly welcoming their return; while in the busy town of Tours it glances and sparkles on the spires and turrets of the old Cathedral, and lights up the dim, narrow streets.

Will you, my readers, go back with me more than two hundred years—far into the almost forgotten past? Let us defy the bounds of time and space, and entering that same City of Tours, imagine ourselves among that crowd gathered round the gates of yon Ursuline convent. Though those eager gazers are debarred from entering, we may find admission within the gloomy portals, and follow yon beautiful French lady, on whom all eyes are bent, who with mien half-submissive, half-elated, sweeps slowly in. She must surely be some one of importance, for as her delicate feet pass the threshold, the deep, sonorous convent-bell rings out its measured peal, and the long line of nuns assembled to greet the lady, and, headed by their superior, chant the "Veni Creator." Tears fill the lady's eyes at their sweet, soft music; and her face glows with a light, seraphic in the sisters' eyes. Joyously they lead her to their chapel, and fall prostrate around her as she bends before the altar.

The soft light from the richly-painted window above falls on the fair young head with

its crown of golden hair; it dyes the close-fitting velvet dress deepest crimson, while over the pure white robes of the nuns it casts a pale rose shade. Each heart under those simple garments is beating with high resolves and earnest aspirations; but on the upturned face of one of the sisters—a face young, fair and sweet—may be read still deeper longings than her companions feel.

See! the lady has arisen, and the fair young nun throws herself at her feet, and with tears implores her to let her accompany her—to let her share the trials, the privileges of her mission; she longs so earnestly to go—but whither?

Listen, and I will tell you.

Some six or seven years before our story opens, the earnest and indefatigable Le Jeune had, in response to what he believed to be a call from heaven, left the peaceful retirement of his convent at Dieppe, and embarked for the New World—bravely going forth to what he himself felt would be a living or a dying martyrdom.

Of his trials and persecutions at the hands of the Indians, of the almost insurmountable obstacles he overcame, of his cruel death, by those to benefit whom he had sacrificed all, I have not time here to speak; but the recitals of his daring mission, by his own pen, excited in his native land such enthusiasm as spread from east to west, from north to south, until a mission to Canada was the one thought of the devout in the Church, and

to advocate it the great aim of many a valiant knight and fair lady.

Madame de la Peltrie, a young widow of Alençon, moved to the highest enthusiasm by the urgent appeals of Le Jeune for some charitable and virtuous lady to go out and help him and his fellow-laborers in their arduous work, resolved, spite of all opposition from her family—which was not slight—to respond to the call, and by many stratagems succeeded in gaining her purpose.

The admiration of the whole Church, she went from place to place, exciting in many a breast a longing to follow her example, while more than one fair Ursuline aspired to the honor of being chosen for the Convent at Quebec—of which Madame de la Peltrie was to be foundress. More than one like Adrienne Cachelle had thrown themselves at the feet of the fair lady, and implored to go with her. But Adrienne alone of all the younger sisters was chosen, and tears of joy streamed from her eyes as she knelt at the altar, and poured forth her thanksgiving to the Holy Mother who had heard, and graciously answered, her many supplications.

Alas! innocent child! little thou knowest of the trials and griefs that will meet thee, of the hardships and privations which await thee, in the country thy soul longs so ardently to see.

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#### CHAPTER II.

It was a bright sunny day in the lovely month of May, in the year 1639, when the emigrants for the new colony sailed from Dieppe. The air was soft and balmy, the sky blue and cloudless; all nature seemed, in joyous notes, to bid the courageous voyagers "God speed." Courageous and brave they were, for there was scarce one among the little party who, even had he known of the actual trials he would undergo in the New World, would for a moment have shrunk from his settled purpose; or having thus put his hand to the plough, even in thought or desire turned back. Obedience to the demands of the Church was expected of them; they must yield it implicitly at whatever sacrifice.

The company was very small, yet strong in united aim, in zeal and perseverance. There were some three or four holy fathers on their way to aid their brethren in the far-off mission; these sat together, conversing or reading their breviaries; while at a little distance off might be seen Madame de la Peltrie, enthusiastic, ardent, full of life and hope, the fresh breeze bringing the bright color into her cheeks, and blowing back her golden hair. Round her are grouped the Ursulines, quiet, yet with brightening eyes, and a faint pink in even their pale cheeks. That noble-looking woman, tall and erect, yet with such a winning smile and sweet, sad eyes, is to be the Superior of the new convent. She is best known as Marie de l'Incarnation. Two or three other nuns stand near her, and there, leaning over the vessel's side and eagerly watching the waves as they roll and sparkle in the sun, is Adrienne Cachelle. How strange the busy life on board is to these pale, quiet sisters! What a break in the monotony of their lives! All here is bustle and activity, life and freshness everywhere. Yet weary enough were the travellers e'er the long, tedious voyage was ended. How their eyes ached with gazing at the long, unbroken waste of waters! How they longed for the sight of green fields and spring flowers, for the sound of the chapel bell and the quiet of the convent! Six long weeks dragged slowly on, and then one morning in July they landed at Tadousac. Exhausted with their long journey, and overpowered by the intense heat, the hearts of the little company fainted within them when they learned that not yet were their travels ended. The rest of their journey proved most trying. Packed closely in a small craft, scorched by day by the burning midsummer sun, tormented at night by the swarms of mosquitoes that attacked them, with scarce any food, save salted and uncooked codfish, so faint and worn were the party that scarce could one throb of joy fill their hearts as they reached their future home. Little promise of rest or comfort did its aspect offer to the emigrants. Near the wharf some warehouses and sheds were all that were to be seen, while high above towered piles of lofty cliffs, whose steep and rugged sides seemed almost impossible

of ascent. Yet the welcome of the travelers was warm and cheering, and barren as the land seemed, it was that for which they had longed, and as each devoted nun stepped on shore she stooped and kissed the sacred soil. How glad were the residents in this rocky home to hear of their beloved France, and of friends there! Yet even more glad were they to welcome fresh laborers where the harvest was so plentiful.

Almost at once began the labors of the Ursulines, among the wretched Indians who crowded to their hospital; for that most loathsome disease, small-pox, had broken out among the ignorant savages, filling them with horror and dismay. All the courage and enthusiasm of the nuns was needed now to keep them from sinking under, or shrinking from, their odious and arduous labor. All the hot weather the disease raged, making fearful ravages among the fast-thinning Indian tribes; but as the heat lessened and autumn drew on, the fearful scourge began to abate in violence, and the worn-out nuns had a little season of rest. Thankful for the release, Adrienne would wander about the fort, her soul enraptured with the surpassing beauty of a Canadian autumn, her delight but increasing as the bright colors of the maple leaves grew deeper and richer, until the woods seemed like one vast bouquet of varied tints, from palest buff to deepest scarlet. How gorgeous it was! how beautiful! But how saddening to come back into the close, noisome dwelling assigned to her and her companions, and watch the miserable Indians, so unappreciative of the loveliness surrounding their homes! Some of them, too, looked so lowering and treacherous that Adrienne would tremble as she held some soothing draught to their lips.

Let us not forget in what a different light those early settlers must have regarded the Indian, who plundered their homes and murdered their friends, from us, who view him now, subdued, humbled, his power gone, an object of pity rather than of dread. We know little of the terror the red man inspired in every heart in those early days. Those who so bravely encountered them, and suffered so much to win them to their faith, must have been upheld by a spirit both noble and devoted. A band of mis-

sionaries less zealous and courageous must surely have shrunk from the task assigned them, and, in despair, forever turned their backs on a land to them fraught with suffering, weariness, and discomfort.

The temporal as well as spiritual government of the little residency at Quebec, was under the command of the Jesuits. Over all they watched and tended with indefatigable care, and religious services were as strictly kept in the fort as in one of their own monasteries in France. Morning, noon and evening the chapel bell sounded forth its call to the faithful, and all were expected to obey its summons. The watchful eye of the priest speedily marked the absence of a customary face, and woe to the offender! But there were some among the emigrants who refused thus to yield to this rigid sway, whose independent natures would not be so controlled; yet though these bold adventurers, living their life of danger, followed the Indians in their roving, and too often affiliated themselves with them, refusing to live under the strict dominion of the Jesuits, they were true sons of their Mother Church, and often materially aided the fathers in their missions. Frequently, on returning from their winter roving, they would come to the fort with their offerings of game and furs, while they pleaded for absolution from the priests. But of these hardy wanderers we will learn more as our story continues.

#### CHAPTER III.

Slowly but surely the long, bleak Canadian winter drew on, bearing on its icy breath undreamt-of suffering to the emigrants. Round their log fires they would gather shivering, holding over the blaze their frost-bitten hands and feet, while the chill blast blew in at their rude abode, and the frost on the small-paned windows sparkled like diamonds as the firelight fell on it; while the long, booming sound of the ice cracking in the river, or sharp report of the frost hid away in the bare branches of some forest tree, would make the Sisters start and cower together. Little wonder they fancied they had come to a veritable Iceland; nor of their intense sufferings can an estimate be formed. Let no one under-



value their zeal, their endurance, their devotedness!

At last the weary months passed, and milder days came. The sun shone warm and bright, the melting snow rained from the convent roof, and poured joyously down the steep hillside. Among the bare branches of the trees, just trying to send out their buds of promise, might be heard the twitter of some early bird; and the river, long bound in icy chains, was bursting its fetters once more. Ah! these were joyous sights and sounds to the dwellers in the little fort—they hailed them with delight. And, with the opening spring, came the Indians, pushing their loaded canoes through the ice, hoping to trade with the pale faces; and many, too, of the French hunters came with fish and furs to dispose of their gains, and receive such religious instruction as from their roving life they could obtain only at rare intervals. A large party arrived one bright April day, but on a different errand. They bore with them a wounded comrade, shot while resisting an attack from the Iroquois,—a tribe whose very name sent a chill of terror to every heart, whether it were that of white or red man. The young Frenchman was not dangerously wounded; but he was suffering great pain, and not likely to be able to move for some time; so his companions had brought him to the Ursulines, well knowing that with them he would be well-cared for.

Adrienne Cachelles, going her rounds among the miserable Indians, administering to the wants of each with all tenderness, came to a pallet on which lay no Indian, but one of Adrienne's own countrymen. What a relief it was to see a white face among the dusky, often odious, ones, on which no smile of gratitude came for all the care which might be bestowed! How pleasant to minister to a Christian, on whom the words of comfort the Church gave would not be altogether lost! The young Frenchman was evidently, from his appearance, little past twenty, tall and fair, and stoutly built. What strength must lie in that partially-bared arm, with its great tough sinews; yet how powerless, how unresisting it falls by its owner's side? seeming weaker than the fair hand that

smooths back the dark, damp hair from the brow contracted in pain, and holds the cooling draught to the fevered lips. It seems to soothe the sufferer. Slowly the drawn look passes from the pale face, the brow relaxes, the compressed lips part, the eyelids rest more gently on the wan cheek, and the wounded man sleeps. Silently Adrienne slips away, murmuring a prayer for the soul of the sleeper, and turning once again to look at the manly face.

Adrienne is not needed now, yet reluctantly she leaves the hospital, even to seek the chapel walls to tell her rosary and to pray; and ere long she steals back again, and, approaching the young Frenchman's couch, bends over it to see if nothing can be done to promote the ease or comfort of the sufferer. As she leans forward, his eyelids slowly open, and two dark eyes fix themselves upon her face. Earnestly they gaze, until Adrienne, confused, turns away, asking if she can do anything. A request is made for water; yet, as she holds the cup to the parched lips, those deep dark eyes are gazing up into hers with the same earnest look. So pleading, so questioning they seem, Adrienne fancies her patient must be in trouble; so she hastens away to summon Father Pierre, while the dark eyes follow her retreating form, and are closed with a weary sigh when she disappears.

What strange feeling is it fills the fair nun's heart as she hurries on? A vague terror, a sense of wrong; but wherein lay the wrong? Was it in these tumultuous feelings that glowed in her breast? or was it in the repression of every earthly emotion she had striven so hard to attain to? Puzzled, bewildered, Adrienne performs her errand, and then seeking the chapel, and throwing herself prostrate before the image of the Virgin, she pours forth her heart in sobs and tears. Thus the good father finds her, and, gently laying his hand upon her shoulder, he asks in surprise:—

“What aileth thee, my daughter? What is thy grief?”

“Alas! Father, I cannot tell thee; I scarce know myself, I am very unhappy,” and the weeping girl hid her face in her hands, and rocked herself to and fro.

“Well, daughter, pray to our Holy

Mother; she, doubt not, knoweth thy trouble, and will administer to thee abundant consolation. Be of good cheer, my daughter; weep not," and the kind old man lifted his hands and blessed the girl as he passed on.

Some time longer Adrienne remains at her devotions until calmness is restored, when she resumes her usual duties in the convent. Arduous they were for one so slight and delicate; but thought of complaint never entered the young nun's mind. Gladly she worked and suffered. Was it not a duty?—not only a duty but a privilege!

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CHAPTER IV.

Day after day passed, and as Adrienne performed her customary duties in the hospital, the dark eyes of the Frenchman always followed her wistfully, longingly; and though he scarce spoke, his gaze was so earnest when she would stop by his pallet to render such assistance as was needful, that Adrienne shrank from approaching him, and at length shunned, as much as possible, the low, dark hospital, transferring her duties there to some other sister, while she performed the most menial offices of the little establishment. Thus she sought to banish thoughts of the young Frenchman and his wistful eyes, whose gaze seemed to haunt her. They seemed so vividly to bring back childish days to Adrienne's mind that often she started, and fancied once more she heard her dead father's voice. And why should she feel so condemned? Why shrink from tending his sick and suffering countryman? Sometimes she thought she would confess her secret sorrow to Father Pierre, always so kind and indulgent, and thrice set off to seek him, but as often she would turn back unable to nerve herself for the duty; it seemed such sacrilege to drag all her most hidden thoughts to light—Adrienne could not do it.

Often, as she would pass hastily through the hospital, Adrienne would feel rather than see how sadly reproachful was the young Frenchman's gaze, and half-madened she would hasten on, afraid to stay one moment under the witching influence

of those dark eyes; but one day as she passed by, Adrienne saw the couch was empty, and then regretful, remorseful, she turned away, and with bent head and swimming eyes sought the chapel which had so often proved a quiet retreat in the young man's sad and lonely hours. Day after day, week after week, Adrienne watched, but Claude de la Roche returned not. She asked no word as to his departure; and had anyone enquired why she looked so earnestly to his coming again, she could scarce have told. She did not know her own heart; she could not fathom the feelings which, from her childhood, she had been taught to repulse, and root out as unworthy and sinful in one who was to be the Bride of Heaven.

It was a year now since the little band had left the shores of their beloved France—the home they never expected to behold again. What a long year it had been! What a lifetime seemed crowded into the weary twelve months! But they had been accounted worthy to suffer for their much-loved Church: far be it from them to murmur or indulge in one regretful thought. And they had plenty to occupy them; nuns and fathers labored day and night among the wretched Algonquins, who fled to them for succor from the dreaded Iroquois, or were brought sick and dying to the crowded hospital. Many a poor Indian in his dying agonies received the baptismal water on his pallid brow; and while the holy father bent over him, rejoicing in his saved soul—though it were snatched as a brand from the burning—he closed his eyes forever on all earthly scenes. There were a few conversions, it is true, of a more satisfactory nature, when those who were in health and strength accepted the Catholic faith as their own; but these were rare, and over such the fathers watched with a care as wise and considerate as it was vigilant and incessant. So much that is dear to the Indian heart had to be relinquished by the convert, that it is little wonder the Christian Algonquins were few, and even among them perversions not unfrequent; yet, in spite of this, some few Indians there were who rejoiced the hearts of the fathers, and proved great aids to them in their work, often accompanying them in their perilous

missions, acting as guides or interpreters. One of these was Sessewa, of the tribe of the Atticamegues, who, coming to the little port for trading purposes, had been convinced by the truth, and became one of the Jesuits' most promising converts. Having had experience of the instability of Indian faith, the fathers hastened the baptism of Sessewa, hoping thus to bind him more closely to themselves; for, discerning in him great sagacity and aptitude to learn, they trusted he might become a valuable assistant in their labors among his countrymen. Accordingly a day was appointed for the ceremony, and as Sessewa was of no little importance in his tribe, of which his father was chief, the accompaniments of the rite were to be unusually impressive. The important day at last arrived. The chapel, gaily adorned, looked quite splendid in the eyes of the savages; while the priests in their white surplices moving slowly to and fro, prostrating and crossing themselves, filled with wonderment and awe the minds of the crowds of Indians who had collected from far and near to witness the strange sight. Almost enraptured they seem with the chanting, the tinkle of silvery bells, the swinging of censers perfuming the air with their aromatic odors, and the solemnity pervading all. Old warriors, hideous with paint, and with well-greased locks falling on their swarthy shoulders; withered old squaws, and gaily-dressed, dark-eyed maidens—all gaze almost bewildered on the scene. The baptismal service is ended at last; but as the Christian Paul (the name given to Sessewa) witnesses the mysterious elevation of the host, his calmness, which he had preserved throughout, suddenly gives way, and he stands trembling like some guilty culprit. Anxiously the priests look around, but they can see nothing which should occasion this sudden tremor; the vast assemblage is almost motionless, only Sessewa sees the indignant, reproachful glance of two dark, shining eyes bent on him—earnestly, fixedly. The Jesuits fearing for their convert, hurry him away; but their fears are groundless, Sessewa leaves them not. But though Sessewa proved docile, obedient, and constant in his devotional exercises, the

fathers never felt sure of their proselyte; there was a restlessness, an uneasiness about him, which, though peculiar to the Indian character, was especially noticeable in him. He seemed always to be oppressed by some nervous fear, and if obliged to quit the limits of the fort, would creep about as noiselessly and stealthily as if he believed the Iroquois on his trail. Greatly were the good fathers puzzled, for narrowly as they watched their charge, they could discover no solution to the mystery.

Months fled quietly by, each day growing warmer, until midsummer drew on.

One bright August morning, if you, my reader, had been standing on the grand and lofty heights of Quebec, you might have seen a solitary squaw approaching the settlement. She was young and pretty, with an air half defiant, half retiring, that was charming, even in her. Evidently not more than fifteen, she was tall and slight, with a grace and elegance of form many a fair lady might envy. Her long black hair fell straight and waveless almost to her waist. The maiden's dress was evidently studied with great care, and though showing some stains of travel, was such as the young squaws wore only on festal occasions. It consisted but of a richly-trimmed skirt, reaching to the knee, while her neck and arms were elaborately ornamented with wampum, and her feet encased in showy moccasins.

Slowly the girl walked on, gazing earnestly around, as if looking for some one. Soon she seemed to have spied the object of her search, for she hastened her steps in the direction of the chapel.

Leisurely strolling towards the same place was Sessewa, with eyes cast down and drooping head. Quickly the squaw passed him, then, suddenly turning round, she met him face to face, and fixed upon him a look of the deepest reproach, anger and scorn. Sessewa stood as if spell-bound; then, without a word, buried his face in his hands, and remained motionless. They were a fitting subject for the artist's pencil as they stood thus—the girl with her flashing eyes and compressed lips, standing erect, the man cowering dumb before her. A moment the Indian girl, Mahamie, sur

veyed the trembling figure before her, then, touching him gently, she said:—

“Sessewa, come!” and he turned and followed her like some obedient child.

Soon they were out of sight in the mazes of the adjoining forest, while the Jesuits watched their receding forms with the conviction that they might bid a long farewell to their promising convert; but they were mistaken. Of whatever nature the influence of the fathers over the savage was, it seemed more powerful than the pleadings of the beautiful Mahamie; and, as the sun set amid splendors of purple, gold and crimson, like some mighty monarch sink-

ing to rest among gorgeous and royal-hued canopies, the form of the Indian was seen ascending the winding pathway, his tall shadow darkening the green hillside. No explanation of his conduct did the reticent Indian give; as silent and moody as ever he moved about, his only expressed desire being to leave the residency; so that he showed evident symptoms of pleasure when he was chosen to accompany Father Jogues on a mission to the red men north of Lake Huron, and was the most enthusiastic of the party, when, in December, they set out on their perilous journey.

(To be continued.)

## THE FUTURE.

What may we take into the vast forever?

That marble door

Admits no fruit of all our long endeavor,

No fame-wreathed crown we wore,

No garnered lore.

What can we bear beyond the unknown portal?

No gold, no gains

Of all our toiling; in the life immortal

No hoarded wealth remains,

Nor gilds, nor stains.

Naked from out that far abyss behind us

We entered here.

No word came with our coming, to remind us

What wondrous world was near,

No hope, no fear.

Into the silent, starless night before us,

Naked we glide;

No hand has mapped the constellations o'er us,

No comrade at our side,

No chart, no guide.

Yet fearless toward that midnight, black and hollow

Our footsteps fare;

The beckoning of a Father's hand we follow—

His love alone is there,

No curse, no care.

## THE REIGN OF AUTUMN.

BY ALICE CARY.

The rust is over the red of the clover,

The green is under the gray,

And down the hollow the fleet-winged swallow

Is flying away and away.

Fled are the roses, dead are the roses,

The glow and the glory done,

And down the hollow the steel-winged swallow

Flying the way o'er the sun.

In place of the summer, a dread new-comer

His solemn state renews;

A crimson splendor, instead of the tender

Daisy, and the darling dews.

But oh, the sweetness, the full completeness

That under his reign are born!

Russet and yellow in apples mellow,

And wheat, and millet, and corn.

His frosts so hoary touch with glory

Maple, and oak, and thorn;

And rising and falling, his winds are calling,

Like a hunter through his horn.

No thrifty sower, but just a mower,

That comes when the day is done,

With warmth a-beaming and gold a-gleaming,

Like sunset after the sun.

And while fair weather and frost together,

Color the woods so gay,

We must remember that chill December

Has turned his steps this way.

And say, as we gather the house together,

And pile the logs on the hearth,

Help us to follow the light little swallow,

E'en to the ends of the earth!

## AGNES VINING—A CANADIAN TALE.

BY MRS. R. ROTHWELL, AMHERST ISLAND, ONT.

(Concluded.)

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE PROGRESS OF THE FEVER.

Louisa's terror of the fever reached its height when, on the 7th of August, little Johnny Givins took the fever, and died on the 12th. The fever with him ran a rapid course; and, frightened out of her senses, Louisa declared that her doom was sealed if she remained in the plague-stricken spot. The next day Dr. Wilson brought an invitation from his wife, to which he added his own, for her and Miss Vining. Their little girl was at school, so they had no fears on her account, and both would be glad to receive Mrs. and Miss Vining till the fever had abated, or subsided altogether.

Louisa went gladly—Agnes declined to go. She did not wish to leave her brother; she had not much fear of the fever, and in Dr. Wilson's absence she could be of use to many people who came to her for help. All these reasons she gave Dr. Wilson: one which had more weight than all the rest she did not give. She did not wish to go to Constance, for at Constance lived Mr. Haltaine.

She had seen him several times since the Sunday evening she so well remembered, but his manner to her had never been what it was before. He was cold and constrained, saying as little to her as was possible in common civility, and appearing to avoid rather than seek her society. Every feeling made her aid him in this. Shame at having mistaken his sentiments towards her; pride which would have concealed even from herself what were hers towards him; sorrow that she had made so false an estimate of his character; and anger at the manner in which she believed he had trifled with her. She did not wish to see him more than she could help, and there-

fore refused to go where she must have seen him daily.

The day following Louisa's departure, Mr. Haltaine came from Constance to Johnny Givins' funeral. He came afterwards to Philip Vining's, and gently reproached Agnes for not having accepted his sister's invitation. "I admire your motives for remaining, Miss Vining; but I do not quite agree in them. I hardly think it is your duty to run the risk of staying here."

"Do not you think our duty lies where we truly believe it to be, Mr. Haltaine? not where others place it for us?"

"Certainly," he replied.

"Then mine is here now. Were I to leave this place I should feel that I was neglecting it, and all the assurances to the contrary that you or anyone else could give me would not salve my conscience."

Mr. Haltaine said no more on the subject; while he remained he spoke of the progress of the fever, and of Mrs. Grant, who was now improving, the crisis with her being past. Agnes tried to behave as usual, but in spite of her efforts she felt that her manner was cold, and unlike herself. She heard of Mr. Haltaine often afterwards while the fever lasted, as always to be found where a helping hand or sympathizing heart were needed; but it was many a long day before she saw him again.

The fever spread fast; within the next fortnight five people sickened, and Tobit Ashton died. Nelly Givins had had it very lightly, and was already better, but the death of little Johnny had plunged the whole family into grief. Perhaps the person who felt it most—next, at least, to his mother—was Mrs. Grant. She felt, poor girl, that she had, however innocently, been the means of introducing the disorder into the neighborhood, and that she had

done evil which would never be repaired. Though recovering from the fever she was still very weak and ill; and her transparent skin, thin hands, flushed cheek, and harsh grating cough, gave signs of a complaint which would end only with her life.

When Louisa was gone, Agnes not having much fear of infection, went to Philipsburg to see Mrs Grant. Indeed, it was not easy now to avoid the chance of infection; there were few houses in the immediate neighborhood where there was not a fever patient—not to speak of those who constantly sought Agnes for advice and help. It was late in August; a few ragged grey clouds, and a slight breeze from the south-east, seemed at last to promise a change in the weather, but it was very hot and close still. Agnes found Mrs. Grant sitting in the rocking-chair where she had first seen her, and was shocked at the delicacy of her appearance.

“When do you think I can go away?” she asked.

“Not till you are stronger. I suppose you are anxious to get home?”

The girl shivered slightly. “No, I shall go on to Morrisville, to my sister.”

“Will not your husband come for you?” asked Agnes in surprise.

Mrs. Grant put up her hand to her neck, to the chain which held the locket. Either the clasp was faulty, or in her evident agitation she pulled it too hard, for it snapped, and the locket fell on the floor. Agnes stooped for it, but the fall had broken the hinge, and as she raised it she saw the portrait within. It was that of Escott Va'leau.

She was speechless with surprise. Mrs. Grant blushed deeply. “Do you know that likeness?” she stammered at last.

“Yes; I am surprised to see it in your possession.”

“Since you have seen it, I will tell you all. You have been very kind to me, and I will tell you the whole truth when I am a little stronger.”

Her agitation was so great that Agnes thought it best to leave her, and not press her further. As she was going, Mrs. Givins desired a few words.

“I think it's only right, Miss Vining, to tell you that I don't believe Mrs. Grant's

story is true. All through her sickness she'd never have her husband sent for or written to for fear of frightening him, she said. But I made out from her, sly like, where he lived in Winchester, and I wrote to him without letting on to her. Well, I never got no answer, which I thought queer enough, when I told him the child was dead, and the state his wife was in. Well, then I wrote to a friend of mine in Winchester, and asked her to go and see Mr. Grant, and tell him; and she sent me back word there was no such person in the street I named, nor never had been. So you see, she's not what she pretends to be, whatever else she is.”

“I always thought she was of a better station than she seemed,” said Agnes quietly. “She told me so to-day. She has been very unfortunate; as soon as she can move she shall come to my brother's, and you will have no more trouble about her.”

Mrs. Givins was dumb with astonishment, and actually allowed Agnes to depart without uttering another word.

Agnes found trouble at home. Mrs. McFarlane was moaning over her child. “He's sick for death! Miss Agnes, dear, he's sick for death! Oh, my poor child! What will I say to his father, and he away! Oh, dear! oh, dear! what could bring that woman to this place at all; and what will I say to Robert when he comes home, and finds his child dead and buried, and he away? Oh, Miss Agnes, dear, isn't it lamentable?”

Agnes took the poor little fellow in her arms. She knew the symptoms of the fever well by this time, and they were but too apparent. Her attempts to comfort the mother were useless; she had made up her mind to the worst; and only repeated over and over again the same words—“He's sick for death! What will I say to his father?” Agnes was lost in wonder at her demonstrative and ostentatious grief. Throughout the child's illness—which lasted ten days—she moaned louder and louder; she invented longer words for the expression of her sorrow, and prayed more and more passionately to the saints to preserve her child. When, however, her prayers were vain, and the child breathed

no more, she seemed, like King David, to think further moaning useless. She dried her tears, and addressed herself to preparations which to Agnes were a mystery. She dressed the lifeless little body in a fine white frock, tied and trimmed with ribbons of the same color, and laid it on a table covered with a fair white cloth; over it she spread another, and strewed round and above it all the white flowers she could find in the garden. "There," she said,—"when she had finished—with a kind of sad triumph, "he's 'most the handsomest corpse ever I seen. I saw Johnny Givins, and little Tobit Ashton, and no one who sees my child will say but what he's as nice as either of them."

"But who is to see him?" asked Agnes.

"Plenty of people, I hope. My man is respected all round here; and there's few but what would pay the compliment of coming to look at his child."

She was right. To Agnes' amazement the house was soon filled with people, many of whom had left at home relations ill with the fever, and knew not how soon they might have the same ceremony within their own walls. To all who came Mrs. McFarlane shewed the little corpse in its fantastic attire, listening to their remarks, and their comparisons of different occasions of the same kind. Sometimes the tears fell, and her apron came into requisition, but in general she preserved a grave and solemn demeanor which she seemed to have assumed as befitting the occasion.

Agnes expressed to Philip her wonder at something so different from what she had ever heard of before. "The custom is new to you, I suppose," he said. "I thought it strange at first, but I am used to it now. It is not only among people of Mrs. McFarlane's class that it obtains, it is general throughout the country. I have heard it said, you have have a right to go to any house when death is there, whether you have ever been before or not; as if the presence of the great guest sanctioned that of all others. It is considered a mark of respect to the dead."

"But what about the living? Fancy intruding on a mourner's first grief!"

"Well, of course, they like the respect shown, as they consider it such; and,

besides, it relieves them of some of the sad duties necessary to be performed. Every one is willing to be of service; and I imagine it was in that way the custom first arose."

"I do not like the idea at all," said Agnes.

"No, perhaps not. Few people brought up with our ideas of the sanctity and privacy of grief would. Habit has familiarized me with it, and I think there are two sides to the question. At all events, it is the general custom. If you or I died to-morrow morning, the house would be full of people you had never seen all day."

The next week there were two funerals. Philip, coming home from the second of these, found Agnes dressed to go out, and asked where she was going.

"I am obliged to turn nurse in reality, at last; Minnie Valteau is ill."

"The fever?" His tone made her look up.

"Oh, Philip! oh, my dear brother! do you really care for her?"

She made him sit down, and stood beside him smoothing the hair from the forehead where the terror of her words had brought great drops of dew. For a time he was silent, and when he spoke it was in a low and solemn tone.

"Care for her? Ay, Agnes, as I care for no one else on earth. As I care for the woman I hoped to make my wife one day."

"You will," whispered Agnes. "She is not very ill."

Indeed, the fever in Minnie's case was very slight, but she had expressed a wish to have Agnes with her, saying she should get well twice as fast under her care; and for Philip's sake Agnes was very glad to be with her. Minnie improved fast; but after a time old Mr. Valteau was laid up, and Agnes advised Mrs. Valteau to have someone to help nurse him. Mrs. Valteau was at a loss, but the servants contrived to let it be known that such a person was wanted, and the next day Mrs. Grant presented herself.

She was not in the least fit for the fatigue of such a task, and Agnes begged her not to undertake it; but she pleaded so hard to be allowed to be of some use, after all the trouble she had caused, that it was impos-

sible to refuse her. She had not yet told Agnes her story, but though Miss Vining was in the dark as to the entire truth, she guessed enough. She had not liked to seem to intrude on a confidence that was not freely given, and waited Mrs. Grant's time, sure that it would come. She had, of course, confided all that she knew and suspected to Philip, who pitied the poor girl, and agreed with Agnes that she had probably been the victim of a false marriage.

"I never liked that Valleau," he said, "he always appeared to me deceitful and double-dealing. He suits his profession admirably."

One evening, when Agnes had left Minnie sleeping for a time, she was joined by Mrs. Grant. "Mrs. Valleau has sent me away for awhile; Mr. Valleau is talking to her."

She sat down by the open window. The harvest was over, and the fields of stubble looked bright in the setting sun. A soft breeze came from the water and rustled the leaves of the long row of poplars with a soothing sound, and brought the low of the cattle coming home. It had rained in the morning, and the earth was still fragrant, and a rich scent came up from the flowers where the humming-bird moths were collecting their evening store of honey. It was a peaceful scene.

"Miss Vining," said Annie at last, "I have never told you yet what I promised you. Shall I do so now?"

"I shall be very glad to hear it," said Agnes.

"It is not a long story; I could tell it in a few words; but I will begin at the beginning. I came from Ireland three years ago last spring. My father was the steward on a large estate there, and he gave me and my brother a good education. When he died, my brother came out here; he did well, for he got a situation as book-keeper in a large merchant's house at Winchester, and in a short time he sent for me. When I came, I found he had died suddenly three weeks before. I had no money and no friends, but the gentleman my brother had been with was very kind, and promised to do what he could for me. Through him, and a friend of his, I got a place as school-

teacher, at a village called Wales, about six miles from Winchester, and I boarded at a respectable place, so that I was saved from the fear of want.

"One of the gentlemen was Mr. Escott Valleau. From the first he was very kind and good to me. He used to come and see me sometimes, to lend me books and tell me how to study them. I liked it, and thought him very kind. I know now that it was wrong in him, and thoughtless in me; but then it was innocence on my part: I was only seventeen.

"At last Mrs. Warren spoke to me, and told me it was not proper for me to receive a gentleman's visits. I did not understand her at first; but when she explained what she meant, I was surprised and shocked. The next time Mr. Valleau came I told him it must be the last time. He laughed till he found I was in earnest; then he asked how he had offended me, and said—no matter what—it is all past now. I did not want him to know what Mrs. Warren had said, but he managed to make me tell him, and then he laughed again, and said, if that was all, he would soon cure that. If he could not see me sometimes, he would have me always; and he asked me to be his wife. I was surprised at first, for I never thought he cared for me in that way, but I liked him very much, and I said yes.

"We were married at Mrs. Warren's. There was no clergyman in Wales, and I am a Methodist, so the Methodist minister read the service. We lived in a small house in Winchester, and for a time I was very happy. My husband was not always with me, but he said there were good reasons for that, and I believed him, and tried not to mind; but after a time he came less and less often, and at last sometimes a week would pass without my seeing him; he would be often cross when he came, and I was not always patient, so that we were not so happy as we had been. When I had been married a year and a half my baby was born; I hoped that my husband would be fond and proud of his child, but he did not seem to care; he came more and more seldom. At last—one day I got angry—it was very wrong I know—I told him I did not think he cared for me as he



ought—that I was his wife and he should not neglect me so—he had not been near me for nearly a month. He was very angry, and told me I had better take care what I said; that—that I was not his wife—that our marriage was no marriage as it had not been performed by a church clergyman, and that—I do not recollect any more. except that he said he was going away from Winchester for a few days, and hoped to find me in a better temper when he returned. As soon as he was gone, I left home. I had to stay a day in Montagu, my baby was so ill, but I thought of going to Morrisville because it was a large place and a long way off. Now you know all, and will you let me stay with you? I will work for you; indeed I do not think I shall live very long, and I have no other friends.”

The story was told with much hesitation and many tears. Agnes could hardly restrain her own, but she tried to comfort the poor girl and promised her a home while she chose to stay. “But suppose Mr. Valteau comes?” she asked.

“He will not come till next year, I have heard;” said Annie, “And I shall be gone by that time. Even if he did your house would be a safe shelter for me. No, I will stay if you will let me. However unhappy I may be, I have no cause to be ashamed.”

Agnes told Philip the story next morning. “Is it not a good marriage?” she inquired. “Surely it is, if it were properly performed before witnesses by a minister of a Protestant sect, to which one of the parties belongs.”

“Of course it is,” said Philip, “and if she were not little more than a child she would have known it.”

“What could her husband have meant?”

“Heaven knows. He was evidently tired of her, and neglected her; but he is much too good a lawyer to have believed what he said. Probably he said it to frighten and punish her, and persisted when he found how well he succeeded. Cowardly rascal!”

“I suppose we have no right to interfere?”

“No, I think not. He will be here soon, and she had better remain as she is till he comes. It is well for her she came here.”

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE END OF THE FEVER—CONCLUSION.

As the weather cooled the fever abated; those who took it had it more lightly, and those who already had it, suffered less and began to recover. October had begun, and though the days were still warm, the nights were fresh and even frosty. Minnie Valteau was almost herself again; she came down stairs, and even ventured into the garden. Here she was sitting with Agnes one bright afternoon, watching with the listlessness of a convalescent the fall of the yellow poplar leaves as they slowly drifted to the ground through the still air, when Philip opened the gate and came towards them. He was very nervous. Agnes could see how his hand shook as he took that of Minnie, and his voice trembled as he asked how she was. Probably it was from sympathy that Minnie suddenly became confused as well, and that such a bright color came into her pale face. Nothing remarkable, however, followed this demonstration; the most commonplace remarks were uttered on each side. Philip observed that it was a fine afternoon; Minnie said yes, and warm for the time of year. Philip said that he thought it might rain that night; Minnie replied, ‘perhaps it would, if it did not freeze,’ to which Philip answered, ‘Just so,’ until Agnes, taking pity on them, pretended to have something to attend to in-doors, and left them to themselves.

She remained away as long as she thought it prudent for Minnie to stay out. When she rejoined them there was no more nervousness in Philip’s manner, and the blush on Minnie’s cheek was one of shy pleasure. “Did you amuse Minnie while I was gone, Philip?” asked Agnes.

“Kiss your sister, Agnes,” was his reply.

“So that is what you found to talk about!” she whispered, as she kissed the blushing girl. “I am sorry I left you!”

“No you’re not!” replied Miss Minnie, with a toss of her dark curls. “You did it on purpose, and you know it! It’s I that am sorry and angry!” She looked from one to the other.

Old Mr. Valteau did not recover. The fever had left him so weak that there were

but slight hopes that he would ever be well again. For a long time he refused to believe it, and spoke of returning to his usual occupations as soon as he was a little stronger; but at last he confessed that he thought his end was near, and expressed a wish to see his son. "How long is it since he was here, Minnie, child? More than three months, isn't it? I'd like to see him whether I live or die; write and tell him to come." So Escott was sent for.

It was a dull day at the end of October. Heavy gray clouds shadowed the sky and an occasional flake of snow fluttered down from them; the water looked black and turbid under the dark sky; the leaves on the trees were still bright with their autumn tints, but had lost their glory with the sunshine, and those that had fallen rustled mournfully in the cold wind. It was a day to enjoy a warm room and a fire, and before a bright one Agnes and Annie were sitting at work. Neither had gone that day to Mr. Valteau's, for they knew that Escott was expected, and Agnes felt as little inclined to meet him as Annie herself.

"There is Philip now," said Agnes, as a man's step was heard in the passage.

Annie grew deadly pale. "It is not Mr. Vining" she gasped out "it is"—and as she spoke, Escott Valteau entered. For a moment he stood doubtful; then he strode forward and clasped Annie firmly in his arms. "My wife! have I found you at last?"

But Annie struggled to be free. "I am not your wife; Let me go!" was all she said. He only held her the closer, and said "Peace, child, you are my wife, my own dear wife." She did not hear; she had fainted.

Then he laid her down, and for the first time saw the change three months had made in her. Agnes restored her to consciousness, and she woke to find her husband leaning over her, showering kisses on her lips, and praying for pardon and forgiveness. But kisses could not bring back the rosy health he had last seen in her face, and though she said, "I forgive you, Escott," it was with a smile of such sadness that it smote him to the heart. He had heard of her at his father's and recog-

nized the description; and though hardly able to conceal his emotion, had not told them who she was till he had found and claimed her. Little patience as Agnes had with him, she could not, nor could Philip refuse to receive him as a guest while Annie remained so ill. Never strong, the illness and emotions of the last four months had been too much for her. It was evident that she would not live long.

Her husband would not believe it. He said she must live or he should even more consider himself as her murderer; that if she died he would not survive her, and much more to the same effect. Agnes was more angry with him than she had ever been with anyone before. "Had he cared half as much for her when it was of use, as he pretends to do now it is of none, he would not have killed her as he has done. But even now I believe it is twice as much pretence as reality." To all her husband's wild talk Annie only answered with a sad smile. "It is better that I should die, Escott; I was not a fit wife for you. Do not blame yourself. I was too impatient and unforgiving, and I ought not to have reproached or doubted you as I did. Besides I should have had the fever in any case alike."

He shook his head, "Oh Annie! my darling! live for my sake."

"It is sweeter to die hearing you say those words, than it could be to live to be less happy. You might not care for me so much if you had no fear of losing me." She did not mean the words to be so bitter as his conscience made them.

She died late in November. It was an Indian-summer day, when the sun shone warm through a golden haze, and the little streams of water, released by the thaw, made soft music on every side. She passed away so peacefully that they thought she slept, holding her husband's hand, and with a smile upon her face.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Vining came home on the 7th of November. "Time for her!" said Mrs. McFarlane, in high disdain. "Time for her, when other folks has had all the trouble and all the sorrow. The dear knows whether she'll miss the sweet child that's gone. And yoh'r worked and worn to a shadow, Miss Agnes dear; you're

nearly as bad as that poor Mrs. Grant herself; Lord help us! I'll never be able to call her Mrs. Valleau."

After Annie's death, and when there was no longer any need of exertion, Agnes felt the effects of the strain of the last few months. She was not ill, but she felt a languor and disinclination for employment entirely contrary to her usual disposition, and left some of her household tasks to Louisa, who could not refuse to perform them, but did them sorely against her will.

One thing surprised Agnes. Day after day passed, and Mrs. Vining gave no hint of her being engaged to Mr. Haltaine; nor did he resume the visits he had paid so regularly in the summer. To be sure the days were short now, and the evenings long and dark, and the roads in the same state, as regarded mud, as when she had first known them; but Agnes did not believe that any of these causes would have kept him away, had he chosen to come. It might be that Louisa did not wish anything known or said during the first year of her widowhood; but this was a delicacy for which Agnes, to say the truth, hardly gave her credit. At last Agnes began to wonder whether she could have been mistaken, and if *she* had offended him by her rudeness the last time he had called; but she came to the conclusion that she had said or done nothing at which he ought to have taken offence, and resolved to think of the matter as little as possible, and as of one that did not concern her.

She kept this resolution as such resolutions are usually kept; namely, not at all. She worried herself with trying not to worry. She did not get strong and well as soon as she would have liked; now that she was again settled down quietly at home, she missed little Johnny's merry chatter, and the sound of his little feet; and the house seemed lonely without him. Her spirits were lower than they had been when sickness and death were round her, and there was need for exertion; day after day she determined to rouse herself once for all, and day after day went by and she did not do it.

It was a week before Christmas, clear, cold, and bright. Some snow had fallen in the night, and Louisa, childishly eager

for her first sleigh-ride, had persuaded Philip to take advantage of it and to drive her out. Agnes was alone, and was surprised (and provoked with herself to find she was pleased,) by a visit from Mr. Haltaine.

"I came, Miss Vining," he said after a few remarks on nothing in particular, "to ask your brother for a subscription. It is for a poor widow in Constance, who in general supports herself and her children, but she has broken her arm, and is not able to work.

"I am sorry my brother is not at home; but I think I can promise that in such a cause he will do all he can."

This subject disposed of, there was an awkward pause.

"Forgive me for remarking it, Miss Vining, said Mr. Haltaine at last "but you do not look well."

"I have not been well lately. I have had more than usual to do."

"More than usual! Miss Vining there is not one woman in a thousand would do what you have done."

Agnes colored deeply. "I only did what I thought my duty," she said.

"That you did think it your duty and nothing more, proves what I say. I repeat there is not one in a thousand would have done as you did."

"You flatter me too much, Mr. Haltaine."

"Flatter you! that is not the word. I cannot tell you how I esteem and admire you! Were not envy so great a sin, I could envy him who fills that place in your affection which I would give the world to hold!"

He stopped abruptly, ashamed at having so forgotten himself, while Agnes, lost in surprise, could find no words but the plain and blunt ones, "What do you mean?"

"Pardon me. I had no right to say what I did."

"But tell me what you meant."

"That however I might care for you, your affection was not for me. But I had no right to betray that I knew it."

"But—but you are altogether wrong, Mr. Haltaine!"

"Wrong! is there no one then whom you love?"

"I care for no one in the world in that

way, Mr. Haltaine,—but you.” The words were spoken very low, but she looked up in his face as she said them. Who needs to be told what followed?

Of their explanations little need be said; how Agnes told the little there was to tell of the former “Arthur,” and how completely she had forgotten her first fancy in a truer and deeper love; and how Mr. Haltaine confessed to having once begged a lock of hair from a young lady who was nothing loth to give it. “To tell you the truth, Agnes, she was a cousin of mine in Ireland, twelve years old, who used to call herself my little wife. I have the hair still in my

pocket-book, but how it came to meet your eyes at that unlucky moment I cannot tell.”

Philip was truly glad to hear that his friend and sister had come to an understanding *at last*. Mrs. Vining took it very coolly. “I only wonder” she said, “why he did not propose months ago.” Her ignorance of the cause made Agnes forgive her share in the delay.

Should any one feel sufficient interest in Louisa to wish to know of her after fate, they may enquire for her at Winchester, where she is much admired under the name of Mrs. Escott Valleau. Surely she and her husband were a well-matched pair.

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## THE VOLUNTEERS AND INCIDENTS OF 1837.

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BY G. S. P., QUEBEC.

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The causes, effects, and results of the Rebellion in 1837 form an interesting and important chapter in the history of Canada, with which most of the readers of the DOMINION are doubtless familiar. It is, therefore, the purpose of the writer only briefly to record some reminiscences of a few incidents, chiefly concerning the volunteers and citizen soldiers who were called out and enrolled in the ancient capital on that memorable occasion.

The regular troops stationed at this garrison consisted of a few regiments of the line, among whom were the gallant 32nd, and were immediately ordered to proceed to that portion of Lower Canada where hostilities had already commenced, leaving the strong fortress of Quebec in charge and defence of a volunteer force. The militia organization was, as might be expected at that time, very incomplete and inefficient; the roll on paper certainly looked very formidable indeed, with a long array of colonels, majors, captains, lieutenants and ensigns, but their knowledge of military discipline, tactics and drill, were thoroughly imperfect and useless. No training or muster of militia had taken

place for several years, many of the men having never handled a musket.

When it was decided to withdraw the troops from the garrison, the old country portion of the community were enrolled into companies, and quite a martial spirit prevailed. The first paid corps raised consisted of laborers, mechanics and tradesmen, chiefly Irish, and were called the

### PORK-EATERS,

forming a regiment of about 600 strong, able, resolute fellows, who, on being equipped, at first presented a motley, awkward squad; but after a period of thorough drilling by the non-commissioned officers of the regulars, and subjection to strict military discipline, they became quite efficient, and, before many months elapsed, presented a very soldier-like appearance, going through their evolutions almost as well as the regulars, and, had occasion required, would have proved a formidable body for an enemy to encounter. Colonel Irvine had command of this regiment; and Colonel Hope, of the Grenadier Guards, was the Commander-in-Chief of the garrison. A fine cavalry corps of well-mounted and

active young volunteers, under Major Burnet, also served during this period.

The next corps was a unique body of men called the

#### QUEEN'S PETS,

comprising the seamen and seafaring men who happened to be in the port of Quebec, and were enrolled under the command of Captain Rayside, a veteran naval officer, well known as the captain of the Montreal and Quebec steamers, and afterwards as harbor-master of the port. Their uniform consisted of blue pea-jackets and trowsers, equipped with pistols, cutlasses, and a small cannonade. Had they been called into action, either for land or water warfare, they would have proved a resolute, brave and useful means of defence. Their services were frequently called into requisition, hunting up concealed arms and ammunition and disaffected parties, accompanied by Robert Symes, an active and zealous magistrate. The Queen's Pets became, for a long time, quite a household word.

The next arm of defence was composed of

#### THE VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY,

a fine, able set of men, officered like the infantry by young merchants and professional men, who, after being instructed by the regulars, acquired great proficiency, particularly in the art of gunnery, and handled the cannon around the battlement walls in a most creditable manner, forming an important branch of the service for garrison duty.

#### CITIZEN VOLUNTEERS.

This corps was made up of Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 companies; they were unpaid soldiers, furnishing their own uniforms—a blanket frock-coat, with caps and leggings of the same material, with red, blue, green, and yellow facings. Each company was distinguished by some peculiar cognomen, one of which was famous as the *Faugh-a-Ballaghs*. No. 3 Rifles was considered a crack corps of young merchants and clerks, of which the writer was a full private. This company was officered by Captain, now Hon., John Young; Henry J. Noad, Lieu-

tenant; and William Paterson, Ensign. They acquired great proficiency in drill, especially that pertaining to rifle movements and skirmishing. The members of this company now living (alas! how few!) still entertain a pleasant regard and happy remembrance of their gentlemanly and efficient instructor, Mr., now Colonel, Wiley.

#### THE POT-BELLIES

were composed of Lower-town merchants of the elder class, who turned out manfully on this occasion, and subjected themselves to the drill and discipline of a soldier's life with becoming alacrity and good-will. It was a caution to witness their portly figures as they marched up to the Citadel armory, and received their accoutrements of black leather belts and cartouch box, with 20 rounds of ball cartridge, and a flint lock "Brown Bess." And oh! the drilling! mark time—form fours—eyes right—left front—dress—such puffing and blowing—excited many a good-humored joke and smile as they moved about their heavy corporations at the word of command. The unpaid volunteers were under the command of Colonel Sewell.

#### GARRISON DUTIES.

To garrison the fortress of Quebec would require a force of several thousand soldiers. Those who have visited the Citadel and traversed the walls and battlements, and entered through the ponderous gates, can form some idea of the vigilance required to guard the several points around the city. But the present mode of warfare has completely changed the style of fortifications of former days, and those of Quebec, once famed as the "second Gibraltar," are now crumbling into ruin and decay; ere long, probably, to be removed altogether for the more utilitarian purposes of the age, the strong forts on the heights of Point Levi, now nearly completed, being considered as a more efficient means of defence.

#### THE GUARD ROOM

to the soldier is a place replete with many an interesting reminiscence, and proves a most welcome resort to the weary sentry, after walking for hours his lonely round.

Here it was that we assembled to receive the orders of the day, and to be told off to our several duties, some to the Citadel, some to the gates, and other parts of the garrison. Those who have passed to and fro as sentry in the Citadel in winter, when the thermometer marks 32 degrees below zero, can call to mind the solitary hours before being relieved — the officer of the day coming stealthily along — the challenge: "Who goes there?" "Rounds." "What rounds?" "Grand rounds." "Stand grand rounds and give the countersign." "Pass grand rounds." "All right!" To relieve the monotony of our duties, our companions in arms would gather round and discuss the topics of the day, or some subject would come up for interesting and animated debate; songs and storytelling continuing far into the night, till, becoming weary, we turn in on the soft side of the planks of our bunks, and sink into a profound slumber, till aroused by the beating of the *réveille*.

## INCIDENTS.

Business was generally suspended, and rumors of various kinds were rife concerning the Patriots, both in Upper and Lower Canada, which kept all on the *qui vive* for the latest intelligence. No lightning then flashed the news over the telegraph wires every minute, as if the events occurring thousands of miles away were within sight and hearing distance; no railway to transport troops in a few hours to the remotest scene of action.

## ARRIVAL OF THE 43RD FROM HALIFAX.

This regiment had received a few hours' notice to start for Canada; and, embarking in winter vehicles, proceeded to their destination, arriving at Point Levi. It was an interesting sight to witness the long string of carioles as they came over the hill on the opposite side of the River St. Lawrence, and then the crossing over amidst the floating ice, in wooden canoes, with flags gaily flying at the stern — the landing at Quebec — the weary and weather-beaten soldiers as they quietly fell into the ranks, and answered to the roll-call, marching with military precision up Mountain hill to their quarters for a brief rest, preparatory to proceeding to the seat of war.

ESCAPE OF GENERALS THELLER AND DODGE  
FROM THE CITADEL.

The sympathy of the people in the United States with the Patriots was very extensive; and no doubt, in many instances, really sincere. Their own struggles for freedom and independence ever burning fresh in their minds, naturally leading them to entertain, perhaps, exaggerated notions and mistaken views of the "situation" of their neighbors, caused some prominent parties to aid and sympathize with the Patriots, and men, arms and money were furnished, to some extent; but want of concert, and the partial interference of the United States troops, frustrated their designs and operations. Among those who took an active part in assisting the Patriots were Generals Theller and Dodge, both professional men, who were taken prisoners and brought down to Quebec, and lodged in the Citadel, under sentence of transportation. By some means communication was kept up frequently during their incarceration with French-Canadian and Irish Patriots in the city. The Grenadier Guards occupied the citadel barracks, and the friends of the prisoners having conveyed to them some bottles of beer or porter, strongly drugged, the sentry was induced to partake so freely that he fell into a profound sleep, and they walked quietly out of the place of their confinement to the bastion tower, on a dark tempestuous night. Cutting off the ropes of the flag-staff, they let themselves down on the glacis below; but, owing to some mistake of preconceived plans, they found themselves alone, without a guide or direction of any kind, in a strange city; and after wandering about for some time, met a French-Canadian on his way to work, by whom they were taken to the suburbs of St. Rochs for concealment. In the meantime the alarm had been given, and the guard ransacked the city in every direction, the gates of the city being closed, and every person scrutinized as they passed through the wicket; but the vigilance of the friends of the Generals managed to protect them from discovery. In the meantime, horses saddled and bridled were conveyed by the ferry-boat to Point Levi,

ready for their escape; and after remaining for several days in concealment at Quebec, they crossed over the river in a small boat, and guided to the place of rendezvous, jumped into the saddles, and riding with great speed, reached the United States in safety.

## AN ALARM.

By a preconcerted plan it was arranged that should any suspicious demonstrations be made by the Patriots during the night-time, the sentinel on duty was to discharge his musket, and two discharges of cannon would follow from the Citadel, and one from the artillery barracks at Palace-gate, being the signal for the troops to meet at the rendezvous in front of the Parliament buildings.

Having retired to bed one night at my own dwelling, with my accoutrements and "Brown Bess" placed near my bedside, I was aroused at early dawn by the booming of cannon; and, hastily donning my uniform, and taking my gun with fixed bayonet, proceeded to the appointed rendezvous, where the volunteer troops were assembled ready for action. Scouts having returned from a look-out, reported the cause of the alarm to have proceeded from the burning of some straw, where a pig was being singed. The morning was hazy, with a light snow falling, and the sentinel had mistaken the reflection of the blaze for a signal of general rising of the Patriots.

## CONCLUSION.

The different epochs in the history of Canada have evinced the fact that this country possesses a valuable volunteer material in cases of internal or external war for efficient defence, unrivalled by any other nation; and with all the faults and shortcomings of our present crude military organization, it has been amply demonstrated, on recent occasions, that a reliable and effective volunteer force can be brought at any moment into action, and concentrated at the remotest point of danger.

The martial spirit and bold *physique* of our young soldiers, and the admirable discipline they have acquired within the last few years, has elicited the highest encomiums from the most distinguished military commanders, showing that we possess the

nucleus of a military organization, which, with a fostering care and proper regulations, may become deservedly the pride of the Dominion of Canada.

## A DAY'S FISHING.

Down by the pier when the sweet morn is blowing,  
Slips from her moorings the Fisher's light bark,  
Sends up her ringing sails while she is going,  
Spread on the sky like a Bird of the Dark;

Treads very timidly, pauses, grows bolder,  
Parts the soft wave, like a tress, from her brows,  
Turns like a girl looking over her shoulder,  
Poised in the dance, as she passes and bows.

There, while his slow net is swinging and sinking,  
There sits the Fisher, a busy man he;  
There too his little son, looking and thinking,  
Dumb with the joy of his first day at sea.

He thinks there are flowers for his small hands to  
gather

Down far below if he only could dive;

He thinks that the fishes are friends of his father,  
And flock to his nets like bees to a hive;

He thinks that their yawl is a fortress unailing,  
And should he fall out, why, for certain he floats;  
He thinks that the sea was created for sailing,  
And wonders why spaces are left without boats;

He thinks that God made the salt water so bitter  
Lest folks should grow thirsty and drain the big cup;  
He thinks that the foam makes a terrible litter,  
And wonders the mermaids don't sweep it all up.

He thinks if his father were half a life younger,  
What fun they might have with the coils of that rope;  
He thinks—just a little—of cold and of hunger,  
And Home—just a little—comes into his hope.

He fancies the hours are beginning to linger,  
Then looks, with a pang, at the down-dropping light;  
And touches the sail with his poor little finger,  
And thinks it won't do for a blanket to-night.

The waves all around him grow blacker and vaster,  
He fears in his soul they are losing their way,  
The darkness is hunting him faster and faster,  
And *the man there* sits watching him, gloomy and gray.

O, is it his father? O, where is he steering?  
The changes of twilight are fatal and grim;  
And what is the place they are rapidly nearing?  
And what are these phantoms so furious and dim?

He is toss'd to the shore! In a moment they grasp  
him,

One moment of horror that melts into bliss;  
It is but the arms of his mother that clasp him,  
His sobs and his laughter are lost in her kiss.

Softly she welcomes her wandering treasure:  
"And were you afraid? Have I got you again?  
Forget all the pain that came after your pleasure,  
In the rest and the joy that come after all pain!"

## MY FIRST AND LAST OFFERS.

BY E. H. A. F.

It seemed very strange to me, that quiet little village of Stoney-Stratford, with its brick houses, its white-washed cottages, and the steeple of the old church rising so high above every surrounding object that it appeared to be looking down in pride upon them all. I had just come from the heart of busy, smoky London, where everything looked black and unhealthy, and where a scene of bustle and confusion was perpetually going forward in the crowded streets; so I was quite a stranger in this pretty little paradise, where every breath I drew of the sweet, pure air was laden with the perfume of a thousand flowers, and where everybody seemed to know the other as a neighbor or friend—whereas in London you hardly ever know who lives next door to you even, and with those on the opposite side of the street you are as little acquainted as you are with “the old man in the moon.” I sat at the window of my new lodging, watching the busy insects as they buzzed amongst the creepers which surrounded it, and chatted to my landlady, who had known and loved my parents in their lifetime, and who appeared disposed to show me every kindness now that they were gone, and I had come down to undertake the duties and responsibilities of my new office as organist of the parish church.

“You will see many handsome faces on Sunday, child,” said Mrs. Thornley, “for our village has more than an ordinary share of beauty; but you will not see one to compare with the face of our pastor himself—so sweet, so gentle, so kind, and withal so determined upon the side of right. Make a friend of him, Miss Maggie, and you may rest assured you will not have a foe in the village.” I was particularly anxious to see this paragon, of course; but, strange to say, I had no immediate opportunity of so doing, owing to his temporary absence from the parish

during the week; but when Sunday came, and, sitting behind my small red curtain, I heard the deep, rich tones of his voice as he read the beautiful and solemn service, I could picture to myself the person to whom that voice belonged, and could moreover believe that Mrs. Thornley’s praises had not been extravagantly bestowed. I might have managed to see him during the delivery of the sermon, but somehow I dared not do so; and when we were leaving the church, and Mrs. Thornley touched my shoulder and said “Miss Brodie, I must introduce Mr. Rivers,” I felt an unaccountable nervousness, and could have wished myself a hundred miles away; but his sweet, gentle smile speedily reassured me, and the kind words he uttered, hoping we should be good friends and workers together in the parish, found a pleasing echo in my heart and rang hopefully there throughout the rest of that day. As naturally might be expected, after this introduction Mr. Rivers and I became firm friends. We met frequently—indeed almost daily—and I never felt so happy nor so raised, as it were, above myself and earth, as when in his society. Still our intimacy deepened. When we were not together he was in my thoughts—never absent from them, haunting my dreams, too, like some angelic visitant from the world of spirits—every thought of my heart was in connection with his name; every plan I formed for the misty future was somehow linked with Edward Rivers’ name. Was it presumption? I scarcely knew, and never paused to consider. Mine was no *ordinary* attachment. I was young, scarcely nineteen, had never formed any previous heart-tie, and was a total stranger to *la grande passion*. I moreover thought that Edward Rivers, with all his noble qualities, and, as I believed, his evident and sincere devotion to myself, was in every respect worthy of my



deep and undivided affection, Nobody guessed my secret, and I made no *confidante*.

This may appear strange to some, but I had never at any time during my life formed a school-girl friendship, and Mrs. Thornley, although kind to a fault, appeared to me much too grave and sedate to listen to the out-pourings of my ardent bosom, and so I kept my thoughts and feelings to myself, and wondered constantly how it would all end.

I often glanced up at the tall, straight windows of the vicarage, and could fancy I saw the figure of Edward Rivers pacing to and fro, or stooping over the desk at which he was accustomed to write; but never up to the present had I ventured within the pretty rose-covered porch, although frequently invited to do so.

It happened one day, however, that I particularly required to speak to him upon a matter of life and death, which left me no alternative but to call upon him and consult with him on the subject. Very nervous I felt as I approached the house, and several times I walked backwards and forwards in the hope that he might chance to see me, and come out and meet me, or at least invite me in; but no, the neatly blinded windows shewed no friendly face peering forth from the snowy muslin, so I was compelled to step across the quiet little street and timidly to ring the bell. I was ushered into a back parlor, where, poring over a book, Mr. Rivers was seated, resting his head upon his hand and seemingly absorbed in study. Our greeting was friendly, as usual, and I was about to seat myself and relate the business upon which I had come, when the door opened, and a lady entered the room. I had scarcely time to glance at her, and to see that, although young, she was plain, and delicate, and slightly deformed about the shoulders, when the minister's voice arrested me, and the few words he uttered sent the blood rushing back to my heart in one impetuous torrent. "Miss Brodie," he said, somewhat hurriedly, "this is Mrs. Rivers, I trust you will be as sisters together and labor hand in hand for the good of those entrusted to our care." He paused, and began abstractedly to arrange some papers which lay in confusion upon

the table, whilst my heart alternately throbbed and stood still, and my brain grew so clouded and confused that I could form but one distinct idea.—Mrs. Rivers! Was this pale-faced, fair-haired, plain little woman the wife of a man who in all his glorious beauty stood by her side, his commanding figure towering above the slender proportions of her fragile and diminutive frame?

She took a piece of snowy white work from a neat little basket, and sat down on the window-seat, whilst her husband came to my side and listened quietly to my hurried relation of the errand which had brought me to his house. Then I arose to depart, but rain had begun to fall, and Mrs. Rivers brought a cloak and placed its ample folds around my shoulders. As she did this I looked at her more closely, and began to wonder less what her husband could have seen in her to induce him to select her from all the world to be the partner of his joys and woes. There was a look of goodness in her face which it seemed impossible to withstand, and her smile was one of the sweetest I had ever seen. I bade her farewell, and went away in a state of utter bewilderment, disgusted with myself for having ever mistaken his friendly attentions for the evidences of an unspoken but inwardly-cherished affection.

I need not dwell upon my feelings as I walked along; they were sufficiently chastening and humiliating to make me hang my head, and keep my burning eyes fixed on the ground. My bright dream was over! Never again could I think of Edward Rivers without sin; his wife stood between him and me—a slender barrier indeed, but an insuperable one.

Strange that I had never seen her before—that I had not noticed her at church, nor met her more frequently walking with him; but, to be sure, she was delicate enough to be much confined to the house, which she most probably was. I had a singular dislike to go home that day. I knew that I could not settle down to my ordinary occupations, nor could I bear the calm tranquillity of Mrs. Thornley's face; I felt that it could not soothe me, so I shrank from encountering it. The rain having ceased, therefore, I wandered on towards

the country with my eyes still bent to the ground. Presently I came to a stile, which I crossed mechanically, and was threading my way through the adjoining fields, when a hand touched my shawl, and a pleasant voice said—"Miss Brodie, is this the way you pass me by, after my waiting and watching for you these many days past?"

It was Charlie Silvertown, a young farmer who had lately settled in the neighborhood, and was much liked and respected in the village. I knew that he loved me; he had followed me down from London, and had more than once given me a hint as to his feelings and intentions, but I had never given him any encouragement, although I participated in the good feeling with which he was universally regarded. "Miss Brodie," he said, "I have been looking forward to this meeting for a long while, without being able to effect it. Now do not hurry away from me; I shall speak to you just this once, and, perhaps, never again. You know that I love you—very truly—very sincerely. Do you care anything at all about me? or is there any hope that you ever will do so?"

But I only shook my head, and walked on in silence.

"I would strive to make you happy, Margaret, indeed I would," he repeated; "you should be everything in the world to me, for I would live for you alone. Is there no hope for me, dear Maggie?" And I said, "there was none." "Not even in the future?" he murmured, with a heavy cloud on his brow. "Let me speak to you this day month; I will promise not to see you until then." His manner was so tender that I paused, and began to reason with myself. I had been cherishing a vain, delusive hope; nourishing a misplaced affection; building up castles which had no foundation, save in empty air. If I were now to accept a good and honorable proposal, it might banish those dreary fancies for ever from my imagination, and work a salutary effect upon my entire life. He was waiting for his answer; I knew that he was looking at me and expecting me to speak, and I did so hurriedly: "You are very kind, very faithful, and I am grateful to you for all. You may speak to me again in a month; but do not blame me if my answer should

cause you disappointment." He pressed my hand with much earnestness, and I was presently alone on my way home. After this I sedulously avoided our minister, and saw as little of him as I possibly could. Sometimes, but very seldom, Mrs. Rivers was leaning on his arm, and the sight of her pale face and slight, deformed figure always unnerved me, and made me uncomfortable for the rest of the day.

Four long weeks thus passed away, and I was sitting one evening at the open window, finishing a piece of embroidery, and looking out for Mrs. Thornley, who had been absent throughout the day. My thoughts were dwelling upon that well-remembered evening, months before, when she and I sat together in that very spot, and she had told me to make a friend of Edward Rivers. Had I done so? I put my hand to my brow for a moment—not to indulge in painful reflections, but to banish them, if possible, from my mind. When I again glanced up at the sound of footsteps, the object of my reveries stood before me. He had entered by the open doorway, and had come up unannounced. My heart beat almost audibly as he murmured over the errand upon which he had come, and then drew a chair to my side and sat down. "Miss Brodie," he said, "I have determined for some time past to enquire into the cause of your altered manner towards me. Have I in any way offended you?" "In no way," I replied, bending more closely over my work to hide my burning blushes. "Then why do you seek to avoid me," he continued. "Why do you hasten from me when I venture to address you?" Oh! it was cruel of him to question me thus. I could not reply, and still he kept on speaking. "I used to think you liked me, Margaret, and the thought was a pleasing one to me; for, believe me, I shall value your affection more than I can say." "You must not speak thus to me, Mr. Rivers," I said in pitiable confusion. "It is offensive to me; I cannot allow it." "Then you are indeed altered," he answered, in a pained tone. "I can remember when what I have just said would not have been displeasing to you." "True," I replied, with glowing cheeks, "but it was different *then*; I did not know that

your wife stood between us." There was a pause, during which I continued to work on assiduously, although the colors swam before my eyes. At length I ventured to glance up, and was struck by the look of utter bewilderment on my companion's face. "My wife!" he repeated; "I am at a loss to understand you." "Did you not introduce her to me yourself?" I answered, a new and strange light breaking in on me. "Have I not seen her leaning on your arm as you walked through the village?" "Not my wife," replied he; "my sister-in-law, my brother's wife, who stayed at the vicarage a few days on her way to town. Ah! Margaret, you are easily deceived."

I saw it all now—saw the mistake under which I had been laboring, and could only clasp my hands over my glowing face; but he drew them gently away, and spoke the words which I felt were coming, ask-

ing me to be his wife, and to share with him the noble work in which he was so zealously engaged. Need I say how happy we were when Mrs. Thornley came home, and found us sitting side by side in the twilight; or how joyfully she entered into all our little plans for the future, laughing at the error which she could so easily have set right had I only had courage enough to ask her to do so.

When Charlie Silverton spoke to me again, I told him all the truth, and although his young face lost its joyous brightness, and grew clouded and sad, he nevertheless wished me every happiness; for I believe he loved me too well to cherish any selfish feelings at such a time. And when the village bells rang on our bridal morning, his smile was, perhaps, the brightest in the little church, and his voice the heartiest in wishing us every blessing.

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## THE LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS.

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BY REV. S. T. RAND, HANTSPORT, NOVA SCOTIA.

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### GLOOSCAP'S DEPARTURE.

(Concluded.)

Glooscap had pitched his tent at the mouth of the Oolastook, at a place called Menagwes (St. John, N.B.), and had gone away into the forest as far as Goolwahgik (Juaw), and had been gone about six weeks, when he returned home. He found his lodge deserted, and it was evident that an enemy had been there, and that the depredation had just been committed. The housekeeper and the waiting-boy had been taken captive. He follows down to the shore, and sees, just pushing off in his canoe, one of his enemies, a formidable magician named Winpe, and saw that he was taking with him the two members of his (Glooscap's) family. They were still within hail, and Glooscap called to the old

lady to send back his dogs. These were two tiny little creatures, not much bigger than mice, but which could be made at pleasure to assume any size and strength which circumstances might demand. So she took up a small flat wooden dish or platter, called a *woltestakun*, upon which the Indian dice are tossed, and on this she placed the little dogs, then set the dish in the water, and gave it a push towards the shore. Safely and steadily it moved forward and bore its precious burden to land. Winpe, who had with him his own wife and family and the two captives, pushed on to Passamooqwaddy, thence over to the Island of Grand Manan; and after remaining there a while, he crossed over to Kes-pooigik (Yarmouth); thence he went on, taking his time, along the southern coast through Oonamahgik (Cape Breton), and

over to Uktukamkw (Newfoundland), where he was finally overtaken and killed, and the captives delivered.

But Glooscap was in no haste to pursue his foe. He could exercise his power at a distance as well as near at hand, and he could afford to take things quietly. One version of the story represents him as waiting seven years before he went after his friends; but, as I heard it from an aged veteran of the tribe a few days ago, he remained only about as many months, and then started to bring back his friends.

But he does not set out on foot, neither does he go in a canoe. He is in possession of an easier mode of transit. Not only do the land animals obey him, but even the monsters of the deep are his obsequious servants, and go and come at his bidding; and when he wills it they carry him over the boiling surge. He goes down to the seashore and sings, when a whale spouts in the distance, and is soon alongside the rocks, awaiting his master's pleasure. He is young and small, and Glooscap questions in his own mind whether he is equal to the task. So he places one foot on the small whale's back, and cautiously tries whether he can bear his weight. Finding that he sinks under the pressure, he dismisses the little fellow, and calls another. This time a large one, a female, makes her appearance, and Glooscap steps down upon her back, and she makes off down the bay, crosses over, and lands her passenger at Kespoogitk. But she has no idea of getting herself into trouble for the sake of even Glooscap's accommodation; and she calls and enquires if they are not nearing the shore. Glooscap assures her that they are still out of sight of land—for, alas! heathen gods, even the best of them, are able to lie; the religion of the Bible is the only religion that demands a rigorous honesty, under all circumstances)—and she pushes on with all speed. Presently the water becomes so shoal under her that she can hear the clams singing, and they are urging her—being Glooscap's enemies—to pitch him into the sea. Fortunately, she does not understand their “lingo,” and has recourse to Glooscap for an explanation. “What do they say, *noojeech*?” (my grandchild) she asks. “They tell you,

‘*cussall*’” (hurry him along), he tells her, addressing her as *noogumee* (my grandmother). So she puts on all steam, and runs up high and dry on the shore, before she is aware of her danger. “Alas!” she cries, “*noojecoh* (my grandson) you have been the death of me. I can never work myself into the water again.” “Don't be alarmed about that, my grandmother,” he rejoins, “I'll put you all right.” So, leaping from her back to the shore, he quietly places the end of his bow against her head, and easily and gently pushes her into the sea. She turns her head towards home, *lights her pipe*, and goes off, *smoking*, in great satisfaction, as she goes!

Glooscap's next move is to search for the trail of his enemy, which he is not long in discovering. He has brought his two dogs with him, which he carries in a fold of his robe—they are so tiny—and they could assist him in finding and following Winpe's tracks. They soon come upon an *oojegun* (a deserted wigwam), and just as when the hunter comes upon the track of a moose, the first enquiry is—How long has it been since he passed? Glooscap must ascertain by some mark how long ago his enemy left this place and went on. Both in the case of a moose's track, and of a deserted camp, it requires skill and experience to fix the date sought after. Anyone can tell the difference between a fresh track and an old one; between fresh cuttings in trees, fresh pieces of birch bark, and other fresh indications around a deserted wigwam or house, and old ones. But the point is to tell *how* old are all these. Did the moose pass one hour ago, or two? Is the track one day old, or two, or three, or a day and a half? To decide this you must have carefully watched the gradual change of appearance in the process of drying; you must be able to recollect when it rained last, and by the manner in which the rain-drops have struck the ground you must be able to tell which way the wind was at the time, &c. All this and much more the Indian hunter can do. And with such accuracy can he “put this and that together,” that he can tell, with almost unerring certainty, just where the moose is now at the time, unless he has been disturbed by some dog or hunter, and been “switched

off the track." So in the case of an Indian trail: they have marked and remembered so accurately the gradual change which wind and weather and other causes produce, that they can decide the question—How long has this place been left? with great accuracy. Such habits of close observation and reasoning as thus exercise the mind of the Indian hunter, cannot fail to develop his intellectual powers, and to give him a mental status far in advance of what is often ignorantly attributed to him.

Of course, as our friend Glooscap is possessed of superhuman powers, there requires no farther explanation as to how he could tell that his friends had gone on just three months—one account says seven years—before. But the legend distinctly states that he drew his inference from the signs he saw, and especially from the appearance of a birch bark dish, called a *witch-kwed-lakun-cheech*, out of which his little friend Martin had taken his meals, but which he had left behind when they decamped.

Glooscap goes on, but not without opposition. There are difficulties in his way, and determined and deadly enemies before him. Winpe, the magician, *Boo-o-in*, who has run off with his domestics, has his associates in evil all along our hero's pathway. The war between light and darkness, good and evil, conscience and inclination, has been everywhere so manifest that the darkest heathenism has been unable to overlook it, though no mere natural light has ever been able either to divine the cause or the remedy. Light from heaven alone—yea, "The Light of the World," "The Glorious Sun of Righteousness, the Lord Jesus Christ, in whom dwells all the fullness of the Godhead bodily," is alone able to discover these momentous truths to fallen man. "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift." "While we have the Light let us believe in the Light."

The scene of Glooscap's first encounter is laid at Ogunkegeok (Liverpool), and his enemy appeared in the shape of one of the ugliest old hags of a sorceress that has ever been my hap to meet with in history, legend, or song. I would fain pass her over, and spare the reader, but this would

be doing injustice both to the tale and its hero. But I warn you, reader, that unless your nerves are strong—and especially if you are at all subject to gastric qualms—you had better skip over the rest of this paragraph. If I were a painter, and wanted to exhibit *sin* in all its loathsomeness, deceit and ruinous results, I would not desire a better subject for my picture than Glooscap's Liverpool witch. He finds her dwelling alone in a small, wretchedly-constructed lodge, a few tattered garments hanging about her, covered with—well, their Indian name is rather euphonious, and not calculated to excite any very unpleasant emotions after all, and so we will just call them *wahgook*. The fire is out, and she is apparently so old and decrepit that she is unable to gather fuel, and she appears exceedingly glad that help has arrived. She appeals piteously to his compassion, and begs of him to gather her a little firewood. This he does—kind-hearted soul that he is—and then she makes another appeal. These troublesome little attendants are too many and too much for her weakness, and she is nearly devoured by them; will he not take pity upon her and assist in their destruction? Of course he complies. But he is not quite so green as she imagines. He knows how much of all this is just put on, and that her aim is to poison him. These little comforts are not quite so innocent, after all, as the ordinary *wahgook*—pests though the latter be. Glooscap carries with him, without artificial aid, a microscope that can resolve them into their true appearance; and while he is not at all afraid to touch them with his fingers, he determines to vary a little from the custom of the times, and wisely concludes that, for the time being at least, his "grinders" shall be employed to better purpose.

So the poor old thing—for we may waste a little compassion on her, after all—bends forward, and lays her head on the lap of her guest, and he commences the "hunting process." But he can pit deception against deception; and, having foreseen all, he has provided against the emergency, and filled his bosom with a supply of cranberries. With one hand he seizes a little porcupine, and with the other takes a cranberry from

his bosom and cracks it between his teeth, while he slips the living prey under the *woltestakun*, or wooden platter, which lies by him, bottom upwards. Meanwhile, the old woman is soothed and mesmerized by the soporific process; and, under the influence of Glooscap's potent manipulations, she is soon in a deep sleep. Glooscap then quietly rises and takes his departure, leaving his friend to enjoy her nap. In due time she awakes; and lo! what sees she there? The captives under the dish have made their escape, and one of the plagues of Egypt—only the more clumsy and deformed species—are swarming in all directions. Glooscap's fingers, like Ithuriel's spear, had reduced them to their real form, and given them the ugly shape that Satan had assumed when the angels found him

"Squat like a toad close by the ear of Eve."

She is partly out-generalled. She is filled with fury. She is no longer old and decrepit. She gathers up her companions and agents of evil, and hides them in her "breadbasket," and then gives chase. Glooscap hears her coming, and tells his dogs what to do. She is anxious to get him into her clutches, but she has not yet thrown off all disguise, and he will still manoeuvre against her wiles by a counter-march. The dogs are directed to give battle when she comes up; they are first to assume their proper size, and then to growl and bark, "and when I call you off and bid you be quiet, then seize her, and tear her limb from limb!"

She soon comes up, and the two dogs spring out, growl furiously, and bark and keep her at bay. She complains bitterly of Glooscap's treachery: "You hated me and treated me unkindly, and never assisted me at all," she says, and begs him to call off his dogs. "Cuss," shouts their master, (get out!) The dogs understand the signal, and spring upon their prey, and soon dispatch her, he all the time urging them on by calling them off.

He now pushes on, and comes out after a while to the top of a high hill, from whence he can view the face of the country for a long distance round; and he sees

afar off a large wigwam, and knows well that an enemy dwells there. It is the habitation of an old wizard, who has two daughters, who execute his orders. The two girls are sent forward with their instructions. They are to seem friendly, and to offer him a present in the shape of a string of sausages, such as the Indians know how to make from the entrails of the bear, simply by turning them inside out, with the fat adhering; washing what now becomes the outside, and then drying the whole. With a magical noose made of such material, which they are to slip over his neck under the pretence of kindness and hospitality, the wily girls are to ensnare their prey, who is then to be killed and served as the bear was served. But Glooscap is not to be foiled either by the artful wiles of "wicked men, or women still more wicked." Though they approach him with their blandishments, he immediately unlashes the hounds, carefully instructing them again to take all his commands in their exact opposite meaning. They growl and bark, and he pretends to call them away. "These are my sisters," he says; "let them alone!" Instantly the two huge mastiffs seize the girls and throttle them. Then comes the *lex talionis*, "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." The old man had been whetting his appetite for a dinner of "fried sausages," and Glooscap brings him in a string. "Isn't that the kind you wanted?" he tauntingly enquires. "Fond of it, are you, eh?" and casting it over the old fellow's neck he dispatches him at a blow.

Having cleared the road thus far, the traveller presses on. He reaches the Strait of Canso (Camsoke\*), and summons a whale to his assistance, who safely conveys him to the opposite shore. He now makes the circuit of Oonamahghik, keeping round by the southern shore, reaching the various stopping-places of his enemy, and learning from the *witch-kwed-lakun-cheech* left at each place, how long they had been gone, until he arrives at Uktutun (Cape North), where he learns that the parties have gone over to Uktukamkw (Newfoundland), and

\* *Camsoke*, hence *Canso*, signifies that "there is a high bluff on the opposite side of the water."

that they left just three days previous. Another of his "sea-horses" is then summoned to his aid, and he soon lands on that island, and pushes on after his foe. He soon reaches where the previous night was passed; the embers are still smoking, and the party cannot be far off.

He overtakes them in due time. The poor old woman has fared ill since her captivity; and little Martin has been so reduced in size and strength by ill-treatment and want of food, that he has to be carried like a baby. Turning his head he catches a glimpse of his friend, and sings out — "Oh, where! Oh, where is my brother! who feasts on the marrow tried from the moose's ribs?"

"Alas! alas!" rejoins the old lady, "your brother is left far, far behind, and we will never see him more."

But instantly the little fellow shouts again — "Oh, where! Oh, where is my brother, who feasts on the marrow tried from the moose's shins?" This time the old woman turns her head, and at the sight of her friend she is so overcome that she faints and falls to the ground.

She had fallen some distance behind with her burden, and when she recovers from her fainting fit she relates her adventures, and tells how cruelly they have both been treated. "Never mind," says Glooscap, "I'll pay him up for it." He then proceeds to arrange his plans and give his instructions. The old woman is to go on with her boy as though nothing had happened. His business will be as usual to go for water and to tend the baby in its swinging cot, Martin accordingly goes for water when sent, and then as he had been instructed by Glooscap, takes care to mix in it the most abominable filth he can find.

The drink thus prepared is presented with all due meekness to his master. "Uksay!" (Oh horrors!) exclaims the man, and dashes out the water and bids him go and bring some better. Martin makes a spring, dashes the baby into the fire and then runs for dear life back to where Gloos-

cap has concealed himself, the old magician after him on the full run threatening death, though he has to pursue him through fire and water. Martin as he runs shouts lustily for Glooscap to help him. Winpe shouts loudly after him as he runs that his friend is far enough away and can afford him no assistance. But suddenly up rises Glooscap from his place of concealment and confronts his foe, Martin having escaped beyond him. Winpe halts suddenly and then prepares for fight. He first puts on all the power that his magic can command. He rises as high as possible, but he cannot quite reach the clouds. It is now Glooscap's turn, and when he has expanded his form to its utmost capacity his head reaches far above the clouds, and he as well as his adversary is enlarged in every direction in equal proportion. And there they stand confronting each other, ready to begin the fray. Shade of Virgil! what has become of your "*monstrum, ingens, informe, cui lumen ademptum!*" your Polyphemus is but a pigmy by the side of our ancient Acadian giants! our Glooscaps and our Winpes. Even Milton's "infernal giant" is thrown into the shade,

"Whose spear, to equal which the tallest pine  
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast  
Of some great admiral, were but a wand."

Who can conceive of the size of such war clubs as the subjects of our allegory must have been able to handle!

But to come down again off our "poetic stilts," there was no fighting in the case. As soon as the magician saw himself outdone in the exercise of supernatural power, and that his foe was so much taller and mightier than himself, he very wisely gave up. "You have conquered me and killed me," he exclaimed, when Glooscap, disdain- ing the use of any nobler weapon, struck him with his bow and felled him at a blow to the ground. The magician's wife was not molested; but she was ordered to leave the place at once, which she did, no doubt quite content to get off so.

## THE SQUID SCHULE.

Almost immediately after the disappearance of the caplin, which swarm round the coasts of the Gulf in July and August, their successors, the squids, make their appearance, and so regular are they that their arrival can be calculated almost to a day; but they never show themselves at the same time with the caplin. The squids do not arrive in such enormous multitudes as the caplins; still, they are very abundant, and, in almost every bay and cove, they are met with in numerous small shoals. The voracious cod feed eagerly on them, and are in their best condition during "squid schule." As bait they are quite equal to the caplin, and they continue longer on the coasts, being found from the end of July till the first or second week in October, when the fishing-season closes with the appearance of the fall herring. What a wonderful arrangement of the Creator that these denizens of the great deep should thus follow one another in unswerving regularity, enabling man, "the lord of creation," to gather in the bountiful harvest of the sea! First appear the early herring in May, then the caplin, followed by the squids, and the late herring. Wanting these, the cod-fishery would be comparatively valueless. Prompted by an unerring instinct, which acts with as great regularity as the law that sways the tides of ocean, these countless myriads of fish appear "in due season," and, having fulfilled the ends of their existence, retire to their chosen homes in the depths of ocean, and are seen no more till the same time in the following year.

## STRUCTURE AND APPEARANCE OF THE SQUID.

The squid is a very remarkable creature in its habits, and presents a most singular appearance. It belongs to the class named "cuttle-fish,"—the scientific term being *cephalophod*, or that class of molluscs whose heads are the organs of locomotion, as the

name signifies. The cuttles rise higher in the scale than any other of the *mollusca*, and approach the verge of the animal aristocracy—the *vertebrata*. The squid, one of the smallest of the cuttles, has a soft, flabby body, not unlike a kind of cartilage. It has eight arms, or feet, all arranged around the top of the head, and covered with a multitude of small circular disks or suckers, raised above the surface of the adjoining skin. From the midst of these arms extend two long *tentacula*, which are thickened at the ends, and furnished, like the shorter arms, with similar disks or suckers. The mouth consists of a powerful beak, like that of a parrot. The eyes are large, bright and staring. It walks at the bottom of the water with the limbs already referred to, having its mouth and head downward, and its body upward. It also swims partly by these means, and employs them, moreover, in the capture of its prey, to which it attaches itself by means of the suckers before mentioned, which are furnished with muscles for creating a vacuum. In fact, these arms are furnished with rows of sucking disks that act like cupping-glasses, and serve as so many instruments of prehension. Another peculiarity of the squid is that it is provided with an organ for secreting a peculiar fluid of a most intense blackness, which it can spout at will. This substance—frequently called ink, from the use to which it was anciently applied—mixes freely with the water, diffusing an impenetrable obscurity for some distance around, by which the animal often escapes from danger; thus, as the illustrious Ray wittily remarked, "hiding itself, like an obscure or prolix author, under its own ink."

## "JIGGING FOR SQUIDS."

The Newfoundland fisherman captures the squid by means of a "jigger." This is a plummet of lead armed with hooks, and drawn quickly, by means of a line, up and down in the water, attracting the fish by



its motion, and striking them as they swim around it. The squid grasps the jigger with its arms, and attaching itself by its sucking disks, it is speedily drawn up into the fisherman's boat. In detaching it from the "jigger" the fishermen often receive a discharge of the inky substance in his face or chest—a most unpleasant salutation, and one that he has to guard against. It is a pretty sight in a calm evening to watch a number of boats locked together in a semicircle, in one of the coves, "jigging for squids." To a stranger it is a most puzzling affair to make out what they are doing,—the boats joined together to intercept the shoals of squid, and the men standing up and plying their "jiggers" with all their might.

#### A NEWFOUNDLAND FISHING VILLAGE.

Having procured the necessary bait, the fisherman, if a married man having a family, usually goes out with his sons, taking a bucketful of squids, and rowing to the fishing-ground—generally a mile or two outside the harbor—he anchors, and commences fishing. Each person in the boat has two lines, about twenty-five fathoms long, with two or more hooks. These he flings one on each side of the boat, the end of the line being made fast to the thwart. Feeling each occasionally, the moment he strikes a fish he hauls him in, flings him down in the boat, baits the hook and throws out his line again. When the fishing is very good, each person will sometimes be fully employed on one line after another as fast as he can bait them and throw them out again. A few hours, sometimes, suffice to fill the boat, and then he sails away with his cargo for the stage-head. These stages are in the shape of small piers jutting out into the water, consisting of a platform of poles laid close together, side by side, and nailed down to a strong framework that is supported by stout posts and shores. At the head of the stage are generally two or three poles, nailed horizontally against the upright posts, forming a rude ladder, up which it is necessary to climb from a boat, in order to get on the stage. These are frequently the only landing places in a harbor. The

central part of the stage is roofed over, either with boards or boughs; and here it is that the important operation of splitting and salting the fish usually takes place. The flakes for drying the fish are alongside the stages, or behind, among the rocks. Besides the flakes and stages, there is generally a set of rough, wooden wharves, supported on piles and floored with boards, at the back of which are a number of wooden buildings, some for the reception of cured fish, and others for all kinds of merchandise. You can have a very fair idea of a Newfoundland fishing village, by picturing, in addition to all these, a small harbor or roadstead, formed by an indentation of the coast, with forty or fifty fishing boats dotting the surface of the water; a broken, rocky shore, with a stunted wood and little patches of cleared and cultivated garden-ground; half a dozen good-sized wooden houses, painted white, belonging to the "planters"—as the middle-men who stand between the merchants and the fishermen are called—(a name that reminds us of the time when all colonies were "plantations"), and a number of unpainted wooden cottages scattered here and there at all possible angles with each other, perched upon rocks, and hidden in nooks, belonging to the fishermen. In a fine day the scene is lively enough. The flakes are covered with cod drying in the sun; the women are busy spreading them out, if the weather is fine, or at the close of the day, or when rain threatens, gathering them into little heaps like miniature hay-cocks. The lads and old men assist, while the fishermen are out on the grounds plying their lines. In the busy season a fisherman is at work from day-break till eleven o'clock at night. He returns with his cargo at sunset and is occupied for three or four hours in splitting and salting his day's catch, if it has been considerable. In many of the fishing villages near St. John's, the catch this summer will average from 50 to 60 quintals a man; each quintal with the oil is worth \$4, so that the fisherman with his two sons will earn \$720 among them. In addition, they have their chance of the seal fishery, their winter's work, and the produce of their gardens.

## AN EXTRACT FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A SEPTUAGENARIAN.

The number of those who knew the Rev. Dr. David Johnston, of North Leith (Scotland), must be rapidly decreasing, even in that locality of which, for about half a century, he was alike the blessing and the boast.

After a life of singular loveliness and utility, prolonged beyond the usual average, this parish patriarch fell on sleep, and for upwards of thirty years his body has occupied an honored grave, as there can be no manner of doubt his spirit is now rejoicing in the vision of that blessed Saviour in whose cause he had labored.

I well remember the appearance of this venerable saint. He is now present in my mind's eye as I have seen him, times without number; for every Monday he came up to Edinburgh on foot, trudging along on his weekly visit to the Asylum for the Industrious Blind, of which he was the founder, and by whose intelligent inmates he was justly held in loving affection and sincerest honor.

He was then fully sixty years of age; yet few men though much younger could have kept pace with him, or put a firmer foot to the ground. On and on he went—no pause, no relaxation, and no hindrance; for even in a thronged thoroughfare all gave way who met him. Like the feudal chief of the olden time, he might be said to have had the crown of the causeway to himself, until he reached his destination, the asylum of those whom he fondly called "his blind bairns."

In his early days he must have been powerful, and as handsome as he was athletic; for even as an old man he had an energy and activity, with a symmetry of form, which indicated what he had been, and distinguished him from all others his equals in years.

He was above the average height, with broad shoulders and a large body; a short

neck supported a massive, finely-moulded head, which harmonized with the brawny shoulders over which it presided; his haunches were narrow, his limbs remarkably well formed, and as he always dressed in the costume worn in his younger days—of which knee breeches, without braces, and silk stockings formed a part—this finely-moulded form was in no way hidden. His silver-grey hair, long and wavy, flowed out and back from beneath his ample beaver; and his countenance was hale, fresh-colored, and fleshy, the cheeks from age drooping downwards. But, oh! what benevolence beamed in that face! His small, mild, blue eyes glistened with habitual good-will, and inward peace had moulded every feature so as to indicate the benignity of the spirit that was housed within him.

He always carried a large East India cane, with an ivory top; but as he did not use it to assist his walking, it was either held under his left arm, or carried by its middle in his right hand. Age never made him stoop, but he bore himself as erectly the last day I saw him, as he did on that in which I first observed him, though upwards of twenty years had intervened, and he was verging towards eighty.

Everybody knew him, and it was pleasing to notice the kindly look with which all regarded him. Indeed, no clergyman of his day was more universally respected. In his own parish he was almost idolized, for every parishioner had in him a stedfast friend, a faithful pastor, and a sagacious adviser. His long incumbency, too, had made him acquainted with the concerns of those to whom he first ministered, as well as those of the two generations that grew up under his charge.

Leith being a seaport, many of its young men took to a seafaring life, like their fathers; others chose it for themselves;

and, as the war between Great Britain and France—which followed the Revolution in the latter—continued (with only the brief interval of the peace of Amiens) for more than twenty years, numbers of his parishioners fell into the hands of the enemy, whose privateers infested the coasts, and made many prizes of the vessels that ventured to put singly to sea, instead of waiting to sail in company with others under convoy of a ship of war.

In those who were thus immured in French prisons, the Doctor took a lively interest, writing to them as their minister, or managing the correspondence of their wives, parents, or friends; from time to time he also raised subscriptions for their behoof, which he forwarded by the periodical cartel, and thereby cheered their spirits, and lightened the privations incident to their captivity.

Taking this general interest in the everyday affairs and particular circumstances of his flock; above all, being solicitous to guide them on in the good old way that leads to the better land, it would have been wonderful if, in a country whose people are proverbially attached to a good minister, such a man had not been venerated as their father and friend.

Still, although he enjoyed much that was cheering in his charge, he had his trials—and those of a kind peculiarly calculated to grieve one who was so earnest in his Master's work, so impressed with the preciousness of immortal souls, and so tremblingly alive to his responsibility for the great charge committed to him.

One populous portion of his parish he found, when he entered on his duties, to be as the region and shadow of death, as to any sense of religion in its denizens; nor did it seem possible, notwithstanding all his efforts, to bring one ray of Gospel light to break in upon it. The people appeared incapable of apprehending the simplest elements of Christian doctrine and such had been their state for generations.

These were the fishermen of Newhaven, with their masculine wives, and burdly bairns. They were an anomalous race; descendants, according to tradition, of some Dutchmen of the same craft, whose

fishing luggers having been wrecked in the Frith, located themselves contentedly on the coast which had witnessed their disaster; nor ever thought of returning to the land of padded breeches and quilted petticoats, save to get wives and return. And to this day they maintain, especially the women-folks, a determined adherence to that voluminous swelling costume by which the original stock has ever been distinguished in their "faderland."

These the Doctor found, as his predecessors had done before him, to be an unteachable, incorrigible race. They had their own notions of moral duties, but these allowed the men the free and unlimited use of Cognac or Schiedam, a supply of both, and of the purest, being always at hand in spite of all the efforts of the myrmidons of the excise to lay hands upon the contraband stock, or find out the smuggler by whom it was replenished. As a natural accompaniment of this, there was a general addiction to the use of oaths in their ordinary language—a habit as natural to them as the clothes they wore.

On the part of their wives, there was not the faintest idea of speaking the truth in all that related to the sale of their fish, for they invariably asked three or four times the price they were prepared to take for them, justifying their demand, and multiplying fibs, as they vociferously abated it, until they came down and took the price offered them, praying God to forgive them for doing so. "Tak' them, mem, tak' them! though, God help me, it costs men's lives to get them."

They never married out of the village, looking on all outside of it as of another race; counting all other customs than their own as outlandish; and all other pursuits than that followed by themselves, as those of a weaker and less stirring generation.

The men attended to their boats, nets, and daily fishing in nearly all weathers; but when they returned with their boats loaded, all further charge of the fish was left to their wives and daughters, who assorted them and made up their creels for the market, to which they carried them on their backs, though the distance was nearly three miles, and up hill all the way. Some,

instead of the market, took particular quarters of the town, through which they trudged, calling out, with stentorian voices, the particular fish they had to sell: "Whae'll a' caller Cod!" "Haddies, caller haddies!" "Whittings, caller whittings!" "Flukes and flounders!" "Caller herring!" Whether thus going through the city, or occupying stands in the market, they continued until they had sold out their loads, and took their way homewards, stopping at particular change-houses on the route, until all were gathered, when they set out, as hale and hearty and loud-voiced as if they had not toiled like horses, and spoken as much as would have exhausted any lungs save their own.

Yet, after a sort, all were church-goers, and in the parish church they had a gallery of their own; but they were not very attentive hearers, for scarcely was the sermon well begun before the most of them were sound asleep, and continued so until awakened by the noise of the congregation rising for the closing prayer; the stillness of the meeting, and being unemployed—the one so unlike the boisterous, warring element to which they were accustomed, the other so different from the active labor they had to engage in from day to day—were too much for them—they could not keep awake.

This singular community was a sore trial to the worthy Doctor, who strove to bring them to some inkling and apprehension of the duties which they owed to God and their fellow-men. He appointed seasons for catechising them collectively, and visited them in their own houses at set times—in common with his other parishioners—but all failed to make any impression on them; and to his dying day he had to mourn over them as those "who seeing, saw not, and hearing, heard not;" nor comprehended aught of "the things belonging to their peace."

In proof of this, a friend, who knew whereof he affirmed, told me, many years ago, the following:—"On one occasion, when the Doctor had gathered the heads of families together in a large room in the village, in order to examine them as to their knowledge of the Scripture truths of the Bible, a psalm was sung, a chapter

read, and prayer made, and then he asked a woman, a grandmother, who sat immediately before him—"Janet, can you tell me who made you?" "Yes, Doctor," she answered, "God Almighty made me." "Right," he replied; "and can you tell me of what you are made?" This was beyond Janet's knowledge; but a neighbor, who noticed her difficulty, leaned forward and whispered, "O' dust and clay, Janet." She, not catching the words, glibly answered, "O' curds and whey, Doctor."

At another time he notified his intention of going through the village on the Sunday following, visiting from house to house as far as he could overtake them, beginning at Adam Liston's.

Adam was a chief man in the community, fallen somewhat into "the sere and fellow leaf" as to age; yet still strong and vigorous, though he no longer went to the sea, seeing he had gathered considerable substance, partly by his early industry, but mainly from the profits of the change-house his active, energetic wife had set up, whose rizzered haddies and pure Schiedam had established its reputation, and made it a place for resort for those sauntering from the city, (and their name in those days was legion) who, at least once a week, strolled down to Newhaven to smell the sea air, and enjoy the good fare Lucky Liston could set before them.

Relieved from active labor in this way, Adam had comparatively little to do, and was rather a free patron of the liquor his Dutch case-bottles held, imbibing more of it at times than he was able to walk about with correctly.

And it so happened, on the Monday preceding the day of visitation, the thought of coming under the Doctor's examination weighed heavily on his mind, and rendered a strengthening potion more than usually necessary.

Indeed, so often had he recourse to it both at home and in going among his neighbors, who, like him, were in the same way bracing themselves up for the serious work before them, that when in the evening he managed to reach his own domicile, he had some difficulty in getting up the two steps which led to it.

Unfortunately for him, it was washing-

day. The house was thronged with customers, keeping Mrs. Liston busy in attending to them; and the lass, or servant, having got through the washing, was scrubbing the kitchen floor,—having drawn the big tub into the passage to be out of her way. In ordinary circumstances, the oil lamp that gave light there would have been a guide to him, feeble as it was, but he was in no ordinary condition when he, at last, managed to surmount the steps, and staggered within doors; for he saw not the tub, but fell over it, and being a heavy man, and utterly unable to help himself, he was severely injured, and cried out most lustily for help.

The house was alarmed, and, as there were many roysterers in it, he was soon relieved, carried into the back parlor and the house was closed. It was a sad night to his wife, certainly—not altogether on his account, but because of the Doctor's coming on the morrow. This was her chief trouble. She saw that her husband's shins were so bruised that for days he would be laid up in bed; and how was she to hide his fault, and account for his sudden illness when the minister came? Adam's failing, she knew, was known to the Doctor; but she had no wish that he should learn how far he had forgotten himself, and what evil it had brought upon him.

As I have said respecting the community to which she belonged, speaking the truth was never thought of when a turn of their own way was to be served; accordingly her mind was soon made up, and her course determined on. No sooner, therefore, were his shins bathed and bound up, than she schooled him as what was to be done, and how he was to behave when the Doctor came.

I may premise that the parlor, as Mrs. Liston's own room was called—like other country dwellings in Scotland—was a parlor by day, and a bedroom at night. This was done by fitting up one end of it with wooden press-beds, the doors of which, when closed, gave the appearance of a wainscotted partition to the room, and when open revealed two capacious beds, one for the parents, the other for the children. Here, the suffering victim of his own weakness, Adam, lay.

"Noo," said his helpmeet, "your legs are weel sortit, hear an' mind what I say. You're no to be granin' when the Doctor's here; keep you a calm sough, and I'll get quat o' him as sune as I can. I'll tell him that ye were ca'd East to Dunbar to settle some dispute about oyster scalps, as nane kenned the nature o' thae scalps better than you, an' sae you behuved to gang; that ye was unco sorry to be awa when he was comin', but ye couldna help it. Noo I'll steek the door; and gie's nane o' your pechin an swearin': as lang's he's in, an' ye can mak up for't after he's gane."

So schooled, Adam was shut in, and she was ready to receive the minister, who, in due time, arrived.

"And how is Adam?" he enquired, on sitting down.

"Ou, Doctor, he's weel; but he's been ca'd awa to Dunbar. There has been unco fechtin' about some oyster beds awa there, and they've sent for him as the only ane that can settle the richt o' the quarrel. He didna want to gang, because you were to be here; but they wadna be nae-said—sae he gaed awa wi' them."

"Well," said Dr. Johnston, "I hope he will succeed, and, as time is precious, and I want to see many of your neighbors, I will just ask you a few questions. 'Can you tell me, Mrs. Liston, what led to Adam's fall?'"

"Guid guide us!" exclaimed the astonished woman, starting to her feet. "Sae they've tell'd ye that already, hae they? They had little to do; wild on them, if I kenned wha they were I wad sune be upsides wi' them. Adam, my man, ye may shove open the door, for the Doctor kens a' about your fa'."

Such were his parishioners in Newhaven during the whole of his residency; but, since then, the building of Granton pier, a little to the west of the village, the influx of a more teachable class, whom the business of that pier has drawn to the neighborhood, and the zeal of the Free Church, have wrought a change in them; and, while much of their original roughness remains, and the women continue wedded to the voluminous integuments with which they clothe themselves, they appear to have attained to some degree of acquaintance with the Bible, some faint notion of the Gospel scheme of mercy, and have now a church and minister of their own.

## MINIATURE RAINBOWS.

BY HARROW HALL.

He who makes a blade of grass grow on a spot that was barren before, is considered a benefactor of the human race; and, undoubtedly, he who points out beauties previously unseen, is a contributor also to human happiness. Among the most cherished sentiments in the language are those contained in the lines,

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever,"

and

"The pure, the bright, the beautiful: these things can never die."

How true it is that to what is merely necessary to our existence and continued life, a kind God has superadded pleasure! We must eat and drink to sustain vitality, but eating and drinking are, to most of us, also a source of ever-recurring, ever-renewed delight, and the miserable dyspeptic may rail on, if he likes, with his sneer about the pleasure being specially enjoyed by the brute creation. No doubt; but we enjoy it too, and God made us both. The faculty of hearing is accompanied by music and the capacity to appreciate harmony. Here too, we must own that many of the lower animals find delight in music, and sometimes appear to be affected with its wonderful power as much as we are; but we won't give it up for that, or be ashamed of it either. Who shall say, again, that the countless forms of beauty to be found in nature were created for *man's* sight alone? or that their eyes are not the dearest gift to bird or bee, or happy, bounding antelope? I pity you, then, whose lot is to be very poor, whose life is spent within the wretched walls of a dark, damp hovel, condemned to toil on to the end in your cheerless room; for many reasons I pity you, but also for this, that you rarely look at anything better than the great streets, and the grey-clouded sky above them; you never see the sea, the deep and dark blue ocean, where the ships go on their way; you never see the rolling river, nor the lake, nor the rippling brook,

although you have heard of them all; you never see the forest and the banks where wild flowers grow, and you long for one day among them all, thinking you could bear your lot more cheerfully then.

I pity you, but there are still beautiful things for you to see, if you will but look for them. You have the moon and the stars, and oftentimes a bright sky. You see a rainbow occasionally, that part of it which the tall buildings do not hide from your sight. I have something to show you, which, perhaps, may amuse a spare moment in the weary days to come. Sit down by this window, let the sunlight stream in upon you, and turn your eyes up towards the sun. The fierceness of his rays will be broken by passing between the eyelashes, and being too slanting to enter directly, they will be reflected through the countless drops of microscopic dimensions spread over the globe by the quickly advancing and retreating lids, which, like the rollers in a printing press, keep the surface ever in a condition to convey impressions to the retina behind. Keeping your eyes then in the proper position, the rays of light reflected through the innumerable small drops and entering the pupil, will convey the appearance of many very small rainbows arranged vertically side by side, and all enclosed in a shape which, in its most perfect form, somewhat resembles a barrel with bulging sides, and axis horizontal. Towards the centre of the barrel-shape, you will notice that the small rainbows seem to be nearly straight; but near the ends they are curvilinear, with the convex side inwards. The most trifling movement of the eyelids of course changes the whole form of the vision, just as the heavenly rainbow is changing perpetually with the rain-storm and the sun's altitude.

Many a one, after trying this experiment for himself, may accuse me of dreaming all this. Not so fast, my friend; the eye, as well as the other sense organs, requires

education and persevering practice before its full powers can be evolved. Try again and again, and when at last you have succeeded in beholding the exquisite forms there revealed, you will have found a new source of pleasure, a new motive for the study of nature. The gratification of a voyager, as he first sets foot on some new and richly-favored isle, could not far exceed mine when first I caught a glimpse of this little scene of surpassing beauty. If somebody *has* met with the island before the

voyager, he knows it not; and if any one had ever seen my little cluster of rainbows, he has left no account of it to the world. They who love not the beautiful for its own sake, will not care for it; but if any do not measure their appreciation of a charm by its money value, they will welcome this discovery, and not rest until they have made it their own. A still more fairy-like and delicately gorgeous optical creation, which I happened one day to observe, I will describe to you some other time.

## EXPLANATION OF THE PHENOMENON OF THE INDIAN SUMMER.

BY WM. LUMSDEN, HEAD MASTER, GRAMMAR SCHOOL, VANKLEEK HILL.

This short, brilliant season, which, in this climate, precedes the setting in of the winter, is capable of simple philosophical explanation. It is often warm, almost always hazy, with a reddish solar beam, and very varying cloudiness. It nearly always follows a few weeks of weather prophetic of wild winter, and it always immediately ushers it in with cold storms of hail, rain, sleet or snow, and then the weather is settled until spring.

Its causes are these: About the last of August ice begins to form along the coasts of the Polar Ocean, and so proceeds by gradual, steady congelation to the south. Now to the reverse of the process in a thaw: when ice becomes water, it must imbibe or absorb heat, or it cannot thaw; the heat thus absorbed is taken from the air, chilling that and retarding the spring—so, on the contrary, when water freezes or becomes ice, it gives out the heat that kept it fluid, and the air receives it, giving it unnatural warmth, and affecting the clouds, &c., formed in it.

This process of giving out caloric, or heat, proceeds from the Pole southwards, until it passes over Canada, and is lost in the Atlantic Ocean.

The hazy or specular condition of the atmosphere is occasioned by the ceaseless formation and dissipation of small vesicles of vapor meeting the vision in every direc-

tion. The crust of the earth shares in the descent of the temperature, while the freer air is subject to natural fluctuations, which restore its balance and carry away its warmth. The ruby or strong red rays of the sun reach us greatly refracted, and the landscape stands mantled in the strange, hazy, beautiful effulgence.

The declining sun, unable to sustain the Indian summer, departs every moment more and more south, and sees the vigorous winter steadily approach, bearing down all before it. Then the inhabitant hears the unmistakable roar of that blast which changes the green livery of summer for a mantle of snow.

The only reason why the Indian summer is not known in Britain is the sea. Russia and Siberia have their Indian summer as well as Canada, and as well defined too. The causes are the same, and so are the explanations. The time is coming when the Indian summer will not reach the latitude of Montreal. The clearing of the forests, and the continual drainage of the land will utterly change our climate. By the labors of the American as well as of our Canadian pioneers, that day will be hastened, and the last of this generation will hardly have disappeared when their children shall gather, in the county of Prescott, the roses of a bright March and of a tender April. Then the glories of the Indian summer will have forever ceased.

## TWENTY-ONE MONTHS OF SILENCE.

It happened on a summer evening, now something more than two years ago, that the surgeon of a certain regiment of high standing then quartered at Chatham, was engaged in his surgery in making some experiments of a chemical sort when one of the men belonging to the regiment came to the door and desired to have speech with him. This man was a private, John Strong by name, lately enlisted, and not remarkable hitherto as having in any way shown himself to be different from the rest of the rank and file of the corps. He had come to the doctor, he said, to complain of the state of his health. He felt so "queer" all over, as he described it; could not settle down to any occupation; was hot and cold by turns; had pains all over his body and limbs, and was altogether very much "out of sorts." After hearing all this, and after having recourse to the usual pulse-feeling and tongue-inspecting formula, the doctor wrote the man an order for admission to the infirmary, and, telling him to go to bed immediately, promised to visit him when he made his usual rounds the first thing next morning.

True to his promise, at an early hour on the following day the regimental surgeon, whom we will call Dr. Curzon, went to the infirmary, and made his way to the bedside of the new patient, expecting to find him suffering from some slight feverish attack, or some other trifling ailment, which a day or two's quiet and a dose of medicine, would quickly set right. The aspect of the invalid as the surgeon approached the bed, was even more encouraging than he had expected, and Dr. Curzon was on the point of giving him his views on the subject of false alarms, when happening to look more attentively at the patient than he had done before, he observed that Private Strong was gesticulating in a very extraordinary manner, and especially twisting his mouth and jaws into a variety of strange and unearthly contortions, as if in an ineffectual attempt to utter some articulate sounds, which would not come forth. On examining him yet more attentively, the doctor observed that a sheet of paper was lying on his breast, on which was written the following inscription: "I HAVE HAD A FIT IN THE NIGHT, AND HAVE LOST THE POWER OF SPEAKING."

Dr. Curzon had been an army-surgeon for many a long year, and had come in contact with numberless instances of deceit and shamming, practised by soldiers with the view of obtaining a discharge. He remembered how some of them had, to his own certain knowledge, assumed to be mad or idiotic; how others had scratched raw places on their limbs, and bound over them

penny-pieces (in the days of the old copper coinage), or even rubbed them with phosphorus got from lucifer matches, in order to make such abrasions resemble sores of a dangerous and incurable sort. Then, besides, there are books written on this subject full of the most wonderful examples of feigning in the matter of disease, such simulation being sometimes engaged in with a view to some special object, and sometimes (but this almost invariably by women) with the desire of attracting attention and winning a kind of renown. Among men this simulating of disease—malingering it is called in military phrase—is resorted to with a specific intention. "The sufferings imposed by malingerers on themselves," says *Gavin on Feigned Diseases*, "are infinitely greater than any punishment a commanding officer would dare to inflict; thus a soldier for a period of eighteen months walked with his body bent forward so that his arms reached within two inches of the ground." In another discharge "was so eagerly coveted that a man had his arm shot through to obtain it;" while in another place, when treating of the extreme difficulty of getting hold of any evidence by means of which the malingerer may be criminated, he expresses shrewdly enough his opinion that "there is a kind of Freemasonry among soldiers which is perhaps conducive to the harmony of the barrack-room, but which by preventing the exemplary from exposing the worthless, and by holding up the informer as an object of universal abhorrence, renders it extremely difficult to obtain an accurate knowledge of the various means of simulating disease." Another medical authority proclaims that he has "no doubt that methods have been systematized for simulating disease, and that these are preserved in many regiments and handed over for the benefit of those who may be inclined to make a trial of them."

Dr. Curzon questioned the other occupants of the infirmary, and especially those who slept in the beds which stood one on each side of that occupied by Private Strong, as to whether they had heard anything of this seizure or fit, by which the dumb man professed to have been attacked in the night. Not one of them knew anything about it, and it was evident that if the man had ever really been the victim of such a seizure, he had taken it very quietly, and had not thought it necessary to disturb his companions; which, even supposing dumbness to have been one of the first symptoms of his attack, he might easily have done, the very fact of his having inscribed the particulars of his case upon the paper which the doctor found lying on his breast proving that he was certainly in possession of all his other faculties.

Dr. Curzon proceeded next to subject the



patient himself to a very searching examination. He addressed several questions to him—for the man did not profess to be deaf as well as dumb—and bade him try at least to utter some kind of sound, more or less articulate, in answer; but beyond several extravagant distortions of the features generally, and much ineffectual opening and shutting of the mouth particularly, no response whatever was to be obtained. Next the doctor set himself to ascertain whether there was—as might certainly have been expected—any loss of power in connexion with any other of the faculties. No such thing. The man was in all other respects perfectly healthful and vigorous, and not only was so, but looked so. Lastly, Dr. Curzon proceeded to engage in a prolonged scrutiny of the man's vocal chords, using an instrument made for the purpose of such examinations, by means of which the interior of the throat is exposed to the view of the investigator. This proceeding, however, was productive of as little result as the rest. Mr. Strong's vocal chords were, as far as external appearance went, in much the same condition as those of other people. The examination over, Dr. Curzon left his patient for a time, entertaining a pretty firm conviction that this was simply a bad case of shamming, and leaving directions with all those who were likely to come in contact with the dumb man to keep a sharp look out.

Days succeeded days, and the lips of John Strong remained—as far as the utterance of any articulate sound went—hermetically sealed. Not one of those about him could betray him into speech, nor was he ever heard to mutter any word, or intelligible sound in his sleep. Experiments of all kinds, in which the body and the mind were alike addressed, were tried. The doctor—a man of great resource and much ingenuity—would, for instance, wake the man suddenly, in the middle of the night, and make him get out of bed to attend patients who needed assistance; addressing him, at that moment of sudden waking up, with some words which required an answer. Mr. Strong was, however, proof against these sudden surprises, and was quite himself even when thus abruptly roused in the middle of the night. Not a word was to be got out of him. Plenty of gesticulation, abundant evidence of attention, and of a clear comprehension of what was required of him; but no speech. It was probable, the doctor thought, that if the man could for a time be deprived of consciousness, he would in that condition be brought to say something more or less intelligible. He determined to get the dumb man under the influence of chloroform, and try what could be done with him then. The chloroform was applied accordingly; but the man by resisting, first, its

application at all, and then its influence when they did succeed in applying it, managed to defeat the doctor's efforts in this line; the doctor hesitating to incur the risk of administering by main force a dose strong enough to render his patient incapable of all resistance. An attempt was then made to intoxicate him, and, as he refused to take a sufficient amount of spirit to bring about the desired end, a considerable dose of alcohol was cunningly introduced into the medicine he was in the habit of taking; but he steadily refused, come what might, to swallow a single drop of the medicine so craftily qualified.

The doctor's wife had at this time in her employment a young woman, serving in the capacity of housemaid, who besides being gifted with considerable personal attractions, was also endowed with a large share of that capacity for mischief, the possession of which persons of a misanthropic turn of mind are fond of ascribing to all members of the sex which doubles our joys and divides our sorrows. Having confided to this young person the particulars of Mr. Strong's case, the astute doctor, a little more than hinting that he looked upon the whole thing in the light of a "do," requested her as a last resource to come to the rescue. On a certain fine hot afternoon in July, the patient was sent up to Dr. Curzon's house, ostensibly to do some work in the doctor's garden, but really to encounter the fascinations of the doctor's housemaid. During the whole of that afternoon the full force of those fascinations was freely exercised upon him, whatever he did, and wherever he went. Did he set himself to the accomplishment of his allotted task in the garden, there was this dangerous young person ready to help him with his work, and even to do that work for him. Did he, on the other hand, sit down to rest himself in the shade, there she was, sitting beside him and conversationally disposed. She plied him with draughts of beer when he was thirsty, and later in the evening made him comfortable with tea and buttered toast. Strong drank the beer and ate the toast, nay, he smiled upon her gratefully, and expressed his contentment by the gesticulations which had by this time become familiar to him. All these things he did, but speak, or utter sound, he did not.

Yet there was no sort of colloquial snare which she did not lay for her companion; sometimes appealing to him for directions when they were at work together, and this in the most artless manner, as if she had forgotten the existence of that infirmity of his; at other times adopting a different line, and making open allusion to it, frankly telling him that she did not believe in its genuineness, and urging him to admit to her in confidence that it was all a

sham. Then she would be angry with him for his obstinacy, and rate him soundly, or perhaps have recourse to ridicule, and laugh at him in the most aggravating manner possible. But Private Strong was proof against it all. He was deaf to her entreaties, he smiled at her irritation, he joined in the laugh against himself when she was sarcastic. Finally he retired triumphant from the encounter, having passed a very pleasant afternoon, having eaten and drunk many good things, and leaving the question of the real or fictitious nature of his infirmity exactly where it had been when he set out in the morning to spend the day in Dr. Curzon's flower-garden.

The dumb man's statement now began to be believed by many who had before treated it with contempt. But the handmaiden maintained stoutly her conviction that Private Strong was certainly shamming, and was no more dumb than she was.

It was soon after the failure of this experiment, and about four months subsequent to the time of Strong's first attack, that the writer of this brief abstract, happening to be in the neighborhood of Chatham, first heard the outline of the dumb man's story. It was soon arranged that on a particular day, which suited the convenience of all concerned, he should go over to the depot, and pay a visit to this singular person, in company with a certain military officer and the regimental surgeon, Dr. Curzon.

This last-named gentleman, as we walked along in the direction of the place where the speechless soldier was at work, took the opportunity of relating some circumstances worthy of recapitulation here. It appeared that in the very regiment in which Dr. Curzon held his appointment there had lately occurred a case indicating such power of sustaining a deception possessed by one of the ordinary rank and file, as might well serve to make any regimental surgeon suspicious of the men under his charge. In this instance the assumed disease had been a combination of rheumatism and paralysis affecting the head and one of the arms. The head was completely forced out of its natural position, and bowed over to one side; the shoulder on the same side being raised to the ear, and the arm fixed in a bent position against the body. Of course such an affliction was fatal to everything in the shape of drill, and to the performance of any military duty; accordingly all sorts of remedies were applied with a view of curing this unfortunate recruit of his distortion, and getting his head and arm back into their natural condition. Some of these remedies were sufficiently painful. Experiments were made with red-hot irons, and others in which certain forms of acupuncture were resorted to. The unfortunate cripple en-

dured all without flinching, but not one of them seemed to make the slightest impression on his malady. The obstinacy and peculiarity of the case had awakened some suspicion in the medical authorities, and he had been watched by night as well as by day. Not to the slightest purpose, the man retaining in his sleep, as in his waking hours, that same distorted position, with the head forced over on one side and the arm fixed tightly against the body.

There is no doubt that this fact—which if to be accounted for at all can only be explained by supposing some power of exercising the will to be retainable by some men even in their sleep—had its influence in disarming the suspicion of those with whom the power of granting discharges rested. At all events, a medical board meeting was held, evidence was adduced to show that night and day this unfortunate cripple was never seen in any other position than in this distorted one, that all remedial applications were inefficacious, and that the recruit being utterly useless and unfit for service, there was nothing for it but to discharge him. Discharged he was accordingly. A fortnight afterwards, Dr. Curzon met him in the street walking along with his head erect and his arms swinging at his sides like other people. Indeed, the man actually had the audacity to address the doctor, and to congratulate him on the success of his medical treatment; remarking that he was perfectly cured now, and very much obliged to the authorities for his discharge, as it had enabled him to take a very good situation in the town.

The doctor added, in reference to the present case, that he had resolved to utilize the man as he best could, and had accordingly sent him to the tailors' shop, where his dumbness would not stand in his way, and where his previous habits—for he had been bred a tailor—would be favorable to his making himself useful. By means of this arrangement, the necessity of taking immediate action in the difficult matter was obviated, and time gained in which to test him further. As the doctor concluded, we arrived at the door of the building appropriated to the regimental tailoring department, and went in.

Half a dozen soldiers were sitting on a raised tailors' board in the well-known professional attitude. They all raised their heads when we entered, except one, who, seated nearly with his back to the door, just turned his head and his eyes for a moment slightly in our direction, and then went on with his sewing. A moment afterwards, on the name of "Strong" being called out by the doctor, this same person sprang off the board with quite a curious display of activity, and stood confronting us, with his hands close down by

his sides, his stockinged feet so close together that the great toes touched each other, and his eyes staring very intently straight before him at the doctor. This gentleman then proceeded to ask him some questions, as, indeed, we all did—how he felt, whether there was any change in his condition, what was the state of his general health, and the like. He answered by gesticulation, always of a very energetic kind, and sometimes by means of the deaf and dumb alphabet on his fingers. He told us in this way, I remember, among other things, that he came from Wales, and that he was the first of his family who had ever been afflicted in this extraordinary manner. "Come," said the doctor at last, "let us see you make an effort to speak. Try to say, 'How d'ye do?'" The man certainly *seemed* to respond to this appeal, and nothing could be more energetic than the violent chopping action of the jaws with which he did so; but no word, nor, indeed, any sound whatever, was uttered. After this, we all stood staring rather helplessly, and in a state of mystification at each other. The soldiers sitting on the board with their legs doubled under them, stared too.

The scene was brought to a close by the doctor. "Well," he said, "you are very comfortable here and usefully employed. You know we couldn't possibly send you out and throw you upon your own resources, in the state in which you are at present, so you ought to think yourself very lucky." This was said, as the doctor told me afterwards, to show the man that he had nothing to hope in the way of getting his discharge. He appeared well-pleased with what he had heard, nodded and smiled briskly, and jumped up on his board again.

"He is so extraordinarily sharp and quick of hearing," whispered the doctor, as we left the building, "that I must ask you not to speak about him till we are well out of earshot." I had little to say, however. My impression was simply of a good-looking young fellow of a light and active build, with exceedingly bright eyes, having perhaps something a little mad about them. There was nothing stupid or brutal in his appearance; on the contrary, he looked brisk and lively, as well as exceedingly cunning. He certainly gave one the idea of a man possessed of much dogged determination, and quite capable of carrying out any scheme of an underhand nature which he might set before himself as a thing to be accomplished.

What Private John Strong did set before himself as a thing to be accomplished, he did in this case most distinctly and completely succeed in doing. He carried his point. He was too much for the authorities. His powers were concentrated; theirs were

diffused. He had but one thing to think of; they had many. For such work as mounting guard with its necessary interchange of sign and countersign, as well as for all other forms of military duty of which speech is an essential part, this man was unfitted, as well as for the transmission of verbal messages, or spoken instructions; and so it came about at last that on a certain day Private John Strong was brought before the medical board, and after passing through another examination, and being subjected to a variety of final tests, was declared to be unfit for service, and was, then and there formally discharged.

Soon afterwards, I found myself once more in the neighborhood of the great garrison in which this curious drama had been enacted. Now that the curtain had fallen, I felt a strong desire to hear something of the principal performer, and to learn what had become of him after his retirement from the stage. In accordance with this wish I lost no time in making my way to the barracks at which my speechless friend's regiment was quartered, bent on picking up all the information I could. Fortune was propitious to me. Almost immediately on my entering the barrack-square I had the good luck to run against a certain sergeant-major belonging to the regiment, who had had the subject of my enquiries especially under his charge. From this officer I learnt that Dr. Curzon had been removed to another station, and that so the case had passed from under his superintendence; and that the doctor who succeeded to the care of the man had, after very careful investigation of the whole affair, become sufficiently convinced of the genuineness of the case to bring it before the medical board with the result mentioned. "A few days afterwards," said the sergeant, concluding his account: "I met the man walking along the street, in company with a young woman. 'Good-evening, Strong,' I said on speculation, with a sort of notion in my head that he'd answer me. And so he did. 'Good-evening, sergeant, he says, speaking as glib as possible and with as knowing a grin as ever you saw.'" The sergeant concluded his narrative by informing me that the young man had got married, and was at work at a sewing-machine factory in the town.

It was a difficult place to find, this factory; but I managed after going to all sorts of wrong places, and making enquiry everywhere but where I ought, for "a young man named Strong," to unearth my gentleman in a large bare-looking building which quivered all over with the vibration of the machinery in motion in its upper storey.

He was a little thinner and more haggard-looking, perhaps, than when I had

last seen him, and was of course dressed in the costume of a civilian instead of the uniform of the regiment to which he had once belonged, but in all other respects he was unchanged. He presented the same sharp, watchful appearance which I had remarked before, and had the same keen restless glance darting suspiciously hither and thither. He did not speak on first coming forward to meet me, but merely made a movement with his head. I think it probable that for a single instant he was confused, seeing a stranger before him, whether he was to be dumb or not. Of course he soon remembered that all that was a thing of the past. In answer to my remark that I was curious to know how he had recovered the use of his speech, of which when I had seen him, nearly a couple of years ago, he had been deprived, he proceeded to tell a story which he seemed to have on the tip of his tongue ready for any such emergency.

He stated that shortly after his discharge, he accidentally met a young man with whom he was acquainted, and whose function it was to compound the medicines dispensed at a certain military hospital which he mentioned by name. The "compounder," wiser than any of the constituted authorities, told him that he knew of a medicine which would certainly give him back the use of his tongue, if he only chose to take the trouble to go up to the hospital and fetch it. Naturally enough, ex-private Strong did agree to take that trouble, and, taking the medicine too, observed that after the very first dose his whole interior arrangements were suffused with a glow of warmth; on finishing the bottle, commenced under such happy auspices, he was able to speak, but in a low voice: "just like a little child."

Such was ex-private Strong's ingenuous story. From speaking "like a child," Mr. Strong, after another bottle or two of the wonderful medicine, had got to speak like a grown-up person.

Once and only once in the course of our conversation did my ex-military acquaintance approach the border-land of danger. I had asked him how it happened that he enlisted in the first instance, and he had replied that he hardly knew—that "he had done it in a kind of freak;" upon which it occurred to me to add, speaking in as careless a tone as I could command:

"And directly afterwards you were sorry for it?"

"Yes," was his answer, corrected immediately afterwards, and negatived in a very round-about fashion. Very soon afterwards he announced that it was tea-time at the factory, and beat a rapid retreat.

What qualities are displayed here! What concentration of purpose, what self-denial, what huge development of that which, in

sporting phrase, is called the "staying" power; the power of holding on and sticking to a thing with a fixed intention, day after day, week after week, month after month, for a space of nearly two years! It seems pretty clear that it is not the mere possession of these faculties which is respectable, but only the application of them to a good and worthy purpose.—*All the Year Round.*

## THE LORD OF CASTLE CRAZY.

I dwell in Castle Crazy,  
And am its king and lord;  
'Tis furnished well for all my needs,  
Cellar and bed and board,  
And up in the topmost attic,  
The furthest from the earth,  
I keep my choicest treasures  
And gems of greatest worth.

A noble stocked museum  
Of all that's rare and bright,  
With plans—ah! many a thousand—  
For setting the wrong world right.  
Plans for destroying evil  
And poverty and pain,  
And stretching life to a hundred years  
Of vigorous heart and brain.

I've books in Castle Crazy  
That solve the riddles of time,  
And make old histories easy,  
With all their sorrow and crime;  
Books that divulge all secrets  
That science has ever thought,  
And might lead us back to Eden  
If men could ever be taught.

I've plans for weaving velvet  
From the spider's web so thin,  
For bottling up the sunshine,  
And distilling rain to gin;  
For finding the essence of beauty,  
And selling it for a crown—  
Ay! half a crown, and less than that—  
To the favorites of the town!

I've plans for converting the heathen,  
Plans for converting ourselves—  
Perhaps the greatest of heathens!—  
All in a row on my shelves.  
I've plans for transmuting pebbles  
Into the minted gold,  
And fixing dew into diamonds  
As bright as ever were sold.

Though Castle Crazy's open  
To all who wish to see,  
Very few people care to come  
And explore its wealth with me.  
I very well know the reason—  
Prithce! don't miss the point!  
I am the centre of wisdom—  
The world is out of joint!

## Young Folks.

### MOTH AND RUST:

PRIZE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TALE, PUBLISHED BY HENRY HOYT, BOSTON.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### MORLEY'S CHOICE.

"For it had been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than after they have known it, to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto them."

Satan had desired to have Ralph Morley that he might sift him like wheat. What heavenly intercession had been made for this child of earth, we cannot tell. We know a grey-haired woman, and a girl in the first flush of youth, and a man of God who would not walk heavenward alone, had prayed for him; and whether after all this his faith failed, perchance you may gather from his life's unvarnished history. Satan put him in a golden sieve, and shook him right thoroughly.

Ralph Morley was forty, and dwelt among his own people. He had a home, the special pride of his heart. The house was not palatial, but it sufficed for those who lived in it. The house had a stained glass door in the hall, a bow window, and three marble mantles; it had a dry cellar, and a light, roomy attic; the chimneys were not given to smoking, nor the roof to leaking; altogether, though not magnificent, it was comfortable; and, when Ralph first *owned* it, it satisfied him. Ralph would walk through his house on Sunday afternoons, when, to say the truth, he was weary of sabbatic rest, and would say in his heart, "Is not this great Babylon which I have built?"

The house had a garden, which was the pleasure of Ralph Morley's wife. The garden had beds—round, square and triangular; it had nooks and borders of bloom. It had four green-painted boxes, wherein flourished an orange, a lemon, a fig, and an oleander. Mrs. Morley had achieved both a blue and a purple hydrangea, and possessed a morsel of hot-house.

The house and the garden were near to the church, and this was the chief joy of Aunt Stacey.

At the time when our story begins, Aunt Stacey was in the kitchen stirring cakes for tea. Helen, the youngest olive-plant of the house of Morley, could inform you that "Aunt Stacey was a tulleed pusson, and very nice."

When the first of the juvenile Morleys had burst into a wail of mingled grief and

indignation at finding himself an inhabitant of a world of colic and semi-starvation, Aunt Stacey had come to his rescue, and warmed his restless toes by the fire, supplied him liberally with catnip tea, and remarked, "Now she 'sposed she'd have to stay: she knew a heap more 'bout nussin' a baby dan dem chil'en;" thus designating the infant's respected parents. When, at intervals of about three years, Richard's juniors made their appearance, they had all found Aunt Stacey ready with a welcome and plenty of catnip; and in due course of time considered her almost as indispensable to the family comfort as the mother herself. If Aunt Stacey had made any remark about leaving the household, consternation would have reigned, from Mr. Ralph down to Helen. Hitherto Aunt Stacey had betrayed no traitorous intention, but early and late had been alert for the domestic good. Aunt Stacey had been the faithful servant of Grandma Morley since Ralph, Esq., could run alone. A grandma, as we all know, delights in making sacrifices for the rising race. When old Mrs. Morley sent Aunt Stacey to Ralph and his wife—who had hitherto lived humbly without any servant—she virtually deprived herself of any home; for, finding she could not keep house without the tried assistant of so many years, she broke up the pleasant little establishment, and went to live with her only daughter, Mrs. Douglass. I do not think Ralph or his wife realized the extent of the sacrifice that had been offered on the altar of their household comfort. They loved grandma after a mild fashion; indeed, admitted that she was one of those saints upon earth who, like a glass, reflect the lovely image of their risen Lord. But she was growing older, and young people ought to live alone; and they were quite satisfied to have her live with Mrs. Douglass—a woman who, being like-minded with her mother, received her rapturously.

Ralph Morley and his wife had united with the Church shortly after their marriage. They had been brought up in pious families, had both religious instincts, deemed church-membership a badge of honor, and wanted to get to heaven when they died. As for Mrs. Ralph, she was likely to fashion all her life after the model of her husband; he could lead her upward with himself, or bind her to earth. She had very little individuality, no strong motives; but she always meant to do her duty, if nothing hindered.

We have hinted that Ralph began life in humble circumstances. His father gave him a couple of thousand. He moved to Fenton and went into business. He lived in a small hired house, which was plainly furnished; and here, on the very threshold of his life, Ralph made the grand mistake of looking more to the earthly than the heavenly inheritance. In Ralph, two instincts seemed almost equally strong—the religious instinct, and the desire for making money. Had he resolved to serve God first, and himself second, all had been well; but he made up his mind “to do as well as he could in the circumstances. Get a home and a good business foundation first, and then be able to serve God respectably, as a well-to-do man should.”

Said Ralph — and we wish he had not been so trite—“Charity begins at home.” And Aunt Stacey confided to the baby she was putting to sleep, that “Charity sometimes growed dar, like a stupid old house-leek, and nebbor got no whar else.”

Ralph also remarked that, “he that careth not for his own is worse than an infidel.” And, on hearing this much-abused text, Aunt Stacey threw out one or two remarks, as she polished the fire-irons and fender, to the end that “some folks cared a sight too much for their own; and she’d like to know wherein a body’s ‘own’ consisted, we being not our own, but bought with a price,” &c.

Working steadily with one end in view, a good business man as far as this world goes, a pleasant man, and a courteous gentleman in his bearing, Ralph, when his son Richard was ten years old, had the comfortable and pretty home we have described, wherein to shelter his four children. The home was free of debt and well furnished, and several thousand dollars lay snugly in the bank.

During this time, while putting his hundreds in the bank of Fenton, Ralph had been too busy to lay up any treasure in the bank of Heaven, and had dealt so little in celestial real estate, and Jerusalem bonds and mortgages, that he had even failed to use any of those promissory notes delivered to us by one Jesus, who, passing into the skies long ago, left the Church as His heir.

While Ralph had been thus busy with his muck-rake, and had indubitably scraped together many pretty things, his mother, his sister Mrs. Douglass, and his niece Stella, had been making some requisitions on his account which had been duly honored; and Ralph felt cheerful, and believed himself to be doing well. Ralph duly gave his children their penny to take to Sunday-school; but he gave it indifferently and as a matter of form, so that it was a very copper penny indeed, with not a gleam of gold on it. For the support of religion in the town of Fenton, or in the

world in general, Ralph had done very little. A few fives would represent his donations; and he liked no sight so little as the church officers with their willow baskets. Ralph meant some day to be able to give liberally. He was not willing to go on giving each year until he felt growing glad in giving; but when his house was made just right, and all paid for, when his garden was ornamented and the house furnished, when the business was firm and the stock in the bank large enough, Ralph meant to do things handsomely, and give like a gentleman. He despised giving such trifles, and he needed the money just now in his business. The time had come when Ralph possessed what once he would have called abundance: but his ideas had grown; he had four children to educate and establish in life, and he must make a move. Matters went too slowly.

We said Ralph had religious instincts: he had also a faithful pastor, who touched and stirred this instinct in a fashion that put the devil in terror. Ralph’s heart sometimes burned within him as the pastor talked; he was moved sometimes to hold out both hands toward heaven, and run a few steps thitherward with all his might. In Fenton, Ralph had religious society, a church, a prayer-meeting, a pastor, a Sabbath-school; in fact, every surrounding suitable to a Christian family. Ralph observed all the ordinances faithfully: he went regularly to prayer-meeting, but did not pray in public; for he was no tool, and recognized the fact that his giving and his working would not be in harmony with his praying. Just now he needed every religious influence and pressure that could be brought to bear upon him; and, lo! the devil got behind a money-bag and beckoned him away from all! How, may be gathered from a conversation of the children, as they sat behind the house on two empty boxes and a barrel.

“How would you like to move?” demanded Richard, the patriarch of the group, a pretty lad of twelve, with an irresolute face that argued ill for days to come.

“I never!” cried Helen, in instant danger of growing lachrymose. “I wouldn’t leave pa and mother, and Aunt Stacey, and the chickens!”

“Bah!” said Freddy, who, being six years old, knew everything. “Of course they’d go too.”

“I don’t believe father’d do it,” quoth Frank, second in age. “He knows better than to sell *this* place.”

“Oh!” said Richard the dishonorable, who had been listening at the parlor-door, and was now revealing state secrets—“he could sell this place for lots of money more than he gave for it, and more than its worth—for twice as much as would get

another; and he could go away up somewhere into lumber, where money's as thick—well—as thick as gravel," cried Richard, looking desperately round for a simile, and beholding the walk leading about the house.

"Money!" cried Helen, "that ain't much. We've got flowers here, and blue and red glass, and a play-room, and peach-trees; and I've got five cents father can have."

"There, now, you don't know anything!" retorted Richard. "Money is a great deal; it gets everything. You can buy anything you want; and it's so mean to be poor. I hope father'll go; for when I get big, I want to drive a buggy and a pair of grays, like Mark Thorn. Five hundred dollars ain't anything to him. Why, money'll send a man to Congress; I've heard father say so often. And when people come to the office they talk about money; and so do father and mother. "I guess I know."

Richard had caught the prevailing sentiment of his father. "Be a good boy, Richard, and say your prayers," instructed Ralph Morley's lips. "Money, money, get money, be rich," was the lesson of his life; and his son caught the tone of the daily practice, while dully on his ear fell the form of precept.

While the children discussed family affairs on the boxes and barrel, their mother mended the garments that had come from the wash, and meditated upon the proposed change of residence. Mrs. Morley had imbibed her husband's opinions—it would be a trouble to move, but pecuniarily profitable. Now was the time to roll up a fortune; by and by, in old age, they might sit down and enjoy it. Yes, to leave such a pretty home and go among strangers was a trial. But the children would not mind it; it was a duty to the children to acquire wealth to educate them, and put them on a good footing with the world. Never mind now. By the time Helen was a young lady, the fortune would be made, and nothing left them but to enjoy it. Would Stacey go with them? Certainly she must. Mrs. Morley would be appalled at the idea of parting with Stacey.

Ralph Morley was in his office, outwardly busy at his books; but, instead of the figures before him, the change proposed in his business occupied his thoughts; and he forgot that Aunt Stacey's cakes waited, that the mending was finished, and the four children getting hungry.

If the glory and joy of change shut all loss and disadvantage from his children's view; if pliability, and wisely and motherly self-sacrifice, and real misapprehension of circumstances set the future before his wife in a false light, Ralph Morley himself knew very well what he was doing. About

his present abode clustered every advantage. He had a home, a business that permitted him to lay up a small sum each year; and he had privileges of church, Christian society, and education for his children. But this home he could sell at a clear gain of three thousand dollars, a profit unexpectedly large; he could dispose of his present business without sacrifice; and he could go to a place in the lumber-region, where living would be cheaper—poorer undoubtedly, also—and where he could clear twice as much in a year as now. Ralph had been up in the lumber-region at the head waters of the Alleghany. He had seen the lonely woodland, the great, desolate mill, the brawling stream, the workmen's shanties, the large, ill-built house, the wretched log school-house—for which, and *money profit*, he would exchange the pretty dwelling, the refined neighborhood, and the excellent academy of his present home.

Aunt Stacey grew impatient, the children clamorous, the wife weary of waiting; and the columns of figures in day-book and ledger began to represent the thousands of an amassed fortune: thus and so much for educating the children and setting them out in life; so much for himself and his wife to grow old gracefully upon—oh, yes! so much to give away; so much for churches and missions, and hospitals and schools. Ralph Morley instructed himself that if he would be a benefactor of the human race, he must be rich; if he would be a pillar of the Church, he must be rich; if he would lay up treasure in heaven, he must be rich.

Ralph put on his hat and went home, feeling more settled in his mind.

"It won't be pleasant for you out there," he said to his wife, referring to the lumber-regions, as he was getting ready for bed; "and I don't wish to take you where you'll be unhappy. But we have four children; and if I am taken away the property will not be enough to educate them properly. I feel it my *duty* to increase it."

"Yes," said Mrs. Morley, dolefully, laying cuffs and collar in a drawer.

"And it will not be permanent, you know. Just a few years, and then some better opening yet; and by the time the children are done going to school, we shall be handsomely established where we can give them the best advantages." Ralph had given up the idea of being "taken away," and his wife grew more cheerful.

"Yes," she said, "we'd better go. I do dislike leaving this house, but"—

"But we'll have a finer by and by," said Ralph. "This is rather small."

"I hope Stacey will go with us," said Mrs. Morley.

"Oh, to be sure! it can make no possible difference to her," said Ralph Morley.

Now, after this, a note of preparation began to be sounded through the household, and it woke for its echo a note of warning.

"We're going to take you up into the lumber-regions, Aunt Stacey," said Ralph easily to his ancient servant, as she polished the dining-room windows.

"What you goin' dar for?" asked Stacey.

"To make my fortune," said Ralph Morley.

"When you was a little boy, I seed you lots of times grabbin' at so many nuts dat you loss all you got," said Aunt Stacey, speaking in a parable, and rubbing the window violently.

"My hands are bigger now," said Mr. Ralph, laughing; "and my motto is, Keep all you've got, and get all you can. We'll keep you, Stacey, among other things."

"Got any school up dar for dem chil'en?" asked Stacey, selecting a new pane for her operations.

"Well, yes; a common country-school. But their mother and I can do their teaching."

"Any Sunday-school?"

"Ah! no, not yet; perhaps we can start one; very likely we shall."

Aunt Stacey looked as if she thought it very unlikely, and gave a short grunt. "Any church dar?"

"Why, no. It's a new place, Stacey; and we cannot look for all these privileges, we must make them for ourselves. Somebody must pioneer."

"You aint goin' to pioneer, but to make money; told me so yourself," said Stacey. And she set her rainbow turban on high, a fashion she had when wrathful indignation stirred her mind.

"To be sure," said Mr. Morley, who had seen Stacey's turban set on high from his earliest recollections, and knew her to be as faithful and indispensable as she was outspoken. "It is my duty to my children—indeed to myself and the world—to make money. Come, now, Stacey, who's going to take good care of you when you get old?"

"De Lord!" said Stacey, promptly. "Make you His hand to do it mebbly, and mebbly not. But it don't look right to me, Mr. Ralph, to take your own soul and five other souls belonging to you—to say nothing of old Stacey—away off where dey'll be just left to starve for de law and ordinances. Here de Lord's feedin' you with food convenient for you' soul and body. My 'pinion is, you'd better make yourself contented, and don't run away from de gates of de Lord's house."

"Nonsense, Stacey! It is my duty to make all the property I can for my children—and to do good with, of course. And, as the lumber-region promises large returns, I'm going there to live for a few years at least."

"Like dat ar foolish Lot!" cried Aunt Stacey, turning from the last shining window, her turban towering threateningly. "He went to live in Sodom and Gomorrah for the sake of gettin' rich, and whatever come of it? Why, he flew out wid the skin of his teeth, and mighty glad to get dat, and hardly a rag left to his back. Nebber saved nothing but dem two sassy gals he might much better lef' behind. Don't ketch me going 'long with you to turn into a heathen in my old age!" And Aunt Stacey stalked out of the room.

Here was an unlooked-for calamity; and, moreover, Ralph's heart smote him that he had scarcely *thought* of the religious destitution of the region where he was going, and the great privileges which he was leaving. However, as he went down the street he remarked to himself, that if everybody stayed away from places where there were no schools and churches, neither the Church nor the commonwealth would flourish; and, certainly, he should take great pains in the home instruction of his children. A fine resolution; but hitherto, Ralph and his wife had left the religious training of their children entirely to the Church and Sabbath-school; never even so much as asking what they learned there. In this shirking of parental duties, we know that Ralph Morley and his wife were not alone. Canvass our churches, and you will find that fully one-half the parents suppose that their whole duty is done when they send the children off to Sunday-school, and tell them they may stay to church if they choose. Ralph and his wife did better than many others, in that each Sabbath they had the four children in church with them.

Ralph Morley's pastor heard that he was to lose this family from his congregation. He regretted it; for they were pleasant people, and their place might not be easily filled. But the pastor's sorrow was more for these members of his flock than for himself. He felt that if Ralph cut loose from the restraints of religious society, he would be swept away in a vortex of worldliness. He did not believe that Mrs. Morley was capable of making any firm stand for truth in behalf of herself or her children; and hardness of heart and distance from God would, most likely, be the family portion. The pastor went to Ralph's place of business, and, in the retirement of the little office, began to urge these considerations upon him. Ralph saw his minister coming, and wished that minister had been less faithful. Heretofore Ralph had trembled under warning, and melted at exhortation, and resolved to do better when a higher Christian life was set before him; and he really feared that this man of God might force him from his present determination, and bring him to forego



the worldly advantage upon which he had set his heart.

You may imagine how the pastor began with his parishioner—showing what danger he incurred in going apart from godly influences, and devoting himself entirely to money-getting; how especially dangerous it was to take his children among the rude and irreligious, and form their plastic minds away from the ordinances and practices of piety.

"My wife and I," replied Ralph, "will feel ourselves more than ever bound, both by example and precept, to make up to our children for the religious destitution of their neighborhood."

"To be plain with you," said his pastor, "how high value will your children set on those spiritual advantages which you abandon for a mere matter of dollars and cents?"

Ralph winced. "Is not one to be the first in unsettled countries? Must not Christians go to these destitute regions?"

"Yes," said his friend. "God drives some men there; and He sends them intent on laboring for Him as well as for themselves, and pressing the work of the Church at least shoulder to shoulder with their own. But have you not told me that you are going to *make money*? that is your main object, and, as soon as that is accomplished, you will come away?"

"Ah! but it is necessary that I should make money. My family demands it; they are to be liberally educated. And suppose any of them should be cripples, or life-long invalids, or early orphans, there must be money to back them."

"Leave those things with God. 'Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' Suppose you gain all the world's advantages for your children, and lose their souls?"

Ralph shuddered. He believed in eternal loss and gain, and desired the salvation of his children; but he also felt that the worldly gain of these children was his first affair, and the spiritual good was to be indefinitely obtained. He shook his head; he suddenly steeled himself to all arguments and entreaty. "The thing is settled," he said, crossly; and when good friends and church officers sought to argue with him, and turn his mind's eye to the spiritual rather than the temporal view, Ralph still said, "The thing is settled." And when his mother wrote, begging him to stay with his family, where all outer influences accorded with heavenward drawings, Ralph tossed the letter in the fire, and growled, "It's settled; what's the use of talking?"

So the house was sold, the mill and dwelling in the lumber-regions bought, and Ralph's business passed into other

hands. His bank-stock doubled; and, lo! his idea of a fortune doubled also. Twice what he had heretofore secretly craved became his goal; and he could hardly endure the slow process of winding up affairs in Fenton, so eager was he to get where the ripping and tearing of saws, and the rolling wheels, should coin money for him faster and faster. On Sunday, Ralph was engaged in furtive calculations about cost of moving, price of lumber, &c., and so on. Yet rousing himself spasmodically to listen to the sermon, he heard something about Satan sifting folks like wheat, and a few forcible remarks that conscience applied sharply; and he spent the time occupied by the last prayer and hymn in concluding he would give lumber "some day" to build a church, and be the founder of a flourishing congregation, far up among the woods and hills. Meanwhile at home, curtains and pictures came down and carpets came up; boxes and barrels were packed; and furniture, too heavy to move, or unsuited to their new home, was disposed of among friends.

Mrs. Morley looked and felt sad; and Ralph had severe twinges of heart and conscience. He wished twenty times that this change had never been proposed; but he thought of his bank-stock, and was consoled. Twenty years would make it all right. Fortune and success achieved—what a man he would be! The children were jubilant as birds in spring-time. They got in everybody's way, imagined a thousand grand adventures, and accepted the future as one long holiday. The pastor and the officers of the Sunday-school had counsel to give these children: they could be little missionaries, and start a Sunday-school; they could spend Sunday afternoon in reading to and questioning each other and any children who lived near them. They would be shut out from church privileges, but they must remember that the Sabbath was God's holy day. To such talk Richard said—"Yes, sir—yes, sir;" eager to get rid of it; secretly glad that he need not go to church twice a-day; privately considering if the penny might stop in his own pocket, instead of getting into the contribution box; and gleeful over the idea that, instead of learning six verses for his next lesson, he might read "Arabian Nights" on Sunday afternoons. Frank, of an ardent, impressible disposition, shed tears at the instructions of his friends, and resolved henceforth to be perfect in all his ways. He would be a small apostle, and convert the whole community about the lumber-mill, without stopping to consider whether or not he were converted himself.

In the distribution of Christian counsel, Mrs. Morley had not been neglected. Hers was a shallow nature, but it had been stirred to its depths; she felt her maternal

responsibilities as she had never felt them before. She suddenly saw that the salvation of her children, in great measure, rested upon herself. She had duties to perform which had, until now, been neglected; and her mind became a confused mass of resolutions, without any defined plan of carrying them out. Here was the most important hour of this woman's life. Had she kept her desires steadily fixed on household piety and the salvation of her children, all the crooked way would have been made plain before her. God would have wrought strength out of her feebleness; desiring first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, abundant entrance into that kingdom might have been ministered to her. She could have tempered her husband's worldliness; and when his mind trembled in the balance between earth and heaven, she might have turned the scale, and secured "so great a weight of glory." But I might as well tell you that Mrs. Morley did not strive until she had attained. She kept her resolutions to do something; but beautiful order never grew out of the confusion, because she gave her chief thinking and planning to the earthly rather than the heavenly interest. Just now Mrs. Morley was determined to do great things, and was busy packing the family linen and china, and carefully wrapping up the books.

During these days—indeed, during these three or four weeks—Aunt Stacey's turban never came down from its lofty elevation; it towered over wash-tub and coffee-pot, and threatened its own reflection in every shining tin. She packed dried fruit, and jars of preserves in barrels; saw that dried beef and hams were duly boxed in straw, and made store of ginger-crackers and yeast-cakes. Beholding Stacey's half-yard of turban, and considering the labors of her hands, Mrs. Morley was miserable in the confidence that she could never supply her place; and she wished many times that moving had never been thought of. She kept her wishes carefully to herself, determined, on fitting occasion, to request old Stacey to reconsider, and follow the family fortunes. Aunt Stacey forestalled her mistress, however, saying, as they cleared out the parlor—"Bettah sell dat ar big glass; get all broke trabbeling, and we won't want no such out dar!"

"O Aunt Stacey! *are* you going with us?" cried Mrs. Morley.

"Yes, I'm goin'," said Aunt Stacey, tartly. "Like to know how you and de chil'en get along if I didn't go; nobody to look after you. S'pose I'll hab to go."

"I'm so glad. I thought you maybe couldn't make up your mind on account of the church; and it will be hard, certainly."

"De Lord's gib me a duty to you and de chil'en, and I'm bound to go and do it,"

said Stacey. "He knows well enough I don't want to go away from de door of His house. You and Mr. Ralph got a duty too; and it don't look to me like doin' it, kiting off from de ordinances. No," added Aunt Stacey, wiping a tear or two, "you're taking de bread ob privilege out ob de chil'en's mouf; 'tain't surprising you take it out ob mine too."

Mrs. Morley made a new resolution or two as she packed the mantle vases. She would be a Christian friend to Stacey, and not so backward about talking on religion. These resolutions were jumbled away with others. The household goods were packed decently and in order; and, good-byes being said, the happy home at Fenton was left, and the Morley family turned their course towards the lumber-regions, where their fortune was to be made. Abraham went out from his father's house, called of God, vowed to the service of the Lord, and God blessed him. But, like Aunt Stacey, we must set Ralph Morley's hegira with that of Lot, who, for worldly gain, made his dwelling where the God of Israel was not so much as named. Lot lost his family and his wealth, but remained himself righteous before God. Ralph Morley sinned against higher light and broader privilege. He had been shown the beauty of righteousness under this new dispensation, and he had vowed to serve the Lord; and now, to serve mammon, he deliberately turned from the holy commandment delivered unto him.

#### WITHOUT HANDS OR FEET.

"What are you going to tell me about to-night, Aunty?" said merciless little Walter, who thought, because I had taken a short trip abroad, that I must have a never-failing fund of stories in reserve, from which he could draw at his pleasure.

Having become somewhat weary of describing the Zoological Gardens and such "lions," I proposed to tell him of a wonderful man of whom I heard much while in England, though I never saw him myself, —a man without hands or feet.

"O, is there such a man? and where does he live, and how came he so?" said Walter, in a breath.

"Yes, there is such a man," I replied. "His name is Arthur Kavanagh, and he has no arms below the elbow joint, and only short stumps for legs. He is now about fifty-five years old. He was born in Ireland of a high family, his mother being connected with the nobility. The story is sometimes told, which many ignorant, superstitious people believe, that before his birth his mother, having a picture of the Virgin Mary, and wishing to show that she did not consider that more holy than anything

else made by hands, tore it carelessly in pieces. It so happened that both arms and legs were torn off; and her child being born like this mutilated picture, it was regarded as a punishment for her irreverence. But others, not trying to explain or understand why God so created a human being, are astonished at the rare compensating gifts which he possesses, that make him less an object of pity than of genuine admiration. Indeed, when we come to know more about him, we cannot call him altogether unfortunate."

"Why not?" asked Walter.

"Because, though he has a dwarfed body, God has given him a noble mind and a warm heart. When very young he resolutely determined to make the most of himself, that is, to improve and cultivate to the utmost all the faculties he did possess. One way by which he accomplished his purpose was never, under any circumstances, to allow others to do anything for him which it was possible for him to do himself. This seems the more remarkable, when we consider that his parents were very wealthy, and that there were always plenty of servants to wait upon him; but he disdained all help, or appearance of help, except in cases where it was absolutely necessary."

Here I was led to stop and enquire if a certain lad of my acquaintance was equally anxious to be self-reliant and independent. But though I noticed that Walter's eyes had a bright twinkle in them, and the corners of his mouth were puckered somewhat comically, yet as he gave no other signs that the "coat fitted," I forbore pressing the subject, and proceeded to tell how Arthur Kavanagh's great energy and perseverance brought him almost incredible skill,—for everything which he saw his brothers and sisters do he attempted, and often accomplished with equal if not greater dexterity.

"But do tell me, what did he do; what could any one do without hands?" asked Walter.

"It would be easier to tell what he could not do," I replied; "but I will mention some of his accomplishments. He writes very plainly and rapidly. I have seen his autograph, which would be creditable to any one. He excels in drawing and painting in water colors. To do this he has his pencil or brush strapped to his little stump of an arm. He is fond of driving a span of spirited horses, which he does by having the reins and whip fastened to his body,—and it is said that he is apt to make frequent use of the whip! He rides horseback by being strapped to his saddle. Formerly he spent much time in hunting, and it is said that he is a capital shot; but his favorite amusement is yachting, and he is a skilful and scientific navigator. He has written a very interesting book called 'The

Cruise of Eva,' which gives an account of his adventures in a yacht in which he has taken several long voyages. He has written other books, and some short poems of more than ordinary merit."

"If he is so smart I guess he is rather proud of it, isn't he?" said Walter.

"He does take a good deal of pleasure, perhaps you may call it pride, in showing what he can do. He once made a bet that he could fell a tree quicker than a friend. A saw was strapped to his little arm, and though his friend, a strong, able-bodied man, did his best, yet the dwarf won the wager. He is very fond of making such trials, and usually comes off the winner. And I must not forget to tell you that he shaves himself every morning."

"Well, well," said Walter, "I am prepared to believe anything now! But you have not told me how he walks."

"He cannot walk, of course; but he has several kinds of carriages in which he is wheeled about, and he is so small and so light that he can be moved very easily. A friend told me that he once saw him sitting under an oak tree on his estate giving orders to his steward; wishing to leave, he jumped upon the back of his servant, when instantly a monkey (a favorite pet) jumped upon his back, which amused him as much as it did all present. But I think you could never guess how he goes about the house, or rather the room in which he may be sitting. As he does not wish to trouble others unnecessarily, he propels himself without help,—lying down on the floor and rolling over and over till he reaches whatever in the room he desires. This he does with perfect dignity and self-possession, even when his drawing-room is filled with distinguished visitors."

"Why!" said Walter, "does he have visitors? I should not think he would want any one to see him."

"So one might think, for we have all seen persons who were so silly as to make themselves unhappy over nothing worse than a crooked nose, or because their hair was not just the color they fancied. But Arthur Kavanagh is happily free from all morbid sensitiveness. He never appears to think that any one is looking at him, or noticing the sad peculiarity of his form, but is always cheerful and trying to make others happy. Instead of being a blight he is a blessing to his family, and is so interesting and sprightly in conversation that he is popular and pleasing in general society. He was married many years since to a very beautiful and accomplished young lady. They have three sons and four daughters, all of pleasing form and feature, and of marked promise and intelligence.

"As a business man he is successful and respected, superintending his large estate without an agent; he is considered a very

charitable, good landlord, and is loved and honored by all his tenants, who are never weary of praising him.

"He also takes much interest in the affairs of his country; he has held many positions of trust and honor, and has recently been re-elected a member of Parliament.

"I have now told you all I know about this singular and gifted man, whose character and attainments are so worthy of imitation; and I hope you will often think of the brave, beautiful, resolute life of Arthur Kavanagh."—*Adelaide Wetmore, in Our Young Folks.*

## THE WHITE LILY.

BY KATHARINE STANLEY.

"Please," said a wistful voice, "give me a flower. Tom is so fond of flowers."

Ella Bronson was on her way to a friend's, with a bouquet of choice flowers. She stopped, at this appeal, and looking down, saw a little, poorly-clad girl, about twelve years old.

"And who is Tom?" asked Ella, touched.

"My little brother. He fell and hurt his back, and now he can't move himself; the doctor says he'll never get well; and he does wish for flowers so."

Ella hesitated for a moment, but only for a moment. To take a single flower from her bouquet would spoil it, so perfectly had it been arranged; and it was for a friend, moreover, who was about to be married. But the pleading face of the child, and the thought of the sick brother, were more than she could bear. She remembered, too, the words of Scripture: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." She selected the finest flower in the bouquet, a large, white lily, and gave it to the child.

"There," she said, "put it in water, and it will keep ever so long. And here," she added, as the girl with grateful looks, turned to run away, "is something to buy a few cakes for your brother. Where do you live?"

The child told her, adding, "Oh? won't Tom be glad," and then disappeared.

It was not long before the little thing reached her home. It was a close, hot room, at the top of the house, looking into a dirty enclosure behind.

"Is that you, Lizzy?" asked a weak voice. "I'm so glad."

The speaker was lying on a straw bed, on the floor, and he looked up, smiling, into his sister's face.

"See here, Tom," said the sister, producing the cakes. "These are the very kind you like. But that's not all," she

added triumphantly producing the lily. "Just look at this!"

Tom's eyes fairly glistened with delight. In his eagerness he had rose in bed, exclaiming, "Oh! what a beauty! Where did you get it?" But the exertion was too much for him, and almost as soon as he had grasped the bud, he fell back on his bed.

"How pure it looks," he added, weakly, after a pause; "It makes me think of the angels, You good, good Lizzy!"

"See, I'll put it in a bottle," said Lizzy, "with some water, and it shall stand on the floor close by you. It will last ever so long, now. But why don't you eat your cake?"

Tom shut his eyes. "I can't, Lizzy," he said. "I ain't hungry. You must eat it yourself. I will lie and look at the flower."

Lizzy was frightened. Tom must be very bad, she knew, if he could not eat cakes.

"Eat a little bit, dear," she begged. "It will make you feel better."

"I don't think I will ever be better," answered Tom.

The tears rolled down the sister's face. "Don't talk so, Tom," she sobbed. "You shan't go. I can't live without you. Who will there be to care for me!"

"I've been thinking," said Tom, gravely. "I think a great deal lying here, that when I'm gone, father will be different. You know," and here he dropped his voice, and looked carefully around, as if to see lest any one should be listening, "you know that father drinks; and that's why he comes home so late, and says he can't afford to send you to school; and why he is so cross; and why, sometimes, he beats you—"

"Don't speak of it, dear," sobbed the sister. "I wouldn't mind, if it wasn't for you."

"But I do mind it, Lizzy; and it breaks my heart to lie here and see it. But sometimes I think, when I die, father will be different. He says he loves me, and it may make him good, you see. What is it the Bible says? 'Through much tribulation.' Yes! it is through much tribulation we win the crown. What was the verse we learnt at school? I keep forgetting. The one about being tired."

"Oh! I know," said Lizzy. "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Come unto me," repeated the brother. "He does not deceive, Lizzy. He will give us rest. He loves you and me, too, and He will take care of us. He is going to give me rest, up in heaven."

But the sister was not to be comforted. Tom was all the world to her. To lose him was to lose everything.

The day wore on. Night came. Tom

lay, looking at the lily, and no one knows how many sweet thoughts it suggested to him. Now and then his sister stopped in her work, and came to see if he wanted anything. He always thanked her with a sweet smile.

"Father is late, to-night," he said, at last, when the darkness came: and he sighed.

"He will be here soon," said Lizzy, uttering words of hope, in which she hardly believed herself. "Try to sleep a little, dear."

So Tom, at last, fell off into a doze. Ten o'clock came, and yet no father. Worn out with fatigue and anxiety, Lizzy crept into bed by her brother's side, and sank to sleep also.

It was nearly midnight when the father came in. The noise woke Tom up. He half rose on his elbow and looked around. At that moment the moon emerged from a cloud, and its light, falling through the window, lit up the sick boy's face with a glory as of a seraph's.

The father started back, sobered at once. It seemed to him as if a halo, direct from heaven, encircled his child's head.

"Father," said Tom, "come here, please."

The man went softly to his son's bedside, sank on his knees, and took the lad's wan hand tenderly in his own. He was awed.

"Be kind to Lizzy," said Tom, wistfully, looking into his father's face. "She won't have any one but you, when I am dead, father. Let her go to school again, please: she is so fond of school—"

"Oh! my son, my son," interrupted the now penitent father, bursting into sobs. "You will get well yet—"

"I will never get well," said Tom. "But don't cry, father. I shall see mother, you know. And by-and-by," and a strange look came on his face—a look of joy and faith inexpressible—"by-and-by, we'll meet again, shan't we? Kiss me, please, and then go to bed, or we'll wake sister."

The father, choking back his sobs, kissed the boy. "I promise to be kind to Lizzy," he whispered. "She shall go to school. I will never drink another drop. As God is my witness," he added, solemnly, "I never will."

Tom took his little, thin arms from around his father's neck, where he had put them for that last kiss, and then sunk back on his pillow, exhausted.

"How sweet the flower looks in the moonlight," thought Tom. "What a happy boy I am to have it! And to have father promise to be better," he went on, "and to say he'll love Lizzy, and that he'll

send her to school—" And then he forgot himself in sleep.

The night passed. Morning dawned. Lizzy woke before the sun rose. Her first thought was of Tom.

"I've slept all night," she said, reproachfully, "and I didn't mean to sleep five minutes. I wonder if Tom wanted me in the night. He must be better, or he'd have called."

He *was* better. As she leaned over to look at him, Lizzy was startled by the strange, yet beautiful look on his face, a look of divine joy, as when a martyr has passed through fire into everlasting rest. He would never suffer more.

The lily had done its work. It had sweetened the last hours of the suffering boy, suggesting pure and healthful thoughts; and when Ella Bronson called, early in the morning, to see Lizzy, she found it lying on the breast of the dead child, clasped in his two, thin, waxen hands; and she thought of the lilies of Paradise, and of the saints who held them, and of the words of Scripture again, "inasmuch as ye have done it unto me."

A better work even had been done also. The last words of Tom were never forgotten by his father, who, from that night, became a reformed man. Lizzy went to school, and, more than that, never again heard a harsh word at home.

Ella and Lizzy became great friends. The former, from her superior position, was able to do much for the latter. It was not chance, rely on it! that made Ella give away, at some sacrifice at the time, that lily.

As ye sow, so shall ye reap.

## CHEWING-GUM.

What do you think chewing-gum is, children? Does it come from some spice-tree, or is it made of gum-drops and india-rubber—equal parts? I don't know, I'm sure; but it is certain that you relish it very well, and give your tired little jaws much unnecessary labor for its sake. What do you think I found in a newspaper, about this gum? I copied every word, so that you might be sure to read it.

Here are the ingredients of the chewing-gum which young America masticates with such velocity and apparent satisfaction. The gum is made of certain parts of gum-arabic, gum-tragacanth, a small quantity of rosin and fat. The fat used is not lard (that being too expensive), but it is a substance expressed from the bodies of hogs, cats, dogs, and other animals found dead in the streets of cities.

# THE GERMAN FATHERLAND.

THE NATIONAL WAR HYMN.—Arranged by L. FREDERICK.

*f* *Allegro con Spiritoso.*

1. Where lies the	German	Father - land?	On	Suabian	earth,	by
2. Where lies the	German	Father - land?	By	Styria	fair?	By
3. Oh, by the	German	Father - land?	West -	phalia	do	not
4. Where is the	German	Father - land?	Say	whither	do	its

Musical notation for the first system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Prussian strand?	Where	Rhine	her	blooming	vineyards	laves?	Where
va - ria grand?	Or	by	old	Austria's	foughten	plains,	With
un - der - stand.	Nor	where	the	toss - ing	sea	sand	Nor
shores ex - pand!	By	Switz -	er - land,	or	by	Ty - rol?	Right

Musical notation for the second system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment.

*f* CHORUS.

broods the gull	on	Baltic	waves?	Oh, no!	no!	no!	The	Father -
hon - or rich	and	battle	gains?					
where the rush -	ing	Danube	flows!					
pleasant to	the	German's	soul!					

Musical notation for the third system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment.

## The German Fatherland.

land's not bound - ed so! The Fa - ther - land's not bound - ed so!

This system contains the first line of music. It features a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "land's not bound - ed so! The Fa - ther - land's not bound - ed so!"

5. Where is the Ger - man Fa - ther - land?  
6. Our great u - ni - ted Fa - ther - land, Show un - to me that  
O God, lives by thy

This system contains the second line of music. It features a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the grand staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "5. Where is the Ger - man Fa - ther - land? 6. Our great u - ni - ted Fa - ther - land, Show un - to me that O God, lives by thy".

coun - try grand! As far as Ger - man tongue shall ring, And  
migh - ty hand! Then grant us grace and strength a - new, To

This system contains the third line of music. It features a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the grand staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "coun - try grand! As far as Ger - man tongue shall ring, And migh - ty hand! Then grant us grace and strength a - new, To".

prais - es un - to high heav'n sing,  
love - our coun - try fast and true,

This system contains the first line of the song. It features a vocal line in G major with lyrics and a piano accompaniment in G major with a steady eighth-note bass line.

**CHORUS.**

*f*

There shall it stand! there shall it stand! There, German,  
Then shall we stand! then shall we stand! The one great

The chorus begins with a forte dynamic. The vocal line has a rhythmic melody, and the piano accompaniment features a more active bass line with eighth notes.

*Lento.*

is thy Fa - ther - land! thy Fa - ther - land!  
Ger - man Fa - ther - land! the Fa - ther - land!

The final system is marked *Lento*. The vocal line is slower and more melodic, with lyrics. The piano accompaniment is also slower, with a more complex harmonic texture.



## The Home.

### DESCRIPTION OF BOYS' PLATE.

FIG. 1.—Suit of light English Melton. The jacket is single-breasted and extends three inches below the natural waist. Skirt six inches long, with pockets on the hips covered with flaps. The back is cut with the side seam slightly curved, and the front of the forepart is curved from the upper button to the waist seam. The collar is narrow at the back, but turns over to the width of three quarters of an inch, and rolls on the breast to the upper button. The jacket is finished with a row of braid laid on flat, and closes with five buttons and button-holes. The pants are cut shapely and of medium width in the leg, and have a row of braid down the side seam; they have spring bottoms and are worn with suspenders.

FIG. 2.—Suit of flannel or velveteen. The jacket is slightly fitted to the figure; has no collar and but one curved pocket on the outside of the left breast. The fronts, which round open from the top, are, with the bottom of the jacket and sleeves, trimmed with narrow braid. The pants are plain at the top, where they are buttoned to an underwaist by means of an inside band. They are cut in the Knickerbocker style below, and close round the leg with a small strap and buckle. They are trimmed down the side with a wide and a narrow braid.

FIG. 3.—The jacket of this suit is cut whole in the back, with a seam under the arm. The skirt is gored in front, with a full breadth at each side, and the overskirt consists of four diamond-shaped pieces.

FIG. 4.—Suit of Scotch Tweed. The back of the jacket is whole and the side seam straight; front as in the illustration. There is no collar, and the sleeves are without a forearm seam. The pants are plain at the top and extend to the calf of the leg, trimmed with braid and buttons. Hat of the same stuff, bound with braid to match.

FIG. 5.—Costume of light grey lady's

cloth. The front of the jacket is seen in the engraving, the back fits the figure, and the sleeves have no forearm seam. The vest closes its entire length with buttons and button-holes, and has two points at the bottom. Pants plain and of a good width, with an opening of four inches at the bottom of the side seam, where they are fastened with a strap and buckle. The whole trimmed with narrow braid.

### LITTLE GIRLS' PLATE.

FIG. 1.—The basque of this suit is fitted to the figure by one dart, and gored to the arm-scye both back and front. Below the waist at the side seam is a box-pleat, while the side gore rounds away to show the back, which is laid in three pleats and sewed to an under-strip of cloth. The collar has three points in front and one in the centre of the back. The skirt is four gored.

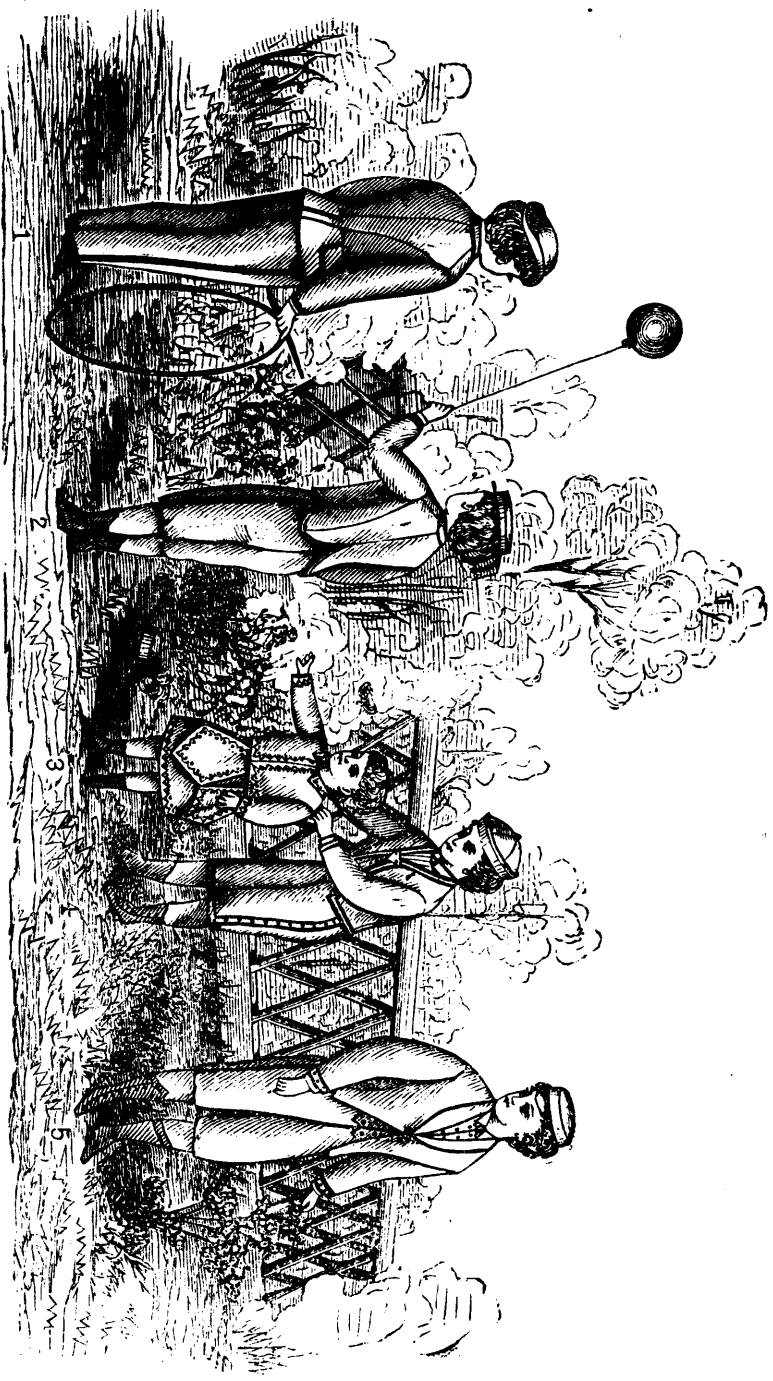
FIG. 2.—This jacket is cut short and rounded in front and longer at the back, where it is slashed to form three tabs. This pattern is pretty in any material.

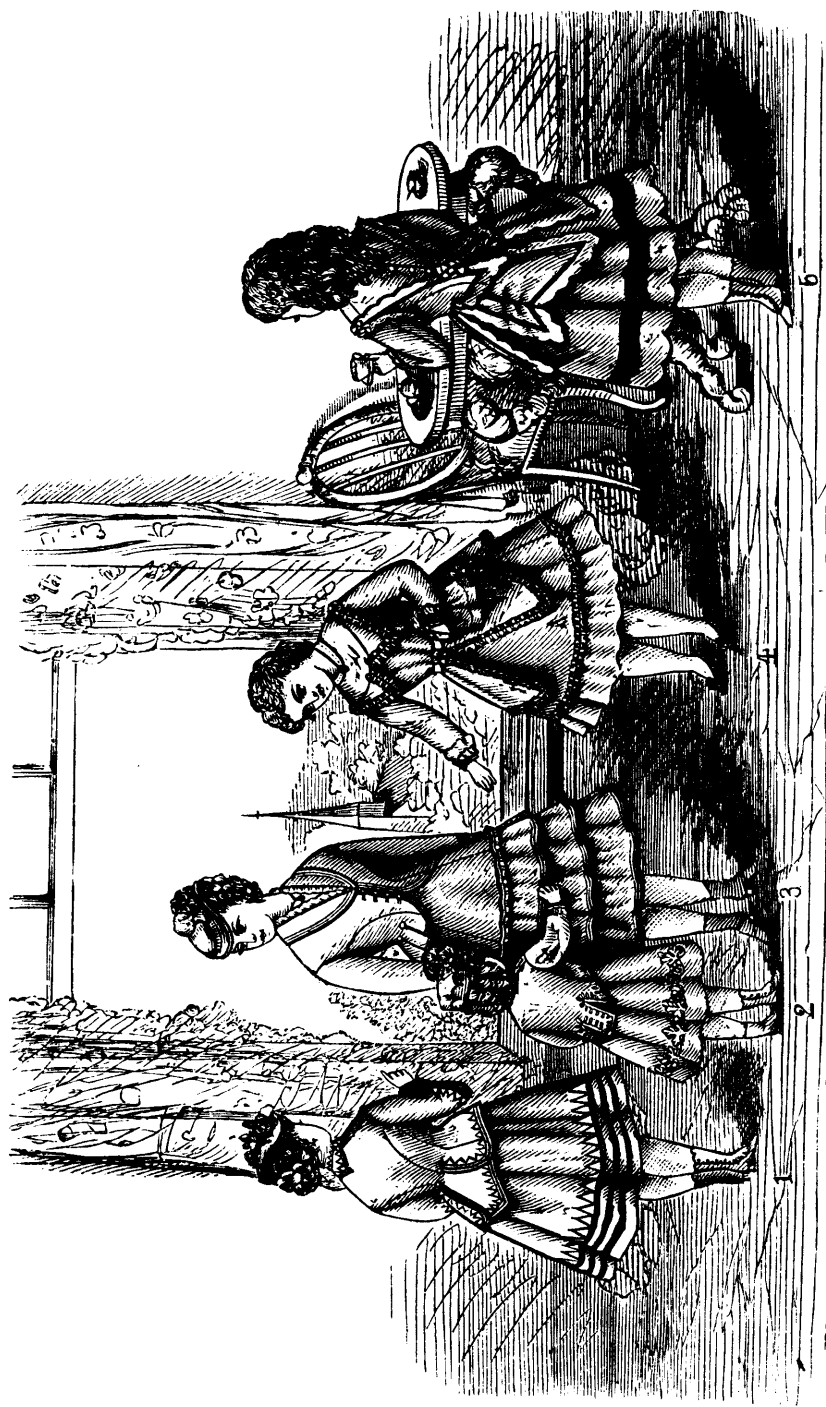
FIG. 3.—The basque here shown is cut to form a single pleat back of the front seam, and a box-pleat in front of the side seam. At the back, the skirt of the basque, which is cut separate, is laid in five box-pleats; it is quite short in the centre but folds in one deep point on each side.

FIG. 4.—Dress of rose-colored cashmere with flounce of the same. Over-dress of white alpaca, trimmed with a quilling of rose-colored ribbon. It is in three pieces, and the bottom of each back breadth is cut to form three square ends; the front is shown in the illustration. It does not fit quite close, but is held in by the belt. The points on the waist are simulated by the trimming.

FIG. 5.—Over-dress of black alpaca, sleeveless and cut so as to show both back and front of the under-waist. The illustration shows its shape very plainly.

Our patterns this month are from E. Butterick & Co., New York and Montreal.





## MANAGEMENT OF PLANTS IN ROOMS.

Many persons find it very difficult to keep plants in sitting-rooms and similar apartments during the winter; the plants become drawn up, defoliated, do not bloom well, and generally present a sickly, unsatisfactory appearance. This is commonly owing to want of care in watering, a dry atmosphere, too great heat, and improper soil. A little consideration of the requirements and conditions of plant life, and the means of fulfilling them, will enable those who desire to indulge in this luxury to overcome the difficulties under which they labor, and to grow their plants in such a way as to give full satisfaction, and enable them to derive an amount of pleasure fully commensurate with the pains bestowed upon their cultivation.

In the first place, plants do not require much heat in the absence of light. Heat stimulates them into a rapid development of the cell growth, but the actinic influence and power of light is necessary to produce those chemical changes in the organic matters they derive from the soil and atmosphere that go to make up the healthy material of their various tissues. In the summer season, when the heat is greatest, the days are longest, and the plant is exposed to a proportional extent of light, and its healthy condition is preserved. In equatorial regions, where the days are nearly of equal length with the night, and the plants during the day are exposed to great heat without a proportional length of day, a compensation is provided in the comparative coolness of the nights, which checks the growth and renders the action of light unnecessary for the time being; while in regions far north, the sunlight continuing for eighteen or twenty hours out of the twenty-four, although the heat is comparatively moderate, enables the inhabitants to reap their rye and barley within ninety days after it is sown; in other words, they have as many hours of sunlight for the growth of their grain within three or four months, as other countries farther south have in four or five months.

Applying this principle to artificial cultivation in green-houses or rooms, successful cultivators are careful to give but comparatively little heat at night, and in practice it is found that a temperature of 45° to 50° at night is all that ordinary green-house plants, especially hard-wooded ones, require when the temperature during the day does not exceed 60° or 65°. As the days lengthen and we have more sunlight, the temperature during the day may be increased, with a corresponding increase at night.

Another requisite of plant life, with few exceptions, is a moist atmosphere. During

the winter season there is but little moisture in the air, and plants not especially prepared by nature for this condition of it cannot absorb through their leaves the amount necessary for their healthful development. It is the generally received opinion that plants absorb, or in a manner breathe the atmosphere by which they are surrounded through certain openings in their leaves, called stomata, but observation and other reasons which we will not now discuss lead us to think that the gases from the atmosphere that are necessary to aid in the chemical changes that go on within the organism of the plant are taken up through the medium of vapor, the power of water when in this state to take up gases being well known. In other words, we do not think that the received opinion is correct, and very much doubt whether, in the absence of vapor or moisture in the air, plants can absorb gases at all.

It, therefore, follows that some means should be devised to furnish this moisture. This can be done by sprinkling them every day or two with water overhead; by frequently sponging the foliage, which also aids by keeping the stomata from being choked with dust; or by dipping the plants, if sufficiently small, into a vessel of water, which also keeps them clear of dust and insects.

Regularity in watering is of great importance in preserving plants in a healthful condition. The spongioles of the roots, by means of which the plant absorbs water and the soluble salts contained in the soil in which it grows, are of a spongy nature and very delicate in structure; if they become dry and indurated they lose the power of absorption; if saturated with moisture they decay. We frequently see plants in windows where the soil in which they are growing, or rather planted, is allowed to become as dry as chips; and then we again see them saturated with water, and a saucer filled to the brim with it under the flower pot; plants so treated necessarily perish. Care should be had in watering plants to give sufficient to go through the bottom of the flower-pot; by giving a little often on the surface it may be kept, to all appearances, sufficiently moist, but below it will be found as dry as dust. This is one of the principal reasons why *Camellias* shed their flower buds.

Another great fault often committed is composting the soil in which the plants grow with an undue amount of manure, or with manure in too crude a state. The proportion of well-rotted manure mixed with the soil should in no case exceed one-third, and in most cases, one-fourth is sufficient; many plants, as *Camellias*, do not require any. If it should be found that there is any deficiency it can easily be remedied by watering once a week, or every two weeks,

with much-diluted manure-water. Crude manure, earth from the wood-pile, and such like substances, cause fermentation in the soil, and are the cause of many of the difficulties experienced in growing plants in rooms.

The rooms in which plants are kept should be well ventilated at least for an hour or so every day; but the plants should not be exposed to the direct draughts of cold air from open windows. The stand or table on which they are kept should have castors, so that it can readily be moved back two or three feet from the window when it is thrown open for ventilation. Neither should the plants be placed upon the window-sill outside of the window to be aired; the exposure to the cold, dry air of a winter's day, no matter how pleasant it may be, is always injurious to them.

Ferns and similar plants should always be kept in Wardian cases, as a dry atmosphere is very injurious to them; they do not require so much direct light as other plants, and but little if any ventilation.

Cactuses, Fig-marigolds, Aloes, Sedums, and plants of similar character, are very easily kept in rooms, as their structure is such as to enable them to endure excessive heat and drought.

Success in growing plants in rooms also depends largely upon the proper selection of plants for that purpose. Plants with soft wood and leaves seldom do well; those with thick coriaceous leaves do the best, provided the room is kept comparatively cool. We will give some selections of suitable plants for this purpose.

First in beauty is the *Camellia*, of which the varieties are now so numerous; they vary much, however, in their habits and suitability for our purpose. The double white, candidissima, imbricata, Lady Hume's blush, and double-striped, are strong-growing, hardy varieties, and more readily grown in rooms than most others. They should be grown in good fresh loam, mixed with a small quantity of coarse sand without any manure. The foliage should be frequently sponged; and after the flower buds are as large as hazel-nuts they should not be sprinkled with water, as it gets between the scales of the calyx and causes the flower petals to drop off. *Pittosporum tobira*, *Daphne odora* and *D. indica rubra*, *Laurustinus*, *Aucuba*, *Olea fragrans*, or Chinese fragrant olive, *Metrosideros floribunda*, or bottle-brush flower, *Magnolia pumila*, or dwarf Chinese magnolia, *Thae viridoides*, or tea plant, *Rhynchospermum jasmimoides*, Myrtles, especially the Australian myrtle, Oranges, especially the dwarf Otaheite orange, *Ardisia crenata*, Cape Jasmine, and some of the Chinese Azaleas, particularly *A. amœna* and its varieties, and *A. obtusa*, are all beautiful hardwooded plants, suitable for cool room cultivation.

For warmer rooms, where the temperature is seldom below 55°, select such plants as *Dracæna*, *Coleus*, *Achyranthes*, *Chorizema*, *Abutilon*, *Franciscea*, *Calla*, *Begonia*, *Caladium*, *Bambusa*, some of the different species of green-house Palms, *Zonale Geraniums*, *Heliotrope*, monthly *Carnations*, dwarf *Tropæolums*, Chinese *Primroses*, and winter blooming *Fuchsias*.

For climbing plants around windows there is none that gives more satisfaction than the Ivy, of which over twenty varieties may be found in some of the florists' catalogues, many of them having elegantly variegated foliage. The German Ivy, as it is called, is not an ivy at all, and does not do well in rooms. For warmer rooms *Jasminum revolutum*, or yellow Catalonian jasmine, Ivy-leaved *Geranium*, *Stephanotis floribunda*, and *Hoya carnosâ*, or wax-flower, will be found suitable.

For trailing plants we recommend *Lysimachia nummularia* or moneywort, *Sedum Sieboldii variegata*, *Saxifraga sarmentosa*, *Ficus repens*, and the different varieties of *Vinca* or running myrtle; *V. latifolia* and *V. elegantissima* will require a warm room.

The insects that most commonly infest plants in rooms are the green fly or aphid, the scale, and the red spider. The aphides are readily destroyed by dipping the plant or the shoots infested into a decoction of tobacco-water or aloes, in which a small quantity of soap has been dissolved, enough to make it sufficiently tacky to prevent it running off the insects—rinsing off the plants in fresh water two or three hours after it has been applied. The scale must be cleaned off with an old tooth-brush and some soap and water; or some flour-starch may be brushed on and allowed to remain for three or four days, when it can be peeled off or washed off with water. It destroys them by suffocating them, as it keeps the air from them so that they cannot breathe. The red spider is very troublesome, being scarcely discernible to the naked eye; it requires a dry atmosphere to live in, and particularly infests *Camellias*, *Azaleas*, and *Laurustinus*. It can only be destroyed by frequent sponging of the leaves, especially on the under side, with tepid water, or syringing the plants with water, laying them down on their side so as to apply the water with as much force as possible to the under side of the foliage. If they are very numerous, or the leaves of the plants are comparatively small, as with *Azaleas*, syringing the plants with soap-water and then dusting them with sulphur will destroy them, as sulphur is fatal to them.

By properly applying these hints, and following these directions, our readers will find but little difficulty in successfully growing plants in rooms.—*Harper's Bazar*.

## HOME DECORATIONS.

The decoration and furniture of a room have a very decided effect upon the spirits and temper of those who are in it, and we shall, therefore, take this opportunity of making a few suggestions to those who would enliven their sitting-rooms but do not know exactly how to go about it.

There is a general tendency to overload the mantel-piece with a number and variety of knick-knacks and monstrosities, by way of ornament; but this is in very bad taste. Three, or at most four, articles are all that should be displayed in that conspicuous situation. Vases, of different materials and forms, and a statuette of bronze or Parian marble, are the most suitable. But so varied are the present styles of vases, etc., so many the exquisite forms and fashions, it would ill become us to dictate a choice. There are lovely "iced glass" vases, which are inexpensive, and in which, when filled with water, with a bit of charcoal to keep it sweet, a branch of ivy, tradescantia, or moneywort, will grow luxuriantly. They are very ornamental, and within the reach of most firesides. The vine can be trained over a picture or mantel-glass.

In these days of engravings, photographs, and chromos, few rooms but boast their decorative power—few tables but exhibit the handsomely-bound albums, well filled with pictures of family and friends. The chromos find entrance everywhere; their cost is slight, compared with picture or engraving, and the greater part of them are pleasing to every eye. Engravings rank high in the estimation of all—the eye never wearies of a *good* engraving. If we cannot afford to suspend from our walls the paintings of the masters of that glorious art, give us engravings. Engravings are now issued by the thousands; infinite are their subjects and groupings, and few are the firesides that are without some one of them. We know of a family who this year appropriated the money usually expended upon a variety of small Christmas gifts to the purchase of one well-selected and handsomely-mounted engraving, which will give enjoyment and pleasure to the family and their friends for many years. It would be well for others to imitate this example.

Brackets, in the corners, or upon the walls, add greatly to "fireside decorations." The fancy-stores exhibit many beautiful varieties and tasteful patterns; but a boy or girl with any mechanical ability can produce very pretty ones.

Very lovely brackets to hang against the walls are made out of butternut shells. Remove the husk of the nut, and saw in small pieces, quarter of an inch thick; the meat is extracted, and you have small circlets of seemingly carved wood. These are

glued together into various shapes, for brackets, card-baskets, or watch cases, and the effect is charming. The shelf of a bracket is fastened on with tiny brads, to render it firm enough to sustain a vase or statuette. For a watch-case, the pocket is lined with scarlet velvet.

We have written thus far, and made no mention of the "fireside decoration" which lies nearest to our heart—flowers, beautiful flowers! What can art produce which can equal them! Everywhere welcome, they adorn the bride and the bridal-feast, are ever cherished by the mourner, and are tenderly and tearfully laid in the hands of those who sleep in death. In these dull, wintry months, we should all cultivate *something*. If it is only an ivy in a hanging basket, it will prove a charm and delight to us. A stand of plants is ever new, ever changing, each week discloses some fresh leaf or bud, and it helps to sweeten our daily life. Leigh Hunt, who wrote poetry in prose, says: "A flower sweetens the air, rejoices the eye, links you with nature and innocence, and is *something to love*."

Hanging baskets and trailing vines are within the reach of all; easily cultivated, and requiring but little attention, they give us a tapestry beyond the upholsterer's skill. An ivy trailing its lovely foliage over pictures, mirrors, and walls, excites universal admiration; carpets, furniture, all are unnoticed beside nature's handiwork. Ferneries, or winter-gardens, are very attractive, and add greatly to the embellishment of a room, but flowers in dishes or bouquets are loved and delighted in by all who recognize the spirit of Him who made them. Indeed, it is said "that he who loves not flowers has no true religion."

Bouquets of skeleton-leaves and flowers are most tasteful, and require only a little skill, but a vast amount of patience, in their fabrication. Yet it is well expended, for no Chinese carving can equal their delicate traceries. We remember one that was exquisitely arranged. An ebony cross was attached to a rosewood standard covered with scarlet velvet; around the cross was fastened a wreath of skeleton-leaves and flowers, the latter arranged with small leaves with thistle-down for stamens. The wreath extended over the cross, and drooped from one arm of it. The whole thing was perfect—nature and art combined! Pressed flowers, arranged in bouquets or wreaths, and attached to the cardboard with gum-tragacanth moistened with water, are very pretty additions to every fireside. Ferns can be dyed with "family-dye" of their natural color, and arranged in oval wreaths on coarse net-lace, called cape-lace. Pressed flowers can be added, and another piece of lace laid over them. Press the flowers and lace until dry, having used the tragacanth-paste to affix them to

the lace. When perfectly smooth enclose between the two "mats," such as the photographers used to encircle their pictures; bind the edges with gilt paper or black paper; attach a ribbon at the back, and suspend from your window as a transparency. Lovely lamp-shades can be similarly manufactured, using small "mats" and cutting them slantingly on the sides; bind with ribbon, and fasten the edges with bows of the same.

Space fails us to enumerate all the tasteful articles, in the shape of mats and tidies, etc., which can be manufactured with a little patience and "faculty." Their name is legion. We can all decorate our firesides if we choose. It is said that "home is home, no matter how homely;" but we believe that a pretty, tastefully-arranged house does not detract from one's love of home, but greatly increases it, and retains its influence from childhood to manhood, and from manhood to old age. Would that all fathers and mothers would wake to the consciousness of this statement, at the same time remembering that the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit surpasses all the "fireside decorations" this world can furnish.—*Hearth and Home.*

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### WORRIES.

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What people call "worries" are very common. Often they come from mere trifles, but they are not the less "worries" for that. Little things sometimes vex and trouble us more than great things.

"I am so worried with the children," says one who is the mother of a large family; "I cannot get a quiet moment."

"Something happened to worry me this morning, and I have felt upset all day," says another.

"One thing or another is always coming to worry me," complains a third, taking a more general view, and setting himself down as more tried with worries than other people.

But, after all, worries depend very much on how we take them. What puts one person out for a whole day will hardly disturb another for a moment; and a lot in life that seems to one full of trouble and vexation, is found by another peaceful and happy.

"Ah! I know that very well," cries Mrs. Sharp; "but I can't take things so quietly. There is Mrs. Meek, now, next door; come what may, nothing ever seems to put her out; but I'm not one of that sort."

Well, Mrs. Sharp, is not that just what I said. Worries depend very much on the way we take them. You agree with me, you see. Mrs. Meek takes them one way,

and you take them another. And you grant they do not trouble her so much as they do you. Is not her way the best?

"Yes, but I *can't* take things as she does. I'm not one of those quiet folk; and when worries come I *must* be worried."

Stop! not so fast. I am not so sure there is any *must* about it. Do you *strive* against being worried? When things turn out amiss, or the children are troublesome, or any one says something that vexes you, do you try not to be vexed, or worried, or put out? For that is what Mrs. Meek does.

Again, do you *watch* against worries? You know they are likely to come; do you prepare your mind for them, that you may meet them aright, and get the better of them? I am much mistaken if your neighbor Meek does not do this too.

Once more, do you *pray*? I know your neighbor does that.

Depend upon it, Mrs. Sharp, it is chiefly trying, and watching, and praying, that make your neighbor so much less worried by things than you are. Perhaps she may be of a quieter disposition by nature; but she never would have been able to meet the troubles of life as she does without God's help, and that she gets by prayer. She strives, she watches, she prays, and God helps her. That is Mrs. Meek's way. Yet she is only a poor woman like you. And what *she* does you can do.—*Home Magazine.*

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### KEEP THE HOUSE WARM.

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The secret of lively spirits and even temper can never be attained in the world without a perfect circulation of the blood. If a woman feels chilly in a room at seventy degrees, put the heat at once up to eighty, or higher, till she feels luxuriously warm. Chilliness is a symptom to be more dreaded than it is. When the blood forsakes the skin it clogs the heart, the internal organs, and lays the train for those diseases of the time—neuralgia, paralysis, rheumatism, congestion. In fact, every person who suffers from one of these stupid chills is in a state of incipient congestion. How I have hated the miserable economy which stinted fires in raw days of May and September, because the calendar, or household routine, decreed that it was not the season for stoves and grates! Not less irritating was it to sit with a circle half shivering in a large parlor, because the full-blooded, active master of the house decreed that it was nonsense to turn the heat on. The slow tortures such unfeeling people inflict on their innocent victims will be witnessed against them some day to their great surprise.

## SELECTED RECIPES.

**ROAST BEEF.**—A piece of beef to roast for my table must come from the sirloin, or first or second cut. The third cut is near the shoulder, and is not as good as the others. A small portion of the shoulder-blade is taken with the third cut, which the butcher removes, and in its place neatly inserts a piece of fat, thereby deceiving the uninitiated; but it makes a poor roast. Epicures require that beef and mutton should be cooked rare. There is a great difference between raw and rare meat; raw meat inside of a roast will have a dark purplish color, while rare meat is of a delicate crimson. The plates should be very warm when rare meat is served. Allow no flour or fat in the gravy. Carrots chopped fine, turnips mashed, and whole potatoes and cabbage, are excellent with roast beef. I never mash potatoes for hot roast beef or mutton.

**DUCK AND TURNIPS.**—The duck being drawn, truss it like a fowl; fry it in butter until nicely browned, then take it out of the sauce-pan, and replace it by turnips cut in equal slices; when the turnips begin to color, powder them with a spoonful of sifted-sugar; stir constantly, and when of a proper brown, take them out as you did the duck. In the same butter, and in the same sauce-pan, put some flour, and let it brown also; then mix it with water, or, still better, some broth; season it with salt, pepper, and pot-herbs, and at the first simmer put back the duck. When it is half-cooked, add the turnips, and let it finish slowly; take out the pot-herbs, untie the duck, surround it with turnips, skim the gravy, cover it therewith, and serve.

**NOURISHING SOUP FOR INVALIDS.**—Boil two pounds lean veal, and a quarter of a pound of pearl barley, in a quart of water, very slowly, until it becomes of the consistency of cream. Pass it through a fine sieve, and salt it to taste. Flavor it with celery-seed, if the taste be liked, or use fresh celery if in season. A very small quantity of the seed would suffice. It should simmer very slowly, as otherwise the barley does not amalgamate with the soup. It is called barley cream, and will not keep more than twenty-four hours. Beef may be used instead of veal.

**CODFISH A LA BECHAMEL.**—Soak the fish for twenty-four hours in river water, if possible, and renew it two or three times; take it out; scrape it carefully, and put it to cook always in cold river water; skim it until the moment the water boils, then take the sauce-pan off the fire, cover it, and after a quarter of an hour take out the codfish, drain, and dish it. Put in a sauce-pan

some butter, flour, salt, pepper, grated nutmeg, parsley, and green onions, chopped fine, and cream in proportion to the flour. Place it on the fire, and let it boil up once. If the sauce is too thick, add a little more cream, and pour it over the codfish, which should be kept hot in its dish. You can likewise cut the fish in thin slices, spread it out on a buttered plate, cover it with the sauce, powder the whole with bread-crumbs, mixed with grated cheese; sprinkle with a little melted butter, place the dish on hot ashes, covered in a Dutch oven with fire on the lid, and serve as soon as it browns.

**CONDE SOUP.**—Ingredients: white beans, beef-broth, parsley, and butter. If there be any beans left from the previous day's dinner pound them up, and make a paste with them, adding some beef-broth, butter, and parsley, and then pour it over some fried crusts of bread.

**MASHED POTATOES.**—Mashed potatoes form a very common dish at English tables. This dish is generally, however, a kind of substitute, for the vegetable is seldom mashed unless it be so bad, when boiled, as to be uneatable, as is often the case. The ordinary mode of mashing potatoes is very unwholesome; it forms a greasy and often rancid compound in the stomach so tenacious of the adhesive principle that the most robust powers of digestion can scarcely act upon it; and yet it is eaten by the most delicate females, who find themselves indisposed after it, but never impute their ailment to the potatoes, "which," as they say, "never can do any harm." Potatoes for mashing should be as nicely boiled as if they were intended to be eaten without further preparation; only they should be dressed a little more, though care should be taken not to let the water get into them. The farinaceous part only should be used, and with it a small quantity of the freshest butter. It is customary in small families to brown with a salamander the top of a dish of mashed potatoes. This is by no means objectionable, though we are of opinion that by adding a little cream, and putting the mashed potatoes into the oven to brown them, a great improvement would be made. Mashed potatoes are also very nice if made up into round balls, covered with yolk of egg, and fried a light brown. They might with great advantage be mixed with some cold fish finely shred, and a little chopped parsley, then dipped in yolk of egg, and fried. In many families the cold remains of fish are often thrown away, which would answer this purpose extremely well, and form a very savory dish for the next day's dinner. These two later preparations should be garnished with fried parsley.



## Editorial Notices.

VILLE-MARIE, or Sketches of Montreal Past and Present. By Alfred Sandham, author of "Coins, Tokens and Medals of Canada;" Life Member of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal, and Corresponding Member of the American Numismatic and Archæological Society of New York. Montreal: George Bishop & Co., Publishers, 1870.

Mr. Sandham has endeavored in this volume to bring the diversified labors of many authors into a focus, besides adding the results of much original research; and has succeeded in making a most interesting and valuable history of this beautiful northern city. Starting from the discovery of America by Columbus, he passes on to the first visit of Cartier, in 1535, to the Indian village of Hochelaga—an account of which visit will be of interest to our readers.

After these ceremonies were over, Cartier was conducted into the town, which thus he describes: "It is placed near, and as it were joined to a great mountain, very fertile on the top, from which you may see very far. The town is round, encompassed about with timber, with three rampires, one within another, framed like a sharp spire, but laid across above. The middle most of these is made and built in a direct line, but perpendicular. The rampires are framed and fashioned with pieces of timber, laid along the ground, very well and cunningly joined after their fashion; this enclosure is in height about two rods; it hath but one gate, or entry thereat, which is shut with piles, stakes and bars; over it, and also in many parts of the wall, there be places to run along, and ladders to get up, all full of stones, for the defence of it.

"There are in the town about fifty houses, each fifty paces long, and fifteen or twenty broad, built all of wood, covered over with the bark of the wood, as broad as any board, and cunningly joined together. Within are many rooms, lodgings, and chambers. In the midst of every one there is a great court, in the middle whereof they make their fires. They live in common together, then do the husbands, wives, and children, each one, retire to their chambers. They have also in the tops of their houses, certain garrets, wherein they keep their

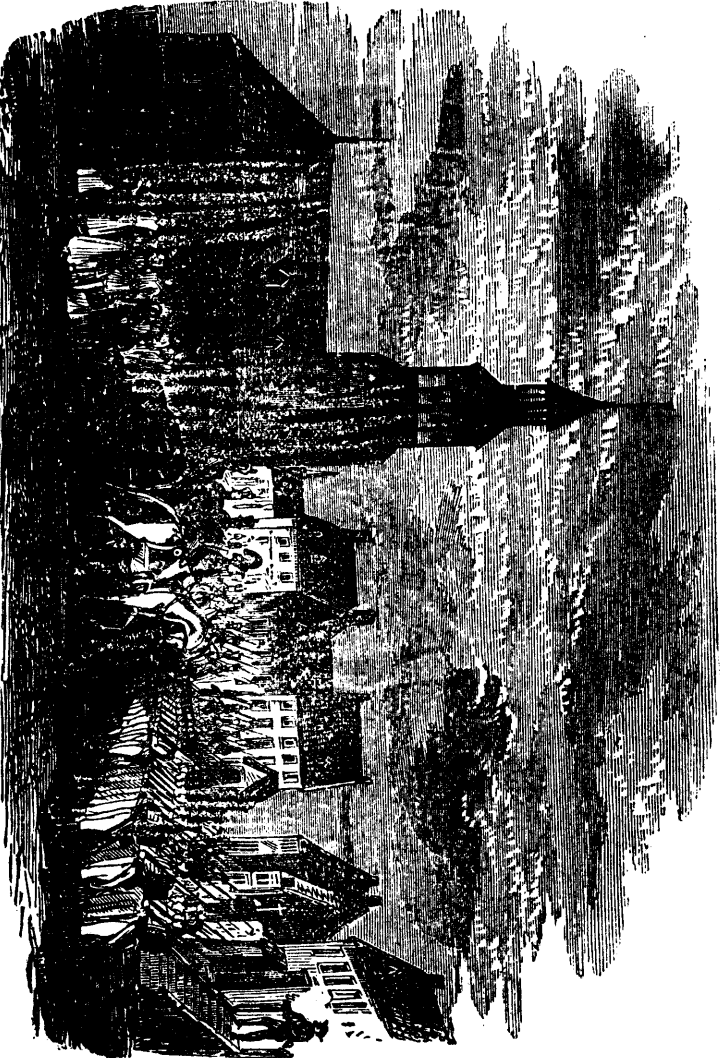
corn to make their bread. The people are given to no other exercise, but only to husbandry and fishing for their existence."

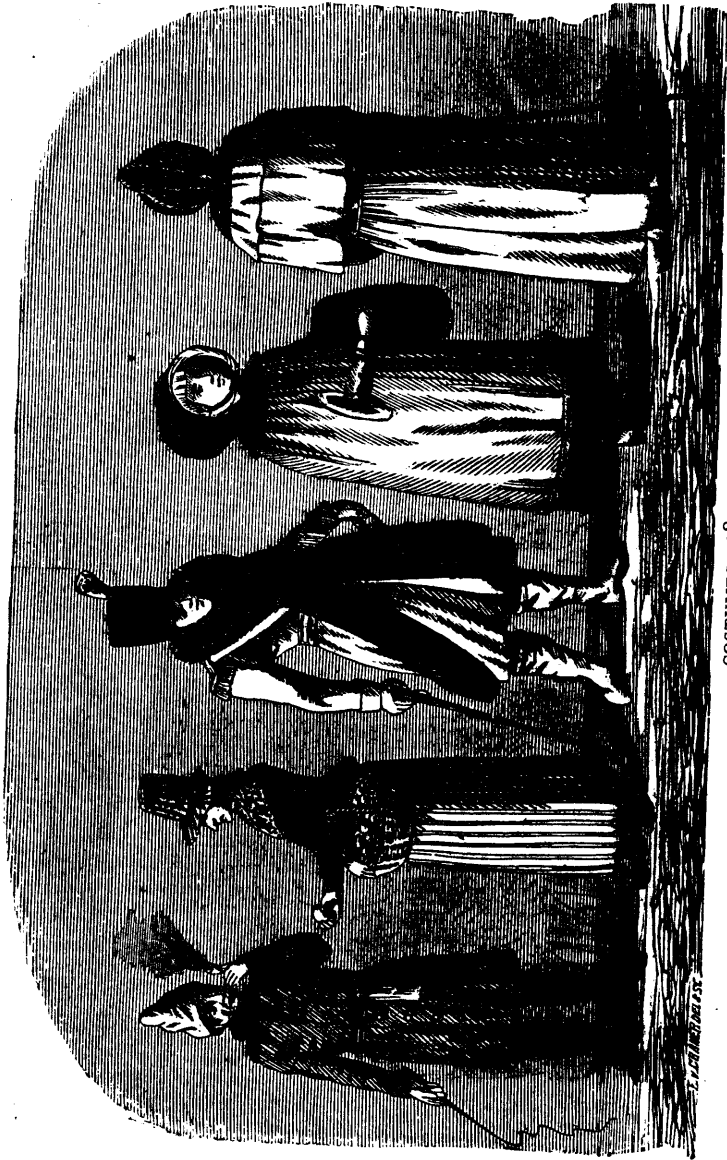
The present inhabitants of the City of Montreal, while viewing its great extent, and the splendor of its buildings, will find it difficult to realize a small settlement upon its site, such as that just described; but, doubtless, those who resided within its narrow enclosure, considered it an extensive settlement, and a place of great importance.

Having seen all that he deemed worthy of notice in the village, Cartier expressed a wish to ascend the mountain, and was immediately conducted thither by the natives. From its summit he discovered an immense extent of fine country, interspersed with rivers, woods and hills, and islands, the sight of which filled him with feelings of joy and gratification. In honor of his king he gave to the elevation the name, which, with small change, has since extended to the city, "Mount Royal." And truly the name was most appropriately chosen. From the summit, that noble prospect met his eye; which at this day is the delight of tourists. But greatly changed is the scene since the first white man—the Breton voyager, gazed upon it. Now, tower, dome, and spire—white sail and gliding steamer—the magnificent Victoria Bridge spanning the river, all tend to give animation to the scene; but then "East, West and South, the forest was over all, while the broad, blue line of the great St. Lawrence gleamed amidst it all." Cartier on his return to France described his visit to this mountain, and recommended it as a favorable site for a settlement, but he did not live to see his idea carried out.

On his return to the boats, he was accompanied by a large number of the natives, who appeared to be anxious to have him stay longer. He, however, embarked the same evening, and, on the 4th October, he reached his pinnace, in which they passed down the St. Lawrence, and rejoined his company, when Cartier again received a visit from Donnacona, which he returned by visiting Stadacona. He was received with great kindness by the natives, whom he describes as being exceedingly docile, and their houses were well supplied with winter stores. Cartier and his party suffered much during the winter from want of proper food and clothing; in addition to this, they were nearly all attacked by the scurvy, of which many of them died. The remainder soon recovered their health by the use of a decoction of the spruce fir, which had been

GOVERNOR CARLETON REVIEWING HIS TROOPS ON PLACE D'ARMES BEFORE ATTACKING ERIAN ALLAN  
AT LONGUE POINTE—1775.





COSTUMES—1800.

J. P. H. B. G. A. S.

recommended to them by the Indians. Towards the spring, Cartier became suspicious of the Indians, and on his departure he seized Donnacona, and some of the other natives, and took them with him to France.

He then describes the founding of the city by M. de Maisonneuve, May 1642, and traces its history from that time to the present.

The story of the taking of Montreal by General Montgomery forms an interesting but little-known portion of its history. Mr. Sandham thus describes it:—

The American Revolution had now broken out, and one of the first movements of the Congress was to issue orders for the conquest of Canada. They had already captured Ticonderaga and Crown Point and why should not Montreal and Quebec fall into their hands? Nothing seemed impossible for men animated by the first successes before experience had taught them the difficulties which attended such an enterprise.

The command of the army intended for this purpose was given to General Montgomery, who with 3,000 men besieged and took the forts at Chambly and St. Johns. Governor Carlton (who was at Montreal) started for the relief of St. John's, but he was met at Longueuil by a party of Americans who compelled him to recross to Montreal.

The following copy of an original letter in possession of the author refers to this attack:

LONGGAUL, Sept ye 22nd, 1775, at  
9 at night.

Col. Allyn in hast I arived at this place this moment with 63 men and find a gang of Cannadions they hav news from Morreall that they intend to attack us at this place this night or as soon as posabel, the Canad<sup>m</sup> expect it—Col. Leviston hath just sent in an express hear and their is a party to our assistens on their march from Shambole expected this night. I am advised to send to you to send a party or com as soon as ma be if not needed where you now be.

Col. Warner is at Laporary with about 120 men. Sunderland hath just returned from Cockanawauga this day to us for want of time

I conclud My Self your sincear friend,  
John Grant, Capt."

On the first eruption of the American troops into Canada, General Montgomery had detached Colonel Ethan Allen with 150 men to attack Montreal. On the 24th October, he crossed the River St. Lawrence, three miles below the city, where he no sooner landed than his approach was

announced to General Carlton, who assembled thirty regulars, and about two hundred militia of the town, and put them under the command of Major Carden, who early next day marched to Longue Point, where the Americans had taken post, possessing themselves of several houses and barns. An action commenced and lasted half-an-hour, when Allen gave way, and the whole were taken prisoners. The English lost Major Carden, Mr. Alexander Paterson, a prominent merchant of the city, and two privates. Allen, with the captives, were sent to Quebec in a schooner, and from thence they were conveyed in the "Adamant" to England, and were lodged in Pendennis castle.

Immediately upon the surrender of Fort St. John's, Montgomery pushed on to Montreal. In the meantime Governor Carlton assembled all his available forces for the purpose of repairing to the defence of Quebec, and had just left Montreal when Montgomery appeared before the city.

The inhabitants assembled, and the following articles of capitulation were drawn up and presented to Montgomery by a deputation of the most respectable citizens:

"1st. That the citizens and inhabitants of Montreal, as well individuals as religious orders and communities, without any exception, shall be maintained in the free possession and enjoyment of their rights, goods and effects, movable and immovable, of what nature soever they may be.

"2nd. That the inhabitants, French and English, shall be maintained in the free exercise of their religion.

"3rd. That trade in general, as well within the province as in the upper countries, and parts beyond the seas, shall be carried on freely as heretofore, and passports shall be granted for that purpose.

"4th. That passports shall be granted to those who may want them for the different parts of this Province, or elsewhere, on their lawful affairs.

"5th. That the citizens and inhabitants of the town and suburbs of Montreal, shall not be compelled, on any pretence whatsoever, to take up arms against the Mother Country, nor to contribute in any manner towards carrying on war against her.

"6th. That the citizens and inhabitants of the town and suburbs, or any other part of the country, who have taken up arms for the defence of this Province, and are taken prisoners, shall be set at liberty.

"7th. That Courts of Justice shall be established for the determination of property; and that the judge of the said Courts shall be elected by the people.

"8th. That the inhabitants of the town shall not be subjected to lodge troops.

"9th. That no inhabitant of the country, or savages, shall be permitted to enter the town until the commandant shall have

taken possession and provided for the security thereof.

(Signed,)

JOHN PORTEOUS. PIERRE PANET.  
RICHARD HUNTLEY. PIERRE MEZIERE.  
JOHN BLAKE. ST. GEORGE DUPRE.  
EDW. WM. GRAY. LOUIS CARIGNANT.  
JAMES FINLAY. FRANCOIS MALHOIT.  
JAMES MCGILL. PIERRE GUY."

To this Montgomery returned the following written answer:—

"I do hereby certify that the above articles were presented to me, to which I have given the following answers:

"The City of Montreal having neither ammunition, artillery, troops nor provisions; and having it not in their power to fulfil one article of the treaty, can claim no title to a capitulation.

"The continental arms have a generous disdain of every act of oppression and violence; they are come for the express purpose of giving liberty and security. The General, therefore, engages his honor to maintain in the peaceable enjoyment of their property of every kind, the individual and religious communities of the City of Montreal.

"The inhabitants, whether English, French, or others, shall be maintained in the free exercise of their religion.

"The present unhappy contention between Great Britain and her colonies, puts it out of his power to engage for a freedom of trade to the Mother Country; nor can he make a general promise of passports. As far as it consists with the safety of the troops and the public good, he shall be happy to promote commerce; and for that purpose promises to grant passports to the Upper Countries when required.

"The General hopes to see such a virtuous provincial convention assembled as will enter with zeal into every measure that can contribute to set the civil and religious rights of this and her sister colonies on a permanent foundation. He promises for himself that he will not compel the inhabitants of the town to take up arms against the Mother Country, or contribute towards the expenses of carrying on the present war.

"The continental army came into this Province for its protection; they therefore cannot consider its opposers as taking up arms for its defence.

"It is not in the General's power to engage for the return of prisoners. Motives of humanity will induce him to use his interest for their return to their families, provided it can be done without endangering the public safety. Speedy measures shall be taken for establishing Courts of Justice upon the most liberal plan, conformable to the British Constitution.

"The inhabitants shall not be burdened with troops, but when necessity requires it; of which necessity the General must be the judge.

"The inhabitants of the country, and savages, shall not enter the town till the guards are posted.

"To-morrow morning, at nine o'clock, the continental troops shall take possession of the Recollet Gate. The proper officers must attend with the keys of all public stores, upon the Quarter-Master General, at nine o'clock, at the Recollet Gate.

"This engagement is understood and declared to be binding on any future commanding officer of the continental troops that may succeed me in this district.

"(Signed,) RICHARD MONTGOMERY,  
"Brigadier-General, Continental Army.  
Montreal, 12th November, 1775."

These preliminary proceedings having been settled as much to the satisfaction of all parties as circumstances could admit, Montgomery took possession of Montreal next day, at the hour mentioned in the declaration. The first advantage which he took of the event was to equip his troops with clothing and other materials which he found in the king's stores, of which they were very much in need.

The volume is profusely illustrated with engravings of churches, public buildings, street views, antiquities, maps, costumes, &c., and is one that should, from its value as a history and a book of reference, be found in every library,

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