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NEW DOMINION MONTHLY  
FOR 1876.

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THE LATE HON. MALCOLM CAMERON.

# New Dominion Monthly.

JULY, 1876.

## A VISIT TO ST. HELENA.

BY A. CAMPBELL, LONDON, ONT.

We had rounded the Cape of Good Hope, homeward bound, and had left Table Mountain which we saw in the dim distance, wrapt in its mantle of mist, far behind. Day after day, the calm monotony of the boundless waters surrounded us. We were in the track of the south-east trade-winds. The sails of our ship swelled out unvarying and unshifting to the breeze as we went gliding on steadily over the wide rolling billows.

“Land!”

We hurried up from our cabin. The morning's sun shone with that bright effulgence that can only be witnessed on the clear sky of the Southern hemisphere. We could see, far away ahead of us, a haze as of a cloud resting upon the water, and amidst the haze an outline vague and indistinct, significant only to the practiced eye of the mariner. As the ship bowled on and we approached the land, the outline began to swell out into detail, until as we sailed along the coast we could see the shore cliff rise up from the ocean depths, presenting an impregnable wall and towering up to an amazing height. We could hear the splash of the waves as they curled and wreathed and burst against the base of the adamantine rock. From the precipitous heights

the green surface of the land rolled away into the farther view, an irregular mass of hills and valleys. Here and there a seagull winged its lofty flight, swooping and curving in the shadow of the perpendicular cliffs; not a habitation was visible. The only thing that indicated the presence of man was the signal station, surmounted by its tall staff. After rounding a point of the land we came in sight of a number of ships, which lay in a roadstead, where we also cast anchor, at a short distance from the shore and in full view of Jamestown, the chief, or rather the only town in the Island of St. Helena.

It may not be superfluous to remind the reader that St. Helena is an island fifteen leagues in circumference, in the South Atlantic; that it is sixteen degrees south of the Equator, and about 1,200 miles distant from the nearest point of the African coast. Its situation on the track of the south-east tradewinds rendered its possession, at one time, a matter of high importance. It lies in the course that ships from the Indies and from China were, owing to the uniform direction of these winds, under the necessity of taking; and although its value as a stronghold has become of far less magnitude since the opening of a direct route to the East, *via* the Suez

Canal, still its possession, in the event of war occurring between Great Britain and any of the maritime powers, would be of no slight consequence. Only Gibraltar and Malta among the fortresses of the world, can be compared to St. Helena for strength, and these only surpass it in so far as the costly nature of their works and equipments is taken into account. The only possible ingress to the island is through the deep gorge on which Jamestown is built. There are one or two other narrow, precipitous ravines near to this gorge, through which it might be possible to make way with infinite labor. But gorge and ravines are strongly fortified, and batteries of cannon occupy every coigne of vantage from base to mountain top. All the navies in the world might be blown to atoms in the event of an attempt being made to carry the island by assault, while their shot would batter almost harmlessly against the solid cliffs.

The roadstead in front of Jamestown is the only anchorage ground; being situated on the northern, or leeward, side of the island, it is effectually sheltered from the prevailing winds, and shipping is perfectly safe at all times of the year. On landing we were impressed anew with the great strength of this island-fortress. Passing under a massive gateway and over a drawbridge, we found ourselves in the public square of the town. On each side, the houses were bounded by the solid walls of rock which towered high aloft on either hand, every platform and terrace planted with artillery. To the right is one of the curiosities of the island—Jacob's Ladder—a flight of wooden steps, or rather a series of flights, the ascent of which is considered no small feat. A few enquiries made us aware of the fact that the inhabitants are nearly all of African descent, the white population consisting only of the garrison, the few merchants, and some old soldiers who after the expiry of their service continue to reside on the island.

As we walk through the square two little imps of darkness attach themselves to us. An opinion prevails among the residents, and naturally enough, that anyone landing there must necessarily desire to see Longwood and the tomb of Napoleon. We are willing enough to add our confirmation to this belief, and preceded by our guides we turn out of the square through an alley, into a carriage road cut out of the hillside. Along this road we proceed; the town, which lies immediately below, has contracted into a single street, very narrow and very ancient-looking, on which there is a huge barrack, occupied by a company of artillery, the sole garrison of the island. We soon come within view of the Briars, just outside of the town, a straggling erection situated at the head of the gorge, where the narrow gulf swells and blends again with the prevailing mountain mass. We remember how Napoleon having slept in an inn in Jamestown on the night of his arrival, rode out on the following morning, 17th October, 1815, along with the Admiral (Cockburn) and his grand Marshal (Bertrand), to see the progress that had been made in fitting Longwood for his reception, and how on their way back, he being pleased with the aspect of the Pavilion, a detached building of the Briars, the Admiral made arrangements with Mr. Balcombe, the owner, that General Bonaparte should stay there for a season. Here Napoleon stayed for nearly two months, and here it was that the querulous disposition of the exile began first to show itself. The fallen Emperor had been so long accustomed to be treated with profound and reverend submission, that he whose will had hitherto been the supreme rule and guide for all who came in contact with him, could not be brought to realize the hard truth that his supremacy was entirely a thing of the past. After the lapse of years we can review such events with a calmness which would be difficult at the time of which we write; for

there was no nation in Europe which had not suffered keenly from the terrible ambition of the great Emperor. The desire to retaliate in some degree, now that the hour of retribution had come, no doubt existed; but it is just to say that the governing motive of the allied powers and the British executive in their treatment of Napoleon was to prevent a redisturbance of the peace of Europe—an object which it was believed, and surely on sufficient grounds, could not be attained except by the secure confinement of the arch-disturber. However this may be, there can be no question that there was an exhibition of littleness unworthy of the representatives of a great and generous nation, on the part of the British Government, in withholding from Napoleon the nominal title of Emperor. On the other hand there was as great a want of dignity on his part, when, instead of resigning himself with calm superiority to this last wanton fillip of destiny, he fretted and chafed over the deprivation of an empty honor.

We pursue our way on the road, which continues to ascend and wind up the mountain sides, until we arrive at Plantation House,—a substantial building, in the vicinity of which there is a wood, which we are informed is the only piece of forest on the island. The furious gales of wind that ever and anon sweep over the mountain sides and down through the valleys render arboriculture all but impracticable. Proceeding along the same winding road we look down on a valley of great depth, so steep as to be almost a compromise with the perpendicular. Near the head of this valley and about three miles from Jamestown is Napoleon's tomb, to which a neat pathway leads, and which we can see in the distance below us. But we hold on our way, past a little church, and round the head of the valley where, by the roadside, are two hotels, one no longer occupied, the other in a state of evident decadence.

Towards the south-west we could see the mountain masses rise and swell up until they terminated in the point called Diana's Peak. About half an hour's further walk eastward, along the side of a ridge from which great gulfs sloped down into the depths below, brought us to the grounds of Longwood. A short way off we are shown the only level piece of ground on the island of sufficient extent to serve for the purpose of a race-course. Turning to the right we pass through the gateway leading to Longwood, and after a walk of some three hundred yards further we enter by another gateway the immediate precincts. To our left is a range of buildings consisting of the custodian's house, the stables and other offices. Directly in front of us is Longwood. We are received by a lady who acts as our cicerone. She is the wife of a French officer, who, she informs us, has been deputed by his Government to see that the buildings of Longwood, the grounds and the tomb are kept in good order, so that they may preserve the aspect they presented at the time of the Emperor's decease. But the good lady feared that the recent troubles and misfortunes of France and the deposition of the third Napoleon would bring this oversight to a termination. Longwood is a low range of frame buildings by no means handsome in appearance nor even commodious. The entrance room had been Napoleon's ante-chamber. This apartment led to the drawing-room, beyond which was the dining-room. Connected with this was the Emperor's cabinet, and sleeping-room. Opposite the bedchamber was the library, and a little external gallery served for a bathing-room. All these apartments are entirely destitute of furniture; the walls are bare, and no outward sign or memorial of the illustrious dead remains, except a marble bust in the entrance chamber marking the spot where the soul of the Emperor had left its earthly tabernacle.

As we walk through these melancholy rooms we cannot but think that there is no more striking contrast presented by the history of fallen greatness than was here witnessed during the closing years of the life of the first Napoleon. The seeds of discontent that began to show themselves at the Briars developed at Longwood into vigorous growth. The instructions of the English Government with regard to the treatment of their prisoner had been prepared with a view completely to secure his person. His attendants were debarred from free intercourse with the inhabitants; sentinels were posted throughout the island, and all letters to or from Longwood had to pass through the hands of the Governor. On the retirement of Admiral Cockburn, whose bluff and hearty frankness was distasteful to Napoleon and savoring too much of familiarity to his suite, Sir Hudson Lowe made his appearance as the new Governor. Napoleon had predetermined that he should dislike this new Governor, and at their first interview declaimed wrathfully on the eternal disgrace the English had brought upon themselves by exiling him to St. Helena, and charged Sir Hudson with having lied in some despatches that he had sent to his Government while acting in an official capacity in Germany. After Sir Hudson had retired,—a good deal surprised, we have no doubt, at such a reception—Napoleon harangued upon the sinister expression of his countenance, abused him in the coarsest manner, and made his servant throw a cup of coffee out of the window because it had stood for a moment on a table near the Governor. Unfortunately for the peace of Napoleon, he had not only to suffer from the infirmities of his own temper, and to bear the misery of his fallen greatness, but he had also to contend with the perverse humor of his attendants, who frequently quarrelled among themselves, forgetting in their petulance and ill-temper the respect which they owed to

the chief whom they had voluntarily followed.

We learn that Napoleon's life was very regular. "He rose early, frequently at three or four o'clock, dictated for an hour or two to one of his suite, or took a ride on horseback. If he had not slept well he would lie down again for a time, after sunrise. He generally breakfasted about ten o'clock. The forenoon was devoted to dictation. About two or three o'clock he received visitors. After this, he rode on horseback or in his carriage, attended by his suite. On his return, he resumed his book, or continued his dictation, until dinner-time, which was eight o'clock. Then cards, chess, reading or conversation served to pass the time away until ten or eleven o'clock, when he retired to bed."

Time had no effect in reconciling the exile to his position. He continued to hug his unhappiness to him. Every attempt at conciliation on the part of the Governor furnished only fresh cause of irritation. He sent fowling-pieces to Longwood; they were rejected. What use for fowling-pieces where there was no game? An invitation to a ball was resented vehemently. The despatch of clothing and other useful articles which had been received from England created great offence. An ornamental iron railing was placed round the immediate grounds; this was indignantly viewed as an attempt at closer confinement. The source of all these miserable and vexatious ill-feelings continued to arise from the title of "Emperor" being still withheld from Napoleon, and from his refusal to acknowledge and realize the fact that he was a prisoner. He would not be reasoned with, nor listen to explanation, and invariably styled the Governor "hangman" and "liar."

Undoubtedly no courtier this Sir Hudson Lowe; neither of an irrepressible disposition, nor given to sympathetic manifestations; rather a hard, stern man, imperturbably calm, who had been

appointed to perform certain prescribed duties, within the line of which he was willing enough to grant every reasonable latitude, but beyond which he would not swerve one inch. It would be unjust to forget that his was a position of great responsibility and of grave difficulty, for it is unquestionable that Napoleon clung to the hope of, and that several schemes were initiated for, his escape; and that it was owing to the discovery of intrigues having this object in view that both O'Meara, his medical attendant, and Las Cases were compelled to quit the island. The Governor had received explicit instructions that Napoleon's presence at Longwood must be ascertained day by day, and the wretched game of hide-and-seek that was frequently enacted would be amusing were it not for its sad exhibition of weakness. In a violent tirade against "the wretch" addressed to Antommarchi, the successor of O'Meara, soon after his arrival, Napoleon said: "He sent Reade and Wynyard, two of his confidential officers, who beset these miserable cabins and wanted to penetrate into my apartments; but I caused the door to be barricaded, loaded my guns and my pistols, and have kept them so ever since; and I have sworn that I would blow out the brains of the first who violated my asylum. I sent to inform the Governor that my patience was exhausted, and my mind fully made up to despatch the first of his people who should pass the threshold of my door." A quotation or two from a long letter addressed to Sir Hudson Lowe by Las Cases, on the eve of his departure from St. Helena, will serve as an illustration of the extravagant feelings and expectations that prevailed among the exiles: "I am free to confess that since I have been under your immediate control I have found myself surrounded by very unexpected attentions. I have witnessed daily some agreeable alteration which I should not have expected. I was forcibly struck with this. Might

it not proceed, I said to myself, from the facility of my disposition? Could I have been mistaken at Longwood? Can I be mistaken here? Surely not. You did not appear to me the same man. I no longer saw you, as I said, through the blood-stained veil. At last, I have resolved the problem. Here I find myself on a level with you. Everything has harmonized between us; whereas you have never been in harmony for a single moment with that gigantic scale at Longwood, the magnitude of which you will not either perceive, or obstinately endeavor to diminish, rather than raise yourself to its proportions." And further, relating how he himself would have acted in the position occupied by Sir Hudson: "I should have answered for the safety of my captive; but, having secured that point, I should not have left him with a wish ungratified. It would not have been enough to possess his esteem; I should have obliged him to love me. I should not have approached his chains but on my knees."

A curious scene is that which Antommarchi relates of an interview with the Governor, who, in consequence of Napoleon having concealed himself from view for several days, anxiously desired to be admitted to his presence: "I saw the tiger prowling round the house; I was suffocating with rage, and was going out when he stopped me.

"What is General Bonaparte doing?"

"I know not."

"Where is he?"

"I cannot say."

"He is not there?" pointing to the cabin.

"He is not."

"What! he has disappeared."

"Quite."

"How,—when?"

"I do not recollect precisely."

"Endeavor to collect your ideas; since what hour?"

"What hour! The last battle he commanded was that of Abouker. He fought for civilization; you were pro-

teaching barbarism. He defeated your allies and threw them into the sea ; his victory was complete. I have not heard of him since.'

"'Doctor !'

"'Excellency !'

"'All here ?'

"'No.'

"'Who ?'

"'I.'

"'You ?'

"'I.'

"'Soldiers !'

"'Soldiers ! Hasten, fill up the measure of your iniquities by depriving the Emperor of the short remains of his existence.'

"'The Emperor ! what Emperor ?'

"'He who made England tremble. He who showed France the way to Dover and placed in the hands of the Continent the weapon which will sooner or later give the death blow to your aristocracy.'"

How was it possible for any man to deal rationally with people capable of exhibiting themselves after such a fashion as this, and expect rational treatment in return ? It is not to be wondered at that the conduct of the Governor became simply limited to the strict performance of his official responsibilities.

But the years of Napoleon were beginning to draw to a close. In the middle of 1818 his health began to show symptoms of failing. Slowly the hereditary disease under which he labored began to break up his constitution, and towards the end of 1820 he walked with exceeding difficulty. His appetite left him ; his legs became swollen ; he was troubled with profuse sweats and frequent faintings ; and eventually he became nearly incapable of the slightest action. There is a depth of sadness in his words spoken to Antommarchi about this time : " Ah, Doctor, I have neither strength nor activity nor energy ; I am no longer Napoleon ; you strive in vain to give me hopes to recall the

life that is ready to expire. Your care can do nothing in spite of fate ; it is immovable—there is no appeal from its decisions. The next person of our family who will follow Eliza to the tomb is that Great Napoleon who hardly exists—who bends under the yoke, and who still, nevertheless, keeps Europe in alarm." And again : " Close my windows—leave me to myself ; I will send for you by and by. What a delightful thing rest is ! I would not exchange it for all the thrones in the world. What an alteration ! How I am fallen ! I whose activity was boundless, whose mind never slumbered, am now plunged into a lethargic stupor so that it requires an effort even to raise my eyelids. I sometimes dictated to four or five secretaries, who wrote as fast as words could be uttered ; but then I was Napoleon, now I am no longer anything. My strength, my faculties forsake me. I do not live—I merely exist." His time was gradually drawing to an end. Whole hours, or even days, were either passed in silence or filled up by pain or distressing coughs and all the signs of approaching dissolution. In the early part of the ensuing year he became too weak to ride in his carriage, and thereafter was confined to his room. At all times averse to the use of medicine, he now rejected it altogether. " Nay," said he, " everything that must happen is written down—our hour is marked, and it is not in our power to take from time a portion which Nature refuses." He was excited by the reported appearance of a comet at this time, and exclaimed with emotion, " A comet ! that was precursive of the death of Cæsar." Still continuing to grow weaker and weaker, he was at length entirely confined to his bed. He had made his will, adding from time to time various codicils to it. He surveyed the approach of death calmly, looking forward to eternity as to a scene where he should resume his acquaintance with his old companions in arms, and where



he might discourse of wars with the Scipios, the Hannibals, the Cæsars and the Fredericks. He gave minute instructions about opening his body, with a view to a determination of the nature and locality of his disease. He inveighed against the treachery of England, and bequeathed the memory of the reigning family to eternal reprobation. He declared that he would die as he was born, a Catholic, and desired that mass should be said for him and the customary ceremonies performed. Fever began to take possession of him, and on the 1st May he was delirious nearly all day, and suffered dreadful vomitings. On the 2nd he was somewhat easier and freer from pain. It was evident that his imagination was on the battle-field. "Steingel!" he cried, "Desaix! Massena! Ah, victory is declaring! Run! Rush forward! Press the charge! They are ours!" On the 3rd he spoke a few words to Antommarchi. These were the last connected words spoken by him. From this time he was insensible. On the following day his weakness increased, and the low moanings and distressing hiccoughs of the dying Emperor mingled plaintively with the rushing and howling of a frightful storm that swept over the island. On the morning of the 5th May, 1821, a few broken phrases fell from his unconscious lips; the last distinct words which he uttered were *tête d'armée* (head of the army), indicating where his raving fancies had wandered. Around his deathbed were gathered his attendants, their faces bedewed with tears. "The day passed in convulsive movements and low moanings, with occasionally a loud shriek, and the dismal scene closed just before six o'clock in the evening. A light froth covered his lips, and he was no more."

We stand beside the spot whence the spirit of the once mighty Emperor had winged its way to the unknown eternities. It required no effort of the imagination to recall the closing scene in the

life of the most colossal intellect of modern times, distinguished as much for its stupendous grasp of great enterprises as for its energy in carrying these enterprises into effect. It was an intellect that became so wholly lost in the contemplation of great designs, and these and their accomplishment had become so blended with his own personality, that there appeared to remain no room for the thought that he was but a mere mortal, frail and erring, subject to the universal government of an Omnipotent Designer. He arrogated to himself the attributes and the prerogatives of a demi-god. Not only the most colossal intellect, but the grandest incarnation of selfishness of modern times. He was the great *I*, the earthly *ego*, round which all interests revolved, from which they took their direction, and to which they were necessarily subordinate. Although not wantonly cruel nor unjust,—rather perceiving with the clearness of mental vision characteristic of him, that cruelty and injustice were not only crimes, but blunders—he never permitted any consideration of mercy or justice to stand in the way of his projects. The execution of the Duke D'Enghien, the massacre of the prisoners at Jaffa, are only minor illustrations of this phase of his character. Utterly unscrupulous where his interests were at stake, pope and emperors and kings were alike robbed and harassed; territories were invaded and overrun; peoples and their provinces made tributary to, or incorporated with his empire; Europe was kept in a perpetual turmoil; the free course of trade continually interrupted; millions of lives wasted,—all to serve the ambition of one man who, when adversity overtook him, and when he was subjected, in a modified degree, to some of the hardships to which he had doomed countless thousands, could not, or would not understand that the measure of justice which he could clearly enough perceive applied in like circumstances to others, might, to say the least, apply

equally to himself. Divested of the only attribute of his supremacy for which he really cared—of power, the fulcrum on which his strong will operated with such amazing force—he became like a Samson shorn of his locks; he degenerated into a weak and fretful mortal, intensely selfish, and intensely oblivious of the fact that either the claims of justice or the interests of any other person, or community of persons, might be of more consequence to them than the personal interests and the dignity of Napoleon Bonaparte, sous-lieutenant, general, first consul, and ex-Emperor of the French.

We bid adieu to our engaging cicerone, and take a last view of the grounds of Longwood. We then retrace our steps along the way which we had previously come, and, on arriving at the opposite side of the valley from whence we had first viewed the tomb, we descend a winding pathway, at the foot of which we pass the residence of the keeper, a grim French sergeant. Even the empty tomb is guarded from the spoliation of relic-hunters. The celebrated willows, under which the Emperor loved to rest and meditate, are gone,—distributed throughout the cabinets of the world—but the spring still gives forth its sweet, limpid rill, and we drink of the water that Napoleon had praised, and in remembrance of which he said, “Let them bury me at the spot where this refreshing water flows.” And here they

accordingly did bury him until the time came when the more formal desire expressed in his will was carried into effect, that “his ashes should repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom he had loved so well.”

As we retire from the tomb one of our little guides looks up at us wonderingly: “Everyone who comes here carries away something as a memorial of his visit.” We are passing the spring as he speaks, and he plucks an everlasting flower that is growing by the side and presents it to us. We accept it, and carry it along with us and keep it, that we too may possess a memorial of our visit at St. Helena to the tomb of Napoleon.

Our ship is again under sail. We go speeding on over the blue waters. The island grows dim and more dim in the distance, and as it disappears under the horizon, we cannot help thinking that the posthumous fame of the Emperor among the general mass of mankind would have been better served had his remains continued to occupy their original resting place; that this rock in the midst of ocean, stormed at by unceasing winds, and battered by everlasting waves, was the fittest and grandest mausoleum that even Nature could offer wherein to lay the body of him at whose name the world once grew pale, and who controlled the war-clouds of fate for a season, and directed their thunderbolts whithersoever he would.



## THE LEGEND OF THE HAPPY ISLANDS.

BY REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

Back to the days Ojibway legends tell,  
When Heroes dwelt where human weaklings dwell !  
And Nanaboosh, Prometheus of the van,  
Serenely smiled, Father and Friend of man.  
The *Thinker* sat within his Hero's tent—  
The *Hunter* to the hills and forests went.  
Great Nanaboosh the human race preserves ;  
Chebayabos, as younger brother, serves.  
Warned by the Hero to return at dusk,  
He duly came with game, and furs and musk ;  
Nor trusted once the treacherous frozen lake,  
But swept broad circles for his brother's sake.  
Thus the Great Brethren, at Creation's birth—  
Ere Death or Crime had reaped the shuddering Earth !

Down 'mong the Demons, an uneasy moan  
Proclaimed how hateful had this concord grown ;  
And, homeward speeding with o'erladen sledge,  
Chebayabos was found within the edge  
Of lake forbidden, and was swallowed there—  
White-Lion's victim, and the World's despair.  
Then shook with mighty sobs the watery heaven,  
And floods descended from the welkin riven,—  
Rivers their beds in trembling fear forsook,  
And rocks and mountains to their centre shook—  
As for his dead the mighty Hero wept ;  
And Heaven and Earth a pitying vigil kept.

Fountains may dry, the Summer comes and goes ;  
But grief like this no charmed reversion knows ;  
And now as swept the chariot-wheels of Time,  
Nor saw cessation of his grief sublime,

*The Legend of the Happy Islands.*

The cowering beasts in wild array convene  
 From plain, and mount, and lake, and forest green.  
 The shaggy bison from the breezy plain—  
 The moose, with many an antler in his train ;  
 The beaver wise, the bear sedate and slow,  
 The crouching wolf, the much-consulting crow ;  
 And waterfowl on swift and clamorous wing,  
 With thousand warblers of the welcome Spring—  
 And all the gods that heave the floor of Earth  
 (There doomed to darkness for their deeds unworth),  
 With them assembled, claim the listening ear  
 Of Manitou, whom brave and good revere,  
 And plead these wild commotions all might cease,  
 And Manitou with Nanaboosh make peace !

Who hath not welcomed from the couch of pain  
 A friend, a brother, to his arms again ?  
 As if Heaven's gate unfolded to our cry,  
 And gave the friend for whom ourselves would die.  
 So sat the Hero, as the shadows fell,  
 And saw Chebayabos come slowly up the dell !

O Hope ! fallacious most of Fancy's flowers ;  
 As if expended joys could still be ours !  
 For backward howsoe'er the glance be cast,  
 Wide yawns the gulf between us and the past !  
 So Nanaboosh, the first wild welcome o'er,  
 Wept as he thought of what could be no more !  
 " O Brother !" thus he cried, " hadst thou but kept  
 My equal law, my tears had been unwept.  
 But now these falling floods have learned to flow,  
 Deep shall they channel through a world of woe !  
 Since thou in youth hast sought the grisly shade,  
 Young and most fair shall all our kindred fade.  
 In troops they follow in thy forward track,  
 Nor one fair face, except in dreams, comes back !  
 But go, my Brother, to the widening West—  
 Away, away beyond the mountains' crest—  
 Beyond the billowed lakes, that throb in vain—  
 Beyond the peaks that frown upon the main,—  
 Mid calmer waters, never tempest-tossed—

Where summer flowers are never kissed by frost,—  
Where greenest isles lie lapped in perfect peace,  
Where war, and woe, and death itself shall cease.  
There go, and for thy brethren find a place :  
The first in woe, the fairest of thy race !”

Within his brother’s eyes he looked a space,  
A long, long gaze upon his woe-worn face ;  
Then turned without a word, and slowly blent  
With deepening shadows as he downward went.  
And now, when’er a youthful warrior lies,  
And gasps and gazes in his agonies,  
They whispering tell, “Chebayabos has come  
And looked within his eyes to call him home !”  
Or when a maiden leaves her mother’s side,  
With eyes soft sealed, in Death’s embrace a bride,  
They say her spirit, far beyond the waves,  
Has gone to dress the food the Hero craves.

“O silent shore !” ’tis thus the maidens sigh,  
“To gain thy bliss how happy could we die !  
Where peaceful pillowed rests the weary head,  
And fadeless flowers bloom for the early dead.  
Where strife and sorrow nevermore are known,  
And the Great Spirit’s smile is bliss alone !  
Say brothers, shall we seek that softer strand—  
The Happy Islands of the Spirit Land ?  
And shall we not its blessing bear in part,  
’Mid all our tears, if we but cleanse the heart ?  
For the Great Spirit, doubtless, loves to see  
His children now what then they wish to be.”

## HIC JACET.

BY FESTINA LENTE, AUTHOR OF "VILLAGE SKETCHES," &c.

### I.

A PASTORALE.—AN IDYL.—NOTHING MORE.—SUNSHINE AND STORM.—THE BABBLING OF A BROOK.—THE SCENT OF APPLE BLOSSOMS.—THE WHETSTONE ON THE SCYTHE.—LATER IN THE YEAR CAME HARVEST.

"And a deep current of life, joy and suffering amid all."

There is a public house at the top of the village street. It is an old house with two tiny dormer windows. It stands on the roadside, and its sign, "The Spout," creaks back and forth above the doorway. Beside it is a yard strewn with logs of wood and long deal planks,—the logs of wood are for odd jobs of carpentering, the deal planks are to make coffins for the village dead. In the yard is a pig-stye. It contains two pigs, subjects of interest to all the village, as prospective of the best pork in the neighborhood. They are getting fat; soon the village pig-killer will make his appearance; the neighborhood will be disturbed by hideous yells; then the village youth will rejoice in an impromptu bonfire; the pigs will emerge from it scathed, not burned, and the best judges of swine's flesh in the village will saunter into the yard, give their opinions, will go to the house for drink, and away again. Then will the pigs be deliberately cut up by the owners—John, Tom and Charlotte Powell.

What! Is it possible? Introduce the pigs to notice before the owners?

There is reason for so doing. Before thoroughly comprehending the quaint-

ness of the three village characters just mentioned, it is imperative that their surroundings be seen. Look at the house, the yard, the pig-stye, and the crooked snarls into which the orchard trees have insinuated themselves, and you will be prepared for the appearance of the owners. Stand forth, John Powell. A short man thou art; with rough skin and sober countenance; hair, whiskers and beard on thee have turned to iron-grey; thy limbs hath Nature disposed to be short and thick set, and thine own love of ease—or the flesh of thy young porkers—disposed to an outer covering of fat; and for the covering of thy nether man is no tailor responsible. The thrifty care of Charlotte, thy wife, invents both pattern and style. The result is, beyond conception, original. She is thy barber also, John. With care she fits the pudding basin on thy head and clips around the rim.

And Tom, thy brother!

Nature made him after thy pattern. A little more rubicund the face; a stronger development of muscle in the arms; Tom had been a fighter in his youth. He is reticent in speech; otherwise he is thy twin.

And Charlotte, thy wife. Impersonation of cleanliness, of thrift, of power. Her form is portly, her dress spare; her blue cotton gown is patched all over; the body appears a miracle of triangular pieces of different dates as to time of insertion. Some, therefore, are of lightest blue; some even have turned to white; here and there a patch of new blue relieves the tone, and reminds you of what the gown once was. Her bare arms show strength of muscle; this she needs in her business, since she is par-

ticular as to the stage of drunkenness she will permit in her house; she objects to brawling, and can and will pinion a brawler, and put him out of the house.

Outside their house is a rushing fall of water. It comes from the hillside. Folks call it the spout. Half the village ablutions are performed there.

Five o'clock in the morning. The mowers pass down the village to the fields; they carry their scythes on their shoulders, their whetstones in their belts. Each carries also a small keg, containing cider, slung round his waist. The West County folks drink cider all day long.

The dew lies on the dusty ground, and weighs down the grass blades on the wayside. The sun is very bright, and the birds sing in the trees. The mowers pause before "The Spout;" they group upon the stone slab before the door.

Charlotte brings out the blue pint cups of cider. John and Tom stand outside the door among the mowers. As the men talk, Charlotte stands within doors, arms akimbo, listening. The men drowsily talk. An idea is suggested by one, others assent. Some do not speak at all; they lean heavily against the portal, ears open to the talk, eyes, that see without comprehension, idly scanning the lowlands, and the widening channel of the Severn, and the gleaming windows of the town of Berkeley on the opposite shore.

The two Pritchards are the chief spokesmen. They are twin brothers, six feet two in height; they work together as a rule; they move their scythes in even sweeps as they mow. To the beholder their movements have a certain rhythm; the two ignorant, stalwart men might be working to music. They are the two finest and strongest men in the village.

"She haint much to look at."

"Um!" said Tom.

"How old should you say?" enquired John.

"Upwards of seventeen year, I should say," said Charlotte.

"Who knows the *rights* of the story?" asks Tom.

"Why, I heerd 'twas this way: the Squire he heerd her sing in the church, and had her up to Gloucester to sing to a London professor."

"Well, what of that?" from Charlotte.

"He said as her voice was fine, and the Squire is to send her to London, and pay for it all."

"They say she will make a grand singer," said Pritchard.

"She will come to no good," says Charlotte, sternly.

"Well, she may. Her family always was good singers," said Tom reflectively.

"She have sung in the choir ever since she was a little 'un; that's a good training for a lass," said John.

"And she's a good daughter," said Charlotte; "I'll say that for her."

"No good never comes of public singing," said Tom; "that's what I do say."

"I heerd she was going to Italy," said one man.

"To It'ly!" cried a chorus, and all eyes were turned to the Severn, whose waters shone like silver beyond the fields. To their poor minds "It'ly," like Berkeley, may be "cross the water." Further than that imagination cannot take them.

It is a climax. In silence the mowers hand back the blue pint cups, and saunter on their way to the fields.

"Um!" says Tom. It is the staple of his conversation, and to those who know him, expressive of much.

"Breakfast is ready," from Charlotte. The old men go indoors.

Out of doors the sun shone; the walnut leaves flickered their shadows on the dusty road; the village folks began to stir; doors were opened, and half-dressed children sat on the doorsteps, or rolled about outside. The men

came to the spout to wash; they put their soap upon the stone coping, and their heads under the waterfall, from which they emerged rosy and exhilarated. The fresh breeze passed them, sending the dust in tiny whirls over the garden palings; then women and children brought their buckets for water. All lingered in lazy fashion to talk.

Far down by the Severn side whirled the railway train; its sharp whistle roused the villagers; men and women turned to watch the smoke float overhead,—to admire the swiftness of the train which, even as they turned, whirled out of their sight, the instrument by means of which fresh life should come into the village, and in a few years' time banish this sleepy existence forever. Yet none thought of this.

Morning has passed, and the hot sun has dried up the heavy drops of dew.

Down in the hayfield the mowers move on with steady sweep. The long grass falls with every movement of the scythes. Women follow with rakes and pitchforks; the hay is tossed deftly and laid to dry in the sunshine. A girl leads, following the even strokes of the Pritchards with equal precision. She has a plain, but sensible countenance, and is dressed with exquisite neatness; her sunbonnet, print gown, and large apron being clean to perfection. Only this fact proclaimed her of superior mould to her companions,—in all else she looked and was but rustic.

"Priscilla," calls the farmer.

"Sir?" she half pauses and turns; her sunbonnet hides a sudden quivering of the lips.

"My mother wants you at the house."

A moment's pause; the rake is thrown down; Priscilla quietly walks towards the house; the farmer keeps pace with her; he is a gentleman in manner, has had a plain education at Gloucester Crypt School; as a lad he had been a chorister, so that he has a good know-

ledge of music, and is a *connoisseur* in his way.

"When do you leave us?" he asks Priscilla.

"I go next Monday." Priscilla's speaking voice is full and rich. She looks with quiet decision at the farmer.

His indifferent eyes are on the meadows, but his thoughts return to Priscilla.

"Your mother will miss you."

"Yes; but she is content that I should go. In time I shall return to her."

"You will study very diligently, I suppose; you are naturally persevering, and love music so much?"

"Yes; it is my vocation. Certainly I have no other." She spoke half defiantly, and stopped short, with a bitter expression on her face.

"Certainly," he said quietly, "certainly, it is your vocation. I wish everyone could so readily get a chance to fulfil his. With no effort of your own this has come to you."

"Your vocation is farming?" Priscilla answered in his tone of voice, which was regretful.

"Oh, I do not know. I have no particular genius," he answered. "I could have done indifferently well at most things; I could excel in nothing. So runs the world."

He turned laughing, and went into the garden. Priscilla entered the house.

"Your mother has just gone away," said Mrs. Pierce, the farmer's mother.

"She has been telling me how soon you go. I am very sorry to think of losing you; you seem almost like my own child. You have been running about for me ever since you could walk."

"You have been like a mother to me," murmured Priscilla.

"I want you to sort over my linen press, and make me a list of some of the oldest things," continued Mrs. Pierce; "my memory has been failing me of late, and I should like to know exactly what there is, so as to give the list to John's wife, when he marries."



"When he marries?" said Priscilla in a surprised voice. Then she said the day was very hot, and untied her bonnet strings and went to the open window.

"Yes, of course he will marry; at any rate, I hope so," said Mrs. Pierce. "I do not like to think of leaving him alone in this big house when I am gone;" for Mrs. Pierce was suffering from an internal disease which might cause her death at any hour.

"The linen press is open, I suppose?" asked Priscilla.

Priscilla was in the linen room. Through the open window came the scent of lavender; its perfume tinged the snowy piles within. She did not hurry over her work; there would be to-morrow to complete it in, and no one hurried in this village. She worked, pondered and listened.

In the house was the rest and peace of still life; out of doors the sound of the whetstone on the scythes, of men's voices calling to one another, of the solemn quack of ducks in the poultry-yard. When would Priscilla listen to these sounds again?

"Come and have your supper."

The mandate came with twilight. Priscilla went into the kitchen; supper was laid there, and the farm laborers clattered in. There was noisy talking and laughing. The men had drunken a quantity of cider to-day. But Priscilla was called into the dining-room, where supper was laid for her master and mistress and herself.

There was a slight attempt at conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Pierce. Priscilla modestly ate her supper in silence. Presently Mrs. Pierce reverted to her prospective journey, and speculated on her chances of becoming a great singer.

"It all depends upon her own industry," said Mr. Pierce, rising. "Come, Priscilla, and sing to us before you go."

"I cannot, to-night. Another time," murmured Priscilla.

"Your mother has promised to spend Sunday afternoon with us," put in Mrs. Pierce; "we must hear you sing then." Turning to her son, she said, "The child is tired."

"How we shall miss her!" he said reflectively, when Priscilla had taken her sunbonnet in her hand and disappeared behind the garden wall.

Priscilla, with fleet step, crossed the meadows towards her mother's home. It was twilight, and the air was warm and still. She came to the brookside, and sat down on the stile beside it to quiet herself before going home. How still the bent trees looked! How restfully their leaves lay under the wavelets of the brook! The tide was out in the Severn, and all seemed stillness there. Nearer, the cows were being driven back to the fields, rest and peace in every sulky step they trod.

This was the outside world. Priscilla was fighting a battle within herself. She was young and impressible, and had a natural love of everything that appeared to her to be noble and grand. Into her soul she had taken the image of the farmer, and in so doing had invested it with ideal nobility. A village holds few as good men as was Mr. Pierce. Priscilla had never seen one with whom to compare him; it was natural, therefore, that she should give him the highest place in her estimation. He had always shown her great kindness since her voice had first attracted his attention. He looked upon her as a child who was in great danger of being spoiled by flattery from her equals. To obviate this evil he took especial pains to detect faults in her style of singing and intonation. He was never to be satisfied. "You do well, but you *could* do better," he often said to her. She tried her best, but it was evident that she needed regular instruction; this in some measure he gave her, and it was due to his successful

tuition that the old Squire was led to see that he might do well to encourage this village maid to become a public singer.

It became dusk while Priscilla sat and thought; then she rose and went home. Her mother was in the garden twining some sweet-pea vines round a neighboring bush. Sweet peas, honeysuckles, pinks, sweet briar, all the old-fashioned flowers thrived in her garden.

"You are late, child."

"And you, mother—are you tired?"

"I have done my work. Listen! just now I heard the nightingale."

A rustle from the orchard trees; overhead a light wind clearing the sky of clouds, and a faint glimmering as of stars in the dim twilight sky. Then came a burst of song, sweet and clear. The cuckoo's distant cry startled the songster. It ceased its song. All was still.

Priscilla never forgot that evening.

Priscilla and her mother had promised to spend Sunday afternoon at the farmhouse. Mr. and Mrs. Pierce sat out in the porch waiting for them to come. Soon they appeared—the mother in her quaint beaver bonnet, under which the white frillings of her cap showed snowily white; and Priscilla, neatly dressed in the new clothes which the lady of the Manor had provided for her. The mother advanced with the assurance gained by an honest, hard-working life. Priscilla hung back modestly, sorry that the stone paving of the garden walk was so full in view of the porch.

"Mrs. Hardy will sit here with me while you take Priscilla round the garden," said Mrs. Pierce. "It is her last afternoon in the country. Ah! child! I could tell you stories of the miseries of town life which might make you pause ere deciding to leave the country."

"It would kill me to stay here much longer," said Priscilla with abruptness. "I thank God I am to go. London life will not hurt me."

Mr. and Mrs. Pierce looked with quiet surprise at Priscilla, the mother a little hurt and sorrowful.

"She talks like that of late," she said; "Ah! it is a sad life for one so young always to be with an old woman like me."

"Mother!" cried Priscilla, hot tears burning in her eyes and entreaty in her voice, "you should not say that."

"She should not indeed," said Mrs. Pierce soothingly. "Still, child, I do not understand this unrest. Are you ambitious?"

"Yes," said Priscilla in a low tone. "I am ambitious; be content mother."

The mother was making a small cry. To Priscilla it was unendurable.

"Come with me into the orchard," said Mr. Pierce; "it is your last afternoon in the country."

They walked silently through the garden to the orchard. There Mr. Pierce leaned upon a stile; Priscilla sat down close by.

"Ambitious," said he, after a long silence. "No, Priscilla, you must not give yourself up to such a demon as ambition."

"You must then expect little advance on my part."

"I am a slow man," he said, "but I understand what you mean. Of that high ambition which aims at perfection simply because it is a needs-be to the nature to do its highest and best, I would not deprive you. I hope I could not. But such ambition gives tone to the mind, high and peaceful thoughts to the possessor. Its fruits are not to be found in the restless craving for change and desire for excitement which I imagine my mother meant by asking you if you were ambitious."

"You are always hard upon me," said Priscilla quietly. "You think I desire to be prima donna only for fame and vain glory, and am too easily contented with myself."

"You are hard on *me* now," he said laughing; "a slow fellow like me does

not easily explain himself. Ah! I have it now. Do not forget yourself, Priscilla, a woman and once a village maid."

A flash of indignation from her eyes. Would he never judge her fairly?

"You know," he continued, "that though you may become a fine singer, you can never be perfection. Think of this frequently; do not let vanity creep in and spoil you. I have known you since you were a little child, and I am sure you are not vain as yet."

Thanks to him for that; nature had gifted him with a pure taste and correct ear for music. He had never been content with Priscilla's singing yet; he was a conscientious man, sincerely interested in her future; rather afraid of the temptations which a life as public singer would expose her to, and hopeful that a little judicious advice might be very good for her. So, in his own peculiar, slow way, he delivered his lecture, never once interrupted by Priscilla, who listened with bent head turned away from him, her vacant eyes following a little path winding in and out of the orchard.

When he ceased speaking, she still sat on the grass and looked and listened. At the time she was unconscious of this; all her faculties seemed to be strung into the effort to keep from betraying her own strong feelings on the subject of her future. Afterwards it came back to her: the little calf feeding under the trees, the lambs frolicking, and the solemn grunt of pigs at the entrance to the farm-yard, and by the low garden wall a row of bee-hives.

"Come, Priscilla, let me cut you some flowers to take to London with you," said Mr. Pierce when some time had passed.

Priscilla did not think she cared for the flowers, but passively followed. At the bee-hives she paused to watch the bees. She had been fond of doing so, all her life. "Like bees in a hive, so are the people in London,—so crowded, poor things. My mother used to visit

the London poor; she says we country folks know nothing of misery."

Priscilla gave a gasp and choke. Everything seemed to swim before her eyes, and she wondered if any heart in the universe was more miserable than her own. Every word he spoke showed her the absurdity of her old imaginations; how far from his mind had been any idea that she should educate herself, to fit herself for the position of his wife; how perfectly wild her hope that when she had reached a pinnacle of fame, he would be one of the worshippers at her shrine,—that he cared for her beyond the kind and thoughtful care he always bestowed on the helpless whom he could benefit!

Mr. Pierce went from bush to bush. He culled the heavy blossoms of the cabbage rose, the strongly scented "old man," honeysuckle, pinks, and spikes of lavender.

"That will be enough," said she, carelessly.

He tied the bunch in cabbage leaves, and laid it in the shade, then sat down to talk again. As they talked Priscilla felt at rest. His kind, simple-hearted conversation gave fresh impetus to her thoughts, and his evident anxiety lest she should suffer from her ignorance of the world and its ways, opened a new field of thought to her.

It was tea-time, and the meal was laid in the Hall. The doors stood open, and the bees hummed in and out. Sukey was to be seen in the kitchen, dressed in her Sunday's best, to wait until tea should be finished. It all seemed quite natural to Priscilla, this placid, even existence. No thoughts of the future disturbed her mind just then; she was too ignorant of life properly to appreciate the quiet of this existence.

The church bells began to ring, and the village folks decorously walked down the street to the church. Priscilla with her friends joined the throng—knowing and known of all.

"Here are your flowers," said Mr. Pierce.

She took the fragrant bunch, and as they entered the churchyard, laid it on an old moss grown tombstone in the shade.

"What an old tombstone!" said Mr. Pierce, poking out the moss-grown date and reading, "*Hic Jacet.*" There is a cross, but the name is lost."

"What does *Hic Jacet* mean?" asked Priscilla.

"Here lies,—on a tombstone it means, buried hopes or sorrows, to my mind. I always think an '*Hic Jacet*' on a tomb in a country churchyard is like a bit of a poem. I do not much care to go further in the inscription."

The tolling bell began to ring; it was time to go into church—Priscilla and Mr. Pierce to the choir. The church was crowded; people from neighboring villages had come to hear the Squire's *protégée* sing. The organist had chosen an anthem with a soprano solo, and the choir had studied its part well. "As pants the hart for cooling streams," rang out the clear voice of Priscilla; the other voices joined in harmony; the old church echoed back the sound, "so panteth my soul for Thee, O God." "So panteth my soul for Thee," the effigies up on the mouldering archways breathed back. The sun shone in with evening glory; the whole choir was illumined in red light. The village folk looked up; most summer evenings showed a sight like that,—it was nothing peculiar. As for the singing, had not those echoes from the arches annoyed them nigh fifty years ago, when they perhaps were leading trebles and basses?

The sun was very bright; the old Squire drew the curtains to his pew, and behind their shadow fell asleep. In front of Priscilla was a colored window of great age and value. It represented Christ and his Apostles, and the beatitudes were inscribed around the arches. Priscilla's eyes dwelt on the

face of the Christ, and read but two words in it,—read over and over the beatitudes, and only understood those two words from them,—read, heard, and thought. The old minister's sleepy tone fell on her ears, "Our brightest hopes are doomed to disappointment." *Hic Jacet* rang in Priscilla's ears. "What was it to be buried, to bury away hopes and sorrows, take up the burden of real life and bravely work on, desiring more the fulfilment of the highest duty than the accomplishment of selfish wishes? If one could only do this!"

"It is possible," breathed Priscilla, her earnest eyes fixed on the glorified figure of the Christ. "*Hic Jacet*; one may bury the follies of the past."

Full of this new thought she did not find the long sermon wearisome, though she saw how the old people slept and the children fidgeted. One more hymn and the organ pealed dismissal.

The sun had set, and the flowers were wet with the heavily falling dew. Priscilla carried them to a remote spot, dug a hole and buried them. Then with careful hand traced "*Hic Jacet*," on the earth, and under it a cross. Then with a triumphant feeling of victory she turned away to the cottage door. She knew she had buried away the girlish romance which had made her unequal to face the duties of her daily life. She could now with firm eyes look into her future, and form for herself an ideal as high as her ignorant soul could carve. Her goal was to be the protection and support of her mother's last years of life.

"She shall never do another stroke of work," murmured Priscilla.

A flutter of wings from the apple trees, and a gush of song. "Only the nightingale," said she quietly, listened awhile, and then went to rest.

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## II.

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It is the week of the Triennial Festival of the three choirs, Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford. The master-

pieces of Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn are to be heard in the grand old cathedral of Gloucester, and London artists are engaged to take the solos.

All the West of England is much interested in this week's proceedings; it is the only chance of hearing the works of the masters well produced so near home. Excursion trains run from the stations on the Great Western Railway; trains ply between Bristol and Gloucester, between Cheltenham and Gloucester, and from all parts.

The excitement has spread to the villages; the country folks think much of this festival, and all who can afford it attend the services. Those who cannot afford a ticket, take a day in Gloucester to see the fine folks arrive. Gloucester streets are filled with strangers; people hurry back and forth carrying the copies of the oratorios under their arms; the glove-shops are filled with people who wish to buy cheap festival gloves. Festival bonnets and hats lie for sale in the drapers' shops.

John and Tom Powell, dressed in their best, stood in the doorway to enjoy and comment on the excitement in the village. There were plenty of idlers who strolled up to drink and talk.

"I say it's a credit to the village," said Tom.

"To the choir, anyhow," said John.

"It's a matter of six year since she went—ain't it?" asked Pritchard.

"Um! It was just two year afore young Pierce got married," said Charlotte, coming forward.

"I met *they* agoing to the train," said Pritchard.

"Oh! They are sure to go for sake of old times," said John.

"Aye! They know'd her better than most on us,"—from Pritchard.

"They say she's paid back all the money the Squire forrarded for her," said Tom.

"And keeps her mother like a queen," said Charlotte briskly.

"I had a letter from the old woman.

She says that Priscilla takes her out everywhere with her, and she has a silk and satin gown to her back."

"I heerd Priscilla kept a private carriage," said John.

"Um!"

"Lawk a mercy!"

"Wonder if it's true."

Astonishment could go no further. The village mind has its limits, conversation flagged after this.

The cathedral was densely crowded; not only was the favorite oratorio, the "Messiah," to be performed, but a *aëbutante* was to make her appearance,—a girl of wonderful industry and talent, it was rumored, who had been enthusiastically received on her *début* in London, and who it was supposed would make a similar success here.

Mr. Pierce, with his mother and wife, sat in a good position in front of the orchestra. All three appeared to be intensely interested, and whispered busily as the singers appeared. The choirs were seated; the organ played while the orchestra tuned its instruments; all was in readiness for the first stroke of the conductor's baton. Suddenly Mr. Pierce whispered, "There she is." A slight stir pervaded the audience at her appearance, and numberless opera-glasses were levelled at her. She took her seat with perfect coolness, looked amongst the audience for her mother, and gave her a smile of recognition.

"She is plainer than ever," from Mrs. Pierce.

"How richly she is dressed! Oh! I think she has a beautiful face," said young Mrs. Pierce.

"It improves when she sings," said Mr. Pierce.

"How quiet and composed she looks!—not at all rustic," said Mrs. Pierce the younger.

"Rustic, after a London education!" laughed Mrs. Pierce. "It is we, now, my son, who are the rustics."

Mr. Pierce did not particularly enjoy

the idea. He looked at his wife and his mother, and at his own plain suit ; from them to the richly dressed woman on the platform. As far as clothes went, Priscilla certainly had the advantage. Now the time had arrived when he was to hear her voice ; had she improved it enough to please *him*, he wondered. At the first soprano solo, Priscilla rose—a moment of intense expectation, and then her voice thrilled through the building. Mr. Pierce sat in absolute stillness. Yes, perfect at last—perfect in power, flexibility ; capable of intense pathos ; sweet and expressive,—he was satisfied at last.

Priscilla's success was undoubted. When she sang, people listened breathlessly ; she had absolute power over her voice, and sang with exquisite softness. It was noticeable, however, that though it is customary for the solo singers not to join in the choruses, she sang throughout the Hallelujah Chorus. Mr. Pierce could hear her voice above all the others. "For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth—Hallelujah !" The people stand with one consent ; the music rolls through the building ; it seems to undermine the vast pillars, to wander away to the distant vaults and chapels, but the voices with their triumphant hallelujah ring around you.

The afternoon passed very quietly ; the Pierces rested, and looked forward to the pleasures of the coming concert. Priscilla was to sing again in the evening, and they all felt a kind of ownership to her voice, and a reflected glory from the success of her singing.

At the concert they marvelled afresh. Priscilla, clad in shining amber-colored silk, was a new being to their rustic sight. Still her singing was so pure, so fresh, that though Mr. Pierce sat thinking "Was this in truth the girl who used to turn his haycocks in the meadows ?" he had courage from its freshness to form and carry out a resolution.

One coming to Priscilla, said a rustic farmer wished to speak to her. She moved towards the door, her heavy amber dress rustling after her ; she had learned how to walk, and how to wear her honors with quiet dignity. The Pierces stood shy and silent, but Priscilla was overjoyed to see them.

"And this is your wife," said she. "I am very glad to see her. I heard that you were married."

"You think then sometimes of old days," blurted Mr. Pierce.

"Yes, surely. How I should like to see the village again!"

"Then come and visit us when the Festival is over," said the young wife, who had taken a sudden liking to Priscilla. "Come and stay a week, a fortnight, as long as you can."

"We will come," said Priscilla, "I and my mother. We are always together."

And with that promise the Pierces went away—to spread the tidings through the village.

Who shall set bounds to the delight of the villagers when Priscilla returned to her native place ? or to the pleasure with which Priscilla received their honest congratulations, and went freely amongst them as in the old days. Yet her greatest pleasure was to wander alone in the meadows, to visit her mother's old cottage and garden, or sit with Mrs. Pierce amongst the hollyhocks and old-fashioned flowers in the farm garden. There was a fascination to her, too, in the linen-room with its deep oaken chests, and she smiled when she thought that their contents were better known to her than to the owners.

On Sunday she surprised the village folk by appearing in her old place in the choir, and sang her very best for their delectation. The old Squire was very pleased, and cast many looks of interest at the choir. After service he waited in the porch to see Priscilla and

invite her to come and see his wife. It was true that Priscilla thought only of pleasing her friends by singing in the choir; still when there, she felt she had her reward, for her quiet eyes rested themselves on the holy face of the Christ in the colored window opposite the choir, and her spirit was quieted and rested as of yore.

Strange that amidst all the quiet and rest of the visit to the village, her heaviest sorrow should befall her. Her old mother had felt unusually excited on coming back to old scenes and friends, and it proved more than her frail frame could bear. One evening she complained of sleepiness, and Priscilla laid her on the bed and covered her lightly with a shawl. Then she sat down by the window; looking into the garden, she saw the Pierces just beneath it.

"Come and sit in the garden, Priscilla," said Mr. Pierce.

"Hush! mother is sleeping," said Priscilla, softly.

Sleeping! aye—even so; but a sleep from which there is no waking.

The mother was buried, by Priscilla's desire, under the yew tree. Close beside the grave was an old tombstone, now sunken amid the rank grass. No inscription was to be seen on it—nothing remained to distinguish it from others. To Priscilla it bore words of great significance.

A fair autumn evening—Priscilla's last in the village.

"*Hic Jacet*," she murmured, as she bent over her mother's grave.

"*Hic Jacet!*" said Mr. Pierce. "Where do you see that?"

"It is everywhere throughout the universe," said Priscilla, smiling sadly; "everywhere, where there are human hearts."

Priscilla went back into the world alone.



## QUETZALCOATL—THE MEXICAN MESSIAH.

BY GEORGE VICTOR LE VAUX.

In ancient times men, in almost every clime, worshipped the Supreme Light of the Moral Universe under the symbol of the Sun. Some races, the Persians for instance, recognized fire as the physical, and the sun as the celestial emblem of the Divine Essence. Others again, such as the Egyptians and Mexicans, regarded the Serpent as an emblem of the Sun, and, through him, of the Great Father Himself. "The Chief Deity of the Gentile world," says Bryant, "was almost universally worshipped under the form of the Serpent." "Everywhere," says Faber, "we find the Serpent invested with the attributes of the Great Father." The learned and stately Greeks, like the fierce and hapless Aztecs, had their Serpent God,—Apollo or Python. The meaning of the serpent symbol varied amongst different races. Some regarded it as the emblem of godlike wisdom, power, life, and duration, whilst others looked on it as the personification of reproductive energy, of good or evil, &c. Whatever its meaning may be we discover its presence in the mythology of every race,—now an idol, now an emblem, now a god,—the symbol of many qualities and of many deities. As a pious and learned writer remarks, "The serpent is pictured in heaven, stamped on earth, and sovereign in the realms of everlasting sorrow." The symbols which expressed the religious conceptions of the ancient Americans strongly resembled those which characterized the ancient faiths of Europe and Asia. In the new, as in the old world, the physical agencies of the universe were deified. All the active agencies of

creation were regarded as gods, and all the passive elements honored as goddesses. In this way the passive, but prolific earth became the consort of the imperial and celestial Jove—the energetic and life-giving sun. This beautiful fiction of a mystic marriage between heaven and earth formed no small part of the religious mysteries of the ancients and became the foundation of a vast number of creeds. According to Hesiod, Varro, and Euripides, *Uranus* and *Ge* (the heaven and the earth) were the parents of all creatures—the gods being the eldest of their progeny. The American Indians seem to have had a similar tradition adorned with fanciful pictures from spirit land. They believed, for instance, that the stars were the spirits of gods and brave men, that the northern lights were the dance of the dead as they travelled up the skies of the north on their way to glory, and that the "milky way" was the path of souls to the regions of bliss in the hunting grounds of the Great Father.

The ancient philosophers of both continents regarded the sun as the celestial symbol of the Supreme Deity who was the Great Moral Light of the world,—the God of Fire,—the Creator and Father of Life,—the Ruler of gods and men. The people of Anahuac believed the sun to be the father of their great "Serpent God," Quetzalcoatl, who may be justly regarded as the *Mexican Messiah*. The original Celestial Serpent of the ancients was the "milky way," but astronomers and mythologists have created many others of equally doubtful origin. The Serpent God, Quetzalcoatl, was, therefore, God of the Milky Way,



—the eldest son of the sun, the friend of gods and men. The Aztecs and Tulans worshipped the sun under the titles of “the Great Father,” “the Everlasting One,” “the God of Heaven,” “the Lord of Life,” and “Father of the Ages.”

Every nation noted for its antiquity has had its Samson, or Hercules; its Solon, Solomon, or Confucius; its Buddha, Brahma, or Osiris; its type of physical power, and its type of mental capacity; a hero who united in himself all the qualities of heaven with all the virtues of earth. And we find that the American races were no exception to the rule. Each of them has had its favorite typical hero,—its Manabozo, Messou, Hiawatha, or Quetzalcoatl; a being with a mysterious origin; a useful, but chequered life, and a glorious self-sacrificing death. Chief amongst these typical American worthies was Quetzalcoatl, who is presented to us as the only son of the Great Father, by Chimelman or Miriam, the virgin priestess of Tula; of which city her illustrious child became king and pontiff in after years. Some of the paintings and traditions of the Mexicans represent this personage as being both God and man, and lead us to suppose that he came into the world for the purpose of converting and reforming mankind by the power of his personal example and endurance. Whether true or false, the stories of his birth, life, and mysterious disappearance are extremely interesting, bearing, as they do, a striking analogy to scriptural events.

The tribes of Anahuac believed that during the age of *flint knives and canes*,—the fourth era of the Mexicans—Chimelman, the virgin of Tula, was one day (while dusting the altar of the temple) very much surprised to see a ball of feathers fall from the ceiling and drop at her feet. She took it up and placed it in her girdle. In the course of time she became the mother of a child whom she named *Quetzal*, that is “Green Feather.”

In after years, when *Quetzal's wisdom* and virtues had civilized his race, the Tulans, in gratitude, affixed the word *coatl* to his original name. The word *coatl* means *serpent*. The serpent was the Mexican symbol for wisdom, and the affix was doubtless intended to indicate the god-like properties of the recipient. In the early ages of the world, the serpent symbol not only represented wisdom, but was regarded as the most appropriate emblem of the Great Father Himself. Serpents, even in our Saviour's time, were often associated with ideas of wisdom, as is evident by His charge to be as “wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.”

The people of Tula and other cities give another report of the origin of Quetzalcoatl (“The Green Feathered Serpent.”) They say that he was begotten by the Breath of the Great God *Tonecatucli*, his conception and future birth having been previously revealed by a special ambassador to the virgin of Tula. The heavenly messenger presented Chimelman with a rose, plucked from the gardens of Paradise, as a proof that his message was from heaven. Humboldt, alluding to this tradition, expresses much surprise that the Mexicans, though apparently unacquainted with the eastern doctrine of the transmigration of souls, should have implicitly “believed in the incarnation of the only Son of their supreme God \* \* \* \*” and that previous to his incarnation he had existed from all eternity,—that he had been the Creator of mankind, through the will of his Father, and that after being king of Tula, he had visited the land of Atzlan (Asia), where he was crucified for the sins of those he had created.”

According to the traditions of the people of Tula, Quetzalcoatl, while on earth, was clothed in a dark sacerdotal robe, bound with a girdle round his loins. The paintings torn from the temples of Mexico by Cortes and his successors corroborate this assertion as

regards the style of his garments, but leave the question of color unsettled. The Cholulans affirmed that he was partial to long white robes, which descended to the feet, and that over them he wore a dark mantle interspersed with red marks, or hieroglyphical characters, expressive of the will of the gods. They represent him as a very plain, if not an ugly looking man, with a long, white, heavy beard, small limbs, and graceful carriage. They affirm that few ever saw him smile, but that when he did so, darkness and sorrow fled before the brightness of his presence. The Soul of Benevolence lighted up his face, whilst Mercy and Compassion looked out from his eyes. In language analogous to that of Scripture, they declared that he was a man of sorrow and a son of grief, that he had no form nor physical beauty, and that his visage was marred by mental suffering, engendered by the wars which he waged against the angels of darkness and death; but in his gentle spirit dwelt the perfection of beauty and essence of supreme light. No one ever went sad from his presence, and even the sick felt better when he approached. Whatever he had he gave to all who needed, and though King of Tula he often suffered from want of food. In fact he lived to pity, love and give, and taught the people to do likewise. "He who loves most and learns most (said Quetzalcoatl) approaches nearest to the gods, but he who forgives most is most divine."

After several years of preliminary labors amongst the Tulans he established feasts, fasts, and days of prayer to the gods. By the authority of the Great Father he then promulgated a code of laws, which were conceived in love and executed in justice. He taught the people to obey their chiefs, reverence their priests, and adore the gods.

He established a school in Tula of which he himself was chief teacher. Here he educated his disciples in science, medicine and agriculture, and

then sent them abroad to give practical information to every one who would receive instruction. By these means he taught the Tulans how to induce the earth to give her increase, transformed a race of hunters and "shepherds" into a race of tillers, and laid the foundation of a settled nationality. He then taught them how to cut gems, how to extract metals from their ores, &c., and thus gradually introduced the several arts which form the basis of civilized society. He abhorred quarrels, was averse to war, and preached temperance, morality, peace and good will. His rule was sweet and paternal. He exacted no service but that which was easy and light. He fostered virtue by restraining and converting the wicked. More gentle in disposition than other law-givers, he prohibited the shedding of blood, and would permit no offering to the gods except the first fruits of the earth, such as bread, spices, flowers, and incense.

Rosales and Ercella, in their history of Chili, allude to a tradition, still current amongst the Indians of Auricania, to the effect that many ages before the arrival of the Spaniards, a wonderful man of white complexion had come to that country from the lands of the sun-rising. It was said that he wore shoes, had a mantle on his shoulders, and brought rain down from the clouds, so that corn might grow on the earth. He kindled fire with his breath, cured the sick with water, and gave sight to many who were born blind. He spoke to them in words which were sweet and new, telling them that the Great Father resided in the highest heaven, surrounded by men and women who had been good on earth, and were now resplendent as the sun. After living with the Auricanians for many summers, he left for the regions of the north and has never since returned. Some Christian writers appear to think that this Quetzalcoatl of the South was St. Thomas of the Gospel; but, if we mis-

take not, the traditions of the ancient Americans, like their paintings, point to a greater teacher and a more eminent personage than the "Apostle of Doubt." St. Thomas (some say) preached the Gospel in the Himalayas, and founded a church at Travancore, in India, but great a traveller as he was, there is not a particle of evidence to show that he was ever in America.

The good and gentle Quetzalcoatl, like many of his earthly brethren, was far from being content, notwithstanding the happy results which crowned his daily labors. Though the centre of happiness to others, he was not quite happy himself. The homage of a million hearts could not fill the void in one. All the delights of Tula, and all the glories of royalty could not make him forget the cradle of his race. Quetzalcoatl was a patriot—he must "look for that which was lost"—he must see Tlapallan, the early home of his fathers. The Tulans affirmed that, as he drank of the nectar (knowledge) of the gods, he was endowed with immortality, but imbibed a taste for travelling, so that his desire to visit Tlapallan (the land of the red sea) became irresistible.

In crossing the territory of the Cholulans, he occasionally instructed the people in their various public, private, and domestic duties, and so impressed them with his superior knowledge and piety, that they begged him to become their king and remain amongst them. He yielded to their entreaties, and ruled them in peace for twenty years, daily imparting to them such information as was necessary or desirable. He then called a council of the chiefs and people, and told them that it was the will of the gods, and his own desire, that he should visit Tlapallan, and, like Lycurgus of Sparta, he exacted a promise that they would reverence the Great Father, and obey his laws, until his own return. They loved their king, and tears fell fast when

he spoke of his departure. The king wept also; but restraining his grief, he endeavored to comfort his people; after which he took an affectionate farewell. He then travelled east toward the great sea. Many of his subjects followed in his train weeping. But when they reached the banks of the *Gosacoala River*, he would allow them to come no further. He bid them to be of good cheer, and promised that he would return again at the appointed time, and govern them with renewed happiness. So saying he disappeared in the forest, going in the direction of the East. They saw their beloved chief no more; but that night they discovered a new star in the heavens. White men call it the morning star, but "the red man knows it is Quetzalcoatl."

Before his disappearance, Quetzalcoatl sent a final message to the citizens of Chclula, to the effect that at some future time his brethren, white men like himself, would come by sea to Anahuac from the lands of the sun-rising, whence he would also return at the appointed time. The Indians long remembered his words, handing them down from age to age, until the arrival of the Spaniards led them to believe that "the appointed time" had come. For ages (and even at the present day) watchmen were stationed on the high hills overlooking the Atlantic, so that the people might have timely warning of the approach of their returning king. When the ships of the white man were first seen off the coast, they fondly believed that "the hour of destiny" had arrived, and that Quetzalcoatl had come over the seas in temples (ships) of thunder—in canoes with wings. When the invaders outraged the warm welcome and simple hospitality of the natives, was it any wonder that these faithful but self-deluded people should exclaim, "These gods are many—it is not our god Quetzalcoatl." Though they could not accept Cortez as Quetzalcoatl, they nevertheless fancied they recognized

the long expected relatives of their god in the persons of their "fair visitors." This is evident from the following interesting address of Montezuma to the Spanish General on the occasion of their first interview:—"We know by our books (said he) that myself, and those who inhabit this country, are not natives but strangers who came from a great distance. We know also that our chief (Quetzalcoatl), who led our ancestors hither, returned for a certain time to his primitive country, and then came back to seek those who were here established. He found them married to the women of this land, having a numerous posterity, and living in cities which they had built. Our ancestors harkened not unto their ancient master, and he returned alone. We always believed that he, or his posterity, would some day return to this country. Since you arrive from that country where the sun rises, and as you assure me you have known us, I cannot doubt but that the king who sends you is our natural lord. Be therefore sure we will obey you for our lord, or in the place of the great lord who sent you. Command as you please in all the country."

In fact the Mexicans so fully believed in the return of Quetzalcoatl that their kings, when succeeding to the throne, took possession of the empire on the express condition that they would hold it as viceroys of their lord, abdicate in his favor whenever he arrived, and thenceforth obey him as vassals.

Nothing is known of Quetzalcoatl after his separation from the Cholulans on the banks of the Gosacoala river; but both Torquemada and Las Casas assert, on the strength of certain traditions, still current among the natives, that he went thence to Yucatan. He is said to have been known in these regions under the name of *Bachab* (Son-Father), and was represented in the paintings of the temples as having been put to death—"dying on a tree for the sins of others." Baron Humboldt states

that *Mesi* or *Mexilli* (another name of Quetzalcoatl) is identical in meaning with the word *Messiah*; and that in the more ancient Mexican paintings and hieroglyphics, he is often represented as having his hands and feet pierced and bound to a tree, and that in many instances he is symbolized by a lamb transfixed with a spear. Las Casas, first bishop of Chiapa, states, on the authority of some of his missionary priests, (A.D. 1545) that the Indians of the interior, before their conversion to Christianity, believed in one god, composed of three persons—*Yeona*, the Father; *Bachab*, Son of the Father; and *Euach*, Merchant Spirit of the world. Lord Kingsborough states in his valuable work on the "Antiquities of Mexico," that these Indians believed "the son was scourged, crowned with thorns, and crucified by order of the Governor, Eupoca; but that after three days he arose from the dead and ascended to the Great Father, who immediately sent Euach in his place, to comfort his friends and present them with all kinds of gifts and graces, abundant and divine."

*Yeona* was symbolized by the heat of the sun; *Bachab* by its light; *Euach* by the circle of life or flame which was supposed to encircle its disc; and the orb of the sun was the physical emblem of the sacred Triad taken collectively—this is, of *Heat, Light, and Fire*, the Tri-une God of the Eastern pagans.

Such is a synopsis of the life of one of the most mysterious and illustrious personages associated with the ancient history of the American races. Traditions of his existence, under different names, are affectionately preserved amongst every tribe from Baffin's Bay to Magellan Strait; but it is only by the comparatively civilized races of Mexico, Peru and Central America, that his deeds are presented to us in such a form as to rival the most illustrious worthies of the Orient. We have no doubt that there was such a person as Quetzalcoatl, but we are inclined to

believe that there were several individuals of the same name and character, and that the deeds of *all* have been ascribed to *one*. The real origin of Quetzalcoatl is as mysterious as that of the race amongst which he labored. By one account he is introduced to us as the only son of the Sun by a vestal virgin of Tula; by another he is represented as commencing his "divine" mission at Phannes ("Race of Light"), on the shores of the Mexican Gulf—to the East of the land of the Tulans, and none seem to know, for certain, whence he came. Montezuma, as we have seen, speaks of him as the lord who led the Aztec fathers into Anahuac, and whose return from the lands of the sun-rising had been long expected. He comes before us as a generous and gentle teacher, skilled in every civilized craft, the patron of industry and friend of the gods, to whom he would permit the offering of no sacrifices which necessitated the spilling of blood. 'Tis true the fierce Aztecs, in after ages, departed from the simple tenets of this civilized teaching, and even offered human sacrifices to the gentle deity who, while on earth, prohibited the shedding of blood. But we will cease to wonder at this when we recall the many instances of one sect of enlightened Christians persecuting another even unto death—and all with the view of pleasing God. The Tulans, and other tribes of Anahuac, were far from being barbarians, as we generally use the term. In proof of this we may mention that, one hundred years before Christ, they had discovered the true length of the Solar year, adding an intercalary day just as we do now, thus anticipating Roman science by more than half a century. Six hundred and sixty years after Christ the Tulan astronomer, *Hue-Matsin*, and other wise men, wrote "The Divine Book," which, in a series of paintings

and hieroglyphics, not only gives the origin of the Indian races, but relates the history of their wanderings in Aztlan (Asia), after leaving Tlapallan; their migration to America across the arms of the sea; their descent from the North-West into the plains of Anahuac; their conquest therein of some primitive people; the founding of the Kingdom of Tula; and subsequent events to date.

It is more than probable that the Indians are of Mongolian, or Hindoo origin. Some think them to be descendants of the "lost Ten Tribes," because of the striking similarity of many of their religious customs to those of the Israelites. Many believe them to be of Druidical, or Amalekite origin and affirm that the "Green Feathered Serpent" was some pious and intelligent traveller—the only survivor of a Phœnician or other ship wrecked on their coast. Others again, judging by the marked coincidence between the character and history of our Saviour and Quetzalcoatl, think the Indians are the descendants or converts of some primitive, half instructed, Christian exiles, who fled from persecution and death in the days of the Cæsars. The real origin of the red man, and his "Serpent-God," time and circumstances can alone reveal. As yet our knowledge of American Archæology is not sufficient to justify us in advancing an opinion concerning a subject whose settlement has hitherto defied the researches of our ablest *savans*. But as the Pacific States become more populous, the settled tastes of the people will prompt them to patronize local scientific research, so that some future Layard will be sure to rise up and disclose to the world mines of unfathomed wealth, in the shape of historical hieroglyphics and other ancient mural inscriptions now entombed in the lost cities of the far West.

## TECUMSETH HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GIPSEY'S GOVERNESS," &c.

### CHAPTER XVII.

"Christmas morning," wrote Myrtle in her diary as she sat in her own pretty room while the fire danced brightly in the grate. "A year ago it was all dark; now, all light, and I've learned so many things in the twelve months gone now forever. I have learned life lessons, and made life friends. First, my Heavenly Friend. The knocking grew so loud I rose and let the stranger in. I cannot write here about things that are hidden deeply in my heart, I so often wonder how people can talk so freely of their inner sweetest life.

"Foremost amongst all my companions is Kitten, wayward, loving Kitten, with her wonderful gifts and strange impulses. One moment so sad, then flashing into merriment, just as the sun plays out of a cloud on an April day. I like to think of her with her child-like ways, sitting on the window and gazing dreamily through the moonlight, while she recites in her thrilling voice all the beautiful poetry she seems to learn by intuition. Miss Gamble says that she is much improved. What puzzles me is that she seems to be so unconscious of her ability, and is perfectly indifferent to either praise or blame.

"How delightful to be at home—real home—once more. I little thought a year ago to-day that Tecumseth would be so dear to me. Aunt Theresa is mother, friend, and all to me. Tom is my brother in every sense of the word; and Philip—seeing that I have lost my old dislike—I find Philip growing nobler every day. Aunt Theresa says that now

he is a Christian in heart and practice, though he does not speak. We are all very happy. I only want Kitten to complete our circle; I wonder would they like her. She might shock Aunt, but then, as all Hayton says, even Mary Flight, 'Who can resist Kitten Airlie?' There, Tom is shouting 'Merry Christmas,' I must go."

"A merry Christmas and plenty of them, Tom," called Myrtle, over the banister.

"Thanks. Come, haven't you heard the bell? Aunt and Philip are waiting."

In the same cozy room where Myrtle had first breakfasted with Philip Douglass, the family met and exchanged greetings.

Miss Douglass, in her accustomed seat behind the coffee urn, is still the calm, dignified, and kindly lady. Mr. Douglass, grave as usual; but a pleasant smile breaks easily over the fine features and lights up a face full of earnest purpose. Tom, sitting on his left, is brimful of fun this morning. His brow has lost the scowl wherewith he had met Myrtle a year before. He has grown rapidly and promises to be tall and manly, though never handsome, as his cousin is. Myrtle has changed but little; slighter, perhaps, and taller. There is the same queenly air, the same mirthful gleam in her eyes that flash at times into a darkness that give them great depth and power of expression. School duties have not robbed her rounded cheeks of their pretty peachy bloom; so she sits by Miss Douglass in all the brightness of youth—a rare, happy girl.

Presents were given and received.

Amongst the many which Tom, in the generosity of his heart, gave to his several friends, were a ginger-bread horse to Miss Baxter and a false water-fall to Rosalie.

The Trevors, *en famille*, were invited to dinner, and when Myrtle came running down to the hall to meet them she was greeted by a long loud, shout from the juveniles.

"Here's the nice girl!" exclaimed Percy rapturously, whereon the children skipped a war dance around the young lady that brought the inhabitants of Tecumseth from the uttermost part. Mrs. Trevor and Miss Douglass stood on the stair-way and enjoyed it immensely. Tom hung over the banister to see the "row." Philip put Mr. Trevor's cap in the coal scuttle, so intent was he on watching the fun. Rosalie flew out of the dinning-room with a fork in each hand, and Tildy suddenly appeared escorted by Oscar and Nip—the latter snarling so loudly that Tessie subsided and sought instant refuge in her father's arms; while Percy, the brave, recognizing an old enemy in Oscar, quickly followed his mother to the dressing-room. Chickie and Daisy were unrobed in the hall, and demurely took their way into the library.

A very merry meal was this dinner party of the Douglasses. All the children were allowed to sit at the table; even Master Harry, for whom Martineau had fetched a high chair from the Trevor nursery. The irrepressible Tessie, and cooing Daisy, were settled to their ladyships' delight on a seat of soft cushions, for as yet they were rather diminutive in stature to eat with grace placed on a level with their elders. Perfectly well bred were the young people in matters pertaining to table etiquette, so there was not the hue and cry which generally follows the introduction of small fry to the privileges of big fry. Tom had demurred when Philip had proposed asking all the family, and predicted "squalls" and

discomfort all together. However, even this young gentleman was delighted to see how prettily each small party handled his or her fork, and the serene little air with which they issued their orders to Rosalie, who evidently regarded these guests with high favor. Mrs. Trevor was a model mother, as well as wife and house-keeper, and ordered all things duly. She believed in teaching her children the small courtesies of life *at home*, instead of letting them run riot until they reach a certain age, when it is customary to pack off the little heathen to "a select boarding school" where they may be duly polished to order. Also, the wise woman argued that the principles of true politeness are not founded on the technicalities of society, but on the words, "Seek not every one his own, but every one another's good." By example more than by precept, she aimed at teaching her little ones this, and although a merrier lot than the youthful Trevors were not to be found, still there was ever a certain refinement—a beautiful seed of civility—that made happy lots for the sons and daughters of Edith Trevor.

After dinner, the gentlemen talked lumber and politics. The ladies wandered into favorite topics concerning domestic *ménage*. Myrtle and Tom carried the juveniles off to the garret, and for an hour or two the rats and mice quaked and the floor cracked with the tramp of small feet. One rousing game of hide-and-go-seek concluded the attic festivities, after which the party repaired to the drawing-room. The piano was opened, and Myrtle installed as leader of the choir. Having practiced on many occasions at the "house over the way," she was equal to any emergency. Jessie, who had her favorites in the selection of popular airs, which sometimes gratified the ears of the elders, begged for "Froggie 'od a 'ooing go." Tom was not acquainted with the music preferred by the young

damsel, so he took possession of a sofa and rested after his labors. Mr. Trevor and Mr. Douglass forgot limits, liberal conservative, and the prospect of a new election. Miss Douglass having promised to hunt up a receipt utilizing cold tongue relapsed into silence. Never was an admiring audience in a concert hall more assiduously attentive than the party in Tecumseth drawing-room. Seated at the piano was Myrtle—a pretty picture of a happy-hearted girl. Clustered around her were bright-eyed Percy, rosy Chickie, fairy Tessie and loving Daisy. Harry wandered at his own sweet will among the piano legs, and under the chairs. The winter day was waning fast, through the shadows fell slanting beams from the fireplace, and mingling with Myrtle's accompaniment, piped out the fresh young voices. After several hearty *encores* for various airs, Mrs. Trevor asked Chickie to sing the "The Child's Prayer." The clear, infant voice ringing through the gloaming, touched all the listeners.

"Come and kiss me," said Tom, with wonderful condescension, when she finished.

The kiss was gravely given, and then she stole up to Philip Douglass, and, nestling her head against his arm, watched the flickering firelight. Tessie amused herself by pulling off Tom's slippers and twitching his hair, whereon he growled, much to her delight. Daisy caught a stray kitten, and petted it to her heart's content. Percy reclined on a lounge in imitation of Tom.

"Don't let us have the lights," said Mr. Trevor, in his impulsive way.

"Very well, and perhaps Myrtle will sing," said Miss Douglass.

Myrtle assented, and gave them all her old songs. Something in the mystic charm of the hour, lent a deeper tenderness to the mellow tones, and through the shifting shadows rang a world of sweetness in the well known

"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon."

By and by, thinking of her father and his favorite plantation tunes—she had sung them three years before, on just such an evening—Myrtle began—

"Way down upon de Swanee Riber."

Daisy, cuddling her purring pussy, wondered why Miss Douglass stroked her head, and dropped a big tear on her little nose. She did not hear the prayer for her innocent self, a pleading that she might be kept in safe folds.

Tessie never understood why Tom grew so kind all at once, and said gently:

"Whose little girl?"

"Youse, if youse likes."

"Well, I likes."

"Me youse girl when me's big, big, like my ma?" eagerly enquired the child.

"I'll see," said Tom, who scarcely relished the idea of having a big girl.

Chickie, nodding at the fire, concluded that Mr. Douglass was "the bestest man 'cept her pa," for he was so tender to the little maiden and gave her a kiss—something so rare that henceforward that cheek was sacred. In her prayer that night, instead of saying "God bless Mr. Douglass," she inserted a "my," and pleased her parents by saying, "God bless my Mr. Douglass."

Neither the Trevors nor Myrtle knew that that last song had brought back saddest memories of "our Marion."

The visitors left at an early hour, as bright eyes get drowsy in spite of all the pleasantries of Christmas. "Who now, I wonder," exclaimed Tom, as later there came a loud peal at the bell. He sprang to his feet and began hunting for his slippers, which Tessie had slyly hid.

A gay, well-known laugh made Tom growl, and say, "Humph! its *him*," as he poked into a pile of sheet music for the missing slippers.

"Look under the sofa cushion, Tom," said Mr. Douglass, as he went forward to meet the new comer.

"It's only Guy Irving; don't alarm



yourself," said Tom, crossly, as Myrtle settled the toys and chairs. The boy had anticipated a quiet home evening with his own people, so the coming of handsome Guy was not agreeable. Welcome or not welcome, Guy entered with the graceful *badinage* and fascinating politeness that made faces bright, and won many a pleased smile. Ere long, even Tom had to admit that "Irving was a merry dog."

The evening passed quickly, and Myrtle scarcely noticed the disappearance of Philip soon after Guy's arrival. He went away and shut himself up amongst his books, listening with contracted brow to the laughter, which reached him through the closed doors. Myrtle's singing of the well remembered song that night had brought back all the old dreary pain.

Before retiring, Miss Douglass sought out her nephew, and said, in her soothing way, as if to dispel the gloomy thoughts she knew must torment him:

"We have had a delightful day, Philip; how nicely the children behaved."

"Trevor and his wife have a talent at managing," replied he, slowly.

"Philip, you do not apprehend danger?" asked Miss Douglass, with a startled expression in her dark eyes.

"I hope not, Aunt. It is a hard battle for him, poor fellow."

"She needs all her high spirits," said Miss Douglass.

"Yes, and he is so devoted to his family; they are his salvation. They have not been at the Irvings lately."

"No; not since Olive's birthday. It must try Mrs. Trevor to know that her family do not hold strict temperance views. I fancy that Mr. Irving, with all his kindness, thinks Henry weak."

"He knows nothing about it," said Philip sternly, "he thinks all should have *his* strength, and drink moderately. It is not a good example for his sons. Has Guy gone?"

"Yes; some time ago. Good night, Philip; it is quite late."

"Good night, Aunt,—Aunt Theresa!"

"Yes;" she was closing the door, but came back at his call.

"Do you believe in Tom's allusions?"

"I? oh no, Philip, not at all; it's only the boy's love of fun. Why?"

"It would not be a good thing." Mr. Douglass was very shrewd, but never, unless necessary, said anything disparaging.

"Guy is a nice boy, Philip, though I allow Gerard is my favorite."

"I would have no objections if it *were* Gerard who showed such a preference for Myrtle's society."

"You need not alarm yourself," and Miss Douglass smiled. "Myrtle has no more idea of that kind of love than Chickie Trevor has. Besides, she is not one to fritter away her affections. I do not think that our duty as her guardians will be called forth for some time. Good night, Philip, again."

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

The holidays passed away rapidly to Myrtle. In due time she returned to Hayton, there to be welcomed by Kitten jubilantly. The strange girl had won a strong hold on her affections, and, indeed, it was no common friendship that existed between these two school-mates. It was a love that increased with time, and caused Kitten to say decidedly—

"We will show them, Myrtle, that school-girl friendships aren't so easily broken." And so it proved, for no cloud came between them, and, strange to relate, peace reigned in room 18, much to the surprise of the Haytonites, for Kitten Airlee had never been known to dwell in harmony before.

Miss Mary Flight snuffled audibly, and remarked through her nose, "Talk as they may about that ere Myrtle Haltain, Mr. Mason, they do say, says she

will make a noble girl. Mrs. Mason thinks nothing too good for her. As for the rest of 'em, they spile her. Flesh can't stand sich idolatry, and her high head will be brought low, I'm a thinking. Scriptor says we all must be persecooted for righteousness' sake. I was aboosed, persecooted, and made of little or no vally by Kathrine Airlie last spring, and I gloried in it. The more she kicked against the pricks, the more I said to myself: 'Keep on in the path of dooty, Mary Flight.'

Her idea of the path of duty was to inflict Kitten at all times with the hail-stones of wrath, until the wayward girl thought of God as some fearful personage with whom she preferred being at enmity; so day after day she drifted farther away, and a heart that would gladly have received a Loving Guide, became hardened. Still there was the aching void, the dread of punishment, the tiredness, the wishing to sink away out of existence. "To be a little bird or a pussy, anything that had not a soul," murmured Kitten wearily.

During the New Year term there was a fresh arrival at Hayton—a Miss Miranda Kelltes—a large, stout girl, with a face like a full moon, and a big mouth, that delighted Kitten. "Its a sure sign of good nature," said she. Miss Kelltes was advanced somewhat in years, but a perfect child in simplicity of heart, as innocent as a baby, and as honest and true a girl as ever trod this world of ours. Added to all, she was a faithful, consistent Christian, and, though painfully deficient in scholastic wisdom, she was possessed largely of a higher knowledge.

Kitten made her acquaintance in this wise: Several young ladies were sitting—between four and five, p. m.—in a large music-room off the side hall, from which there was ingress and egress to the grounds. Ettie Roy was instructing a group around her in a new stitch of lace-work. She was saying, "Now watch, Mable, you see I just put the

needle in there, and round this loop, so," when there was a laugh from the front window where Miss French and Miss Grab were copying music.

"Hurry, girls; come and see our 'family carriage.'" This last was a standing joke, one young damsel having boasted on her entrance into the fair precincts of school-life, that her "ma" had "silver spoons" and a "family carriage."

The young ladies crowded to the window, and made themselves merry in a manner that did no credit to good breeding; still, school-girls will be school-girls, and the appearance of Miss Miranda Kelltes, seated in a long wood sleigh, was too much for the risibles of certain fashionable damsels, who, in reality, were accustomed to most luxurious conveyances.

The sleidge was drawn by two immense uncurried, shaggy horses. A lumbering young man cracked his long whip over the heads of the chargers, and slowly they drove up to the side door—he being too bashful to drive to the front entrance, where all guests were received.

"It's a new maid for the laundry," cried Nettie Frasier. "Kitten, you run and tell them to go to the back. Mrs. Plumb told me she expected one, and my ironing would be finished to-day."

"Who was your servant last year, Miss Nettie?" replied Kitten, with a toss of her head, as she danced to the side window to have a better view of the young man, whose comical semblance excited her mirth.

"Wave your handkerchief, Kitten," cried Miss Grab, sneeringly.

"I have not a *penchant* for Expressmen," replied Kitten meaningly, on which Miss Grab subsided; remarks on her peculiar tastes being current among the boarders.

"Why! she's a pupil, girls, sure pop! See, she has a big trunk, and no end of bundles—big box, little box, band-box—and see, there is her pillow, tied up in a newspaper. A room-mate for Lady

Edith Merrit, I bet a sour crab apple."

Miss Merrit was a tall, fair girl, who wore an eye-glass on a slender gold chain. She was excessively particular in regard to her choice of companions, and no excitement, no outburst could prevail on her to relapse for one instant from the repose of manner which she thought incumbent on her as the daughter of a well descended though impoverished family. Thus she was distinguished by the title of Lady Edith. At present, she occupied a chamber to herself, and Kitten, with her usual love of frolics, was in a furious state of excitement to find a fitting companion for her Ladyship.

"She is good and strong, my Lady; I'd make her do the bed and room work, if I were you. Such menial labor was never intended for a descendant of a 'celebrated Scotch family,'" cried Kitten from her perch on the sill, while she watched the young man tie his horses to the paling, Miss Kettles, meanwhile, waiting on the steps in all the glory of a new home-spun gown.

"Your language is, to say the least, extremely disrespectful—*extremely*—Kitten Airlie. It is quite perceptible that no blue blood flows in your veins, while the best blood of Scotland runs in mine."

"Three cheers for Scotland then. If she cannot raise better blood than yours I'm glad I'm a Yankee. Pshaw! I'd rather have iron in mine, than all the blue in the world. Easy seeing the difference; you've got to buy *rouge* for finishing-up days. I get mine the whole year through, from mothernature, free, gratis, for nothing."

A general laugh rose through the room. Edith glided away, and closed the door rather too loudly, for *her*.

"She is vexed, Kitten," said Miss French, "and no wonder. You never make your spiteful speeches to Myrtle. You must allow that dear Edith has lovely manners, and is quite as lady-

like in bearing as the 'Queen'—Mrs. Mason's model, and your charming room-mate, whose pride is quite perceptible."

Myrtle's diligence in music had raised the green-eyed monster before Miss French's optical vision.

Kitten sprang from her perch, and walking to the side of the piano, drew her slight form erect, and, with flashing eyes, began:

"Do you know my sentiments. I've been thinking, and here they are. I will allow that lady Edith is ladylike; at least she never scampers or laughs out like the rest of us, but why under the sun is she forever telling us who her grandfather was? Who cares? He is dead and gone to dust. I would like to know what difference it makes. Every tub stands for itself in Hayton. If she is well descended, let her keep it to herself. In Canada it's aristocracy of the mind, that's the ticket. Mind you, I hear everything people say, and think to myself. Here is a yarn. Last week I was spending my holidays at the Longs. Mr. Long, you all know, was an Episcopal minister, and everybody knows that the Longs have plenty of lady Edith's blue blood. But you don't hear *them* talk of it. They are far too proud. Well, there was a dinner-party one day, and the gentlemen talked politics and stuff. I remember one old gentleman, a judge—I won't tell you his name—was laughing over the aping grandeur of some people in Canada, and here is a story he told about two ladies. They were both officers' wives. One was stuck-up; the other wasn't. The stuck-up one was giving her views on the "great unwashed," at some evening party. By and by she said, with a curl on her lip, speaking to the other lady:

"Your husband, I believe, rose from the ranks. Mine was born in his present position."

"Yes," said the other. My husband has risen by his talents. It is fortunate,

my dear Mrs. P——, that your husband was well-born, for, had he been in the ranks, he would have stayed there."

"Good!" cried Kitten's amused audience, and she continued:

"Now, girls, let us be sensible, please. Miss Gamble says "mind and manners" make a lady now-a-days; so don't let us have nonsense. I would not be so hard on Edith, only we all know she has to earn her bread, and the sooner she gets over the idea that she is a superior being the better. As for Myrtle Haltain's pride, it's different. She was born with that queenly air, and she's humble as can be under it all. We make ourselves in Canada, and it won't do to depend on dead people. Besides, if you will go back a little, people were not such great shakes."

Here the music door opened slowly, and a big, red-faced man, in coarse habiliments, asked, bashfully:

"What's the school marm? Miranda and me is right fagged out waiting. I pulled on this 'ere knob until I guess the bell is nigh rung dry. Be you the teacher, mum?" He advanced and held out a hard, horny hand to the elegant Miss French. She drew back, and the girls tittered. In the midst of which, Kitten said:

"No; we are pupils. That bell is broken. I will show you to Mr. Mason's office."

In the excitement of Kitten's speech, the "family carriage" and its occupants had been entirely forgotten.

On reaching the hall, Kitten found "Miranda" seated on a big black trunk, surrounded by her bundles. She looked tired and strange, so the young girl shook hands kindly and said: "How do you do?"

"Thank'y, purty fair, ma'am," returned Miss Kettles, with a smile that made her big face beaming.

"Come down to the office, please. You came to the wrong door. The bell rope is broken, so the maid did not hear you."

"Job and me were most froze. It's uncommon cold, this spell," said Miranda, as Kitten marshalled them down the hall, thence across the chapel and round to the office, when she left them with Mrs. Mason, and skipped back in time to hear Nettie Frasier say:

"A home-spun dress, girls, and such a cap! Who will come to Hayton next?"

"Any one who can pay her bills," said Kitten, frisking into the room.

"Hayton is getting to be such a mixed school," affectedly put in Miss French.

"Every school is much the same, Miss French. Lena Bona says so, and she has been to several," said Ettie.

"What's the difference, any way," demanded democratic Kitten; "don't you suppose that we will be mixed up in Heaven?"

"If you ever get there," laughed Ettie Roy. "According to Mary Flight, you stand a poor chance."

"Oh, Violet Green will put in a good word for me, won't, you Violet?" she asked, glancing over at the golden-haired English girl, who had not taken part in the conversation that afternoon.

Violet smiled up from her book, and with a gentle look in her sweet eyes, said softly:

"Yes, Kitten, dear, now and then."

Kitten remembered the words of her little friend in after days.

To Edith Merritt's supreme delight, "that odious creature from the back woods" was not billeted on her, but was put in room next to 18. Her liberal friends paying extra in order that she might have the privilege of a chamber to herself, as "Miranda did not much care for a new fangled girl."

In the course of time, Miss Kettles took her own stand in the school. Her generous nature, unailing good temper, and large supplies from "mother's pantree," and "father's apple bin," was a source of pleasure to the girls.

"Lots more, eat your fill," was the

motto of Miranda's repasts. Another feature in her favor was that she had remarkable ability in arithmetic, and on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, she held high festival in her apartment, while she presided over numerous difficult questions.

"How is it that you are so good in arithmetic when you are ever so far behind in your other studies?" asked Nettie Frasier one day, when the juniors were exulting over a problem that Miranda's ingenuity had made plain.

"I allers had a notion that way, and our minister's wife was terrible good at it; and afore father got rich, she used give me lessons for holding her baby. Nice little critter it was. Then, when father struck ile, I made up his accounts and sich. By and by he says, 'Miranda, you are a knowing girl; schoolin for a spell wouldn't hurt you a mortal bit. I'm as rich as the next man. You can go to the big school-house to Hayton.' So mother and I rigged up. So ye see I come."

"Hasn't your father a more stylish turn-out than that you came in? If he is as rich as Mrs. Plumb says he is, I should think you would have a nice conveyance," said Nelly Stone, a pert damsel of eleven.

"Oh, dearie me, yes; but Job (and here Miranda blushed) was coming for a load for his shop, so father said it was a first-rate chance. 'Don't make much matter how you go as long as you get there,' says he."

"Miss Kettles is not proud, Nelly," said Minnie Mith, one of the pinafore girls. At which remark, Miranda laughed heartily.

"No, now, I do hope I aint, though I like the way you girls rig'. You all look so right smart. But, still, as mother says, 'Handsom' is as handsom' does.' I ain't good looking, but 'Booty is only skin deep.' I thank the Lord that I've good health and plenty of blankets of a cold winter night; so I'm content. Will you have a pickle, dearies, before you go?"



## CHEBUCTO.

BY THOS. J. OLIVER, QUEBEC.

It is sultry in Halifax, and its streets are hot beneath the rays of the July sun. There is a haziness over the harbor, and the wind blows gently from the basin, not even sufficiently to fill the sails of the man-of-war's yacht as she floats quietly away from the Navy Yard. The morning dip in the sea wave, which washes the shore of the North-West arm, cannot retain its cooling effects under such a temperature. To preserve a proper equanimity one must continue the cooling applications. The parlor of the "Waverly" offers no inducements; its air is stifling, and the flies buzz in and out through the venetians. A trip to Dartmouth by the steamer will not cool the fever; the burning deck and the heat from the furnace counteract the fresh breath of the heaving water. A sail to St. Helen's Island is impracticable, for the breeze is not from the sea, and the land wind moves not a feather. "Take a row in a skiff up the basin," suggests my friend; "we need not ply our oars too vigorously, for the day is young, and the time is yet long before luncheon." The idea was pleasing, and so we left the parlor of the "Waverly," and, passing by the mouldy-looking Government House, we invaded the tumble-down docks to procure a comfortable skiff. We passed wooden warehouses, from which issued the strong smell of cod, of haddock, and of herring. There were clumsy fishing schooners, which had passed months on the fishing-banks of Newfoundland, and by their sides and on their decks were the queer, unstable looking dories used as fishing boats. These would not do, for neither myself nor friend would trust such unsafe shells; so we passed to another dock, where the neat West India crafts were moored. They were trim-looking aloft and rakish in their hulls, but their decks were smeared with molasses and sticky with sugar, and the atmosphere in the vicinity was redolent of rum. We visited dock after dock, but could find nothing to satisfy our fastidious tastes. Three ships of war lay at the Navy Yard, and their gay pinaces and yawls floated placidly alongside, or were impelled by the oars of white-jacketed mariners. But they were not for us, and we looked enviously at the youths, issuing from the Navy Inn, who had such boats at their command. As we retraced our steps the sun grew hotter, the streets more dusty, and the conviction stronger that we could not, and the determination firmer that we would not, remain in the city that day. Dartmouth had failed us, the harbor had failed us, and the basin had failed us; but "where there is a will there's a way:" and, notwithstanding the superabundance of fish in Halifax, we determined to add to that number. Our arrangements were soon made. A drive of about fourteen miles would take us to a grand lake with a boat on it, which,

if not of the finest lines, was admirably adapted for those wishing to cast lines. It is not often one gets a Melton Mowbray pie on this side of the Atlantic, and, I suppose, strictly speaking, it was not one, but at least it was made by a Melton Mowbray man. Those who have eaten them know how delicious they are for picnics and excursions. One of them we secured, and, provided with our tackle, we started for the fishing-ground.

Halifax is not a large place, and it does not take a long time to walk from one end to the other. From the North-West Arm even to Richmond, the utmost limit, can be travelled over in about half an hour, so that we soon found ourselves in the country; but the country soon degenerated into a wilderness, for, with the exception of a negro hamlet, or a hotel for the convenience of travellers, there are few buildings more than two miles from Halifax. The fine level road passes through bush and rocky patches without fence or boundary. Here and there the flames burnt wildly and destroyed whole plantations of timber; but it seemed as though it were an undiscovered world. No cultivation was to be seen; not a house, not a barn was near; not a human being was visible; the only sign of civilization was the public highway over which we drove. No living animal roamed these woods; marks of previous fires were blackened, funereal spots on the desolation, and the darting forks of livid flame consuming what was left, seemed like dying efforts of malignity to annihilate a lost world. Mile after mile we hurried over the lonely road, expecting at each turn to see some change, but there was none till

we came to a rustic bridge, and the change was that there we found our resting-place. There was no hotel, not even a barn in which to place our horse. From the bridge the lake stretched before us like a miniature sea, dotted with islands, on which grew leafy and wide-spreading trees. The forest grew to even the borders of the lake, rough, wild and primeval as a thousand years ago. Not a glade broke this forest wall, not a habitation peered from among the branches, not a hearth sent up its blue smoke to the bluer sky, but here and there the fierce flames spread unheeded through the woods. Fastened to a post of the bridge was the boat which we were to use. Its owner, if such a person existed, did not file in an appearance. It was evidently public property, or placed there by some benevolent disciple of Isaak Walton.

Our first care was to provide for the safety and comfort of the poor animal which had brought us to this deserted Acadia. As to the safety, it was evident that in any part of the country he would be safe, as there was not a sign of a thief or a robber; and as to the comfort, we did all we could, which was to tie him to a post and place a bag of oats before him. This being completed, we carried all our provisions and tackle on board the boat, which certainly was a strong and seaworthy vessel, much more suitable for the waves of the Atlantic than the small ripples of a lake; and when we looked at the size of the oars, we anticipated a greater amount of exercise than we had bargained for at starting. We first got ready our rods, and then pulled lustily for the centre of the lake, allowing our flies to trail behind us. The sun was

dazzlingly bright and the sky almost cloudless, so we used fancy flies. Before we had rowed two hundred yards, both our rods were nearly pulled overboard. It was a good start, and we congratulated ourselves as we threw two two-pounders into the basket. The wind was dead ahead, and it was hard work in such a heavy boat; so, to rest ourselves, we moored to a tree on an island and commenced whipping the water, but here the fancy flies were useless, and we used red tackle and May flies. We caught but few, and these not averaging more than half-a-pound. But if our flies did not excite many rises, the flies of the island did; they were in swarms, and attacked us most ferociously. In defence, we were obliged to smoke; but even that was unequal to the emergency, so we were obliged to leave the vicinity of the trees. We rowed to the upper end of the lake for the distance of about four miles, and, after resting a little, allowed the boat to be blown back again, being thus at liberty to fish all the time. As the wind was gentle, our progress was very slow, allowing us every opportunity to try our flies. We found the fancy flies very successful, and by the time we returned to the island we had caught nearly two dozen, the largest of which weighed three pounds. As soon as we landed, we lit a fire for the double purpose of keeping away the flies and of cooking some of the trouts. The spot was quite enchanting. All around us were the rippled waters of the lake, hemmed in by the wild forest bordering. Above our heads were the beautiful birch, maple and juniper, shading us from the rays of the sun, while up their trunks climbed a species of wild ivy. The grass was luxuriant,

and soft as a pillow of down. The island had evidently often been used as a stopping place for pic-nickers, for the marks of a camping-fire were within a few feet of us. Then we soon had one lit and crackling, for there was a large supply of dry branches on the island. My friend was a good cook, and we were well supplied in the way of culinary utensils, and were, in consequence, incontinently provided with some deliciously turned trout and rich coffee, which, with the Melton Mowbray pie, served as a superb lunch. "After dinner, rest awhile;" and so we did on the green grass, while lazily admiring the untamed, untutored scenery. Thanks to the smoke of our cigars and that of our camp, the mosquitoes did not trouble us, but kept hovering in myriads in reserve at a safe distance, so as to be prepared to take advantage of any straggling on our part. After enjoying this *dolce far niente* for half an hour, we again cast our lines from the island, but, as before, our success was not great—the fish nearer shore seeming to be better provided for than those in deep water. We, however, managed to hook a few small ones. While thus engaged, we were rather surprised to find that our fire had extended its limits, and taken hold of the surrounding trees. We were just in time to save our *impedimenta* from destruction. It was useless to make any attempt to extinguish the flames—and we were without the means; and even had we done so, it would have been a thankless endeavor, for no one seemed to own the island. We had the satisfaction to know that the flames could not spread beyond its limits, which were not more than a hundred yards in ex-



tent. Casting free from our mooring tree, we pushed out into the open, and drifted slowly before the wind. On our way to the starting place, we added a few more to our basket, and landed well pleased with our success. Our horse had had a lonesome day, and he whinnied with satisfaction as we approached. Before starting, we had to give him another feed of oats, and ere he had finished it the sun had almost hidden himself behind the western trees, and twilight had fallen on us. But the homeward trot of a horse is a quick one, and we swept through the evening shadows as though we feared some unknown presence. As we hurried onward, the woods before us were all on fire, and we seemed as though rushing into certain destruction, for the road led to the centre of a semi-circle of flames, and the horse appeared conscious of coming danger. But there was no other road, and forward we had to go. The nearer we approached, our chance of escape seemed narrowing, but we still followed the road. As we came nearer, the light from the conflagration reddened the sky, and made everything bright as in daylight. Tennyson's "Into the mouth of hell rode the six hundred" came to my mind as we still rushed forward. The horse was excited and restive, but as yet he did not flinch, but continued obedient to the rein. At last we entered the bush with the trees burning on both sides of us. The heat was just bearable, but we knew not at what moment it might become intolerable. The road was also strewn with hot embers, and I feared that the horse, if he stepped on them, might become unmanageable; but this happened with-

out the accident of the embers. The heat was momentarily becoming unbearable, and the poor brute was suffering dreadfully. He increased his speed from a trot to a gallop, which became a wild, ungoverned speed. To hold him in was utterly impossible, and our only safety was in guiding him through without accident. His speed was terrific, and the flames on each side of us appeared to be one vast sheet of fire, so rapid was our progress; fortunately, the road was clear and unencumbered, for had a branch obstructed our path, our impetus was such that we would have been overturned. Far above our heads the moon was shining, but the flames around us were so bright, that it had a sickly pallor. We actually flew through the burning bushes, and when we expected the poor brute to drop from fatigue, over exertion, and excitement, we had passed the danger. But the horse had yet to be quieted for he was still furious with fright and terror, and now the danger from collision or oversetting was more imminent, for it was quite dark and we could hardly see the road. But there was no help for it, and I let the animal tire himself out; he continued his break-neck speed for some minutes, when he gradually eased off, and we both commenced to breathe more freely. At last he seemed quieted, and fortunately we found ourselves near the "Five Mile House." The condition of our beast was such that we had to rest him for half an hour and give him some water before again taking to the road. He had carried us safely through and deserved every attention. The night was pleasant, for the wind had changed, and was now blowing from the sea.

On each side of us were groves of juniper and pine, the scent from which rose sweetly on the dewy air ; the sky was almost cloudless—a few fleecy attendants fluttered round the full moon as she reflected herself in the basin of Halifax—and as we drew nearer, the village of Dartmouth, with its light-colored buildings, stood boldly out on the opposite shore, and the broad harbor, the noblest in the world, stretched before us like a panorama. As we rattled into the streets all was quiet and peaceful, for the sentinel of the citadel on the hill keeps watch night and day over old Chebucto.

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## LAURA'S EFFORT.

BY FUCHSIA, QUEBEC.

### CHAPTER I.

On a bright July afternoon, a young lady might be seen seated in the open window of her bedroom, gazing listlessly out over the smooth lawn which led to the gate dividing her home from the high road of the Village of Daisy-mead. It was Sunday, and the country people were enjoying it as usual, walking and chatting in party-colored groups everywhere. Though all this constant change was going on under Laura Ritter's eyes, yet she saw it not, her mind being too busy on other and more important matters. Her intelligent face and calm eyes wore a look of pain as she thought over the sermon she had heard that morning; it was plain and impressive, and had taken a fast hold upon her mind. In it the worthy clergyman had brought forcibly before his hearers the horror and misery of a drunkard's life, and the hopelessness of his death. The good old man's words haunted her, do as she would, until she left the rest of her family and retired to her own room to think over

it. The words "If you know any such (and I am sure each one knows many), if you follow God's commandments to love your neighbor, and to do unto others as you would that others should do unto you, hesitate not one moment, begin now, lose not a second, pray for help and guidance, and try with all your heart and strength to lead them back to their better selves, to reclaim them, and may God reward your efforts."

These words made Laura very thoughtful, until, suddenly coming to a determination, she rose hastily, and, kneeling beside her bed with her face buried in her hands, she prayed long and earnestly. Her prayer ended; she began to put on her bonnet and shawl, and at last stood at her window drawing on her gloves. While doing this, she kept looking anxiously up the road, as though expecting some one. Presently, her look changed to one of pleasure as she observed two gentlemen and a lady emerge from the gate of a pretty villa which could just be seen peeping from a clump of maples. Taking her par-

asol, and stealing a glance at herself in the mirror, she ran lightly down stairs, where, meeting her mother in the hall, she said :

"I am going out for a stroll as I feel rather depressed. I see Annie, Fred and Mr. Biglow coming down, and I shall probably go home with them to tea and only return here after evening service. That is, of course, mamma, if you've no objection," she hastily added.

"No, Laura, I've no objection. You are looking tired, so please yourself."

In a short time, she had met her friend Annie Felton, with her brother Fred, and affianced husband Mr. Biglow, and they all four strolled down the village street, the engaged couple behind, and Fred and Laura in front. Turning from the road, they passed down through a green lane into a large meadow, at the foot of which, fringed by trees and shrubs, flowed a large stream. They seated themselves in pairs under the shade, on a small mound overlooking the river, whose sweet murmuring gurgle soothed the ear, as it sparkled and danced in the sunlight.

Laura had made up her mind to say something, still it was evident that even now her courage was ebbing fast away. She sat silent, trying to summon resolution, but every time that she was on the point of speaking, something seemed to choke her utterance. In vain she tried to pray and to forget her foolish fears; the half-whispered words of Annie Felton and Mr. Biglow were every now and then intruding themselves. Her companion sat silently beside her, lazily watching the river, and occasionally glancing at her in a puzzled, amused way. He saw that she was at war with herself, and

preferred to let her fight it out quietly; while she was too much troubled to notice his glances.

At last she said, sharply, and at the last trembling, and as if half regretting her words :

"Fred, I've something very serious to say to you; now please don't laugh at me, as you usually do."

"Oh! so you have decided to open your lips at last; I've been waiting here for the last quarter of an hour, trying to guess the subject of your meditations, and how long you would keep me in suspense."

"Do be serious for once, if you can," she pleaded.

"Serious, of course, I'm serious as a judge, and ready for a homily or a whole volume of sermons."

"Fred, we've known each other from childhood, and have never quarrelled much since we grew up. Do you believe that I am your friend?"

"Oh! is that coming? Well, I can't answer that in a hurry; besides, I require better proof of your friendship than I have hitherto had. I remember sundry cuffs and blows, as well as very uncivil epithets which, unless I am greatly mistaken, indicated a very unfriendly spirit; and I have yet to learn that the energetic little lady of some years ago has changed much for the better."

In spite of herself, Laura smiled at the scene he recalled, when he, as a boy of eight years, and she very little his junior, had each insisted on their respective rights to a small waggon. At that age Laura's temper was far from good, and Fred was always passionate; so, when she, stamping her small foot, cried imperiously, "*It is mine, I shall have it, and you are a*

wicked, naughty thief, and I with you wath thmated like my poor waggon," he answered in childish rage, "It is *mine*, and you'll only get it in pieces; touch me if you dare!" At the same time he hurled the waggon at her, and it fell at her feet in atoms. Furious at this last injury, she caught Fred and they fought till they were found and separated.

For a moment the childish reminiscence changed her current of thought, but she was not to be turned from her object.

"Well, that is no answer to my question, do you believe that I am your friend and well-wisher?"

"Dear me, Laura, you are as obstinate as ever—not a bit improved; I tremble for the result; I am in danger of my life, so to please you I will say that, save and except one or two most malicious ebullitions, I believe that you bear me no ill-will. I think I may say that your friendship stands so far as to exempt my face from being scratched as long as any of my hair remains to be pulled. Now are you satisfied?"

"You know I'm not satisfied, Fred. For pity sake do be sensible for once! I've listened to quite enough of your nonsense for awhile, but if you'll only hear me out, I'll willingly hear as much more."

"Done!—That's a bargain!" cried the irrepressible Fred. "Now fire away—I'm ready to listen (as long as I can," he added *sotto voce*.)

"Very well, I shall not try your patience longer than I can help. You were at church this morning; did you listen to the sermon?"

"Yes," a little reluctantly, while he evidently knew what was coming, and prepared to resist her feeble efforts.

"Did you notice the terrible picture he drew of a drunkard beginning at the first step, a glass of wine taken at a children's birth-day party, repeated on different similar occasions, each glass confirming the appetite often hereditary, ending at last in shame, ruin, and a drunkard's grave. It was a terrible picture, Fred, but only too true, as you know and as I know well. Daily, hourly, we see the brightest intellects, the greatest attainments, the most promising prospects, the highest principles, wrecked and shattered by that vile poison. Homes are made desolate, loving hearts broken, crimes committed, disgrace and misery heaped upon innocent heads—all by liquor.

"That sermon has haunted me all the afternoon, and so have the words, 'If you follow God's commandments to love your neighbor and to do unto others as you would that they should do unto you, hesitate not one moment begin now, lose not a second, pray for help and guidance and try with all your heart and strength to lead them back to their better selves, to reclaim them, and may God reward your efforts.'"

"Now Fred, I ask you seriously, will you here promise me to give up drinking forever? You heard that sermon as well as I, and surely it made some impression on you! Will you promise?"

Laura's eyes were quite moist by this time. Naturally shy and retiring, it had cost her a great effort to speak in this way, even to her childhood's playmate, but once begun she was determined to carry out her plan. As for Fred, he felt much more moved than he cared to show, for he had not fancied that Laura took so much interest in him and his welfare as he found she did, and being (like all of

his sex) vain, was very much pleased at the discovery. Besides this, there was another reason why he should feel pleased—aye, more than pleased. For some time he had begun to understand that Laura was more to him than a mere friend, more than any other young lady of his acquaintance, and secretly cherished the hope of some day asking her to share his fortunes. Still, just as yet, he did not quite like to give up his gay companions and pleasant vices.

It was some time before he answered her, but at last he said :

“Laura, you don't know what you're asking a fellow to give up on such short notice; besides, look at it rationally, you're taking a much too serious view of things. I intend to steady down and marry in a year or two, but till then I wish to have my fling, and then you'll see what a model husband I'll make to any one who chosers to trust herself to me.”

“Yes, that is all very well ; have your fling, as you say, for a year or two, until what is now only a pleasant excitement becomes a confirmed habit, then reform if you can and ask any woman who has the slightest self-respect or regard for her own welfare to marry you if you dare.”

“Why, how you do pitch into a fellow ! I had no idea you could be so bitter. Do you mean to say that such a trifle as that would prevent you from accepting a man you loved?”

“What a question ! Do not ask me to answer it,” she said, blushing painfully and looking distressed.

But he was very determined, and at last succeeded in making her answer in the affirmative, evidently with great reluctance, yet very firmly. After this

he was silent for a while, occasionally flinging pebbles into the stream at their feet, and every now and then looking at his fair companion, who waited anxiously to hear his next words. At last he spoke :

“You've taken me quite by surprise, Laura,—I can't answer you just yet; but if you'll give me till next Sunday to think it over, I'll tell you my decision.”

Even this concession was something, though not all that she wanted, but with it she was obliged to be content for the present. So rejoining their companions they quietly walked homeward. Fred kept on talking in his usual bantering fashion, having apparently quite forgotten their previous serious conversation, while Laura, feeling that she had some hope of succeeding, was also in a pleasant mood. She knew her companion well enough to be sure that he would think over what she had said, for her sake, if not for his own; and that once convinced that her esteem depended on his resolution, she would be very likely to obtain the promise she required.

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## CHAPTER II.

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After a week, which had seemed a month to Laura (who, though she had met Fred Felton almost daily, had thought it best not to refer in any way to their conversation of the previous week), the appointed day arrived. Long and earnestly she had prayed that morning, and very humbly she entered the small village church beside her parents. With a fast beating heart she passed up the aisle, throwing one rapid, anxious glance towards the Feltons' pew. Only a faint pink tinge

on her fair cheek, and a softer light in her eyes, betrayed her unwonted agitation.

Service over, Fred Felton and his sister joined Laura, while their parents walked with Mr. and Mrs. Ritter. Fred's demeanor was unusually silent, at least for him, who was generally the life of every group of which he formed a part. Annie Felton, whose marriage had been fixed for the ensuing month, chatted incessantly of her wishes, hopes and plans. It had long been settled between these two friends that whichever of them married first, the other should be bridesmaid, and now Annie was annoyed to find that Laura (apparently for a mere whim) appeared to hesitate about fulfilling the long-made promise. Of course, Fred was to be groomsmen, and as from his taciturn manner this morning, Laura feared that he had decided to refuse her request, she felt that she could not consent to be his companion during the service. She dreaded the ceremony at best, but to be obliged to be constantly with Fred would make it doubly painful.

On arriving at the Ritters' gate, the Felton family, refusing Mrs. Ritter's invitation to lunch, took their departure. Laura timidly offered her hand to Fred, who gave the small passive fingers a gentle squeeze, as he told her very gravely that "he hoped to see her that afternoon." So they parted, and Laura crept up to her room to have a "good cry" all by herself, at the hopelessness of her efforts. It was certainly very hard, she thought, to find that, though she would willingly suffer so much to save Fred a moment's pain, he would not please her in a matter on which his future welfare and her's depended.

"I love him, oh! I love him so," moaned poor Laura, "but I *cannot* marry him unless he promises. And I always thought he loved me ever since we were children. I've been very silly, very foolish, for if he did he would not treat me so."

Then, having made up her mind that she had been mistaken in believing that Fred cared for her, she determined to bear her sorrow bravely and silently. So, resolutely smothering her sobs and forcing back those rebellious tears, she bathed her flushed face, murmured a meek little prayer, and after a few minutes spent in trying to regain her wonted composure, went down to lunch. Her fond parents noticed that their pet looked tired, and readily ascribed it to the heat of the day, and on her excuse of "having a headache" ("heartache" would have been more correct), advised her to lie down for a while before going out. All the afternoon Laura lay on the little couch, which she had drawn in front of the blinded windows, anxiously watching and listening for her friends. But, as hour after hour passed, and still they had not made their appearance, the weary eyes closed and the childish lips repeated, hopelessly, "He has forgotten me—he has forgotten me altogether. O Fred, how cruel, and I can never forget you."

Another moment and she slept, but every now and then a heavy sigh might be heard, and her mother on stealing into the room found her eyelids wet with tear drops. The kind mother crept away wondering what could have troubled her darling. How little do those gentle, loving mothers guess the griefs which are often darkening the lives of those they love best! How little do they think that under the plea

of a headache or fatigue, which is deemed sufficient excuse for a pale face, sad eyes and listless steps, those over whom they have watched with such unceasing love, are concealing what they always believe to be (and what sometimes really is) the sorrow of a lifetime.

Certainly Laura now felt that she should never love again, yet though she had a gentle, affectionate disposition, and would probably mourn her lost love for some time, still she did not possess that firmness of mind which a woman requires to be able to go through the world believing in one man alone. Hers was rather a nature requiring affection, and ready to bestow it on any one who evinced a like feeling for her. She was sweet-tempered, pure, and very childlike; given to fits of childish sulks, which were of short duration and always succeeded by repentance.

As she slept, uneasily moving now and then, Fred's voice was heard under the window speaking to her mother. At the first sound of the loved voice, Laura started up, and, kneeling against the window blinds, listened, trying to define from his words and tone what his decision had been. What could it mean? Fred, who had never before been known to appear at that door with anything but a laughing face and jesting words, now spoke as solemnly as though he had just returned from his own funeral. Poor Laura clasped her hands tightly as she heard the grave tones, and every word seemed to fall like a leaden weight on her heart. "No hope—no hope!" she whispered, as she crept back to the couch, buried her throbbing temples in its cushions

and waited, as she heard her mother coming upstairs to see if she was awake. Should she go to him and allow him to crush out every spark of joy from her heart forever?—or should she remain there and, believing that she knew the worst, still secretly cherish a faint hope that there might yet be a prospect of success? No, she could not bear the suspense any longer; she must hear from his own lips that there was nothing to live for now, and that when her parents died (if she did not die before them), all her interest in life would end.

So, when her mother softly unclosed the door, Laura, sitting up, asked, "Has Annie come, Mamma?" well knowing that she had not. Her mother never guessed the tiny deception; her only thought was pity for her child, who she saw looking so sad.

"No, my pet; but Fred has come to say that she does not feel very well this evening, and would like you to go over to tea. I told him that you were tired too, but he insisted that the fresh, cool evening air would do you good, and would take no denial.

"Do you think that I ought to go, Mamma?" asked Laura, who was afraid to trust to the hope that her mother's words had given her. Fred would surely not be anxious for her to go if his decision would give her pain.

"Judge for yourself, my child; you look sadly worn out, but perhaps this walk might refresh you. If you think so, go by all means."

"I'll go then; but if I am late, don't sit up for me."

In a few minutes she joined her mother and Fred below, and with a hasty kiss and good night to her

mother, put her hand on Fred's arm and was ready to start. But he stopped and looked at her heavy eyes and the tightly shut lips, as the lamplight fell from above on the pale face.

"You are too lightly clad, Laura; put on this," and he took a heavy shawl from the pegs and threw it over the thin muslin dress she wore. She submitted passively, wondering all the time what had made him so very thoughtful.

They walked in silence out of the gate and up the road, and every step brought them nearer their destination. Laura's heart sank as she felt that in a few minutes they would have entered the house and her opportunity be lost forever. She could never renew the subject again, and all would be lost. If she could only speak—she might as well say, if she could only fly—she was choking, almost fainting, and yet her companion spoke not a word. At last they entered the garden gate, and through the trees the light showed. Laura sighed and Fred felt her hand heavier on his arm.

"You are tired, Laura; here, let us rest a while on this seat," and he drew her to a garden bench. She sank down wearily, and he sat quietly beside for a little while, then he spoke again:

"Laura, I'm afraid you've been making yourself unhappy about me; did you think I had forgotten last Sunday's conversation?"

Laura made no answer; she was trembling and trying to summon sufficient courage to bear the worst. He continued:

"You asked me to do what I ought to know was right, but I had not strength to do it by myself. You ask me for a promise; I give nothing for nothing,—I require a promise in return. Do you wish to know what it is?"

"O Fred, don't; please don't,"

sobbed poor Laura, but he did; he caught her in his arms, and in words that do not concern us, told her how he had loved her ever so long, that he knew he was not worthy of her, but now that he found she really cared enough about him to try to reclaim him he wished her to undertake the task for life.

"But you were so altered to-day, Fred, that I thought there was no chance, and that I had lost you forever."

"Is that what my darling has been spoiling those bright eyes for, grieving herself almost ugly about a worthless fellow like me? Do you think, darling, that a fellow can give up all his former pleasures and enter on a new life without being a little serious over it? I hope that these tears will be the last you will ever shed on my account, for with God's grace and your love to strengthen and guide me, I begin life over again to-night. But you've not told me yet that you love me, and I am waiting to hear you say it."

"I love you, Fred—I've loved you ever since I can remember, and I will try so hard to deserve your affection. You will be good to me always, won't you?"

"As long as we both shall live," he said solemnly, and sealed it with a kiss. Very handsome they looked as the moonbeams shone over their bright, happy faces, the strong, tall man bending over the small, white-clad figure beside him.

They walked up the avenue arm-in-arm, and on entering were greeted with laughing enquiries as to where they had been so long. In spite of their elaborate explanations the real reason of their long absence was quite understood, and very welcome the knowledge was to all there.

So there was no further difficulty about the wedding, and when Annie Felton became Mrs. Biglow, her friend Laura was bridesmaid, and the next summer there was a double ceremony on the occasion of Laura's wedding and the christening of Annie's little daughter.



## LUCKY AND UNLUCKY.

BY M.

From earliest times poor human nature has been superstitious; it is so even in the present day, and a collection of the lucky or unlucky omens which are familiar to many of us, though we do not believe in them, will not be without interest.

The first view of the new moon is considered lucky if seen over the right shoulder, unlucky over the left, and whatever the state of your finances may be when you first see the Lady Luna, so they will continue throughout the month. To bow three times to the new moon was supposed to avert all evil during eight days; indeed, her influence has been considered to operate even after life was extinct—for farmers believed that if an animal was slaughtered during the decrease of the moon, the meat would shrivel in boiling, whereas one killed at the increase would “plump in the pot.”

A black cat who chooses to take up his abode with you uninvited, should be welcomed most heartily; he brings luck, and should he wish to scratch the legs of your tables, do not interfere with him, he is only making your luck more secure.

A dog following you is a good omen, and strange to say, the darker the dog the greater the luck. Though puss is a benefit to you when uninvited, yet beware of taking her with you when you move; if you do your stay will be short; so also if you move on a Wednesday, but never forget to take your dog *before* the *last* load of furniture.

The first spring lamb brings luck to the seer if he happens to see the head first. Pat it on the head, if you can catch it; but should you chance to

meet it tail first keep as far away as you possibly can.

So the first sight of spring birds augurs good if they fly towards you, bad if the reverse. No matter how much you may dislike a fly in your room or food at other times, yet give the *first* one a warm welcome, for

“He brings you health  
Or untold wealth.”

A stalk of tea swimming on the surface of the fragrant beverage, foretells a visitor; if tough it is a gentleman, if soft, a lady. Laid on the back of the left hand, and tapped smartly with the right, you can fix the time of the visit; each slap represents a day, and the process must be continued till the stalk moves. Two spoons in the same cup betoken a wedding, and the quantity of “grounds” in that same cup, determines the wealth or poverty of the future partner.

But the arrival of visitors is not foretold in the tea-cup only: the cat brings them when she washes her face *over her ears*; so does the rooster when he crows upon your doorstep, or marches majestically through the barnyard with a straw in his tail feathers. Drop your fork, or a pin, or indeed anything pointed, and the visitor will surely arrive that day, if the point of the fallen article sticks into the floor. A sneeze before breakfast is equally efficacious, but in each case the circumstance must be accidental.

Never pass a pin that lies with the head towards you,—be sure to pick it up, even if it lies on the muddy sidewalk and you have on a new pair of gloves; but if the point is toward you, leave it there, no matter how much you may

need it. So also, pick up and carry home all old iron—the heavier and rustier it is the better—and should you be so fortunate as to find an old horse-shoe, your fortune is made; all you have to do is to hang it up over your bed, and after that you may retire from business if you will, for wealth will surely pour in upon you unsought.

To have the two front teeth wide apart is a sign of riches; so also is a mole on the neck—"you'll measure money by the peck,"—but "a mole on the arm, brings only harm."

Strange how, in these silly superstitions, the right is always for good, the left for bad. The right cheek flushes, or the right ear burns if an absent one speaks well of you, the left when they speak ill. The palm of the right hand itches when you are to receive money, the left when you are to pay it away. Itching of the sole of the right foot signifies that you will tread on strange ground to your advantage; itching of the left shows you will go somewhere or other to your loss. If the right elbow itches, it is for some good to happen you, but the reverse if the left. As the nose combines both right and left, so if it itches you will be "kissed, cursed, or blessed," before night. Another meaning is that you will "kiss a fool."

You need never suffer from cramp if you will only carry around with you a small bone of the leg of a sheep, known to many as the "cramp bone." A hare's foot prevents rheumatism; the extreme tip of a salted tongue is a sure prevention for indigestion, and a raw potato in the pocket frightens away gout.

Be very careful about weddings; never wear the smallest piece of green, be careful to have nothing black but your shoes, if a lady—your hat, boots and coat, if a gentleman. Avoid throwing a new shoe after the bride, and let the old one belong to the right foot. Above all things, avoid the possibility

of a dog crossing the path of the bride *before* the knot is tied, or a cat *after*.

If it is your own wedding, consult the weather almanacs so as to secure a sunshiny day, and manage, if possible, to so place yourself in church that a ray of sunshine will fall on some part of the wedding party. May is an unlucky month in which to marry, and Wednesday and Friday unlucky days. Never begin a piece of work on Friday if you wish to have it finished; never allow a new servant to enter on her duties, or undertake any important work; and above all do not permit any of your children to be born on that day, or they will be true representatives of "Young America," and "Young Canada."

"The child on Friday born  
Looks on all old with scorn."

During these *hard times*, ladies often find it difficult to obtain a new dress, but the remedy lies with themselves only. Get a spider to walk over your old one, or a spark of fire to fall on it; or draw the ten of hearts from out a pack of cards, and your desire is granted—"new clothes" must come.

Beware of ever acknowledging that you suffer from what is called a "spot on the tongue," it shows to a certainty that you have been guilty of telling a falsehood. So also, if you venture upon a hiccough.

All odd numbers are lucky, except thirteen, and it is certain death (within a year), to one of the party if that number happen to meet together for any meal. Goodnatured, easy people say that if one of the thirteen marries, the others are safe; or if one will abstain from eating while at table. Seven is a particularly lucky number; witness the seventh son; and better still, the seventh son of a seventh son. A cricket on the hearth is a harbinger of good to an Englishman, so is a stork *on the roof* to a Dutchman. To tumble up-stairs is also lucky, no matter if you blacken your shins in so doing.

If on rising from your chair it happens to fall, your matrimonial prospects are blighted for that year, but strange to say, the present of a pair of yellow garters ensures marriage within that year. Should it ever happen that the same person not only received that gold colored "order of knighthood," but also "tipped up his chair," during the same year, I dread to think what might be the consequence.

To shiver without being cold denotes that a goose is walking over your grave; but, whether feathered or not, I cannot say.

Any day of the year you may boil a plum pudding as you please; but, on December 25th, be sure to name an old bachelor as you commit your treasure to the pot. The name of an old maid whispered softly as mince pies enter the oven, ensures their coming out a "success." In some country places the same idea is carried out with regard to black puddings. As the first is placed in the pot, the mistress of the house thinks of a bachelor, (this is to secure perfect boiling), as the first one is lifted and laid to drain on the strain, the master thinks of a lady (this is to prevent the cracking of the skin), and it is expected that the two thus "thought of" will become husband and wife.

To put on any article of clothing "inside out," or "hind before," is rather dubious of meaning, for to

"change your luck" might be to change it for better; at any rate, so thought the Norman Conqueror when, on preparing for the eventful battle of Hastings, he put his corselet on *hind before*. When his attendants expressed regret at the occurrence, he told them it was to show that a duke would be changed to a king before night. True in his case at any rate.

If a dog should howl before your door, be sure to notice his position. If his tail points to the house, it is certain death to one of the inmates; but, if his head, then merely serious illness.

Never accept, as a present, any cutting instrument, such as a knife, pair of scissors, &c.; such a present will "cut your love in two." Give something in exchange, but money is the best.

To pare your nails on Sunday is very unlucky—his Satanic Majesty is supposed to gather all the pieces to make a comb of—but I never could find out in what way this was supposed to affect the original possessors of the nails. A baby is doomed to grow up a thief if a pair of scissors are used to cut the nails before it reaches the mature age of one month.

Many other equally ridiculous things are, in some cases, still believed in, but let us be thankful that this superstitious ignorance is dying out, as it must do, before a greater spread of education.



# Young Folks.



## AN EARLY LESSON.

BY HILIER LORETTA.

"Your ma says you are not to wear your new boots in the garden, Miss Eva," said my nurse, as she watched me lacing up my fine kid boots.

"She did not say anything of the kind," I replied. "She told me I could wear them whenever I was dressed," and I tried to look as scornful as I could, for I was nearly eight years old, and had begun to rebel against nursery discipline.

"Well, I suppose you will please yourself," continued Bridget, "but I shan't take the blame; I shall just tell your mamma that you won't do as I bid you."

"You are very rude, Bridget," I said. "Do you think that I am going to obey servants all my life?" and I rose to take my garden hat from the wall.

A shade of annoyance crossed Bridget's face, as she answered, "I think you are going to obey your mother for a good many years to come."

At that moment the door opened, and my mother walked in. I did not expect to see her just then, for I thought she had gone to the town.

"What is the matter, Eva?" she enquired, and not receiving any answer she looked at Bridget for an explanation.

"Miss Eva doesn't like to be ordered by me," said Bridget, "though, I am sure, I didn't mean it for ordering when I told her that you said she was not to wear her nice boots in the garden."

"Eva," said my mother, "take off your boots and put on the others that Bridget told you to wear."

I shall never forget how angry I felt at that moment, but I dared not disobey my mother; so, struggling hard against tears and temper, I began slowly to unlace my boots.

"I heard you speaking very improperly to Bridget," continued my mother, "and I shall not allow her to wait on you again until you have apologized for your rudeness."

I would like to have said that I did not wish for Bridget's services, but I thought it wiser to remain silent.

When my mother left the room, I went out into the garden, and creeping into my play-house, gave way to a violent outburst of temper. "I hate Bridget!" I said; "I shall never speak to her again while she stays here—no, never," I repeated, as if to confirm my resolution.

Then I began to think how independent I could be without her. I had never dressed myself entirely, but, of course, I could; and I determined that neither she nor my mother should notice that I found any inconvenience.

The afternoon seemed very long, for I purposely avoided my mother; and, as my little sister was confined to the house with a cold, I had no one to speak to for several hours.

At tea my mother met me in her usual pleasant way, making no allusion to my fault, and I felt sure that she had

not told my father. When bed-time came, my first difficulty arose. I had long, fair hair, which my father liked me to wear flowing upon my shoulders; and, as it was naturally straight, Bridget plaited it carefully every night. This always seemed to occupy a long time, and to require some skill; however, I succeeded better than I expected and went to bed feeling still quite independent. I had not even to encounter Bridget in her own domain, for my bed had lately been removed from the nursery into my mother's dressing-room.

The next morning I could not help acknowledging to myself that my hair did not look quite as well as when Bridget arranged it, and when I met her I thought in my foolish little heart that she was laughing at me. Dear, kind Bridget! she felt much more inclined to cry than to laugh, for I had always been her pet, and she had rarely seen me in disgrace. I was not very happy that day, for a still, small voice within me kept whispering that I had been to blame, while my pride, as I called it, kept me from acknowledging my fault.

In the evening my cousin Amy Douglas arrived. I did not expect her quite so soon, and would have been glad if she had delayed her visit until a week later, for a week seemed a long time to me, and I had a vague impression that some time in the future a reconciliation might be brought about without my having to apologize.

Amy was four years older than I was, and I had always looked up to her, and tried as far as possible to follow her example; but what would she think of me now? for of course she would soon discover the cause of my estrangement from Bridget. Then I began to think that, after all, I was not the only one to blame; Bridget had spoken crossly to me—she was certainly not good-tempered. I had heard the servants say that she was domineering, and she often scolded little Mary. A grown-up

woman, and especially a servant, should never lose her temper. There could be no doubt that mamma was unreasonable in expecting me to apologize. It would be insincere of me to say that I was sorry.

"You are very quiet, Eva," said Amy, when we were alone. "Some-way, you don't seem at all like yourself."

"I don't know why you think so," I answered; "mamma generally says I am very noisy."

"Yes, generally, but not now."

I felt uncomfortable, and left the room to escape being questioned. Then, as my false reasoning had not silenced the inward monitor, I went hastily to Bridget, and said: "I want to be friends with you now. There's no use in our being cross with each other."

"I am always friends with you, darling," she said, and would have kissed me, but I did not wait for her embrace.

At bed-time my mother, seeing Bridget in my room, enquired if I had apologized for my rudeness.

"Indeed she did, the darling! It's all right between us now," was Bridget's answer.

Still my conscience was not quite at ease, for I knew that I had not been sorry for my fault, but only for its consequences; and when Bridget took away the lamp, I opened my heart to Amy.

"Dear Eva," she said, "you should have heard papa's sermon last Sunday. He preached from the text, 'I have sinned,'—the words which David and Job, and so many of God's people used when reproved for their evil ways; and he told us that if we sincerely repent we shall not be ashamed to acknowledge our sins."

"But," I said, "I am often very sorry when I do wrong, and yet I feel too proud to say so."

"I am afraid that is a very sinful kind of pride," said Amy. "I think it is more like meanness."

"But, Amy, you don't know," I said,

“how hard it is. I don't mean Bridget, but some people are glad to see you humbled. I know they think in their hearts: Ah, she had to come down after all!—and that is what I cannot bear.”

“Oh, Eva, dear! you are quite mistaken,” said my cousin. “I am sure that everybody, at least every right-thinking person, must respect you for acknowledging yourself in the wrong. They will not think you right because you refuse to apologize. They will only think that you are not conscientious enough to own the truth, and that will really be the case.”

Amy continued speaking until interrupted by the stifled sobbing close beside her.

Her words had taken effect. I saw clearly that what I called pride

was only meanness, and what I thought abasement was true nobility; so, quietly slipping out of bed, I went into the nursery, where Bridget sat darning my stockings, and throwing my arms round her neck, I said, “Bridget, I was very rude, and I am sorry for it.”

“My darling! are you crying about me,” she said, as she took me on her lap and almost cried herself. “Bless your little heart! you are a true lady to think about my feelings.”

I went to bed feeling comforted. Neither Bridget nor Amy knew how hard a battle I fought that night, but I have never regretted it since; and though, through life, I have tried to avoid giving offence, when overcome by temptation, I have always owned my fault, feeling it no degradation but rather an act of self-respect.

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## DOGS AND THEIR PORTRAITS.

By S. S. Holt.

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“I AM the Greyhound, so slim, you know;  
 I came from Asia long, long ago.  
 In Turkey, I'm called the 'dog of the street';  
 In Ireland, I the wolf can beat;  
 In Italy, I am a lady's pet;  
 All over the world my race is met.”



“Shaggy, and gaunt, a Deerhound am I,  
Chasing the deer with death in my eye.  
Swift, steady and sure, I follow the trail;  
I never tire and I never fail.  
To the stately stag no mercy I show,  
And little of friendship with man I know.”



“I am the Bloodhound, and *man* is my game  
As the Sleuth-hound of old I won my fame.  
’Twixt England and Scotland I helped keep order,  
And many a thief have chased o’er the border.  
I am known afar by my deep-toned bay,  
And my terrible race is passing away.”



“I was born in the Kingdom of Snow;  
For my mistress deathless love I show.  
I’m wayward, and *will* bark evermore,  
When friend or foe knocks at the door.  
There’s fire and love in my soft, black eye,  
The white and shaggy Spitz-dog am I.”



“Behold *me* here—of the Bull-dog race,  
With short, strong jaws and a surly face.  
The mighty bull I venture to fight;

And even the lion dreads my bite.  
But, as a breed, we're not very wise,  
And not much soul looks out of our eyes."



"I am the Newfoundland, trusty and bold ;  
I love the water, and do as I'm told.  
I am sometimes rough in my bounding play ;  
Please to excuse it—'tis only my way.  
And many a life I've been known to save  
From the cruel depth of the treach'rous wave."



"The Spaniel am I,—in Spain I was found,  
But in every land I have been renowned.  
I am always faithful, docile and wise ;  
I have silken hair and beautiful eyes.  
You may treat me well, or treat me ill,  
While I live, and you live, I'll love you still."



"Black and Tan Terrier ! Yes, I am one,  
Bold, handsome and faithful—brimful of fun !  
A hundred rats lie slain in a day ;  
From earth-retreats I drive out my prey ;  
And so it happens, from *terra*, 'earth,'  
(An old Latin word), my name has birth."





"I am the Mastiff—a watch-dog true ;  
Many a noble deed I do.  
In England I'm yellow,—in Europe, white,  
And my bay sounds far through the silent night.  
I've fought the lion, and conquered the bear ;  
My friends I protect—let my foes beware."



"My name is Barry, of the St. Bernard ;  
When the snows drift deep and the wind blows hard,  
You may hear my bark, and see me flying,  
To guide the lost and rescue the dying !  
Although I wear no collar of gold,  
All over the world my praise is told."



"I, the Irish Wolf-dog, next appear,  
With my pointed nose and ears so queer.  
I guard the meek sheep by hills and vales,  
And keep them safe when the wolf assails ;  
As much as the shepherd's dog I know,  
And I'm stronger far to fight the foe."



"I am the Dog of the Esquimaux,—  
I drag their sledges over the snow ;  
I can run and leap—I laugh at the cold ;  
I'm kind and true, and I'm strong and bold.  
In ice-bound huts with my masters I dwell ;  
I toil for them, and they love me well."

— *St. Nicholas.*

## ABOUT CATS.

BY M.

“Dogs love persons, cats love places.” So I was taught when young, and I believe it to be pretty true, though sometimes cats will show strong tokens of affection for persons. A case of the kind happened in my own experience. A family consisting of grown people suddenly had their number increased by a visit from a married daughter. She brought with her her only child, a little girl of nearly three, who, from constant sickness, was unable to walk. The poor child was a constant sufferer; was it any wonder then that each vied with the other in letting her have her own way? *Spoilt* would have been the verdict pronounced upon poor baby had she been a healthy child; but none thought of applying it to her as it was. Fretful as she was, it was no easy matter to amuse her, till one day the cat was thought of. No more trouble after that; “dear pussy” was baby’s constant companion, never once attempting to hurt her, even when Miss Baby would take the unwarrantable liberty of kissing her “right on the mouf.” Often have I seen the two sleeping side by side, and after awhile it became quite customary to find pussy each morning lying on baby’s bed; often so close that the child’s white hand lay on the glossy black coat of her friend. But the time came for baby to return home, and for weeks afterwards pussy was inconsolable. Her food remained untasted; she would wander through the different rooms, mewing most piteously; then jump on to the bed she had so often shared with her lost companion; not, however, to curl down for a quiet doze,—that was impossible, for she would soon be down again, pursuing the same

“weary round” of searching for the lost.

This lasted until pussy was a mere skeleton, and I think that, after seeing her, there would be few who would deny the love of *one* cat at any rate, to something better than locality.

As juveniles, we had many a feline pet, but of all, I think “Lady Whitepaws” came first. She certainly was a most dainty looking creature with her sleek coat, velvet paws, and soft purring ways; but once let a luckless mouse make its appearance, and good-bye to all that was gentle in my lady. Out came the tiger element strong, nor would Whitepaws be satisfied till her enemy lay dead. That, however, was quite sufficient for her, she never attempted to play with the dead mouse, but would walk away as demurely as though she had never “taken life.” She had one very strange habit, but at this lapse of time I cannot remember how we first trained her to it. Two of us would stand facing each other but several feet apart, and play ball with Lady Whitepaws, who would thoroughly enjoy the fun, letting herself go limp as a glove, and purring most furiously, whilst we tossed her from one to the other.

Sometimes, by way of variety, we would form a ring, tossing Whitepaws around it; but the hands of the little ones were not as deft as ours, and her ladyship would fall to the ground: but not one whit disconcerted, she would stay quietly till picked up by one of the bigger ones, and the game started afresh.

“Madame,” was another of our favorites, though her reign lasted but a short time. She could not be cured of

a fashion she had of burying every thing she could get, and after doing so with two sets of kittens, she was dismissed. The strange thing was that after awhile she would tear away the earth from her buried young, and, on finding them dead, would show unmistakable signs of distress. One family of kittens were buried, and dug out half dead, no less than five times; and as a sharp watch was kept upon the mother, they reached an age when burying alive was no longer possible. Not so the others, and so many tears were shed over the dead kittens when "Madame" would drag the poor limp bodies of her children to the nursery, that it was considered better she should go.

Several cats found their home with us after this, but I cannot remember anything particular about them, except that one of them was such good friends with the members of the poultry yard that she and the hens would eat from the same dish. And once, when we had a brood of chickens, and, being afraid of "Pussy" mistaking them for birds, kept strict watch over them, we were both surprised and delighted when, one day, we saw a venturesome young chick hop over the cat's back instead of going round her. After this we were not afraid; we felt the "wee birdies" were safe, and when afterwards we more than once saw puss sunning herself in the yard with a chicken perched on her back, we were far more delighted than surprised.

One very strange thing I remember happening at a house where I was once visiting. I had been told of it, but never fully realized how peculiar it was, till I witnessed it myself. The family consisted of my friend, her husband, and four children; and when news was brought that puss had five new kittens, each begged so hard to be allowed to have one that orders were given to save four and drown the remaining one. Whether Mrs. Puss missed her child or not, I don't know,

but she seemed very well satisfied with those left her, and was more than usually happy when any of the children would pay her a visit at her snug quarters under the kitchen table. A dozen times a day, or more, would the luckless kittens be dragged from their bed, to be kissed, and petted, and hugged, as only a child can. But it so happened that from some cause or other, one whole day passed without anyone going to see the kittens, much to their mother's grief, who had frequently gone to the nursery in search of her young friends. Evening came; the whole family were together, the two younger ones being on the floor, when, to their astonishment, in walked the cat, carrying a kitten in her mouth. This she carried to one of the children, and so soon as she saw it was kindly received, ran quickly away. Bump, bump, was soon heard, and in came the mother cat with another kitten, which was deposited near another of the children. Curiosity was now excited, the two elder children took seats on the floor to see if kittens would be brought to them, and in a very short time they were. Then was pussy's happiness complete, she would purr loudly, rub herself against each one in turn and try by every possible means to show how pleased she was.

During the time I visited at my friend's I witnessed the above strange scene three times, and never once did puss make a mistake in not giving the kittens to their proper owners, nor was the peculiar "bumping" noise ever heard when she carried any other kitten than Ned's. Need I say that it was soon named "Bumps," by the children?

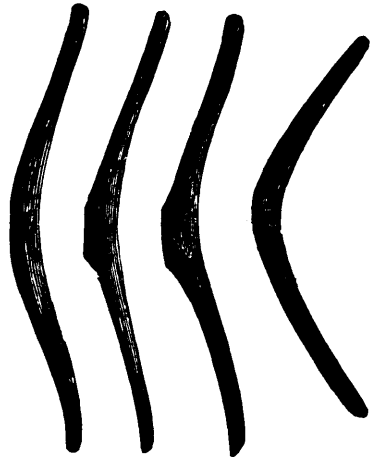
Instances of strange friendships growing up between cats and other animals are often given, but as I have never had any means of verifying them, I pass them by. As for the old saying "fight like cat and dog," do we not all know how little that applies to the cat and dog of the household—they will play to-

gether, eat together, sleep together, and even miss each other when separated. But I must say *good-bye* to Pussy. That she is not the most desirable pet for a child, is true; still I think that all who at any time may have witnessed the strenuous exertions made by the baby to tear her limb from limb, or by two older children to divide her in two, and see how patiently she bears it, will agree with me that Tabby is not so bad as she is usually said to be.

## THE BOOMERANG.

The natives of Australia have a curious weapon called the Boomerang or Womera. When a Canadian boy wishes to hit any object with a stick or a stone, he looks hard at the object and aims directly for it. An Australian native does not do this, but if he wishes to bring down a bird or beast which is behind him, he throws his stick directly in front of him as though aiming at something thirty yards ahead. The weapon which he thus throws is so constructed that instead of going straight forward, it rises slowly in the air, whirling round and round until it reaches a considerable height, when it begins to go backward, and sweeping over the head of the projector strikes the flying bird or the beast at which it was aimed. The weapon which possesses such curious qualities is simple enough in appearance. It is simply a bent piece of very hard wood; it is about two feet long, two and a half inches wide and one third of an inch thick. One side is flat while the other is rounded. The illustration will give an idea of the appearance of this curious weapon.

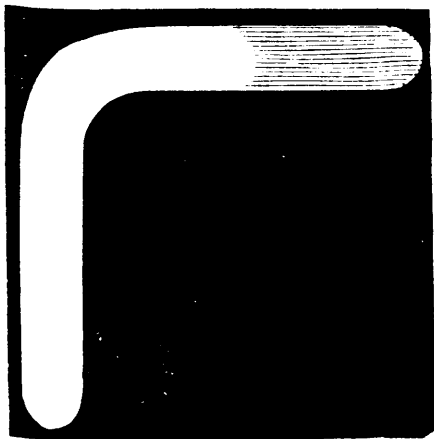
It is no very easy matter to throw this weapon successfully. It is said that Europeans find it almost impossible to acquire sufficient skill for its effective use, and one should think that



BOOMERANGS.

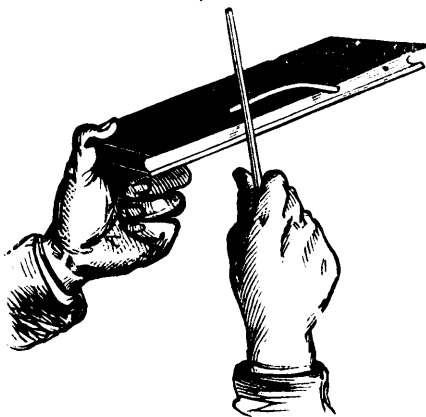
they would hardly venture to practise much, as there must be great danger of the boomerang, on its return, hitting the unfortunate sender upon the head and killing him. It is an extraordinary

thing that such a low race of savages as are the natives of Australia should have been able to invent a weapon so ingenious as to be worthy of the highest scientific calculation. The curious motion is produced by the air striking the bulged side of the missile and lifting it, exactly as by hitting the oblique bars in a windmill, it forces it to go round. It is bent to a "parabolic curve." The meaning of this difficult expression we will leave our young readers to discover for themselves—a process which will fix it in their memory far better than any explanations of ours could do.



A little boomerang for parlor practice

can be easily made out of pasteboard or some similiar material. It will afford a good deal of amusement to both



young and old. Various shapes can be tried and the most satisfactory decided upon. After cutting out the pasteboard in the shape given in the illustration, lay it upon a book with one end projecting about an inch over the edge; then take the book in the left hand and holding it at a slight angle strike the projecting end a smart blow with a pencil. This will send it whirling through the air towards the opposite corner of the ceiling, and after going a certain distance it will come fluttering back to the very feet of the performer.

# OUR THREE BOYS.

BY SARAH E. CHESTER.

(American Tract Society.)

## CHAPTER XIV.

When Joey awoke the next morning he had a feeling that something remarkable had happened. Whether in his dreams or out of them he could not tell.

This feeling was not one that made him light-headed and light-hearted. It did not send him bouncing out of bed and tumbling over the boys' foot-board as on other mornings. It did not make him rise and shout, but rather inclined him to lie still and think.

As his eyelids lifted, his memory seemed to brighten, and when his eyes were wide open he remembered what it was that had really happened; that he had had a punishment worse than a whipping, a punishment that had hurt his heart more than a whipping ever hurt his body.

Joey wondered when mamma would kiss him again; if the time was far off when he should be restored to his old place in her love. He did not know that she had kissed him in his sleep the night before.

He remembered what a wretched time he had had over her displeasure, and then over the sins that caused her displeasure. He remembered how he had lain awake and thought about them, more seriously than he had ever thought of them before; how sorry he had grown, more heartily sorry than ever before; and how he had suddenly made up his mind that he would change for good, not for a few days, but for all the days to come; and how then there seemed to be no distance between him and God,

when there had been a great distance before.

Joey drew his own conclusion from the whole matter: that real penitence—which is being sorry at heart for sin, and determined not to sin any more—is the only guide that can lead naughty children back to their heavenly Father.

He dreaded, on getting up and going downstairs, to have mamma take no notice of him. He wondered how the boys were going to treat him.

And then he crawled out of the bed-clothes and walked down to their foot-board and looked over.

Dan and Jack were asleep, so he went back under shelter from the cold. After awhile he took another journey, and by-and-by another. But he discovered no signs of waking.

It was not until mamma had called "Boys! boys!" several times that Dan came far enough out of his deep slumber to roll over impatiently towards the wall.

"You're taking all the clothes," came in a sleepy growl from Jack.

Dan took a return roll.

"Keep on your own side of the bed," growled Jack.

"Boys! boys!" called mamma.

The boys smothered their heads in their pillows, as if they would not hear.

"You better get up," called Joey from over the foot-board; "it's morning." And then he was sorry he had spoken, for he had made up his mind not to speak first, lest he shouldn't be answered.

"Is that you, Granny Gossip?" asked Dan, from the depths of his pillow.

"'Tis the voice of the tattle-tale?" said Jack.

Joey's fine sense of justice prevented him from denying the boys' right to address him in that manner. Having nothing to say, he simply sighed.

"Morning, is it?" said Dan, yawning his mouth open to an immense size.

"Morning it is," said Jack, emphasizing his remark with a punch at Dan's ribs.

Dan replied, and they were presently having a test of muscle and science.

"You had better not fight, 'cause it's Sunday," said Joey.

"You better not preach," said Jack.

"You're a pretty one to preach—a boy that's a disgrace to his family. There is'n't anybody going to take any notice of you to-day, not even mother."

This information crushed Joey's spirits, but did not make him angry. He knew that he deserved his punishment.

Somehow, although his family had put him away, he did not feel that his heavenly Father was very far from him. It was quite a pleasure to him to say his prayers that morning, and get a chance to talk to some one who was willing to listen to all he had to say, and who would not scorn to answer him.

Joey said only his every-day prayer.

"Now I wake and see the light.  
'Tis God has kept me through the night.  
To Him I lift my voice and pray  
That He would keep me through the day.  
If I should die before 'tis done,  
O God, accept me through thy Son."

But he found himself saying it very slowly, and meaning every word.

He was especially earnest in repeating,

"To Him I lift my voice, and pray  
That He would keep me through this day."

Although they were the same old words he said every morning, they seemed to Joey a new prayer fresh from his heart, because he gave them this new meaning: "That He would keep

me from tattling and making mischief through the day."

The boys teased Joey all the time that he was dressing; but feeling that he had nothing to say for himself, he took it quite meekly. When he went downstairs they were all at the breakfast table.

He stole into his seat, not daring to kiss papa and mamma good-morning, as usual. Nobody said very much to him; and after breakfast and prayers he was left to roam around by himself until the time came to be dressed for church.

Instead of mamma, cousin Louisa came to get him ready. It was she who put on his beautiful new overcoat for the first time.

How little pleasure he had in this wonderful overcoat, that was to have made him the happiest boy in America.

He had spent most of the time since breakfast in wondering how long he was to be banished from his family. He now began to see that he must take the matter into his own hands if he wanted a better state of things; that it was his place to make advances.

He cleared his throat several times and walked a few steps toward mamma, when his courage failed him. He had listened to the ringing of the bell, and had waited through the long pause after it; but the first toll fairly made him fly from his chair to the lounge where mamma sat putting on her gloves. He felt as if he must get through with it before he went to church.

Papa and cousin Louisa had gone early, and the boys had not come down from upstairs yet.

"Why, mamma," said Joey, smiling brightly, "you didn't know I'd got reformed, did you?"

Mamma could hardly help smiling back; but she made herself look very grave, and as if she did not believe in him.

Joey saw the doubt in her face, and he had the boldness to come close to

her—so sure was he of his fitness now—and put an elbow on her knee, and make with his hand a little cup for his chin to rest in.

Very much in earnest he looked in that attitude, with his eyes lifted to his mother's face.

"Mamma, you can b'lieve in me now," he said.

"Do you think I can, Joey?" said she.

"Yes," said Joey. "I had awful times last night. You s'pose I can ever get over 'em, and be that tattle-tale I was, again?"

"How were they awful?" said mamma, feeling all her pity go out to the baby whom she had forsaken.

"Awful homesick times!" said Joey.

"Homesick, dear?" said mamma.

"But you were right at home."

"I felt far off, anyway," said Joey.

"I was so scared and lonesome, and nobody came to me like they used to. I was mad at you first, too, mamma. But then I got all over it, and I wasn't mad at anybody but only just my own self."

"Then you were sorry, I suppose," said mamma, "and very penitent, just as you always are. That has happened a great many times, Joey."

"You better b'lieve me," said Joey, seeing the doubt in mamma's face again, "'cause there's more you don't know."

"Well, tell it to me," said mamma.

"And then," said Joey, "I got so mad at myself, I said, 'I *wont* tattle any more—I *wont*! I *wont*! I *wont*!'"

The last "I *wont*" he shouted, stamping his foot on the floor.

"Ah," said mamma, rather sadly, "you have said that before."

"Never but a little bit of a softly 'I *wont*' before," said Joey. "And besides, mamma, I said some prayers with it all in, last night, in bed."

"Did you, darling?" said mamma, throwing her arms around him and kissing him as if he had never been anything but her own dear good baby.

"Joey, I hoped this last night, and wanted to believe it. I want to believe it now more than I can tell you. But it will have to be proved, dear. It isn't going to be easy for you to break off from this habit all at once, even though you are so anxious to do it. You will have to put your foot down like a man, when you are tempted, and say that you *wont* yield."

"Stamp it down?" said Joey.

"Yes, until it makes a hole in the ground," said mamma. "Suppose you tell me, dear, how you get tempted, and maybe I can show you the best way to resist."

Joey thought for a moment before he could describe the process.

"I don't feel wicked, mamma," he said. "I feel real nice and good-natured, and I go walking along, and somebody comes up and says, 'How d'ye do, Joey?' and the first thing you know I'm tattling like a streak o' lightning."

Joey's description discouraged him, as in imagination he met one of his temptations, and realized the power that his little tongue had over him.

"You are too fond of talking," said mamma. "That is your great trouble. Try and not be so anxious always to have something to say, Joey. But when you must talk, talk of something that can do no harm—the weather, or your lessons, or your plays, or the stories that I tell you.

"If your tongue feels very lively and must go, you might begin and tell all through one of the many stories that I have told you. You know some of them perfectly, and I think it would be very interesting for people who care enough about children to talk to you at all, to hear a story.

"You generally tell tales without waiting for anyone to ask you questions; and when you find yourself beginning, you must stop short off and talk at once about something else. But if you are questioned by any one like Mrs. Allen, don't answer at all. If people are rude



enough to ask such questions, it will be quite proper for you not to answer.

"Joey, there is a saying that 'God helps him who helps himself.' It is quite true. If God sees that you are trying hard to be good, he will speak to you when you are tempted, and remind you and encourage you. Ask Him to help you all the time, dear. Now kiss me, and begin from this moment to try."

"Why, mamma, the bell has stopped tolling," said Joey.

So it had, and they started off in a hurry.

It was such an unusual thing for them to be late, that Mrs. Allen had no doubt they came after the whole congregation was assembled, in order to make a better display of the new overcoat.

Mr. Alabaster was there, and Joey turned around and winked at him, for he felt that he owed him a welcome to his papa's church. Mr. Alabaster answered the wink with a smile, and then Joey faced the pulpit.

But after the benediction he hurried out, pushing by the boys and through the crowd, to give Mr. Alabaster a better welcome. He was just in time, for a few more strides would have taken him through the churchyard gate, beyond the reach of Joey's small legs.

"Glad to see you," he said, clutching Mr. Alabaster's big glove. "See my overcoat? Isn't it a beauty? Pretty good fit, Mr. Balabasker. You're a first rate man to come to church. Don't you think my papa can just preach? He worked awful hard on that sermon; it better be a pretty good one. Come again, Mr. Ballabasker."

"Thank you, Joey," said Mr. Alabaster. "I shall be most happy."

#### CHAPTER XV.

There began to be grave consultations at the parsonage. The wants which could not be supplied, and the bills

which must be paid, were worrying Mr. Sheppard more than usual. He turned his thought hither and thither in search of help, but found none. Nobody died and left him a fortune, and no big rich church took a fancy to his sermons and asked him to come and be their pastor for two or three thousand a year. Nor was there the faintest whisper to be heard in his church about raising the salary, though some one had told him that Mr. Richardson said he thought they were paying pretty high for their preaching.

Cousin Louisa had offered to take a school again. But she was not well enough to teach, and would have been ill on their hands in less than a week if she had tried it. Besides, Mrs. Sheppard could not do without her help about the house.

Papa's thoughts, after taking many journeys in many different directions, came home and settled down on Dan.

Dan was no longer a little boy. He had grown out of jackets, and his trowsers had a way of looking as if they could not keep up with him. It was **not uncommon** to see white spaces of stocking between their best endeavors and his shoes.

Besides, hadn't he left spelling books and Fifth Readers, and full sized geographies behind him long ago? Now that he read Latin poems and Greek fables, and did deep thinking on hard problems, he was really not to be looked upon as such a boy.

Smaller boys than he sometimes measured off your dry goods for you and did up your groceries in brown paper. Many a famous business man had begun his career in round-abouts.

But then Dan did not want to be famous in business. He wanted to study, and turn out some day a doctor, lawyer, or college professor. He had his hopes and dreams, and was steadily moving on toward their fulfilment; for he went to school in the daytime and pored over his books in the evening,

because he loved what he found in them, not because any one urged him to be a good boy and learn his lessons well. It would break in sadly upon his march towards success to stop and measure dry goods and weigh groceries for awhile. It would disappoint his hopes, and perhaps prevent their fulfilment.

But no help came to the parsonage from any quarter, to settle the matter favorably for Dan. Something must be done to bring a few more dollars into the family fund to meet actual wants, if it were only fifty dollars a year.

Papa talked with mamma about taking Dan out of school and putting him in a store. She was grieved, but could see no other way for them to get help. He talked with cousin Louisa. She was vexed, but could see no other way.

Then he talked with Dan. Dan was a sensible boy, an honest boy, and a boy out of whom discouragement could not easily knock hope. So he listened and thought and whistled over it. He faced their need, and the fact that he could be its only supply.

So much being settled, he proceeded to cheer himself up with the best prospects that he could see dimly in the future. Some time, perhaps, that long-looked-for call to a larger church and larger salary would come. Some time, perhaps, the spirit of progress would travel as far as their village, and move upon the minds of elders, deacons, and people, to raise the salary. Some time, perhaps, somebody with a scholarship to dispose of would give him the benefit of it. Or, best prospect of all, he might flourish and prosper to such an extent as to lay by money with which to educate himself.

Whatever the future might be, the present was what it was, and he took it up and made the best of it.

"Do as you think best, father," he said: "I don't care. Perhaps it's just as well for me to stop studying for a

while any way. I'll be all the fresher when I get a chance to begin again."

He took pride in pretending that he should rather enjoy the change in his fortunes; but mamma, who saw deeper into his heart than anyone else, knew the disappointment that was there.

Mr. Fitch happened to be in town at this time. Mr. Fitch was a writing-teacher by profession. He had called at the parsonage one morning to inquire for pupils within; but as he took pay for his instructions he had been dismissed without encouragement.

On learning afterwards that Mr. Sheppard was a clergyman, he had offered to teach his sons writing in exchange for a recommendation, which was to certify that he was a good teacher, and which was to be carried into some of the neighboring villages after he should have done with this village.

As he had proved satisfactory to the public by this time, Mr. Sheppard was willing to make the bargain; and so Dan's first step in his business career was to go under Mr. Fitch's tuition.

"It is desirable for you to have a well-formed hand, whatever business you get into," said Mr. Sheppard. "And it will be necessary if you succeed in becoming a book-keeper."

Dan was to go to school as usual until something turned up for him to do, and he was to attend Mr. Fitch's evening class. His second step toward business was to drop his beloved Greek in order to give more time to book-keeping.

Mr. Fitch was a man who knew how to look out for himself. He had a keen eye for seeing where he could take advantage. Not to despise the small things, he required his evening scholars to furnish their own kerosene, as well as lamps and matches.

To his first writing-lesson, then, Dan went with a lamp in his hand and matches in his pocket. Mr. Fitch's bargain included Jack; and they set out with the understanding that Dan

should always carry the lamp there, and that Jack should bring it home.

The earth seemed like india-rubber under Dan's feet that evening. He did not appear like a boy who had said Good-bye to his best hopes. It was one of the times when the blood ran fast in his veins, when there were tricks in his fingers, whistling in his lips, and races in his toes; when he could think in a minute of half a dozen practical jokes, and of as many innocent people to play them off on.

"I'm spoiling for fun to-night," said he to Jack.

The room where Mr. Fitch and his pupils were gathered together was over the boot and shoe store. Mr. Fitch had secured it at a small price and he gave part pay by teaching the shoemaker's daughter to write elegantly in his afternoon class, which only admitted ladies.

When Dan and Jack went in they saw a long table in the middle of the room, with a boy leaning over it here and there, a lamp at his head and a sheet of foolscap under his nose. Mr. Fitch stood by the stove attacking his nails with a jackknife.

"Good evening, boys; good evening," he said cheerily. "Make room around the table. Move up, Armstrong. Light your lamp, boys. Did you fetch some paper?"

"We did not, sir," said Dan, taking out a match and striking it on the sole of his boot, at the same time performing a feat which drew the eyes of the nearest boys from their paper. When he raised his boot to light the match, the spirit of mischief which possessed him moved it to twist upward and curl around his waist, which placed the sole in such a position that his eyes were drawn out of line to get a glimpse of it, and all his other features had to go out of line in sympathy.

The whole twist and untwist only took up a moment. By the time Mr. Fitch had closed his jackknife and

dropped it in his pocket, Dan was gravely placing a lighted lamp on the table.

There was no laugh going around when Mr. Fitch looked; there was no change to be seen in the faces or conduct of his scholars; but Dan had awakened a desire for fun in each of their hearts.

Dan was one of those boys whose influence can be immediately seen and felt. What he did and thought there were always others to do and think. He was much oftener a leader of many followers than a follower of any leader. Already he had made it seem duller business than usual for those boys to apply themselves to their writing-lessons.

Dan and Jack sat down at the table beside each other, and Dan placed the lamp on a spot which he considered midway between them; and Jack moved it a little, to the spot which he thought was midway, which obliged Dan to move it back and scowl at his brother; which obliged Jack to move it back and give Dan a playful rap on the knuckles; which obliged Dan to clutch the lamp in a way that made Jack decide to yield his claims.

"Don't get into a spat, boys," said Mr. Fitch.

He brought two small pieces of paper and laid one before each of them.

"Now take your pens," he said. "Dip them lightly in the ink. Place the hands so. Let the wrist rest gently, pen pointed toward shoulder. Take an easy, graceful forearm movement. Let the arm remain stationary from the elbow up. Move paper, not shoulder. Pen's too near finger, Daniel—did you say your name was?"

"Daniel Eaton Sheppard," said Dan.

"Too near your finger, Daniel," continued Mr. Fitch, looking sharply at his new pupil, and perhaps helped by memories from his own boyhood to a correct guess at the nature of Dan's mood.

"We don't make blue stockings here; we don't send out any inky-fingered men from our school," said Mr. Fitch, with something of dignity in his voice. "We hold the pen removed at a neat, clean distance from the finger—so!"

"Now write, each of you at the top of the sheet: 'This is a specimen of my hand-writing before taking lessons of Professor Fitch.'"

The boys wrote.

"See," said Mr. Fitch, as they wrote, "how stiffly the pen moves, how tightly the fingers grasp it!"

The grip on their penholders tightened amazingly after those encouraging words, and stiffness would not express the solemn march of their pens over the paper. They had been trying to get off specimens of their handwriting that should cause Mr. Fitch to wonder and admire. Very likely they succeeded in making him wonder.

"See," said Mr. Fitch, "with what an effort each mark is made! See them exert themselves! Writing is a task to these boys, not a pleasure, as it should be."

Dan, whose purpose of making a fine specimen was spoiled by Mr.

Fitch's remarks, determined at least to show his teacher that he had a careless grace of his own. So he dashed off Mr. Fitch's name, which he had just reached, in large, bold, straggling letters. As the rest of the specimen was written in a round up-and-down hand, the whole effect was not satisfactory.

Mr. Fitch took the specimen, waved it before the lamp until it was dry, and remarked still further on its weak points.

"See," said he, "how unformed is each letter. Notice the irregularity of stroke."

"But one of these days, boys, we'll have a specimen of the hand-writing *after* taking lessons of Professor Fitch."

So encouraging were his tones, so promising his smile, that Dan and Jack, in their minds' eyes, saw themselves but a few short weeks hence masters of all Professor Fitch's flourishes and shadings, and brave, regular strokes. Dan went so far as to fancy the head of some noble firm urging him to become his bookkeeper on account of his accomplishments in penmanship.

(To be continued.)

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## PRIZE PUZZLE.

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We offer a prize of two dollars for the best story in words beginning with S. The conditions of the competition are as follows:

I. The story must be mailed before the fifteenth of August.

II. Competitors must not be over sixteen years of age.

III. The stories may be of any length, but a short story, which is perfect, will

be preferred to a long and imperfect one.

The writer of the second best story will receive a copy of the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY* for a year. To show what our language is capable of in this way, we give a specimen story cut from an American newspaper. In this case the W is the letter used, but we think that our readers will find the letter S quite as tractable.

## "WINNIE AND WALTER.

"Warm weather, Walter! Welcome warm weather! We were wishing winter would wane, weren't we?"

"We were well wearied with waiting," whispered Walter, wearily. Wan, white, woe-begone was Walter, wayward, wilful, worn with weakness, wasted, waxing weaker whenever winter's wild, withering winds were wailing. Wholly without waywardness was Winifred, Walter's wise, womanly watcher, who, with winsome, wooing ways, was well-beloved.

"We won't wait, Walter; while weather's warm, we'll wander where woodlands wave, won't we?"

"Walter's wonted wretchedness wholly waned. 'Why, Winnie, we'll walk where we went when we were with Willie: we'll weave wild-flower wreaths, watch woodmen working, woodlice, worms wriggling, windmills whirling, water-mills wheeling; we will win wild whortleberries, witness wheat winnowed.'

"Wisbeach woods were white with wild-flowers; warm, westerly winds whispered where willows were waving; wood-pigeons, wrens, woodpeckers were warbling wild woodnotes. Where Wisbeach water-mill's waters, which were wholly waveless, widened, were water-lilies waxen white. Winifred wove wreaths with woodbine, whitethorn, wallflowers, whilst Walter whittled wooden wedges with willow wands. Wholly without warning, wild, wet winds woke within Wisbeach woods, whistling where Winifred wandered with Walter; weeping willows were wailing weirdly, waging war with wind-tossed waters. Winifred's wary watchfulness waked. 'Walter, we won't wait.'

"Which way, Winnie?"

"Winifred wavered. 'Why, where were we wandering? Wisbeach woods widen whichever way we walk; where's Wisbeach white wicket; where Winston's water-mill?'

"Wistfully Walter witnessed Winifred's wonder. 'Winnie, Winnie, we were wrong, wholly wrong, wandering within wild ways. Wayfaring, weather-beaten waifs, we're well-nigh worn-out.'

"Winifred waited where, within wattled woodwork walls, waggons, wheelbarrows, wains, were waiting, weighty with withered wood. Walter, warmly wrapped with Winifred's well-worn wadded waterproof, was wailing woe-fully, wholly wearied. Winifred, who, worn with watching, well-nigh weeping, was wistfully, wakefully waiting Willie's well-known whistle, wholly wished Walter's well-being warranted. With well-timed wisdom, Walter was wound with wide, white worsted wrappers, which wonderfully well withstood winter's withering, whistling winds. Wholly without warm wrappers was Winifred, who, with womanly wisdom, was watching Walter's welfare, warding Walter's weakness.

"When will Willie wend where we wait?" wearily wondered Walter.

"Whist! Walter," whispered Winnie, 'who was whooping?'

"Whereabouts?"

"Welcome whistling was waking Wisbeach woods when winter's windy warfare waxed weaker. 'Winnie! Walter!' Winifred's wakefulness was well-grounded. 'We're well, Willie; we're where Winston's waggons wait.' Without waiting, Willie was within Winston's woodwork walls. 'Welcome, welcome, Willie;' Winnie was weeping with weariness, with watching Walter, with wayfaring.

"Why, Winnie! wise, watchful, warmhearted Winnie,' Willie whispered wheedlingly, 'we won't weep; Walter's well, what were Walter without Winnie?'

"Wholly wonderful was Winifred's well-timed, womanly wisdom, which well warranted weakly Walter's welfare. Whenever wandering within Wisbeach woods with Winnie, Walter would whisper, 'What were Walter without Winnie? wise, watchful, warm-hearted Winnie!'"

# The Home.



## HINTS ABOUT HOUSEKEEPING.

BY M.

“A good mother never makes a good daughter,” says a queer old Irish saying, and in a limited sense it is true. “A good mother,” that is, a mother who is a good housekeeper, quick, active, energetic, takes all the charge of the household upon herself, and her daughters never get the chance of learning by experience. They then go into homes of their own, knowing only how things “should be,” not how they are “done,” and thus deserve the name of daughters of “good mothers.” This is what the old saying means, and it certainly is true in many cases, for no matter how often the mother may tell her daughter how so-and-so is to be done, it is not like the girl doing it herself; she never fully realizes the *how* till she has done so more than once.

“An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure,” is another good old saying, and as a kind of parody on it, comes one which bears on what I have just said, “An ounce of practice is worth a pound of theory.”

I know that there are many who will not do work, and so their mothers have to. Others again who are occupied in different ways and cannot; others so situated that economy necessitates the household matters being given over to the one who can “manage” best; still others who have never looked into household affairs because there was no occasion for their doing so. I am not going to say a word about any of these

cases, but will try to throw together a few practical hints that may suit all, and will certainly suit some.

Economy, I take it, is just now the acme of good housekeeping. True economy—I mean that management which gets you (honestly) the greatest amount of comfort for the least money spent, but not the spurious economy which buys an inferior article because it is a cent or two cheaper. And the first step towards true economy is to pay *cash* for everything. Avoid a bill as you would a rattlesnake; you take the first step towards loss of rest, loss of health, loss of peaceful, happy days, when you begin your first bill, no matter where. Pay your baker in advance, that is, buy one dozen tickets from him, he will give you thirteen for the dozen, so you save one loaf in every twelve. Pay your milkman monthly, and be sure to keep a book in a convenient place so that *he* can mark down what he leaves, as milk-bills are sometimes very treacherous. You would find it very little trouble to have one of those little blank books hanging on a nail in your pantry, with a lead pencil attached to it by a string, so that it cannot be mislaid. Pay cash to your butcher; you will get better meat, and be more promptly served; besides he will be more likely to cut off a shank bone, or piece of flank before weighing, for a cash customer than for one on the books. And really trifling as this appears to be, you would be

surprised at the saving arising from it, even in one month. Buy your wood and coal in summer; they are far cheaper then, and not only that but the trouble and expense of housing are less, and the articles are of better quality. No one would be satisfied if, when buying wood or coal in summer, a few buckets of water were sent as well, and you had to pay for them, according to weight, the same price as for your fuel. Yet that is just what you do in winter, and the more changeable the season the more water you buy. For what else than water (not in buckets) is it that binds your stove coal into huge masses, which require breaking before they can enter the stove; what but water which puts a thick coating of ice around your wood, increasing its size and diminishing your quantity. Do not buy your groceries in large quantities unless you have a large family, and even then I prefer what will do for the week. Tea especially, I always think, loses its flavor if kept long, and moist sugar certainly hardens into awkward lumps. The "ground or granulated" white sugar is the best for tea and fruit—or in other words *table use*; the second quality brown for making pies or puddings. It is stronger than the white and sweetens better, but is not so pleasant for tea. Rent, water, taxes, gas, have to be paid at certain times, so I pass them by, merely saying that oil is far cheaper than gas, and gives quite as good a light, the only drawback being that it is a little more troublesome.

So far, I have only said how to get your things—now how to look after them. Do not use the fresh bread if you value your health; but few can eat it without suffering from indigestion, still there is no occasion for having it really stale, thereby wasting as much as you use. Roll your fresh loaves in a clean cloth till next day, then you can eat without fear, and yet the crust will not have *dried*. Pieces will be left,—it cannot be avoided; take some of the

fresher ones to toast and place as *sippets* around hashed meat. The crumbs and all pieces you have a doubt about, put aside for fowls, and the remainder put into a bake pan, place in the oven till brown, then roll down and put away for use. You cannot think how convenient a jar of such crumbs is, they can be used in so many ways, saving many a half-hour that would otherwise be spent "rolling bread crumbs."

If you are so situated that you can keep your milk till next day, I would advise your doing so. Place it in flat dishes so as to let the cream rise; take this off for tea and fruit, and the milk use for puddings. But if inconvenient to do this, then set the milk away in a jug—the cream then cannot rise, and, as a consequence, the milk is richer. If you have more milk, from day to day, than you use, no matter how small the quantity, do not waste it; in summer, pour it into a jug to sour; in winter, freeze it. And remember, sour milk can never be too sour for *some* cakes.

With regard to butcher meat, I would say, try to vary the food you buy; buy enough, and of good quality, but not too much, and so soon as it reaches your home, have all put away securely from the ravages of cats, rats, or flies. Do not let the different kinds of meat lie one upon another—it is almost as bad as cooking in the same pan, at the same time. Be careful to remove fish as soon as possible; and as your vegetables will be sure to come home with the meat, put them also carefully aside, and, if possible, separately. Be guided by the size of your family in the quantity you purchase. Do not be talked into a dozen of corn, or a bushel of green peas, or a peck of French beans, for two people, because you get them a cent cheaper. Vegetables and fruits are very perishable, and it is far better to buy just enough, at a fair price, than too much at a "fool's bargain." Poultry is usually considered expensive,

but a great deal depends upon the family. For a large one perhaps it is, but not for a smaller. Experience alone will decide this. Fowls are the cheapest of all poultry, then turkeys; geese are expensive, there is so little meat upon them; and ducks are not safe things for "young marketers" to buy. Game is dear, so much so that I will pass over it, for I wish to deal chiefly with economicals. Hares, however, are not dear at 35 or 40 cents the pair.

Keep your fuel under cover; do not allow any one to walk over your coal heaps, and when being brought into the house for use, do not let the shovel be stuck into the "top" of the heap. Most servants shovel coal as they would a snow-drift, or they "dig" it as they would a garden, and it is useless telling them not to. Supervision is the only thing, disagreeable as that may be.

Have the ashes riddled daily, and the cinders *washed* before putting on the fire. A housekeeper, doing her own work, may, in summer time, cook one meal with the riddlings of the day before; and in winter, she will find them a great help.

Kitchen, or cooking stoves, are not intended to give out warmth, therefore trust more to the pipe, and put your stove as near the middle of your kitchen as possible. I know that it is very convenient to have your stove near to sink and table, so that a "turn round" from either brings you close to the "watched pot;" but the sink is not often needed *after* the dinner is over, and the table can be moved; whilst the cold of a large kitchen, in winter, has either to be borne or driven out by another fire. Hot water pipes will interfere, but the few extra feet of pipe will pay itself in comfort and saving of coal. Besides, your water pipe is yours to the "coupling," and you can take it away with you.

Keep your dampers closed on all

coal stoves as much as possible, and a good supply of fuel on. By this means you will have a regular heat disseminating itself throughout the house, and at any moment you can increase it by either opening the dampers for a while, or else shaking; and I would particularly point out how much depends upon that one thing. In spring, you desire to keep your hall fire alight, to have warmth from it, and yet not so much as in winter. How are you to manage? Shake your stove but seldom, and you will find that whilst retaining sufficient heat to make you comfortable, and to avoid the necessity of re-lighting, yet very little coal is used. Cannot that same thing be done in winter, on those mild days which occur every now and then, when a little forethought might have avoided the necessity of either opening windows or stifling? The same remarks will, in a measure, apply to wood. Keep on a good fire, close the damper, and, if mild, cover with ashes.

As for the grocer, his wares give but little trouble. Have boxes, jars, or bottles, for your groceries; buy according to the size of your family, and your receptacle; and so soon as your purchases arrive, put each into its proper place. The old fashioned spice-box, in compartments, has always been my detestation—there is no way of getting at what you want but by means of a spoon, and it is impossible, with that, to throw your spice evenly into your pudding. Go rather to any tinsmith's shop, and you will find tin pepper boxes for five cents each; put your spice in one of these, tie a label to the handle, and you want no other spice box. Buy all your spices ground if you can get them pure; it is much easier than "grating" or pounding, and they are finer than what can be done at home. I do not care for a spice-mill for a private family; they are apt to get out of order.

Do not throw away cold tea; it can be



warmed, and will taste as good as fresh, if it has not stood upon the leaves. The leaves are good for sweeping when used judiciously, but if put into the hands of one who will throw them—wet, not damp—on the carpet half an hour before sweeping, and then walk back and forth over them, covering ornaments from dust, they are worse than useless; they leave stains which no amount of sweeping will remove.

In buying carpets you will find a reversible one last longest, and they are certainly more suitable for bedrooms. Light colors soil and fade very quickly; very dark ones do not wear well. What are known as "oak colors" are about the best, though nearly all will be serviceable if bought in three ply,—all wool. A carpet is an expensive thing; do not then trust to an inferior dealer; go to one you can be sure of,—it will be better in the end, for jute and other materials are now so dexterously interwoven with wool in manufacture, that only an adept can discover it.

In bedrooms I would always have the space under the bed bare, and if the bed stands against the wall, a few inches bare beyond it. A pretty rug hides the floor, and a room is far more healthy where the floor under the bed can be washed instead of swept. Nurseries are better without carpet, except rugs here and there. Lay each child's stockings and shoes beside the bed, and let it be a standing rule that no foot is to touch the floor till they are on, and there will be no danger of taking cold.

Washing oilcloths is very destructive to them, because the washing is improperly done. Water should not be "slashed" on to them as on to a kitchen floor, nor should a brush be used, nor should they be left half dried. An ordinary scrubbing cloth, partially wet and soaped, is best to use first; rub hard and go well into the corners, wash this off with clear water, and polish with a dry cloth. Of course this is done like floor scrubbing—a piece at a

time. In dusting be careful to use something soft: an old silk handkerchief is the best, but any soft material will do.

Woollen curtains are better removed during summer; they keep out the air, harbor dust, and are likely to be faded and torn. Muslin or lace ones are far more suitable for the season, though even they are as well dispensed with.

If you use gas, be sure to have it turned off in the cellar each night—if possible; if not, then, certainly first thing in the morning. Your bills will be greatly diminished by so doing, and, unless your gas pipes through your house are in excellent order, your sleep will be the healthier. If you use oil, be careful never to fill your lamps by candle light, or to use it to light fires. Don't wash the lamp chimneys; blow your breath into them, and polish with a dry cloth. Moreover, do not wash the cloth, the dirtier it is the better, so that the dirt only comes from the chimneys. Endeavor as far as you can to regulate your work, and use a little judgment so as not to have all come together.

Some things must be done every day, and we will pass them by, but the following is—sometimes a good division of other labor for the week. Monday, washing—and have a cold dinner that day. This can easily be managed by having rather a larger joint than necessary on the Sunday. Or if you desire to keep to the good old custom of cold dinner Sunday, then let your washing be done Tuesday. But we will suppose that you do not, and therefore, Monday, washing. Tuesday, folding, starching, and as much ironing as you have time for. Wednesday, finishing ironing, sorting and putting away. Thursday, cleaning of plate and windows. Friday, sweeping. Saturday, scrubbing. In large families this work is divided between two servants; in small ones it is easily done by one. So also, where no servant is kept, it is divided among

the different members of the family, and is not in reality as much as it appears to be. Careful folding of clothes is a great help to the ironer, whilst many things will do with pressing; huckaback towels, sheets, stockings and all woollens, are better pressed, and take very little time to do. Economizing time, yet doing your work well, is a great thing in housekeeping; it gives you so many precious moments for other things—the culture of your mind, the repose of your body, the society of your children or friends, the strengthening of your spiritual life. Do not waste the moments you thus gain, thinking them so trifling as not to be worth caring for, but believe that a great deal can be done in them if you only try.

Soda is bad to use for washing paint; it destroys it, and is besides injurious to your fingers, being apt to bring on sores. When doing your own work, you will find it a great saving to your hands if you use what French people call a *lavette*. This is nothing more than a piece of cotton cloth tied to the end of a stick. With this you need not put your hands into the hot and greasy water when washing either dishes or pans. For these *lavettes* or small mops, there is nothing so good as a square of cotton folded in two or four, and tied in the middle to the handle. A clean dishwasher will keep one for dishes, another for pans, and will untie the string every now and then so as to have the cloth well washed.

Use your pantry and kitchen towels carefully. What looks worse than a large burn on a dish towel, from using it as an iron-holder, or ironing on it?

Dress is no small item in housekeeping just now, but I do not intend speaking of it here, but will content myself with a few words on the buying and managing of house-linen. It is but poor economy to buy inferior material for either house or table-linen; choose a good, round, even thread, not too fine,

and a smooth selvage. If you cannot afford good white sheeting, do not be ashamed to take unbleached; it will last longer and be far better in every way than common white, even if a little cheaper. So with toweling, and table cloths; each time they go to the wash they come back whiter, till you soon begin to forget that they are not quite white. When sheets begin to wear in the middle, turn them, that is, sew the sides together, and open up the middle.

Basement dining-rooms are much used now, and they are a great saving of labor. In a family where the work is done by themselves, it is a great advance if, as the table is cleared from one meal, it is re-set for the next. For instance, breakfast is over, then clear your table, gather up any crumbs lying about, air your room well, dust, and by the time one person has done that, the other has got all washed up. Pile up those breakfast things on a tray and carry into the dining-room. Many of them will be required for dinner, and may as well be put on the table as in the cupboard. Put the rest away, add what is wanting to make your table complete, and you may go away satisfied that you need not enter that room again till it is time to place your dinner on the table.

I daresay that much, if not all of what I have written, is already practiced by many; but then my words are not intended for such as those. I am writing for the inexperienced housekeeper, no matter how her inexperience arises, whether from youth, from carelessness, or, saddest case of all, sudden reverses. Each one of these will find a something to suit them, a something they either did not know or did not think of before; and to each I would say, do not follow implicitly what I tell you, unless you find it quite suitable in your own case. My words are but "hints" for you to make use of, and they will bear many an alteration adapting them to the necessities of the case.

## UNPROFESSIONAL SURGERY.

BY JENNIE MORRISON.

There is no escape in this world from the practice of surgery. At a very early age one has to learn to dress his own slight wounds, and from that time till his children come into his more practised hands, there are younger brothers and sisters and other companions likely to fall under his treatment. The extraction of a splinter, the binding up of a scratched or cut finger, the soothing of a smarting burn and bruise,—who is there who has never been called upon for such a service? He must either have lived in singular safety, or been a most unenviably useless individual.

Yet this universal demand for skill in dealing with bodily hurts has not created the commensurate supply. The simplest rules for treatment of the most common injuries are astonishingly little known. Lotions, liniments, and salves are applied without intelligent consideration of the fitness of their application, much to the increase of needless suffering, and of no use except to



FIGURE 2.



FIGURE 1.

the pockets of dealers in patent medicines.

In the lay practice of surgery, that is, in those cases of injury which can be

treated without professional aid, and in those cases which must be measurably treated before professional aid can be obtained, there is one principle which cannot be too strongly urged—do as little as possible. There is far more recuperative power given to the body than most persons know. Painkillers are often pain-provokers, and the bruise or burn that would soon cease to hurt under

a simple cold water dressing and exclusion of the air and dust, is aggravated by the mistaken washing in some favorite “extract.”

In a country home, where there are five active children, four of them boys,

there may reasonably be expected an average amount of accidents, and in reality there has been in ours, in the past five years, what might be fairly called more than the average of acci-

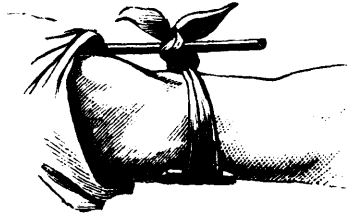


FIGURE 3.

dental injury which falls to the lot of humanity. From such a source of personal experience and consequent especial study, we may venture some practical suggestions.

First, there should be in every home



FIGURE 4.

a convenient place provided for the orderly keeping of certain important appliances,—a small roll of sticking-plaster, a piece of court plaster, a

package of old linen, and a few rolls of bandages of different widths. These last, which are represented in our illustrations, are to be prepared from soft but strong cotton cloth torn in strips and rolled tightly and smoothly, as in fig. 6. It will be easily seen that for use in binding up wounds or in reducing fractures, the rolls will save the awkwardness of entangling bandages.

The most serious accidents are likely to occur when away from home, and to call for extemporaneous treatment which must depend for real advantage upon the tact of the sufferer's companions; or, if quite alone, he may be able to save himself prolonged suffering by the exercise of some ingenuity of his own. For instance, in the case of a dislocated shoulder, as represented in fig. 1, the injured arm is lifted by the other hand over a gate or fence; the patient

grasps the lowest bar he can reach, and allows the weight of his body to hang on the other side, so that by the pressure of the top bar the bone is forced into its socket. Few persons, perhaps, would have the knowledge, or the nerve to treat themselves this way, but it is a suggestion of what might be done in the absence of professional aid, which should be sought at once in all cases of dislocation and broken bones.

The method of conveying a patient from the place of injury to his home, or some near place of shelter, is of the greatest moment. Loss of strength by needless suffering must be avoided, and, accord-

ing to the hurt, the conveyance must be contrived. In case of a sprained ankle, a crushed foot, or a similar accident, a semi-recumbent posture

will often be the most comfortable. The "sedan chair," (fig. 4) known to every school child, is a very convenient method of carrying one who is able to sit up. Carrying one with opposite hands of the bearers interlaced, under

pasteboard bound on each side of the broken bone, or even some clean wheaten straw, will afford it sufficient support. Faintness very often accompanies an injury, and unless there be severe bleeding, it need not cause alarm.



FIGURE 5.

the thighs and behind the loins, as in fig. 2, may be endured for a short time, but a much easier way is shown in fig. 9, where the patient sits on two hands and leans against the other two which are braced on the opposite shoulders. If the injury is too great to admit of these plans, some form of litter must be planned. A shutter or small door with a mattress and pillow may be near at hand, or four poles might be fastened together to form a frame, on which a blanket or large shawl could be suspended, as in fig. 5. But here the ingenuity will be forced to make the most of such material as can be easily obtained. It is said not to be well for the bearers of a stretcher to keep step, as it causes an unpleasant swing. In case of four bearers, the front and rear men on opposite sides should step together, thus being "out of step" with

poured out in two ways, 1st, from one of the arteries which convey the blood from the heart to the surface, in which case it comes in jets, and is of a bright red color; 2d, from the veins which



FIGURE 7.

carry the blood back from the limbs to the heart, in which case it comes in a continuous stream, not in jets, and is of a darker color.

Obviously, then, to stop the bleeding the stream must be interrupted between its source and the wound—between the trunk and the wound when the bleeding is from an artery, and when from a large vein the point

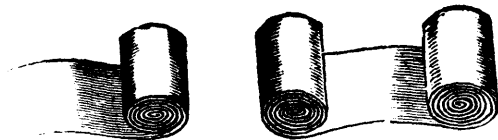


FIGURE 6.

their immediate companions. If possible, a temporary support should be provided for a broken leg or arm before the patient is moved.

Some pieces of thin board or of

of pressure should be either upon the wound or below it. In the first case, a handkerchief drawn around the arm and tightened by twisting in it a stick will extemporize what surgeons call a *tourni-*

quet, (fig. 3) and where bleeding is severe enough to call for its use, should only be a temporary treatment, the advice of a physician being greatly needed. Wounds in the ball of the thumb and in the palm of the hand are often of a dangerous kind, and may require medical attendance, but the home dressing is very important. The illustrations (figs. 8 and 10) show how the bandages are applied to make them neat and comfortable. The pressure of a slice of cork may sometimes be applied in the bandage immediately over the wound, where it is difficult otherwise to restrain the bleeding.

In wounds about the head a little of the hair on each side of the wound should be cut away, a small pad of lint put over it, and a bandage applied to keep it in place, as in fig. 10.

Slight cuts, that is, such as do not cause dangerous bleeding, nor aggravated injury to muscles, cords or tendons, need only to have the edges drawn together and kept so by a bit of plaster and a bandage, to save unnecessary scars.

Jagged wounds, such as make lock-jaw to be feared, need surgical treatment, and that of the wisest kind.

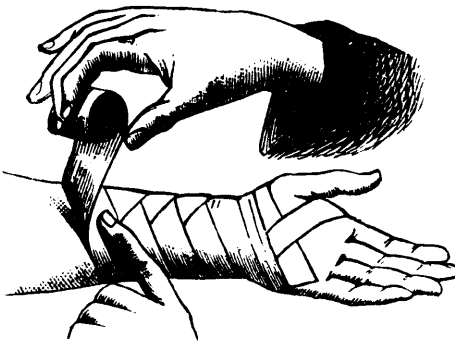


FIGURE 8.

Long "clean" cuts from sharp instruments rarely cause that terrible disease, but a round, one such as is made by a blunt instrument, should be submitted

to the care of a good surgeon without delay.

Whether the injury be to an adult or

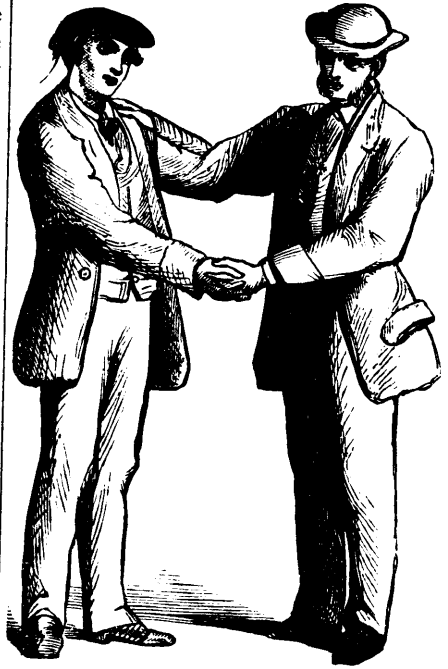


FIGURE 9.

a child, severe or slight, let the attendance be given with quiet cheerfulness. Let "fuss," which is always objectionable, be utterly forbidden to approach an injured body. With a child almost anything can be done if the imagination can be employed as an anæsthetic.

A little, high-strung, nervous fellow, less than five years old, stumbled by the open door of a hot stove the other day, and fell, giving his neck an ugly combination of bruises, cuts and burns. His terror was great, and the pain was great. His shrieks brought old and young to the nursery, and their words of pity and their frantic movements to help would soon have thrown him into convulsions. These quieted, it was scarcely five minutes before he was a

"wounded soldier" in a hospital, with two or three surgeons bringing pills



FIGURE 10.

(of candy), cloths wet with water, into

which were put icicles, broken from the apothecary's shop (!) just outside the window, and although the cry was not to be entirely suppressed, the pain was half-forgotten in the play. In an hour a light but tempting supper was thoroughly enjoyed, and when bedtime came, an old handkerchief with some mutton-tallow on it was all the dressing given, and the wounds have all healed well. The same little boy has gone through experiences of suffering which would have tried the nerves of older people, with comparatively little friction to himself or his nurses, by the simple method of keeping him from thinking of his ills, a plan which we heartily recommend grown persons to try for themselves.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

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## POVERTY OR RICHES.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Mrs. Matthews was thoroughly tired out with poverty. She called it poverty, though certainly there was little other want in it than the want of making a better appearance. There was always enough to eat in the house—good, plain fare; and if she had been content with good plain clothes, there would have been enough to wear. But so long as Mrs. Mean's new silk that would stand alone rustled by her and darkened her vision, so long as Miss Purcell's black lace shawl spread itself like an evil cobweb to catch her wishes, so long as Mrs. Broyne's diamond pin stared her in the face, or Mr. Broyne's landaulette and his thorough-bred chestnuts flashed and splashed by, she felt all the cramp and ache of poverty—she, who had a new silk once in ten years

perhaps, whose stand-by was an alpaca that had been turned, who made her own bonnets, whose highest expectation in the line of the toilette was a tiny black lace barbe, and who never expected to have a diamond at all. "Ride!" said Mrs. Matthews, as Mrs. Broyne drove by—"the longest ride I'll ever take will be my ride to the churchyard!"

Poor Mrs. Matthews! She was very much dissatisfied with her lot in life. Yet she had married Mr. Matthews thinking it would be bliss enough to be his wife, even if she had to live in two rooms. And so it was—at first. But then babies came, and bills; and that wore out and this grew shabby, and acquaintances prospered and went beyond them, and they moved into a new

neighborhood where there were wealthier people, and slowly the iron entered her soul and rusted there. She became indignant with fate, and she manifested her indignation by wearing a dingy calico, that might have been a pretty one, with a soiled cravat knotted around her neck any way it happened, when it might have been a clean collar, with her hair twisted in a careless knot—going about altogether slipshod and slovenly, and sometimes dropping down and crying in the midst of her work and her dirt.

As for Mr. Matthews, of course this did not make him very comfortable; sometimes a little angry, sometimes a little sad; he did the best he could, yet so frequently found home a dismal place that, if it hadn't been for the children, he would have spent his evenings at the tavern or in the corner grocery along with a lot of other loungers. "I dare say," snapped Mrs. Matthews, when, thoroughly disheartened, he once made such an exclamation. "Children, indeed! Of course, I'm nothing! It's no consequence that I've been slaving all day, and am at home alone! I don't know that I had any reason to expect any thing else, though!"

Nevertheless, Mr. Matthews did not go to the grocery or the bar, but sat at home with his newspaper and his box of tools, and of late months with certain maps and books over which, in spite of sundry ejaculations about men's work being from sun to sun, and women's work being never done, he pored every night till long after the house was still, and while Mrs. Matthews sat opposite, the sock which she was darning still stretched over her five fingers, and her rather frowzy head fallen forward in a doze—every night, that is, when he was not out with a dark lantern, prowling over the great field behind the straggling little orchard, the great field whose bones stuck out of the earth in old lichened surfaces of dreary rock,

where Mr. Matthews had found he could not even pasture a cow, and which, with its singular confirmation—a huddle of low mounds, like bubbles suddenly stiffened out of the seething of some gigantic caldron—would have reminded a reader of poetry of nothing so much as of that savage region through which "Childe Ronald to the dark tower came."

One morning, Mr. Matthews, dressed in his best, packed into a hand-bag a number of small and heavy articles that he had kept in a locked drawer, (much to the wrath of Mrs. Matthews, who thought it was high time of day if keys were to be turned against her in her own house) and telling his wife he should not be at home for a couple of days, the good man kissed her, and stepped on board the cars and left her in a flood of tears.

What had he gone to the city for? What right had he, out of their little means, to take the money for a two days' lark? What did it all portend? Mrs. Matthews had visions dart before her eyes that she did not dare to call by name—insanely jealous visions of her husband, her staid husband of a dozen years, in the company of some gay and lovely charmer—and though she dispelled the visions, she redoubled her tears. Mrs. Matthews tears were tears of anger as well as grief; she was very angry during all that first day, and pursued her tasks on that explosive verge which warned the children to keep out of her way. But night and darkness and lonesomeness, and an unaccountable dread of burglars where there was so little to steal, had a softening effect; she was somewhat less angry with her husband, but began to pity herself, to pity herself intensely. The next day she attended to her duties in a lachrymose frame, with a very red nose; the day was longer and duller than any day she remembered; she found herself looking forward to the morrow; and by the morning of the



third day she was quite ready to give Mr. Matthews a warmer welcome than he deserved after keeping a secret from her. A little of the old Eve overcame her as she saw him walking up the lane; she had half a mind to set open the door and be off to a neighbor's—she was dressed in the prettiest toilette she could get up—and let him have a cold reception; but on the whole she was so glad to see him, and so curious concerning his journey, that she hustled the old Eve behind her, and ran to the door as she used to do when they were first married.

Mrs. Matthews had her reward; when the children had had their romp, had nearly reduced to ruins the toys the indulgent father had brought, had quite demolished the taffy, when Wybe had been snatched from his contemplation of the new game, and all were safely tucked away to their dreams, when Mr. Matthews took from his pocket several mysterious papers and spread them on the table beside his wife, with his hand over them. "My dear," said he, "you have seen me wandering with my lantern at night over the great field out behind us, and spelling in my books and maps in here. And you have been very good," said Mr. Matthews to his guilty wife, "about not vexing me with questions, and letting me keep the matter to myself while I chose, and now I am going to tell you what it all means."

"You are!"

"One day I picked up out there a bit of stone of very curious appearance," said Mr. Matthews, solemnly. "It puzzled me a good deal. I scratched and chipped away in the same region, and found more of it; I traced it for some distance across the field; I found a seam; I drilled it here and there; I put an average of the broken bits in that locked drawer, and took them to the city with me in my satchel day before yesterday. But I didn't feel justified in the expense of that trip till I had those books and maps, and

studied the subject as well as I could, and satisfied myself. And the long and the short of it is, wife, that those bits of rock have been assayed by a chemist and smelted in a furnace, and they are argentiferous lead to the tune of fifty ounces of silver to the ton. And these," lifting his hand, "are the statements of the assay. Nobody needs a better mine than that; and that—now don't you give way!—that mine is ours."

So that was the gay and lovely charmer, then, that had filled Mrs. Matthews's head with insanely jealous visions? A silver mine? Ah, who wouldn't be willing to have one's husband hold tender relations with a silver mine! Mrs. Matthews burst out laughing and crying at once, and hung round Mr. Matthews's neck as if she were not quite old enough to know better.

"Our horses shall be black," she sobbed, "and we will have a landau that will put the Broynes' little landalette out of sight!"

"I shall send Wybe to Germany," said Mr. Matthews, taking up the same strain. "And Patty—"

"Martha. We may as well begin to call her Martha."

"Well, Martha, then, shall have the best musical education in the world," said her husband. "Our children shall have all we missed."

"And how long will it be before it begins to pay?" asked Mrs. Matthews.

"Well," said her husband, "that is the question now before the meeting. We own the mine; but to clear away the rubbish, employ experts to find the vein and sink shafts, to get out the ore, to smelt it, and all the rest, that will take money, and money is what we don't possess."

"Then how under the sun—"

"I propose to mortgage the house for my share of the ready money. And I think it would be easy to induce Mr. Means to go in with me—"

"Mr. Means! I would rather it were somebody from out of town."

"Why, pray, what odds—"

"Why? Well, I should like to hear any good reason for our making the fortunes of these people that have been flaunting their finery over our heads and splashing their mud on us ever since we were born! It's our turn now. We're to be the millionaires. And if this mine's like other mines, our yearly income will be more than their whole fortunes. Mrs. Means won't be the only lady round here crackling in her silks! It does me good," said Mrs. Matthews. And probably it would have done any body good to be relieved of so much long-hoarded venom. "It does me good," she said, with a mocking sort of shiver. "It makes me young again. What a pity it didn't come when we *were* young, Mr. Matthews!"

"Better late than never," was the response.

"Well, I thought fellow-townsmen would be most interested in the thing, and look out for my interests best too. But I'll look abroad for a partner if you say so. I *did* think of selling Broyné and Means and some others a small portion outright, and so settling on you that much safely—"

"I wouldn't sell them a foot of it—no, not to save their lives!" exclaimed his wife.

"Well, whoever I get, I suppose I'll have to give them four-fifths of it."

"Give!" almost screamed Mrs. Matthews.

"Don't you think one fifth of a silver mine is better than none at all?" asked her husband, a little nettled.

"But you own five-fifths!"

"Oh, hang a woman!" cried Mr. Matthews. "You never can get any business into her head. If I can't raise the money to mine with, I shall have *no* fifths. They're not going to put in their money at a venture, and do my work for nothing. One-fifth of a silver mine, let me tell you, is an immense property."

"It is robbery," groaned Mrs. Matthews.

"If it should turn out a false lead, it is they who would be robbed, you see. Well, we must do the best we can;" and thereat they sought their pillows. But Mrs. Matthews lay awake half the night tossing under the vexation of having to surrender so much in order to acquire so little; for, what was a fifth of anything? she thought.

Yet the morning brought better counsels. That great alchemist, the sun, turned everything to gold. Mrs. Matthews recalled, as she awoke, the stories, more marvellous than those of the *Arabian Nights*, which she had heard concerning the Yellow Jacket and the Comstock—a fifth of a silver mine might be a quarter of a million a year. She went down and built her fires while Mr. Matthews slept the sleep of those who have struck silver, stirred up her oatmeal porridge, swept, scoured, and called her brood to breakfast—perfectly content to do it all now that there was no necessity, so to say; for the mistress of a quarter of a million a year could afford to do anything she pleased, she reasoned; and she was altogether in such a halcyon mood that Patty—I beg pardon, Martha—was emboldened to ask her mother for an extra doughnut to take to school, reminding her that she liked "hands" best; and Wybert, hearing she was about to bake pies, mentioned indifferently his preference for "turn-overs."

Few people are obliged to look long for partners in such an enterprise as that of Mr. Matthews. The place was a midland town of no great age, at the foot of a long range of hills communicating with the metalliferous regions of the continent, though in themselves no sufficient quantity of ore to pay for the mining had yet been seen. The discovery of the rich metal was a delightful surprise to the people; they all began building castles in Spain with that pay-rock for foundation; everybody

who owned a back yard and a hammer began to manifest a geological turn, and chipped away at the soil either secretly or publicly, a little ashamed, but not going to lose millions for a trifle of ridicule. They chipped in vain; all the silver in that burgh belonged to Mr. Matthews. Would he sell? Not a stiver. Flattering offers were made—so flattering that he felt it best to urge them on Mrs. Matthews' attention. Suppose the mine should fail, then there would be that much at least from the sale of the land laid away in bank. "Fail?" said Mrs. Matthews, scornful as Richelieu. "How can a mine fail when the experts have been over from St. Louis, and even from Denver City, and said there is no such ore this side of the Rocky Mountains?" And so "Not a stiver," continued to be the answer to those who hungered after that silver. The partners from out of town were found, though little was known of their character beyond its value on 'Change, the company was formed, and the excavations were begun.

What ore it was!—shining, smooth surfaces of lead that hid the silver, here speckled with the precious stuff, there scaled in rich colors that declared the presence of gold itself as well—and how it yielded! Half-decomposed material, it mined only less easily than a gravel-pit; pure bricks of silver came out of the furnaces: Mr. Matthews' fortune was made. Mrs. Matthews beheld herself the envy of all those on whom she once had gazed with envious eyes. Though she had not spent a penny of it yet, she was the mistress of more than she knew how to spend; she lay awake nights now, joyously planning how to be rid of it.

They must look about them soon, and buy a place, Mr. Matthews said, one day. Should they go east, or should they stay where they were, and be and continue to be the grandees of the little town, that soon would be the great town with the various kindred enter-

prises he and his *confrères* would establish about the mine?

"We will go to the hotel," said Mrs. Matthews; "we will have a suite of rooms there. I always did think it would be a heavenly life, with the lights and the noise and the people. And now I'll try it the moment I get some new dresses made. I shall have *one* just covered with black net and beads. We shall not have another care about house-keeping, and we will have a French governess for the children, and sit by and learn something ourselves."

"Under the droppings of the sanctuary?"

"Yes. There is time enough to make up our minds about the future. We must take a journey and see a little of the world first—time enough to look round for a place when we have seen other people's places."

I thought of the Vreeland place," said Mr. Matthews.

"The Vreeland place would have done very well six months ago. It would have been a wild dream then—Paradise. But it is no better than the Purcells', and would never do now. When people have such a great possession as ours it is a duty they owe the public to live becomingly," said Mrs. Matthews, quite up to her position. "We must have gardens, conservatories, graperies, fish-ponds, aviaries, perhaps a private theatre," said this little woman who had never yet had a spare chamber. "We shall, I suppose, go to the Springs in the summer, and see a little of life at the sea-side and in the mountains; we shall make more friends than we want; we shall learn how to spend our quarter of a million—it yields that, doesn't it?"

"At that rate, so far. But I shall not receive so much at once. However, we are receiving more now than we can comfortably put away. I have a credit at the bank, Mrs. Matthews."

"You are really growing to look like a bloated bond-holder," said Mrs. Matthews, pulling up her husband's

coat a little, and then tiptoeing to give him a kiss.

"Well," said Mr. Matthews, "I suppose you want your dresses. I'll draw you a check."

He took off his coat and sat down to it. It was a laborious piece of business, but he achieved it. She put on her bonnet, and ran over to the bank with it, as he bade her; and for that bit of writing they put into her hands—which used to have such hard work to extract half a dollar for necessary needles and thread from her husband's purse—half a dozen five-hundred-dollar bills, the sight of which might have dazzled her but for their green tint so soothing to the vision. She asked to have one of the big bills broken into ones, but thought better of it, and took tens. Fifty ten-dollar bills! it took away her breath. Those fifty ten-dollar bills seemed more to her than all the five others; fifty ten-dollar bills at once! But she sent her order to the city that afternoon, and not only sent the order, but sent the dress-maker with it. And when, a week or two subsequently, the wardrobes of all the family as complete as money could make them, she moved with her husband, Master Wybert, Miss Martha, and the baby Gulnare into the best parlors of the only hotel, she felt that her career had begun.

But how can a career begin without a carriage? The best that could be ordered—patent springs, plate-glass, quilted satin, hidden mirror, card-pocket, parcel-holder—became Mrs. Matthews'; and as for horses, the horses that drew the Broynes were not good enough for the Matthewses. Ten-thousand-dollar horses, that stepped as if they knew their worth, were the ones that drew Mrs. Matthews and Miss Martha when they took the air. And they took the air so much—for Mrs. Matthews was haunted by the idea that she could hardly get her fair share of riding before she took that last ride of which she had once before made mention—that the coach-

man declared another pair must be procured or these would be ruined; and another pair accordingly went into the stable. Yet what with the ailments to which these costly beasts were subject, what with the weather in which they couldn't be out, and the hours at which they must be in, and the general tyranny of the coachman, Mrs. Matthews sometimes doubted if she would not have more enjoyment out of a hundred-dollar nag which she could drive herself. But what a wonder that coachman was, and what a wonder was his livery! Nobody in that town had set up a livery before her; she did not set it up herself till after their return from that journey in which they saw as much of the world as could be compressed into the vision of a month. But the calm content which Mrs. Matthews took in that dark green surtout, with the silver stripe and the black cockade, would have gone far to balance the general discontent of the rest of humanity with their lot. And what a gorgeous sight was Mrs. Matthews herself, as she sat in state, with Miss Martha and her governess just sufficiently in the background, receiving the calls of the fine ladies who had never known what a lovely person Mrs. Matthews was till now! or as, clad in royal purple velvet, with the drooping plumes of her heart's-ease-loaded hat mingling with her yet bright brown hair, she stepped from her carriage, returning these calls, her footman standing at the door the while with her priceless cashmere on his arm, so haughty and magnificent a being himself, that footman, that in the old days Mrs. Matthews would not have dared ask him a question!

Mrs. Matthews had good taste in dress. She was fond now of showing her husband what she could have done when she was young, if the means had been at hand. She was quite an artist in colors. "Trust me for that!" she said, displaying a star of enormous diamonds that had just been sent in

from the city to match her necklace, for she had *carte blanche* in expenditure, and liked diamonds for her throat better than for her troublesome red hands.

"But really, Mrs. M.," said her husband, "we are living now at high pressure. Don't you think it would be better to hold off a little and salt something down, in case of accident?"

"Accident?" said she, gayly. "What accident can occur, unless an earthquake should tip the world wrong side up with care? Don't you think you have enough salted down in that mine now? No, Mr. Matthews, let us, for the first year or two, spend all we can. In a little while we shall be too old to enjoy it; let us enjoy it while we are young enough. It establishes our supremacy, too, like nothing else. It does me good to see Mrs. Broynne and Mrs. Means kotowing to me. I want to laugh in their faces. The men have just found out what splendid business capacity you have; the women are all in love with me. If you could see that chit of a Purcell girl, who used to cut me whenever she felt like it, admire my Chantilly flounce on her knees, it would be as good as a play for you!"

"You're a smart woman," said her husband, lost in admiration. "You're a trump. You do credit to your money. Well, have your own way, my dear." And it is needless to say she did.

Mrs. Matthews' way was a very fine way, and a mightily expensive one. She moved before long into the Vreeland place, which was furnished and vacant. She thought best, she said, not to purchase or build till they had made their European tour next year, and seen what palaces were. She had a French cook, and a horde of servants; she began to give a little course of delectable dinner parties; she had people to visit her whose acquaintance she made in her month's tour; she gave a couple of chamber concerts, with the assistance of the Haydn Quartettes who chanced to be in that portion of the country.

She was finding out how to spend her money, and even to run a little in debt. "By George!" said her husband once, when she dismissed her whole retinue and imported another household from the city, "you cut such a swath it would take a whole silver mine to keep up with you!" Save in the time for such a chance remark, she saw nothing at all of her husband; she hardly saw her children; was quite ignorant that Master Wybert was an accomplished smoker and liked his Champagne dry, and that Miss Martha read French novels by the parcel. Other people imitated her hospitalities; she was plunged in a round of festivities, and her cards were out for a great ball.

Yet, if the truth were told, the zest flagged sometimes, and she was beginning to find it just a little stupid. It seemed, in recollection, as if those must have been halcyon days when she had no servants to make life a burden, and the house was not full of creatures whose insolence was only equalled by their ignorance, who stole and smashed and kept her in a ferment. More than once she caught herself thinking how pleasant it would be to feel the old exultation and get the old praise at having made both ends meet in some unexpected way; how pleasant it would seem again to be darning stockings on one side of the fire in the long evenings, while her husband read his books on the other, instead of putting herself into the hands of this torturing French maid and going out for the night. Yet that French maid had made Mrs. Matthews an adept in all the toilette arts. She knew how to tinge her lips a slight bright cherry, though it forbade the same lips to kisses; she knew how to give her cheek a soft powdery bloom, how to blondiline the stray locks about her brow, and give that brow an air of innocence and youth. Sometimes she thought it didn't pay. She was sure Mr. Matthews didn't mind it at all—in fact, he hardly seemed to look at her.

He was absorbed in his thoughts, in his papers, his business people, from morning till night, and she even heard him muttering figures in his dreams. He was all the time taking little journeys, that he called business errands, by himself; he didn't listen to her; he told her not to bother him; he gave her short answers; he even began to be stingy of his checks; something seemed to worry him. She didn't know but it had been pleasanter when they were poor.

It was the night, at last, of the great ball. The silver mine and its surroundings had turned the quiet town into one of almost as reckless revelry as if there were genii and afrites to answer every wish. Was there not, indeed, the great Slave of the Earth down that pit? Every room in the Vreeland place was resplendent with light and fragrant with flowers. Exotics that had been brought all the way from St. Louis, and even more distant cities, by the decorators, made bowers of halls and stairways. In the punch-room there were fountains flowing from unseen sources, which Mrs. Matthews had seen the French cook himself brew, after some imperial recipe. The table sparkled with gold and silver, and each portion of the country had contributed its separate dainty. Everybody would say, as everybody had said, how royally, how perfectly, Mrs. Matthews could entertain! And then her costume! While it seemed deferentially to give precedence to that of every guest—or else, as Mrs. Matthews knew by experience, there would be a fine chapter of backbiting—it was more darkly splendid than words can tell. It was black net over black satin, and in every mesh of the net a drop of jet sparkled; bandeaux of jet in the bright hair met over the forehead in that diamond star, brilliant as Hesper, and her diamond necklace glittered between rows of jet again. She was the impersonation of a frosty, starlit night, a shadow at one glance, a

dazzle at the next. Mr. Matthews breathed hard as he saw her come down where he paced the rooms alone before the assembling of the guests. He went up to her and kissed her. He seldom did so now. "Yes, you do justice to it all," he said, wiping his lips—"to it all. If it had lasted long enough for me to get to the Senate, what a figure you'd have made! I'm glad we've had it, if it's only to have seen you to-night. You are a magnificent woman."

"Dear me, Mr. Matthews," she said, re-adjusting her diamonds, "have you just found that out?"

"Well, how do you like it, on the whole—this magnificence?" said he, still surveying her sharply.

"I don't know," she answered. "Sometimes, if you'll believe it—it's absurd—I like the old way best!"

"What if I had news of a great disaster to tell you," then he said, laughing—"that we had to go back to the old way, for instance—should you like to hear it now or after the ball?"

"Oh, now!" she responded, gayly. "Then I should have the ball to break the blow, and keep my thoughts from it till I was used to it, you see."

"Very well, then," said he, "here it is. The silver mine has gone up."

"Gone up!"

"Come to an end. It's no mine at all—merely a bit of drift, a piece of the deposit of some old ripping and tearing glacier."

"What do you mean?"

"While it lasted," continued Mr. Matthews, stolidly, "it was good silver. Now there's no more of it. The mine has come to an end."

Mrs. Matthews caught at the back of a chair, and grew so white that the delicate bloom, immovable on cheek and chin, looking like angry stings. "You are jesting."

"I mean it," he answered her. "And much worse. We have known this for some time. We have been running it at large risk, in hopes to strike another

deposit. At least *they* have. I wanted to own up and pay up while we could."

"While we could?" she gasped.

"Yes. It was a stock company, you see, and the company was never incorporated, and we are personally responsible for all debts."

"Well?"

"The payment of those debts," said Mr. Matthews, "will sweep everything—the plate on that table, the horses in the stable, the lace in your drawers, the diamonds on your throat—everything. As nearly as I can reckon, it will leave us nothing but the little house in the lane, and a mortgage on that."

"One of these diamonds would pay the mortgage," she said, after a moment, half suspiciously, half defiantly. "Can't I save it?"

"Nothing! nothing! The little house is all. I forgot it when we were so flush."

"Is it empty?"

"Yes."

There was a brief silence as they stood facing each other; and then, to Mr. Matthews' amazement, his wife laughed.

"What a pity we didn't buy the Vreeland place in my name! Are you going to reproach me about it?"

"Reproach you?" It was my folly. I felt like the shoemaker who was made Caliph for a day, in Patty's story book. I was reckless. I thought I had Potosi. Yet I've learned the tricks; I may pick up again. What's that, the carriages?"

Mrs. Matthews clasped the bracelet she had been holding up to the light "What a masquerade!" she said. "How well we have played our parts! It's hollow stuff. Now we'll go back to work again, and you'll spend your evenings at home. I like it best—I like it best!" and she had thrown her arms round her husband's neck, and was kissing him like a child. "Hark! yes, it is the carriages," she said, arranging her disordered splendors. "There go the Broynes and General Killum up stairs. This is the fifth act."

"To-morrow the keepers will be in the house," said Mr. Matthews, bitterly.

"To-morrow we'll go home. And next day I'll get up in the morning and light the fire."—*Harper's Bazar.*

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## ECONOMICAL RECIPES.

BY M.

### TO USE PIECES OF BREAD.

Place all pieces of bread in a bakepan in the oven; let it remain till the bread is browned through—not burned—then roll fine, as you would sugar, and when cold put into a dry jar for use. They will keep well if the bread has been a sufficient length of time in the oven, and may be made use of in the following receipts:

#### PUDDING No. 1.

Pint bread crumbs, pint milk, boiling; pour the milk over the bread.

Three tablespoons sugar, two butter, four well-beaten eggs. Add this when the mixture is lukewarm. Juice and grated rind of one lemon. Bake three-quarters of an hour. Sauce or not as you wish.

#### No. 2.

Pint bread crumbs, quart sweet milk, cup sugar, yolks of four eggs, rind of one lemon, small piece of butter, nutmeg and salt to taste. Bake till done, but not watery.

Whip the whites of the eggs stiff,

add one cup white sugar, in which the juice of the lemon has been stirred; pour this over the pudding and re-place in the oven to brown. Eat cold.

## No. 3.

Half-pound suet chopped fine, half-pound brown sugar, half-pound bread crumbs, juice and rind of one lemon, three eggs, half-pound raisins. Steam three hours.

## No. 4.

One cup suet, two cups bread crumbs, two of figs chopped fine, one tablespoonful sugar or molasses, three eggs, one cup sweet milk. Boil or steam three hours. This may be varied by using chopped currants, prunes, raisins, apples, or in summer fresh fruit of any kind. Add spices to taste, and eat with or without sauce.

## OYSTERS AND BREAD CRUMBS.

Take the remains of a cold boiled fresh fish, pick from the bone, and place a layer in a pie dish, then a layer of bulk oysters, then one of bread crumbs. Continue this till your dish is full, when, pour in the juice of the oysters, strained and seasoned to taste. Bake in a moderate oven and eat hot.

Fish of any kind done the same way, only without oysters, is very nice. Potatoes can be added by cutting cold ones in thin slices, but most persons prefer the potatoes separate. Moisten the fish with some of the liquor in which it was boiled.

## LOBSTER.

One can of lobsters; one breakfast cup milk; half-cup bread crumbs. Put the milk in a saucepan with the juice from the lobster, and the bread. Boil till you find the raw taste removed; two or three minutes is enough, then throw in the lobster, season to taste, and make quite hot.

Rolled bread crumbs can also be used in the seasoning for turkeys, chickens, or veal; are better than fresh crumbs for frying either fish or cutlets,

are used for sprinkling over ham or bacon, and add to the flavor of soup if used sparingly. Indeed the different ways in which they can be used are so various, and they will be found so convenient, that they well repay the trouble of rolling.

## GRAHAM GEMS.

One-half cup butter melted, one cup sugar, three cups sour milk, five cups flour, either Graham or Indian meal, one egg, one teaspoon soda. Bake in small pans. If you use Indian meal, it is advisable to mix one-third or so of wheat flour. It prevents crumbling. These cakes can be made of wheat flour, and if the sugar is omitted, and more flour used, they make excellent breakfast rolls.

## CORN CAKE.

Two eggs, three-quarters cup sugar, two cups sour milk, two cups Indian meal, one cup flour, one-half teaspoon soda, pinch of salt. Bake in moderate-sized pans.

## FOR THE HANDS.

Cup sour milk, handful oatmeal. Keep this standing covered in your kitchen cupboard, and after dishwashing, rub some well into your hands (after you have washed them), rinse with fresh water, and you will find that your hands will keep soft and flexible.

## COLD MEATS.

The modes of cooking cold meats are almost endless, Mrs. Beeton having devoted a whole book to that special branch of cookery. I will only give one or two recipes which I have never seen in print, except when given by myself:

## BREAKFAST DISH.

Take good, ripe tomatoes, peel (by dipping in hot water) slice, and put a layer in a pie dish, then a layer of cold meat of any kind, cut fine, pepper and salt. Then, again, tomatoes, meat,



seasoning, till your dish is full, ending with tomatoes. Bake in a good oven; eat hot. A layer of potatoes, or a layer of bread crumbs is by many considered an improvement, and it gives variety.

## ANOTHER.

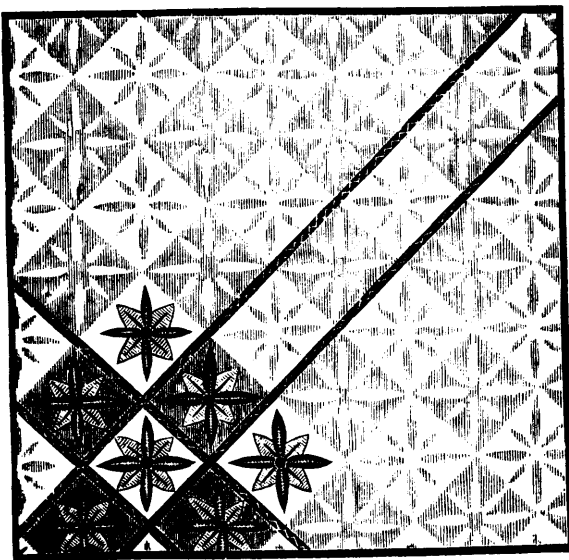
Take cold boiled potatoes, put into hot water and salt; when thoroughly hot, strain and mash; mix with a little flour, just enough to keep them together; roll out like paste. Have your cold meat chopped fine and seasoned; cut the potato paste in squares, put some meat on each, fold over, three-cornered way, pinch round, and fry in dripping or lard.

## ANOTHER.

Mix cold chopped meat and mashed potatoes together, and either fry in balls, or heat in a frying pan, and then place nicely on a dish. The remains of a boiled leg of mutton will make a good pie, or *haricot*, or Irish stews; so will the remains of a roast of beef do well for a pie, a pudding, or a stew with carrots. Don't be chary of your seasoning when using up cold meats, and suit your seasoning to the tastes of your household; never mind whether it is quite "the thing" or not. Apple sauce is for goose and fresh pork, but if you like it with anything else, use it, and never mind fashion.

## L I N E N T I D Y .

Here is a new style of embroidery that is becoming popular. It is worked on linen toweling and is extremely handsome for tidies, washstand shields, covers for chairs, etc. Take the linen toweling, with regular figures, such as stars, diamonds, rings, etc., and of the unbleached, or tea brown, gray or buff shades. Procure also some bright yellow, blue, scarlet, and bright brown zephyr, two shades of each. In the division lines between the figures use the regular "herring-bone stitch," with the two shades of yellow. The figures, in the centre, cover with "cross-stitch" embroidery in two shades of brown. The stars or other figures, make one in two shades of blue, the next in two shades of red, working in cross-stitch on the threads of the linen. Ravel out a fringe on the four sides, and with all the shades used in the embroidery, make long tassels or strands which



L I N E N T I D Y .

intermix with the linen fringe. These tidies are really handsome, and one great recommendation is that they will bear washing well, the colors appearing even more vivid. These same materials applied to wall-pockets, cradle-covers, table-mats, etc., will be found equally handsome and durable.

## Literary Notices.

A MEMOIR OF MADAME FELLER with an account of the origin and progress of the Grande Ligne Mission. Compiled by J. M. Cramp, D.D., author of "The History of the Baptists," &c., &c. Montreal: F. E. Grafton, and W. Drysdale & Co.

The life of Madame Feller was one of singular interest. She was born in 1800 at Montagny, in the Canton de Vaud, Switzerland. Her parents belonged to the Protestant Church, which was at that time in a state of great spiritual declension. In 1803, the family moved to Lausanne, her father having been appointed director of the Cantonal Hospital, and subsequently head of the penitentiary. At the age of 22, Henrietta Odin became Madame Feller by her marriage with M. Louis Feller, a middle-aged widower. About this time, the revival caused by the teachings of the Haldanes at Geneva extended through the Canton de Vaud, and the Fellers came strongly under its influence. Persecutions arose, and the evangelical Christians suffered much. In a short time M. Feller died of typhoid fever, and his widow lived for some years a life of active benevolence, and at length accepted the office of deaconess in connection with the Independent Church of Lausanne. The missionary spirit arose in the Church; a society was formed, and a number of the members, among whom was Madame Feller, gave themselves to this work. They started for their Canadian mission field in 1835, since which time the career of Madame Feller is tolerably well known to Canadian readers. Our extracts will be principally made with reference to her early life :

### EDUCATION.

The change of residence from the village of Montagny to the city of Lausanne was very advantageous to the Odins, as it placed within their reach excellent opportunities for education and introduced them to good society. Ever since the Reformation, Lausanne had been the educational centre of Switzerland. Good schools were numerous; the College was the best in the country, and in connection with it was the Theological Seminary, and a Law School, which proved highly attractive to educated young men.

Henrietta was a general favorite. She loved all, and all loved her. Her intellectual powers were far above mediocrity. She was of a lively, free disposition, and gave promise of no ordinary amount of sagacity.

The studies of the young people were conducted on the Pestalozzian system, to which M. Odin was much attached. He tested its powers in the development of his children's minds. Their mother took charge of the department of religion and morals.

### SPECIAL TRAINING.

When she was fourteen years of age, Henrietta began to visit the wards of the hospital, and to offer assistance to the sick and suffering. She had learned from the physicians of the establishment that a good surgeon should have eagles' eyes, a woman's hands, and a lion's heart. Without pretending to affirm that she professed the first and last of these qualifications, it was soon evident that Henrietta's affectionate manner was peculiarly adapted to soothe and relieve the patients who were under her care. She was specially attentive to those who were suffering from wounds or dislocated joints. They received such gentle handling that everyone wished to be on her list of patients; and the physicians entrusted to her the necessary dressings after the most difficult operations. She enjoyed so much pleasure in these engagements that she actually entertained a project for the foundation of a hospital where she could devote herself entirely to the work.

In the wards of the hospital at Lausanne Henrietta gained an amount of medical skill and sick-bed experience which proved of the greatest advantage to her in her subsequent missionary life. It was a preparatory education and discipline, designed by the Lord Himself, in view of future labors. Many French-Canadian women and their families had reason to bless God for the arrangements of His providence which placed Henrietta Odin in such favorable circum-

stances, in early life, as to fit her to become their nurse, their physician, and their comforter, ministering, with singular skill, both to the body and the soul.

#### IN SOCIETY.

When she was introduced into society, Henrietta Odin soon became a powerful attraction among the fashionables of Lausanne. Her father encouraged her to go into the world, and accompanied her to the parties to which she was invited. For her part, Henrietta had no desire to shine. She would have willingly remained in the bosom of her family; and she valued society rather as the means of intellectual and moral development and a source of lawful pleasure than on any other account. But at this time the Swiss nation was emerging into new life. The long political disturbances by which Europe had been distracted at the close of the last century and the commencement of the present, issuing in the overthrow of all that was good, had come to an end. The imperial crown had fallen from the head of Napoleon, and the huge colossus which his arms had reared, and at the feet of which almost the whole continent had lain prostrate, was broken in pieces. The powers of Europe, weary of war, eventually guaranteed to the people the blessings of peace; and the Canton de Vaud, whose independence was confirmed, determined to enjoy those blessings to the utmost. Progress of every kind enlivened the country, and a spirit of association spread everywhere, producing the happiest results. Societies sprung up in all places—for the promotion of the natural sciences, the fine arts, music, singing, various projects of industry, etc., etc.—celebrating their *fêtes* and anniversaries, and keeping the young in a perpetual whirl of excitement and pleasure. Henrietta greatly enjoyed those meetings. She was a fine singer; her voice was clear and powerful; and when she sang the patriotic songs which were then so popular she threw so much soul into them that her father could not listen to her without tears.

The professors and students then resident at Lausanne belonged to the best society of the country, and many of them were among its brightest ornaments. Those who were studying for the ministry were necessarily engaged in enquiries which introduced them to the fellowship of genius and piety, and promoted manliness of thought. Intercourse with such persons was a privilege in which Henrietta participated with great delight. It gave full scope to her powers, and brought into action the noble qualities by which she was distinguished. There was so much life and spirit in her conversation, and such harmony between her mind and her countenance, that she was known as "*Mademoiselle Odin the transparent.*"

#### THE SWISS REVIVAL.

About the year 1821 the Lord began to shed abroad in the Canton de Vaud the spirit of grace and light, and to awaken its people from the sleep of spiritual death. This revival had begun in Geneva several years before, at the time of

the residence of the venerable Haldane in that city. The theological students whom he met there were singularly prepared to receive the truths of the Gospel, which as yet they had known very imperfectly. The instructions given in the Academy of Geneva were nothing better than rationalism, or rather a blank Arianism, a negation of the distinctive doctrines of Christianity. The clergy of the city, known as "*The Venerable Company of the Pastors of Geneva,*" had established a rule (May, 1817) forbidding, in forms of expression cunningly chosen, all preaching on the divinity of the Redeemer, on the fall of man, and on salvation by grace. Some of the students protested against it, and were expelled from the Academy. All that remained of evangelical truth and life had taken refuge among a small number of pious persons, and especially in the remnant of a little flock of Moravian brethren, gathered about the middle of the eighteenth century by Count Zinzendorf. The expelled students and some of their friends joined the Moravian body. They formed also an association, under the name of the "*Society of Friends,*" for common edification by prayer and reading of the Scriptures, feeling deeply their need of increased knowledge and faith, and expecting that in this way the Lord would come to their help. Those meetings were happy seasons. In the midst of the spiritual death which surrounded them the believers enjoyed the greatest spiritual pleasures. The Lord drew them to Himself by "*cords of love.*" The meetings were held near the place where the young reformer, Froment, opened his free school in the sixteenth century; and now the lamp of the pure Gospel was once more lighted in Geneva.

It was under these circumstances that Robert Haldane entered that city. He was a chosen instrument in the hands of God, and was destined to become a source of blessing to the students and many more. In a short time there was a revival in the Theological Hall. More than twenty of the students regularly clustered round Mr. Haldane, their true Professor, receiving those instructions which they were afterwards to spread abroad in Switzerland, in France, and elsewhere. Mr. Haldane's exposition of the Epistle to the Romans was especially blessed. "*He knows the Scriptures,*" said one of the students, "*like a Christian who has been taught by the Holy Spirit himself.*" Never since the days of Francis Turretine and Benedict Pictet had any divine expounded the counsel of God with such clearness, force and fulness. Never had the light of truth shone so brightly in the City of Calvin.

The young converts became missionaries, and communicated the truths which they had received to the junior clergy throughout the Canton de Vaud. The Lord blessed the work. As in the olden time, "*some believed the things which were spoken, and some believed not.*" The young ministers proclaimed the Gospel with such power and unction that general attention was attracted to their services. Famished souls, thirsting for salvation—and there were many—

embraced the truth with joy, and evangelical associations were formed in different parts of the country. Then ignorance and prejudice, formalism and unbelief took the alarm, and the cry of danger was raised. In a very short time fierce opposition was roused against the "secretaries," the "*momiers*" (hypocrites), as they were reproachfully called, who were driven from the churches, represented as intriguers, hypocrites, and impostors, and loaded with contempt and insult.

The evangelical preachers, driven from the national churches, preached wherever they could obtain accommodation. Houses, barns, the fields, were the temples in which they declared the unsearchable riches of Christ. The converts were organized as a religious society, or church, that they might meet for the worship of God and mutual edification. They bore testimony to the Gospel of the grace of God, and thus provoked yet more the world's opposition to them. And the Government, instead of respecting the rights of conscience, as it was their duty to do, prohibited the peaceable assemblies of the faithful, and passed a law on the 25th of March, 1824, condemning to fine, imprisonment, or exile, according to circumstances, those who presided at the meetings, or conducted the services, and those who sustained or attended them.

Violent measures were immediately taken against peaceable citizens, whose only crime was that they were seeking the salvation of their souls. Many young ministers were banished—among them, Olivier, Chauvannes, Rochat; others were cast into prison, as M. Juvet, who was carried from the prison to his grave. Houses were forcibly entered, meetings dispersed, and those who were attending them insulted. In some instances these deplorable scenes issued in bloodshed. M. Auguste Rochat was attacked by a crowd coming away from a public *fête*, and would have been murdered, had not some worthy citizens interfered and protected him.

Such were the effects of the iniquitous law, and that state of things continued for ten years. Similar scenes were witnessed at Geneva, at Neuchâtel, at Berne, at St. Gall, and at Zurich. But the persecution had little effect on the progress of the Gospel. It was rather an excellent school for believers, a "great grace" resting on the revival. The Lord did not forsake His people when they were in the furnace; He did not leave them without consolation and support.

M. Fivaz, the friend of the Feller family, yielded to the influence of the revival, and was condemned at Orbe to banishment for two years for having attended a prohibited meeting. He appealed to the Court of Cassation at Lausanne, and the judgment was reversed. He then removed his residence to Lausanne, and became pastor of the dissident church, which was formed in 1824. "On my arrival at Lausanne," he remarked, "I went to visit M. and Madame Feller, who received me with their accustomed kindness, notwithstanding the opprobrium connected with the word *momier*. Their sympa-

thies were evidently with the revival, and with the persecuted. I could speak freely with Madame Feller respecting the Gospel. It was a pleasure to converse with one whose disposition was so tender and affectionate. Her views on free grace in Jesus were still very defective; the harmony between law and grace was dimly apprehended; her heart made greater progress than her head."

M. Feller was appointed superintendent of the police of Lausanne, and in that office was necessarily brought into collision with the dissidents, who were resolved to persevere in holding their separate services, at all risks.

The spies of the Government were employed in ascertaining the places where the dissidents intended to hold their meetings on Sundays, and to report to the Councillor of State appointed to take charge of the Department of Public Worship. He gave information to M. Feller, whose duty it was to send officers to the places named, disperse the assemblies, and denounce the offenders to the authorities. Madame Feller was accustomed to give such information to M. Fivaz as enabled him to avoid the danger by changing the places of meeting. Several months passed without the occurrence of a single prevention of a meeting, when a Councillor of State, dissatisfied that no *momiers* were brought to justice, bitterly reproached M. Feller, and accused him of negligence of duty. He, vexed at the position in which his office placed him, revealed the whole to his wife, and intimated his wish to resign. Madame Feller advised him to be patient, and to take advantage of the opportunities which he enjoyed to render service to Christians who were so unjustly hated and persecuted. She then wrote to the dissident pastor, telling him that her husband was loaded with reproaches because the meetings were not detected and broken up, and suggesting the propriety of abstaining, as far as possible, from public services on Sunday mornings.

"Obliged," says M. Fivaz, "to take some steps in order to avoid the search, which was becoming more active and determined, we divided our congregation into four or five groups, which met in as many different places, at each of which I met them every Sunday. The first meeting was held at seven in the morning, in the wood of Sauvebelin, at a place called '*La Chasse du Duc*.' This wood is two miles from Lausanne, near the top of Mount Joral, a very rough district, and difficult of access. We found more persons there than I expected. It was in December, and the weather was very severe. We kept close to each other, and mutually encouraged one another to be faithful. We sang the praises of the Lord, and offered our prayers, without fearing the police or regarding the rain, which fell heavily upon us. We were filled with joy and peace in the Holy Spirit.

"One Sunday morning," continues M. Fivaz, "I went to visit a poor sick woman, living in the fourth story of a house, in one of the most obscure quarters of the city, and found some of her friends with her. Some wicked fellows had

## THE MISSION INSTITUTE.

observed us, and immediately an outcry was raised that a meeting of the *momiers* was to be held in the house. A great crowd was gathered, shouting, 'Down with the *momiers*! Down with the *momiers*! To the lamp-post!' It was impossible for us to leave the house. M. Feller learned what was passing, ran to the spot, and addressing the mob with authority, as a magistrate, said, 'Let none of you do any harm to these people.' Then, taking me by the arm, he led me through the city, in the sight of all, to my own house, which was beyond the city limits.

"The search after the dissidents sometimes slackened—for they could not be always persecuting—and then the meetings were held more frequently. A building in the public thoroughfare, near the Hôtel de Ville, was hired, and there great blessing attended the meetings, and many persons were converted. But the enemies discovered it, and fresh persecutions were excited.

"On the Saturday before Easter a report was spread in the city that I was to be put in the pillory that day, in the market-place. It was market day, and there was a great concourse of people. About ten o'clock in the morning I was passing through the market-place on my way to visit some sick persons. I was recognized, and a mob was quickly gathered. 'To the pillory! To the pillory!' said some. 'Let us cut out his tongue,' exclaimed their companions; while others said, 'Club him!' I expected every moment to be laid hold of, when M. Feller, who was conversing with some gentlemen in front of the Hôtel de Ville, saw me; leaving the gentlemen immediately, he came straight to me, and shook hands with me repeatedly, and with much warmth of manner, before the rioters, who looked on with astonishment, and ceased their raging.

"He did not say a word, but I understood him better than if he had spoken. Forty-five years have passed away since that occurrence, but I see to this day his expressive and most affectionate look. My heart was full. I thought of the words of Paul (2 Tim. i. 16): 'The Lord give mercy unto the house of Onesiphorus, for he oft refreshed me, and was not ashamed of my chain.' Those words often came to my mind when I met my dear protector, or thought of him. I saw him afterwards (dear M. Feller!), but it was on his death-bed, committing his soul into the hands of his Saviour, into whose presence he entered in peace. Many deliverances similar to this were experienced."

Madame Feller was one day enumerating, in conversation with M. Fivaz, the deliverances which the Lord granted during those days of suffering. "If any one," she said, "had assured me that a person had passed through pouring rain, with no umbrella, without receiving a drop of water, I should have more willingly believed it than that you and the little flock of the Lord could pass through those years of persecution with so little injury, and yet scarcely ever found it necessary to seek refuge in concealment. I had a better knowledge of your position than my husband, or even yourselves."

Notwithstanding the persecutions they had endured, and the heavy expenses they had incurred for the maintenance of worship, the Christians of Lausanne resolved to aid the cause of missions. A meeting was held, at which members of the National and of the Independent Church united in the formation of a society. The Government interposed, taking advantage of an old and obsolete Act, passed for another purpose, and prohibited the collection of funds; but the work went on; missionary prayer-meetings were periodically held, and a revival of religion followed, which extended to the whole canton. The energies of God's people were roused and developed; Bible Societies and Tract Societies were organized; and ultimately a Mission Institute was established, for the instruction and preparation of young men for missionary service.

Madame Feller was much interested in this movement. She entered into it with her whole heart, and richly enjoyed the blessings which were bestowed on the churches. Missions were constantly present to her mind, and always formed part of her prayers. She studied the Scriptures on the subject, and delighted to examine the promises of God respecting the salvation of the heathen, indulging an impression that the glory of the latter days was about to appear. Sometimes she entertained a desire for personal engagement in the work, if it should be the will of the Lord that she should be so employed. The young men who entered the Mission Institute were the special objects of her friendly regard. She invited them to her house, exhorted them to diligence and perseverance, and showed them the desirableness of accustoming themselves to missionary labor by visits to the poor and sick around them, and to the inmates of the prisons. They were guided and stimulated by her zeal.

In the latter end of June, 1834, the Church at Lausanne received a communication from M. H. Olivier, announcing to them his determination to leave Switzerland for a foreign mission. The letter occasioned great surprise and produced much distress. The prospect of separation from M. Olivier was very painful. Some of the members did not sympathize with him, and therefore felt more aggrieved than others; but the majority believed that the hand of God was in the matter, and were willing to resign their pastor to the new work. "It appears to me," said one of them, "that it is the will of God: His will be done." They saw that M. Olivier's decision sprang from no sudden or momentary impulse, but was the result of prayerful deliberation and firm conviction of duty; so they gave him to the Lord.

M. Olivier then made formal application to the Lausanne Missionary Society, offering his services in any foreign field which they might select. The application was received with great pleasure, and it was at once resolved to send M. Olivier, his wife, and two of the students in the Mission Institute, to Canada, to which part of

the world their attention had been recently directed by letters from Christian brethren resident there. It is proper to observe, however, that the "Canada" to which they looked was "Canada West," and the Indian population of that country, to many of whom the French language was almost as familiar as their own.

At first their intention was to establish a mission in the Mauritius, where there was a French population of 70,000; or in South Africa, where French missionaries had been successfully engaged for some years, and were now calling for more laborers. But the representations of brethren in that country turned the scale in favor of Canada, where missionary operations among the Indians had met with encouraging results. A meeting was held to commend the missionaries to God, and ask His blessing on the enterprise. It was numerously attended by friends from neighboring towns and villages, as well as by the members of the church, and was a season of unusual excitement and deep feeling.

#### ARRIVAL IN CANADA.

A letter from M. Olivier to the Committee at Lausanne contains the following statements:—

"As soon as I reached Montreal I called on the Rev. Mr. Perkins (Minister of the American Presbyterian Church), to whom I had a letter of introduction from Dr. Cox. He received me as if I had been a long-known brother. He had heard of our arrival by means of a New York journal which had given an account of us, and had expected to see me. He would not consent to our continuing at the hotel, but insisted on our acceptance of hospitality from himself and friends till we should be able to form plans for the future.

"The weather was so fine when we arrived that I thought it would be proper that our young brethren Gavin and Dentan should proceed at once on their journey to Upper Canada. But after advising with our Montreal friends, who urged on our consideration the lateness of the season and the approaching close of the navigation, it was resolved that our brethren should spend the winter in Montreal, and employ themselves in learning English. I have also decided to remain here for the present, that I may personally see the state of things. Doors appear to be opening in several places for the preaching of the cross of Christ, and it seems that the time is come for a great work in this country. One of the ministers said to me yesterday that in his church prayer had been continually offered to the Lord that He would send laborers to Lower Canada, and that when he heard of our arrival he was greatly rejoiced because those prayers appeared to be answered."

Madame Olivier wrote thus to Madame Feller:—

"In one sense, America shows us nothing new. Men are everywhere the same, slaves to their passions, thinking of nothing but their own interests. Here, as well as in the Old World, there are many who imagine that the evils which prevail in society can be removed in

no other way than by revolutionary changes. Even in the United States, which present to us the type of all kinds of liberty, and where free institutions of every description abound, there is, as well as amongst ourselves, restlessness and discontent.

"But it is time that I should tell you about Montreal. Our residence here would be more agreeable if we were better acquainted with the English language. Within the last dozen years the English have acquired great influence in this city. Many congregations have been formed, and many chapels built. We have been greatly encouraged and strengthened by the good spirit which appears to prevail among Christians. Soon after our arrival, Mr. Perkins invited other ministers of different denominations to consider with him what was best to be done for the Swiss missionaries. Their unanimous advice was that we should settle at Montreal. All the congregations take deep interest in the work of evangelization among the French. Chapels are offered my husband, in which he may preach in their language. It is believed that there will be a good number of hearers, if it were only for the uncommonness of the thing. A French Protestant minister has never yet been here.

"We do not find ourselves, therefore, in the midst of savages. We are in a city of 30,000 souls, which presents singular contrasts to Swiss eyes, but which is, nevertheless, a civilized place, and in many parts very beautiful. But if you take a nearer view of it—if you listen to the talk of that part of the population which inhabits the suburbs, which is the field that my husband intends to endeavor to cultivate, you would understand that men who are only naturally ignorant differ much from those people whose ignorance is nurtured by the priests, and which binds them as with a tight cord. They seem to me to be sadly hardened, very sensual, and their ignorance is of the most repulsive kind. They are addicted to the use of spirituous liquors, which brutalize men much more than wine. If I look at this work irrespectively of Divine grace, I exclaim, 'It is impossible.' But Faith replies, 'With God all things are possible,' and enables us to wait in peace for the day of His power."

Soon after his arrival M. Olivier commenced French meetings, at which about thirty Canadians were generally present. English friends who had Canadians in their service encouraged their attendance, and often accompanied them to the meetings, so that sometimes the congregations were numerous. M. Olivier did not labor in vain. His discourses, as one of his hearers remarked, were rather "proclamations of the love of God in Jesus Christ," than preachings. The good effects soon appeared. A householder, with one of his nephews, and an old man, seventy years of age, who had passed through great struggles, within and without, declared themselves openly for the truth.

M. Olivier neglected no opportunity of making known the Saviour. Persons who were interested in the meetings visited him, and often took with them their relations and acquaintances, with whom he conversed, sometimes in the presence

of priests, who were very indignant at his proceedings, and represented him as a dangerous man, a deceiver, and a wolf in sheep's clothing.

As those who were not seriously impressed soon ceased to attend, M. Olivier removed the meetings to his own house, in the Quebec suburbs, where, though the congregations were smaller, a blessing was equally enjoyed.

M. Dentan found it too fatiguing to spend all his time in studying English, and was therefore prepared to listen to the proposals of an English gentleman of L'Acadie, who met with him at M. Olivier's, and encouraged him to remove to that place, where many persons had the New Testament in their hands, and the trustees of a school which was then vacant were willing to receive a Protestant teacher. He went accordingly, and his services were engaged for four months. He had about twenty boys under his care. The inhabitants were on friendly terms with him, and respected him as a good teacher, although they manifested no interest in the Gospel which he made known among them. This school was just at the extreme end of the Grande Ligne, and Dentan's labors were the beginning of the work which God so greatly blessed in succeeding years.

In the spring of 1835, the Lausanne Committee desired the missionaries to continue their journey westward to the heathen. M. Olivier, however, judged it to be his duty to remain in Montreal, which city offered so large a field for missionary labor. The Christian friends with whom he had become acquainted were very anxious that he should continue there, and in compliance with their wishes he declined proceeding any further.

Messrs. Dentan and Gavin left Montreal April 23rd, 1835. After enduring great fatigue,

and encountering many difficulties and dangers, they settled among the Sioux Indians, on the west of the Mississippi, where they established missionary stations. They labored there for ten years, but were so discouraged by the want of success and the open hostility of the Indians, who even attempted the life of M. Dentan, that they retired from the work. The stations were taken up by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

M. Olivier's determination to remain at Montreal changed his relations with the Lausanne Committee, whose object was the conversion of the heathen. He was left to his own resources, which were insufficient for his support, and he endeavored to meet the deficiency by giving private lessons and taking in English boarders.

The cold of the Canadian winter, followed by the excessive summer heat, reduced M. Olivier, who was already in a feeble state of health, to great weakness. Yet he was not discouraged, but continued to labor as far as his strength permitted. He visited country towns, and preached at Laprairie, St. John's, Berthier, and other places, wherever he heard that there were families who read the New Testament. He conversed with passengers on steamboats and in stage coaches; his observations were generally received with respectful attention; and he came to the conclusion that the morality of the country people was superior to that of the inhabitants of the city, and that the evangelization of Canada might be more successfully prosecuted in country places than in populous towns. He thought too, that the establishment of a missionary institution should be regarded as an object of the first importance. This was afterwards realized at Grande Ligne.

## Notice.

### THE LATE HON. MALCOLM CAMERON.

The death of the Hon. Malcolm Cameron brings to mind the romantic incidents of his early life and the important work which he afterwards accomplished. With an earnest, enthusiastic disposition, active temperament, strong feelings and impulses, and great aptitude for work, wherever he was, Mr. Cameron was a leader of the people. His father was Mr. Angus Cameron, hospital surgeon of a Canadian regiment which was disbanded in 1816.

At that time Malcolm was but eight years of age, and went with his father and mother to the settlement of Perth, in the Ottawa district. The reputation of his parents, who kept a house of entertainment, for amiability and kindness, soon became a household word throughout the county, and perhaps, too, it was a matter for wonder and comment in those times when "every body drank," that although the Cameron's sold liquors in great quantities,

young Malcolm, through his mother's watchful care, was never allowed to touch anything that would intoxicate, and by her was constantly warned against its evil effects and insidious attacks on the welfare of mankind.

But the boy was not to be so carefully watched over very long, for at the age of twelve he was keeping a ferry at the Mississippi River, ten miles back from the settlement, at the same time conducting a farm. Here he came in contact with persons who next to his mother, perhaps, were most instrumental in forming his character. They were Scotch emigrants, Radicals of 1819, imbued with the extremest views of their party, and found in the youthful ferryman one who drank in their views with avidity, and perhaps was inspired by them with the idea of engaging in a public life.

His father died in 1822, and in the following year the future Minister of the Crown went to Laprairie, where a situation in a store had been offered to him. But the master, according to the youth's idea, was severe and tyrannical, and his stay was not a long one. One bitter cold day he broke out into open rebellion, stated his views to his employer in language in all probability more forcible than polite, and thinly clad walked to Montreal—arriving there with both cheeks frozen—and obtained a situation as a stable boy from a man named Martin in the Haymarket. On earning sufficient to pay his stage fare, he returned home and lived with his mother, who was then keeping a boarding-house in the town. He attended the district school during the winter, and in the spring obtained a position in the distillery of Hon. A. Graham, in whose employ he remained for four years, during that time remaining firm to the principle of total abstinence which had formed such an important feature of his education. Almost the first

money he earned was sent to England to purchase the works of Hume and Smollet. As a reader he was noted throughout the town, having read through every house in it.

He first entered Parliament in 1836, when he was returned for Lanark, defeating Sir Francis Bond Head's candidate. He sat for Lanark in Upper Canada Assembly from 1836 until the general election of 1848; for Kent, from 1848 to 1861; for Huron, from 1851 to 1854, when defeated; and for Lambton, from the general election of 1858 until September, 1860, when he resigned, and was returned to represent St. Clair division in the Legislative Council, where he remained until his appointment as Queen's Printer, in 1863. He was first returned to the Commons for South Ontario at the general election of 1874. In 1841 he declined the office of Inspector-General, but shortly after accepted that of Inspector of Revenue in the administration of Sir. Charles Bagot. He held the offices of Assistant Commissioner of Public Works, President of the Executive Council, Minister of Agriculture, and Postmaster-General in the Lafontaine-Baldwin and Hincks-Morin administrations from 1848 to 1854. He was a strong advocate of Reform, and gloried in the term "Clear Grit." "They call us gritty,—yes, we are, and clear grit at that," he exclaimed in an election speech, and ever since, the term has been applied to a section of the Reform party in Ontario. As a speaker he was strong, earnest and convincing; ready for any occasion, and able to adapt himself to any audience. For many years he was one of the foremost advocates of the temperance cause, and took the highest ground in this matter, believing that the only remedy for the evil of drunkenness was the total prohibition of the importation, manufacture and sale of whatever would intoxicate.



CENTENNIAL FASHIONS.



1776-



1796-



1810-



1830-

# PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

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## VOLUME XIX.

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The publishers issue this, the first number of the Nineteenth Volume of the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY*, in the confident hope that the coming six months will mark an era of prosperity hitherto unexampled in its history. This magazine was first issued as a pamphlet of sixty-four pages, and disposed of at \$1 per year. Since that time improvement after improvement, and enlargement upon enlargement, have been made, with very little increase in price, until this month the reader is presented with a magazine of ninety-six pages, neatly printed on good paper, and with a beginning showing a fair promise of future excellence in engravings. For the last few months, the improvements shown in the present number were not contemplated without every confidence that the trouble and money expended on them would not be misspent; each monthly return showing the percentage of increase in receipts for subscriptions to be growing larger, evidencing that the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY* is gaining a place for itself as the Home Magazine of Canada.

Amongst the objects for which this magazine is published, are:—to supply to homes a pure and instructive literature, dealing with both fact and fiction; to assist mothers in training their children, and thus in the most effectual way help to solve the problem of the future of this country; to aid the housekeeper to do her work in the easiest and best manner, and thus make each home it visits more comfortable; to teach the principles of health, that preventable diseases may be avoided; to make home happy for the little folks, by providing them with pleasant reading, pictures, and games; to supply monthly extracts from books sufficient to give the reader remote from libraries a good idea of what is going on in the literary world; and, in a word, to disseminate such literature as will conduce to the welfare of the household from the greatest to the least.

The publishers may be asked: "Why are you continually talking about this matter of circulation, prosperity objects, and increase and decrease?" The answer is easily given. The subject is one of greater importance to the Canadian reading public than to the publishers, for the latter can hardly look forward for years to come for any pecuniary advantage accruing from their venture, and may look back to years of loss, a loss willingly made if the real object of the magazine be obtained. It is their desire to place on a sound footing a Canadian magazine of which this Dominion may well be proud, and the public are greatly interested in promoting their efforts. The publishers believe themselves fortunate in having very many friends who connect their prosperity with their own, and for them more particularly this department is conducted.

## VALUABLE TESTIMONY.

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Nearly every profession has some peculiar call on it for gratuitous service. The newspapers must notice all charitable projects and give the aid of their notice and approval; the ministers are called upon at all times for all kinds of services; the lawyers often are anxious to take gratuitous cases from generous motives, or to become known as practitioners; but, perhaps, the physicians have calls upon them more exacting than any other class of men. He would be considered hard-hearted, indeed, who would resist the appeals of the penniless because there was no probability of a fee, but, besides such cases, the services of medical men are given to hospitals and such institutions, and they also are expected to "give their opinion" on matters of general importance to the public, such as the sanitary condition of the city or district, or the probability of the public requiring less of the physicians' advice and medicine, if they follow certain distinct and well-defined natural laws.

One of the most important subjects of this class now being brought prominently before the

public is that of the relation between dress and health. The publishers of the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY*, who recently issued a book entitled "Dress and Health," sent copies for review to the best-known physicians of Montreal, and received in return expressions of approval. Dr. Trenholme, Professor of Midwifery and Diseases of Women and Children in Bishop's College, says: "With few exceptions, I heartily endorse the views so ably advocated, which, resting, as they do, upon a sound physiological and common sense basis, should receive the attention of every parent in the land."

Dr. E. K. Patton says: "I have read it and consider it a sound, practical, and concise work, which fully explains the effects of the present unhygienic style of ladies' dress, well worthy of careful perusal."

Dr. J. L. Leprohan, Professor of Sanitary Science, University of Bishop's College, writes: "If they (the ladies) will only adopt some of the practical rules thus given they will stand less in need of physicians and prescriptions, and find life much pleasanter to themselves."

Dr. Perrigo says: "Its teaching is based upon physiological rules. Mothers should well consider the lessons to be learned by its perusal."

Dr. Coderre writes: "Having read the greater portion of this little work, I have no doubt that it will produce in society the most happy effects. Being essentially addressed to the ladies, it will not fail to make them reflect on their manner of dressing, and on the disastrous effects of the fashions of the day. The abuses which are described are in a great part the cause of the sickness and feebleness of young people, as well as of mothers, who see with regret premature old age."

We propose publishing the letters in full in this department in a month or two, and therefore will give no more selections; but intimate that any person wishing a copy of the work may obtain it by enclosing thirty cents, with his name, in an envelope, and addressing it to the publishers of the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY*, Montreal, with the request that a copy of "Dress and Health" be sent them.

This book has already reached a sale of three thousand copies, and all sending as above intimated, will be supplied with the second edition, which contains, in addition to the matter in the first edition, an introductory chapter by Dr. Baynes, editor of the "Public Health Magazine and Literary Review."

## TO CONTRIBUTORS.

One object which the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY* has always had in view, is the eliciting and placing in permanent form incidents of special interest in the history of our country, which otherwise would probably fall into oblivion. We have also sought to give sketches and tales characteristic of Canadian life; and for what we have been able to accomplish in this respect have to thank our many contributors. The field has by no means been exhausted. There are now living many of the connecting links between this century and the last, whose lives have verged on the heroic age in the history of this country. Their tales of adventure have been told over and over again by the fireside, and many of them are worthy to be repeated for the instruction and amusement of other homes. Will some of our readers send us some of these tales which may be published for the general edification of the readers of the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY*? All contributions accepted are paid for.

## THE PRIZES.

There are six full weeks till the close of the prize competition in August 15th. This gives ample opportunity for many to begin work now, and come in amongst the foremost competitors, if not first. The fact that a fair commission is given for every subscription taken, ensures the competitor that the time he or she may spend in the matter will not be thrown away, even if a prize be not gained.

## PUBLIC HEALTH MAGAZINE AND LITERARY REVIEW.

The second yearly volume of this magazine will be issued in a few days. As its title indicates, it is issued in the interest of the public health. It contains the monthly record of the mortality in the City of Montreal and suburbs, the latest mortality statistics of other cities and towns in the United States and other countries, and to those interested in such matters must prove an invaluable source of information. Its subscription price is \$2.00 per year, which may be sent either to the editor, George A. Baynes, M.D., or John Dougall & Son, Montreal.

COMBINATION PRIZE COMPETITION.

I. We offer the following prizes to the persons who mail us the largest amounts for all our publications on or before August 15th, 1876:

For largest amount,	1st prize,	\$20
For second largest amount,	2nd "	15
For third " " "	3rd "	12
For fourth " " "	4th "	10
For fifth " " "	5th "	8
For sixth " " "	6th "	7
For seventh " " "	7th "	6
For eighth " " "	8th "	5
For ninth " " "	9th "	4
For tenth " " "	10th "	3

II. We want this year to introduce the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY everywhere, and will give an additional prize of \$15 to the person who sends us the largest amount in subscriptions to this magazine during the time above stated, whether they compete for the other prizes or not. All the subscriptions for this prize count in the other as well.

III. To the one who sends us the largest number of subscriptions to the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, either for three, six or twelve months, we will give a prize of \$10.00. This prize is not open to the winner of No. 2. Three or six months will count as much as a whole year.

IV. To the person who sends us during this competition the largest amount in subscriptions to the NORTHERN MESSENGER we will give a prize of \$10.00. This is open to any competitor for the other prizes, and the amounts sent will count in for the first competition.

V. To the person who sends in the second largest amount in subscriptions to the NORTHERN MESSENGER we will give a prize of \$5.00. This is also open to all competitors, and the amounts will count in the first competition.

VI. A prize of \$5 will be given to the person sending us the largest amount for subscriptions from Newfoundland.

VII. A prize of \$5 will be given to the person sending us the largest amount for subscriptions from Manitoba.

VIII. A prize of \$5 will be given to the person sending us the largest amount for subscriptions from British Columbia.

The following are the prices for the publications included in the competition, and the commissions allowed to competitors:

	Subscription post paid.	Deduction on Remittances for new subs.
DAILY WITNESS.....	\$3 00	50c
TRI-WEEKLY.....	2 00	35c
WEEKLY.....	1 10	25c
NEW DOMINION MONTHLY	1 60	30c
NORTHERN MESSENGER...	80	5c
NORTHERN MESSENGER } Club of 10	2 50	30c
WEEKLY WITNESS, with } NEW DOMINION MONTHLY. }	2 35	50c

It will be seen by the above table that every one working for a prize is sure of a full commission on new subscribers under any circum-

stances, and may obtain a prize as well. It should not be forgotten that no subscriber is allowed a commission on his own subscription; it is only given to canvassers who obtain subscriptions. All competitors should invariably collect the full subscription prices. Let the contest be a sharp one—one worth winning. All competition lists must be marked "In competition." Without this or similar notice the amount sent cannot be recognized when our prize list is made up.

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