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1837—AND MY CONNECTION WITH IT.

BY THOMAS STORROW BROWN.

Born in St. Andrews, Province of New Brunswick, I am of a "good Tory," and not of a Revolutionary stock. My father's father, a Boston merchant, sacrificed his all for the Royal cause, and left for Halifax with General Gage, when Boston was evacuated, in 1776. My mother's mother emigrated from Portsmouth to New Brunswick, with a daughter married to Captain Storrow, of the British army, from whom my name was taken. She was a "Wentworth," cousin to John Wentworth (afterwards Sir John, Governor of Nova Scotia), the last Royal Governor of New Hampshire; niece to Sir Benning, his predecessor; and granddaughter to John Wentworth, who preceded him. These three "Wentworths"—father, son, and grandson,—having governed New Hampshire for more than forty years.

When, at fifteen years of age, I came to Montreal, in the year 1818, I was already a politician from much reading of newspapers; but forming my ideas of what was right in men and things mostly from the lessons contained in "Plutarch's Lives." In the same year the Parliament of Lower Canada was for the first time called upon to make provision for the "Civil List," which included the payment of all provincial salaries, in accordance with an offer made in 1810.

In those days there was no "Responsible Government" in the colonies, and no Colonial Ministry. Each had a House of Assembly elected by the people, a Legislative Council appointed for life by the Crown, and a Governor, who was some old military officer left on the hands of the

Home Ministry by the Peace of 1815, and who knew little of governing beyond the word of command. The Executive Council, responsible nowhere, and to nobody, was a mere council of advice. That in Lower Canada became a controlling power. The representatives of the people could debate and vote, but there were no means, as now, of carrying out their decisions.

Our Parliament had at this time existed for nearly thirty years, with nominally all the powers of the British House of Commons; but in the long period when our insufficient revenue required that a large portion of the "Civil List," or expenditure for provincial purposes, should be paid from the Military Chest—that is, the British Treasury, through the Commissariat—the Assembly could hardly question the expenditure, or its particular distribution.

I shall in this article use the words "Canadian," and "English," as the French use them, and according to our common acceptance here,—the first meaning none but *French* Canadians; and the second, all who are *not* French Canadians. With the call upon the Assembly to provide for the Civil List, came the contest that culminated in 1837. The Assembly was Canadian, and, acting upon its positive right, demanded that all the revenue of the province should be placed at its disposal. The official body, including sinecurists and pluralists, being mostly English in numbers, and more so on the pay-list, instinctively foresaw reductions for their order. The Legislative Council, not a mere obedient appendage like the Legislative Councils of our day, or the "Senate," was a vigorous English

body; and, taking part with the office-holders, put itself in direct antagonism to the Assembly. A great portion of the legislation demanded by the people through the Assembly was thrown out by the Council, till in the end there was an accumulation of over three hundred bills, passed by the Lower House, and thrown out by the Upper; and various governmental irregularities were committed, against continued remonstrances.

The constant demand of the Assembly for all the revenues was met by tardy concessions from the British Government, year after year, only to increase irritation; till in the end, as it should have been in the beginning, all was surrendered. Then came the voting of supplies. The Assembly, having no other check on the Government, or the office holders, insisted on voting salaries annually and separately to each service or individual. The Governor, supported by the Council, insisted that they should be voted *en bloc*—in a lump-sum—and for a term of years, to be divided by the Executive; and thus the conduct of public affairs became so insufferable that, in 1828, a deputation from Canadians (there had been deputations in former years) carried home a petition, signed by 87,000 people, which was laid before a Committee of the House of Commons. The Committee entered fully upon the question, gave the delegates a full hearing, and by a report sustained the House of Assembly in its allegations or grievances, but left the remedy in the hands of Government.

Promises of redress were profuse, but in the multiplicity of reforms required at that time of the British Ministry, ours were overlooked till 1835, when Lord Gosford, a good-natured Irish gentleman, of no political capacity or knowledge, was sent out as Governor, accompanied by an ex-captain of Engineers, and an eccentric Indian Judge, to act with him as "Commissioners" to inquire into our grievances. The insult of appointing a commission to inquire into facts that had been re-echoed for fifteen years, when the Parliament of the province

could be the only inquest, was only equalled by the imbecility of selecting three men utterly incompetent for the task. The Commission was never recognized by our Parliament, nor did the British Ministry suppose it would be. It was sent out as a makeshift; and its reports, in which in turn each Commissioner differed from his colleagues, ended with the printing.

Lord Gosford, however, did something. He gave to Quebec a St. Catherine's ball, and, to the disgust of all loyal Britons, gave the chief place to a Canadian lady; which disgust was amplified by concessions of many things, before withheld, and a judicious bestowal of offices to certain Canadian politicians. In return, a portion of the Quebec wing of what was now called the "Papineau Party" split off, and desired reconciliation. Satisfied with what they had in hand, and promises of more, they declared that the cry for reform meant revolution.

To no party in a colony does the British nation, at home or abroad, owe so much as to the "Papineau Party," to which I had the honor of being attached. To no man born in a colony does the British nation, at home or abroad, owe so much as to Louis Joseph Papineau,—one who, by that spirit that in heroic times falls upon chosen men, towered gigantically amidst his compeers. Though here the struggle was presented as a contest between the French and English, in other colonies it was distinctly between the people and the colonial oligarchy.

In 1837, there was chronic disaffection in every British colony, and each was besieging the Colonial Office for redress of grievances, having their common source in the contests of the people, speaking through their Houses of Assembly, and Colonial office holders, supported by imbecile Governors, through an irresponsible Legislative Council. The unwavering determination of the Papineau Party forced questions to their ultimate decision; and the British Government, when awakened to the necessity, with a magnanimity seldom found in history, acknowledged the errors of the past,

and notified all the colonies that henceforth their own government should be in their own hands, and her authority never again be invoked against their rights. From that time to this there has been no colonial disloyalty, discontent, disaffection, or complaint. The question in England then was, how shall we keep the colonies? The question now is, how can we shake them off?

The session of Parliament in 1836 was, like its predecessors, one of strife between its Lower and Upper House, and ended without a vote of supplies. We then owed no public debt; there were no public creditors, except the provincial officials. There was for their payment one hundred and forty thousand pounds in the provincial chest, but without the "vote" not a shilling could be paid; and, from the judges downwards, all were suffering for want of their "arrears."

Thus matters dragged till the 7th of March, 1837, when that great constitutional statesman, Lord John Russell, in the spirit of an absolute despot, introduced into the House of Commons a series of resolutions, authorizing the Governor of Lower Canada to draw from the Provincial chest this one hundred and forty thousand pounds, and pay off all arrears of salary, without waiting for a vote of our House of Assembly, which, vested so far as concerned the Province with all the powers and privileges of the House of Commons, had the sole control. Many members, who expressed the true British heart, protested against such anti-British and unwarrantable resolutions, and told us we should be a disgrace to the British name and to humanity if we did not resist them to the uttermost; but they were carried by a great majority in the House; and in the Lords, Lord Brougham was the only dissident.

Lord John, however, became frightened with his own success. He said, in answer to inquiries, that he should not act upon the resolutions, but bring in a bill. Though twitted by Lord Stanley—now Earl Derby—the bill did not appear; and in June, after the accession of our beloved Queen,

he declared that, not wishing to commence the reign with so "harsh" a measure, he would *drop the resolutions, and add one hundred and forty thousand pounds to the army estimates, to enable the Governor to pay all arrears from the military chest, and wait the return by the province to a convenient season.* And so it was done. The commissariat obtained the money by special bills sold in New York, and commenced paying salaries on the 12th of October.

But the mischief was done. The news of the passage of the resolutions set the country in a blaze in April, and the news of this wretched ending only reached us in August, when the fire was too wide-spread to be smothered. Had Lord John Russell proposed in March to borrow from the military chest, instead of to rob our own, there would have been no "troubles of 1837." Whatever may have been the offences of that year, his offence was the greatest, and he the greatest of all offenders.

Our organs, the *Vindicator* and *Minerve*, taking their direction from the philosophic democrats of the House of Commons, on the 14th of April, sounded the key-note,—*"Agitate, agitate,"*—and quickly came responses from all parts. Parties became arrayed in most violent antagonism. On one side were all the Canadians, with the exception of a small party in Quebec and a few stragglers, the Catholic Irish, and a few scattering English. On the other side were all the English, with the above exceptions, and some in the townships, who only in the county of Missisquoi made any great demonstration.

There being no Parliament in session, or likely to be called, the people could only speak by public meetings, which it was decided should be held by counties. Richelieu led off, under the impetuosity of Wolfred Nelson, on the 7th of May. Montreal followed on the 15th of May, at St. Laurent, to consider the means necessary to protect the rights and liberties of the people, and Mr. Papineau spoke for hours. Neither at those meetings, nor in any that followed in

county after county, from May to August, was any revolutionary proposition adopted, —the whole subject of the addresses and resolutions being a reiteration of the complaints of maladministration in the Government and neglect of our petitions, declarations of approval of the House of Assembly, and of the Papineau Party, and demands for redress. All that went beyond these was to use no article of British manufacture, and by the use, encourage domestic manufactures; and so far as concerned other merchandise, to evade the payment of duties by encouraging smuggling from the States, on the principle that the payment of imposts to a Government, and the legal expenditure of the proceeds by the Government, were reciprocal obligations, and that when the last was violated, the first was dissolved.

I had for years been a steady adherent of the Papineau Party, at a pecuniary and social sacrifice, inevitable to him who is separated from those who may be considered his own people, and found in stormy times ranked with an opposing party, alien in blood and language. The reply to that article of the capitulation in 1759, which required safeguards for the Canadians was, "They are subjects of the King." In 1791, a free Parliament was granted to them, and it appeared to me that manliness in the British people forbade the withholding of any right from a handful of French descent, that the fortunes of war had left in British territory. I saw, too, in their pretensions, the same principle that had been consecrated by the triumphs of the British Commons in their victories over the "Prerogative" in time past; and felt that an instinctive dread of French supremacy, which I could not share, alone prevented the entire people from making common cause against such a Government and Colonial Office as we had. There was something excitingly chivalric in devotion to a cause where one had everything to lose and nothing to gain.

Coming into town on the morning of the 20th June, I met the late James Duncan Gibb, who informed me that Lord Gosford

had issued a proclamation forbidding the holding of public meetings—or "Anti-Coercion Meetings," as they were called. "This," said I, "is more than British subjects can submit to. Not only will the county meetings already called be held, but we will hold one in Montreal;" and this I repeated to several of his party, before reaching any one of my own.

An Anti-Coercion meeting in Montreal involved serious considerations, of riot and bloodshed, with which, in the bitter tumults of the previous ten years, our city was familiar. I vehemently urged the necessity of defiance to the proclamation in Montreal, as encouragement to the country, which might consider us poor braggarts who only dared to show ourselves where there was no man to oppose. Timid counsels had well nigh prevailed when, at one of our discussions, a young man in the corner, who I never heard speak in public before or since, came out so violently in favor of the meeting that none present dared to vote "No." The meeting was held on the St. Lawrence Market, on the 29th of June, and all passed off quietly. The English held an opposite meeting about the same time, but no collision occurred. They also held, during the summer, several meetings in the city, and some small ones in the country, to denounce the proceedings of the Canadians.

The meeting in Montreal, as I expected, gave new vigor to county meetings. Justices of the Peace and militia officers, as conspicuous men, figured frequently as movers and seconders of resolutions. The Governor, through his Secretary, Mr. Walcott, addressed letters of inquiry to those persons, and getting back somewhat saucy answers, they were peremptorily dismissed. The Executive should never have noticed these demonstrations. An imbecile opposition only gave them greater consequence. The proclamation was treated with great contempt.

An active moving power in our machinery of agitation was the "Permanent and Central Committee," which held open sit-

tings at the Nelson Hotel, in Montreal, attended by the ardent Canadians of town and country. Here every movement in all parts of the province was echoed and applauded, and new ideas were sent forth for action elsewhere. Here, too, militia officers and magistrates who had incurred Executive displeasure were glorified; country notables, often made "Chairman," went home elated with the honor, especially when seen in print.

Though the Gosfordites were strong in Quebec, Papineau was stronger in the neighboring counties, and one of the largest Anti Coercion meetings was held at St. Thomas. Doctor Taché—afterwards the Premier, Sir Etienne—was indicted for assaulting a man who at this meeting shouted, "*Hourra pour le Roi des Anglais*,"—"Hurrah for the English King!"

Our Parliament assembled in the middle of August. Gosford had in a manner, during the two past years, promised many unaccomplished things. He had no answer for old complaints, and the Assembly, declaring that redress of grievances must precede all legislative action, separated without waiting for the hasty prorogation intended by the Governor. Thus ended the last Parliament of Lower Canada.

Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the District of Montreal, or the intelligence with which the questions of the day were understood. The houses along the roads we took to public meetings were decorated. Crowds stood for hours listening to speeches and resolutions. In going to the Napierville meeting, the train of vehicles behind us must have been over two miles long. On one occasion, when Mr. Papineau came from St. Hyacinthe, by the way of St. Charles to Verchères, and up the river to Montreal, the people turned out *en masse*, and conducted him from parish to parish.

Though so politically active, 1837 was commercially a hard year. Owing to a general failure of crops in 1836, wheat was imported from Europe to New York, to supply Western want. Many cargoes from the continent were landed at Quebec,

and some were purchased for Upper Canada. Nor was wheat the only article; even pork and butter were imported at a profit. All the American Banks suspended specie payment in May. Ours followed immediately, except the Bank of Upper Canada, which the Governor would not permit to do till some months afterwards.

Matters were now gloomy with leading politicians, who paused and hesitated; but the masses in their movement, headed by men newly warmed to public action, saw no barriers. Annoyed at the timid counsels that nearly stopped our Montreal meeting in June, I had projected a "Young Men's Party"; but met with no encouragement till the end of August, when I found that a number of young Canadians had formed an association, called the "Sons of Liberty," to which I at once attached myself. It was in two divisions; the one civil, of which Mr. Ouimet, a young lawyer, was President, and our late mayor, Mr. Beaudry, Vice-President; the other military. The city was divided into "sections," the young men of each being under a chief, *Chef de Section*. I was chosen the General; and we speedily became the most offending of the offenders, holding frequent meetings, and marching in strong numbers.

I had, in 1836, commenced a series of letters published in the New York *Express*, over the signature of "L. M. N.," which, at first, presumed to proceed from high authority, were everywhere republished, and commented on like manifestoes of a party. They had reached the twelfth number, threatening armed resistance, and were now known by our party to be solely published by me on my sole responsibility. I was a constant writer for the *Vindicator*, and author of many "imprudent" articles. I had, perhaps, attended and spoken at more public meetings than any other one man, and none had more to do with their organizations. I was everywhere, day and night; one of the youngest of the actors, everywhere active, everywhere enthusiastic, everywhere confident. My hand was on the plough, and I looked not back. The

government of the country was at a dead lock. I saw no remedy but to push on the movement we were engaged in to its ultimate result, let that be what it might. Ardent, devoted, disinterested, and fearless of consequences, with no enmity against any one, and no self-object in view, I felt impelled by a necessity that can alone be understood or appreciated by those who, in times of peril, find themselves forced into prominence. The course taken by our party was the true one. Thirty years' reflection confirms the opinion that we pursued a right course, and the only one open. We could not submit silently to Russell's resolutions. We could only protest by public demonstrations. They were legal, and we were, as British subjects, right in resisting their suppression; and when, in the end, illegal warrants for high treason were issued, we were justified in attempting self-defence.

Many magistrates and militia officers, who had not been questioned by the Executive for their part in public agitation, sent in their resignations, accompanied by letters expressing very determined opinions, which were published at length, as more aliment for excitement. Not content with these voluntary demonstrations, the people in many parishes forced others to follow the same course. About the end of October, sixty-six voluntary or forced resignations were sent from the County of Lacadie, with letters that, when published, filled a page of our newspapers.

The County of Two Mountains, guided by Girouard and Scott, the members, and Chartrand, Priest of St. Benoit, had been particularly active from the beginning, and now held a meeting which, after declaring that the country could have no confidence in any person holding a commission from the Executive, proposed that magistrates or pacificators should be elected, to whom all matters of civil contest should be referred for adjudication.

The Canadian clergy, with few exceptions, resolutely opposed all public agitation. Never was there such a severance between

the people and their pastors. Monseigneur Lartigue, acting as Bishop of the diocese of Montreal, issued a *mandement*, or pastoral letter, denouncing most positively all agitation and agitators. A few priests refused to read it to their parishioners, or did so with an apology. In some parishes the men left the church when the reading commenced.

The greatest and closing public meeting of the season, was that of the "Five Counties," held at St. Charles, on the 23rd day of October, which was attended by more men of superior position than any of the preceding. The speakers were Mr. Papineau, L. M. Viger, Louis Lacoste, E. E. Rodier, and Dr. Coté, all members of Parliament and myself. The resolutions, moved and seconded by men of highest repute in the District, insisted on the duty of the British authorities to amend our form of Government; stigmatized the dismissal of officials; declared there could be no confidence in their successors, which made the election of "pacificators," as proposed in Two Mountains, necessary; protested against the English Government for sending out troops for the destruction of our liberties; disapproved all recent appointments of Lord Gosford, as evidencing and continuing a system of deception and fraud. The organization of the Sons of Liberty was approved, and hopes expressed that Providence, and the sympathies of our neighbors — Provincial and American — would bring round a favorable opportunity for our emancipation. An armed party fired salutes, and a plan for the confederation of six counties was adopted.

There were no secrets nor conspiracies with the Papineau party, nor was anything committed till after warrants were issued, to which the charge of high treason could attach. What was known to one was known to all, and to the world at large. There was no policy but what was expressed openly at public meetings; revolt was only the dream of a few over-excited men. There was no preparation, no common purchase of arms or ammunition, nor even a proposition to provide for attack or defence. The province

was agitated to the utmost, and public clamor was incessant, but all in words, condemning the British Government for neglect of promised reforms, and approving the House of Assembly for withholding a vote of supplies, till our representations were acted on, and our grievances were redressed. The leaders were a noble band. Any one of them might, on any day, have sold himself to Lord Gosford for a good cash price, and certainty of honorable consideration, with his previous opponents; but none even wavered.

In truth the "troubles" of Lower Canada were nothing but a contest between two provincial parties, in which the Governor, representing British authority, and the military under him, *took the wrong side*; and the subsequent establishment of a form of government in accordance with the "well understood wishes of the people," that we have since enjoyed, was an acknowledgment of error, and an honorable apology, though the merits of those who sacrificed most in devotion to the right cause have never been recognized.

I have said that one division of the Sons of Liberty was "military." We called out members for parade, but there was no division into companies, or appointment of sub-officers, or arms, or "drill." In our public address we only called on the young men of the Provinces to know their strength by organizing, and being prepared to assist for independence at some future day. In short, we were only asking what the British and Dominion Governments are now asking by the militia laws. Our offence was in thinking too soon.

Our last public meeting was announced for the 6th of November, when we intended to adjourn till May. Our opponents were the "Doric Club," composed of a certain number of stout young "English," and all the other "English," who chose to turn out on days of tumult, with clubs in their hands. The Dorics posted placards calling on the loyal to "nip treason in the bud," by stopping this meeting. We had no mayor or city government then; the

"magistrates" feared a deadly tumult. On their assembling I waited on some of them to say our meeting *must be held*; it was our right, and we would not back down under threats; that if collision came, it would be their fault; they must control their people, and I would control ours; they should not come with music, nor in bands, but singly as citizens, and so separate, if unmolested.

We met in a large yard, west of the present Ottawa Hotel. Our resolutions were mild enough; but before we got through, a crowd gathered outside the St. James street gate, and some stones were thrown over. A good portion of our men passed out quietly into Notre Dame street. The remainder, under two hundred, I formed into companies, two deep, armed with stout sticks, which both parties then kept in readiness at their respective rendezvous. My orders were that they should cut their way through the crowd, and then scatter for their homes, for the troops and the big guns would be soon out. Opening the gates, they sallied in four columns, and rapidly reached the Place d'Armes; for this sudden onslaught cleared the street. Seeing all safe, I turned back alone. It might be called fool-hardy; but I was personally on the best of terms with everybody, and when one has been for months always in danger, he never thinks of it. At the corner of St. Francois Xavier street, a crowd was collecting with whom I exchanged a few words; and, on turning down the street, I was felled by a blow from a bludgeon behind, which was followed by others, with the cry, "Brown! kill him! kill him!" leaving me senseless in my blood. In addition to cuts and bruises, the optic nerve of my right eye was shattered, and I have never seen with it since.

I was dragged into a neighboring house, where a little attention, and the sewing or plastering of cuts soon enabled me to get home, and I remained confined there till the 16th. The English, having destroyed the *Vindicator* printing office, were now in quiet possession of the city. The Canadians were

snug in their homes, or at their various employments. Those noisy demonstrations that had continued night and day, ceased suddenly. Leading men were keeping out of the way. The first stage of agitation came to a sudden end, and all awaited the next development.

So general was the idea abroad that we were organized and ripe for revolt, that Mackenzie, who had planned a rising in rear of Toronto, and an attack upon the capital, sent an agent to communicate his designs, and learn ours. We had none, and not even a committee with whom the agent could consult. One of the few with whom he was able to communicate, much alarmed at this notice of Mackenzie's unexpected intentions, brought this agent to my room for consultation. My friend taking me aside, said: "You know we are doing nothing, and have no designs for the future; Mackenzie should be undeceived, and dissuaded from his intentions." I replied that Mackenzie knew his own business, and should be allowed to take his course, which, result as it might, could only help us. What opinions the agent got elsewhere I know not; but the mission proved no hindrance to the Toronto move.

There had been a few arrests for sedition in the summer, which ended too farcically to be repeated; and Attorney-General Ogden was sent up to endeavor to get out warrants for high treason. Up to this time, there was no ground for such writs, and the judges refused to grant them; but two excited magistrates were found willing to assume the responsibility. These two hot-headed men did what the Judges, partisans though they might be, feared to do, by reason of its illegality. There was no high treason in 1837, except that caused by resistance to these illegal proceedings. Writs were issued on the 16th November, and subsequently, that filled our gaol for the winter with prominent Canadian citizens, against whom there was, in reality, no charge. Martial law was not declared till the 5th December. On the afternoon of the 16th November, I learned that a warrant for high treason was

issued against me. Consulting no one, and knowing I could not enter the city, I passed down St. Catherine street to the horse ferry-boat, at the foot of the current, with no idea or intent but to proceed direct to the States to recover my strength there, and communicate with my political friends, from whom I had been ten days separated, and who I presumed to be scattered in country parts. Arriving at the Hochelaga horse-boat at five o'clock, the usual hour for crossing, I learned it would only go at seven, and then take over two companies of troops. Retreating hastily to a ferry-boat house, I tried to get over in a canoe. The ferryman would not attempt crossing. It was too stormy; and, to add to my perplexity, my carter declared his horse, having worked all day, could go no farther. An *habitant* returning from market, offered to take me to his home at Pointe aux Trembles. I got first into the cart with two short rifles; the *habitant* catching on the lock of one, as he got in, caused it to discharge, the ball whistling straight between our heads. A slight inclination of the barrel would have sent the ball through mine, and there would have been the "sensation" of a suicide, or a murder, as the reporter might think best paying. We faced a furious snow-storm from the North-east. The road then ran along the bank of the river. The *habitant* was very drunk, and fearing he would upset, I drove the horse. After ten days' confinement and appliances to sooth my wounds, this exposure was terrible, and the night I passed at the *habitant's* house was one of excruciating agony.

In the morning I walked down to the village of Pointe aux Trembles, where all was excitement; but no one, except myself, had arrived from Montreal. Two boys took me over to the opposite island, where in a small house I went to bed, and spent the day. Sending for Doctor Duchesnois, I returned with him in a canoe to Varennes, and took supper at his house, with two of my *chefs de section*, Doctor Gauvin and Rudolphe Desrivieres, who brought news of the attack at Longueuil, by *habitants*

under Bonaventure Viger, on a party of eighteen Montreal Volunteer Cavalry, which liberated Mr. Demaray and Doctor Davignon, who were being brought in as prisoners from St. Johns. I remarked :

"Then the ball has commenced. We must all take our places in the dance."

Gauvin replied :

"Yes ; we will be chased no longer. Let us go to St. Charles, establish a camp, and be soldiers."

Revived by the day's rest and supper, I assented. Gauvin, Desrivieres, a brother of Desrivieres that I had never seen before, and myself, set out upon our expedition. I gave one of my rifles to Desrivieres. Gauvin, I think, had a pistol ; and, thus armed and equipped, we declared for war, and established the first "Patriot" camp in Canada.

Those who have heard of the "Canadian Rebellion," or read the long debates of the period, or of fifteen thousand troops sent out to suppress that rebellion, at a cost of more than three millions sterling, may presume it commenced with preparation and combination ; but the beginning was precisely what I here relate, and no more. Leaving Montreal alone, with no intent but to take the shortest road to the States, stopped by a tired horse and an over-cautious ferryman, accident took me to Varennes, where accident brought two of my city associates, and where one of them, without premeditation, suggested going to St. Charles. I had been there but once, and knew but one resident ; my companions were strangers. What could be more Quixotic than our design ? Whatever might have been the offence, or responsibility of armed resistance, of failure or of success, it rests in no way on the people generally, whether leaders or led ; but solely on the few who were actually engaged, acting upon their own individual impulses.

On the road, at a collection of houses and two taverns, we found a crowd of excited people.

"Why are the chiefs deserting ?" said they. "We have guns and powder, and can defend them."

We were also told that Mr. Drolet, at St. Marc, had fifty men with muskets guarding his house ; but, arrived there soon after day-break, we found neither men nor muskets. A servant man, roused from his sleeping-bunk, opened the door. It was the large stone-house now occupied by the "Fraser." Mrs. Drolet, with her two daughters and youngest son, joined us at breakfast. A gentleman from Quebec, we learned, had passed up the river, warning all prominent men, especially those noticeable at the meeting of the "five counties," of impending danger ; and all were either secreted in the back concessions, or gone to the States for safety.

Crossing the Richelieu to St. Charles, we saw waiting for us on the bank two carts. In them were Mr. Papineau, Doctor Wolfred Nelson, Doctor O'Callaghan, and another, on their way up the river. They did not forbid our project. The coincidence in the meeting with persons so prominent, at this exact time and place, was most singular (our four names were the first on the list for whom rewards were offered). Had I left Montreal with any intention of finding these gentlemen, I know not in what direction I should have gone, or when I should have attained my end. Nelson was making preparations for defence at St. Denis.

I went into a house, and lay down to rest. Gauvin, finding a sword, put himself at the head of a suddenly-formed squad of seventeen men, armed with fowling-pieces, marched up to the manor-house of Mr. Debartzh, and took possession. Soon, a servant came with a fine horse, new saddle and bridle, for the "General"; and I rode up to the manor-house, a large one story wooden place, now transformed into a camp, with sentries posted, and was addressed by all as *the* "General." The appointment was thus spontaneous, and I had no other. My command was of my own creation. At any other time this would have been rather grand ; but, with aching bruises, a swollen head, one eye recently destroyed, and my jaws closing, to stop eat-

ing, it required resolution to maintain the position. This was Friday, the 17th of November.

On Sunday there was no work done, for the Canadians on this point obey the commandment. On Monday we continued cutting down trees about the house, to form barricades to our camp, intending to cover them with earth; but this was so little advanced that our defence had only reached the consequence of a strong log-fence, with no military or engineering pretensions, when we were driven out. Two old rusty six-pounders, found in a barn, were mounted on sleigh-runners by the village blacksmith, and loaded, for want of other missiles, with scraps of iron. These were our only artillery. Our fame spread abroad. The country people, supposing the time for rising had arrived, flocked in, without waiting for special orders. Never can I forget the alacrity and devotion of these men, coming forward, even before the call, to maintain their country's rights. They were the right material. With arms and officers, we could have improvised an army, off hand; but we had neither. In an old settled country, from which game has disappeared, a singular collection of fusils was in their hands, in all stages of dilapidation: some must have come down from before the conquest; and the whole would have been an interesting variety for a museum. There was, I think, but one musket; and I do not remember seeing a single bayonet. A few kegs of powder were collected, and cartridges made; but with such diversities of bore, I cannot say that every man got what he could use. There had been no general military organization or training since the conquest. Such had been the policy of Government, and it now reaped the advantage.

By another of the coincidences of St. Charles, Mr. Blanchet, the parish priest, was a "patriot"—almost the only one in the province—and favored us. Mr. Debartzh's premises, well supplied with cattle, sheep, pigs, poultry, and breadstuffs, furnished our commissariat. The whole country about

us was "patriot," with a small exception. Simon Lespérance, a merchant of La Representation, and a few others, suspected of opposite tendencies, were brought in as prisoners by their neighbors.

Such was the camp at St. Charles. A few hundred men assembled, and thousands were ready to join;—a mere collection of individuals, without the appliances, or instruction, or commanders, from corporals upwards, required for any action military. But such was not the newspaper report published abroad. There I had a strong, well-armed, and disciplined force, in a well-fortified position, with two of "Bonaparte's" generals under me, and a foundry for casting cannon!

Sir John Colborne, now commanding in Montreal, determined to attack this formidable array. Two expeditions were sent out,—one under Col. Wetherall, by the way of Chambly; the other under Col. Gore, by the way of Sorel,—to secure the capture of leading men, by an attack on both sides.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, the 22nd November, Col. Gore left Montreal with two companies of the Twenty-fourth Regiment, and one company of the Thirty-second (Markham's), and a small party of volunteer cavalry, with one howitzer 12-pounder. Two companies of the Sixty-sixth joined them at Sorel. At ten o'clock at night, the march commenced for St. Denis, eighteen miles. It was raining heavily, and the road was knee deep almost in soft mud; towards morning it commenced freezing, and a snow-storm faced the troops. Cold and exhausted they struggled on, Markham's company leading, picking their way, as they best could, expecting to breakfast at St. Denis, without opposition. The first files had nearly entered the village, when fire opened upon them. The howitzer, unlimbered at 250 yards, opened fire in return; but the troops, taking shelter round barns and houses, were too benumbed to handle their muskets. Markham, sheltered behind a long barn, twice rushed out to lead an assault, and each time received a musket wound, the last one very serious. Firing

continued for a few hours, chiefly from the howitzer, and then the troops retreated to Sorel, leaving the gun behind as a trophy for the "patriots." Such was the relation made to me by some wounded men, who were left prisoners, and it corresponds with the official report. Had a dash been made into the village, in the morning, the troops would have easily carried it. Had the "patriots" followed the exhausted retreating troops, in the afternoon, possibly all would have been captured; but neither knew the weakness of the other.

Wolfred Nelson, one of the bravest of the brave, commanded at St. Denis. He had not raised the standard of revolt, but only defended himself against an illegal warrant. In war he would have been a great General; but perhaps a Murat, greater in action than in council. He had for defence only about fifty fowling pieces of any use; a small embankment across the road was a protection to sharpshooters; and the stronghold was a stout stone house, at the lower end of the village. Round-shot knocked in the upper gable,—there were three killed in the garret; below the rafters, the walls were too solid for injury. My most intimate friend, Charles Ovide Perrault, who had been one of the most effective agents of agitation, and the greatest young man I ever met, was mortally wounded, while crossing the street, by an accidental parting shot.

One painful event marked the day. Lieut. Weir, of the 32nd Regiment, left Sorel to overtake Col. Gore's command. Accidentally getting upon a wrong road, he drove past, and on to St. Denis, where he was made prisoner, as I was early informed by a letter from Nelson, who said he would be treated with every consideration. When the troops approached in the morning, he was placed in a waggon to be sent to me, at St. Charles (nine miles), in charge of two old, respectable men. At a short distance, he jumped out to escape; and, in the scuffle to secure him, was killed. No man lamented the sad event more than Nelson.

The troops lost,—killed, 6 rank and file; wounded, 1 officer and 9 rank and file; missing, 6 rank and file. The patriots had 10 or 12 killed.

Col. Wetherall was now halted at St. Hilaire, nine miles above St. Charles, with a brigade, consisting of four companies of the 1st Royals, a detachment of the 66th Regiment (another company of the Royals followed from Chambly), with two six-pounders, and a detachment of Volunteer Cavalry. It was doubtful if he would come further after the retreat of Col. Gore; and indeed, from his report, his advance would appear another accident. Reports, coming from we know not where, informed us that the "Patriots" were armed in rear of Montreal, threatening the city, and that Chambly, St. John's, and all the country from thence to the lines, was in our hands. Disappointment soon followed. On Friday evening, the 24th, an American arrived from St. Albans, to inform us that Doctor Côté and the leaders of the county of Lacadie, with several of the prominent men from the Richelieu, from Montreal, and elsewhere, were there collecting munitions of war for invasion. Nelson and I thus found ourselves alone. Had our frontier friends staid at home, communication with the States would have been open for arms and munitions, which would assuredly have come in. The invasion from St. Albans was delayed too long. One day earlier it might have proved successful.

Friday, the 24th, was a beautiful day. A sharp frost made the roads good. Having more men than I could lodge in camp, I proceeded with one hundred, and billeted them in farm-houses up the river; the advanced posts being at a small stream two miles up, where I directed the bridge to be destroyed and the passage disputed, and on a bank in rear, where I directed a barricade of fence rails to be erected. All were ordered to skirmish with any coming enemy by firing on the advance and falling back.

Still suffering from my old bruises, fitted for a hospital rather than for a camp, I had

hardly got to sleep, about midnight, when I was awakened by a messenger from Desrièvières at the barricade, to say he had made a good work and wanted more men. I could hardly make out a reply, when it appeared as if the whole picket was back in camp with a report that an enemy was upon us. It proved a false alarm, but only a portion returned to their posts. There was evidently a scare.

On the morning of Saturday, 25th, I inspected our forces; for, being collected from the neighboring parishes, their attendance was somewhat irregular. There turned out in camp precisely one hundred and nine fire-locks, or, I should say, flint-locks, for many of them refused to fire, when essayed a few hours after. I counted on one hundred up the river, and fifty in the village, making about two hundred and fifty in all. Just at this time, a man riding up delivered a letter from St. Matthias, opposite Chambly, informing me that Col. Wetherall had orders to fall back to Montreal, and was retreating. The after story was that Col. Wetherall did not retreat, because those people had stupidly stopped the order from Sir John Colborne to that effect; and, moreover, that I, who was eighteen miles distant, with Wetherall half way between, was in command of them. Worst of all, the man who was said to have borne the order, told me in Montreal, seven years afterwards, that he was ready to make oath that he was detained by my orders. He did not see me, but knew my voice! Such are the materials of history! Had Wetherall retreated, our weakness would have been undiscovered, and we should have remained masters of the south side of the St. Lawrence.

Anticipating no danger for the day, I set about improving our camp, and then rode down to the village, to make arrangements for grinding wheat. While consulting with Bunker, the hotel-keeper, at his door, a messenger rushed up to inform me the troops were approaching; and, returning to the camp, I found that my pickets,

already reduced to about twenty-five men, had all come back to bring the news. Putting myself at their head, I went up about two miles to reconnoitre, and from a slight eminence, saw the whole brigade, in strength, beyond our means of opposition. Refreshed with the rest at St. Hilaire, and having a fine road, they advanced rapidly. Repeating my orders to fire from behind the wood-piles that flanked the road, to delay their march, I returned to camp. My horse, making a sudden turn and jump, threw me, weak as I was, over his head a good distance, on the rough, frozen road. The horse caught, I mounted, and proceeded. At another time, I should have required a hurdle for my removal; but, when the mind's energies are strung, the body is at best a mere incumbrance. Its sufferings are unheeded.

In the camp, or what might be best called our enclosure, there were about eighty men, who bravely took their places behind the defences. There were more, I knew, in the village, one-third of a mile distant. They must be hurried up. Without an "aide," I must go myself, thinking the time abundant. The fields were covered with men, women, and children, flying down before the troops, from their deserted houses, and the more terrified as smoke and flames shot up from barns set on fire.

The last many of my men had seen of me was hurrying from front to rear, as fast as my weak state would permit. Just as I was turning to get back to camp, a stout *habitant*, breathless, in his shirt sleeves, came running from above, to tell me that he was sent by the English commander ("General Anglais") to say that if we dispersed, nobody should be harmed. (This afterwards was corroborated by sworn testimony; and Col. Gugsy, accompanying the troops, told me it was he who sent him). Supposing from this that Col. Wetherall was pressed by "Patriots" in the rear, and was hurrying to Sorel, I sought a fit person to carry back answer that if the troops laid down their arms, they would be allowed to proceed unmolested. This caused a few

minutes' delay; he had to run for a coat; and but for this incident that day would probably have been my last. I had reached the ravine, within one minutes' ride from the camp, when one round-shot after another buzzed past me down the road. Musketry was heard, and men falling back showed me their broken or useless arms. All appeared to be coming. My whole duty now was to endeavor to keep them together, and make face on a new front. Finding this impossible,—for many would break for their homes, and that I remained unsupported,—my "occupation" at St. Charles "gone," towards dusk, I joined Doctor Nelson at St. Denis.

With such disparity of forces, the affair was soon over. Two six-pounder guns firing shot and grape, and near four hundred muskets, made short work with the handful in our camp; but the manly courage of these Canadians was of the highest order, when they opened fire and stood their ground till thirty-three were left dead;—none wounded escaped. Such was our report. The names of all killed, which I have taken from the parish registers, do not quite equal this number.

The troops lost, by the return made, 1 sergeant and 2 rank and file killed; 15 rank and file wounded. The Colonel's horse was shot dead. The horses of Major Ward and Captain David (cavalry) severely wounded. They did not advance below the camp till the next day, when they came into the village, and picked up a few villagers to be conducted to Montreal as prisoners.

The published reports announced a long, hard-fought battle: I had fifteen hundred men, but ran away before the action commenced; and three hundred were killed on our side. A subsequent "official" report reduced them to one hundred and twenty-five. The first exaggeration was about ten times,—the last four; and this, I presume, is a fair specimen of the truthfulness of what we read of "battles" elsewhere. I was told on the day following by some people near St. Denis, who did not know

me, that the "General" had sold himself to the English, and run away to the States with all the Patriot money!

It may well be asked what we expected to effect with such wretched preparations at St. Charles? I can only answer for myself, that, seeing the determined animation of the people, I thought the leaders would remain with them, and that the raising of the "Patriot" flag at St. Charles, would be the signal for a general rising; that men and arms would flow in from the States, as into Texas; and that Sir John Colborne would evacuate Montreal for Quebec, leaving us all the country outside. Had there been then the militia laws and military knowledge of to-day, this was easy. Then I thought we would in the winter send Commissioners to England, in mercantile phrase, "to make a settlement." Ours was simply a provincial war of factions. The "Bureaucrats" vanquished us, and the province had to wait a few years for a government based upon "the well-understood wishes of the people." Had we vanquished them, there would have been only a delay of a few months, with an immense saving to the British Government.

On Monday, the 27th, alarmed with a report that Col. Wetherall would attack St. Denis, the place was evacuated. Dr. Nelson, the present Sir George E. Cartier, myself, and a few others, passed the day seated very stupidly in a swamp, a few miles back from the Richelieu. In the evening we learned that Wetherall was on the march back to Montreal, and the next day we returned to St. Charles and St. Denis. I had considered Wetherall's success at St. Charles of little moment,—only a "Lexington;" that the whole country would rise; and, if favored by the usual bad weather of the season, his command would be made prisoners before they recrossed the St. Lawrence. On the contrary, his success proved decisive.

We continued at St. Denis with a small armed party till 2nd December, when, on the second approach of Col. Gore, there

was a second evacuation. Dr. Nelson, myself, and four others, passed over to St. Cesaire in the night, to take to the woods. At the end of three days we got separated. I escaped, after various vicissitudes, through to the States; my companions were captured. The five hundred pounds reward offered for Nelson's apprehension was paid; the same sum offered for mine still remains in the Treasury. Soon learning the determination of the American authorities, I took no part with the "sympathizers." Leaving for the South, in the autumn of 1838, I only heard of that year's attempt at invasion from the States, at Key West, after my return from Cuba. In Florida I remained till the spring of 1844; when, hearing that a *nolle prosequi* had, unasked, been entered in my case, for what reason I never yet knew, I came back to Montreal, landing alone on the wharf; and, passing through the streets, shook hands cordially and indiscriminately with old acquaintances, friends or foes, as though I had merely returned from a long journey. Our angry passages of the past were all turned to jokes and good fellowship, and so have they continued.*

Original.
FRANKLIN.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A., TORONTO, ONT.

With bold hearts went they forth, that gallant band,
To brave the perils of the wintry sea,
To beard the Ice-King in his frozen lair,
To pluck their ghastly secret from the wilds,
Where broods Eternal Solitude around
The Boreal Pole—to solve the mystery which
So long had kept the world in trembling awe.
Forth went they, armed with good intent,
their brave
Sousl girt with firm resolve. The hearts of all

* I have the materials for a history of 1837, that, with the documents, would fill two volumes, which I may never have time to prepare for publication. That a record of many things, now in the lapse of time only known to myself, may be preserved, I have sent this article to the DOMINION MONTHLY. It has been written off rapidly—the work of evenings and early mornings—in one week.—T. S. B.

The world went with them on their perilous way.

The wife's fond, faithful prayers attended them.
For long years in her widowed heart the flame
Of hope burned bright and clear, and fond eyes,
dim

With weeping, watched for their loved lord's return.

But, ah! in vain they wept! in vain they watched!

O faithful, fond Penelope! no more
Will thy Ulysses home return! He sleeps
His last, long, peaceful sleep, surrounded by
The faithful few, who bravely rallied round
Him in that dark and drear eclipse of woe.
Above them shone the patient stars—the calm,
Mysterious stars—the only watchers of
His burial place. The fiery streamers of
The North his funeral torches bore, and waved
Their bannerets of flame in honor of
The noble dead.

There, 'neath the sky's black arch,
Amid the awful silence of the long,
Drear Arctic night, when Darkness, jewelled
like

A bride, leaned over them, and shed from her
Wide outstretched wings bright dreams and
visions fond

Of happy homes, and joyous household fires,
And faithful eyes that gaze so wistfully
Into the future's night, and hearts that yearn
Across the icy sea, with pulsing tides
Of love, and oft besiege heaven's pearly gates
With tearful, tremulous prayers. 'Twas thus
and then

They calmly laid them down to die! and 'mid
The darkness came Death's stealthy, silent
tread.

He breathed upon them, and their limbs grew
cold;

He laid his hand upon their anxious hearts,
That yearned so hungrily across the sea,
And stilled their restless pulsings evermore.

And looking tenderly upon them, with
His deep, dark, melancholy eyes, Death said:
"Not yet!" and pointed to the silent stars

That, clad in silver mail, kept watch and ward
Upon heaven's crystal walls; and whispered
low:

"Beyond the veil! beyond the veil!" and then
He folded them within his icy arms,
And bore them one by one away into
The dark Inane—into the Silent Land;

With his weird mesmerism lulled their frames
 To dreamless sleep. He laid their bodies in
 Their final resting-place, where weeping friends
 May never shed the bitter tear; but where
 Fond Nature maketh desolate herself,
 And mourns in sackcloth their untimely fate.
 The spotless snow became their shroud; the sad
 Winds sobbed their requiem. No stoled priest
 Was there, with measured pomp, to render back
 To earth its brother earth, and dust to dust;
 But not less calmly sleep the sailors' bones,
 Than if beneath cathedral's vaulted aisle,
 Or abbey's fretted roof, they lay, mourned by
 The costly marble's counterfeited woe.

And ye, O brave! O dauntless few! who left
 Your homes and firesides on your sacred task,
 Your mission merciful, of succour to
 The succourless. Alas! too late were ye
 To rescue from their fate that noble band,
 Who bravely perished with their armor on,
 Than whom their country had no truer sons!
 Yet from the mystery of their fate ye tore
 The pall; ye rolled the burden from our hearts
 Of dire suspense. Ye gave us certainty
 For nameless terror and for boding fear.
 Ye raised a tablet to the dead; Ye paid
 The last sad rites unto their honored dust;
 Ye dropped the tribute of the kindly tear;
 Ye heaved the heart-felt sigh above their bones;
 Ye gathered up the sacred relics of
 The lost, and left them there—alone—with God!

Original.

BORROWING AND LENDING.

BY J. C., COLBORNE, ONT.

Kind reader, bear with me a little. I am greatly annoyed by a borrower of the second class (see farther on) whom I do not wish to offend, and whom to deny will be to offend; so my only solace is to pen my thoughts, which I now give to you.

The subject of our present paper is one of very general occurrence, and its commonness makes it very little thought of by any; but if all could be got to consider it in its proper light, a great and good change would soon be brought about,

Borrowing and lending between neighbors, in any form and in every form, I must consider as an injustice and an evil, and the

source of quarrels and bickering without number. But you say it is only doing our duty to our neighbor—doing as we would be done by—to lend. And then I am deluged with quotations, proverbs, and aphorisms concerning the blessedness of giving, lending, asking nothing back, &c. You mistake by confounding the duty of charity or giving with lending. Benevolence is a duty: one much neglected, one which ought to be much more exercised than it is by each of us. Borrowing is another thing.

A parasite lives by sucking the life-blood of that on which it is parasitic. Parasitic life has been comically described—

“Big fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em,
 And these fleas have other fleas, and so ad infinitum.”

The borrower is a parasite. He comes to you as a neighbor and an equal; he asks you to lend him your whetstone, scythe, hoe, spade, wagon, sleigh, buggy, steel-yards, axe, grain bags, harrow, seed-drill, wheel-barrow, roller, ox-yoke, pitch-fork, ladder, fine shirt, plug hat, grindstone—whatever he wants. He tells you he hasn't one. Well, neither had you until you bought yours and paid for it.

Perhaps your first feeling is to tell him so; but you do not. Then, led by the desire to live in good-will and friendship, you lend. Feeling as you do after having a tooth pulled, you silently ask, “What will he want next?” You will soon know that. The borrower takes your implement home and uses it, carelessly, perhaps (the borrower is sometimes a careless man), and then doesn't return it. He may need it again before you do, or if you need it you can easily get it, since you know where it is, and it is only a step to his place.

Suppose you refuse to lend, he goes straightway and publishes you as a mean, stingy man. He will never ask you for anything again. (So much the better for you, but woe unto his next neighbor.) He is thankful that he is not like you; he believes in “live and let live, give and

take." (The borrower sometimes talks very fair. He has large views betimes.)

Or if the borrower returns the article borrowed, he has most likely strained it in some part, so that it is liable to break there. He says nothing of that. He will not borrow that article again for some time; but the next time that he borrows he will break it, and now he will not return it. When you want it you go and find it broken, and are very quietly told that it was very badly strained in that part when he borrowed it. Not a word about recompense.

Borrowers, I think, may be divided into two classes. The first class is composed of lazy, careless, shiftless men, who never provide anything beforehand, and then their pressing wants force them to borrow.

The type of the second class is a man who may be the possessor of wealth,—move in respectable society; but a five-cent piece appears larger in his eyes than fifty cents to other men. To him all that he can borrow is clear gain.

The give and take of life with him is all grab and snatch.

The borrower of money pays back all that he borrowed, and interest besides; but the borrower we are speaking of pays no interest and only a part of the principal. This is what makes the act of borrowing unjust. For suppose he borrows a scythe, or a hoe, he wears it to some extent, so that when returned it is not so good as when lent. Well, he says, he has not much use for a scythe, it will not pay him to buy one for what he uses it. Oh, no! But his neighbor must supply him with one for nothing at all. He does not consider his neighbor's pay.

I would not have you to understand me to say that all borrowers are such as I have described. It is not so. All have not arrived at the fulness of the stature of the perfect borrower. Yet the different characteristics may be found in various stages of development.

I will close this paper by an anecdote which I have somewhere heard or read.

The subject is a Yankee, The Yankees are, or were, great borrowers, if we may believe Mrs. Moodie. (See her "Roughing in the Bush.")

One of our peculiar quaint Yankees lately emigrated and settled down in the West. As he put himself to work in good earnest to get his house to rights, the neighbors willingly lent him a hand.

After he had got everything fixed to his notion, a thought struck him that he had no chickens. He was too honest to steal them, and too mean to buy them. He could borrow. He went to a neighbor and thus accosted him:

"Wal, I reckon you hain't got no old hen nor nothin' you'd lend me a few weeks, have you, neighbor?"

"I will lend you one with pleasure" replied the neighbor, picking out the finest in the coop.

The Yankee took the hen home, and then went to another neighbor and borrowed a dozen eggs.

He then set the hen, and in due time she hatched out a dozen chickens. He was now puzzled; he could return the hen—but the eggs?

Another idea! And whoever saw a live Yankee without one? He would keep the hen until she laid a dozen eggs. This he did, and then returned the hen and eggs to their respective owners, saying—"Wal, I reckon I've got as fine a dozen chickens as you ever sot your eyes on, and they didn't cost me a cent nuther."

Original.

OUT IN THE AIR.

"I have read somewhere of a custom in the Highlands, which, in connection with the principle it involves, is exceedingly beautiful. It is believed that, to the eye of the dying, which just before death always becomes exquisitely acute, the perfect harmony of the voices of Nature is so ravishing as to make him forget his sufferings, and die like one in a pleasant trance. And so when the last moment approaches, they take him from within, and bear him out into the open sky."—WILLIS.

Not here! not here, in the hot, close room,
Where the tainted air is heavy and thick:

Not here, in the sad and solemn gloom
That hangs round the bed of the deadly sick;
Not here, with the sobs that pierce my heart
From the well-loved mourners standing by;
Not here, mid such sight and sounds I part,—
Oh, carry me out, dear friends, till I die.

For out in the light of the pleasant sun
The breezes sing as they flutter by;
And the rivulets, murmuring as they run,
Join in the happy melody;
And a thousand birds in the budding spray
Chirrup the whispering leaves among,
And the light that blesses and gladdens the day
Comes down, though ye hear it not, with a
song.

The birch-tree rustles, the alder sings,
And far in the chattering woods the oak,
Wak'ning the noisy echoes, rings
A bass to the shrill of the woodman's stroke;
And there, where the village school is out,
From the happy urchins deep in their play,
Come many a merry laugh and shout,
To cheer my heart as I pass away.

A little while longer, and I shall have done
With all on this beautiful, God-given earth:
And yet, though my sands be nearly run,
My heart still answers to innocent mirth;
And Nature's voice is as dear to me,
Waiting here for the call from above,
As when she talked with me secretly
In youth's bright hours of joy and love.

But now some marvellous power is near
That quickens my ear, though my eyes grow
dim;
And I hear, though ye cannot, distinct and clear,
The voice of a sweet and glorious hymn!
Was it the violet whispered to me,
Or the golden buttercup bending down,
Of the praise that rings through Eternity,
And the Blest One's peace and their golden
crown?

Where am I? Lo! all around me swells,
As it were, an immortal melody;
Forests and flowers, streams and bells,
Blend in unspeakable harmony.
Oh, God! this is heavenly bliss, not pain!
And the angels too,—what was it they said?—
Carry him back to the room again:
He knows what the angels say now;—he is
dead!

Original.

THE EMIGRANTS; OR, THE NIGHT
ON THE RIVER.

BY CANADIA.

“Well! mother, it's a pretty place, and fair to look at. We needn't be unhappy here, though it's not like bonnie Scotland,” said a voice which strove to be cheerful, though a slight sigh would follow the words.

The speaker was a young girl, whose face at the first glance would have been pronounced very pretty. She had the extremely fair complexion, blue eyes, and golden hair of her countrywomen, for she was of Scottish birth; but hers was a face, a second look at which would have shown a keen observer something more than mere beauty of form and feature, though both were fine. In the firm set of the delicate lips, could be seen both strength of mind and sweetness of disposition; and, while the light in the eyes was clear and frank, it was tempered with a patience evidently taught by painful discipline.

Altogether the judgment of any physiognomist would have been, that the owner of the face possessed naturally an impetuous temper, which severe trials had chastened, while they had increased her native firmness; and such judgment would have been correct, although the circumstances of her history were such as may be met with in every-day life. Her father had been a respectable surgeon, living in a village in Perthshire; and it was in sight of the lovely Loch Tay that Ellen was born. There was only one other child,—a boy two or three years older than his sister; and in these two children the whole thoughts of the parents seemed to centre. The mother, a gentle, most feminine woman, had never been in the enjoyment of perfect health; and to this, as well as to natural delicacy, it might be attributed, that she certainly lacked that decision and energy which was so strong a feature in her daughter's character. Nowhere was this feebleness more painfully evinced than in the management

of her children. To the high-spirited but affectionate Ellen, her mother's least word was enough to check any exhibition of ill-temper or self-will; but it was different with her brother Tom,—a bright, handsome lad, gifted with more than ordinary talent, but partaking of his mother's weakness of purpose. Their father was a man of strict integrity, united to great tenderness of heart; but his large practice took him from his home almost all the time not required for rest and refreshment; consequently, his family and household were left entirely to his wife. He was a man who feared God in the truest sense of the word, and carried his religion into every act of his life. The poor for miles around could testify to his charity, in giving care and medicine to any who needed it.

The life of the little family was quietly happy for several years. The children grew in strength and beauty; but, alas! one, at least, not in the knowledge of God. Ellen, indeed, had, in early youth, given her whole heart to the Lord; but Tom, with a love of pleasure which should have been carefully taught and restrained, left so much to the care of a mother who could see no fault in her darling, became more and more wrapped up in self and selfish amusements; yet his mother and sister were so accustomed to give way to him, that they were not aware of the extent of the danger,—scarcely that any danger existed. The father certainly saw that his son was not all he wished and prayed he might be; but his influence and control could not now reach the evil. Tom, however, with all his faults, had many good qualities; first of which was a genuine affection for all his family, and his mother in particular. At the age of eighteen he was placed in the counting-house of a merchant in London. Ellen was at this time sixteen, and she felt the parting with her brother very severely, for they had been together from childhood, together learned their tasks, or played games upon the cool hill-side. In this intimate association only one other shared. That other was Archie MacIvor,

the son of a widow who lived in the same village as Dr. May, from whose family she had received much attention and kindness. Archie was a boy of fine abilities, and a character which, under the fostering care of his mother, gentle yet firm, gradually became all that is most admirable in a man. The fear of the Lord was ever before his eyes, and he had a sense of honor that scorned anything mean and deceitful, a hatred of all wrong or oppression, together with a woman's gentleness for anything weaker than himself. Even in boyhood he had been all this. It was very natural, therefore, that to the brother and sister, he should fill almost the same place as they did to each other. Ellen, Archie, and Tom were always named together in their respective homes; and perhaps it was this constant association with boys that gave the first her peculiar frankness and straightforward manner,—in which, however, there was nothing unfeminine. Although, to all appearance, there was an equal bond of affection between the three,—in reality, Archie had more sympathy with Ellen on many subjects than with her brother. She could share his enthusiastic admiration of the beautiful, the good; and her religious feelings, like his own, were deep and strong. Under these circumstances, it was not surprising that, even when children, they should have a very real affection for each other; or that, with advancing years, it should become something warmer. So when, about the time of Tom's departure, Archie told Dr. May of his desire to make Ellen his wife, so soon as he could earn a comfortable support for her, the good Doctor was not at all astonished; but gave his full consent and approval; for no one, he said, would be so much like his own son as Archie MacIvor. That young gentleman therefore, departed for his next college term in a very contented state of mind. He was Tom's senior by two years, and hoped to be admitted to the bar so soon as he should have finished his studies.

Everything went on quietly at Glen Tavish for some time after the young men

left it; and if Ellen felt the absence of her brother and friend, she did not the less exert herself to make her parents forget it. Mrs. McIvor had gone to reside in Edinburgh, to be with her son; but from him the Mays heard frequently, and all accounts of him were most favorable. While all seemed bright, however, a storm was brooding over the little household for which they were quite unprepared.

For the first year of Tom's residence in London he seemed to go on very well, and his family heard from him often; but after that his communications became few and reserved. His parents' fears were aroused, and at length, as his father was about setting off to London to look after him, a letter arrived from the merchant by whom he had been employed, revealing a terrible tale to his grief-stricken family. It was the old story. The young man, always fond of society, had been led into bad company. That great and crying evil of the present day—Intemperance—had ensnared him, until at last, to obtain money for his sinful pleasures, he had forged his employer's name. His crime discovered, he had fled the country; nor could any trace of his whereabouts be found. Such were the contents of the merchant's letter, and the shame, the anguish they carried to the hearts of the culprit's family, can scarcely be described. The father felt that honor, which had always been his dearest treasure, wounded in the person of his son. The mother only knew that her boy, her darling, who had hung upon her neck, played upon her knee, a lovely, guileless child, had sinned,—was lost to them, perhaps, for ever. O, who can measure the depths of a mother's love, or her grief when any evil harms her nurslings! Ellen's sorrow, too, was very great: she had lost the companion of her whole life, whose bright spirits, little more than one short year ago, had been the life of them all. To arouse themselves after such a blow was difficult; but Dr. May went up at once to London, to try to find something by which they might discover the unhappy boy's destination. He could

only be traced, however, as far as Liverpool; and whether when there he had embarked in some vessel for foreign lands, or, as their fears surmised, had been one of those found drowned in the Mersey, could not be known. All they did know was that a young man answering to his appearance had slipped off one of the wharfs, and perished before assistance could reach him. Weeks passed by; still no news was heard of the lost one, until all, except, perhaps, his mother, gave up hope. It was then that Dr. May began to consider his own plans for the future. The note which his son had forged he had instantly determined to pay, although it would take the greater part of the savings of years; but the idea of disgrace still clung to the unhappy father: he could not shake it off; and at length resolved to go where his name had never been known. The shock which his wife's health had received, too, strengthened his resolution to seek some change; and, after much thought upon the subject, Canada was finally fixed on as their destined place of exile.

It is needless to dwell upon the grief with which the little family prepared to break up their pleasant home, bid a long good-bye to friends and relatives, and to those scenes around which clustered all the associations of childhood and youth. Is it not always thus in the world? Does not much of the punishment of the guilty fall upon the innocent? Yet how better and happier in their innocence than the guilty in the midst of their sinful pleasures! for the love of their God is with those who trust in Him; His strength upholds them in their difficult path. The Mays found the truth of this; and daily from their united hearts did the prayer ascend to their Heavenly Father, that, if by any possibility still living, a blessing might still rest upon their lost one, and that he might be restored, from the dark and weary way in which he was wandering, into the glorious light and liberty of the sons of God.

The pain of leaving their native land was greater by far to Ellen May than to her parents, since she must leave her

betrothed as well as all they grieved to part from. Archie's prospects, although good, would not as yet permit his marriage; but even if they would have done so, Ellen's noble heart would not have allowed her a moment's hesitation in her choice: she must accompany her parents, for she knew they would need her more now than ever. She wished, therefore, to release Archie from his engagement; and although he would not hear of this, she gaily said, even when bidding him good-bye, "Remember, Archie, you will do perfectly right in marrying any one you have a fancy to,"—a fact of which he assured her he was quite aware, and of which she would have proof some day. Beneath all assumed cheerfulness, however, the parting was very keenly felt by both, and nothing sustained them but a sense of duty, and a distant hope of brighter days.

The voyage across the great Atlantic was performed in safety; and arrived in Canada, Dr. May determined, after some inquiry, to proceed at once to one of the settlements on the Ottawa, where he bought a small farm, and intended to devote himself to the care of that, and the practice of his profession among the country people. It was on their first establishment in this place that our heroine made the remark which stands at the commencement of our tale, and the scene upon which she looked fully justified her admiration.

It was a bright morning in April, and the air had that peculiar clearness which is so refreshing in Spring, infusing new life into the most weak and languid. The sky was April's own deep blue, just flecked at intervals with fleecy clouds; and what a look into the infinite does a long gaze up into the heavens above give us! There is something to still the weary heart with a whisper of what is better than itself; so pure, so calm. O! does it not arouse an intense desire to soar up and away, beyond, above to those bright regions where sin and sorrow are no more, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at

rest." Ellen's eyes and thoughts soon came back to earth again, and to the scene around her. The snow was almost gone, but here and there patches of it contrasted with the rich brown earth, not yet clothed in green. On one side lay the little village, the last house of which was the Mays'; on the other, the blue river flashed and danced in the sunlight, while large masses of ice floated on its surface. The country, far and wide, was thickly wooded, and away in the distance a blue line of mountains showed their heads above the horizon. Ellen gazed as if unable to take in enough of the charming prospect, and at length drew her mother to share in her pleasure. There for the present we will leave them.

It was a dark, cold night in November; not a great deal of wind, but the sullen plashing of the river could be heard through the gloom. Within the comfortable dwelling of the Mays, however, the outside dreariness could not penetrate; the red curtains were drawn, and the fire and lamplight cast a warm glow through the little sitting room. Lying on a low sofa on one side of the hearth was Mrs. May, whose pale face and thin figure testified to her ill health, while her eyes followed her daughter as she moved about the room preparing the tea-table.

"The letters from dear old Scotland have made me feel quite bright, dear mother," said Ellen, "and you must feel so too; for poor papa will be quite tired after his long row across the river, and he'll want something to refresh him."

"I'll try, my love," was the faint reply; "but, Ellen, it is hard. I cannot feel bright while Tom, my own boy, is alone, friendless, perhaps homeless, in the wide world. O! if he knew how I long for him,—how I lie here and think of him,—surely, surely, he would come to me, to his mother, who would willingly die to see his face once more!"

"Don't speak like that, mother darling," said Ellen, soothingly, kneeling down by her mother and putting her arms around

her. "Poor Tom cannot, alas! be living, or we should have heard of him before this. But rouse yourself, dear mother; you must live for father and me: what should we do without you?"

While the affectionate girl comforted her mother, her own heart, meantime, growing tired with its load of care, her father was leaving the opposite bank of the river, where he had gone to visit a patient. The winter had set in unusually early, and ice was forming rapidly on the river; large masses of it were floating about, and between these the little boat, which contained Dr. May and the two Irishmen who had rowed him across, was obliged to make its way. Before their departure the men had pointed out to the doctor the great danger of the passage, and urged delaying it, at least till next morning. But he had been already one day absent from home, and feared he should greatly alarm his wife and daughter, if he were longer away from them: he insisted, therefore, upon leaving at once; and the men, after some persuasion, were induced to accompany him. He told them that, in his opinion, a lantern would be a safeguard; and, spite of their declaring it to be worse than useless, he gained his point, and they pushed off. For a good part of the way they managed, although with great difficulty, to proceed; but at last, becoming jammed on a sheet of ice, their united efforts were insufficient to free the boat from it.

"Arrah, thin, didn't I tell ye so?" said one of the men. "Didn't I tell ye the river wasn't safe on a night like this same? an' now we'll all be frozen in the awful darkness."

"Patience, my friend," said Dr. May, quietly; "the eye of the Almighty God can still behold us, and He can send us help if it be His will."

"What's that strange noise?" said the other man. "Let's listen."

There was a minute's silence; and then one of them said:

"It's only the washing of the wather against the ice."

"It is too measured for that," said Dr. May. "It comes back on the wind as regularly as possible."

"Sure, it can't be the steamer," said the man, in a terrified tone; "for all we know, we may be just in her path."

They listened again intently. Yes, now the sound was more distinct, and they could hear the steady roll of the wheels; and now their eyes, straining through the darkness in the direction from which the sound came, can see a white spectral form, of immense size, as it appears to their vision, coming onward. Onward? aye, directly towards them; and soon they will be swept to destruction, amid that boiling turmoil of ice, and foam, and rushing waters. As if with one voice, they gave vent to a wild shout. The despairing notes died upon the wind; and still the form came on! Another and another, with the same result; and then they gave up all hope, and fell upon their knees.

"O Holy Vargin, help us!" ejaculated the trembling Irishmen. "Blessed St. Pathrick, hear us! pray for us! we are lost intirely!"

"Turn to Christ, the Saviour of sinners," cried the firm voice of Dr. May,—firm even with that awful death before him. One agonized thought for the loved ones at home, waiting, watching his return; one moment, never to see them more on earth! then the pang of parting is over,—their God is with them; and for him, oh! is he not going to his Master's presence? One plunge, and then, the darkness over, the glorious light shining for evermore!

How different is the Christian's hope in death from every other man's. Such was Dr. May's thought, as he turned to the poor men at his side; and, with a fearless, tranquil voice, in a few simple words, strove to lead them to the only refuge for saint and sinner. Then they watched the approach of their doom. It was a grand and awful sight! the heavens so black above, and, below the shadowy masses of ice, the foamy waves; and through it all came on the steamer, like some dread spirit of the waste

around,—nearer, nearer! A sudden thought seized Dr. May. He sprang up, crying:

“The lantern!”

It was lying in the bottom of the boat, blown out, and forgotten. In an instant it was lit, then held high above his head, while all watched breathlessly to see whether the signal was noticed on board the steamer. One, two, three, four, five. The moments seemed as long as years! then,—oh, welcome sight!—she swerved from her course. Saved! Thank God, thank God! The strong men fell upon their knees again, and cried like children.

The danger, although so great, had occupied but a short space of time. The steamer sent a boat to the rescue, and in another hour Dr. May was relating his wonderful escape to his wife and daughter over the tea-table, amidst their exclamations of thankfulness and joy. That night was to be an eventful one to the little household. Toward the close of the evening, as Ellen was placing the Bible before her father, a rap came to the door, which, when opened, showed a man, apparently young, who, in a voice which trembled with cold or some inward emotion, inquired whether Dr. May lived there. At the first word, Mrs. May started up, exclaiming:

“Who is that? I know——.”

She trembled so violently that Ellen was obliged to support her; only for a moment, however, for the stranger had sprung across the floor, with the one word, “Mother!” and clasped her in his arms.

It was with thankful hearts that the little party drew together for evening devotion, after the long interchange of thought and feeling, as well as all that had happened to each other since their parting. The prodigal son had returned, the lost was found; and no pen can describe the joy and gladness with which the hearts of father, mother, and sister were brimming over, for the prayer of faith was heard; and the son, who received an earthly parent's forgiveness, was enabled, in humble trust, to come to his Heavenly Father, and resolve, by His grace, from that time to lead a new life.

There is little to add to our story. Tom May never again abused his family's trust, but lived to be the comfort of all depending on him. For some years he remained at home, managing his father's farm; after which he married a bright young Canadian girl, and, buying land, became in time one of the most flourishing farmers in that district. Ellen had been married some time before her brother, to the long-tried friend of her childhood and youth. Both she and Archie were the happier for their long waiting, since they had the sense of duty performed, and a more complete knowledge of each other than they could have otherwise had. Canada was their home from the time of their marriage; for Archie had left Scotland, soon after the death of his mother, to claim his bride, and then decided to settle in Ottawa, where he soon became known as a rising man.

Dr. May and his wife lived many years, happy in their children's affection, and in doing all they could for the good of others. Their quiet home was often enlivened by the presence of their grandchildren; for Tom lived close to them, and Ellen's little ones always came to spend the hot months of summer on “grandpapa's farm.” Dr. May might often be seen with a merry troop gathered round him, listening to his “splendid stories” with breathless interest; and there was one tale they never tired of hearing repeated,—the history of grandfather's Night on the River.

DE PROFUNDIS.

BY JOHN READE.

I've seen the Ocean try to kiss the Moon,
Till the wild effort of his hopeless love
Tortured him into madness, and the roar
From his great throat was terrible to hear;
And his vast bosom heaved such awful sighs
As made Earth tremble to her very bones,
And all her children cling to her for fear,
And I have watched and seen a gentle
change
Come over him, till like a child he lay,

That, disappointed, cries herself asleep,
 And on her sorrow angels paint a dream,
 So happy that her face is one sweet smile.
 So have I seen the love-tost Ocean smile
 After his fury, till I almost hoped
 That the gay Moon would never tempt him
 more.

But ever his heart throbs at her approach,
 And he awakes in all the strength of love,
 And frets himself to madness, watching
 her.

And when, as I have sometimes seen,
 The sun, his mighty rival, struts before his
 eyes

With her he loves, and warmly looks on
 her,

Oh, how his heart is torn with jealousy!
 Oh! how he froths and foams and moans and
 raves,

Till all his energy is lost in sleep,
 From which his love will rouse him soon
 again!

So did I learn the Ocean's tale of love,
 Watching him, day by day, for many years,
 Hearing him often murmur in his sleep
 Such sweet, sad murmurs, that I pitied him;
 And, like Electra, sat beside his bed,
 Till all the madness of his love awoke.

O Ocean! thou art like the human heart,
 Which craves forever what it cannot have,
 And, though a little it forget its strife
 Of longing, only wakes to long again
 For that which is no more accessible
 Than is the Moon to thee! Yet, shouldst
 thou lie

Dull, sluggish, motionless, thy very life
 Would grow corrupt, and from the stagnant
 mass

All things abominable would creep forth
 To soil with slimy poison the fair Earth;
 And that alone that moves thee to thy heart
 Can keep thee pure and bright and beau-
 tiful!

So, by the anguish of a hopeless love;
 So, by the madness born of mental pain;
 So, by the endless strife of joy and fear;
 So, by all sufferings, tortures, agonies;
 So, by the powers that shake it to its depths;
 So, by the very loss of what it seeks,—
 The heart is purified, and that which seems
 Its death gives it a fresher, truer life.

Original.

EARLY SCENES IN CANADIAN LIFE.

BY REV. T. WEBSTER, NEWBURG, ONT.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XV.

FOUR HUNDRED LOYALISTS, THROUGH MR.
 LAND'S REPRESENTATIONS, DETERMINE TO
 COME TO CANADA—THE EMIGRANTS—ME-
 THOD OF TRAVELLING—OLD NEIGHBORS—
 THE DEPARTURE.

The Revolutionary war having termi-
 nated, the difficulties which, during its con-
 tinuance, had attended the transmission of
 intelligence between the Loyalists, who
 had taken refuge in Canada, and their
 friends in the country they had left, were
 removed. Mr. Land now communicated
 with his friends in Pennsylvania, New
 Jersey, &c., advising them to remove to
 Canada, where they might once more
 rally round the "old red-cross banner."
 The result was that four hundred United
 Empire Loyalists, including men, women,
 and children, assembled together, and took
 their departure in a body for "the King's
 dominions." How picturesque and touch-
 ingly pathetic must have been the scene
 presented, as the emigrant band prepared
 to turn their backs upon the homes and
 scenes endeared by the memories of past
 joys and sorrows! Cattle and horses, house-
 hold goods and human beings, huddled
 together in apparently inextricable confu-
 sion. Husbands placing their wives and
 little ones upon horses; in some instances,
 the same animal carrying a woman and
 three children,—the infant in the mother's
 arms, and an older child on each side,
 sitting in baskets, suspended across the
 horse's back. Young men and maidens,
 in the heyday of life, active in whatever
 seemed most likely to expedite proceedings;
 and eager for the excitement and adventure
 of the anticipated journey. Gray-haired
 old men and women, whose stalwart sons
 had gone out from them to do battle for the
 now lost cause; but who returned no more.
 Sadly, some of these hopeless ones toil

together, in the disposition of the little remnant of their property; while others, as old, as feeble, and as sorrow-stricken, are surrounded by groups of little ones, looking up to them for sustenance and protection,—the orphans these of the sons whom they shall see no more. But who are these sad-browed matrons, who busy themselves,—unaided by masculine hands,—in leading their pack-horses,—some of them working through blinding tears, others with marble-like faces, long unused to the blessed dew of tears, having ere this wept the fountain dry,—each surrounded by her own circle of helpless little ones? These are the widows and orphans of the party who have none but themselves on whom to rely, come weal, come woe!

Here and there, moving about among the bustling throng, are seen old neighbors, long estranged by differences growing out of the recent contest; but now, that the hour of actual departure has arrived, neighborly offices of kindness and good wishes evidence the resurrection of the old time friendships. By some, these advances are received and responded to in the spirit in which they are proffered; but, by others, with scowls of defiance, or bitter revilings. Nor do all the dwellers among the mountains dismiss the *voyageurs* with gentle reminders of the former days of peace and amity. Many on both sides still harbor in their hearts the vindictive hatred, begotten of years of rapine and carnage; and, in some, rankle bitter memories, of unmentionable and never-to-be-forgotten outrages. The widow Morden, and others in like circumstances, crush deep down into their sore-tried hearts, the surging tide of their sorrows; now stirred afresh, by memories awakened by the passing scene,—recalling so forcibly the manly solicitude for their comfort, and that of their children,—the helping hands, the sustaining arms, the cheering words, the encouraging smiles,—all, all forever gone! And how have they been made so doubly desolate? That thought gives the poor tortured hearts the most agonizing wrench of all. Not by

“the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and wasteth at noon”; not by slowly consuming disease; not as the soldier falls upon the gory battle-field, in defence of the cause he loves. Any of these might have been borne; but through treachery, and by the hands of the * * * * *

While these daughters of affliction are struggling to calm their almost bursting hearts, lest the swelling-flood should break forth and bear away before it the forethought and energy, so essential to the safety and well-being of the fatherless children by which they are encircled, the band gives indications of readiness to take up the line of march. But still there were lingerers here and there, in the sheltered nooks, and beside the thickets.

“And there were tender partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking
sighs,
Which ne'er might be repeated,—who can guess
If ever more should meet, those mutual
eyes?”

* * * * *

Dark as was the picture, these glimpses of human sympathy and love relieved its gloom.

Now the exodus has commenced. Active and reliable young men lead the van, as a reconnoitring party. Then came men and boys driving the lowing herds, followed by others leading the pack-horses; in not a few instances, women and girls being also employed in the latter task. Next came the horses bearing human freight. These were equipped and mounted in various styles. Some as before described, but a much larger number carrying a load upon the back, and baskets suspended on either side, containing each a child or two, according to the weight of the little creatures. Others carried only children sometimes, but one child in the indispensable *basket*, and balanced upon the other side by a collection of domestic paraphernalia. The horses bearing these precious cargoes being always carefully led, either by the parents or the trusty friends of the tiny travellers.

Then followed the pedestrians. This group being made up of all who were able to walk, and not otherwise employed, without regard to age or sex, and most of these carried burdens adapted to the individual's strength.

All except little children, delicate women, invalids, and very aged persons, walked; because all the horses belonging to the company were required to carry their effects, and the provisions upon which, together with the milk of their cows, they expected to subsist while accomplishing their long journey; partly through a country in which they knew that they were regarded with dislike, and the remaining distance through a wilderness inhabited only by Indians.

Thus, a few vigilant and sagacious men bringing up the rear, the whole company moved off from their late homes, to recommence life amid untried scenes.

CHAPTER XVI.

SLOW PROGRESS—CAMPING IN THE FOREST—CAMP EMPLOYMENTS—PROCURE SUPPLIES FROM THE INDIANS—ARRIVAL IN THE PROVINCE.

A party so encumbered, and so largely made up of women and children, was necessarily obliged to travel slowly. By day they made short stages, and when night was approaching they encamped in the woods. The tired children were released from their cramped positions in the baskets, and allowed to run about, and amuse themselves within prescribed limits, doubtless well pleased to have recovered the use of their limbs; while the larger boys and girls, who had been walking all day, were equally gratified with the privilege of throwing themselves down anywhere to rest. Some of the men prepared wood for culinary operations, and to keep up fires during the night; while others unloaded the beasts of burden, hobbled them, and turned them out to feed with the cattle. Some of those latter were also hobbled, and the bell-cows tied up when it became dark, to prevent their straying from the camp.

Meanwhile, the women are busy preparing materials for the repast, which all are with greater or less impatience awaiting,—it being the principal meal of the day. That over, some of them returned to their cookery, making preparations for an early breakfast, and also for the means of appeasing the appetites of their families during the next day's weary march. Others proceed to unpack the bedding, and to make the necessary sleeping arrangements. While those of both sexes, who have no more pressing occupation, wander about in the vicinity of the camp in search of ground-nuts, or other edible products of the forest; which sometimes serve to eke out their original stock of provisions. But, notwithstanding all their prudent precautions, their stock ran low, long before they reached their final destination; though replenished by supplies of corn, which they purchased from the Indians, whenever opportunities offered for so doing.

The business of the evening accomplished, the wearied and frightened children were soothed into forgetfulness of their unwonted surroundings, by the dear old home lullabies, which, as the anxious mothers became aware that their dear ones slept, gradually sank into tones that sounded more like dying wails, as they floated along the old forest aisles.

The night-fires, designed to intimidate the wild beasts, were piled high. Those whose duty it became, for the time being, to watch for the general safety, betook themselves to their posts. The occupants of the camp sought such rest as they might hope to find upon their extemporized couches. And soon the watchers heard only the crackling of the flames, the cries of the bird of night, the howling of distant wolves, or certain stentorian sounds issuing from the camp, which proved that some, at least, of the travellers were good sleepers, despite the discomforts of their situation.

With the dawn, the animals which had been tied up were released, that they might have as much time as possible to feed before starting. Soon the camp is again a

busy scene. Having milked the cows, and disposed of such other work as might be done before commencing the business of re-packing, the little ones are roused from their grateful slumbers, and washed in the adjacent stream,—the stream being an important requisite to a good camping-place. A hasty breakfast is despatched; the camp utensils and bedding re-packed; the beasts of burden re-loaded; the equestrians remounted, and all are ready for the day's march.

Thus did our band of U. E. Loyalists, day after day, slowly pursue their toilsome journey through the forest wilds of Pennsylvania and New York, climbing over rugged mountains, or following the water-courses along the lovely valleys; each day and night seeming to differ little from its predecessor, except when rain brought additional unpleasantness, or the game taken afforded an agreeable variety in the *cuisine*; yet each bringing its own incidents, its trials, or enjoyments.

The diversified scenery through which their course lay could not fail to charm the eye of the lovers of the grand, the picturesque, and the beautiful; and, by the constant succession of varied prospects, relieve the journey to such from all monotony. But the majority were probably engrossed with more sordid concerns; and, *seeing, saw not* the beauties by which they were surrounded; being chiefly anxious to *see* the spot on which they might pitch their tents, and, setting up their family altars, rest from their wanderings.

Our friend, the widow Morden, found the care of, and necessary provision for, the safety and comfort of her eight children, during the long and weary journey, an arduous task. But her eldest son, John, now about eighteen years of age, proved a valuable auxiliary, taking charge of the family effects, and exerting himself as far as possible to relieve the anxiety of her mind, and to aid in bearing her burdens. His filial affection was the solace and joy of her widowed heart. Mere boy though he was at the time of their cruel bereave-

ment, he thenceforward stood manfully by his mother, through all the trials and privations of her peculiarly painful lot, to the termination of her useful and eventful life.

After long and fatiguing marching, attended with hardships, exposure, and dangers of various kinds; weary and foot-sore, the loyal band arrived at the frontier, which having passed, they congratulated themselves and each other upon being again in a country where the authority of their King was acknowledged.

From these persons, and others who made their entrance into the province in a similar manner, and from the same motives, have descended a very large proportion of the most respectable people of Ontario;—a paternity of which they have just cause to be proud, and of which it behoves them to prove themselves worthy.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE COUNTRY ABOUT THE HEAD OF THE LAKE
—SETTLE THERE — GOVERNOR SIMCOE'S
SYMPATHY FOR THE MORDENS—THE IN-
CENSED LAND AGENT AND THE STURDY
QUAKER—OTHER U. E. LOYALISTS ARRIVE—
PRIVATIONS OF THE SETTLERS — "THE
HUNGRY SUMMER."

Mr. Land, with good taste and sagacity, had made his new home on the fertile banks of the beautiful Burlington Bay, contiguous to the spot on which now stands the City of Hamilton. To this section of the country the majority of the company came, and settled about "the head of the lake." Thence extended for miles, in all directions, vast tracts of land, inviting the hand of industry, and unsurpassed, it is believed, in advantages, situation or scenery, by any other portion of the Province; not stupendous, nor grand, but fertile, well watered, diversified, wild, picturesque, beautiful. The crystal springs gushing out of the hillsides, and tumbling over the old gray rocks, on their way to join the streams, flowing along the flowery valleys; the water lilies in their pure beauty, springing from their muddy beds to greet the sun and

drink in the pure air, without one vestige of the impurity from which they spring clinging to them, to mar their exquisite loveliness; the waters all alive with their piscatorial treasures, and the marshes with water-fowls. The high hills were indeed a refuge for the deer, and the rocks for the pheasants and wild turkeys.

The scenery in those days, about "the head of the lakes," was truly enchanting. There lay the sparkling bay, amid its verdant banks, like a vast mirror framed in emeralds, its shores sloping upward; away to the foot of the mountain, whose sides, covered with forest trees from base to summit, curving gracefully towards the bay, formed an amphitheatre of rare loveliness;—the beholder being unable to determine whether he admired it most when covered with the deep green foliage of summer, when aglow with the glorious tints of autumn's thousand hues, or when reposing beneath its wintry garb.

One who long dwelt amid, and delighted in, these charming scenes, gives the following description of the winter aspect of the mountain. The lines were suggested by a snow-storm during an unusually open winter:

"Oh! stars of the snow-cloud, where have ye been?

Adorning what land with your silvery sheen?
We've longingly look'd for your coming here,
To deck with your spangles our winter drear.

"Dark and unsightly our forests have been,
Since Autumn swept off their vesture of green,
Wearied of gazing on the naked bough,
Right gladly we see it begem'd as now.

"So long the old mountain has darkly frown'd,
She seems smiling now, in your mantle wound;
And gracefully sits, 'neath her nodding plumes,
As when with the flowers of June she blooms.

"Like marble pure, in her beauty she lies,
As fair a sight as e'er feasted the eyes;
While each tree, to fancy, the form assumes,
Of a column of granite, crowned with plumes."

The march of modern improvement has denuded the mountain of its verdure, and torn open its bosom in quest of stone; but when our weary loyalists pitched their tents here, the whole region was in its pristine glory.

The Mordens settled in Flanders, not far from the place where the town of Dundas has since grown up; here they were soon after visited by Governor Simcoe, who, having become acquainted with their painful antecedents, took this early opportunity of expressing his sympathy and good will to the widow and her family.

As an acknowledgment of what they had suffered during the revolution, and as an indication of respect for the family, and the part John Morden had acted throughout, he gave him two hundred acres of land, where he had located himself, and an order for nine hundred more. Some time after receiving the order, young Morden went to the land office, to locate his land. The office consisted of a small, rudely-built log house, and in it were two government officials. Morden entered rather unceremoniously, and, having been brought up a Quaker, did not remove his hat; but presented his order with his head covered. At this, the principal official took offence, regarding it as marked disrespect to himself individually, and to the office he held; he, therefore, in a very peremptory tone, ordered the young man to take off his hat. Morden as decidedly refused to obey; the official then ordered him either to leave the office, or to take off his hat. Morden remained perfectly quiescent. "Then," said the agent, "you shall not have a foot of the land." Upon this, Morden coolly took up his order and walked out, resolving to bring the matter before the Governor. He was, however, quickly recalled, and four hundred out of the nine hundred acres were given him; the remaining five hundred he never received. Quite a price to pay for the privilege of wearing one's hat for a few minutes; a glimpse, too, of what men dressed up in a little brief authority would, in those days, dare to do. Land was then estimated at so little value, that Morden never again made an effort to obtain that which had been withheld.

The U. E. Loyalists, from various parts of the old colonies, still continued to come into the Province. Many of these were

very destitute, having lost in the war nearly all that they had formerly possessed. Western Canada was then a howling wilderness, with only here and there small settlements, where but little provisions could be obtained, even by those who had money with which to purchase. There were not, really, provisions in the country sufficient to sustain its increased population; consequently, hundreds suffered terribly for lack of food. Though game was abundant, many were unable to avail themselves of even the precarious subsistence to be derived from the chase, being destitute of guns and ammunition; in such cases, fish was their principal resource. The difficulty in obtaining clothing was very great, more so than can well be imagined in our day. Persons who had never been accustomed to the straits of poverty, now thought themselves fortunate when they could secure dressed deerskins for clothing, and for covering for their feet in the winter. In warm weather men, women, and children went without shoes, except among the very wealthy, who had had the forethought, when coming into the country, to bring large supplies of such substantial *luxuries*. Even those who had money were unable to procure a supply, for neither the tanner nor the shoemaker were as yet abroad in the land. Cattle were quite too valuable to be slaughtered; therefore, they had no hides to tan, except when animals died through some mischance.

The trials of the settlers culminated in what is known as "the hungry summer." The previous season having been frosty, was very unproductive; even those who had brought means with them into the country, between the requirements of their own families, and their assistance to their more destitute neighbors, had by this time generally exhausted their stores. All had been looking forward to the crops that had been planted in the small "patches" of land which had been cleared; and now, that these had failed them, famine was at the doors of the majority.

The Government had not grain in store

sufficient for their relief, neither could it easily be brought from abroad. There were then neither railroads nor steamboats, to bring provisions from foreign lands in a few days; no submarine telegraphs, to send a message to the King one day, that he might receive it the next, informing him that his devoted U. E. Loyalists were in danger of starvation, and imploring him to send off a cargo of wheat for their relief forthwith.

They were obliged to subsist upon fish and wild meats; and, when these could not be procured, on roots, buds, and the inside bark of the trees,—or die! These were dark days in the homes of the settlers, their children crying for bread, when it was out of the power of the parents to supply their wants. These large blocks of wild lands, and the beautiful scenery about them, possessed few charms for people who were almost starving to death. Some parents, unable to witness the sufferings of their children, so long as by any means it might be alleviated, took out of the ground the sets of potatoes that had been planted, and gave them to their famishing children.

In this extremity, the Government sent the people—what think you, benevolent reader?—four hundred barrels of *rum*! What a substitute for bread! John Morden, being an especial favorite with the Governor, a barrel of the rum was for him; his getting an entire barrel, being considered a distinguished mark of the Governor's respect for him, and the article itself being esteemed useful, he immediately set off after it to Niagara. Being obliged to make the journey with a yoke of oxen, he lost more time and bestowed more labor in bringing the gift home, than twice its value. Whether the rum, as a substitute for food, proved a benefit or an injury to the starving settlers, they have not left upon record.

After long suffering and weary waiting, the new potatoes and green corn came in. Though probably not the most wholesome kind of diet for those whose systems had been enfeebled by long protracted fasting, they would at least satisfy the cravings of

appetite. Later, they added another article to their bill of fare. As soon as the wheat was sufficiently grown to admit of the grains being rubbed out between the hands, they treated it in that way; and, after boiling it, those of them who were so fortunate as to have cows, ate it with milk.

The harvest coming in abundantly, their prospects began to brighten, and the "hungry summer" became a memory.

(To be continued.)

RECENT SOLAR DISCOVERIES.

BY J. NORMAN LOCKYER.

As far as I know, the first mention of those strangely beautiful and weird appendages of the sun, variously called "red flames," "prominences," and "protuberances," which are visible, and only visible, during a total eclipse of our great luminary, occurs in a letter addressed by a Captain Stannan to Flamsteed in 1706; that is, 162 years ago.

Stannan was at Berne, observing the total solar eclipse of that year, when the sun was totally darkened for four minutes and a half: he seems to have had sufficient presence of mind to have given the marvellous and awful accompanying phenomena only their due share of attention, for he carefully watched for the sun's reappearance, and was rewarded by observing that "his getting out of his eclipse was preceded by a blood-red streak of light from his left limb, which continued not longer than six or seven seconds of time; then part of the sun's disc appeared all of a sudden as bright as Venus was ever seen in the night,—nay, brighter; and in that very instant gave a light and shadow to things as strong as the moon uses to do."

It seems pretty clear that Stannan believed this "blood-red streak" to belong to the sun, for he does not mention the moon; but unfortunately, authority, in the shape of Flamsteed, referred it without question to the moon; and the height of our satellite's atmosphere was at once calculated to a nicety. This error was not banished from men's minds till the year 1860; it held its own therefore, for over a century and a half,—a pretty long run for an assertion made on such a slender basis, but one not altogether unprecedented.

From 1706 to 1860, total eclipses of the sun have swept over Europe. I believe that in every case—certainly in every late case—the remarkable phenomena first observed in 1706 have been seen: in astronomical observation, as in other matters, *Ce n'est que le premier pas*

qui compte,—the mind helps the eye as well as the eye the mind; but the records are singularly unsatisfactory till the year 1842 is reached, and then the golden age begins. The "red flames" in that year were watched by several observers of the highest eminence. Mauvais compared two of the prominences in shape and colour to the peaks of the Alps illuminated by the setting sun. Mr. Airy likened them to saw-teeth in the position proper for a circular saw. Mr. Baily describes those seen by himself encircling the black moon as follows:—"They had the appearance of mountains of a prodigious elevation; their colour was red, tinged with lilac or purple: perhaps the colour of the peach-blossom would more nearly represent it. They somewhat resembled the snowy tops of the Alpine mountains when coloured by the rising or setting sun."

The next swing of the Eclipse pendulum brings us to 1851, and to Sweden, which was in consequence the rendezvous of European, but especially of English, astronomers, who were now convinced, particularly by the observations of 1842, of the enormous interest and importance of the problem. Of this eclipse we have admirable records. Airy, Adams, Dawes, Hind, Carrington, Robinson, Dunkin, Lassell, were among the eminent observers who were there to endeavour to settle the question. Prominences there were in abundance, some of them of great magnitude and striking form. So enormous in height and so brilliant was one of them that it was clearly visible to the naked eye, and Dawes saw it five seconds after the sun had reappeared! We owe to that lamented observer the most minute account of the prominences. One of them was cone-shaped, of a deep red colour; another was a bluntly triangular pink body, disconnected with the sun; and another like a "Turkish cimeter," 70,000 miles in height if it belonged to the sun, with one of its edges of a rich carmine colour. Besides these, two low ridges were seen, stretching along the moon's edge: in one of them was a flame like a "dog's tusk;" its colour and brilliancy varying from those of the lower ridges. The prominence which reminded Dawes of a "cimeter" was likened by Airy to a "boomerang;" its colour "full lake red:" the latter also saw one of the ridges, which he called a "sierra" situated along the sun's edge at the part where it was just *fitted* by the edge of the moon; this sierra being "more brilliant than the other prominences, and its colour scarlet."

This eclipse left a very distinct impression on the Astronomer Royal's mind as to the exact place of the prominences. "It was impossible," he said, to see the changes that "took place in the prominences without feeling the conviction that they belonged to the sun and not to the moon."

Still Professor Adams was not quite con-

vinced. Mr. Dunkin held a contrary opinion to Airy; other observers, if they had formed one, did not express it, and we believe that the general *consensus* will be faithfully represented by saying that at this period the whereabouts of the prominences—*i.e.* whether they belonged to the sun or moon—was “not proven.” There was strong evidence going to show that they could only belong to the sun, but the theory was not thoroughly established.

The next attack was made in 1860, the astronomical forces having in the meantime secured an ally of tremendous power. By this time celestial photography, in the hands of Mr. Warren De la Rue, had arrived at a high state of perfection, and now the *prominences were photographed*, not only by Mr. De la Rue himself, but by Father Secchi, who has followed in the wake of all work of this nature. Mr. De la Rue was able to obtain the sun's own evidence of the famous Spanish eclipse, in an almost unbroken series of photographs, from the time the moon made her first appearance on the sun till the time she had entirely crossed it.

Just before the sun was totally hid, the prominences became visible in the telescope, and were recorded on the photographic plate, a long line of low ridges being visible when the eastern edge of the moon, which was travelling from west to east, was coincident with the just hidden edge of the sun.* Tops of high prominences were also registered where the moon (which appeared much larger than the sun), extended grossly beyond the sun's edge, especially the western one. Just before the sun began to reappear on the opposite side, and when the western edge of the moon nearly fitted the still hidden western edge of the sun, another low sierra appeared at the western edge, *the one formerly observed being by this time covered up by the moon.*

Nothing could be more complete than the proof thus afforded that these appendages belonged to the sun; the prominences were eclipsed and uncovered exactly as the sun itself was; their whereabouts, therefore, could no longer be questioned; and if, as I shall show presently, this fact was not established up to and including 1842, to Mr. De la Rue belongs the full credit of having solved this important question, which had remained *sub judice* for a century and a half.

But Mr. De la Rue was not content with his own photographs. He made a careful comparison of them with those taken by Father Secchi, who observed the eclipse at some distance from his station, and he found important differences in them,—exactly such

differences, too, as must have arisen from the difference of position of the observers if the prominences really belonged to the sun. It was distinctly evident that the elevation of the prominences above the moon's northern limb was much higher in Mr. De la Rue's pictures than in Father Secchi's, a fact accounted for by the moon having been seen much higher at Desierto (Father Secchi's station) than at Rivabellosa, where Mr. De la Rue was placed. Similarly, the prominences seen beyond the moon's southern limb were most uncovered in Secchi's photographs.

Next came the eclipse of 1868, and in the long preceding preparations for it, there was one question which occupied men's minds above all others; for as by photography a great victory had been gained, and the fact that these strange things were part and parcel of the sun established, so now it was hoped that by the aid of spectrum analysis another bigger battle would be fought and won, and the very nature itself of the things determined.

In 1865 and 1866 my attention was drawn to the subject of spectroscopic observations of sun-spots made in the early part of the former year; and having had the benefit of several conversations with my eminent friend Dr. Balfour Stewart, the conclusion we arrived at was, that the prominences were probably built up of incandescent gas. On this hypothesis it became at once obvious (from considerations I propose to state in a subsequent article) that their existence should be revealed by the spectroscope without the occurrence of a total eclipse, as they are not then rendered visible by any magical or mysterious process, but simply by the absence of the overpowering light of the sun.

I began to act upon this idea in 1866, but the only result of my efforts was to show me that the means at my disposal were not sufficient to attack the problem with any chance of success. It was essential that I should obtain the spectrum of the edge of the sun and the regions just outside it, and that the latter should be dark enough to form a background for the bright lines that would be seen here and there projecting from the solar spectrum if the hypothesis that the prominences were gaseous was correct. In my instrument, however, the illumination of the sun's atmosphere by the light reflected from the outer brightshell of the sun itself,—called the photosphere,—and the illumination of our own atmosphere especially, were so great, near the sun, that the background was not dark enough to allow bright lines to be easily visible, and I failed to detect any lines, though I diligently “fished” round the sun's limb many times, and in all probability passed over prominences.

I therefore communicated my idea to the Royal Society, and my difficulties to the Government Grant Committee. The matter was thought worthy of their aid, and in the

*To thoroughly understand this, let the reader slide a shilling representing the moon, over a slip of paper representing the sun, from right to left, *i.e.* west to east.

beginning of 1867 an instrument was being constructed which, owing to a chapter of accidents, I received incomplete on the 16th of October, 1868,—that is, about two months after the eclipse had been observed in India, and a large part of the problem settled by other observers sent out by the scientific bodies of our own and other lands.

The result of the observations in India was decisive as to the nature of the prominences. The spectroscope settled this as satisfactorily as the camera had settled their whereabouts in 1860. They were gaseous. All the observers had seen those tell-tale lines during the eclipse which had in vain been looked for in the full glory of the sun with my small instrument. One large part of the final question was for ever put to rest. The prominences were built up of incandescent gas or vapour.

But which gas? or what vapour? This would be indicated by the relative positions of the bright lines referred to the solar spectrum itself,—that glorious band of rainbow hue, from red, through orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and lavender, crossed at right angles to its length by innumerable black lines, which is the very cypher of the universe, but which nevertheless have been read a little. With which of the black lines did these newly-discovered and all-eloquent bright lines coincide? Here the eclipse gave out an uncertain sound. A total eclipse of the sun is an awful phenomenon, and it was scarcely to be expected that in its presence a tremendous problem should be solved at the very first attempt. All the observers found all their laborious preparations of many months culminating in a few minutes, and those minutes rendered part almost of a new existence in a new world by the unaccustomed look of things: the mental tension must have been extreme; the hope of widening the range of knowledge, and the fear of losing a single precious instant, are not calculated to steady either the hand or the eye, and it is no discredit to these men to point out that the results they obtained were terribly discordant as to the positions of the bright lines observed.

Such was, as I imagined, the condition of things when, on the 20th October, four days after I had received my instrument, I at last saw for the first time the long-wished-for lines; and at my leisure, though not without excitement, measured their absolute positions on the solar spectrum itself,—both the bright lines proceeding from the prominences and the brilliantly coloured cypher-band proceeding from the sun's edge being spread out before me, allowing an absolute means of determining the position of the former with reference to the latter,—an advantage which the eclipse observers were deprived of, owing to the temporary obscuration of the sun.

Three beautifully coloured lines of light

were visible: one a glorious red, stretching away from the line designated C in the spectrum of the sun's edge; another a delicate yellow one, corresponding to no visible dark line; and still another, a green line, almost in prolongation of the line F. Here, then, was all doubt and uncertainty removed as to the position of the lines, and a method discovered of mapping the prominences every day the sun shines, instead of glimpsing them every ten years or so. Immediately after my discovery and some further details had been communicated to the president of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, a letter was received from M. Janssen, one of the observers of the eclipse, to the effect that the same idea which I had published in 1866 had struck him during the eclipse itself; that he had applied it the next day, and had determined the absolute positions of the lines at his leisure, as I did. The fact, which was determined by both of us, that bright lines corresponding to C and F in the solar spectrum appeared in the spectrum of the prominences settled the question as to their nature, for these are the two principal lines given out by hydrogen gas. The spectroscope, therefore, had taught us that the prominences were composed wholly, or in part, of hydrogen,—incandescent hydrogen gas bursting up in tongues of flame and cloud-like masses from the photosphere.

M. Janssen continued to observe the prominences for seventeen days after the eclipse. We do not yet know the details of his observations, but they cannot fail to be of the highest importance, for he is a practised observer, has long devoted himself to spectroscopic research, and had a sun not far from the zenith to work upon.

Between the 20th October and the 5th of November, my spectroscope had been rendered more complete, and its next revelation startled me as much as the first one. Not only were the prominences proved beyond all question to be hydrogen, *but the fact that they were merely local heapings up of a hydrogen envelope which entirely surrounded the sun was established.* The examination of light from all parts of the sun's edge showed that outside the photosphere the prominence spectrum was never absent; and I may add that since the day named, except once in a dense fog, it has never been absent from the field of view of my instrument whenever I have looked at the sun,—which, thanks to our terrible climate, has happened at intervals, alas! few and far between.

And here before I go further a retrospect is necessary. When I commenced my observations, I had no idea that it had ever been suggested that the prominences were part of a continuous envelope. After I had established the existence of this envelope, an examination of Mr. De la Rue's admirable photographs and of other records led me to

believe that it had really been indicated over and over again, though the indications had been neglected. I have lately, however, been referred by Mr. De la Rue to a report by M. le Verrier which I had not previously seen, on the eclipse of 1860, in which the idea of a continuous envelope is distinctly enunciated; and since I have begun this article I have found that such an idea was suggested by Professor Grant before the eclipse of 1851! from a most complete analysis of all the observations made up to that time and reported in his admirable "History of Physical Astronomy."* It is true that Mr. Grant does not refer this third envelope to what we now know to be the right cause, but to him undoubtedly belongs, as far as I now know, the credit of having suggested that the prominences *might* be merely a part of such an envelope, while I have shown they really *are*. As I have confessed my own prior ignorance of Mr. Grant's masterly analysis of this matter, I may be permitted to express my surprise that it had been so generally overlooked: as far as I am aware such an idea was never broached either in connexion with the eclipse of 1860 or 1868; whereas, had it been, the continuity of the envelope might have been established easily by observations at properly chosen stations, quite independently of the spectro-scope.

In the same chapter, Mr. Grant shows also that the early eclipses afford ample evidence that the prominences belong to the sun; although, as we have seen, this fact was not considered to be definitely settled till 1860. To the hydrogen envelope, the existence of which, as an envelope, has now been established by means of the spectro-scope, I have, at the suggestion of my friend Dr. Sharpey, given the name of Chromosphere, as it is the region in which all the various and beautiful coloured phenomena are seen.

Here at last, then, is the veil somewhat uplifted. Who shall dare to say how little? Under it we see the meaning of the "blood-red streak" observed one hundred and sixty-two years ago by Stannyan at Berne,—a meaning finally revealed to us by a process which renders the invisible sensible to the human eye, which allows us, as it were, to feel from world to world. And is this the end? No; the veil is still being uplifted, for modern science moves apace; though "*Ars longa, vita brevis*," is, alas! still too true, its truth is not the old truth; it is now becoming a question more of extent than of time. The wondrous cypher-band has other secrets to reveal, and it seems already as if we were about to dwarf our prior efforts to dive into the secrets of the sun. The spectrum is, in fact, a link which binds worlds so closely together, that every terrestrial laboratory is an

observatory; and *per contra*, the sun may teach us chemistry.

At the beginning of my observations, the behaviour of one of the new bright lines was so strange and unexpected, that I was for a time completely puzzled; its message was hard to read, but an alteration in the instrument made the matter clearer. The hydrogen spectrum at the upper surface of the chromosphere was different from the spectrum of the lower surface,—precious indications, going far to prove that with patient research we may not only increase our knowledge of the hydrogen spectrum by observations of the prominences, but may arrive at a knowledge of the temperature and density of these circumsolar regions.

In the present article I have endeavoured, at the risk of being tedious, to look at the work done last year from the historical side. In a future one I shall enter more into the nature of the work itself, and to other widenings of our knowledge of the sun which we may expect from it.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

AUDUBON, THE AMERICAN NATURALIST.

BY JAMES PARTON.

One of the happiest of men, and one of the most interesting of characters, we have had in America, was John James Audubon, the celebrated painter and biographer of American birds. He was one of the few men whose pursuits were in accordance with his tastes and his talents; and, besides this, he enjoyed almost every other facility which falls to the lot of a mortal.

His father was a French admiral, who, about the middle of the last century, emigrated to Louisiana, where he prospered and reared a family. His distinguished son was born in 1780. While he was still a little boy, he showed a remarkable interest in the beautiful birds that flew about his father's sugar plantation, particularly the mocking-bird, which attains its greatest perfection in that part of Louisiana. He soon had a considerable collection of living birds; and he tells us that his first attempts to draw and paint were inspired by his desire to preserve a memento of the beautiful plumage of some of his birds that died. In delineating his feathered friends he displayed so much talent that, at the age of fourteen, his father took him to Paris, and placed him in the studio of the famous painter David, where he neglected every other branch of art except the one in which he was destined to excel. David's forte was in painting battle-pieces; but his pupil

* Pp. 395—401.

was never attracted to pictures of that kind, and he occupied himself almost exclusively in painting birds. At seventeen, he returned to Louisiana, and resumed, with all his former ardor, his favorite study.

"My father," he says, in one of his prefaces, "then made me a present of a magnificent farm in Pennsylvania, on the banks of the Schuylkill, where I married. The cares of a household, the love which I bore my wife, and the birth of two children, did not diminish my passion for Ornithology. An invincible attraction drew me towards the ancient forests of the American continent, and many years rolled away while I was far from my family."

To facilitate his design of studying birds in their native woods, he removed his family to the village of Henderson, upon the banks of the Ohio, whence, for fifteen years, he made excursions into the forest with his portfolio, rifle, and gaming bag.

From the great lakes to the extremest points of Florida,—from the Alleghanies to the prairies beyond the Mississippi,—through impenetrable forests, in canebrakes almost impassable, and on the boundless prairies,—he sought for new varieties of birds, copying them of the size of life, and measuring every part with the utmost nicety of mathematics. Up with the dawn, and rambling about all day, he was the happiest of men if he returned to his camp in the evening, in his game-bag a new specimen with which to enrich his collection. He had no thought whatever of publishing his pictures.

"It was no desire of glory," he assures us, "which led me into this exile,—I wished only to enjoy nature."

After fifteen years of such life as this, he paid a visit to his relations in Philadelphia, carrying with him two hundred of his designs, the result of his laborious and perilous wanderings. Being obliged to leave Philadelphia for some weeks, he left these in a box at the house of one of his relations. On his return, what was his horror and despair to discover that they were totally destroyed by fire! "A poignant flame," he remarks, "pierced my brain like an arrow of fire, and for several weeks I was prostrate with fever. At length, physical and moral strength awoke within me. Again I took my gun, my game-bag and portfolio, and my pencils, and plunged once more into the depths of the forests. Three years passed before I had repaired the damage, and they were three years of happiness. To complete my work, I went every day farther from the

abodes of men. Eighteen months rolled away, and my object was accomplished."

During his stay in Philadelphia, in 1824, Audubon became acquainted with Prince Lucien Bonaparte, who strongly urged the naturalist to publish his designs. This, however, was a work far too expensive to be undertaken in America alone. He proposed to issue several volumes of engravings, colored and of life-size, with other volumes of printed descriptions. The price of the work was fixed at a thousand dollars. Before he had obtained a single subscriber, he set his engravers to work and proceeded to enlist the co-operation of wealthy men of England and France.

He was received in Europe with great distinction; and obtained, in all, one hundred and seventy subscribers, of whom about eighty were Europeans. While the first volume was in course of preparation, he returned to America, and spent another year in ranging the forests to add to his store. In 1830, the first of his wonderful works appeared, consisting of a hundred colored plates, and representing ninety-nine varieties of birds. The volume excited enthusiasm wherever it was received. The king of France and king of England inscribed their names at the head of his list of subscribers. The principal learned societies of London and Paris added Audubon to the number of their members; and the great naturalists, Cuvier, Humbolt, Wilson, and others, joined in a chorus of praise.

The work, which consisted of four volumes of engravings and five of letter-press, was completed in 1839. For the later volumes, he again passed three years in exploration; and, one time, was enabled to study the birds on the coast of Florida in a vessel which the government of the United States had placed at his disposal. Returning to New York, he purchased a beautiful residence on the shores of the Hudson, near the city, where he prepared for the press an edition of his great work upon smaller paper, in seven volumes, which was completed in 1844.

Many New Yorkers remember that about that time he exhibited in that city a wonderful collection of his original drawings, which contained several thousands of animals and birds, all of which he had studied in their native homes, all drawn of the size of life by his own hand, and all represented with their natural foliage around them.

He was now sixty-five years of age, but his natural vigor appeared in no degree abated. Park Godwin, who knew him well at that time, describes him as

possessing all the sprightliness and vigor of a young man. He was tall and remarkably well formed, and there was in his countenance a singular blending of innocence and ambition. His head was exceedingly remarkable. "The forehead high," says Mr. Godwin, "arched, and unclouded; the hairs of the brow prominent, particularly at the root of the nose, which was long and aquiline; chin prominent, and mouth characterized by energy and determination. The eyes were dark gray, set deeply in the head, and as restless as the glance of an eagle." His manners were exceedingly gentle, and his conversation full of point and spirit. Still unsatisfied, he undertook in his old age a new work on the quadrupeds of America, for which he had gathered much material in his various journeys. Again he took to the woods,—accompanied, however, now by his two sons Victor and John, who had inherited much of his talent and zeal.

Returning to his home on the banks of the Hudson, he proceeded leisurely to prepare his gatherings for the press, assisted always by his sons and other friends. "Surrounded" he wrote, "by all the members of my dear family, enjoying the affection of numerous friends who have never abandoned me, and possessing a sufficient share of all that contributes to make life agreeable, I lift my grateful eyes toward the Supreme Being, and feel that I am happy."

He did not live to complete his work upon the quadrupeds. Attacked by disease in his seventy-first year, which was the year 1851, he died so peacefully that it was more like going to sleep than death. His remains were buried in Trinity Cemetery, which adjoins his residence.

His sons, it is said, have continued the labors of their father, and design one day to publish the work on the quadrupeds of America. Mr. Audubon also left an autobiography, which, perhaps, may see the light. Besides his eminence as an artist, Audubon was a vigorous and picturesque writer. Some passages of his descriptions of the habits of the birds are among the finest pieces of writing yet produced in America, and have been made familiar to the public through the medium of the school reading-books.

We learn from the career of this estimable man that he who would accomplish much in the short life-time of a human being, must concentrate his powers upon one object, and that object congenial with his tastes and talents. Audubon did in his

life one thing: he made known to mankind the birds of his native land; and he did this so well that his name will be held in honor as long as the materials last of which his volumes are composed.

COLOURS.

The infirmity known as "colour-blindness" is much more prevalent than one might suppose; and directors of railways, when selecting candidates for the posts of engine-driver, stoker, or signal-man, are often astounded by the number of candidates they find afflicted with it.

It will seem scarcely credible to those who have themselves good eyes, that three men out of five should be quite unable, at a distance of two hundred yards, to tell a green lantern from a red one. The most astonishing mistakes have been made in this particular. Engine-drivers, who in broad daylight could see two miles before them down a straight line, and detect a paving-stone on a rail at fifteen hundred yards off, have been known to rush heedlessly by a danger-signal at midnight, and bring a whole train to destruction. And yet the glasses used in the red lanterns that signify "Beware" or "Stop," are always of immense power, and, on a dark night, ought to be clearly visible to the naked eye at a distance of at least five miles. Similarly, sportsmen who attend horse-races or boat-races are often in doubt as to which colour wins, until the victors are close under their eyes; and this although the jockey's jacket may be of the most flaming hue, and although in other respects than that of colour-seeing these people may have excellent, unerring sight. A sailor who on the night-watch will find it quite impossible to say which glass is "up" at Eddystone or Bell Rock, may be the first next morning to cry out "Land" from the top of a shaking mast-head. When a mistake is made between colours, the error is almost always attributed to this peculiar obliquity of vision, and colour-blindness itself is said to proceed from malformation of the eye. But every rule has an exception; and there are cases in which confusions are made between one hue and another, without the eye of the seer being in any great way to blame.

Some years ago, a lady had ordered of one of the best house-decorators in Paris, two varieties of paper for a villa of hers at Passy. She had imagined the patterns herself: one paper was to be crimson, with

black *fleurs-de-lis*; and the other green, with pale gray figurings. The order was sent to the manufacturers, and the paper fabricated; but when the first samples were forwarded to Passy, the lady returned them, saying a mistake had been made. The *fleurs-de-lis* on the crimson were green, she added, and the figurings on the green paper pink. The shopman who was the bearer of the samples could not help telling his master that he was quite of the same way of seeing as the lady; and the decorator himself, as he examined the specimens, was fain to own that his order had not been executed. The patterns were accordingly returned to the manufacturers; but hereupon a dispute arose, for the latter swore by all the saints that the black they had used was of the deepest jet; and as for the gray figurings, "they had mixed colours long enough," they cried, "to know the the difference between gray and pink." As the alteration was serious, an "expert" was called upon to decide; and this he did by taking a sheet of white note-paper, and cutting out in it some *fleurs-de-lis* of the exact size and form of those on the samples. He then applied the note-paper to the latter, so as completely to hide the crimson ground; and the flowers, which had seemed green, at once stood out in deep black. The experiment was repeated on the green paper with the same success: the figurings which every one had declared pink were shewn beyond doubt to be pale gray; and the lady, the decorator, and the shopman had to acknowledge themselves in the wrong.

A mistake of this kind would scarcely be possible nowadays, for an upholsterer would take care to warn his customers in time, in the event of their giving him so eccentric an order; but it is not so very long since that the theory of the modification of tints by juxtaposition has become universally known, and even now there may yet be persons who have something to learn on the subject.

Here is an experiment familiar enough to school-boys: Take a square of scarlet paper or silk, and fix it upon a white ground; look then intently at it for a few seconds, and the scarlet will seem to have a slight bordering of green. Again, gaze fixedly at the scarlet square during half a minute, and then turn your eyes suddenly upon a sheet of white paper, an optical illusion will cause you to see upon the white ground a square of the same size as the red one, only of a pale green tint. The

eye which has been looking at red invariably lends a green hue to whatever it may gaze on next; and, conversely, the eye which has stared at green, gives to surrounding objects a tinge of red. These two colours, red and green, are said from this fact to be *complemental* to each other.

In the same way, *violet* is the complement of *pale yellow*, *blue* of *orange*, *indigo* of *orange-yellow*; and the results predicted in the experiments with red and green will be obtainable in a similar trial with each of these pairs respectively.

One of the properties of complemental colours is to make up *white* by mutual blending; that is, that white light being composed of different coloured rays, when it falls upon an object, one portion of these rays is absorbed, the other rays are reflected; and the object appears to be coloured by these last. But these absorbed rays and these reflected rays would, if blended again, re-form the white light of which they are the elements; hence a second reason for the term *complemental*.

Let us say a few words now about those phenomena which have been technically called *simultaneous contrasts*.

It is admitted as an axiom that "different colours always appear most dissimilar when placed side by side;" in other words, that the juxtaposition of various colours has the effect of making what differences exist in their respective tints stand out most strikingly. To illustrate this, let two skeins of wool be taken, of the same crimson dye and quite identical; let us term them C and C'. After this, let us take two other skeins of paler crimson dye, D and D', and place them thus:

C C'D' D

The two skeins C' and D' being juxtaposed—that is, touching each other—the skein C', although of precisely the same hue as the skein C, will then appear darker than it; whilst, on the other hand, the skein D', although exactly similar to the pale skein D, will seem to be lighter of hue than the latter. Thus, when a dark tint is placed next to a light one, the dark appears to become yet darker, and the light still lighter: the dissimilarity between colours being always heightened by juxtaposition.

Here is a second experiment. Take a sheet of paper, and divide it into five compartments—1, 2, 3, 4, 5,—and give to each a coating of Indian ink. When the ink is dry, give a second coating to all but the *first* compartment; after that, a third coating to all but the *first* and *second*; and so on to the end, until compartment 5 has

received five coatings; compartment 4, four coatings; compartment 3, three coatings; &c.

At first thought, it would seem that the paper thus painted would have five compartments of different blackness, each separate compartment being, however, of a uniform tint throughout; and such, indeed, would be the case were the paper cut up into five strips, and each strip looked at by itself; but the effect produced by the juxtaposition of the five compartments is not by any means the same. Compartment 2, for instance, instead of appearing one-hued throughout, will appear to be of two different tints,—that on the side of column 1 being considerably darker than that on the side of column 3; and similarly, compartment 4 will seem, like 2 and 3, to be painted with two shades of black,—one dark, on the side next to 3, and the other light, on the side juxtaposed to 5.

Coming now to other colours, let us see what will happen if we place orange and violet, green and violet, &c., together.

Painters, it must be remembered, acknowledge but three prime colours,—blue, red, and yellow. All other tints are compounds of these. Violet is made up of blue and red; green, of blue and yellow; orange, of red and yellow. In the case, then, of violet and green juxtaposed, each colour has one element, blue, in common. But this similarity on one point makes the dissimilarity on the others stand out more clearly, so that the green on the violet appears more yellow, whilst the violet, on the other hand, appears more red. In like manner, if orange and green be taken,—the yellow element in the one cancelling, so to say, the yellow in the other,—the orange will assume a reddish tone, and the green a bluish one.

The foregoing examples suffice to give an idea as to the law of "simultaneous contrasts." It remains now to be seen how this knowledge of the property of juxtapositions may be turned to good account.

One of the most laudatory things that can be said of a painter is, that he is "a good colourist," that is, that he knows well how to sort his colours. At first, this would seem to be no great praise, and the merit of a well-coloured picture might be thought to be principally with the tradesmen who furnished the artist with his box of paints. But go some day to the Louvre, or the National Gallery, and watch a beginner copying a Raphael, a Rubens, or a Titian. What is it, you will exclaim, that prevents the man from copying the colours he sees

before him? Why does he put pink where his model has put crimson; sea-green, where the latter has placed gray; orange where the "maestro" has set ochre? If you consult the artist himself, he will tell you, of course, that it is not his fault; that Raphael and his compeers mixed their own colours, and that their secret has died with them. "We cannot get colours like those now," he will add dolefully; and not until some years after, when he has become a "Membre de l'Institut," or an "R. A.," will he own that it was not Mr. A. or Mr. B.'s colours that were bad, but his own craft that was feeble.

A painter who understands his art, knows well that the science of colouring must form a long study of itself. A beginner who wishes to draw a soldier in a red coat and blue trousers, will naively look amongst his paints, and daub the tunic of his subject with scarlet all over; after this, he will single out Prussian-blue, and proceed in the same spirit to sketch the nether garments. When this is done, he will look at his work, and find round the rim of the tunic in contact with the trousers a slight edging of orange yellow, for which he had never bargained; and provided he have only put a few ochre spots on the soldier's coat in guise of buttons, he will be not a little surprised to find each of these encircled with a rim of verdigris. "Make thy scarlet more crimson as it nears the trousers, O man! dip the end of thy brush in green to make the pantaloons less blue where they touch the coat; remember that a tinge of violet will do no harm to the yellow that is meant for buttons; and then, but not before, will thy soldier be presentable."

When a picture is sent to the tapestry-maker's, to be copied in wool-work, the most ridiculous blunders are made, if the workman be not thoroughly skilled in the science of colouring. He will lay white and scarlet side by side, and marvel to find a green rim between them. "I can't make it out at all," he growls. The foreman shrugs his shoulders, and holds out to him a skein of pale gray. "Put this instead of your flaming white on the lines where the two colours meet; and instead of that glaring scarlet, take this dark pink to lay along the gray." The workman obeys, and the green rim disappears. But elsewhere is a poor wretch trying to insert a ray of yellow between two lines of violet and black. "What are you doing?" shouts the foreman.—"Looking for a suitable shade of yellow," groans the well-meaning dunce.

—“Let the yellow be,” is the answer: “take your brightest violet and your deepest black where the borders touch, and the yellow will come by itself.” And so it does.

One might write a great deal on the subject of these pictorial blunders and the way to correct them, but we shall better employ our time by concluding with some practical hints and observations that may be useful to others than painters.

An upholsterer should be very choice in the colours of stuffs he adapts to different varieties of wood. It is a mistake to cushion a mahogany chair with scarlet. That colour is too bright, and the mahogany beside it loses brilliancy, and becomes like walnut-wood. Many people, however, who love the colour crimson, insist upon putting it with mahogany. In these cases, to counteract the glaring effect of the assortment, it is well to put a black or a green braid on the border, where the cloth and the wood come in contact; or if not this, then an edging of yellow silk, or, better still, of gold-lace with gilt nails.

Those who desire to paper their rooms anew will do well to remember that on red, crimson, and amaranth coloured grounds, *black* looks *green*. In the same way, black upon green loses all its lustre, and *vice versa*. Orange upon red hurts the eyesight: violet upon blue looks washed out; blue upon green looks spinach colour by candle-light; and gray, as we have already said, when sorted with green, very often comes out pink.

It having become a custom nowadays to print advertisements for dead-walls in all the colours of the rainbow, we may tell those speculators who are anxious that their puffs should be seen as far off as possible, that the rule to follow is, that in all cases the colour of the letters should be *complemental* to the ground on which they are printed. Black on a white ground, violet on yellow, red on green, blue on orange, will strike the eye at once.

A word now to gardeners.

Nothing is less brilliant than flower-beds in which the only colours to be seen are blue and white; nothing is more gaudily ugly than a garden stocked with a profusion of yellow, and little else. It is very unsatisfactory also to find flowers of the same colour, but of different shades, placed near each other; and all these errors of taste should be avoided. In order that a garden may be showy and attractive, blue flowers should be placed near to dark yellow or orange; violet next to yellow; and red dahlias, roses, pinks, and geraniums

should be surrounded with verdure and white.

We shall perhaps astonish Rifle corps on the look-out for a uniform, by telling them that the uniforms which last longest are those that offer the greatest contrast in point of colours. The uniforms that last shortest are those in which cap, tunic, and trousers are of the same colour. Some riflemen are in the habit of wearing their uniform trousers and cap when off drill; this is especially the case with those whose uniform trousers are gray or whity brown, and the harm is not great where the uniform tunic is of a different hue. But too often it happens that the whole suit is alike; and then the valiant rifleman, when he dons his tunic for parade, is quite astonished at the queer look his trousers have. He has been wearing them perhaps every day, because he likes them, and thinks he looks well in them; but the tunic the while has been lying in a drawer, and the consequence is, that when dressed for drill, the Volunteer's coat looks spick-span new, and his trousers, by contrast, outrageously shabby.

The most showy and most durable of uniforms is the scarlet and green, with silver, not gold lace. The smartest and at the same time most suitable and lasting uniform for a rifleman would be a light gray tunic, with bright green collar and cuffs, double row of silver buttons, and green beading round the edges of the coat; green trousers, with a stripe of paler green; and gray kepi-cap, with green band and slight edging of silver. Such a uniform would look bright and new until it was worn thread-bare.

Ladies, of all persons, are most bound to use taste in their selection of colours, and we must do French women, in particular, the justice to own that they usually dress to perfection. English women, of late years, have made progress in the science or art of the “toilette.” But still some grievous mistakes are at times committed on our side of the Channel; and it would be well if young ladies who study drawing would at times consult their masters on the delicate subject of blending colours.

Let fair-haired beauties abstain from pink, a colour which makes them pale. Let dark-haired maidens take that colour, and remember also that no hue suits *them* so well as saffron. No colour is so well suited to chesnut hair as lapis-lazuli blue; and the *blue d'azur*, the *Eton* blue, as it is called in London, is the true *parure des blondes*.

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS IN RUSSIA.

Almost as soon as the girl is born, in the better ranks of society, her parents begin to prepare the *dowry* she must have when she goes to her husband. For this is indispensable in the eyes of any Russian young gentleman who proposes to be married. She must furnish everything for an outfit in life, even to a dozen new shirts for her *oming husband*. If she were required to make them with her own fingers, I would be disposed to ask the Congress of the United States, when they give the ballot to women, to add this qualification as essential for matrimony. Congress has quite as good authority for regulating matrimony as suffrage in the States, and who can imagine a better provision than this, to compel every young woman, before getting married, to be able and willing to make a set of shirts for her intended?

I have heard of a lady of rank and wealth who had prepared a costly dowry of silks, linen, jewels, plate, etc., for her beloved daughter, who died as she came to be twenty years old. The mother resolved to endow six girls with these riches, and actually advertised for them. A host of applicants came, and she selected six. None of them had lovers. But now they had a respectable dowry secured, each girl was speedily engaged, and with the husband, took the dowry, and paid the rich lady by promising to pray for the repose of her daughter's soul.

In no country is this arrangement of terms carried on with more caution and completeness than in Russia. The young man goes to the house of his proposed bride, and counts over the dresses, and examines the furniture, and sees to the whole with his own eyes, before he commits himself to the irrevocable bargain. In high life such things are conducted with more apparent delicacy, but the facts are ascertained with accuracy, the business being in the hands of a broker or a notary. The *trousseau* is exposed in public before the wedding day. And this publicity has long been as unblushing as the customs that are now becoming fashionable in New York. The publication in your newspapers of intended marriages; of descriptions of bridal dresses and presents; of the names and *toilettes* of guests at fashionable parties; the value of jewels worn, etc., etc., now common, and approved in the highest circles of American society, is the same thing with the exposure to the public gaze of a bride's dowry in Russia. And so far is this indelicacy now carried in

America, it will not be strange if the next French scribbler who devotes himself to our caricature, speaks of us as one did of the Russians, as a nation of "polite savages."

At Whitsunday, there is a curious custom, which is gradually giving way with the advance of civilization. The young people of a neighborhood come together, and the girls stand in a row, like so many statues, draped indeed, and not only draped but dressed in their best, and painted too; for the young ladies, and the older ones also, of this country, use cosmetics freely, and a box of lady's paint is a very common present for a young man to make to the girl he likes. Behind the row of girls are their mothers; the young men having made known their choice, the terms are settled between the parents of the parties.

The ladies in Russia are very anxious to marry, because they have no liberty before marriage. They are kept constantly under the maternal eye until they are given up to the husband, and then they take their own course, which is a round of gaiety and dissipation, only regulated by their means of indulgence. The Greek Church, like the Roman, permits no divorce, but the Emperor, like the Pope, can grant special dispensations. The Greek priest must marry once, and, if his wife dies, he cannot marry again. No one in Russia can be married more than three times.

The marriage ceremonies vary, as in all countries, according to the rank and wealth of the parties. A procession is sometimes met in the streets; and I was told that the Emperor's carriage would, at any time, turn out and give the right of way to a bridal party.—*Irenæus*, in "*Observer*."

CONJUGAL SURPRISES.

Paris is responsible for many a sensational story, but we have met with few that have eclipsed the following, as told in a recent Paris letter: A husband, we are assured, went out with his wife on New-Year's Eve to do some shopping. On passing the great establishment of the Louvre, the young wife so fell in love with something charming in a dress suspended in the window that her husband determined to surprise her with it as an *etrenne*. He brought his partner to her father's, who lived not far off, and, feigning to have forgotten something, he begged of her to await his return. Running back to the shop, he bought the dress, and ordered it to be sent at once to his lodging, writing upon the paper that

wrapped it this little dedicatory address—"From your husband" (*ton mari*). He then left the shop to return to his better half, but meeting some people and being delayed late, he went straight home without calling for his wife, and depending on the pretty present to make all square if she was displeased at his absence and apparent negligence. Madame was very much displeased indeed; and, to make matters worse, the peace-offering was not forthcoming, for the stupid porter had handed it in at the wrong apartment, which was at the opposite side of the staircase. There the beautiful dress and the inscription caused much surprise, for the lady who inhabited the rooms and her husband, not agreeing, had made a voluntary separation several months before. Married couples are often sorry for the rash effects of anger, and the poor lady, seeing the beautiful present from her separated husband, as she thought, melted into tears of tenderness at his supposed contrition, and ran out at once and purchased a beautiful leather writing-case, which she dispatched to his residence with the inscription "From thy wife." The poor husband, also overwhelmed with the reminiscence of old conjugal happiness, appeared at the door within half an hour, and such a scene of weeping, and embracing, and apologies, and vows of future love—ay, indeed, ladies, and soft kisses—was never beheld. "How kind of you," at last said the sobbing wife, "to think of sending me this lovely dress!" The astonished husband had to acknowledge that he knew nothing of the parcel; but peace being already made, it was no matter, and the porter's mistake had borne happy fruit. The real owner began to make inquiry, and found the parcel, which reconciled his wife to him also. An explanation and a consequent introduction ensued, and the two couples went out together and had a little feast at one of the best taverns in Paris. They returned at night, and each pair separated from the other pair on the staircase landing, two as happy wives and two as happy husbands as any who retired to rest in each other's arms that New-Year's Eve in the city of Paris.—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE BIRD OF TWO SONGS.

I was standing in the garden with a stranger one cloudy, chilly, un-summer-like afternoon in June. Near us was a large clump of lilac bushes, in which we saw a bird of a dingy, faded, black color fly. Presently she broke out into what,

perhaps, she called a song; but it was, in reality, just like a flat squalling of an old cat. "Yaah! yaah!" she continued to cry.

"Pray," said the stranger, "what bird is that making such a horrible noise?"

"That, sir, is a cat-bird."

"I should think so, and a burnt cat too! I thought it was homely enough to the eye, but the color is nothing to this screech."

"I can't say much at present to defend the poor bird, for looks and voice are against her. But I am confident you will think better of her ere long."

The next morning I found my friend standing in the piazza, listening to the notes of a bird in a thick sugar-maple near by. The song was that of a mocking bird, not so wonderful as the notes of the real mocking bird, nor even so sweet as those of the thrush, yet they were round and full and often exquisite. She seemed to repeat the note of every bird with which she was acquainted,—robin, sparrow, oriole, and the like, and with surprising accuracy. The morning was fair, the air still, and the bird seemed to be swallowed up in song.

"Pray tell me," said my stranger friend, "what bird is that which sings so delightfully. It is not quite the thrush."

"That sir, is our cat-bird."

"You must be making fun of me. You don't pretend to say that the homely squalling bird we heard yesterday and the singer is the same?"

"I do truly, and to convince you I will throw a stone into the tree and drive her out, and you shall see it is the same bird."

With that I threw the stone, and out popped Mrs. Cat-bird, making directly for the lilacs where she began to scream, "Yaah! yaah!"

The gentleman looked on in amazement. "This bird," said I, "is very much like some people. In those lilacs she has her nest, and that is her home; but there she never utters a pleasant note. I should think her husband would avoid her, and her little ones tremble at the sound of her voice. But when she gets away from home, up in the lofty tree, you see how agreeable she can be, and how sweetly she sings. I know many people just like her. When away from home they are full of smiles and gentle ways, and they seem among the most agreeable people in the world. But see them at home, and the cat-bird's notes are theirs. They contrive to make home just as unpleasant as possible, to themselves, to their children, and to everybody that happens to see them at home."—*S. S. Times.*

Selections.

LIGHT IN LECTURE ROOMS.—Nothing is more distressing to those afflicted with weak eyes—and the number is most unfortunately large—than to attend a lecture, concert, or any evening entertainment, and be forced to endure the fierce glare of lights interposed between them and the special object of interest. Pleasure often becomes pain, keen pain, in such circumstances. In many of our churches the arrangements of lights is most unfortunate and injurious; and theatres and concert-halls are often worse. Occasionally an agreeable care is shown in this matter, which is at once appreciated by an audience.

HUMAN HAIR.—The *Evening Mail*, in an entertaining article upon "Human Hair," is of opinion that no outward application can have the least effect in restoring gray hair, or cause it to grow on bald places, and no remedy taken inwardly can have any specific action upon it. The nutrition of hairs is effected through vessels in close contact with their tissue without entering into their structure, so that causes affecting the general health, and especially the condition of the skin, act powerfully upon the nutrition of the hair. Cleanliness of the skin and a healthful circulation of the blood from exercise, together with proper diet and such other means as tend to promote the general health, are the only restorers. Washing the head thoroughly with soap and water, and plentiful brushing, are recommended as the secret for obtaining a beautiful head of hair.

A SAD COUNTENANCE.—Many good people may learn a useful lesson from the following little anecdote, which was not long ago related at the dinner-table of a distinguished English poet. A well-meaning but dolorous clergyman, who disfigured his countenance and wore a face of perpetual mourning, once visited the sick-room of a worldly friend. As his sad visage appeared in the doorway, the sick man started up and exclaimed: "Why, what's the matter? You look as if your religion didn't agree with you!"

LUXURIES THAT MONEY WILL NOT BUY.—We are very much creatures of imagination. A plain dinner nicely served is infinitely better to most men than an expensive meal with untidy arrangements of the table. No woman, in her housekeeping, can "make bricks without straw,"

and husbands should bear this fact in mind. But there are luxuries which money alone can not buy, and which must depend on the individual care, skill, and tact of the mistress of the house.

MR. HOG IN THE CARS.—We desire to suggest to persons of an inventive turn of mind that some improvement in passenger cars is highly desirable. If there was a way possible of arranging the seats so that two persons could not be accommodated—or disaccommodated—on each bench, a great convenience would be gained, and many weak mortals would be saved from the temptation to hoggishness.

Go into a car nowadays ten minutes before the train moves, and you will find all the seats next the side of the car occupied, and the long range of inside seats vacant. Jones comes in with his bride a little too late, and has to put her next to a stranger, who scowls at her if she looks a little faded, and odiously ogles her if she is pretty; while Jones, full of disgust, must sit apart, and is lucky if he gets a place within sight of the "beloved object."

In a train on the New Jersey Railroad a few days ago a gentleman got in with his wife, a sickly-looking lady, and a little babe. The car was nearly full; only two seats were half vacant. In each sat a person, one of the Hog family, who looked up as the lady paused, then turned quickly again to his paper, raised that higher up, and feigned unconsciousness. The lady stood up as well as she could; the gentleman walked from end to end of the car, looking for a seat in vain. At last in desperation he nudged Mr. Hog, who looked up, saw what he could not help seeing then, the poor, wearied woman with her babe, and with a scowl picked up his shawl and moved into the next vacant seat, removing therefrom the appurtenances of his brother or cousin Hog, to whom he grunted his distress at being inconvenienced.—*N. Y. Post.*

HOW TO PUT OUT A WASP.—A philosopher thus talks to his young lady friends on the proper way to treat certain intruders that have stings:

"Listen," said I. "When the wasp, now in the window, entered the room, you flew at it with all kinds of violence. I wonder that it did not sting every one of you. Now, in future, let a wasp, when it comes, have its bout and make its little noise. Don't stir a muscle—don't move a lip—be quiet as Diana, or any body of that

sort, until the wasp seems inclined, as at this moment, to settle, then do as I do now." Whereupon, dipping the feathered end of the pen in the cruet of salad oil, I approached the wasp, and in the softest and tenderest manner possible, just oiled it upon the body—the black and yellow like a green waistcoat—when down it fell, turned upon its back, and was dead in a minute. "There, girls," said I, "see what kindness and a little oil do."

And the moral which the philosopher would draw from this is, that when you find yourselves annoyed by the intrusive ill-temper of certain *human* wasps, instead of flying at them in a fury, you'll do better to *try a little oil*. Though not as fatal as in the above case, it will very likely be as effectual.

DARK STABLES.—Any person who has felt the pain and inconvenience of coming suddenly from a dark room into the full blaze of day will easily conceive the necessity of lighting a stable in a proper manner. This is too often neglected in confined stables, and the consequences are most distressing to a humane observer. The poor horse, led suddenly out to his work, shows his pain in unmistakable expressions, stumbles and runs against anything that may happen to be near, until the eye has in some degree accommodated itself to the new circumstances under which it is placed. Nor is this all. By a continuance of this change from darkness to sudden daylight the eye becomes seriously injured. The retina, or sensitive nerve, becomes dull and more or less useless; the horse's sight is injured; he starts and shies at objects which he sees imperfectly; and many a rider who has received a dangerous injury has had to thank his inattention to this simple cause, rather than any vicious habit of the animal, to which it has been attributed.

Blindness is almost certain to be caused by inattention to the above caution; but even blindness is less dangerous to the rider than imperfect sight. In the first case the horse is forced to trust entirely to the bridle; but in the second, objects only half distinguished terrify and startle, though they would, under ordinary circumstances, be passed without notice.

TIRED OF HORSE RACING.—We have frequently called attention to the evils growing out of the large premiums offered at Agricultural Fairs for fast horses, and warned managers that the better part of

the community would become disgusted and withdraw from these societies. We are not surprised therefore to find this reason assigned by a "Farmer's and Gardener's Club," in this State, for being constrained to organize a society of their own. They say: Many of our members have become so disgusted with the management of our County Fairs, because of the amount of money and attention given to horse-racing, ball-playing, &c., that we have finally determined to have a show of our own, where we can without disturbance, carry out as far as possible the object of our organization, viz: "Mutual improvement and advancement in agricultural and horticultural knowledge."—*N. Y. Paper.*

CURIOUS DETECTION OF A CRIMINAL.—Not long ago there occurred in Prussia one of those cases of detection of crime by scientific means which interest a large and intelligent class of readers. A quantity of gold, packed in boxes, was despatched by a railway train. On arrival at its destination, it was discovered that the gold had been stolen from some of the boxes, which were refilled with sand to make up for the deficient weight. Measures were at once taken for the discovery of the thief; and, that no chance might be lost, Prof. Ehrenberg was requested to make a microscopic examination of the sand. The Professor, who is a member of the Academy of Sciences at Berlin, well known for his researches into minute objects, and his comparisons of volcanic dust from all parts of the world, asked that a quantity of sand from every station by which the train had passed should be sent to him. Examining these one after another, he at last came to a sand which was identical with that found in the gold boxes. The name of the station whence this sand had been collected was known; inquiries were set on foot at that station, and among the persons there employed the thief was detected.

The cell of Savonarola, the Italian reformer and martyr, in St. Mark's, Florence, has been turned into a museum, into which has been gathered, from far and near, everything relating to his person or history. Here may be found the Latin Bible of the reformer, illustrated by numerous manuscript notes, and a collection of skeleton sermons, containing the substance of that passionate preaching which electrified the hearers in the Cathedral of Florence. A new square has also been called by his name.

WELCOME, SWEET SPRING.

mf

p

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). It features a series of chords and moving lines, starting with a dynamic marking of *mf* and ending with a *p* marking. The left hand plays a similar accompaniment in the bass clef.

The piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics. The right hand continues the melodic and harmonic development from the introduction, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment.

Welcome, sweet Spring, with thy mild breath, Thy sun's bright cheerful glow, That
 Welcome, sweet Spring, with all thy charms, Thy bright and golden flow'rs, Thy
 Welcome, sweet Spring, we hail with joy That thou again hast come, That

The piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics, continuing the musical accompaniment for the vocal line.

we may rove where lu - cid streams, In gorgeous beauty flow, And
 bloom - ing trees of va - ried hues, And beauteous shaded bow'rs, Thy
 we through gay and cheer - ful woods, With merry hearts may roam, And

The piano accompaniment for the third line of lyrics, concluding the piece.

on their mos - sy banks recline, A - mid the fragrant flow'rs,
 ro - sy hours to mem'ry brings The days of sun - ny youth,
 pluck from earth her richest gems, The li - lies pure and fair,

And
When
The

rall.

feast up - on their o - dors sweet, In spring's delightful hours.
 all to us was in - no - cence, And naught we knew but truth.
 pret - ty dal - sy meek and mild, The gau - dy rose so dear.

a tempo.

CHORUS.

List to the mer - ry, mer - ry birds, Among the gi - ant trees, And

hear their joy - ous war - bling notes, Now borne up - on the breeze,

Young Folks.



FARMER THOMAS'S STORY ABOUT INCLOSING AN ACRE WITH A FENCE-RAIL.

BY F. R. GOULDING.

"Eh, boys!" said Farmer Thomas, in his rough and ready way; "do you think it is possible, under any circumstances, to make a rail fence an acre? Who says no? Ah, you all say it, do you? Then I will show you that it is possible, and not by any splitting of the rail into threads, either, as somebody in the crowd says; nor by making the rail of India-rubber, and stretching it around, as somebody else suggests; but by using an ordinary fence-rail, ten feet long, put up with others of the same kind into a ten-rail fence, in such way that each of them shall have an acre answering to it inside the field.

"Do you still say No? Well, I will show you how it can be done. But, first, I must tell the story how I came to find it out, and give you a chance to find it out for yourselves.

"When I was a young man, I settled in a new place, all in the woods, at the outskirts of a pleasant little village; and, soon after, I began to plan out a 'truck-patch,' as we backwoodsmen in Georgia call a small field for turnips, potatoes, water-melons, and roasting-ear corn for table use. But how large should it be? and how many rails would it take to fence it? This was an important question, for, though land was plenty, rail-timber was scarce. Less than an acre would be insufficient, and more than that would be very desirable. So I sat down and calculated, first, how many rails it would take to inclose a single acre with a crooked rail fence.

"Do you all know what is meant by a crooked rail fence? No doubt all know who have been raised in the country; but, ha, ha! I suspect that some of those city boys are ready to make the mistake that is said to have been made by a workman in the early history of Connecticut. As the story goes, he was engaged by a farmer to make him a fence of this kind; and, in doing so, he gathered all the crookedest rails he could obtain. The farmer said it was the best fence on his farm, for the rails were so crooked they could not lie still, and would scare off all wild beasts that came near;

and that nothing could get over, for, whenever any one attempted to climb, the rails would turn and throw him back on the side from which he was trying to cross.

"Well, that is not what we mean by a crooked rail fence; but one made of straight rails, laid in a zigzag. The rails are all ten feet long, but when laid properly, it requires two panels to span fifteen feet. I made my calculation in this way: Each acre measures about seventy yards, or two hundred and ten feet, to a side; and, of course, four times that all round. Now, allowing twenty rails to every fifteen feet will take—who of you, boys, can tell me how many rails, eh?

"Yes, little Mr. Rule-of-Three, you have made it out,—one thousand one hundred and twenty rails; but, for the sake of round numbers, we will call it one thousand. Right here; though, when I had finished my calculation, there came up a thought, and then a question. The thought was this: That it would take only a few more rails to fence in two acres, and that it would be a great saving to enlarge my truck-patch. And the question, which amused me much for the time, and which has amused many a one since that time, was this:—

"If one thousand rails will fence one square acre, how large a square will two thousand fence?"

"Boys, I will leave this question with you for a minute or two, to see if you can calculate it for yourselves, while I go on with another part of my story. Somebody says, 'Two thousand rails will inclose two square acres.' So it will. But that does not answer the question; for they will fence one acre here and another acre yonder, while the question is, How large a square? Now calculate, while I go on with my story.

"In the same neighborhood where I lived there was a young Vermont schoolmaster—the most perfect 'Jack-of-all-trades' I ever saw. He was a good tailor, and a good shoemaker, and a good watch-tinker, and a good blacksmith, and stonemason, and instrument-maker; and, among other things, a good calculator. Now, whether it was that I took a fancy to the man, or the man to me, I cannot tell, but he was often at my house, and I was always glad to see him; and many a knotty question did we

ask each other, and many a new idea did we give and get in exchange.

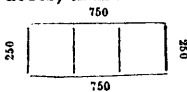
"After having made my calculation about the truck-patch, and being somewhat surprised at the result, I determined to give the question to the schoolmaster the next time he came around, and to have a little amusement with him. I knew he would be interested in it, because it was a practical question arising in the way of business, and he was a very practical, business man.

"But, quick as he usually was at figures, the question rather bothered him; for, not only was it out of the ordinary line, but he had no rule ready made to hand by which to calculate it. So he said to me: 'Don't ask me for the answer to-day. I will give it the next time we meet.'

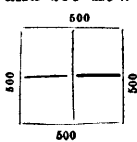
"Not many days after he met me, laughing, and said: 'I can answer your question now; but there is another one growing out of it which I wish you first to promise that you will answer me.'

"I told him I would do so if I could. He said that the answer to my question was— But stop! These boys have been calculating, and I should like to know who has got the answer. Eh? Nobody! Why, that's strange, for it is a very simple sum. Then I will have to tell you.

"Here is the diagram of a square acre, inclosed by one thousand rails. Of course, there are two hundred and fifty to a side. But we are going to double the number of rails, and see how large a field we can inclose. If the field is only one acre wide, then there will be two hundred and fifty rails at each end, and the other two sides must be made up of seven hundred and fifty each: that is, the field will be three times as long as it is broad; and, therefore, will contain exactly three acres, thus:—



long square; and my question calls for a square square. Now, let us make a diagram of one with five hundred rails to a side, and see how many acres it will contain.



Here it is. You see that each side is two acres long, and, therefore, the field contains exactly four acres.

"I said just now that, when the schoolmaster gave the answer to my question, he had a question for me to answer growing out of it. It was this:—

"If one thousand rails will fence one

square acre, and two thousand rails will fence four square acres; then, by the same rule, four thousand rails will fence sixteen acres, and eight thousand will fence sixty-four. That is, as you double the number of rails, you quadruple the number of acres. Is it not so?'

"I answered that it certainly was; and he went on to say, 'The number of acres increases so much faster than the number of rails, that, although at first they are as one to a thousand, yet, after a while, the number of acres will overtake the number of rails. Now, my question is this:—

"If one thousand rails will fence one square acre, and two thousand rails will fence four square acres, how large must that field be that shall contain as many acres as there are rails that fence it?'

"Well, boys, I must confess that when the schoolmaster gave me that sum it made me draw a long breath; for I saw in a moment that, although the acres of the field must overtake the number of rails somewhere or other, they could only do so in an awful big field; and I began to think (you know a farmer will think of such things) how long the furrows must be from end to end, and how many of them could be ploughed in a hot summer's day without stopping to rest.

"As for the question itself, I was well enough acquainted with figures to know that, although the sum looked large, a few doublings on one side, and double-doublings (or quadruplings) on the other, would either bring them together, or make the smaller number pass the greater. Suppose you, boys, try it; and, in order to do it in less time, let one begin with 1,000, and go on doubling it for ten or a dozen times, and another boy take 1 and double-double, or multiply it by four, the same number of times, and see at what figure on each side they pass one another.

"Ah, that is right! At the tenth doubling of 1,000 you get 1,024,000, and at the tenth quadrupling of 1 you get 1,128,000. Well, you do not find the exact number at which the two quantities meet, but you may say, in round numbers, that, at the rate proposed, one million of rails will fence one million of acres; or, in other words, that every rail will then fence an acre. Eh! do you believe it now?

"As to the question that made me draw a long breath when I asked about the furrows, I will say no more, except that the field must be one thousand acres to each side, and that will make each furrow, from end to end, to be about forty miles long.

"But I am not quite done with fencing the field. There was another question, still, that grew up from it. I was talking over the matter one day with some friends, and showed them that a million of rails would fence a million of acres, when I noticed one of them look rather quizzical. Said he :
 "'Farmer Thomas, at the same rate, would not two millions of rails fence four million of acres?'"

"Certainly," I replied.

"And four million of rails fence sixteen million of acres? That is, every quarter of a rail fence an acre?"

"I still said, 'Certainly.'"

"Well," said he, "I have another sum for you to do. At the same rate, making half a rail fence an acre, then one-fourth of a rail, then one-eighth, and so on, *how large must that field be that will be fenced by no rails at all?*"

"Eh, boys! who can answer this question?"—*Riverside Magazine.*

THE MORNING MARCH.

BY ELLEN M. H. GATES.

See the children, marching, marching,
 Oh! how gaily now they tread,

Morning skies above them arching,
 Blue, and gold, and rosy red;
 Dewdrops sparkle on the grasses,
 Bird-songs float from every tree,
 And the children laugh and chatter,
 Pleased with every thing they see.

Oh, the happy, careless children!
 Some have many a mile to go,
 On the highlands, in the lowlands,
 Storms may beat and winds may blow;
 They will drink from many a fountain,
 They will knock at many a door,
 Love, and joy, and peace, and honor,
 Seeking, seeking, evermore.

Oh, the precious, precious children!
 Some will weary by and by.
 Long before their sun that shineth
 Shall be half way up the sky,
 They will say, "Oh, little playmates,
 Leave us now,—let go our hands;
 We can hear in faintest whispers,
 Words you cannot understand.

Leave us here and go without us,
 Through to-morrow's golden gate;
 With the violets o'er us growing,
 We a little while will wait."
 So the children kiss each other,
 Lips like coral, lips like snow;
 Ah! how sad the broken columns,
 Some to stay, and some to go.

Blessings on the little children!

Scatter flowers beneath their feet,
 Tell to them your gladdest stories,

All your happy songs repeat;
 Grown to thoughtful men and women,
 Soon this morning march will be
 Something sweet they left behind them,
 The rose-path of memory.

—*Little Corporal.*

THE HAND-ORGAN.

BY MISS M. L. JOHNSON.

One bright summer morning Freddy Stearns was playing round the kitchen door, while his mother was at work inside the house. Hearing footsteps in the road, he looked up from the house he was building on the step, and saw a man walking up to the gate with a large box, covered with green cloth, on his shoulders, and on top of the box a strange-looking black animal, something like a dog, only its legs and tail were very long, and it wore a red coat and a hat with a feather.

Freddy knew very well what was under the green cloth, and when the man stopped and rested the box on the pole, he called out to his mother, "Here is a hand-organ! Here's a hand-organ! Do come quick!"

The little animal hopped down from the organ, and when the man opened the gate, the strange creature came running in. It was tied by a string, one end of which the man held in his hand; but Freddy did not stop to see this, but ran in to his mother in a great fright, scampering as fast as his feet could carry him. Mrs. Stearns went to the door to see what was the matter, and told her little boy that there was nothing to be afraid of, and that the strange creature was a monkey. Freddy grew bolder when his mother was at the door, so he peeped from behind her dress; and just then the monkey took off his hat as politely as any gentleman, and held it out toward them.

This made him laugh so that he forgot to be afraid, and soon ventured to walk near the monkey, which was jumping about, on the posts and off again, and chattering all the time.

This was quite a new sight for Freddy, and for a little while he did not pay any attention to the music; but when he heard "Star-Spangled Banner," and other tunes which he knew and liked so well, he found he had hard work to listen and at the same time to watch the funny tricks of the monkey. Mrs. Stearns gave Freddy three cents to put into the hat when the queer little black

paw held it out. Soon after, the man covered up his organ, put the monkey on top, and carried them to the next house.

"Mamma," said Freddy, "do let me go over to Frank Mason's yard! Oh dear! there goes the monkey now. Please let me go! Mrs. Mason is standing on the front steps with the baby in her arms. Can't I go? Do say yes, mother."

"Will you promise me to stay with Mrs. Mason, and not go out of the yard till you come home?"

"Yes, ma'am. I'll be a real good boy all day, if you will only let me see that dear little monkey again."

So his mother told him he might, and then she went up-stairs to attend to some work, and was so busy that she forgot to look out of the window to see that her little boy got home safe.

Freddy ran across the street, and was laughing as much as ever in a few minutes.

The man did not stay long at this house, and when he moved away the poor little boy forgot his promise and his mother, and everything but the grinning, chattering monkey, and followed on, laughing.

They walked a short distance, and then the man turned and spoke. "You come with me, and I give you one cent to buy good candy in the big store." Master Fred was like all other children, and the promise of candy was very nice; so he went to the side of his new friend, and felt very happy as he trudged along.

The sun grew hotter and hotter, as the little runaway went into the large town. He was very tired, too, and began to think the monkey was not so funny after all, and that it was very tiresome to hear the same tunes over and over again every time the strange man chose to stop before a house.

It was near noon, and the poor boy began to be hungry, and to long for his mother and the nice dinner she always gave him at home.

So when, at last, they stopped in the shade of some trees to rest, Freddy said he thought he had better go home. But the stranger spoke crossly to him, and told him he never could find his way back again alone. Then the child began to cry and sob, and said he was hungry. The ugly new friend, for whom this unfortunate boy had left his own kind mamma, and broken his promise, thereby telling a lie, began to laugh and make faces, and then opened his leather bag and took out a piece of dry bread and threw it over to poor little Fred, telling him at the same time to stop his

noise, and that if he caught him crying again he would beat him till his bones were broken.

When they got up to go on their journey again, the two little feet were so sore that every step hurt dreadfully; but still they kept on walking, walking, out of the town into the country again, along the dusty roads, with the ground so heated by the sun that it almost burned the feet.

At last, about the time when Freddy usually had his nice supper of bread and milk, while his papa, who came home from B— late in the afternoon, ate his dinner, the cruel organ-grinder, seeing that his companion was unable to go any farther, stopped in the woods and rested. The supper was the same as the dinner,—a piece of hard bread; but this time poor Fred was so sick and worn out that he could not eat at all.

He wanted to go to sleep, but was told roughly that he must get up and go to the next village. This was impossible, for when he tried to obey, his head was so dizzy that he fell down again. "Oh, take me home to my own dear father and mother! Please take me home again! Oh, mamma, mamma, why was I so naughty as to forget what you told me!" So the boy cried, until the wicked man struck him, and said he would leave him all alone in the woods if he did not stop.

It was a warm night, and the man muttered something about sleeping out, but Freddy was too sick and miserable to care much what was said; and then he felt himself taken up and put on the hand-organ by the side of that monkey which had been the cause of his running away. He was carried farther into the woods, and then put down on the grass, and told that he might go to sleep if he wanted to.

Perhaps the man began to feel some pity just then, for he took the cloth off the organ and laid it on the ground for the child to lie on, and covered him with one end of it as well as he could, for it was small.

Oh, what a place for tender Freddy to sleep in! He thought how his mother would cry when she could not find him, and how his papa would hunt for him; and then he tried to say his prayer which he always used, kneeling down by his clean white bed, with his mother's arm around him. He prayed, too, that God would keep his poor mamma from crying, and would take care of Freddy through the long night.

Sleep came and closed the eyes of the

little runaway, and when he woke the sun was shining brightly, and peeping at him through the branches of the trees. "Come, get up, lazy boy, or you have no breakfast." And Freddy tried to mind, for fear he would get another blow, as he did the night before; but he was so stiff that he had to be lifted and put on his feet.

Another long walk, and then they came to a farm-house near a grove of trees. He was told to stay in this grove, and pretty soon the organ-grinder came back with some milk and a piece of bread and butter for him.

He thought he wanted to eat, but when he tried, he found he could not touch the food. Up again and on the journey, sometimes on the organ and sometimes on foot, till in the middle of the forenoon they came to a small hotel. Outside the door was another hand-organ, and a woman and little girl were sitting by it on a low bench. They got up when they saw Freddy's man, and came to meet him, talking in some language that the boy could not understand.

He knew they were quarrelling about him, though, for they kept looking at him, and then the woman pushed him in front of her to the bench from which she got up. He could not rest long, for they all started together and went on so for about half a mile, when the woman and child took a different road and left the man. Noon-time again, and no home, no food but dry bread for the boy. But he did not care now, for he was very ill, and had to be carried on the organ all the time. He would have tried to stop some of the people in waggons who passed and met them, to see if they would not take him home; but the day before he had spoken to a kind-looking gentleman, and was told that he would be killed at once if he dared to even look at anybody. After a while the man became tired of carrying the child, so he took him off and laid him down by the road, and left him all alone. And yet he was not alone, for his heavenly Father was watching him, and he sent a very good lady in her carriage on that very road. She was sitting in her comfortable carriage, thinking how bright and pretty the country looked, when suddenly the horses stopped, and she looked out to see what was the matter. "What is it, John?" she said, for she fancied something was wrong with the harness.

John pointed with his whip to the side of the road, where lay a poor, sick, white little boy, all dusty and dirty from the long journey he had taken.

She was out in a moment, and ran up to him. He had just strength enough left to tell her that his name was Freddy Stearns, and that the organ-grinder brought him from home; and then he fainted away. The lady put him on the soft cushions and told the man to drive home immediately. She lived some distance back of the place where she found Freddy, and remembered seeing that morning a man with an organ and a child and a monkey.

When the little boy's eyes opened again, he saw a kind face over him, and nice white sheets and a pleasant cool little room. He did not know at first what it all meant, but after a while he began to remember something about his being left by the wayside. The lady spoke very softly, and told him her name was Mrs. Pelton, and that she was going to try and make him well and strong by the time his own mamma came to take him home.

Freddy woke up from a nice sleep that afternoon, and thought he heard a voice he knew in the next room. He called out, "Papa!" and in another minute he was laughing and crying all at once in his own father's arms.

"Oh, papa! I was so naughty not to mind my mother. Will you forgive me? Where is my own darling mamma, and how did you find me?"

Mr. Stearns told Freddy that he certainly forgave him if he was sorry, and said he thought his dear little boy had been so punished that he never would do such a thing again. He told him, too, that his mother missed him, but thought he had gone into Mrs. Mason's house, as he never had disobeyed her before; and it was not until she went over there for him to come home to dinner that she knew he had gone away. Then she was frightened, and went all about the neighborhood, and her friends began to hunt for him, and they sent for his papa from the city. All that day people were hunting, but the cunning organ-man went about in all kinds of out-of-the-way places, so that no one should trace him. Men were sent out in all directions, and were out during the night, and, finally, one of them got on the right track in the morning, and sent word to Mr. Stearns, who started at once to follow. They asked everybody they met if they had seen a little boy with an organ-grinder, and those had told what way the man went. So, at last, they found the precious child, and Mr. Stearns sent a man back to the poor anxious mother to tell her the joyful news.

The doctor thought that Freddy could not be moved for several days, and Mrs. Stearns came to take care of him. When he was strong enough to talk, he told his sad story, and no one who heard it, or saw the poor little blistered feet, could help crying bitterly over the suffering child.

Every one was kind to him and tried to make him happy. He and Mrs. Pelton became fast friends, but there was no one whom he loved to have near him so much as he did his own dear mother. It was about two weeks from the day he followed the hand-organ that he was driven up to his home from the station, and he thought nothing was ever half so pretty,—not even good Mrs. Pelton's elegant house and garden. That night, when he went to bed, he heartily thanked his Heavenly Father for letting him come home alive and well.

He never forgot his lesson, and for a long time could not hear a hand organ without crying. The cruel man who treated him so badly was never found, though policemen were sent after him.

When Freddy grew up, he saw how much his own running away and disobeying his mother was like being led away in pursuit of pleasure from his Father's house, and it helped him whenever he was tempted.—*Sabbath at Home.*

LITTLE ROSIE.

Rosie, my posy,
You're weary, you're dozy,
Sit upon grandmamma's knee.
Songs will I sing you,
Sweet sleep to bring you;
Cuddle up cosy with me.

I will sing ditties
Of birds and of kitties—
The "Song of the Well" to begin;
How young Johnnie Stout
Pulled pussy-cat out,
When Johnnie Green let her fall in.

Of timid Miss Muffit,
Who fled from the tuftit;
Of Bobbie who sailed on the sea;
Of Jack and his Gill;
Of the mouse at the mill;
And baby that rocked on the tree.

Rosie, my Rosie,
As sweet as a posy—
Ah! now she is coming, I see,
Sleepy and dozy,
To cuddle up cosy,
And hush-a-by-baby with me.

—*Children's Picture Magazine.*

BABBY JOHN.

Babby John was not a baby at all, but the Kafir corruption of the Dutch for our English baboon. Babby John—"a fellow of infinite jest, of a most excellent fancy"—was my tame baboon.

When I became possessed of this treasure, I was living in Pietermaritzburg, the capital of Port Natal, South Africa,—a place which, previously unknown to most stay-at-home Englishmen, has recently acquired quite a celebrity as the abode of Bishop Colenso and his Zulu tutor in divinity. In a suburb of this town, I had a little bachelor's cottage, where I lived with a naked Kafir as my henchman, and cultivated the acquaintance of the brute creation, of which I had a collection which made gardening out of the question. I laid out, or rather left alone my little domain to be a miniature menagerie, and of all living things to grace it I coveted a baboon. Now, Babby John was an established favorite at a hotel in the town, but the proprietor became bankrupt, and on the sale of his assets I became the delighted purchaser of his pet.

Arrived at home, my first care was to lodge Babby John for the night, till I could secure him properly in the morning. Among his native rocks and wilds, his genius might have found a thousand ways of diverting itself; but, being in captivity, Babby John was wont to employ the whole powers of his mind in the devising, and the whole powers of his body in the perpetration of mischief. Like Shakspeare's Don John, "Any bar, any cross, any impediment was medicinable to him." For the first night, I tied him to a post in the verandah. He had a bit of bread and a half a cup of coffee; then curled himself up and went to sleep, as I thought, for the night. Early in the morning, I was awaked by loud exclamations and guttural "waughs!" from my Kafir; and, on proceeding to learn the cause, discovered Babby John, though it was barely light, at work with a zeal worthy of a better cause. He had pulled up all the tiles, forming the pavement of the verandah, within his reach, broken all he could, and thrown the rest away. When I came to interrupt his pastime, he was hard at work on the house-wall, picking out the mortar with his long lean fore-finger. He had already removed two or three bricks, and bade fair to make a considerable excavation in an hour or two. Without stopping for a moment in his work, he was making most diabolical

grimaces whenever the Kafir approached him.

Next, I tied him up in a grove of Syringa trees; here he waged war against all passengers. Threatening, chattering, screaming, shewing his teeth, wrinkling his brows, and exhibiting his white eye-balls till he seemed as if he was being worked by a string inside like a doll, he effectually stopped all passage. Once or twice he laid ambuscades by concealing himself on a bough, and incontinently dropping on the head of any one passing beneath. Next, I fastened him to a tree in a hedge where he could do no possible harm. But here again his talent for ambuscades was so conspicuous that I heard screams all day long. His "custom of an afternoon" was to lie snugly concealed at the top of the hedge; and when any one approached unsuspectingly on the road, Babby John would launch himself at his or her head; and though always brought up by his chain, still, to say the least of it, the totally unexpected apparition of a flying-baboon *was* trying to the nerves.

After a day or two of these vagaries on the part of Babby John, I was favored with a visit from my landlord. I found this gentleman standing in the garden, within easy reach of Babby John, whose thoughts, however, were apparently like those of the Dying Gladiator, "far away," as he sat with his back to us, picking his teeth with a thorn.

"Beg pard'n, sir," said my landlord, "but I've been ast to call by several parties respectin' that there hape, which he carries on to that extent, sir, what with a-throwin' of hissell at parties' 'eads when parties is a-passin', and makin' of them there ojus faces, as well he knows how, specially at female parties, when female parties is a-passin', that— O gemini! help! murder!"

A sound blow with a stick dislodged Babby John from the terrified orator's shoulders, and prevented a laudable design he had conceived of pulling up that gentleman's whiskers by the roots. Many were my apologies, and I promised that for the future Babby John should lead a perfectly secluded life.

I now began to feel I had a most unmanageable pet in Babby John, and to think that if those ancient mariners of Solomon, who, in company with the navy of Hiram, went to Tarshish for apes and peacocks, returned with a cargo of Babby Johns, truly they had but a wearisome passage home.

Determined to place Babby John where he would be entirely harmless, I found a vacant space at the back of my cottage, and there I fixed a pole in the ground, to which I fastened Babby John, and indulged him with a chain of eighteen or twenty feet in length. I also furnished him with an old tin packing-case, which might serve him as a shelter by night; an umbrella by day, and a shield wherewith to shelter his ugly face when any visitor took a fancy to throw stones at him. The herbage in the spot I had selected was rank and luxuriant, and Babby John, when placed in his new abode, was entirely lost for a time to external observation. The novelty of his situation, and the variety of occupation suddenly thrust upon his hands, at first seemed almost to bewilder him. But soon recovering his presence of mind, he devoted himself to a thorough survey of his premises,—at least I supposed so, judging from the constant movement in the grass, and the occasional apparition of a green arched back, when he gave a kind of "buck-jump," to express his light-heartedness. His next duty was, as became a colonial settler, to make a clearing. This he accomplished in the most workmanlike manner in the space of a few days, grubbing up most of the grass by the roots, and in a wonderfully short time causing his domain to appear as bare as a turnpike road. He did not, however, in the course of his practical labors neglect the duties of a *savant*. It was clear that all insect life was to be inquired into and banished, and accordingly very few beetles or small insects of any kind escaped an anatomical investigation. He had (what philosopher is without his weakness?) a superstition on the subject of lizards, and, when he met one, screamed and made faces at it till it retired. All the frogs and toads he saw he chased, caught, and then threw away. But, in removing a thick tuft of grass, he discovered a snake; then his terror knew no bounds; it was by turns abject and frantic. He flew round his pole till he resembled a firework, and tugged at his chain till it snapped; when free, he rushed into the house, and sought shelter under my bed. Extracted from this hiding-place by the tail, he clung with the most suffocating fondness to my neck; nor, till he was satisfied that the snake was really gone, could he be induced to return to his pole.

Babby John frequently broke loose from his chain. It was to no purpose that I bought new and stronger chains; some part—the staple, the buckle, or a weak link—

would in time yield to the efforts prompted by the thoughts of freedom which throbbled in that little hairy bosom. When he did get free, one was not kept long in ignorance of the fact; shrieks, of chattering joy from the escaped prisoner, yells from the Kafirs, screams from passers-by, and the clash of chains over neighboring roofs, proclaimed the glad news. At times, he contented himself with taking possession of my own roof, where his favorite pastime was to pull off the tiles, and throw them down the chimney. The only way to cajole him from "that bad eminence" was by the offer of a glass of gin and water. This was a treat which he, like many of his human brethren, could not resist. It cost him a pang, to be sure: he knew that he would be seized by the tail, and consigned again to captivity, if he descended to obtain the refreshment; but (O Father Mathew!) the temptation was generally too strong. At times, however, he would rush off at once to some neighboring premises. He seemed to know that his career of freedom would be short, and therefore, on these excursions endeavored—and, I must do him the justice to say, generally with success—to eat the greatest quantity of fruit, and do the greatest amount of mischief, in the shortest given time. In upsetting anything, his talents came out very strong. Once I caught him on my dinner-table, busily employed in mixing the vinegar with the mustard, an operation which he effected with the air of a philosopher performing a chemical experiment.

One out of many of his pranks I particularly recollect. I heard one day so loud a chatter of pleasure and defiance, that I knew at once Babby John was at liberty. I rushed out of the house just in time to see him disappear in the direction of a house inhabited by a man of exceedingly irascible and litigious temperament. Not a moment was to be lost, for I knew that Babby John would at once proceed to obnoxious exploits, and accordingly I started at full speed in pursuit. But I had a considerable distance to go round, and the pursued had taken a more direct route. When I got to the house, I found all the windows and doors closed, the children were screaming inside, and the owner, whose face was scarlet with fury, engaged in filling his pocket with large stones. Assuming an air of persuasive humility, I inquired, with all the politeness I could muster, whether he'd seen such a thing as an escaped baboon there or thereabouts.

"You call 'im a baboon, you do?" he said pantingly.

I submitted deferentially that my description of the animal was zoologically correct.

"Then," he replied, "you may call 'im what you like; but I call 'im" (the rest of his definition may be best described as consisting of various parts of speech).—"What's he been a-doin' on? He's been a-climbin' up the back of my 'ouse, and then a-droppin' permiscus on the 'eads of my children as were a-playin' in front of my 'ouse."

"Yes," said a shrill female voice from the partially opened window; "and it's a mercy and goodness gracious blessin' if they don't have fits for the rest of their little lives."

"May you," continued the husband, in answer to a question of mine, most meekly put,—“may you come in an' captor of 'im? No; I'm dashed if you may. What's he a-doin' on now? Well, this is what he's a-doin' on. Why, he's a-settin' as unconcerned as nothin' in the back-gardin' a-rootin' up the inions. What am I a goin' to do with 'im? Why, I am a-goin' to kill 'im with these 'ere stones."

So saying, he left me, and proceeded to the attack. I watched from the road. Babby John was fully equal to the occasion; in fact, he shone. He ducked, dived, jumped, and pirouetted in the onion-bed; he "disguised fair nature with hard-favored rage;" he used a flower-pot as a shield, and was critically interested when a stone broke it. And finally,—but not till the patience and stones of his assailant were alike exhausted,—he came home with an armful of spoils, and was peaceably secured.

The end of Babby John was tragic, though strictly in keeping with the tenor of his life. I gave him to a pastry-cook; and after a week's residence in his new quarters, one night he broke loose, and entered burglariously into the shop, with intent to commit a felony. The crime produced its own punishment, for the next morning Babby John was found stiff and stark on the floor, having, to say the truth, eaten himself to death with tarts. His white closed eyelids shewed ghastly in his swarthy visage, and his lithe black hands were clasped, in the pangs of indigestion, over his distended stomach.

Poor Babby John! He made, so far as appearances went, a very indifferent corpse. "He who had bent him o'er the dead" would, in Babby John's case, scarcely be inclined to seek another opportunity of doing so. In fact, a "late lamented one" of the monkey tribe is *not* a pleasing object; and, therefore, let me seriously advise any

intending emigrant, who may perchance some day be compelled to dine off monkey, not to see his dinner before it is cooked and served. Nevertheless, a common green monkey baked in a pie with slices of bacon is not bad eating.—*Chambers's Journal*.

AMUSEMENTS FOR THE FIRESIDE.

After the lessons of the day are over, the children draw round the table, and fun is the order of the day (or night, we should say). The elders of the fireside are not unwilling to join the merry circle. Games are proposed.

"Yes," says little Minnie, "somethin' I can play."

"Oh! yes," says Arthur, "play 'alliterations'; that's fun."

"Well 'alliterations' it shall be." Father will begin the game.

"One ox opening oysters," commences the father.

Each in turn repeats it: "One ox opening oysters."

"Two toads, totally tired, trying to trot to Toadsbury."

This runs round the circle; little Minnie striving in vain to pronounce all the words, and causing great amusement to the older children.

"One ox opening oysters."

"Two toads, totally tired, trying to trot to Toadsbury."

"Three tame tigers taking tea."

(The fun of the game consists in repeating these absurdities in regular order, not omitting one word. Poor little Minnie fails entirely, but adds to the fun, and even mamma stumbles over the sentences.) But to continue: "Four fat friars fanning fainting flies."

"Five furriers flying to France for furs."

"Six Scotch servants serving saints."

"Seven Severn salmon swallowing sweets."

"Eight elegant English gentlemen eating eggs."

"Nine nimble noblemen nodding noses."

"Ten tin tea-pots turning topsy-turvy."

"Eleven elephants eyeing the elements."

"Twelve tipsy tailors twirling tops."

This game can be carried on according to a person's ingenuity, and is always productive of laughter and fun. For a while it is amusement enough to laugh over each other's mistakes.

And now mamma proposes a game of a more quiet nature.

"Scandal" is selected.

A short sentence is chosen by one of the players, who writes it down on a slip of paper, then reads it in a very low tone to his next neighbor; he whispers it to his neighbor, and so on, round the circle; the last one repeats it aloud. Then the written sentence is read, and the difference between the two is

often very amusing, and fully illustrates the impossibility of anything passing from one mouth to another without loss or gain. Sometimes the entire meaning of the first sentence is changed. The game is very entertaining, but voted *rather slow* by the younger portion of the home circle.

So "Magic Photographs" is proposed by a visitor, who has called in.

"Does any one know the game?"

"No."

Two are needful for attendants, the rest must sit in a row around the room; or, better still, each one sits behind his neighbor's chair, rail-car fashion; and each one must be blindfolded with his own handkerchief, and promise not to look. Little Minnie desires greatly to play; Arthur wishes to assist. But the eldest sister is chosen as assistant, and sent for necessities, while the teacher of the game proceeds to bandage the eyes of each. Then the right hand of each player is laid upon the left arm. A handkerchief is folded in halves, and tied round the doubled fist, so as to hold the fingers still, and also form a cap. Little wraps, like blankets, are folded round each arm. Then an inkstand is required, and with the ends of matches, dipped into ink, a baby's face is traced on the smooth back of the hand. Curls are added, and the picture is complete. Then the eyes of each are unbandaged, and the room resounds with fun and merriment. Little Minnie looks so comical, Arthur so astonished, and even papa is decidedly surprised at the appearance he presents. Indeed, all the players are tending a baby, and the effect is ludicrous in the extreme.

Mamma is quite exhausted with the hilarious mirth, and proposes "conundrums, riddles, anything to amuse the children, without quite so much noise."

Papa proposes "Capping verses," but that is pronounced "too old."

Papa thinks not; but minorities must yield to majorities in this country, so he gracefully yields the point, and gives the following conundrum: "Why is a drunkard, hesitating to sign the pledge, like a skeptical Hindoo?"

Thinking-caps are donned, and, for a few moments, mamma has her desired quiet.

Then one wonders what it can be—"something about jug, he knows."

That gives Harry, the eldest, an idea, and he exclaims: "Jug-or-not."

"Because he is in doubt whether to give up the worship of Jug-or-not" (Juggernaut).

Great laughter follows this announcement, and papa explains to the children who Juggernaut is, and how horrid the worship of him had been, how many lives had been sacrificed under his merciless wheels; yet remarks "that the worship of the demoniacal Jug had broken as many hearts, and probably ruined more souls."

Harry gives the next conundrum: "If an awkward fellow upsets your tea-service, what flower does he remind you of?"

Minnie thinks she *must* guess this one, and proceeds to name all the flowers she knows; and when she comes to China-Aster, Arthur shouts: "That's it: China-a-stir."

Harry's conundrum is pronounced as good as papa's, though not productive of so much information. Another is asked, and mamma is expected to furnish it.

So she gives the following riddle:

"My *first* is always restless seen,
My *second* every man has been,

My *whole* is time in every stage,
Of childhood, manhood, youth and age.
'Tis summer, winter, autumn, spring,
Fleeting and ever on the wing."

This is so easy of solution, that she motions to papa not to attempt it.

With pencil in hand, each child writes it down, and soon Laura perceives the answer. It could be nothing but "Sea-son."

Now it is bed-time, and with cheeks rosy as Baldwin apples, and hearts filled with love and happiness, the weary children kiss good-night.—*Hearth and Home.*

Domestic Economy.



POOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

A writer in the *Mother at Home*, in speaking of the complaints that ladies often make concerning their servants, has the following thoughts:—

Ah! the trouble is not all with the servants, thought I. Ladies must know something of household matters themselves. A cook comes to you well recommended; but, perhaps, in her last place the lady preferred bakers' bread to home-made; never cared for a nice, wholesome soup with her dinner, and chose to send to the baker's for her pies, rather than have them made at home. Let your cook be ever so good, she must be in constant practice, else she will be liable to make some very annoying failures, if only at intervals of ten days, or a fortnight, she may be called upon to make an extra effort.

Then again, ladies do not consider how tastes vary in different families. A dish that is highly esteemed in one, is utterly distasteful in another; and what to the cook and servants in the kitchen may seem delicious, will not satisfy the more cultivated palate above stairs.

What ladies most need in housekeeping, is patience and intelligent forbearance. Let a lady have discrimination enough to judge whether her servants, even if they have not her ways of doing their work, may not have the elements of good servants in them, and then let her know enough *herself* to instruct them into her own ideas of labor, and she may not only have good servants, but be able to keep them so.

Not every one realizes how much careful marketing has to do toward a well-cooked

meal. If the marketing is left to the servants, the servants leave it to the butcher or grocer, and the best cook may work hard and intelligently, and yet come far short of the success she might have attained had good material been put into her hands.

Then the family often complain that their dinner is badly cooked, or unsatisfactory, for no earthly reason save that the head of the house does not understand how to carve, and help to the best pieces.

An old servant once told me how, week after week, the roast beef would be sent down from the table, with the tenderloin all left for the servants; the gentleman, meanwhile, complaining daily that they always had tough beef,—simply because he did not know enough to turn over his piece of beef, and help himself to a tender slice.

A lady once complained at dinner that her fish was always soft, and never came to the table looking as it ought; and yet I could discover at once that the fish had been kept almost to a spoiled condition, and knew that her cook had not suitable utensils to cook it in, so as to give her a chance to bring it neatly to the table.

Know how to live.—Prof. Blot can never do it for you. Books on cookery cannot do it for you. Care and experience are as essential to good housekeeping as to any other duty. It would seem ridiculous for any man to do business without going to his office, and knowing, from day to day, what is being done there.

The extravagance of living is not all in high prices, or high rents. It is in *waste*. Take a house full of the best servants, and if the mistress of the house is always occupied with society, or engagements, away from home, what hope can she have that

her servants will be careful? They get no credit for it. Their work *seems* well done, as far as it is likely to meet their mistress' eyes, as she passes from her chamber to the parlor, or dining-room; and knowing that she will not search out their shortcomings any further, they save themselves trouble by slighting all that is under the surface.

We forget that our servants are human; and, conscientious and well-meaning, as we may be, are we sure if we were in their subordinate position, we should do any better?

Be better housekeepers. Look more carefully after your homes and home cares, and there will be fewer hotels and crowded boarding-houses, and more happy husbands, and well-trained children, and less distress on the part of uneasy women because they have not enough to do.

RICE, AND HOW TO COOK IT.

This tropical production is not always a favorite, but oftener from being spoiled in the cooking than otherwise.

Rice should be put in warm water to swell, on the top of the stove or in a moderate oven, where it will not boil, for an hour or so; then put to boil in salted water fifteen minutes, afterwards pouring on rich milk and a little butter. It is better at this point, to put into a pudding dish, and bake half an hour; the addition of a few raisins or English currants will improve it much.

This should be eaten with a thoroughly beaten dressing of butter and sugar, flavored with nutmeg or sweetened cream.

Rice needs to be thoroughly cooked to be palatable or digestible; but if overdone, so that the kernels lose their shape, it becomes a sickly unsavory mess.

Some enjoy the old-fashioned rice puddings, with the usual condiments of spices, fruit, eggs, sugar, etc., but it is really more inviting without, when cooked according to these suggestions.

When fruit is scarce, rice can be made a very pretty addition to the tea-table. Boil in the morning, and turn into buttered tea-cups; when cold, turn out the contents of the several cups on to a platter; make a little cavity in the top of each of these beautifully shaped moulds, placing a tea-spoonful of some kind of jelly in the openings, and, with a pitcher of sweetened and flavored cream, you will have a fancy as well as nutritious dish. If more convenient, turn into a good-sized bowl, and

you will have the same result with less trouble.

A beautiful dish can be arranged, by putting cold rice on a plate with layers of jelly, jam, grated apple, fresh strawberries or raspberries on the top; then another layer of rice and fruit, and so on until you have a mound as high as you like,—leaving the rice at the top, and being careful to trim the edges neatly to show the strips of fruit. This is delicious cold, for tea, or baked half an hour for dessert, with a good dressing.

The rice which may be left from dinner, if put to soak in milk over night, is nice in griddle cakes; it is also a charming variety to the breakfast table, mixed with a little egg and flour made into patties with the hand, and fried in the skillet.

THE OMELET.

The mind that invented the omelet was capable of greater things. Many persons think they have made and eaten omelets when they have not. Any thing that is made of eggs stirred up and solidified over the fire is supposed to be an omelet, but it isn't. I have heard of people who put flour in it. Flour takes fifteen or twenty minutes to cook, and an omelet is made in one; and raw flour is not wholesome or appetizing.

The true omelet is a pile of terror-stricken eggs and milk; it trembles with every jar, and crouches in a delicious quivering mass upon the plate; he who puts a silver knife into it will find a porous, flaky material, almost impalpable to the touch, that will melt as quickly as a snow-flake in his mouth. Upon reflection he will be willing to admit that hens were not made in vain.

To make one (an omelet, not a hen) proceed in this way: Have some fresh eggs, *not omelet eggs*. All eggs that will not by any possibility do to boil are put away in restaurants to make omelets with. Break them into a china bowl; if they are fresh the white will be as clear as a maiden's eye, and the yolk as round as the pupil of it. Add a table-spoonful of milk for every egg, and whip the whole as thoroughly as you would for sponge-cake. The omelet-pan has previously been put on the fire and made so hot that butter will melt and almost brown in it, but not quite. When in this condition you are to turn the whipped egg and milk into the pan and put it directly over the fire. Get a thin-bladed knife and run it carefully under the bottom of the egg, so as to let that which is not cooked get below. If the fire is right the

whole mass will puff and swell and cook in a minute; if it is not carefully attended to it will burn on the bottom, and burned egg is most offensive in smell and taste. It is not necessary to wait until the whole mass is solid, for its own heat will cook it after it has left the pan, but begin at one side and carefully roll the edge over and over until it is all rolled up, and then let it stand for a moment to brown, and turn it out on a hot plate and serve it, or, what is better, eat it yourself immediately.

You must not put a grain of salt in it while it is cooking, or all your hopes and your omelet will flatten down together. If it is properly made it will be like a summer sunset, rich with crimson and yellow hues, and the savor will gladden the heart.

The common mistake in making omelets is to merely *stir* the eggs with a fork; to put no milk in; to put salt, flour, and bread crumbs in; to cook them too slow, and to turn them out on cold plates a clammy, skinny, waste of eggs. Thus made they are as unwholesome to eat as they are repulsive in appearance.

SELECTED RECIPES.

SAGO SOUP.—Three pounds of lean beef, a slice of lean ham, and a lump of butter. Draw the gravy gently; add two quarts of water, an onion fried in slices, a bunch of sweet herbs, six cloves, a blade of mace, a teaspoonful of allspice, and one of black pepper. Stew until the soup is rich and brown, then remove the meat, and strain the soup clear. Put into a clean stew-pan, and thicken to a good consistency with sago.

RAGOUT OF COLD VEAL.—Cut boiled or roasted veal in nice slices, and stew them with three or four sliced onions, a little water, salt, and pepper. After stewing till the onions become tender, thicken the stew with flour; add a little butter, large spoonful of catsup, and remove it from the fire.

A SPANISH STEAK.—Take the tenderloin of beef. Have onions cut fine, and put into the frying-pan with some boiling butter; when quite soft, draw them to the back part of the pan; and, having seasoned well the beef with pepper and salt, put into the pan, and rather broil it than fry it. When done, put the onions over it, and just as much boiling water as will make a gravy. Let it stew a few minutes.

VEAL BROTH.—Stew a knuckle of veal, draw gravy as for steak, and four quarts of water, with celery, parsley, and an onion; simmer until reduced to half; add, when nearly done, two or three ounces of rice. Vermicelli may be used for a change.

CREAM CAKES.—Melt as much butter in a pint of milk, as will make it rich as cream; make the flour into a paste with this, knead it well, roll it out frequently, cut it in squares, and bake on a griddle.

TO COOK FROSTED POTATOES.—Cut them into quarters, dry them well, throw them into thorough boiling fat without salt. When brown and crisp they are done; but unless the fat is quite boiling they will mash. Take them out on to a piece of clean paper to drain for a short time. Serve them quite hot. They will eat as good as unfrosted ones.

Editorial and Correspondence.



THE PET LAMB.

(See *Frontispiece*.)

This is one of the finest of all the pictures by the celebrated painter, Collins. It portrays a touching scene, namely, the sale to the butcher of a lamb which has been the pet of the family. The distress of the weeping child and painful regret of the mother, whilst the butcher is counting out the price of the pet lamb, are to the life. The other group, consisting of the butcher's boy and the remainder of the children, surrounding

the lamb, which stands unconscious of its coming fate, and to which one of them is offering its last draught of milk, whilst another angrily pushes the boy away, is excellent, and contrasts with the quieter grief of the other parties in the scene. The whole is altogether one of the most touching episodes of rural domestic life; and the landscape and surroundings are a very faithful picture of English scenery and country costume at the beginning of the present century. We give a good engraving of this celebrated picture.

NOTICE.

Last number completed the third half-yearly volume of the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY*, and we look back on the eighteen months of its existence with almost unmixed satisfaction. Nobly has it been sustained by contributions from the *literati* of the *DOMINION*, and very respectable has been its subscription-list. For the extension of that list, we must rely in future on the kind recommendations of present subscribers, as we cannot now send specimen copies far and wide, except at the additional expense of prepaying postage; and the low price will not afford commissions to canvassers. The only thing we regret is, that we printed from October last to January inclusive, the 8,000 copies which were necessary for the previous year, in the expectation that the old subscribers would generally renew, and that as many new subscribers would come in as would replace any that fell off—an expectation that was not realized. Our circulation fell to 5,000, and though it has gradually crept up again, and now stands at nearly 6,000, yet 2,000 of each of the four months in question, or 8,000 in all, were left on hand. Of these we have already circulated about half, gratuitously, and a few more may yet be needed for new subscribers; but there are two or three thousand copies to spare of the months above indicated, which we will be happy to give in parcels of say fifty or one hundred assorted, to any parties who will undertake to circulate them. School teachers for instance, who would be willing to present a copy to each family of children attending their schools, will get what number they want by remitting a cent each to prepay the postage.

We also ask attention to the following offer. We will send gratis the volume of the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY*, from October to March inclusive, bound and post-paid, to any one who remits us \$3 for three subscribers for one year, beginning with this month.

CORRESPONDENCE.

KINGSTON, 11th March, 1869.

DEAR SIR.—The pleasure which I have derived from the perusal of the *DOMINION MONTHLY*, has been enhanced in no small degree by the fact, that a publication which partakes to such a degree of the moral and religious, has been the first to be sustained in Canada. This of itself speaks volumes for our people. The Duke of Argyle once said in my hearing: "Shew me the literature perused by a people, and I can readily determine what that people really is."

A. MCK.

We have also a letter speaking in very high terms of "The Crucible," which appeared serially in the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY*, and asking where it can be procured in a separate form. In reply, we have to state that the author has not yet republished it as a book.

The value of the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY* as an advertising medium may be inferred from the following paragraph of a letter dated Windsor, 10th March:—

"Please insert the advertisement of Windsor Nurseries again in April number of *DOMINION*, adding the price of the "Fruit Culturist." I am inundated with letters ordering "Fruit Culturists" and catalogues, without sending 25 cents for the former, and am quite disappointed you did not amend it at once, on receiving my notice, which was surely in time for March number of *DOMINION MONTHLY*.

JAMES DOUGALL."

We apologize for our inadvertence, and have made the alteration in this issue, by inserting the price of the "Fruit Culturist," 25 cents, for which it will be sent post-paid either from Windsor or Montreal.—PUBLISHERS N. D. M.

NOTICE.

JAMES GOUGH is not authorized to receive subscriptions for any of our publications.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.

THE DOMINION CHORALIST,

A COLLECTION OF

SECULAR and SACRED MUSIC,

CONSISTING OF

SONGS,

CHORUSES,

SABBATH-SCHOOL PIECES,

&c., &c.

Price - - - 25 Cents.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

PUBLISHERS,

126 Great St. James Street,

MONTREAL.

WINDSOR NURSERIES.

JAMES DOUGALL, Proprietor,

WINDSOR, Ontario,

Offers for Sale for Spring Planting, a very fine stock of

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES AND SHRUBS,

VINES, &c., &c.,

VERY LOW for CASH.

Particular attention is called to the following, of which the stock is very fine:

DWARF APPLES, from 2 to 6 years old, the latter are very extra-bearing, and have given universal satisfaction. To secure them, orders should be sent early, as the stock is not large.

DWARF PEARS, from one to six years old, the latter extra sized bearing, and of which there is only a limited number left of some varieties. Those of one year old are very fine, and can be recommended.

GRAPE VINES, from one to three years old, of all the best and hardiest varieties, at about half the price usually charged by travelling tree agents.

ALSO.

STANDARD APPLES, two to five years old, a few extra sized bearing left of some varieties.

Standard Pears, Plums, Cherries,

Peaches, Quinces, Currants,

Strawberries, etc.

of the best qualities and true to name.

Persons intending to plant should at once

SEND FOR CATALOGUES,

WHICH WILL BE MAILED FREE.

Also, for the *Canadian Fruit Culturist* (Post free 25 cents), giving full directions for the proper location, soil, preparation, planting and after culture of Orchards, Vineyards, and Gardens, with select lists of the best varieties of each kind of Fruit suitable for the different parts of Canada, and their best mode of Culture.

Orders, which should be sent early (accompanied with the money), promptly attended to, and the Trees carefully lifted and packed, so as to carry any distance with safety.

Trees sent from this establishment the two last Springs, via Quebec, to Lower St. Lawrence, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, have arrived in excellent condition, and some bore fruit the same year.

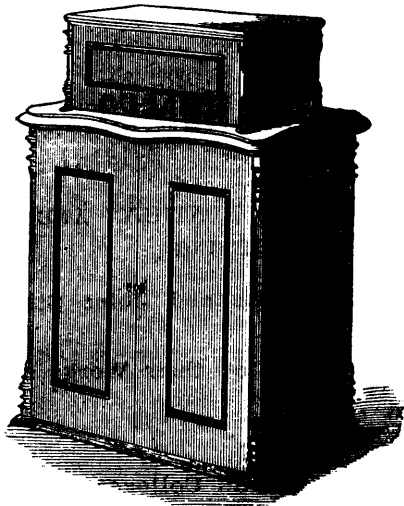
JAMES DOUGALL.

WINDSOR, February 15, 1869.

FIRST PRIZE SEWING MACHINES

J. D. LAWLOR, MANUFACTURER.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
365, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.



FAMILY SEWING MACHINES

Would most respectfully invite the public to examine the great variety of First-Class Sewing Machines, before purchasing elsewhere, among which are:

A New Elliptic Family Machine, with Stand, Price \$23.00.

A New Lock Stitch Family Machine, Price \$30.00.

Singer's Family, various Styles.

Singer's No. 2, for Tailoring and Shoe Work.

The Florence Reversible Feed Family Machine.

Howe's for Family and Manufacturing purposes.

The Aetna Noiseless Machine, for Tailors and Family use.

A Button Hole and Lock Stitch Machine, combined.

Wax Thread Machines, which possess many advantages over all others.



I warrant all Machines made by me superior in every respect to those of any other Manufacturer in Canada. I have the best Testimonial from all the principal Manufacturing Establishments, and many of the best Families in Montreal, Quebec, and St. John, N.B., testifying to their superiority. My long experience in the business, and superior facilities for manufacturing, enable me to sell First-Class Sewing Machines from 20 to 30 per cent less than inferior Machines of the same pattern can be purchased elsewhere. I therefore offer better Machines and better Terms to Agents.

Local and Travelling Agents will do well to give *this matter* their attention.

A Special Discount made to the Clergy and Religious Institutions.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

The undersigned is desirous of securing the services of active persons in all parts of the Dominion to act as local or travelling Agents for the sale of his celebrated Sewing Machines. A very liberal salary, and expenses will be paid, or commission allowed. Country Merchants, Postmasters, Clergymen, Farmers, and the business public generally, are particularly invited to give this matter their attention, as I can offer unparalleled inducements, and at the same time the cheapest as well as the best Sewing Machines now before the public.

All kinds of Sewing Machines Repaired and Improved at the Factory, 48 Nazareth Street, and at the adjusting Rooms, over the Office, 365 Notre Dame Street, Montreal, and 22 St. John Street, Quebec; 78 King Street, St. John, N. B. Every description of Sewing Machine Trimmings, Wholesale and Retail.

Pegging Machines Repaired at the Factory, 48 Nazareth Street, Montreal. Send for Price Lists and Photographs of Machines Address in all cases,

J. D. LAWLOR.

Circulate your Advertisements in
THE FAMILY.

“The New Dominion Monthly”

IS READ IN

THOUSANDS OF CANADIAN HOMES.

THE ADVANTAGES OF “THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY” ARE
ALMOST UNEQUALLED FOR ADVERTISING

Prospectuses and Reports of Public Companies and Joint Stock
Companies.

Manufacturers’ Advertisements, with Pictures of their Works and
Trade Marks.

Farms and Villas for Sale.

Prospectuses and Calendars of Schools and Colleges.

Every Business that concerns the welfare of the Family.

ADVERTISE
IN THE MAY NUMBER.

ADVERTISING RATES :

Fly Leaves per Page	\$10.00 per Month.
“ “ Half Page	6.00
“ “ Quarter Page	3.50 “
“ “ One-eighth Page	2.00 “
Printed Leaves Stitched in	1.00 per 1,000.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
PROPRIETORS,

126 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

HOME AMUSEMENTS.

HENRY SANDERS,

OPTICIAN,

No. 141 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET,
OPPOSITE THE OTTAWA HOTEL,
MONTREAL.

THE LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT IN CANADA OF
MAGIC AND DISSOLVING-VIEW LANTERNS.

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

PRICE LISTS ON APPLICATION.

BOOK ON THE LANTERN. "How to Buy and How to Use It." Also, "How to Raise
A GHOST, BY A MERE PHANTOM.—Price, 30 cents.

THE NEW MICROSCOPE.

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

Opera and Field Glasses, Telescopes,
ALSO,

THE CELEBRATED BRAZILIAN PEBBLE

SPECTACLES AND EYE - GLASSES,

MATHEMATICAL AND DRAWING INSTRUMENTS,

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

H. SANDERS' POCKET BAROMETER,

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

RAYMOND'S IMPROVED FAMILY

\$12.00 SEWING MACHINE !

The Best and Cheapest Machine in the Dominion of Canada.

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

UPWARDS OF ONE THOUSAND

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

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

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

Agents wanted in Province of Quebec.

F. B. WRIGHT,

IMPORTER OF AND DEALER IN

BERLIN WOOL,

Shetland, Andalusian, Fleecy, Fingering, Merino, and Lady Betty. Berlin Wool Patterns, Slipper Patterns, Canvas, Beads, Crochet, Knitting, and Embroidery Cotton, Stamped Work for Braiding and Embroidery, Sofa-Cushion Cord and Tassels, Embroidery and Sewing Silk, Filocelle, and materials for various kinds of Fancy Work.

DOLLS! DOLLS!!

A complete assortment in Wax, China, and Comic, dressed and undressed.

TOYS AND GAMES

In great variety.

BASKETS,

Market, Waste-Paper, Fancy, Nursery, and Work-Baskets, at all prices.

WAX LILIES AND FRUIT,

Under Glass Shades, Bohemian Vases, etc., etc.

GLASS SHADES,

Round and Oval.

Also, Paper Hangings, Ladies' Dress Buttons, Dress Shields, Combs and Brushes, Portemonnaies, Leather Satchels, Walking-Sticks, and a general assortment of Fancy Goods.

No. 386 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

(Opposite C. Alexander & Son's.)

"WITNESS" PRINTING HOUSE.

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE DAILY WITNESS, HAVING OPENED A

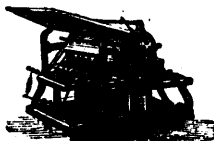
JOBGING DEPARTMENT

In connection with their

PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,

INVITE THE PATRONAGE OF THE PUBLIC. IN ALL CASES IT IS INTENDED TO ENSURE

NEATNESS,



PUNCTUALITY,

AND

CHEAPNESS,

DESPATCH,

And no pains will be spared to turn out

GOOD WORK AT A FAIR PRICE,

AND TO

FULFIL ALL PROMISES AS TO TIME.

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

A Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat,

REQUIRES IMMEDIATE ATTENTION, AND SHOULD BE CHECKED.
IF ALLOWED TO CONTINUE,

Irritation of the Lungs, a Permanent Throat Affec-
tion, or an Incurable Lung Disease,

IS OFTEN THE RESULT.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES,

HAVING A DIRECT INFLUENCE TO THE PARTS, GIVE IMMEDIATE RELIEF.

For Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Consumptive, and Throat
Diseases,

TROCHES ARE USED WITH ALWAYS GOOD SUCCESS.

SINGERS AND PUBLIC SPEAKERS

will find *Troches* useful in clearing the voice when taken before Singing or Speaking and relieving the throat after an unusual exertion of the vocal organs. The *Troches* are recommended and prescribed by Physicians, and have had testimonials from eminent men throughout the country. Being an article of true merit, and having *proved* their efficacy by a test of many years, each year finds them in new localities in various parts of the world, and the *Troches* are universally pronounced better than other articles.

OBTAIN only "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," and do not take any of the *Worthless Imitations* that may be offered.



TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

BURNETT'S

Perfectly Pure and Highly Concentrated

STANDARD EXTRACTS;

COMPRISING

LEMON,	VANILLA,	ROSE,
ALMOND,	NECTARINE,	CELERY,
ORANGE,	PEACH,	NUTMEG,
CINNAMON,	CLOVES,	GINGER,

FOR FLAVORING

ICE-CREAMS, CUSTARDS, PRES, BLANC-MANGE, JELLIES, SAUCES, SOUPS, &c., are used and endorsed by the most popular *Hotels, Skilful Caterers, and Confectioners, and are extensively sold by Druggists, good Grocery Dealers, and Storekeepers throughout the United States, and in many Foreign Countries.*

We respectfully ask you to prove, by trial and comparison, their general excellence, and their superiority over those factitious and unhealthy kinds which may have been brought to your notice, and which parade their *cheapness* as the most important point to be considered.

We ask your attention to the following evidence of the truth of our statements :

"The best in the world."—FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, N. Y.

"The purest and best. I sell no others."—ALEX. MCGIBBON, Montreal.

FOR SALE, WHOLESALE, BY

ALEX. MCGIBBON, Grocer,

HENRY, SIMPSON & Co., Medicine Dealers, Montreal; GEORGE MICHIE & Co., Grocers, Toronto; and, at Retail, by ALL FIRST-CLASS Family Grocers Everywhere.

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.,

BOSTON (Sole Proprietors).