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NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

Aug. 1869

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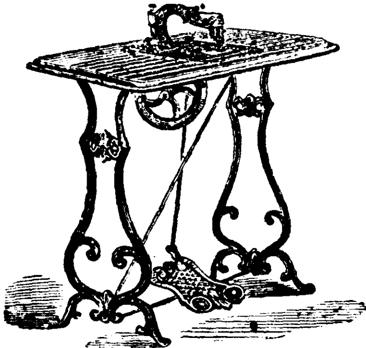

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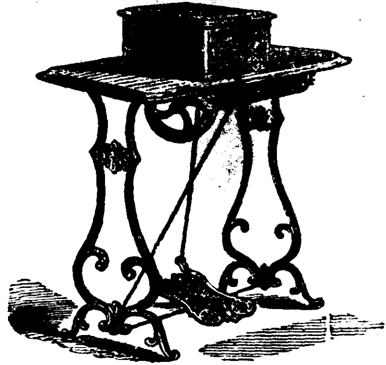

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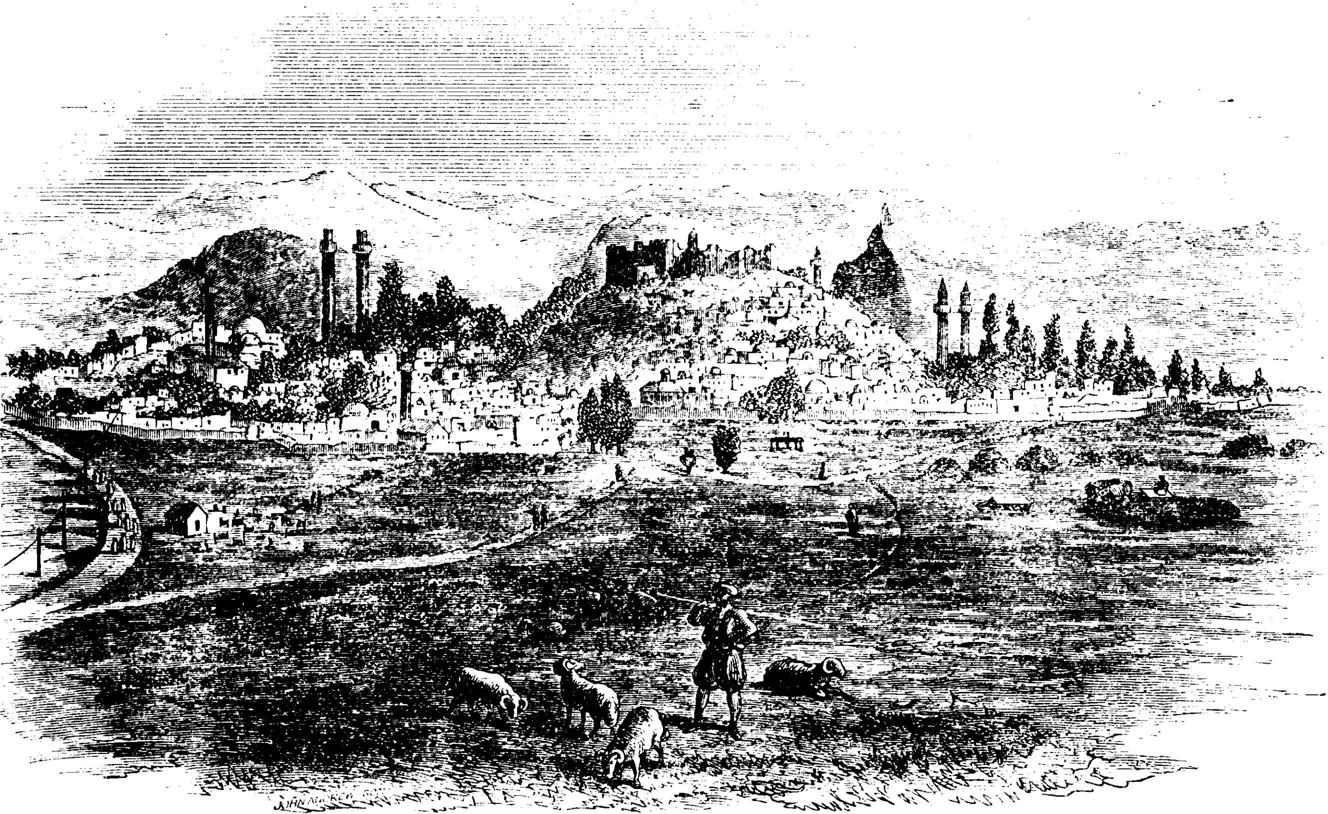


SIVAS.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY

AUGUST, 1869.

GENTLEMEN ADVENTURERS IN ACADIA.

BY J. G. BOURINOT.

III.—JEAN VINCENT DE ST. CASTINE.

The first chapters of the history of the Provinces now comprised within the New Dominion of Canada, contain many features of dramatic interest. The men who crossed the Atlantic, centuries ago, and laid the foundations of Empires on this continent, possessed all those qualities of manly fortitude and indomitable perseverance, which alone could have enabled them to make a footing in the New World. Some were religious enthusiasts, others sought relief from personal cares and misfortunes; many were soldiers who loved adventure and sought it wherever it could be found. The days of chivalry had long passed away when the pioneers of American civilization braved the perils of the sea and forest. Knights no longer broke lances in tilts and tourneys, or mustered to fight the Paynim in the Holy Land, But, though the times had become more practical, the opportunities for men of brave hearts and resolute courage to win for themselves fame and fortune had never before been so great. The discovery of the Western continent opened up a boundless field of exertion to the adventurer whose talents and energies were cramped in the comparatively narrow arena of Europe. In Mexico and Peru, the Spaniard could fight his way to rank and wealth; and it mattered little to him if the poor natives were crushed relentlessly beneath his iron heel, as long as he satisfied the ambition with which he burned.

The achievements of the French and English pioneers in the North, may not afford as dazzling a theme for the pen of the poet or the historian as those achievements in the South, which have been recorded in the matchless prose of Prescott, and the glowing verse of Southey; and yet the history of their lives is an epic of world-wide interest. If we could but follow them in their career step by step, gauge their thoughts, see their self-denial, their patience, their energy, their perseverance, we would recognize in them the heroes the world most wants. But it is from the results of their work especially, that we can best estimate the value of the debt that the world owes them. Champlain and his compatriots toiling to build their little town by the side of the St. Lawrence, bearing its wealth of waters to the great ocean far beyond, and designed by Nature as the great highway of nations; the Puritans struggling with the difficulties of a rigorous climate and a sterile soil, within sight of the ever restless Atlantic, were performing a work, the grandest in its results the world has ever seen.

As we look down the vista of the past, a few figures stand out prominently in view. We see the soldier, ever prompt to obey the call of duty, or to yield himself up to the seductions and pleasures of the moment. Then comes the black-robed priest, ever zealous in behalf of his religion and his

country, with a tongue as persuasive in the councils of his countrymen as in the cabins and wigwams of the Indians. By his side, eyeing him with deadly animosity, stands the stern-faced Puritan, loving and professing liberty of opinion and thought, yet sometimes forgetful to concede that liberty to others. We see representatives of the nobility of France, the seigneurs and their fair ladies, who danced and flirted, and even gambled, within the French towns. Here stalks the Indian, looking askance at these intruders, too often treacherous and cruel, and yet at times displaying many generous and ennobling qualities. And there, close by, is the *coureur des bois*, the reckless, daring rover of the forest and the river.

During the times of which we are about to speak,—the latter half of the seventeenth and the first quarter of the eighteenth century, or a period of nearly seventy-five years in all,—the spirit of adventure was especially prevalent. France and England had now fairly entered into the contest for supremacy in the New World, and the colonies of these two great rivals were making steady though slow progress. As we open the pages of the history of those times, we follow with the deepest interest the footsteps of those intrepid pioneers who first lifted the veil of mystery that had so long enveloped the illimitable West, with its wilderness of forest and its mighty rivers. No pages of romance can equal in interest the story of the adventures of Joliet, of Marquette, or of La Sale, who gave to the world the knowledge of the great "Father of Waters," the Mississippi.

But we may not now dwell on so attractive a theme as the opening up of the Great West and the revelation of its secrets. The man whose life we intend to relate in the course of the following pages may not be put in the same rank with Champlain, De Poutrincourt, or La Sale, but inasmuch as he represented an important element in the early colonization of this continent, his career is replete with undoubted attraction to those who take an interest in our country's history. He played no leading part, —he was but a subordinate figure in the drama of our past; but yet such as he were necessary for the establishment of French dominion on this continent. If he had not the genius of a founder of new states, yet he was one of those instruments without which the master-spirits of an age can never achieve their great purposes.

The materials we have at hand for a history of this "gentleman adventurer" are not as satisfactory as we would wish them to be; but still they are sufficient to enable us to follow the main incidents of his career with tolerable accuracy. That he was not an insignificant person, may be presumed from the fact that history has thought it worth its while to tell us where he was born. The scene of his birth possesses many characteristics not only interesting to the antiquarian, but to the lover of the picturesque in nature. The county Bearn, now included in the department of the Basses Pyrenees, derived its name from that ancient town of ***Beneharnum*** which is mentioned in the Itinerary of Antoninus, although its particular position cannot now be given. Its "gaves,"—the Basque term for mountain-rivers,—pass rapidly through many wild gorges, sequestered valleys, and form not a few cascades of unrivalled beauty. On the summit and slope of a hill, at the confluence of the Aspe and Ossau, which form the most picturesque of these "gaves," lies the ancient town of Oleron, whose origin can be traced to the days when the Roman Empire was in the height of its grandeur, for it is said to occupy the site of ***Ilurs*** or ***Elorensium Civitas***. On the opposite side is the little sister-town of Ste. Marie d'Oleron, where the traveller tells of a street famous as that set apart for the Cagots, who were identical with the Kakous of Bretagne—the Pariahs, the Helots, the very lepers of the French.

It was in the quaint town of Oleron, within sight of the Pyrenees, among a brave, stalwart race, that Jean Vincent, otherwise Baron de St. Castine, was born and educated. His family was one of rank and influence in the country, and St. Castine, at an early age, was placed in the army like most young men of condition in those times. He first served in the King's Body-Guard, and subsequently in the famous Carignan Regiment, which probably derived its name from one of the princes of the

Duchy of Savoy, the Prince of Carignano. In the civil war of the Fronde,*—that memorable struggle between the liberty of the people and the despotism of the Court,—the Carignan Regiment fought with distinction on the King's side. The most memorable service in which it was engaged was the expedition, which was sent out by the French King in 1664, under the command of Counts de la Coligni and de la Feuillade, to assist Leopold, Emperor of Germany, against the Turks, who were overrunning Hungary, and had entered Moravia. At the battle of St. Gothard, near Neuhausel, the Italian Montecuoli (Prince of Melfi, Knight of the Golden Fleece, and Generalissimo of the royal armies), defeated the Turks and forced them to a truce which lasted for twenty years. The success of the Germans on this occasion, it is stated, was owing in a large measure to the gallantry displayed by the French regiment in question.

We next hear of St. Castine accompanying the same regiment when it was ordered to New France, immediately after the Hungarian campaign. At that time the French Government had commenced to take a greater interest in its American possessions in the North, and was anxious to see the number of the colonists increased. One of the Governors, M. D'Avaugour, had drawn up an able report to the Government, in which he showed how wise it would be for France to strengthen herself in Canada, and recommended not only the erection of additional fortifications, but the distribution of some three thousand soldiers throughout the colony; and the emigration of the Carignan Regiment may be considered as the first fruit of the sagacious counsel. The people of the colony were being attacked by the brave and warlike Iroquois, who seemed resolved on preventing, if they could, the establishment of the French by the border of the St. Lawrence. In the "*Relations des Jesuits*," we find a graphic description of the results of the Indian raids upon the French settlements. "The war with the Iroquois," the writer is referring to the year 1653, "has dried up all sources of prosperity. The beavers may now build their dams in peace, for none are able or willing to disturb them. The Hurons no longer come down from their country to barter their furs. The country of the Algonquins is tenantless; and the tribes beyond it, fearful of the guns of the Iroquois, are disappearing in their forest fastnesses. At Montreal, the keeper of the Company's store has not been able to purchase a single beaver-skin for a whole year. At Three Rivers, so apprehensive have they been of a raid, that they have expended all their means in increasing their fortifications. At Quebec the store-house is quite empty. Under such circumstances, is it surprising that everybody is dissatisfied and disheartened?"

It was, therefore, a wise policy, as urged by M. D'Avaugour, to settle the country with men inured to arms, who could be summoned at any moment to defend the towns against the savage enemy. At the time of the arrival of the Carignan Regiment, the total population of the country did not exceed 25,000 souls, scattered along the banks of the St. Lawrence and its tributaries, from Tadoussac to Montreal. The country was divided into a few seigneuries, which had been granted to a few men of noble birth, as well as to merchants and military officers. In this way did the French Government think they could reproduce in the American wilderness that system which had its use in a rude and unformed state of society in Europe, but was altogether unsuited to the requirements of a colonial community in a new world. To the historical student and to the philosophical mind, this attempt of the despotism of Europe to establish its principles in the New World is fraught with the deepest interest. We see, growing up side by side, the feudal system of Canada, with its countless restrictions upon the popular liberties, and the more generous and liberal system of New England, with its town meetings and deliberative assemblies; and when we contrast the workings of the two, we cannot wonder that the French colonies should have been so sluggish in their growth.* Yet

* Wright, in his "History of France," says that "Fronde" means a sling. When any one of the party made an attack upon the Government or the Minister he was said to *fronder*, or sling them.

* In New England, the colonists were members of an active and energetic body politic; in New France

in the character of the men who were the leading spirits in New France there is much to attract our sympathy and awaken our interest. If they were not always statesmen,—if they did not sympathize with the masses,—it was the fault chiefly of the system in which they had been educated; and although they were often arrogant and unbending, yet they more frequently displayed the generosity, the fidelity, and the chivalry which are among the soldier's virtues.

In the year 1665, M. de Tracy was appointed to act as Governor in the place of M. de Mésy, who had got into disgrace with the home-Government, and had been consequently re-called. In the course of the same year, the Carignan Regiment arrived in Canada, under the command of M. de Salières, together with a number of mechanics, and other immigrants. The new Viceroy set vigorously to work, immediately on his arrival, to strengthen the colony, and among the first measures he took was to erect additional posts at Chambly and Sorel, on the Richelieu, which led from the Iroquois country directly into Canada, and was the route generally pursued by those indomitable Indians. His next step was to march into the country of the Agniers or Mohawks, the most formidable member of the famous Confederation, at the head of the Carignan Regiment. The time was well chosen for such an expedition. It was in the winter when the warriors of the tribe were mostly absent on the hunting or war-path, and the French succeeded in inflicting a blow on their enemies which gave them a peace of some eighteen years' duration. In this expedition St. Castine distinguished himself, although the mode of warfare must have struck him as in strange contrast with what he had been familiar with in Europe.

Some time after the events just referred to, permission was given to the regiment to disband and settle in the country, or to return to France. A number of the officers and men returned home with M. de Tracy, but the majority accepted the offers made them by the Government. St. Castine and other officers received several valuable tracts of land, and the soldiers who had been under them cheerfully agreed to settle on their seigneuries as the *censitaires.* Nearly all of the regiment who remained in the colony settled on that fertile district which lies to the southward of Montreal, between the Richelieu and the St. Lawrence, and in this way formed a military colony, which could operate at any time against the aggressive Iroquois. So anxious was the Government to make these men comfortable and domesticated, that they imported a number of French women for the bachelors among the new settlers.

St. Castine does not appear to have remained long in his new seigneurie by the Richelieu, for we find him living in the year 1667 at the mouth of the Pentagouet, now the Penobscot, in a house which he had erected close to the fort, built some time previously by M. D'Aulnay de Charnisay, the rival of La Tour. This fort is described as comprising a small chapel, and a magazine of stone, besides some small buildings, little better than log-huts, for the use of the inmates. In 1670, when the fort was given up by the Chevalier de Grand Fontaine, the Governor of Acadia, it was defended by 3 guns, 6 pounders, 2 four-pounders and culverins, 2 three-pounders, and on a small platform close to the water, outside of the fort, 2 eight-pounders, in all twelve iron guns, weighing 21,122 lbs. The fort, however, was never at any time a very formidable affair, although its position was such as to make it an important base of operations against the English colonists. At a very short notice the Indians could come down the river, and from different parts of Acadia, and attack the New Englanders, who had settled in the adjoining country or on the sea-coast.

St. Castine fraternized immediately with the Indians of the surrounding country—

the *censitaire* no more dreamed of interfering in the management of his own affairs than of interfering in the Government of China. . . . . . . It is probable that if the municipal system had been firmly established in the French colonies,—if there had been in them provincial assemblies and some degree of freedom of opinion, the Government relieved from cares and details which are not within its province, would have found leisure to perform the duties of its position, which in case of need would have been more easily recalled to its recollection.—*Rameau, France aux Colonies, II.*, 64.

chiefly Abenakis *—a branch of the Algonquin family—and married the daughter of Madockawando, chief Sachem of the Eastern tribes. These Abenakis appear to have been the firm friends of the French, and to have been always ready to carry the scalping knife into the British settlements. St. Castine carried on a very profitable trade with his Indian neighbors, and exercised such influence over them in the course of time that they would rise at his summons, and march wherever he chose to lead them. The Baron De Hontan—an intelligent but prejudiced writer who visited the Colonies during the time that St. Castine was living at Pentagouet—gives a few particulars of his mode of life:—"He married among them according to their fashion, and preferred the forests of Acadia to the Pyrenean Mountains that surround the place of his nativity. For the first years of his abode with the savages he behaved so as to draw an inexpressible esteem from them. They made him their great Chief or leader, who is in a manner the Sovereign of a nation; and by degrees he has worked himself into such a fortune, which any man but he would have made such use of, as to draw out of that country above two or three hundred thousand crowns which he has now in his pocket in good dry gold. But all the use of it is to buy up goods for presents to his fellow savages, who, upon their return from hunting, present him with beaver and skins to a treble value. . . . The Governors General of Canada keep in with him, and the Governors of New England are afraid of him. He has several daughters, who are all of them married very handsomely to Frenchmen, and who had good dowries. He has never changed his wife, by which means he would give the savages to understand that God does not love inconstant folks."

We must content ourselves with briefly sketching the leading incidents in St. Castine's life at Pentagouet, where he remained over thirty years altogether. As the extract we have given shows, he was much feared by the New Englanders, for he was one of those impetuous, daring spirits, always ready to resist any thing like an insult or an injury—always willing to take up the sword when a favorable opportunity for harassing his English neighbors offered. As the English had settled and erected a fort at Pemaquid, not far from Pentagouet, difficulties were constantly arising between the rival settlements, even in the time of peace.

St. Castine appears to have carried on a considerable illicit trade with the Indians, as well as with the New England colonies, and to have consequently incurred the displeasure of his own government, who sent out orders in 1687 to M. de Mannevall, then governor of Acadia, to remonstrate with him on his mode of life. Indeed, at that time he appears to have sunk into a mere trader, and to have forgotton all his old associations. Some years later, however, he awoke from his apathy and showed himself once more the brave soldier and loyal Frenchman.

The first blow St. Castine received was directed against his traffic, by the New England Government. In the year 1687, Sir Edmund Andros, Governor-in-chief, determined to make an effort to drive off the French from the settlements they had made as far as St. Croix. At Pemaquid he embarked on the "Rose," a British frigate, and proceeded to the Penobscot for the purpose of intimidating St. Castine. Sir Edmund caused his ship to be anchored "before St. Castine's door," and sent an officer to announce his arrival, but the French, instead of conferring with the English, fled into the woods. "The Governor landed with other gentlemen, and went into the house, and found a small altar in the common room," but they did not interfere with the altar or the pictures, or the ornaments. They "took away all the arms, powder, shot, iron kettles, and some trucking-cloth, and his chairs; all of which

* The Etchemins, or Canoemen, dwelt not only on the St. John river, the Ouygondy of the natives, but on the St. Croix, which Champlain always called from their name, and extended as far west, at least as Mount Desert. Next to these came the Abenakis, of whom one tribe has left its name to the Penobscot, and another to the Androscoggin; while a third, under the auspices of the Jesuits had its chapel and fixed abode in the fertile fields of Norridgewock. The Micmacs occupied the east of the continent, holding possession of Nova Scotia and the adjacent Islands. —BANCROFT, III. 237-8.

were put aboard the 'Rose,' and laid up in order to a condemnation of trading." Andros had intended to repair the old English fort on Penobscot, and had taken with him working materials for the purpose, but finding the old work gone to ruin "was resolved to spare that charge till a more proper time offered." He then returned to Pemaquid, having informed St. Castine, through some Indian messengers, that his property should be restored as soon as he would came to that place, and profess allegiance to the King of England. Apprehensive that St. Castine might arouse the Indians, Andros summoned the Indian Chiefs of the neighborhood to Pemaquin, where they were "well treated with shirts, rum and trucking-cloth, (probably some of St. Castine's) and His Excellency in a short speech by an interpreter, acquainted them that they should not fear the French, that he would defend them, and ordered them to call home all their young men and they should live quietly and undisturbed." This truce, however, was not of long duration, for St. Castine's influence among the Indians was not to be weakened by any promises of the New Englanders. It was not long before he had an opportunity of revenging himself upon the British for the injury they had done him.

In the course of 1689 war was declared between France and England, and the continent of America again became the arena of active hostilities. In the struggle that ensued St. Castine buckled on his sword once more, and assisted his compatriots most materially in their attacks upon the British colonies. In the year 1690, the Governor of Canada, Count de Frontenac, organized three expeditions for a simultaneous onslaught on three important points. The first party, led by d'Ailleboust de Hertel, and Lemoine de St. Hélène, and comprising among the volunteers the famous d'Iberville, marched in the depth of winter on Corlaer, now Schenectady, and surprising the inhabitants at night-time, destroyed the settlement and a considerable number of the unfortunate people, besides taking many prisoners. The second party, under the command of Hertel, destroyed the small fort of Salmon Falls, on the Piscataqua river, and then succeeded in evading the force that mustered against them from the surrounding country. The third party, mostly made up of Abenakis and Indians, under the command of St. Castine, formed a junction with Hertel after his attack on Salmon Falls, and then fell upon Falmouth, on Casco Bay, where the garrison surrendered prisoners of war after a short struggle. The cruelties practised by the Indian allies of the French, during their raids, were of a very aggravated character, and invested the war with additional terrors. The life of the white settler in those days, was one of daily peril. We can picture him ever on the alert as he turns the sod and plants the crop in his little clearing—from time to time hastily seizing his gun, which is never absent from his side, as he mistakes the cry of some forest animal for the yell of the savages as they fall upon his humble cabin.

The next affair of importance in which St. Castine was engaged, was the attack made by the French in the year 1696 upon the fort which had been built not long before, by the British colonists at Pemaquid. This fort—the strongest work of the kind then possessed by the English in America—was situated at the mouth of a small river on the sea-board, and had cost the province of Massachusetts a very considerable sum of money. It was built in the form of a quadrangle, 108 feet in breadth by 747 feet in length; there was a fine parade ground in the middle, and a strong gunpowder magazine, nearly all hollowed out of the solid rock. The walls were six feet thick, and varied from ten to twenty-two feet in height—the highest point being seaward—and were all cemented in lime-mortar of a superior quality. At the south-west corner was a round tower, twenty-four feet in height. The fort was defended by 15 cannon at the time of the attack,—nearly all 12 pounders—and at high tide was almost entirely surrounded by the sea.

M. d'Iberville, one of the most distinguished men whom Canada can claim as her own, was given charge of the expedition sent out by the French to operate against the British forts in Hudson's Bay, Acadia, and Newfoundland, and set sail from Rochefort in the spring of 1696. He first anchored on this side of the Atlantic,

in the noble harbor of Sydney—then known as Baie, or Rivière des Espagnols—Isle Royale, where he found a messenger from M. de Villebon, the Governor of Acadia, with the intelligence that three British vessels of war were cruising off the River St. John in expectation of his arrival. The French ships, the "Profond," and the "Envieux," took on board a number of Indians at Spanish Bay, and then set sail for the Bay of Fundy, where M. d'Iberville hoped to surprise the English ships.

The French met the British vessels in the Bay, and succeeded in capturing the "Newport," a brig of 24 guns; but the others escaped in a fog. After a few days delay at St. John for the purpose of landing supplies for the use of M. de Villebon, d'Iberville sailed for Pentagouet, where St. Castine, with a large number of Indians, was awaiting his arrival. The French entertained the Indians at a great feast, and distributed a large quantity of presents amongst them; and then having made all their preparations, they proceeded against the fort William Henry, which was defended by Col. Chubb, and some 90 men. When the Commandant was called upon to surrender, he replied that: "though the sea were covered with French vessels, and the land with Indians, he should not surrender unless forced to do so." Then the siege commenced in earnest—several batteries were erected, and the French commenced to throw bombs into the fort. Thereupon, the garrison were thrown into much confusion; which was considerably increased when St. Castine again called on them to surrender, and told them that if they continued the defence much longer, the Indians would become so exasperated as to massacre all who might remain in the fort when it fell, as it must sooner or later. The defenders became so intimidated at last, that they forced Col. Chubb to offer to surrender the fort, provided the lives of all were guaranteed against the Indians; and they were taken to Boston to be exchanged for French prisoners at that time in the hands of the British. The terms were accepted; and then the French entered the fort, which was well supplied with food and military stores, and could have stood out for a long time, if the garrison had not taken fright at the threats of the French. In the fort, says Charlevoix, was found a Canibat Indian, in irons, and at the point of death. An order was also found from the Governor of Massachusetts for the death of the poor creature. His fetters were soon struck off; but the facts of his imprisonment and contemplated death were kept from the Indian allies, who would probably have sought to revenge him on the British soldiers. A few days later, the prisoners were sent to Boston; and the fort was razed to the ground.

St. Castine appears to have remained at Pentagouet, carrying on his lucrative trade with the Indians, after the treaty of peace signed at Ryswick, in 1697, when Acadia was again declared to be French territory. But war broke out in the commencement of the next century; and this continent again became the scene of the most cruel and relentless warfare. The Abenakis were incited by the French of Canada to join a number of Canadians; and the combined forces then ravaged that part of New England, which lies between Casco and Wells. The atrocities that were committed during these raids are beyond description. "Cruelty," said Bancroft": "became an art; and honor was awarded to the most skilful contriver of tortures. The prowling Indian seemed near every farm-house; many an individual was suddenly snatched away into captivity. If armed men rousing for the attack, penetrated to the fastnesses of their roving enemy, they found nothing but solitudes." These atrocities were continued for years; and all New England was in mourning. "Children as they gamboled on the beach; reapers, as they gathered the harvest; mowers, as they rested from using the scythe; mothers, as they busied themselves about the household, were victims to an enemy who disappeared the moment a blow was struck; and who was ever present where a garrison or a family ceased its vigilance."

The New Englanders promptly retaliated by expeditions against the French ports in different parts of Acadia. One Colonel Clench was very active in these expeditions; which were conducted with much energy, and inflicted a great deal of damage on the French settlers. Among other places

visited was Pentagouet, where several members of St. Castine's family were taken prisoners, and carried to Boston, where they remained for some time till they were exchanged. At this time, the St. Castines, father and son, appear to have been absent in France, where the former had come into possession of considerable landed estates.

In the spring of 1707, an expedition was organized in New England, for an attack upon Port Royal, which was then held by M. de Subercase. This expedition was commanded by Colonel March, and consisted of 200 infantry, in 23 transports, under the convoy of two men-of-war. They arrived off Port Royal on the 6th June, to the great surprise of the French, who, however, were soon rallied to the defence by the Governor. Bodies of men were sent out to harass the enemy in the woods, and retard their approach to the fort as long as possible. In this way, the English were arrested for some days in their progress; but at last, on the third day after their arrival, they came within a short distance of the fort, which was then defended by the inhabitants who had been called in from the surrounding country. M. de Subercase was obliged, however, to burn down a number of buildings in the vicinity of the fort, as he was unable to hold them; and was afraid of them falling into the possession of the enemy. The English then commenced to lay a regular siege to the fort; but the French opposed them with great bravery and success. The Baron St. Castine was among the French at the head of a small body of Indians; and took a very conspicuous part in defending the fort. On one occassion, he made a sortie with a number of Indians and French, and forced the British to retire to their camp with considerable loss. On the 16th June, the French had intimations from their scouts that the enemy was preparing for a combined movement on the fort; and they were therefore fully prepared on the same night when they heard the muffled sound of a large body of men moving towards the walls. When the British came within gunshot, the cannon of the fort commenced to play briskly to the great consternation of the former who had thought to surprise the French. The knowledge that the French were prepared for them, appears to have disconcerted them, for after burning a frigate and some smaller vessels which were lying at anchor, close to the fort, they retired to their trenches. Next day, they re-embarked on board their vessels, having lost nearly a hundred of their men, and set sail for New England. M. de Subercase, in a letter subsequently written to the French Government attributed the success of the French, in a great measure, to the opportune arrival of the Baron St. Castine.

The failure of this expedition caused much astonishment and indignation throughout New England, where its success had been confidently expected, and it was at once determined to make another effort to reduce the fort. Col. March, on the plea of ill health, gave up the command to Major Wainwright, and the expedition arrived in the basin of Port Royal on the 20th August; but the French were very little better prepared for this second visit, though they had been reinforced by the crew of a frigate commanded by M. de Bonaventure. The English, fortunately for the French, were very dilatory in their movements, and gave the Governor sufficient time to re-assemble all the inhabitants for the defence of the works.

On the evening of the 21st August, the English landed on the side opposite to the fort, and marched at once through the woods until they reached a favorable position, about a mile from the French, where they encamped. A party of over a hundred Indians and *habitans* were immediately sent out by Subercase to some points on the river above the English, with the view of protecting the French property, and surprising the enemy if possible. On the evening of the 23rd, a party of the English was sent from the main body for a reconnoissance, but the officer commanding the advanced guard failed to take the proper precautions, and was caught in an ambuscade and killed, together with a number of his men. Several prisoners were also taken and brought to the fort, and from one of these it was ascertained that the English proposed landing their artillery in the course of the night. Therefore the Governor ordered fires to be lighted along the river as soon as the tide commenced to rise, and this precau-

tion having been taken, the English could not succeed in landing their artillery.

The English appear to have been outgeneralled in every direction, and to have been placed in an awkward predicament. They were unable to reach the position they required in order to operate effectually against the fort, and had, moreover, the mortification of seeing the French making trenches in the very place where it had been proposed to draw up the attacking forces. The Indians and French kept up a constant fire, and were worrying the British on every side. On the afternoon of the 24th August, forty or fifty men were sent down to the river for the purpose of procuring some thatch for the covering of the tents, but nine of the party wandered into an ambuscade, and were all killed. Col. Wainwright, writing about this time to his friends in Boston, confesses that his forces were in a very awkward strait. "If we had the transports with us, it would be impossible without a miracle to recover the ground on the other side, and I believe the French have additional strength every day. In fine, most of the forces are in a distressed state, some in body and some in mind; and the longer they are kept here on the cold ground, the longer it will grow upon them; and I fear the further we proceed the worse the event. God help us!"

The next day, the 25th, the English were obliged to take up another position, and commenced to erect batteries for cannons and mortars, but Subercase forced them to retire to another place, half a league lower down. Even here, however, they were so harrassed by the French and Indians, that they were compelled to make another move, to a point where they were out of the reach of the cannon of the fort. On the 29th the English re-embarked, with the intention of making an effort to reach the other side of the river, but Subercase suspected their design, and made his peparations accordingly. At sunrise, on the last day of the month, the English troops landed under the protection of the guns of the fleet, and commenced their march in the direction of a point of land thickly covered with wood. Here the Baron St. Castine was awaiting their arrival with a force of a hundred and fifty men, and the moment they came within pistol shot, he ordered his men to open on them. For a few minutes the English were disposed to force their way forward, but as the fire of the French did not appear to slacken, and they were ignorant of the number of the enemy in ambush, they began to retreat toward the shallops on the shore. Chevalier de la Boulardine was detailed by Subercase to attack the retreating forces, but he was getting rather the worst of the encounter—having received several severe wounds himself—when St. Castine and Saillant came to the rescue. A hot contest then ensued. and the two last-mentioned officers were both wounded—the latter mortally. Finally the English succeeded in embarking after having suffered very severe losses, and in the course of the next day left the basin. The New Englanders were naturally much dejected at the second failure of an expedition which had cost them so much money, but they did not attempt a third attack till some years afterwards, when they were finally rewarded with success.

The elder St. Castine now disappears from history. After the events just narrated, he appears to have left Acadia and taken up his residence in Bearn, where he soon died at an advanced age. Anselme, his son by his Indian Baroness, however, remained in Acadia, and assisted in the defence of Port Royal, when it fell before the New Englanders, under Nicholson. He was married at that place on the 31st October, 1707 to Charlotte D'Amours, the daughter of Louis D'Amours, Sieur de Chauffours. In 1711 he was appointed by the Marquis de Vaudreuil, then Governor of Canada, provisional lieutenant of the king in Acadia. He was taken prisoner on one occasion by the New Englanders, but he succeeded in effecting his escape, and reaching France, where, however, he did not long remain. His Indian propensities soon asserted themselves, and carried him back to America, where we hear of him from time to time up to 1730, when he disappears from sight among the Abenakis. The name of Castine, however. still clings to a town of the sea-board of Maine. situated on the same peninsula where the Baron lived in rude state for so many years among his savage retainers.

At the time we find the last mention of Anselme St. Castine, the British colonies on this continent were giving evidences of a growing prosperity. Boston had become a town of considerable commercial importance.* Settlements had been made in the present State of Vermont, and Connecticut was being rapidly peopled. A small stream of European immigration was annually pouring into Pennsylvania, Virginia, and the Carolinas.

The inhabitants of New England were extending their settlements into Maine and New Hampshire. The great proportion of the population, however, was confined to a narrow range of territory bordering on the Atlantic coast, and the trapper and the trader were the only white men to be seen in the west beyond the Alleghanies. The total population of the British plantations, at this time, was estimated at four hundred thousand souls.

The colonists showed that veneration for religion, and that love of free institutions and education which have long been the most ennobling characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race. "The Charter Governments," says a contemporary writer, "were celebrated for their excellent laws and mild administration, for the security of liberty and property, for the encouragement of virtue and suppression of vice, for promoting letters by erecting free schools and colleges." We can, however, see in their legislation at that day the evidences of that spirit of independence and self-assertion, which, forty years later, led to such important consequences. The Board of Trade had represented in 1730, that "the people of Connecticut and Rhode Island have hitherto affected an independency of the Crown; they have not for many years transmitted any of their laws for consideration, nor any account of their transactions." Such complaints became more frequent in subsequent years.

The Boston *News Letter*, the first newspaper in America, appeared on the 24th of April, 1704; but by 1740 there were no less than eleven published throughout the colonies. In 1721 James Franklin, in conjunction with his brother Benjamin, established the Boston *Courant*, as an organ of independent opinion, and a few years afterwards the Puritan magistrates, always ready to persecute Quakers and all those who differed from them in opinion, had censured the paper and imprisoned its publisher on account of some article which he had published, not quite in accordance with the views of the majority.

If we turn now to the French colonies, we can trace step by step the progress of the vast designs which France entertained with reference to this continent. Montreal and Quebec were already the principal towns of New France, and the whole colonial domain had been divided sometime during 1721 into 82 parishes, of which 48 were allotted to the Northern and 34 to the Southern side of the St. Lawrence. The whole population of Canada did not exceed 25,000 souls, of whom 700 were at Quebec, and 300 at Montreal. Peltry was the main article of trade, and the fisheries were as yet prosecuted on a very small scale below Quebec. Forts had been erected at Frontenac, at Mackinaw, at Detroit, on the Illinois, and on the borders of the Gulf of Mexico, at the mouth of the Mississippi. Port Royal and Acadia had remained, however, in the possession of the English after the capture of the former place by Nicholson. Isle Royale and St. John's (P.E. Island) were alone held by the French, and a noble fortress had been commenced in 1720, on the south-eastern coast of the former Island, justly considered the key to the St, Lawrence. The people of Canada at that time were mostly poor, and at times had a struggle for the actual necessaries of life. The Home Government did not seem to understand the real wants and condition of the colony, and being constantly engaged in expensive wars in Europe was unable to give that thorough attention to Colonial affairs which they imperatively required. The system of Government, as we have previously intimated, was not calculated to promote the liberty and stimulate the self-reliance and energies of the people, and it says a great deal for the patriotism and bravery of the French in America, that they were able to contend as long as they did with the energetic and warlike people of

* In 1738 there were built in Boston forty-one top-sail vessels, burden in all six thousand three hundred and twenty-four tons.—BANCROFT, III., 369.

the British Colonies, who were always jealous of their neighborhood, and resolved on preventing their progress.

Nearly a century and a half has passed since the times of which we have been writing, and the very names of the men who worked so laboriously and courageously to build up a New France in America are forgotten by all except the scholar. Of the noble dominion France once possessed, she now only possesses two barren and insignificant islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The whole aspect of things has altered on this continent. Where England once claimed rights as the Sovereign State, we see a mighty nation with a population of nearly forty millions,—exhibiting in their energy, perseverance, and self-reliance the best of the qualities of those races who seem destined to build up many Empires,—to form "Greater Britains" over the face of the globe. Where France once reigned supreme, England now claims dominion.—Prosperous communities, already counting their aggregate population by millions, have grown up by the Atlantic, and by the borders of the St. Lawrence and the great lakes, and no portion of the inhabitants show a more loyal devotion to England than the people who speak the French language and profess the religion of the majority of France. Acadia, where De Monts, De Poutrincourt, La Tour, and St. Castine struggled and fought, is the home of an energetic and high-spirited people, who have accumulated considerable wealth out of the great resources that abound in the soil and in the waters around them, and who must have a noble future before them if they are but true to their best interests. In different parts of Acadia can still be seen settlements of the descendants of the race who once fought against England for the dominion in America; but, like their compatriots in the Province of Quebec, they have no aspirations for the old *regime*. Still the traveller can see in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick the same faces that he may meet with in old Normandy. The language of the majority is at the best a *patois*, and the English language has as yet made surprisingly little headway among them, for the Acadian is remarkably tenacious of old customs, and little disposed to change. They are simple in their habits, fond of amusements, and easily satisfied; and though they may be wanting in energy and enterprize, qualities especially valuable in provinces like these, yet we would not willingly see them disappear by becoming absorbed in the majority, for like many of the names of our rivers, bays, and headlands they help to remind us that we are not without a history of our own, and to recall those stirring times when the English and French contended for supremacy in this country.

PROMETHEUS VINCTUS.

BY JOHN READE.

Ah me! this weary burden of a life,
That must be borne because my sin was great!
Ah me! this restless force of frenzied strife,
With which in vain I struggle with my fate!

And yet high Heaven is just that sends these pains;
That gnaw my bleeding vitals day and night,
And heart and soul to this hard rock enchains,
Near which I ventured, trusting in my might.

For with forbidden fire I dared to stir
The slow course of my blood to quicken bliss,—
Thy bliss was madness, fiery sorcerer!
And all thy transient joy has come to this!

These scornful, captive eyes, I'm doomed to raise,
And parched and cursing lips and craving brain,
Forever (must it be?) to that fierce blaze,
From which I drew my madness and my pain.

Sometimes I fancy that I sleep, and sweet
Soft-saddened echoes round my senses flow,
Of days long past; and at my fevered feet,
Ocean's bright nymphs with songs of gladness go.

At such times I am free a little while,
And touch their garment's hem with loving hand,
As on they dance with music in their smile,
To where the wild sea-chorus surges grand.

But ever, as I think my torments o'er,
The vulture-fiend, as with a poisoned dart,
Pierces my trembling soul into the core;
And from my dream I waken with a start.

Ah me! ah me! this maddening, quenchless fire!
Ah me! this rock, these fetters of a slave!
Ah me! this vulture's, ceaseless, ravenous ire!
Ah me! this deathless death, this living grave!

Oh! how my soul cries upward for the day,
When I shall burst these fetters and be free!
Oh! that redemption from this thrall, I pray,
Kind Heaven, in mercy, yet may bring to me!

POST-OFFICE GLIMPSES.

BY J. WOODROW, ST. JOHN, N.B.

No. I.—Reading Character.

The phrenologist will pass his hand over the bumps of your head, and will tell you with surprising distinctness what you are good for—whether you are good for anything—whether you are even or uneven in your manner—whether you can be trusted—whether your character is of a noble description or otherwise—whether you like or dislike the ladies; and he'll say—

> "He can tell in a minute,
> What fate will be yours when you wed,
> That the heart has no passion within it,
> Unless its engraved on the head."

The physiognomist can see in your features traces of your life, whether it is happy or marred by sorrow—whether pure or stained with sin—whether it is of the reverent or irreverent—whether you are superstitious or otherwise—whether bigoted or liberal-minded—whether you are a Calvinist or Arminian, a Methodist or Congregationalist, a Baptist or a Pædo-Baptist.

> "With ease he'll trace
> The soul's reflection in the face;
> He'll tell you by the lines and crosses,
> Crooked mouth or short proboscis."

> "For of the soul the body form doth take,
> For soul is form and doth the body make."

The experienced cook can generally tell by the appearance of the outward man the character of the bill-of-fare he will appreciate, or if he does not see him the description of another will be somewhat of a guide. A cook was once instructed to get ready a dinner for a number of parsons.

"Please, sir, are they Low Church or 'Igh Church?" said the cook.

"Why do you ask?" said the gentleman; "what's the difference?"

"The difference, sir!" said the cook; "if they are the one they will *h*eat most, if the other, they will drink most."

So the story runs, whether it is true or false the writer knoweth not.

The little urchin that sells newspapers, if he is experienced and wide-awake, will tell, as the man approaches, whether, if he buys a paper, it will be the *Morning Thunderer* or the *Acadian Scratcher*, whether the man himself is a Confederate or an Anti, a Conservative or a Liberal, a Bleu or a Rouge.

Not always, you will say, do outward appearances indicate the character. Appearances sometimes deceive. Byron says:

> "The deepest ice that ever froze
> Can only o'er the surface close."

Moore says:

> "And many a sage and learned skull
> Has peep'd through windows dark and dull."

But, as a general rule, the physiognomist who makes certain allowances will see the character in the face, the mouth and the head.

An observing post-office clerk can read the character of large numbers of people presenting themselves. He notices a vast difference in the style of approach. One man comes moderate, another immoderate; one slow, another fast; one reasonable, another unreasonable. As the old saying goes, one comes forward as if he marched solemnly and grandly to the tune of Old Hundred: "By—the—day, by—the—day, by—the—day!" Another man comes along as if he trotted to the tune of Yankee Doodle: "By—the—job—job—job! by—the—job—job—job!" if it is allowable to borrow the illustration.

Let me introduce you first to Mr. Hurry Up. No matter who is ahead, he calls out his number. He will be attended to at once, whether in his turn or otherwise. He will push everybody aside; his voice quick, his number repeated two or three times in succession. He annoys the window clerk and offends those who have a prior right. You

know that if you follow him to the Bank he will annoy everybody around him; he confuses the teller, and gets in the way of all hands. Follow him to his store, he has his clerks in confusion, his office unsystematic, and all are in an uproar. You are satisfied he wastes time by his undue haste and unsystematic manner. You wonder how he is in his house, in the bosom of his family. He opens the door hastily, slams it behind him, rushes to his dining-room expecting dinner on the table waiting his arrival, neither too hot, not too cold. If disappointed he hastens to the kitchen, upsets some of the crockery, and hurries the cook round; and, when he does sit down, gets something hot in his mouth which he is trying to swallow without chewing, makes a dash for the cold water, which he spills over his daughter's dress, and as soon as dinner is bolted down, makes a rush for his hat and strides off again. Such a man worries his wife, makes her mind his orders, and his children clear the track when he comes in sight for fear he should stumble over them.

We next come to Mr. Slow Mann. Slowly he moves, slowly he approaches the wicket. The clerk waits to hear his wishes. As his turn comes he hesitates. Another man in a greater hurry makes his own wants known. Our slow friend steps back, and allows the new comer to take his place; steps back again and gives way to a second and a third; allows every one to push him aside, until the coast is clear, and then in a timid voice, speaks out. He is attended to, and passes away. You know his character, he is a slow man. His is not the get-out-of-my-way style. He is easily pushed to one side; his clerks become his masters; he loses much precious time at the post-office, the Bank, the custom-house, and in every place where men congregate. He allowed a rival to carry off his girl and marry her, because he waited too long to propose, or left the field when the stranger made his appearance. And now that he is married, to a lady who did nearly all the courting, and who took advantage of leap-year, he has to wait for dinner till it is convenient for other people to get it ready; and his wife makes him stand round and do as she tells him. "What she bids unargued he obeys," and her "Silence" shuts his mouth if he offers to raise a word against her decrees!

The next in order comes Mr. Snarl E. Yow. You have heard of him, perhaps, as an active man in all the charitable associations of the day; his name is on innumerable subscription lists. Before he leaves he speaks to you in a snarling, snappish way. The mail from Bangor did not arrive at Calais until fourteen hours after its time, and his Boston or New York paper has not come. Without inquiring the reason of its absence, he abuses the post-office clerks, and accuses some one of neglect of duty, or misappropriation. You know if you follow that man to church, of which perhaps he is one of the leading men, you will find him snarling at all within his reach, from the minister down. You might be sure such a man would go to another denomination the first time you refused to re-elect him to some important position he held, and you would most likely see a notice like the following in the *Religious Telescope*:—

"Important Conversion.—The able and generous Mr. Jonas Snarl E. Yow has become convinced that the Calvinist Church is in error, and will lend all his ability and his means to spread the principles of the Lutheran Church, to which he has become a convert."

Mr. Good Nature now comes along. He is a mild-looking man, neither in a hurry nor half asleep. Quietly he comes and goes day after day, and is promptly attended to. Everybody likes to wait on such a man; and one feels that he is a kind man in his own house,—not a domineering husband, but a man who is civil and obliging to his wife, and good-natured to all with whom he comes in contact,—in the store, the church, the Bank, and, in short, everywhere. You think of such a man as one whose character is even, and you feel that you can place reliance there.

Mr. Josiah Absent Mind lays a letter on the window, and buys a postage stamp. Wetting the stamp, he puts it carefully on the head of his cane, and the letter would go unpaid if the clerk did not call his attention. Follow that man. You may be sure he will hand his wallet to the clerk of yonder dry-goods store and turn to leave, until reminded that all the clerk wanted

was twenty cents, the price of a box of Willis's paper-collars; or you may be sure if it was not for the watchful care of his wife, he would go down with his vest wrong side out. One day he lit his pipe with a five-dollar bill; and on another occasion he blew out the gas, forgetting all the time it was not a nine-penny candle.

You will now get an introduction to some of the ladies. "Is there a letter for Nelly Bly?" says a young lady, rising on her toes every time she addresses the clerk. You may rest assured that in nine cases out of ten she is of an uneven disposition—up to-day, and down to-morrow. To-day she will make a great ado if you meet her; to-morrow you will scarcely get a nod of recognition. The young man who accompanies her home to-night, and gets a pressing invitation to walk in and sit awhile, and who accepts the invitation, will, when he calls next week at her urgent request find her very cold and distant. That young man to whom she gave such encouragement last week, will find this week she has taken up with somebody else, and that she gives him the cold shoulder. If she is a church member, you will find her at the prayer-meeting one night in the seventh heaven of ecstacy, and two or three weeks hence her seat is vacant; and if you ask her how she came to be absent, she will tell you that the members of the church have grown cold, prayer-meetings dull, and no good done! Such as she are—

"Like the sunshine of an April day."

Another young lady comes along, and asks for Sarah K. A. Meleon. The clerk gave her a letter for Miss Jones yesterday; last week she was Miss Brown,; and next week she will be Lucy Long. The clerk has his thoughts, but says nothing.

You see another young lady approach. Pleasant in her manner, modest in her mien,—not a modesty put on for the occasion. Neither too familiar, nor too distant; neither too slow, nor in too great a hurry; with neither an outright giggle, nor a solemn, mournful face,—she makes her request known. As she retires, one feels that she is a prize in the great lottery to which some lucky and perhaps worthy young man will succeed; that she will make a home happy, and give pleasure to those who may be drawn around her. You feel that such a one is reliable in the church, and in the household, everywhere.

"What is beauty? Not the show
Of shapely limbs and features!
These are but flowers
That have their dated hours,
To breathe their momentary sweets, then go,
Oh, no! 'tis the stainless soul within."

As the stream of life flows back and forth through the Post-Office hall, a window-clerk has splendid opportunities of studying the varieties of human character. We will at a future day go behind the scenes, and get a peep unobserved.

ON MILLAIS' PICTURE:

"DEATH SHOOTING FLAMING ARROWS BY NIGHT INTO A WALLED CITY."

BY JOHN J. PROCTOR.

The city is fenced all round, and the sentinel paceth the wall,
"Naught shall enter," saith he, "be it for good or for ill;"
But the joys and griefs of life come, as their wont is, to garret and hall,
For the archer outside, as he ever hath shot, is shooting still.

No common archer is he, and his bow is a bow of might;
Daintily grim, as he stands, his bones are easily seen;
But, daintily grim as he stands, his arrows are arrows of light,
And blaze not with earthly wrath, but with Heaven's own mercy, I ween.

We make a bugbear of Death, and, lo! we cry out on Life!
Naught will suit us, it seems; we wish to die, and yet live!
We sigh for Death's fleshless ease, yet we cling to Life's fleshly strife,
And God gives us both our wishes, as only His love can give.

For lo! in His infinite wisdom and pity, He reconciles both,
Makes Life the one road to Death, and Death Life-eternal's gate.
We fence ourselves in 'gainst His mercy, to live or die equally loth,
But His love will not be denied, and the archer hits soon or late.

There, in the dark night of man, all gruesome and laidly he stands,
Guarded against, and watched, and recognized only as foe,
But God gives His light to the arrows that rush from His angel's hands,
And makes us a friend of our foeman, and sets our darkness aglow.

And still as the archer shooteth the pilot steereth no more,
And the vessel of life is left to the guidance of other hands;
Good need that it should be so, for she neareth another shore,
And the land that gives her a haven is not among earthly lands.

The revellers sit at the banquet, and round them gathers the night,
Little reck they of the bowman that stands out there in the gloom.
Yet better for them than the music, the perfumes, the wines, and the light,
Is the bolt of the laidly archer that stays their joy with his doom.

What! hath he stricken the brain, and the animal pleasures of life,
And aimeth again?—at what? O archer! thou aimest at Love!
Yet strike, since God bids thee strike, at the breast of husband and wife,
And fail, though thou pierce the heart. Love lives with the Throne above.

But ever the sentinel paceth his rounds, and crieth, "All's well;"
He marks not the flaming bolts that speed on the mission of Death,
Yet he stumbles upon the truth, and the toll of the funeral bell
Proclaims unto Heaven and Earth that it is as the sentinel saith.

RESPONSIBILITY.

A LEAF FROM EVERY-DAY SUBJECTS.

BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL.

"Don't do it, Edward!" and the lady as she spoke, laid her hand upon the arm of a fine-looking young man, who, steadying something in a glass, was about opening the hall door.

"Why not, Aunt?" was the somewhat impatiently given reply. "The air is raw and cold, the man probably wet with the splashing of the water upon him, and so the spirits will do him no harm; these people always expect something, it is a regular custom you know."

"That is no reason why it should be a good one. There are too many bad customs, unfortunately, and this is one of them. Don't follow a multitude to do evil. Who knows you may be giving the last push to a fellow creature, that may send him over the hill to ruin. Don't do it!"

"You think too seriously of these things, Aunt. I don't see the harm myself," was the lightly given reply of the young man, as he turned back into the dining-room and placed the glass of whiskey upon the table, "nevertheless, for peace sake, I suppose I must let you have your way. Milly," he continued, laughing and turning to his young wife, who was busy putting sugar and cream into the three breakfast-cups before her, "here is Aunt positively forbidding my giving a glass of whiskey to the waterman this raw morning, and he, perhaps, dripping wet for all she knows. Kind, isn't it, of her? How mean the fellow will think me."

"Never mind that, dear," was the smiling response, "I think aunt is right; it is too early in the morning for such things, and you may make him crave more, and perhaps send him home drunk in the evening to his wife, which would be a mistaken kindness, would it not? Call him into the hall, and I will give him a cup of tea and a warm roll instead."

"There, Edward," said she a few minutes after, as she triumphantly set down the empty cup and saucer, "if you had seen how grateful the man was for the hot tea, you would not be in a hurry to offer spirits again. He smacked his lips, and said, 'That's better than grog, ma'am, and won't do so much mischief neither, though 'tisn't every body as thinks that, more 's the pity.'"

"More 's the pity, indeed," echoed the elder lady. "More bodies and souls of the lower classes are ruined by the mistaken kindness—as you may well call it—of their masters than we have any idea of. As employers we have a fearful responsibility resting upon us, if we set stumbling-blocks in the way of those in a manner under our care. Our position is a trust, and if we are unfaithful to it their blood will be required at our hands. One glass of spirits offered by a gentleman, whom a working man might be ashamed to refuse, or might not wish to disoblige, might do irreparable mischief. In fact," said the old lady sadly, as she gazed thoughtfully into the fire, "eternity alone will reveal what mischief such acts have done. It is a solemn thought that of being Satan's agents to tempt to sin, yet we often are, and the time may come when he may triumphantly hail many of us as fellow-workers."

"God forbid," ejaculated the young wife with a shudder, "it is too terrible to think of. Have you ever seen any cases, Aunty, of people ruined in this way, who were able to lay the blame clearly at the door of their employers?"

"In my long life I have, too many of them, and last week, before I left home, another sad one was added to the list. You have heard me often speak of Annie Cushing, Edward," said the old lady, as she spoke turning towards her nephew who nodded assent. "Well last week she dropped dead

suddenly from the effects of continued drinking. You look shocked and sad; and indeed her case is enough to sadden anybody. Annie had been a most upright exemplary woman in every way. She lived for twelve years in one place, honored and respected by her master and mistress, and on their leaving this country for England, as she declined to go with them, they supplied her with every comfort, such as bedding, &c., in case she were taken sick at any time, and begged her to write to them frequently. Of course her good character soon secured her a fresh place, but, alas for her, of a different sort from her last one. Her new employers were rich and kept a number of servants; but paid no regard to their moral or spiritual well-being. The head of the house was a careless easy-going master, who lived freely himself, and saw no harm in others doing so likewise, as long as it did not interfere with his own comfort, and what he considered a proper discharge of their duties towards himself. The kitchen was supplied with strong beer, and such things as are apt to tempt working-people. Upon all feasts and festivals, christenings, holidays, and the like, two or three bottles of whiskey were invariably sent down for the servants to make punch with. Wine was used for soups and jellies liberally; and was constantly open to Annie, who was cook, to use as she liked for such purposes. As might have been expected, many servants left that house with their future prospects blighted, and habits fastened upon them that they could never get rid of. One in particular I knew of, a promising young coachman, was summarily dismissed for falling from the box drunk, and his poor wife and three helpless little ones turned into the street. He cursed the day he had ever entered that house; and bitterly told his master he had robbed him of what he could never repay—a good character and peace of mind. Annie left there after four years: four years written on the pages of her life in sorrow and tears and blood,—blood that cries to the Lord and will yet be avenged by Him. So terribly had the habit of drinking fastened itself upon her, that she was unfit for another place, and had to live with a relation, a sorrow and a disgrace to them. Last week she droped dead from heart disease, caused, the doctor said, by strong drink. So perished poor Annie, cut off in the midst of her sins. Six years ago, she was as bright, neat, and faithful a servant as ever came into a house. I had known her for years: and I can testify to her worth, though I was powerless to save her. You will not wonder now," continued the old lady, as she wiped away some tears: "that I feel strongly upon the subject."

"No indeed," answered the manly voice of her nephew; "I knew that brewers' and distillers' people, as well as barmen, and those employed about hotels and taverns frequently fall victims to temptation; but I had no idea that private servants were subject to the same; though, of course, as human nature is weak, a like cause might bring about a like result; and it behoves us all to be careful. But I must be off to my office. If it be any comfort to you, however, I shall say that as long as I live, I shall never offer a servant or dependent of any sort, a drop of strong liquor again; so help me God."

"Amen!" was the fervent response of his two listeners.

A short while after—just that length of time, hard to measure, which young wives take to say good-bye to their husbands when parting in the mornings; time usefully employed, no doubt—time needed to pick off a thread here, and a bit of dust there, to give the finishing touch to a necktie bow—to straighten up a shirt collar, or smooth a wrinkle. Ah well, reader, you may laugh; but it is not lost time after all—it is the woof and web of influence and spins the tiny invisible thread by which a good wife guides and holds the heart of her husband. Well this very indefinite space of time elapsed ere Milly returned to her Aunt with a face so soft and eyes so tender and glistening, that she looked as if the wrinkle-smoothing business had been mutual. Ah, sad is the day in that wedded life when the wrinkle-smoothing business fails,—dies out—and that stock of nameless nothings—yet everythings—if love is anything—becomes bankrupt.

After ringing for the maid to carry away the breakfast things which her thoughtful Aunt had already gathered and placed upon the tray, Milly took up her work and seated

herself by the fire opposite the old lady, who was apparently very busy counting and dropping stitches in some intricate sort of knitting ladies of her age are very fond of carrying about with them.

"Aunty," she remarked: "Will I interrupt you if I speak to you?"

"No dear; not now. I have just finished my row of holes, and have a good bit of plain knitting before me, What were you going to say?"

"Why, I think as the morning is damp and raw, you had better put off your shopping till after dinner; you will have plenty of time to do it before you go. I want to have a long talk with you about servants. What a very serious matter that of one's responsibility with regard to them is. Does it hold good in all matters, do you think?"

"What matters do you mean?"

"Well, it is not easy to explain; but if servants go wrong in any way—turn out badly—are we always responsible? Every one says they are so bad that I am almost afraid to be a housekeeper."

"You need not be, my dear," was the grave reply. "Those who complain most and change most are generally greatly in fault themselves. Do your duty faithfully day by day; set them a good example; look well after them; be patient and painstaking, and if they try to please, let them see you appreciate it, and you need not fear the result. If they do not suit, tell them so, you are not obliged to keep a maid if she does not do your work properly; but don't change for trifles, for in changing servants you often only change faults."

"I am very nervous about managing," murmured the young wife, with a blush. "I am afraid I shall not make a good housekeeper. I told Edward so, and I wanted him to wait a little; but he thought experience would be my best teacher, and he wouldn't."

"I think he was right," said the old lady, as she smilingly peeped over her spectacles at the honest, earnest, young face before her. "I don't believe in waiting myself; 'there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.' You promise very fair as a housekeeper, from what I can see. 'Rome was not built in a day,' you know. But to return to the subject of servants, if you want an old woman's advice take an interest in them; don't look upon them as human machines wound up in the morning and set a-going for all day. Think of them as fellow-creatures with affections and feelings, like yourself, and above all, with souls to be saved or lost. I am afraid a great deal of the outcry against servants is due to the apathy of employers on their behalf. I saw an instance of this in passing through on my way down here. Staying for a week at the Lenards', who are distant relations of mine, I noticed that the cook, a fine handsome girl, went out every evening at seven, and did not come home till nine or ten. I therefore took the liberty of saying to her mistress: "Hetty, I see that Mary goes out every night after dark; do you know where she goes and who comes home with her?"

"No I do not; how should I? I never enquired; it is none of my business where she goes."

"Pardon me if I think it is then. It is not good for her morals to be allowed such unwise indulgence."

"Oh, her morals; I have nothing to do with her morals. As long as she does my work properly and suits me as a servant, I have nothing further to do with her; she must look after those herself; she is old enough. I have quite as much as I can do, without troubling myself about the private affairs of my servants."

"Depend upon it then, Hetty, if they go wrong you are responsible, and the sin is laid at your door. While young girls are with you, you are in the position of guardian, and in some cases almost of mother to them. If anything happens to Mary you will be to blame for it, and need not say, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' I knew a case of negligence of this sort, that the lady, a Christian woman, had cause to deplore afterwards. She had an orphan girl living with her, but beyond the ordinary intercourse between mistress and servant, thought it no part of her duty to concern herself about her, and knew nothing of the company she kept when out of the house. One day she told her she was going to be married. A little annoyance at the thought of losing her,

and a little coldness shown by her mistress, chilled the girl, and no information was given, where no confidence was sought. Shortly after, she left to be married, perfectly ignorant of the man's character to whom she was intrusting herself, and having no one to take an interest in her. The consequence was no marriage ever took place; and about a year after the lady on visiting a charitable hospital, met her late servant there sick and in much affliction. In her anguish she reproached her mistress, in no measured terms, for her unfaithfulness and neglect of duty towards her, and plainly charged her with being the cause of her present distress. So conscience-stricken was the lady that she at once took the girl back into her service, and so effectually tried to repair the mischief her want of care had done, that some years after, the girl was comfortably married to a respectable man who knew her history, yet pitied and esteemed her. Hetty was so touched by my little tale that she promised to look better after Mary for the future and all the others as well. I think where mistresses often fail, is in not making themselves acquainted with the personal history and family matters of their girls, encouraging their confidences, so as to give them advice. So much is in the power of a kind, wise adviser in a position above themselves, they feel it and appreciate it. I don't mean in talking with your servants to encourage anything like gossip, or chatting about other places they have lived in—that crush in the bud, discourage it at once, or your own self-respect would be lost and your power over the girl gone forever—but as her own own private joys and sorrows need an outlet, none surely so safe as a sympathizing Christian mistress. But we had better close the subject now, I do not want to tire you; and here is Annie coming to sweep the crumbs and make up the fire; besides if we do not, I shall drop my stitches as my plain knitting is all done."

DOWN IN THE WORLD.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

Perhaps the most pitiful and painful thing in the world is to see one fitted by birth, education, position, and talent to hold a respectable position, to be even, perhaps, an ornament to society, dragging on a miserable existence, having fallen as low in appearance, and status as a man can fall. For such a one, the world has little pity—he bitterly feels his state, and every askance look bestowed upon him, tends to bend his head still lower on his chest.

But let not the world judge harshly. Misfortune as unmerited as severe may and often does overtake him who has no money nor adviser; and having once reduced the victim, it is hard, very hard, for him to regain the status from which he has fallen. At that supreme moment, when a human soul, or human life, is trembling in the balance—when the dark fiend of suicide points to the river floating gently, placidly along,—when the unfortunate is powerless, and looking for aid, then passes the world by. And his appeal for, not relief, but work, honest work, is too often unheeded and unanswered. Such, alas, is too often the case. But why, it may be asked, does the world act thus? In it are good, philanthropic, noble-hearted men, ever ready to relieve the afflicted, and to wipe away the tear of human agony. Why then is this unwonted neglect? It is because the world is ignorant. Cant, meaningless phrases, too often take the place of earnest and sober reality: "There's plenty of work if the man chooses to do it"; "No one need starve here"; and so they lay the flattering unction to their souls, and go home leaving the stranger to soli-

tude, slackness, and starvation. This is no fancy picture that we draw, as the accompanying extract from the unpublished history of one who had "fallen from his high estate" will show.

I was what is called a gentleman, the son of a wealthy lawyer, had been brought up at a good public school at home, and had wielded the pen, not without some *kudos* from the journalistic fraternity. A hasty and ill-advised speculation had stript me of my all; and I stood in Canada with the urgent necessity for immediate employment staring me in the face.

I was hopeful. Was not this the Promised Land, to which the eyes of the weary, and poverty-oppressed looked hungrily and ardently; and had I not youth, and strength, and talents on my side?

Thus I reasoned, and reassured and full of hope, day after day, plied my rounds, asking, looking, and advertising for employment. For one month this continued in Montreal, the result being *nihil*; except one kind offer made me by a paper; which, to my old country notions, seemed absurd; but, which would, had I taken it, have spared me all the horrid sufferings I have since passed through. Somewhat dispirited, I went to Toronto, having the misfortune to lose, through mistake or roguery, a nice outfit of clothes, which went, I believe, to Ogdensburg. In Toronto the same ordeal had to be passed through. I was, however, much cheered in my efforts by the kind assistance and evident sympathy I received. Still these did not obtain me what I wanted. After visiting every wholesale house in the city, soliciting fruitlessly work of any kind whatsoever,—I determined to act upon the Canadian motto: "Take anything"; and big with self-dependence, I offered myself consecutively to six schooners. I met with success, and had the honor of being allowed, at a remuneration of fifteen cents an hour, to work with a gang piling lumber, under the blazing sun of last July. For three hours I toiled; and, at the end of that time was carried fainting into a neighboring tavern, the miserable pittance I had risked my life for, being taken from me by some of my humane bearers. This was my first essay at hard work, that vaunted panacea for all men without regard to their strength, health, or ability; and what was the result, sickness, and soiled, and torn clothes. Still, it was not without its fruits. These circumstances having come to the knowledge of a Toronto gentleman, he immediately came to me, expressed his deep sympathy, begged me not again to expose myself, and handsomely and kindly pressed upon me a sum of money as a loan, which it was afterwards my good fortune to be able to offer in return. The lack of work, and means, had now begun to tell upon my appearance, when one of my few friends warned me of a vacancy, and I went to try for an Entry Clerkship. The employer, a somewhat pompous individual, asked me for references; such testimonials as I had brought from newspapers and others at home, I showed.

"But," said he, "I want some testimonial as to personal character; some reference to a clergymen, or some one else here."

I hastily explained that my stay in Toronto was too short to allow of my asking any one for a testimonial, but I referred him to the "Sons of Temperance," with whom I was connected. On saying this, my eccentric cross-questioner said, "That will do, that's enough; if you are a Son of Temperance, I want to have nothing to do with you, for that proves that you are, or have been a drunkard. I could not help smiling at this extraordinary conclusion, but at the same time I began to doubt where this was to end. My own profession and the press would not take me. The scholastic profession was over-crowded, and none but Normal School men were in demand. As for book-keeping or clerking, a fellow might have almost as well petitioned for a government appointment as for the meanest place of clerk or salesman; and my experience of hard work was not cheerful. I began, therefore, to feel melancholy. Chatterton's fate appeared before my eyes, and it seemed to me that, Newspapers, Emigration agents, and preconceived notions to the contrary, I might possibly yet starve in Canada. I have since proved to demonstration that it is quite possible.

Having, with that honest sincerity which is characteristic of the newly arrived

Englishman, in applying for situations to which I had been unaccustomed, always acknowledged a want of experience, and met with nothing but refusals, I determined to try the brazen American way of Omniscient labour. Accordingly, I offered my services to a farmer, who, upon my giving myself a wonderfully good agricultural character, accepted my services at twenty-five dollars a month, and we started up North some seventy miles. As we neared the farm I began to have misgivings that possibly my bucolic friend might, upon trying me, not go into ecstacies upon the agrarian acquisition he had made. Still I determined to keep a stiff upper lip.

Next morning I was detached, axe in hand " to fall " an enormous tree. To this day I do not know whose fault it was, but my own idea is that the trees are harder in this country than in the old, and that axes are blunter and less easily wielded. At any rate, I had the satisfaction of proving to a nicety the truth of the theory of action and reaction, for every time I struck the tree, the tree seemed to strike the axe, and it would fly back in the most objectionable way. Again, it seemed that I never could hit the tree twice in the same place. After working furiously for some twenty minutes, my employer came up and testified his approbation of my work by innocently inquiring, what beaver had been gnawing round the tree? He also recommended my going to mow, as chopping evidently was not my *forte*.

I started to mow, and whilst on the level sward, certainly upheld my pretended agricultural experience; but, alas, in an hour's time we had got through on the level, and then proceeded to mow round the fences, a process which required us to stand in a ditch and mow breast high. This demanded a skill which certainly I did not possess, besides which the angles of the fences seemed to have been purposely fitted up with stones and chunks of wood, so that I was principally engaged in striking fire out of flints, or drawing my scythe artistically out of some chunk of wood, or fence rail. The result of this unnatural kind of work was that my scythe assumed a shape which the maker certainly never intended. Through the kind offices of my comrades, this unpleasant state of things was obviated, only, however, to return the implement to a more unscythelike shape.

My employer, with much grumbling, rebent my tool, observing that I could not mow much, to which I replied that I didn't understand mowing stones and wood. The grand *finale*, however, speedily came; either owing to the superior force with which I jerked my scythe, or the superior resistance of the wooden fence, I succeeded in carefully placing my weapon *hors de combat*. I was then set to work raking the grass out of that *Scylla* on which my mowing had struck, and I succeeded, after an hour's work, in breaking my rake, much to the amusement of my comrades, the disgust of my employer, and my own mortification. Four days more I worked, when a sunstroke laid me low, and I returned to Toronto, at an expense of three dollars, having worn and spoiled my clothes, and made myself sick. So much for six days work on a farm. " Why dont you go and work?"

Back in Toronto, and once more on my weary rounds—each paper tried in succession, and tried in vain—when I met a countryman of mine, who got me into a wool store, where I got three dollars a week. I worked at loading bags of wool, dragging them about and carding wool. I was so glad to be employed that I worked happily and cheerfully at a job which twelve months before, I would never have dreamt of.

My work was only temporary, and when over sickness added its weight to my already burdened existence. When I got better, I met with a most extraordinary character, whose existence and business is still one of the unexplained mysteries of the world. This worthy, a most repulsive looking individual, encountered me at the railway station, and in course of conversation he displayed his pocket-book, containing some twenty odd dollars, boasting that that was the produce of a week's work, and a poor week at that. This man's ostensible business was gathering medicinal roots. After absenting himself for some time, he returned and offered me ten dollars a week to go into partnership with him. " Had I your education," said he, " I could double my profits." He refused then to explain the nature of the busines, but said there was

nothing illegal in it, and appointed to meet me at the "Sportsman's Arch," where all would be explained. On the morrow, unfortunately, I was detained about half an hour after the time of assignation, and when I got there he had left, and I am still in ignorance as to who and what he was. In point of style he resembled the "Wandering Jew."

Still dragging on a precarious literary living, I determined again to try the panacea of labor, and offered myself to several schooners. At length I received the brilliant offer of eight dollars a month, if I would bind myself till the end of the season. This I would not do. A short time after I was dispatched by a gentleman into the country to work at harvest at two dollars a day. After a six mile walk I arrived, and was set to work to bind. At this, of course, I signally failed, and was again shipped off, having added materially to my welfare by a twelve mile walk. Leaving Toronto, I went west, where I contributed to various papers, took short-hand reports, and otherwise managed not only to live but to render my name not unfavorably known in a journalistic point of view.

Again ill with fever, and again doing nothing, my clothes becoming shabbier and utterly unable to provide new ones, in order to exist, I had to limit myself to one meal a day, thus eking out the little money I had saved. At first this inadequacy of food did not affect me much, but after a while it began to tell. Still my bodily suffering was but slight, merely amounting to a sensible decline of physical and mental power, but my mental suffering was acute. Ashamed of my appearance I shunned the business thoroughfares, and glanced uneasily around to see if any regarded me with supercilious gaze; at other times I would become infuriated to think that one able and willing to do the work to which a natural taste, and a careful training adapted him, should thus be dragging on a miserable existence.

Boarding and lodging-house keepers being naturally averse to keep parties for nothing, I soon added the want of lodgings to that of limited board. Sleeping out in the wet and cold, hungry, shabby and miserable, both body and mind began to fail under the accumulated misery, and I rapidly approached that point where starvation commences. The nights were what I dreaded. During the day my mind, though at times confused, still maintained its ascendency. Night after night I was visited by relations long dead, the melancholy silence which accompanied them in their visits lending a dread unnatural tone to the dreams. I watched them in their purposeless visits, wondering why they had thus ventured to see me. At this time I was sometimes two days without food, sometimes three; then I would earn fifty cents and once more sustain failing nature. I was seldom hungry, that feeling had passed away, but I felt weak, sinking, and my mind was so confused that I confounded dreams with realities.

Then my dreams changed, and night after night I sat down to the most sumptuous repasts; every dainty was eagerly devoured by me, and I enjoyed in imagination the keenest gustatory bliss. At the end of the feast an old man of amiable aspect presented me with a handsome sum of money. The awakening from these dreams was painful in the extreme. As time wore on, and my general disorganization continued, my dreams changed. The same kind old man would tempt me with every delicious food, but I had become afraid of him, and in my dreams I would beg and pray of him to take away the food. At length he inspired me with such a horror that upon his appearing I would wake up in terror. At this point, when mind and body were rapidly approaching dissolution, I obtained a little work and a few regular and hearty meals once more restored to me a *mens sana in corpore sano.*

Then came the struggle up hill. Hope began once more to illumine the heart; but, like the sun, it rose, only to sink. All regarded me with suspicion; my appearance was so miserable that it lent to my manner a sense of shame. One man wanted testimonials from a clergyman; another a guarantee that I was steady; others thought to themselves that by employing so shabby a man as myself, it would reflect discredit upon their establishment, forgetting in their worldly minded-

ness that a charitable effort to save the soul of a brother would be recorded to their credit by "Him who seeth all things"; and so unsympathized with, dejected, refused, I might have fallen back into a pauper's grave, for in my misery I had taken to drinking. But it was graciously ordained otherwise. During the time of my poverty, I had opportunities of witnessing human character; and I must say that kindness of heart is not one of the characteristics of what is alas! a wicked world. Some cases of heartless inhumanity came also under my notice. Travelling in a steamboat, I saw two emigrants, and learnt from them that they had eaten nothing for two days. I was unable to assist them; but told them that probably the cook would give them something out of leavings. They therefore made application, but were refused—the cook at the same time throwing into the swill barrel meat, bread, potatoes, and pieces of pie. He preferred filling his swill barrel; and making, perhaps, four cents to relieving two suffering fellow-creatures. "Even-handed justice may yet commend the poisoned chalice to his own lips," and may he then find a more humane person to whom to apply. The same day another individual (an Englishman) came to the emigrants, shook hands with them; said he would do all he could; that he had been hard-up himself, so he knew what it was; shook hands with them again, and perceiving one of them weak with hunger, said: "Poor fellow, you're weak from fasting. Now remember this, when you do get something to eat, don't eat much." This generous philanthropist at the same time had a pocket full of silver. With regard to my own case, I do not blame Canada. I blame myself. Always accustomed to a regular income, and good credit, I had lived an easy life, never pushed until the end of my stay in England. When I came out I was careless of what little money I had. I was, in fact, unfitted to start in a battle with the world. Many of the notions I had, too, were not in accordance with the real facts. Again, I lacked that steady determination which achieves such splendid results; and I was in sorrow when I landed; and even then, lacked the courageous energy which distinguishes the successful emigrant; sickness combined to bring me to such extremity that the memory of it is burnt into my mind never to be effaced; and latterly drinking contributed its quota towards the weight which dragged me down. I therefore do not blame the country; but myself and my bad fortune.

It must be granted that the sufferings depicted in the above sketch are most distressing; and one can understand how under the causes enumerated, the unfortunate might sink below the level. The perusal of the reminiscence in full, as descriptive of human nature, its folly, its faults, and its good qualities cannot fail to be instructive. And the study of human nature—the branch of all others most neglected—if followed, will always tend to make the world more charitable and less censorious. The rich, the happy, and the great know little, and care less about the great struggle for life which is going on around them. If removed from them by position, let the pen of the journalist yet draw the bond of sympathy between these classes. The world, as now composed, is like a Kaleidoscope inverted, the goodness, justice, generosity, meanness, cruelty, and all the other qualities good or bad mingled up in an undefinable, undistinguishable mass; but the time will come when the Almighty hand will adjust this great human Kaleidoscope; when all seeming anomaly will cease forever.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PRIVATE LETTERS OF A YOUNG CANADIAN LADY VISITING EUROPE.

LIVERPOOL, March 4th.

We arrived at Liverpool on the evening of the 3rd, and next morning set out to see St. George's Hall. The Music hall is very grand. The pillars are of Peterhead and Aberdeen granite, each made in one piece. The man who shewed us the place said the organ bellows was worked by an engine of six horse-power; and that the organ contained eight thousand pipes, and a hundred and ten stops; but, as he had just been telling us of the big stories he was in the habit of making up for the benefit of American travellers, we did not know how much to believe. He knew we were not Americans, and, when he heard we came from Canada, said all his friends were there about Whitby, and wished he was there, too. Besides the Music Hall, there are in the same building the Civil and Criminal Court Rooms, and a Concert hall. From thence we went to the Free Museum, and Public Library, which occupy a fine building near by. There were some beautiful specimens of Wedgewood ware in the museum, teacups and teapots that it made one thirsty to look at. But the nicest thing was to see the poor people, especially the little ragged children, going round at will so interested and so careful not to touch. The reading-room of the library is also an interesting sight, being full of men and boys of all classes reading all sorts of books. There is another room which we did not see, where the factory girls go at certain hours to read while they eat their lunch. After a short rest and dinner, we went to see Compton House, the great cheap store of Liverpool, where, in one building you can furnish a house from garret to cellar and clothe yourself from top to toe. It is owned by a company, and occupies a whole block, having two and a quarter acres of business flooring. We first walked round it, looking in at the windows, and then entering by the jewellery department, made our way through the different rooms upstairs and downstairs, very hastily, however, as we had only a quarter of an hour, the shop closing at six.

KELSO, March 9th.

I had no idea that our Canadian customs were so much more British than American. If we cross the lines, we get into a foreign country at once, but here I can hardly persuade myself I am so far from home. In our journey here from Liverpool, I was much struck with the appearance of the country. We passed through more variety in an hour, than we might in days in Canada. The land rolls so beautifully in Cumberland and Westmoreland. I find it is as I heard an English Canadian say once: "We have in Canada none of what artists call 'bits."' I saw so many beautifnl little pictures framed in hills. Indeed, I feel all the time as if I were walking through a picture, for I never saw anything like the landscape in nature before. Kelso is perfectly lovely! I see a very pretty flower in the gardens here, which would be a great addition to our Canadian gardens if it would but grow. They call it Apple Blossom, though it is not the least like apple blossoms. It is trained on walls, or supported by a stick. The flower is scarlet, or brick-colored, something like Christmas Rose, and very abundant. The flowering currant is another very nice thing for spring. They cover the strawberries with herring-nets to keep off the birds. I think we lose a great deal by having such a small variety of evergreens. Here they have any number of different kinds, whose beauty would be much enhanced by being set in our snow. One runs against aristocracy here at every corner; and I am astonished to find they talk as loud, and stare as hard, as Americans. I am fast becoming an ultra-democrat. I think our own state of society much to be preferred to these classes and castes. I walked about six miles yesterday. Either the miles are shorter here, or walking is easier, or we walk more at home than we

fancy. I am inclined to think the latter is the true explanation. The climate here has certainly some advantages over ours. For instance, in spring they can keep meat ten days or a fortnight; and more than a week in summer. They seldom use a piece of roast beef under a fortnight. The consequence is that it is deliciously tender.

Floors Castle and Conservatories.

April 21st, 1869.

We had a delightful walk this morning up to Floors. The gate is about half a mile from here; and from it a drive of three quarters of a mile leads up to the castle. On one side is a park containing sheep and Highland cattle—the latter splendid black beasts with tremendous horns. A wire fence shuts them off from the road, on either side of which is a grove. Further up it is bordered on both sides by shrubbery; rhododendrons, laurels, which, when in flower, look very like choke-cherries, barberry, holly, firs, &c. Broad gravel walks branch off at intervals on either side. The road winds round to the back of the Castle, where is the principal entrance. The original building was very insignificant compared with its appearance as improved by the present Duke. It is turretted and castellated very imposingly; but the stone has an unfortunate resemblance to white brick, so that there is no massiveness about it.

Continuing our way through grand old beeches and elms, with wild cherries in full blossom interspersed, we come to a gate where a notice is posted: "Please ring the bell and wait the arrival of a gardener." Accordingly we ring, and presently a young man comes out of a house with a bunch of keys, with which he unlocks the gate, and leads us up some stone steps on to a terrace covered with hot-houses. How shall I describe the beauties we saw? The first house was filled with Azaleas, magnificent plants covered completely with bloom. Round the walls were Cinerarias in great variety. From this we entered a house, where a serpentine walk led through greenhouse shrubs. One covered with yellow flowers, had an exceedingly strong fragrance. Another was a weeping Acacia, which trailed its branches along wires overhead, and was completely covered with little downy golden balls—quite unlike our acacia blossoms. Several houses opened off this, with grapes, peaches, &c., in various degrees of forwardness. One of these was filled with heaths. In another place was the Orchid house, in which though many of the plants were more curious than beautiful,—there were some lovely things. One especially, with a spike of waxy white flowers, in shape like a butterfly, and about three inches or more across, had been in bloom three months, and was not yet fully out. Then there was a Fern house, another full of Geraniums and Fuschias, and several pineries, in which are shelves covered with strawberries in every stage from flower to ripe fruit. Outside there is, of course, at this season, very little to be seen. All the fruit trees, except those on walls, appear to be dwarfs. There is, however, a French way of training, which I should think would be very suitable for tender fruit trees with us, as they would be entirely beneath the snow in winter, and in summer make a very handsome border. In this method each shoot is trained along a wire a foot or more from the ground. Another had three wires with trees at each level. Of course the trees may be thinned out as they g ow large. From the garden we walked back by another road to the house, where was a conservatory filled with splendid Camellias. From the front of the house is a very fine view of Kelso, with the Tweed winding below and the Cheviots in the distance.

Smailholm Tower.

April 26th.

On Saturday afternoon, we drove out to Smailholm Tower, five or six miles from here. To reach it from Kelso, we take the Edinburgh road, following the Duke's wall for about two miles, and then winding off into the country, ascending all the way, for Kelso lies in a valley, and it gets colder and colder as we reach the higher levels and get the full force of the wind. The general direction is, of course, north; but the roads here wind so, one never can tell which way he is going. About four miles up we left the Edinburgh road and branched off in the direction of Melrose. In some of the fields we saw sheep quite different from the common breeds here. They had small slender heads; wool much longer and

apparently finer, and a good deal more tail.

By this time the tower, which is on a hill, was in full view and looked exactly like an elevator. We could not, however, see the way to it, and asked a man by the side of the road. "Is it Sandy-Knowe Tower you mean," asked the man, and immediately showed us the way. Sandy-Knowe is the name of the farm on which it stands, once owned by Sir Walter Scott's grandfather, with whom the novelist passed his boyhood. The tower is built on one point of a rocky barren ridge, which is in striking contrast to the surrounding country. We turn off the highway on to the road, to Sandy-Knowe farm, and driving right through the barnyard without saying "by your leave," we find ourselves in a cart-road leading through the rocks near the tower. Leaving the horse to graze we got out of the gig and walked up. The turf was so soft that at first I thought it must be marshy; but it was quite dry. A steep scramble up the rocks brought us to the foot of the tower. On the far side were some remains of a wall, which, I suppose, must have enclosed the court. The arched door was closed by an iron gate which we opened and ascended the spiral stone staircase, just broad enough for one person, and worn with the tread of many feet. It was nearly dark; the only light coming from one or two loopholes in the wall, till we got about half way up, when we entered a large room the whole size of the tower. As nearly as I could calculate, it was about fifteen feet by twenty-five, perhaps a little larger. It had pretty good-sized windows in recesses on three sides, and a capacious fireplace on the fourth. I looked up the chimney, but was afraid of a stone falling on my face. There was also opening oft the room, a small closet apparently which I had not time to examine. The ceiling was gone, and we could look up through two rows of beams to the roof. There must have been three rooms, one above the other. Leaving this we continued our ascent, in complete darkness now, except when we passed the doors of the other rooms, until we came out on the battlements and looked over the parapet. Just below, far down, were the rounded gray crags, breaking through the soft earth, and the road winding through the grass to the Smailholm Mains. It was harder work coming down than going up, as the steps were all on a slant; but we accomplished it without accident, and when we reached the bottom, found a room on the ground floor which we had before overlooked. This was somewhat smaller than the room above, and lighted only by a narrow window at one side, with a bar down the middle. Coming out I tried to imagine ladies living there, spending their whole time in monotonous needle-work, except when the din of assault sounded round the walls; but fancy failed me. How did they live in these good old times? We passed through the barnyard again on our way home, and a man opened the gate for us. The farm-house is a substantial stone building, small, and not very old looking. The place would just suit Sir Walter. I picked some little flowers at the foot of the tower, and preserved them in remembrance of my visit.

Canterbury Cathedral.

Harbledown, May 1st.

I went on Saturday afternoon to hear the service at the Canterbury Cathedral. After service we went round the building, saw the place where St. Thomas was killed, his shrine, the crypt, &c.; but the part of the Cathedral I like best is the nave, just as you go in at the door. It is grand. On Sunday afternoon whom do you think I heard? Dean Alford. I liked his sermon exceedingly. It was on the last of the blessings promised to him that overcometh. *Rev.* 3, 21. An earnest gospel address. I was very much surprised at his appearance, and much pleased too. He is a very kind, fatherly-looking man, with a long gray beard, one that you would like to become acquainted with. We were sitting quite close to him; but had to turn round to look at him.

Canterbury is a beautiful place. Harbledown is about three quarters of a mile out on the road to London. It derives its name from the pilgrims, who used to "hobble down" the hill on which it stands. We had a long walk in the woods the other day, but did not find many flowers. I am charmed with the little forget-me-nots. The larks sing all day.

THE CITY OF THE SIMPLE.

In the whole world there can be nothing quite so bizarre, so eerie, so utterly unlike preconceived ideas, so at variance with everything one ever heard, or read of, or saw, as the town of Gheel. At least, that is our impression while fresh from the vivid account of the place, just published by the Author of "Flemish Interiors," and will, we believe, be that of every one who thinks for half an hour over that remarkable little narrative. It is strange to enter Pompeii, and see the life of two thousand years ago still petrified around you; and it must be still more strange to observe the Cambodian ruins, to study those endless flying arches which no man in Asia could reproduce, and which were piled in almost wanton profusion by a race whose very name has been obliterated by some unknown calamity; but a visit to Gheel, a place where all are free and half are mad,—where the sane and the insane are indistinguishable,—where the children are bred up at the knees of madmen, and old people do not fear monomaniacs,—where the strongest tradition is the lore of mental medicine and the liveliest commerce the lodging of the insane,—where a mother has been known to place her child in the arms of a furious maniac because her duty was to pacify him,—where the inns are hospitals, the farmhouses cells, the tradesmen warders, the workwomen nurses, the government a mad doctor, the passers-by patients, the history for twelve hundred years a vast register of mania,—a visit to such a place must be the strangest of all. Yet such a place exists, and has existed from the days of Charlemagne, in one of the best known countries in the world; and yet unique as as it is, both in history and in circumstances, it has almost escaped European, and more especially British attention.

For more than twelve hundred years, it is believed, has the little town of Gheel, twenty-six miles southeast of Antwerp, with the villages about it, been a great asylum for lunatics, and its people for forty generations a population of warders, till they have grown to understand mental disease as it were by instinct, and their relation to men so afflicted appears radically to differ from that of the rest of mankind. That fear of lunacy,—which must be instinctive with some races, or lunatics could never have been so cruelly treated in the West, while almost reverenced in the East,—has been by long and traditional habit totally eradicated, and with it has departed all disposition to oppression, and every vestige of the desire to mock. Lunatics are to the Gheelois simply afflicted persons, whom it is their traditional business to protect and if possible to cure, but who are welcome to the town as tourists to Florence or Lucerne, and excite an interest almost of the same kind, though gentler and nobler in its manifestations. There, and there alone in the world, they are made part of the population. There, "where they come and go as they please, they feel themselves as much at liberty as the other inhabitants of the place, and recognize no inequality in their condition, and there we find they act as they see others act, and it never occurs to them to complain of their position. What should they seek to escape from? the whole place is theirs; if they leave the house, no one asks them whither they are going, or how long they will be absent; and if, through inadvertence, they wander along the road which takes them out of the village, it is never with a view to withdraw themselves, and they are only too thankful to be brought back."

If they are actively dangerous, they are placed in the farm-houses scattered over the vast heath or "Campine" (campagna) which surrounds Gheel, or, if a little less dangerous, in an intermediate circle; but the great majority, including men whom we should deem dangerous monomaniacs, are billeted in Gheel itself, every inhabitant of the 600 householders, though he pursues some ordinary trade or handicraft, being also a professional "nourricier." Once received,—and he is always welcomed to his home by a little family festival,—the patient is left to himself, not watched, not restrained, unless his fits render a padded ankle-chain a necessity; not forced or even requested to work, but allowed to join in it or in household occupations if he will,—left, in fact, as free as he would be in any city in which his passport must be viséd before leaving. The lunatics assemble even in the inn at will, and our traveller, as he arrived, was informed that of the group of twelve seated in the inn parlor chatting, laughing, smoking, and drinking beer, one half were lunatics, and in a few moments obtained full confirmation of the statement. The worthy Gheelois do not mind, have no more feeling about the presence of such patients than Englishmen would have about the presence of a few guests with gout, and treat their strange fellow-townsmen as skilfully as if they were all mad-doctors. This is the more remarkable, because no trace of special capacity or feeling is to be found in the surrounding province or the neighboring towns, where, on the contrary, the dread and dislike of lunacy are manifested with unusual strength. The quality, fostered of late, no doubt, by self-interest, has been a speciality of the Gheelois for centuries, and is due, like the success of many beast-tamers, in the first place, to a total absence of fear.

There is more in it, however, than this, a sort of intuitive shrewdness as to the most complicated of all the phenomena of

madness, namely, the permanent motives of the mad, and as to the means of suspending a dangerous fit by turning the mind from its contemplation of the then dominant idea. We quote from a mass of similar instances a story in illustration of each of these points. One of the patients was incessantly threatening suicide, till his "nourricier," a cobbler, who had been attentively studying his boarder, at last remarked to him:—

"'I'll tell you what it is, Yvon, you've talked of this so often that I am quite tired of the subject, and I am persuaded you are right, and that the best thing you can do is to try the window, since you are not satisfied with going out at the door.'—'But I shall be killed!' replied the lunatic, completely taken aback by the coolness of his host.—'O, that is *your* lookout; see here, I'll help you as far as opening the window goes, but the rest you must do yourself.' And he rose and deliberately opened the lattice, which was only one story from the ground, and below it was a dungheap, reaching fully half the distance. 'Now,' he continued, 'I am going down to dinner, so I'll say 'good-by,' for I suppose you don't want *me*.'—If the cobbler felt any alarm for the result of his experiment, he was soon reassured, for the lunatic, looking steadily at him to see if he could possibly be in earnest, walked to the casement and closed it, observing, 'To dinner, you said? Well, I don't mind if I dine too; I can do this afterwards.'"

Another patient, who was considered doubtful, furious at the incessant though guarded watch kept over him, seized a huge pair of tailor's shears, and declared that he would murder his "nourricière":—

"The woman, who, doubtless from her long familiarity with the various forms of this frightful malady, had preserved all her presence of mind, rose from her seat, and holding her child between herself and the weapon, placed herself in front of him, gradually making him back till he reached a low chair at the farther end of the room, into which he dropped. No sooner was he seated than she threw the child into his lap, and taking advantage of the state of surprise into which he was struck, she nimbly gained the door, rushed from the room, and turned the key upon this singular group. The babe, naturally alarmed at the suddenness of the transaction, began to scream violently, to the great consternation of the maniac, whose thoughts were drawn from himself; and, strange as it may seem, the voice of the lunatic was heard through the door soothing and pacifying the child."

The mother fainted outside, but the child was unharmed, and when the door was opened, the attack had entirely passed away. Such scenes are, however, rare, for the patients, unharassed by confinement, never contradicted, never compelled to compulsory idleness, learn to control themselves, go out into the fields when afflicted with the desire to rave, tear up worthless articles when the destructive fit is on them, and acquire the most touching attachment for those with whom they reside, an attachment constantly reciprocated, and extending even to the children, who, "reared from their earliest years with, and often by, these unhappy creatures, acquire a tender veneration for their infirmity, and the affectionate sympathy reciprocally entertained between them and the children is almost incredible to a stranger."

A child is as safe with them as if they were sane, though, as we have said, the lunatics move about at will, pursue all trades, wander on all roads, and even frequent the inn,—where, however, excess in drinking is prohibited by heavy penalties on the landlord,—only sixty-eight out of some eight hundred being under the smallest physical restraint. The cures under this treatment are numerous, though the statistics are not given, but the main result is the comparative happiness experienced by human beings who must otherwise be wretched.

To us the most curious fact in all this strange history is not the conduct of the lunatics, who, though free, are really under the most steadfast of all supervisions, that of an entire population, but that of the Gheelois townsmen. In themselves they are rough peasants or workmen very like ordinary Flemings, with no special education or peculiarities, yet it is certain that they have acquired a special temper of mind towards the insane, a fearlessness, a gentleness, and, as it were, a reverence which are exhibited by all classes alike, by women as well as men, which extend even to the children, and are deemed by great physicians absolutely peculiar to themselves. Much, no doubt, is due to the life-long character of their occupation, much to the skilful training of a succession of superintendents, invested apparently with considerable legal powers, and much to the relation between their pursuit and their incomes; but after all these allowances, something still remains not easily to be accounted for,—an intuitive relation, so to speak, between themselves and the insane which can only be traced to the effect of a habitude continued during centuries, an explanation which suggests problems almost stranger than the one it solves. Clearly, such an occupation is in this one department equivalent to cultivation, but then does hereditary cultivation increase the inborn faculty for receiving culture? If it does, the human race has a future to which its past is nothing; but if it does, why do hereditary priesthoods always tend to intellectual stereotype?—*Spectator.*

SOUND.

Dr. Tyndall's "Heat" was a great as well as an agreeable surprise. A book of science could be interesting! The material objects brought into play turned out very curious bodies indeed, with strongly marked individual character, and often appearing under singular disguises. There was no want of sensational incidents. The story, too, had a plot and a regular denouement —the stripping heat of its pretensions to rank as an entity, and the reducing it to a mere mode of motion—worked out as carefully as the best conducted drama.

"Sound," lately given to us by the same great master, is even more familiar in its illustrative details. One characteristic of Dr. Tyndall's books is, that they set you thinking before you have finished a couple of pages; their very novelty and interest stops you, and prevents you going on. Like the trees, seen for the first time by the travellers from St. Kilda, their beautiful leaves and branches pull you back to contemplate them, when you would otherwise be advancing along your road. To his other accomplishments Dr. Tyndall adds the great advantages of foreign travel. As in "Heat," he clears up a doubt or establishes a fact by experience obtained in distant lands. Thus, falling snow has often been referred to, as offering a great hindrance to the passage of sound; but it appears to be less obstructive than is usually supposed. Sound seems to make its way freely between the falling flakes. On the 29th of December, 1859, Dr. Tyndall traced a line across the Mer de Glace of Chamouni, at an elevation of nearly seven thousand feet above the sea. The glacier there is half a mile wide, and during the setting out of the line snow fell heavily. He has never seen the atmosphere in England so thickly laden. Still he was able to see through the storm quite across the glacier, and also to make his voice heard. When close to the opposite side, one of the assistants chanced to impede his view. The professor called out to him to stand aside, and he did so immediately. At the end of the line the men shouted, "We have finished," and their voices were distinctly heard through the half-mile of falling snow.

In the lecture-room Dr. Tyndall is as bold and adventurous as he has proved himself upon the mountain. The motion of sound, we are informed, like all other motion, is enfeebled by its transference from a light body to a heavy one—and this is illustrated by the action of hydrogen gas upon the voice. The voice is formed by urging air from the lungs through an organ called the larynx. In its passage it is thrown into vibration by the vocal chords, which thus generate sound. "But when I fill my lungs with hydrogen," says the professor, "and endeavor to speak, the vocal chords impart their motion to the hydrogen, which transfers it to the outer air. By this transference from a light gas to a heavy one, the sound is weakened in a remarkable degree. The consequence is very curious. You have already formed a notion of the strength and quality of my voice. I now empty my lungs of air, and inflate them with hydrogen from this gasholder. I try to speak vigorously; but my voice has lost wonderfully in power, and changed wonderfully in quality. You hear it, hollow, harsh, and unearthly: I cannot otherwise describe it."

Motion appears to be the basis of all sensation, and consequently of all consciousness of life. *What* the nerves convey to the brain, we have the strongest reason for believing, is in all cases motion. Motion communicated to the ear by any cause, and imparted to the auditory nerve, or the nerve of hearing, is translated by the brain into the sensation of sound. According to this idea, all that goes on *outside of* ourselves is reducible to pure mechanics; if we hear one sound louder than another, it is because our nerves are hit harder in the one case than in the other.

By the motion transmitted by the nerves to the brain is not meant the motion of each nerve as a whole, but the vibration or tremor of its molecules, or smallest particles. What we call silence is, therefore, the absence of all vibratory motion in the air, and, consequently, of any corresponding pulse in our auditory nerve. The rapidity with which an impression is transmitted through the nerves, as first determined by Helmholz, and confirmed by Du Bois Raymond, is ninety-three feet in a second. A giant, therefore, say one hundred feet high, would not feel a thorn in his foot until one second after it had pricked him. Were you to put salt on the tail of a sea-serpent eighteen hundred and sixty yards long, it would not be aware of your familiarity until a whole minute afterwards.

In air at the temperature of freezing water, the vibratory pulse which constitutes sound travels at the rate of one thousand and ninety feet a second. Again, and as in the case of the nerves, the motion of the pulse of air must not be confounded with the motion of the particles of air which at any moment constitute a pulse. For while the wave moves forward through considerable distances, each particular particle of air makes only a small excursion to and fro.

That sound is really the consequence of waves in the air, or, in other words, that air is necessary to the propagation of sound, is proved by causing a bell to ring in a vacuum, that is under the exausted receiver of an air-pump. When the air is gone, the sound of the bell ceases to be heard. Dr. Tyndall renders the experiment still more

striking by *first* exhausting the receiver of its atmospheric air as far as possible, and then allowing hydrogen gas, which is fourteen times lighter than air, to enter the vessel. The sound of the bell is not sensibly augmented by the presence of this attenuated gas, even where the receiver is full of it. By again working the pump, the atmosphere surrounding the bell is still more attenuated, and a vacuum much more perfect than the previous one obtained. This is of great importance, for it is the getting rid of the last traces of air which chiefly cause the experiment to be so extremely effective. However hard the hammer may pound the bell, no sound will now be heard. An ear placed close to the exhausted receiver is unable to perceive the faintest tinkle. Note that the bell must be suspended by strings; for if it were allowed to rest upon the plate of the air-pump, the vibrations would communicate themselves to the plate, and be transmitted to the air outside.

On permitting air gradually to re-enter the jar, a feeble sound is immediately heard, which grows louder as the air becomes more dense, until the ringing of the bell is again distinctly heard.

At great elevations in the atmosphere (where the air is much rarer) sound is sensibly diminished in loudness. De Saussure thought the explosion of a pistol at the summit of Mont Blanc to be about equal to that of a common cracker below. Dr. Tyndall has several times repeated the experiment. What struck him was the absence of that density and sharpness in the sound which characterise it at lower elevations. The pistol-shot resembled the explosion of a champagne-bottle, but it was still loud. The withdrawal of half an atmosphere does not very materialy effect a ringing bell, and air of the density found at the top of Mont Blanc is still capable of powerfully affecting the auditory nerve. That highly attenuated air is able to convey sound of great intensity is forcibly illustrated by the explosion of meteorites at great elevations above the earth. Here, however, the initial disturbance must be exceedingly violent.

It is clear, then, beyond a doubt, that sound is conveyed from particle to particle through the air. The particles which fill the cavity of the ear are finally driven against the tympanic membrane, which is stretched across the passage leading to the brain. This membrane, which closes the "drum" of the ear, is thrown into vibration, its motion is transmitted to the ends of the auditory nerve, and afterwards along the nerve to the brain, where the vibrations are received as sound. How it is that the motion of the nervous matter can thus excite the consciousness of sound is a mystery which we cannot fathom.

The fact that sound is caused by waves or undulations in the air, while light and radiant heat are the result of undulations in the luminiferous ether, gives rise to frequent analogies and correspondences between the phenomena presented by each. Thus both are propagated *in time;* that is, neither are instantaneous. It takes time for the light of a star to reach us, as it takes time for the noise of a lightning flash to make itself heard as a thunder-clapt The difference of their speed does not affec. their mutual relations and resemblances, although light travels nearly two hundred thousand miles while sound is traversing one thousand and ninety feet.

Light and radiant heat, like sound, are wave motions. Like sound they diffuse themselves in open space, diminishing in intensity according to the same law. Like sound also, light and radiant heat, when sent through a tube with a reflecting interior surface, may be conveyed to great distances with comparatively little loss. The celebrated French philosopher, Biot, observed the transmission of sound through the empty water-pipes of Paris, and found that he could hold a conversation in a low voice through an iron tube three thousand one hundred and twenty feet in length. The lowest possible whisper, indeed, could be heard at this distance, while the firing of a pistol at one end of the tube quenched a lighted candle at the other.

As light may be extinguished by light, so sound may be destroyed by sound. But, to confine ourselves to simpler phenomena, every experiment on the reflection of light has its analogue in the reflection of sound. We put parabolic reflectors behind our lighthouse lamps, to throw their rays to a greater distance. It is recorded that a bell placed on an eminence in Heligoland failed on account of its distance to be heard in the town. A parabolic reflector placed behind the bell so as to reflect the sound waves in the direction of the long sloping street, caused the strokes of the bell to be distinctly heard at all times.

Curved roofs, ceilings, and walls, act as mirrors upon sound. In Dr. Tyndall's laboratory, the singing of the kettle seems, in certain positions, to come, not from the fire on which it is placed, but from the ceiling. The acoustic properties of buildings, depending on the mode of construction, vary greatly; success seems often to have been left to chance. In some you hear admirably in every part; of this the the late Queens's Theatre was a remarkable instance. In others you hear imperfectly throughout, or are stunned and bewildered with reverberated sounds at certain points. Some public buildings, in which intelligible speech is impossible when empty, allow distinct utterance to be heard when full. An assembled audience, like the furniture of a large room, damps the confused reflections

of sounds from voices or musical instruments—an additional reason for theatrical managers liking to see full houses. Handel, therefore, was more of a stoic than a natural philosopher when he consoled himself for empty benches by saying, "We shall hear de moosick all the petter."

If, instead of a confused reflexion of sounds from short distances, as occurs in large unfurnished rooms, there exists a sufficient *interval* between a direct and a reflected sound, we hear the latter as an *echo*. It is the interval, the distinct repetition, which constitutes the veritable echo. As the reflected sound moves with the same velocity as the direct sound, in air at the temperature of thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit, the echo of a pistol shot from the face of a cliff distant one thousand and ninety feet is heard two seconds after the explosion. The singular effects of natural echoes have given rise to sundry legends, pleasantries, and imitations. In bygone ages, Echo was a nymph who pined away for love until nothing remained of her except her voice. The famous Irish echo was so perfect, that if you asked it "How do you do?" it replied, "Very well, I thank you." A French actor vaunted the echo at his country box —an echo whom he had formed by careful training. When the rehearsals promised a satisfactory result, he invited a party to hear the phenomenon. Leading his friends to the magic spot in the garden, he shouted, "Are you ready, Echo?" to which, instead of "Ready Echo?" the stupid answer was "Yes; you may begin as soon as you please."

Sound, like light, may be reflected *several* times in succession; and as the reflected light under these circumstances becomes gradually feebler to the eye, so the successive echoes become feebler to the ear. In mountainous districts, this repetition and decay of sounds produces effects unimaginable by dwellers on the plain. Childe Harold's description of the thunderstorm amongst the Alps will recur to every reader. The writer will never forget the long-continued reverberations of cannon fired on a steamboat in the Lake of Lugano. In Switzerland generally the wonderful echoes form part of the stock-in-trade of that attractive country. At home, one of our most popular lions is the whispering-gallery at St. Paul's Cathedral. At Carisbrook Castle, in the Isle of Wight, is a well two hundred and ten feet deep, and twelve wide. The interior is lined by smooth masonry. When a pin is dropped into this well, it is distinctly heard to strike the water. Moreover, shouting or coughing into this well produces a resonant ring of some duration.

Amongst the things not generally known, Dr. Tyndall informs us that sound still further resembles light, in being susceptible of refraction. The refraction of a luminous beam by a lens is a consequence of the retardation suffered by the light in passing through the glass. Sound may be similarly refracted by causing it to pass through a lens which retards its motion. Such a lens is formed when we fill a thin balloon with some gas heavier than air. As an example, the professor takes a collodion balloon filled with carbonic acid gas, the envelope being so thin as to yield readily to the pulses which strike against it, transmitting them to the gas inside. He then hangs up his watch close to the lens; and then, at a distance of four or five feet on the other side of the lens, he listens, assisting his ear with a glass funnel, which acts as an ear-trumpet. By moving his head about he soon discovers a position in which the ticking of the watch is particularly loud. This, in fact, is the focus of the lens. If he moves his ear away from this focus, the intensity of the sound decreases. If when his ear is at the focus, the balloon be removed, the ticks are enfeebled; on replacing the balloon, their force is restored. The lens enables him to hear the ticks distinctly when they are perfectly inaudible to the unaided ear. The sound-lens magnifies small sounds, as the glass lens magnifies minute objects. Thin india-rubber balloons form excellent sound lenses.

The moderate speed of sound in air is the cause of a number of curious facts which ignorant people might take for contradictions. For instance, if a row of soldiers form a circle and discharge their pieces all at the same time, the sound will be heard as a single discharge by a person occupying the centre of the circle. But if the men form a straight row, and if the observer stand at one end of the row, the simultaneous discharge of the men's pieces will be prolonged to a kind of roar. A company of soldiers marching to music along a road, cannot march in time together, for the notes do not reach those in front and those behind simultaneously.

The velocity of sound in water is more than four times its velocity in air. The velocity of sound in iron is seventeen times its velocity in air. The difference of velocity in iron and in air may be illustrated by the following instructive experiment: Choose one of the longest horizontal bars employed for fencing in Hyde Park, and let an assistant stike the bar at one end, while the ear of the observer is held close to the bar at a considerable distance. *Two* sounds will reach the ear in succession; the first being transmitted through the iron, and the second through the air. This effect was observed by M. Biot, in his experiments on the iron water-pipes of Paris.

Dr. Tyndall's book on Sound contains

eight lectures, all full of novel and instructive matter, into which the student is progressively initiated. Even by persons of considerable acquirements this volume cannot be swallowed as a literary syllabub. But by devoting two days to the perusal of each lecture, and twelve more days to their re-perusal and to getting them up, what an advance in knowledge is made in a month, and what a stock of information is laid in for the rest of one's life! It is impossible here to give more than a hint of the things not merely told, but clearly proved; of sound made visble; of velocities of sound and sound-waves measured so simply as to make you wonder why you did not think of it yourself; of harmonics and their cause demonstrated to *the eye*, and their formation rendered as plain to the sight as their tone is easily recognized by the ear; of reed-pipes, the organ of voice, and vowel sounds. In Dr. Tyndall's hands everything is vocal. Flames sing; burning gas distinguishes harmony from dissonance; water-jets are sensible of musical sounds; and, in point of delicacy, a liquid vein may compete with the ear.—*All the Year Round.*

PEKIN.

ITS WALLS—THE SACRED PRECINCTS.

The walls of Pekin are sixty feet high, and forty-five feet wide at the top, forming a nice promenade of nearly twenty-five miles around the city. A partition wall divides the Tartar from the Chinese city, and four gates of the north, south, east and west afford the only means for passing the walls, and these are opened and closed with the sun. Inside the great walls of the Tartar city is another wall made of yellow bricks, and covered with enamelled yellow tiles, called the walls of the Imperial City, which is inhabited mostly by Tartars, and persons connected with the government. Inside the Imperial City, is still another wall of red bricks surrounded by a moat inclosing the prohibited city, in which the palace, treasury and public buildings immediately connected with the Emperor's household are located, In these sacred precincts of majesty, no foreign foot has ever trod, and the mysteries of the palace are only known to a few of the most faithful and honored servants of the Manchu dynasty. The colored roofs, made of enamelled tiles of blue, green, red, and yellow, are seen amid the dense foliage of the forest which ornaments the palace grounds. Here the Emperor of China holds his court, counselling only with the Regent Mother, his teachers and a few high officials who are admitted to his presence. He is revered by the people as the Son of Heaven, and in theory is supreme, but in practice only so far as the people choose to obey, as the right of petition to the throne is recognized as one of the most sacred customs of the Chinese Empire. I was standing by a gate over the moat one day in the vicinity of a venerable looking Mandarin wearing a button of high rank, and sought to engage his attention by comparing the time of day; but he had the advantage of me as he had two watches in his girdle and I had only one. I intimated a desire to view the palace grounds, and, astonished at my ignorance and impudence, he pointed to the sacred enclosure and then to heaven, signifying that it was inhabited by the Son of Heaven. The inmates of the prohibited city are not supposed to number more than a thousand, including men, women, children, eunuchs, and the little Emperor.

THE EMPEROR.

His Majesty is not quite thirteen years of age, and has not yet assumed the reins of government. During his minority the actual regents of the Empire are his mothers, as he is blessed with several. The first wife of the late Emperor having failed to furnish an heir to the throne, the present Emperor is the son of one of the auxiliary wives of the deceased Heinfung. As it would be an infringement of the Chinese law for women to attend any public business, the affairs of State, at least with foreigners, are conducted by the Prince of Kung, uncle of the Emperor, and recognized head of the government during his minority.

HIS FIRST APPEARANCE IN PUBLIC—A CELESTIAL PAGEANT.

The first appearance of the Emperor in public was on Sunday last. The occasion was the performance of a filial ceremony devolving upon the heirs of the departed Emperors of the Tartar dynasty, of sending to Monkden, the ancient capital of their race in Manchuria, the archives of each successive reign of the Ta-Ssung Emperors. A grand pavilion was erected at the east gate of the prohibited city, with a gaudy display of yellow satin, the imperial color; and paintings of dragons, and many curious devices of the Chinese artists, were employed to give an imposing effect to the Imperial pageant. The procession was formed within the prohibited precincts, the Emperor accompanying it only to the pavilion immediately outside the gate, where he bowed before the image of his late father and the archives of his reign, as they passed on to the capital of his ancestors, guarded by a select body of Manchu Baunermenr. The archives of the reign of his illustrous progenitor, Heinfung, need not have been very ponderous, as he reigned only eleven years, and died in exile at thirty. At the approach of the British and French armies in 1860 he left

the defence of his capital to his troops, and fled to his summer palace at Zehol, in Tartary, where he died. This ceremony will not occur again until after the death of the present Emperor, and in that time it is hoped great changes will take place in China.

CONFUCIAN TEMPLES—ROYAL REGISTRY.

Confucian temples abound in China. The largest and finest is in Pekin, and is said to contain a portrait of the great moralist. Worships or celebrations may be held here at intervals, but Confucius ordained no Sabbath or particular day for worship or rest. The ceremonies of State are conducted at Confucian temples and in this the register of the present dynasty is kept, where each Emperor may register his name upon ascending the throne. In the court-yard there are some trees said to be five hundred years old, and some drum-shaped stones dating eight hundred years B.C. There are a great many tablets of marble, full of inscriptions in the Chinese classics, so well cut that, it is said, copies have been printed from them. If any Chinese Temple is dedicated to God, it is the Temple of Heaven at Pekin. The most solemn worship of the empire was formerly conducted in this temple. It is a grand structure, erected on an immense altar of marble construction, surrounded by balustrades of the same material beautifully carved. The grounds are a mile square, surrounded by a high wall, and within the enclosure paved walks, fine avenues of trees, and grassy lawns afford a delightful retreat from the dust of Pekin. The building is circular in form, and has a three-storey roof, covered with blue enamelled tiles, surmounted by a large gilt ball, and is by far the most striking piece of architecture in the vicinity of Pekin. The Emperor of China formerly made an annual visit here, for the purpose of worshipping the invisible God, and the ceremonies were preceded by fasting three days in an adjoining building, and were attended with burnt-offerings on the altar, which retains marks of the sacrificial fires.

TEMPLE OF EARTH.

Opposite to the Temple of Heaven, in a similar enclosure a mile square, is the Temple of Earth, dedicated to the worship of the earth and its products, or the Genius of Agriculture, where tradition says the Emperor formerly encouraged that noble pursuit by plowing and sowing with his own hands; but it has been a long time since plow or hoe either have performed service at this shrine, as the whole place is in ruins, and the ground so grown up with weeds and grass that the walks are quite impassable. The agricultural implements on exhibition here look as if they had been preserved in the ark.

LAMA TEMPLES.

The Lama temples, or Lamisaries, are very interesting to a stranger. The worship is Buddhist, under the leadership of the Grand Lama of Thibet, who is the recognized head of this religion, as the Pope is the head of the Roman Catholic Church. The priests are mostly Mongolians, and these establishments are liberally pensioned by the Chinese government for reasons of state policy. Some of the Lamisaries contain over a thousand priests; and there are also nurseries of the order. I was warned of the danger to foreigners of entering the sacred precincts of a Lama temple, but found them very civil. The bell was tolling for afternoon service, and I was politely shown to a seat. The candles were burning on the altar, and directly the house was filled with hundreds of priests dressed in yellow robes, wearing a cap of the same color, shaped like a helmet, with a camels' hair fringe arched over the top. Though I did not understand a word of their service, my mind was captivated by the music of their chant, carried by hundreds of men and boys, from the deepest bass to the finest tenor; its scale was superior to anything I had imagined possible here. I was rewarded for my devotion by a sight of an image of Buddha seventy-five feet high.

THE CLIMATE—OPENING OF COAL MINES.

The winter in Pekin is severe, and the question of fuel may properly be asked. Coal is known to exist in great quantities in the vicinity, and was used by the Chinese a thousand years ago as fuel, but they have never opened the mines by any underground workings for fear they would destroy the equilibrium of the earth, and turn the Celestial Empire upside down. The question of allowing the coal mines to be opened is now being discussed, and if their prejudice and superstitions could be overcome, a great resource would be created, and employment given to an overcrowded population.

MODE OF ILLUMINATION.

The use of gas is yet a mystery to the Celestials, lanterns, lamps, and candles answering their purposes as well as they did their ancestors. An experiment is now being made at the office of the Imperial Customs, under the superintendence of Robert Hart, Inspector General of Maritime Customs, who may cause the illumination of China in more ways than one, as from his official position and peculiar relation to the Chinese Government he can exercise a larger influence for the progress and improvement of China than any other man in the Empire.

POLICE — SEWERAGE — SUPPLY OF WATER.

The police of the city of Pekin is rigid enough, as it is a great citadel and city of officials. The night watchman goes around twisting a rattle or beating two sticks together all night, to warn thieves that he is about, on the principle that prevention is better than cure. The Chinese formerly made gigantic improvements in canals, and the interior communication by water is wonderful; but they have no sewerage in their cities, and no idea of introducing water for the use of the inhabitants—perhaps they have no use for it; they drink little, and never wash themselves. In Pekin the water is drawn from wells, but is very hard. The water in the canals and lakes in the city is covered with a green scum, which detracts somewhat from the beauty of the scenery as well as the desire to use it.

WHAT IS WANTED.

If some Baron Hausman would arise in Pekin and had a Napoleon to sustain him, it might be made a delightful capital. A railroad of six hundred miles would reach the sea at the mouth of the Peiho river. Agricultural resources and fruits are abundant. The pastures of Mongolia furnish the finest meats, and the wilds of Manchuria afford abundant game. The capital of the empire of four hundred millions of human beings—without railroads, telegraphs, gasworks, waterworks, newspapers, or any other of the institutions which we call evidences of civilization—is a dead city; and, until connected with the world by steam and electricity, and bound to Christendom by the ties of a common religion, it can have no human brotherhood.

THREE EUROPEAN ARMIES.

A late number of *Blackwood* gives the mode of forming the army in Northern Germany, France, and Austria, and an estimate of their actual and possible strength.

The military system of Northern Germany consists of the "Regular Army," the "Reserve," and the "Landwehr." Recruits, to the number of 100,000 are raised every year by conscription, who serve three years in the Regular Army, four years in the Reserve, and five years in the Landwehr, each being stationed in his own district. At the close of these twelve years' service they are discharged. In time of war the strength of the Regular Army is doubled by recalling 500 men from the Reserve to each battalion, which is only 500 strong on the peace establishment. The Landwehr are at the same time called out, and undertake the whole reserve duties of garrisoning the fortresses, and keeping up communication—thus, at once liberating the whole regular troops for service in the field. The strength of the North-German army will be: Regular Army in the ranks, 300,000; Reserve to Regular Army, 350,000; Landwehr, 370,000. Thus, while supporting an army of 300,000 only in time of peace, she will have at her command, in time of war, a well-organized army of 1,020,000.

France proposes to raise 100,000 recruits each year. Of these, 70,000 will be at once put in the ranks to serve five years. The remaining 30,000 are sent home to remain enrolled in the First Reserve for nine years, undergoing a certain amount of drill, and being at all times subject to be called out. The 70,000, after serving five years in the Regular Army, are sent home, and constitute a part of the Second Reserve. All young men of military age, each year, who are not drawn as recruits, are enrolled in the Garde Nationale Mobile, remaining at home, and receiving a militia drill. In time of war the First Reserve is called out first, and the Second Reserve and Garde Nationale Mobile afterwards in their order. It is customary, when a man has served four years actually in the Regular Army, to give him a furlough for the fifth year—subject, of course, to instant recall. The strength of the French Army is estimated: Regular Army, 400,000; First Reserve, 100,000; Second Reserve, 228,000. Total war force, independent of the Garde Nationale Mobile, 728,000. The latter is now about 330,000, and it is supposed will ultimately extend to 550,000.

The Austrian system is similar to that of North-Germany. The number of recruits raised annually is 97,000, who serve three years in the Regular Army, then seven in the Reserve, after which they are in the Landwehr for two years. Of the young men of the military age in each year who are not drawn for the conscription, the great bulk are assigned for the Landwehr, in which they are retained for twelve years. The Landwehr of Austria thus combines in its character, the French Garde Nationale Mobile, with the Landwehr of Prussia, the former being composed of raw material, the latter of veterans solely, and that of Austria of both. In the new organization, the frontier troops, 53,000 strong, remain undisturbed. The war force of Austria will then be: Regular Army, 225,000; Frontier Troops, 53,000; Reserve, 545,000—making a total of 823,000 effective men, with a Landwehr of 200,000 men, who can be instantly called into service for garrison duty.

TAMING AN ELEPHANT.

While staying at Mysore, on our road up to the hills, says Florence Marryat, in her reminiscences of life in India, we had seen a large male elephant, which had been just captured, brought into the cantonment between the eight trained female elephants that had assisted in taking him, and which now walked, four on either side, armed with heavy chains, with which they continually lashed the flanks of their prisoner, while he stalked along with an expression on his face as if he would exclaim, with the injured lover in "Luisa Miller"—"Ah, mia tradia! ah, mia tradia!"

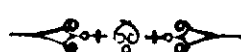
When we visited the Rajah's stud, eight months afterward, we saw the same animal, but so changed as to be scarcely recognizable. When he had marched in, fresh from the jungle, he had been a splendid fellow, eight feet high, and massive in his proportions, and had required all the flagellations of his clever lady captors to keep him in anything like order; now—although, perhaps, looking taller, on account of the fact that his huge bones were painfully apparent beneath his skin—he had no signs of splendor left in him. His mournful eyes were haggard, bloodshot and suppurating, as were also the cruel wounds, made by the chains which encircled his neck and legs, and which had been rivetted on so tightly at first that they had eaten into the poor animal's flesh, and then, when forcibly removed and fastened higher up the joint, had left jagged festering sores behind them. It gave us such pain to look at this noble creature reduced to such an abject condition, that the memory of his altered appearance haunted us. The manner in which elephants are captured—being enticed from their jungle by the call of the female elephants, trained for the purpose, into an enclosure, where their captors gradually encircle them nearer and nearer until they are fairly entrapped—is well known; but the mode by which the natives break the spirit of their huge prisoners is not, perhaps, so familiar. When first caught, and chained by all four legs to the ground, the wild elephant naturally rebels—refuses to eat—and, if not subdued, would fret himself to death. The method of training him, therefore, (as it is called), is never to permit him to sleep. As long as the beast shows any signs of rebellion he is not allowed to close his weary eyes. Relays of natives dance around him all night, flashing torches before his bewildered sight, and shouting a song into his bewildered ears, the refrain of which is:

> "You must submit to the Rajah,
> You must submit to the Rajah;"

and the usual upshot of which is that the poor animal, being too full of jungle life to die, and driven nearly stupid by sights and sounds such as his jungle life never brought to him, ends by submission; that is to say, he abandons hopeless efforts to root up the chains and trample those who approach him under his feet; and, worn out by pain and want of rest and quiet, consents to eat as much food as will support life in him, and remains for the rest of the day with down-hanging head and bloodshot, despairing eyes, sadly wondering how this change has come upon him.

But they assured us that in a few months the elephant I allude to would forget his past, pluck up heart and appetite again, and with it recover his good looks, and, it is to be hoped, his happiness.

Young Folks.



THE BOX OF SHELLS.

BY NELL GWYNNE, COBOURG, ONT.

Our scene lies on the shore of Lake Ontario, on an evening in early autumn. Dark lowering clouds hung overhead, and there was a wild roar in the woods and the waves; bright colored leaves were whirled down over the steep, precipitous bank along the shore, and carried out on the receding waves, and then dashed back on the pebbly beach looking brighter than before. As the waves dashed against the flat rocks, sending up showers of spray, and the trees lashed about in the wind, there emerged from a dark opening in the woods that skirted the bank, a wild, shaggy looking black pony, bearing on its back a young girl wearing a scarlet cloak, with the hood drawn over her head, and carrying in her hand no less an article of industry than a hoe with a broken handle, which she threw on the ground together with a tin box that she had underneath her cloak, as she hastily dismounted, and proceeded to tie the pony to one of the large beeches that stood on either side of the opening in the woods that led to the dark winding road she had just traversed, and which was made conspicuous by the mass of tangled foliage that surrounded it, the edge of the woods being rendered almost impregnable by a thick undergrowth of young trees and shrubs of various kinds. The pony being secured, she picked up the hoe and tin box, and walked quickly to the edge of the bank, where she stood for a moment—with her dress sweeping the yellow plumes of golden rod, and her cloak streaming back from her shoulders like a scarlet flag—watching the gulls skimming over the dark waters of the lake; but it was only for a moment. Making her way a few feet down the bank by the aid of a tall maple which had recently been precipitated down the bank by the earth beneath it giving way—and now lay with its roots partly bristling out of the edge of the bank, and its brilliant foliage dipping in the water—she proceeded to excavate a hole in the bank with the hoe, and into this hole she thrust the tin box, stopping up the mouth with pieces of sod pulled from the overhanging bank. A few moments and she has remounted her pony and disappeared into the woods by the way she came, and the scene closes.

The next rolling up of the curtain discloses the interior of a lofty room furnished in rather a chaotic style. In one corner stood a mirror with a tarnished gilt frame, and in another a piano. Between these two articles of furniture was a hair sofa, and behind the hair sofa was a mantle-piece, on which, among other miscellaneous articles, was a stuffed owl and a life-sized portrait of a young lady with black hair and a sort of pink and tan complexion, and with her eyes turned up so very much that it seemed doubtful if she could ever get them down again. Running up through the middle of the room was a table made of rough pine boards, that looked like a carpenter's bench, which was partly covered with half of an old woolen shawl, the other half of which hung on one of the lofty windows in lieu of a window blind. On this table were strewn books of all descriptions, slates, paint-boxes, and various other boxes, writing materials, drawing materials, beads, cones, pressed flowers, pressed mosses, half-finished drawings, fragments of wax and paper flowers, pieces of perforated card, pieces of wax, pieces of glue, pieces of ribbon, pieces of music, maps, knitting, sewing, Berlin wool, and all manner of bottles, large and small; vases, dolls and dolls' furniture, and various other articles too numerous to mention. This grand mass of confusion was presided over by Miss

Tremore, who reigns supreme in this her school-room, and who was now engaged in the hopeful occupation of disentangling some sewing silk from some other sewing silk, some thread, some floss, and some Berlin wool. Miss Tremore's cheeks were purple, and her eyes glowed with a feverish light, and moreover Miss Tremore was as hoarse as if she had a violent cold, and all from over-exertion in the discharge of her duties in imparting French and German, Music and Singing, Drawing aud Painting, English in all its branches, and Fancy Work in all its branches, to a couple of dozens of young ladies of various ages that now surrounded her, and whose occupations were almost as varied as the articles on the the table. "Miss Campbell, my dear, your paint is too thick. Miss Hanly, where is your thimble? Miss Martin, you are not studying. Miss Dacy! Miss Dacy! how much oftener shall I have to tell you to cross your t's ?" was a sort of running fire that Miss Tremore kept up all day long.

"Miss Tremore, I can't find my shells," said a little girl, putting her head out from underneath a marble-topped table on which a bird-cage kept company with some books, a pin-cushion and a pitcher of water.

"Nonsense, my dear," said Miss Tremore, "they could not have walked out of the room; you must search." "Young ladies, help Miss Ollivet to search for her shells;" which request was promptly complied with, searching being one of the standard occupations at Miss Tremore's. Indeed, the greater part of the valuable time passed there was spent in searching for things.

"Miss Rogers, has your desk been searched?" said Miss Tremore, addressing a young lady seated at a desk that bore a strong family likeness to the long table.

"No, Miss Tremore," said Miss Rogers, who had hitherto been so intent on her work that she did not seem to notice what was going on about her, and in whom, as she turns her head, we recognize the dark troubled eyes and flushed cheeks of the heroine of the mysterious tin box.

"This is very strange, young ladies; quite unaccountable, I am sure," said Miss Tremore, "but it is four o'clock, and the search must be given over for to-day—prayers, young ladies, prayers," she added with a suddenness which characterized all her movements. With Miss Tremore's prayers closes the second scene, and now for a peep behind the curtain.

Miss Tremore had come out to Canada in the capacity of governess in an English family of some note, who, however, found it convenient to dispense with her services shortly after their arrival in the country. Being of an enterprising turn of mind, she set up a ladies' school on her own account a short distance from a village, which we shall call Preston, for want of a better name. About a month prior to the commencement of our story Clara Rogers, who was the daughter of an affluent farmer in the neighborhood, had brought a number of fresh water shells to school, which she had been some time collecting for the purpose of making a miniature shell cottage, in imitation of one she had once seen at a Provincial fair which had taken her fancy prodigiously. She first had a regular little frame of a house made at the carpenter's shop, from which she cut the shape of the cottage in thick card-board, which she glued on the frame, having previously cut out the windows, the frames of which she formed with tiny slats of cedar. She then proceeded to glue the shells on the card-board as close as one could lie against another, till it was all covered excepting the roof which she sanded. Having reddened the chimneys with brick dust, and varnished the shells, she placed the cottage in the centre of a thin board, about half a yard square, which she enclosed with the most wonderful little fence cut out of cardboard and sanded like the roof. The enclosure was then filled in with the most beautiful green moss, which was arranged in picturesque little banks and mounds, and dotted about with tiny cedar trees; but the crowning glory of the garden was the squaw berry vines that crept in and out everywhere, climbing up over the windows and over the little porch, from whence they made their way up over the roof, twining about the chimneys and trailing down over the eaves, the deep green leaves and bright scarlet berries contrasting beautifully with the paler green of the moss and the dark color

of the cottage. Clara was delighted with her work, which had greatly exceeded her expectations, her cottage being much prettier than the one she had intended to imitate.

"Miss Tremore, I have got such a lot of pretty shells at home that mamma brought from England, don't you think I could make a cottage, too?" said Katy Ollivet, as she stood watching Clara admiringly, putting the finishing touches to her mossy garden.

"I suppose you could, my dear, if you have got shells enough. Bring them with you to-morrow, and we will see what we can do," said Miss Tremore; and accordingly when Clara came to school the next morning there was an admiring group standing about Katy Ollivet's shells, which were scattered on a newspaper on the table.

"Ah, Miss Clara! you will have to look to your laurels," said Miss Tremore playfully. "Katy's cottage is going to cut your's out altogether. I am afraid it will be Miss Ollivet first prize, and Miss Rogers second."

And as Clara looked at Katy's beautiful, smooth shining shells, so much prettier than her own, a bitter feeling came into her heart. It had long been her intention to enter her cottage for a prize at the county fair which was to be held at Preston; hence Miss Tremore's remark, which she little thought would rankle like a thorn in Clara's heart, till she put on her cloak to go home in the evening, which she did not do for an hour after the others had gone, it being her evening to stay after school for her music lesson. As she was putting her books in her satchel her eye fell on the box that contained Katy Ollivet's shells. It was a peculiar looking box, painted black with a green stripe running about the edges. Lifting the lid, which, it struck her, was remarkably heavy for that sort of a box, she looked in at the shining mass of delicately tinted shells, when an idea seemed to strike her. Suddenly closing the box she looked about at the deserted room, and then thrust it under her cloak, and snatching up her satchel and music-book, she walked quickly out where the trees—resplendent in scarlet and yellow—were flaunting about in the wind. She took her way over the beaten path across the fields, and she had not gone very far when she espied Ned, the servant boy, riding towards her on her pony. Now, she was frequently in the habit of riding over to her grandmother's, which was some distance the other side of Miss Tremore's, after she had returned home from school, and as she intended going over this evening, her mother had sent the pony to meet her, with instructions to Ned to carry home her books, as she was afraid she would be late coming. Clara gave Ned the books, but held the box of shells tightly under her arm, intending to hide it in the fence until she would be coming back, which she did after she had got out of sight of Miss Tremore's. As she galloped homewards she began to think seriously of what she would do with it, her intention being to hide it until it got too late for Katy Ollivet to make her cottage for the fair, and then bring it back and put it in some obscure corner of the school-room. But where was she to hide it? If she brought it home she would always be uneasy about it for fear of its being discovered. While this question was puzzling her brain, her eye fell on an old hoe with a broken handle that was lying in the ditch. Here was an idea! She would bury it. She picked up the hoe, and was looking about for a good burying place, when she perceived that the pony, which she had left untied, had wandered into the woods, and was already half a dozen yards down the road that led to the lake, and the thought occurred to her that she would go down into the woods and bury it in the bank. It would surely be safe there, and she would know where to find it when she wanted it.

Clara took care to be late for school the morning after the search, in hopes that search number two would be over by the time she got there, but what was her chagrin to find that Katy Ollivet had not yet come to school, and of course the shell question would not be broached until she came. As the morning wore away without Katy making her appearance, Clara's peace of mind for the time being began to return. She would be spared the search, at least for to-day. But lo! even as she was congratu-

lating herself, a dark shadow fell across the window, causing her to look up and behold Captain Ollivet, Katy's papa—booted and spurred, and followed by an odd-looking black and white spotted hound—walking quickly towards the hall door. An instant afterwards a thundering double knock brought Tibby Day, the housemaid, to the door. Captain Ollivet could not come in, he was anxious to get to Preston in time to catch the English mail; would Tibby give his compliments to Miss Tremore, and ask if he might see her for a moment. As soon as Miss Tremore made her appearance Captain Ollivet proceeded to narrate how Katy had been kept at home in disgrace by her mamma, for abstracting the tin box from his library for the purpose of carrying some shells to school; the said box, which by some mistake he had left unlocked, having contained valuable papers, part of which Katy had thrown carelessly into a drawer, and part of which still remained in a drawer in the lid of the box, the secret of which was only known to Captain Ollivet himself, and as he understood the box had been mislaid, would Miss Tremore be so very kind as to have it hunted up by the time he came back; he was sorry for giving her so much trouble, etc.

A cold perspiration broke out on Clara's forehead, and her ears began to sing. Oh! why had she touched that horrid box.

Everything in the room was turned topsy turvy. Tibby Day and Mary the cook, and even Mrs. Munroe, Miss Tremore's landlady, were called in and questioned, but, it is needless to say there could be no clue found to the missing box.

"Tibby," said Miss Tremore suddenly, as if an idea had occurred to her. "Tibby, are you sure you have seen nothing of the missing box?"

"Yes, Miss Tremore, quite sure," said Tibby, reddening under the sharp scrutiny of Miss Tremore's eyes.

"And you have swept and dusted the room every morning."

"Yes, Miss Tremore," said Tibby again, whose face had grown crimson under the simultaneous stare of the whole school, which appeared to have become suddenly imbued with the same idea that had suggested itself to Miss Tremore.

"I did not take it, Miss Tremore," said Tibby piteously.

"Well, Tibby, nobody said you did," said Miss Tremore, in slow and measured tones.

"No, Miss Tremore, but———"

"But what?" said Miss Tremore, severely.

"Nothing, Miss Tremore, but I did not take it," said Tibby, beginning to cry.

"Nobody has accused you of taking it," said Miss Tremore, in the same measured tones, as she looked significantly about the room. "But I think we have had enough of this. French exercises, young ladies, French exercises," she continued, rapping a penholder on the table; and Tibby walked out with her apron to her eyes, followed by Mary the cook, and Mrs. Monroe, both of whom looked very suspicious indeed.

Miss Tremore told Captain Ollivet on his return, that the box had not been found, but that he need not be uneasy about it, as she was confident it would turn up before long, adding in a confidential tone that she "hawf" suspected the housemaid, which of course explained worlds. * * * * *

The last rays of the setting sun tipped the many-colored tree tops with gold, and lay mirrored on the smooth waters of the lake in bars of purple and crimson. All along the shore the waves were sobbing—sobbing for the dying summer—sobbing for the glory of the woods that was so soon to be no more. And here again—standing on the edge of the bank, crushing the yellow plumes of goldenrod—was Clara Rogers, whose thoughts were neither with the purple sky nor the sobbing waves, but evidently concentrated on a tin box that she held in her hand, and from which she was brushing the yellow clay, she having just excavated it from its grave in the bank. "I will ride to grandpapa's and back so slowly that it will be getting dark by the time I am going past Miss Tremore's, and they will be all at tea. I will steal into the gate and throw the box at the hall door, and be well rid of it." she soliloquized, as she placed it under her cloak.

And it was thus that Tibby, when she opened the door to sweep in the morning, found the missing box of shells lying on the door-step, to her great joy and amazement.

"Well young ladies, the box of shells has been found," were the first words with which Miss Tremore greeted her scholars on entering the school-room a couple of hours afterwards; "and Tibby has been dismissed," she added in a slightly triumphant tone.

"Tibby dismissed! Miss Tremore!" exclaimed Clara Rogers, letting go her spelling-book, at which she had been tugging nervously to get it out of her satchel.

"Yes, dismissed," said Miss Tremore. "She came rushing in with the box in her hand when I was at breakfast, and said she had just found it on the door-step. I told her point blank that I did not believe her, but offered to say nothing more about it, in consideration of her former good conduct, if she would own what she had done, and promise never to do such a thing again. But, gracious me! such a fuss as she made crying and protesting that she knew nothing about the box, only what she had just told me, so I told Mrs. Monroe what I thought about the matter, and she dismissed her on the spot."

"I don't think Tibby did have anything to do with the box, Miss Tremore," said Clara Rogers with scarlet cheeks; and with a confession of the whole affair trembling on her tongue.

"Nonsense, my dear; it was as plain as daylight," said Miss Tremore, to whom Clara's defence of Tibby did not seem anything strange, as she was a general favorite with the whole school.

"Poor kind-hearted Tibby Day to be branded as a thief—dear, dear, dear," groaned Clara inwardly. "What spirit of evil could have tempted me to touch that horrid box."

Half a dozen times through the day, the impulse was strong on Clara to make a confession to Miss Tremore; but as many times her courage failed, and she walked home in the evening carrying her miserable secret with her to be her companion through many a weary month.

As there was nothing more said about Katy Ollivet's cottage, Clara bore off the once coveted first prize at the fair; but which now afforded her more pain than pleasure. If she could have found any reasonable excuse she would not have brought it to the fair at all; the very thoughts of it having become hateful to her.

It was a bright sunny morning in March, and all out doors was light and glitter; every branch and twig being encrusted with ice, that now and again came shattering down through the sunlight, startling the blue jays that sent forth their wild mewing cries from among the glittering branches; and Clara Rogers stood on the verandah at her home, scattering crumbs to a myriad of chickadees, that now fluttered through the tangled net-work of crystalized vine tendrils that showered down between her and the bright blue sky, and now hopped about her as tamely as chickens, sometimes even pecking from her hand. A sound of voices came welling through the half-open door. They were the voices of some morning callers of her mother's, that had no interest for her, till suddenly her ear caught a name that caused her to listen intently: "We called at Mrs. Day's about Tibby," said a lady's voice, "and the poor creature seems quite broken-hearted. She had a long string of troubles to tell about her husband having cut his foot chopping out at the shanties; and being in very poor health herself, and what she seemed to consider the worst of all, Tibby being sent home in such disgrace from Mrs. Munroe's, which she said was the cause of her being out of a place all winter. I really felt sorry for the poor woman," continued the speaker: "she looked so miserable surrounded by her little ragged children; though she flew out at me like a wild cat when I offered to take Tibby a month on trial; and said Tibby never should go anywhere to be spied after like a thief; she would starve first, and I don't know what else.

"How much money did Tibby steal from Miss Tremore?" said another voice.

"It was not money; but papers, deeds, or something of that kind, you know, that belonged to Captain Ollivet," answered the first voice. Clara did not wait to hear any more; but going up to her own room, she took out her writing materials and wrote an humble confession, as plainly and briefly as she could word it, to Miss Tremore, adding what she had just heard about Tibby. Before the ladies had

finished their morning call, Ned was speeding towards Miss Tremore's with it in his pocket; and Clara felt happier than she had done for months.

A week wrought a wonderful change in the fortunes of the Days. Miss Tremore and Clara Rogers had been to see them; and brought clothes for the children, and nourishment for the sick mother. And with a shower of apologies for her mistake which she said she had just discovered, Miss Tremore offered to reinstate Tibby in her old place at Mrs. Munroe's if she would accept it. The story of Tibby's false accusation spread far and wide; and her sympathisers were legion; charity poured in from all sides, with the most liberal offers for Tibby's services; who, however, preferred her old place at Mrs. Munroe's."

"I thought everybody would know what I had done; and I felt as if I deserved that they should, for doing Tibby so much harm; but you were very good not to say anything about it, Miss Tremore," said Clara taking her handkerchief from her eyes as she sat on the sofa in Miss Tremore's parlor the day after Tibby's return.

"My dear, I was quite as much to blame in the matter as you were, if not more; we have both received a lesson, which, let us hope, will be a benefit to us through life."

LITTLE LOU'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

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

(*Continued.*)

CHAPTER XII.

The summer days at this time were long and pleasant. Lou could follow his papa about the garden, and watch him as he weeded the flower-beds, or raked the walks. He thought he helped both papa and mamma when they trained vines about the door, by holding the hammer and the nails. Sometimes he filled his little wheelbarrow with apples, and worked till his face was quite red, carrying them to the old pig, who lived out in the yard near the stable, and never seemed to do anything but eat and grunt. His mamma sometimes watched him from her window, and sometimes ran out to see where he was, or what he was doing; but this took almost all her time, and she could not spare it all. She had her house to be kept in nice order, and to tell what she would have for breakfast and dinner and supper. She had to make a great many little frocks and aprons for Lou, for, now that he played out-of-doors all day long, he soiled his clothes, and had to have them changed very often. Then she wanted to read and to write, and to play on her piano; and she had a cabinet of shells which she was fond of arranging, to say nothing of the rare plants she was collecting. So she thought it would be a good plan to get some little girl who was older than Lou, but not too old to play with him, to come and run about the garden and the yard with him, and see that he did not go near the well.

She soon heard of a poor woman whose husband was dead, and who was like the old woman that lived in the shoe, and had so many children she did not know what to do. She was very thankful to let one of them go to live with a such a nice kind lady as Mrs. James.

"I'll sind yer me Biddy, and she's sivin years old last December was a year, ma'am."

"I'm afraid she's too young," said Lou's mamma.

"Is it too young she is! But shure she'll be afther growing oulder ivery day she lives, ma'am."

"I wanted a little girl who liked to run about and play, but yet was old enough to keep my little boy out of mischief. He's very mischievous, and I doubt if he would obey so young a child."

"And shure it's a rale little woman she is, actyve, livelye, sprightlye, with a hid of her own, and has had the care of all the childers wheniver I've been off to a day's work, ma'am. And a full male of victuals has niver intered her poor little stomach since the day her father was brought home on a boarrd, and I died in me chair when I saw the sight of him; I did indade."

Biddy looked up at Mrs. James while her mother was speaking, with longing eyes. To run about that pretty garden, with that pretty little boy to get plenty to eat, and have nice clothes to wear! how nice it all seemed!

Mrs. James saw the look, and her heart melted.

"I will give her a week's trial," said she.

"Indade, ma'am, and may yees live for iver," cried Mrs. Medill. "It's meself'll scrub her up clane and tidy, so she won't know hersilf if she mates hersilf on the street, shure."

That afternoon, her face shining with soapsuds, and her calico frock and apron as tidy as tidy could be, Biddy Medill arrived at her new home, and in half an hour, she and Lou were good friends. Mrs. James sat down at a table and began to copy a picture in crayons.

"How nice it is," she thought, "that I

have found that little girl! Her mother will have one child the less to feed and to clothe, and I shall be able to do a great deal for the child. I shall teach her to read and to spell, and as fast as Lou outgrows his clothes, I shall send them to Mrs. Medill."

CHAPTER XIII.

Her pleasant thoughts were interrupted by Lou, who came running in full of wrath.

"I don't like that girl!" he shouted. "She won't come when I call her."

"Oh, don't talk so!" said his mamma.

"He kept calling me 'chick! chick! chick!' and shure, ma'am, it's not a chicken I am!" Biddy burst out.

"If she's a biddy, she's a chick," cried Lou.

His mamma laughed.

"Biddy," said she, "don't you see that Lou is only a very little boy, only two years old, and that he doesn't know better than to call you a chicken? Now run away both of you. And Biddy, remember what I said about the well."

Biddy went out slowly, and consoled herself with eating green apples in the orchard.

"You musn't eat green apples," said Lou. "God can see you if you disobey me."

"You are only a little boy," said Biddy; "you are only two years old. Your mamma said so."

Once more Lou rushed to his mamma.

"God is looking right at her!" he cried, in a loud eager voice. "He sees her eating apples. He does!"

"Tell her, mamma says she must not eat green apples. They will make her sick."

Lou ran off with this message, and Biddy stopped eating, and filled her pockets instead.

When it was time for supper they were called in. Biddy had hers in the kitchen, and ate as if it was her last chance on earth, while the cook looked angrily on.

"At this rate I shall need two pair of hands, and we'll have to buy a barrel of flour a month. If that child has eaten one slice, she's eaten five. Mercy! if she isn't helping herself to another! Where's your manners, child?"

"Me what?" asked Biddy.

"Your manners, I say. To come into a gentleman's house and eat as if you was a tiger,—a raving, roaring, raging tiger!"

"Maybe you've always had enough to eat," said Biddy, coolly. "Maybe your mother wasn't a poor widow. Maybe your father didn't fall off a house and get killed. Maybe you wasn't niver a little girl like me."

"Indeed, and that I never was!" cried Abigail, pouring out a cup of milk for the child. "But if your mother's a widow, and your father's got killed, why, it makes a difference."

"Are Mr. and Mrs. James neat and tidy people?" asked Biddy.

"Neat and tidy! Neat and tidy! How dare you ask such a question?" cried Abigail. "Neat and tidy indeed, you little Irish Paddy, you!"

"I only wanted to know; because, if they are, I thought I'd borrow their brush and comb," said Biddy.

Abigail tried to say something, but the words wouldn't come. She only held up her hands and groaned aloud, and the end of it was, that Mrs. James hurried out the moment tea was over to buy for Biddy a brush, a comb, and a number of other things that she might be tempted to "borrow." Her heart sank within her when she saw, as she did now, that in taking Biddy, she had really taken another child to teach.

"I hope, Abigail," she said: "that you will be patient with the poor thing, and try to teach her some of your own nice ways. It will be a great thing for Mrs. Medill if we can train this child into a useful young woman."

"If you are not too tired to sit up to prayers, Biddy, you need not go to bed," said Mrs. James, when Lou was laid away in his crib to talk himself to sleep.

Biddy did not know what "sitting up to prayers" meant, but she was curious to find out, and was quite ready to sit up. She never went to bed early at home, and did not feel at all sleepy. She went out and sat on the door-step that led to the yard, and waited there till Abigail called her in.

Professor James read a short chapter, and then Biddy, watching every word and look, saw them all kneel down with closed eyes. She did as the rest did, and when she went up to bed with Abigail, she said:

"It's a fine thing to have your prayers said off for you when you're tired and sleepy. It is a great deal handier than my mother's way. She often gets to sleep saying hers."

"What a little heathen you are!" replied Abigail. "If you don't get right down on your knees, and say your prayers like a good girl, you shan't sleep with me, I can tell you. Do you suppose you're going to get off easy, and go to heaven just because we've had family worship?"

Biddy was nearly asleep, and a good deal puzzled, but seeing Abigail kneel down on her side of the bed, she knelt down at hers, where she soon forgot all her joys and all her troubles in a sound sleep. After a time she was shaken till she was wide awake, by Abigail, when she was ready to go to bed, and couldn't remember whether she had said her prayers or not. Poor little Biddy!

CHAPTER XIV.

The next morning Biddy Medill, Lou's little nurse, awoke early, feeling strong and well. She remembered what a good supper she had the night before, and wondered if she would have as good a breakfast. She dressed quickly, and ran down to the kitchen.

"Here you are!" said Abigail. "Well, take up this water for Lou's bath, and don't you spill one drop on the stairs. And now I'll tell you what it is. You can dress that child just as well as his mamma can, and don't you let her be breaking her back doing it, while you stand staring at her."

"I was to run and play with him, and nothing else," replied Biddy.

"The idea! Well, then, stay here and get the breakfast, for now there's two mouths to fill, there ought to be four hands to work. So I'll just run up and dress the child myself."

On hearing this, Biddy scampered out of the kitchen as fast as she could. She knew she couldn't get breakfast, and she knew she could dress one child, when, at home, she had five to dress. Mrs. James, who thought she came of her own accord, was highly pleased to hear her say she had come for Lou.

"What a little treasure she will be!" she thought. "Of course I shall bathe Lou myself, but if she says she can dress him, I shall let her try."

But Lou did not like this plan at all, and he told Biddy to "Get out!"

"Lou, never let me hear you speak to Biddy in that way again," said his mamma.

"I did not say it to Biddy; I said 'Get ont' to an old bear," said Lou. His mamma stood looking at him, puzzled to know what to say or do. Lou saw from her serious, anxious face that he had grieved her. This made him quiet while Biddy dressed him, with her little womanly ways.

"I see you are used to dressing children," said mamma.

"Yes ma'am," said Biddy.

Lou looked fresh and bright when his little white apron was tied, and his hair, wound around his mamma's fingers, fell in ringlets all over his neck. Then he came and knelt down at her knee to say his prayers.

"Lou," she said, laying her hand on his head, "you know there was no old bear here when you said 'Get out!' You said that to Biddy. It was very naughty to make believe you said it to a bear. Now, when you pray to God, ask Him to forgive you for doing so."

Lou looked very grave. He knelt down and folded his hands, and shut his eyes, and said: "O God, please to forgive me for saying 'Get out' to Biddy."

"And for saying afterwards that you were speaking to a bear," said his mamma.

"And please to forgive me for saying: 'Get out, you old bear.'"

"No, not that; you don't understand," said his mamma. "O Lou, what shall I do to make you understand?"

Biddy, full of trouble at seeing her new mistress looking so anxious, now cried out: "Maybe a good hard crack would do, ma'am."

Mrs. James knew now less than ever what to do, so she told Biddy to take Lou down, and to play with him near the house till breakfast-time. As to herself, she went to the study where Lou's papa was reading, and told him all about it. He only laughed, and said there was no need to be so troubled. Lou did not seem much more than a baby to him, and he thought to himself: "Such a mere baby does not know enough to tell a lie."

But Lou's mamma felt sorrowful all day. She was afraid Lou was not going to grow up a good, truthful boy.

CHAPTER XV.

When Biddy had been Lou's little maid a week, on Saturday evening, just after dark, papa and mamma went out to take a walk. Lou was in bed, and asleep, and Biddy was in the kitchen with Abigail. As they drew near the house, on their way home, they were alarmed by loud screams.

"What can have happened to Lou?" cried his mamma; and she was beginning to run, so as to get home quickly.

"I do not think it is Lou," said his papa.

"It must be Lou. Only a child screams in that way."

"It is a child's voice, to be sure, but not Lou's. I really believe it is that little Biddy of yours."

"It can't be possible. But let us hurry home, and see what is the matter."

As they reached the gate to the front yard, the sounds ceased, and Mrs. Medill came hastily out, and was about to pass them in the dark.

"O, Mrs. Medill, is that you?" cried Lou's mamma. "Do tell me who it was I heard screaming so dreadfully just now. Is anything the matter with my little boy?"

"Indade no, ma'am, bless his sweet face. It's me own Biddy as I've been after bating, and it's ashamed I am that yees has been afther hearing the noise."

"Beating Biddy! What has the child done, that you should beat her?"

"That's just it, shure. It's ivery Saturday night I beats 'em all round, to keep 'em straight, shure. And I just stepped up to-night to give me Biddy her turn; asking yer pardon for the noise, ma'am; and nixt Saturday night I'll do it the same."

"But Biddy does not need to be beaten. She has been perfectly good the week through, and is a very great help to me."

"See, now? Isn't it just what I was saying, ma'am? It's the bating she knows she'll get ivery Saturday night as keeps her right till the next week. There ain't a better child nor me Biddy, and so I just sthepped over to give her her bating,—bless her."

"Stepped over two miles to beat that poor child!" cried Mrs. James, as Biddy's mother went on her way. "What am I to do, Herbert? How can you laugh? For my part I think it is perfectly dreadful."

"We must make it convenient to have Biddy out of the way next Saturday night, my dear."

Mrs. James went straight to the kitchen in search of Abigail. She found her rocking in her low chair, reading her hymn-book, as if nothing had happened.

"How could you let that woman whip the child so?" asked Mrs. James.

"It did no good to argufy," replied Abigail; "she only beat the harder; and the more I said, the more Biddy screamed."

"Poor little thing! Next Saturday night, suppose you hide her away somewhere?"

"I don't think that would do. Biddy would think we were taking her part against her mother, and that would make her uppish like."

"Where is she now?"

"She is getting undressed, ma'am, and going to bed."

"We must be doubly kind to her after this. I hope, Abigail, you will be patient with her, and teach her all your own nice ways."

(*To be continued.*)

PRETTY IS THAT PRETTY DOES.

The spider wears a plain brown dress,
And she is a steady spinner;
To see her, quiet as a mouse,
Going about her silver house,
You would never, never, never guess
The way she gets her dinner.

She looks as if no thought of ill
In all her life had stirred her;
But while she moves with careless tread,
And while she spins her silken thread,
She is planning, planning, planning still
The way to do some murder!

My child, who reads this simple lay
With eyes down dropped and tender,
Remember the old proverb says
That pretty is which pretty does,
And that worth does not go nor stay
For poverty nor splendor.

'Tis not the house, and not the dress
That makes the saint or sinner;
To see the spider sit and spin,
Shut with her web of silver in,
You would never, never, never guess
The way she gets her dinner!

CARL.

"Heu—eu!" said the wind. "Here I am again!" And he gave little Carl Richter's window a shake so that the panes rattled till they almost fell in pieces, and then he flew off,—like the wild fellow he was.

Carl started up in bed and opened his eyes wide. "That's the old north-east!" said he, and began to listen. It was dark, as if it were the middle of the night, and Carl could not see anything in the room; only a patch of gray in the blackness showed where the window was. But he could hear a curious noise, or rather a good many different noises, that made him open his eyes wider than ever, only there was nobody there to see how big and round they got to be. First, there was the wind, that seemed trying to get in at all the doors and windows of the house, blowing and whistling, as if it were so cold,—so cold,—and wanted to get into Carl's own warm little bed and be tucked up snug. Then there were the pine-trees sobbing and sighing to themselves, and Carl knew that far up the mountain, and for miles away, all the pines were moaning and bending, just like those at his father's door. Then—and it was to this that Carl was listening so eagerly—there was a sort of muffled roar, that grew louder and louder, and suddenly a report almost like that of a cannon, and after that a horrid, choking sound, as if some terribly big creature were trying to draw a deep breath, and then the roar again. I know more than one little boy, no younger than Carl was, who would have scampered under the bed-clothes, and perhaps called for his mother to come, on hearing that dreadful noise. I know one little boy who would have thought that a bear was in the room, or under the bed, and I am pretty sure that he would have screamed, and that his mother would have had to sit by him and hold his hand till he fell asleep again. But Carl did none of these things, and wasn't in the least frightened. He had heard the same noise often enough before, and knew perfectly well what it meant. "That's the old Northeast!" said he again, "and blustering more than ever." But he did not say it in English as I have written it down, for Carl was a little German boy and used to roll out the funniest long sentences, that would sound to your ears as if he were saying nothing but ugh! ugh! ugh! And to hear little Sophie, who was only three years old, try to sputter out some ugly word,—that would have made you laugh indeed. Carl knew enough of English to talk to the people who came to see his father, for they lived in America, where it is not everybody who can understand German. That seemed

very strange to Carl. But always at home Carl spoke in German,—to his father and mother, and to Sophie and Johann, and to the cow and to the robins, and to the dear old dog, whom he always called "Thou," and whom he loved better than anything else that he had in the world.

Carl had come to America when he was a very little baby,—far too little to know anything of the land where he was born, or even the passage in the great ship; so his only associations were with the rocky nook where he now lived, and the little house around which the wind whistled that wild autumn morning. It was on the coast with a great bare mountain rising up behind it, and the merry sea in front,—the sea over which Carl had been carried, a little unconscious baby, in his mothers arms. Often and often when he had been listening to his mother's stories of the country where he was born, and which she loved so well, Carl would go out and sit upon the rocks and rest his little brown cheek on his hand, and look across the silver sea as it flashed and danced in the sunlight. "When I am a man, I will go back to the fatherland," he would say to himself. But he loved the new home too; there was the mountain to climb, and the rocks to play among, and his mother had planted a little patch of German daisies in the garden, that bloomed and smelled as sweet as they ever could have done anywhere. Then there were the beach and the sea, and Carl already owned a little boat, which he could row all alone; he could even take Johann with him sometimes, when the sea was quiet, and the little boy would promise to sit still. Carl had never been to school, for the nearest house was two miles off; but his mother had taught him to read and to write, and he could swim, and row, and drive the horse, and milk the cow, and was learning to sail a boat,—yes, and sometimes he could tell when a storm was coming. He was the oldest of the children; then there were Johann, and Sophie, and the new baby, who was so very little that he hadn't any name at all. They were all great sturdy children, with blue eyes and yellow hair, and fair, merry faces; only Carl was not fair, but as brown as a little Indian, with the sun and wind. And now you know what it was that Carl heard as he sat up in bed and listened. It was the sound of the waves that were beating on the rocks of Spouting Point.

Carl put his hand cautiously over to the side of the bed where Johann was, to see if he was awake. But Johann was certainly sound asleep; he had been playing hard all the day before, and slept as quietly as if the gentlest summer breeze were blowing. Then Carl got out of bed softly, so as not to wake him, and pattered along with his little bare feet to the window. It was still dark, but the east was beginning to grow gray, and down on the point he could see a white line of foam shooting up and fading away in the darkness again. He stayed there, kneeling down at the window, watching the white gleam that was a hundred times finer than any fountain, till he began to feel cold. By this time it was a good deal lighter, and Carl could distinguish the rocks quite plainly. "I will get up and go to see the breakers," he said; "it is nearly time for the morning-red." So he dressed himself quietly and quickly, always careful not to disturb Johann, and crept down stairs with his shoes in his hand. When he passed the door of the room where his mother was sleeping, he stopped a moment, and put his hand on the latch. Then he thought, "No I will not wake her; I shall be back before she wakes," and was creeping away again. But the mother was waking, and heard; or was it only the mother's love which never sleeps, and which *felt* the little footsteps so dear to her? However that may be, Carl heard the mother's voice calling to him.

"Where art thou going, child?" said she, when he had come into the room, and was standing beside her bed, and she saw that he was dressed in what he called his "weather clothes."

"Dost thou not hear the wind, Mutterchen?" said Carl, kissing her. "I am going to the point, to see the wind toss the waves about. That will be fine to-day!"

"Carl, Carl, why canst thou not sleep soundly in thy bed?" said his mother smiling. "Thou art a true storm-chicken. Do not go among the rocks, lest thou stumble. And do not stay long, or I shall think something has befallen thee."

"No, only a little," said Carl. "It is near the daybreak already. How is the little brother?"

"He sleeps," said his mother, "sweet as a little angel. Do not go near the rocks; remember, Carl."

"No, Mutterchen," said Carl, kissing her again, and went out, and softly shut the door. Down stairs before the hearth lay the dog Bezo. He was awake, too, and when Carl put his little round head into the house-room, he rapped on the floor with his tail. That was his way of saying good morning.

"Come, Bezo, and shake sleep out of thine eyes," cried Carl. "Dost thou not hear Northeast? How the old fellow rages! Let us come out and mock him, Bezo!"

But Bezo seemed to like the warm room better. He got up and stretched himself and yawned, licked the hand of his little master, and laid himself down again.

"Thou good-for-nothing!" said Carl. "Thou wouldst sit all day long, and roast like a potato among the ashes, if I did not drag thee out. Come!" he cried, and seized

one of Bezo's paws, and pulled him away from the warm hearth. Then he tied his hat on tight, and opened the outer door.

Whew! That was a blast! At the very instant that Carl opened the door, came a furious gust that tipped his hat down over his eyes and blew Bezo's hair all the wrong way up his back. But Carl planted his sturdy little legs very far apart on the ground, and the wind didn't succeed in knocking him over, though it made him stagger and clinch his hands hard. The pine-trees bent and rattled, and louder than ever Carl could hear the slap of the surf, and the roar of the coming waves. He pulled his hat on once more, and called to Bezo to keep up the dog's spirits, but found he had not much breath to spare. "That's funny," said he to himself, "that when there is so much wind, I should have so little breath!" Then he started to run down to the beach as fast as the wind would let him. It blew in his face, and tried to trip him up at every step, and once it nearly stole his hat, but Carl's little brown fist clutched the brim just in time. Bezo kept along by his side, and so, panting and rosy, Carl stood, at last, just beyond high-water mark on the sand-strip. Down amid the sea-weed at his feet he saw Johann's little boat, which their mother had rigged so carefully, and which Johann had been playing with the day before. Carl took it up and put it on some rocks where it was safer, and fastened it down so that it might not be blown away. "Poor Johann must not lose his boat till he can have a real one," said Carl to himself, "like mine."

Well, it was fine! The waves seemed tumbling over one another in their haste to get to the land, and to swallow up the little boy who stood there so coolly just beyond their reach. But, after all, the breakwater and the pier made it comparatively calm where Carl was; it was out on the rocks that he was looking, and there the spray was tossing and whirling, and great green walls of water rose every moment. Carl enjoyed it. He knew the rough old rocks would hold their own against the angry water, and he clapped his hands and shouted every time a wave bigger than the rest fell and shivered itself into foam against them. But all of a sudden something caught his eye which was not the foam,—something out beyond on the sea. Could he have seen clearly? Carl put his hand on Bezo's head, and stared; his heart almost stopped beating for a moment. Another wave rose up, hurled itself against the crags, and then Carl saw the ship with its masts all broken, and a fragment of sail showing, come driving straight onwards. It was not a fishing-schooner, such as he saw every day passing, Carl knew at a glance, but a much larger vessel, evidently out of her course and helpless, drifting at the mercy of the merciless wind and sea. Poor little Carl stood looking on in horror for a moment, and clutched Bezo's hair so tightly that he whined. But Carl didn't hear him; he was thinking of nothing but the ship, nearer and nearer every moment. He knew that there were men on board who were trying to guide her motions, and he knew, too, what the men on board did not,—of the terrible sunken ledge on which she would strike, unless some quick hand were there to grasp the rudder; unless—Carl thought of the dear land over the sea, and perhaps on board there were some who came from thence,—countrymen, friends. The ledge seemed to Carl's excited fancy to come to meet the fated ship; he knew so well where the cruel rocks were waiting for their prey.

"I cannot bear it!" cried he. "Come, Bezo!" and he started out on the pier, cautiously yet swiftly. There was his little See-madchen fast to her moorings, and the oars lashed to a pile. Carl cast one glimpse at the breakers, and listened to that savage roar again, and gulped down something like a great sob. "I have been out in as rough a time with the father," said he, and knelt down, and began to untie the boat. Bezo stood by him, puzzled and whining. Little Carl's cheek was pale for all the sun-burn, but he only said to himself, "I must show them the ledge," over and over again, as if to keep down that curious rising in his throat; "there is nobody else."

Suddenly came a dull sound that was not all the breaking of water, and Carl gave a cry and started to his feet, with one arm round the post to steady himself. It had come so soon. There was the vessel driven upon the ledge, and the breakers pounding, pounding, pounding. And back ran an answering cry to Carl's,—the cry of men in sudden and utter despair,—and that drove every thought but one out of Carl's generous, big heart. He stood up as tall as he could, and made a trumpet of his hand, and shouted in English, "See! this boat comes!" forgetting that the wind drove his poor little voice back, and choked it, and utterly silenced it. Then he turned, and gave one last look at the cottage. It was dark and still; behind it a great black mass rose—that was the mountain; he knew that in a little while it would be red-capped, for the day was near. "The father must be here soon," he muttered to himself, "and I have been out in as rough a time."

Then he knelt down, and said the little prayer that he said every night at his mother's knee, and then in another moment the See-madchen was on the top of a wave, with every muscle in Carl's arms in play, and Bezo crouched at his feet. He knew the boat would live in almost any sea, "and I can swim, and so can Bezo," he thought. Bezo sat watching him, never stirring; his intelligent eyes never moved from Carl's

face. The tide was going out; that helped him. Oh! that the ship might not go to pieces before he could reach her! The little "See-madchen" could only hold three,—Carl never thought of that; he pulled stoutly on. Now a light came in the cottage, at the window of his mother's room. Carl thought of little Sophie, with her yellow hair, and her eyes like the blue "forget-me-nots." And then a mighty wave came, and swept the poor little boat away like a feather. Carl saw the rocks looming,—put out a slender oar to stave off—

When I went to see Carl's mother last summer, she took me out, crying, to the little grave. It is near the house, and they have planted the sweet German daisies upon it; and when I saw it they were all in bloom, and the tender grass spread its velvet over the mound. And while I stood there, she told me how Bezo had dragged Carl's poor little body up on the beach, wounded and bleeding himself, but having lived long enough to save his master, he thought; and how, as the first sunlight made the mountain-top red, Carl's father found them there, both dead.

Johann stood by his mother's side, and took her hand and kissed it.

"Yes, I have thee left, my Johann," she said, "and we have not lost our Carl forever."

I stooped and picked one of the daisies which grew so fresh over the dead child, and I thought of the gallant little heart that had nourished the flower I held, and of the young life that was as sweet and fair, and of the love and tenderness of the Heaven that is over us all.—*Our Young Folks.*

NED'S ACCOUNT OF HOW AMBER WAS FOUND ON AN ISLAND IN THE BALTIC.

HIDDENSE, May 1st.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—It is a wee mite of an island from which I date this letter to you; one might be as much afraid here of tumbling off into the clear green waters of the Baltic, as was that famed American of tumbling into the German Ocean, while walking upon the island of Great Britain. This strip of land is so narrow in two places, that with but little exertion I can throw a stone from the east to the west shore. Do you remember what I told you on board the steamer,—that I would write to you when I could do so from a place where none of our large family had been before? Well, now I can, indeed, keep my promise. The pastor here told us a story about an English lord, who, several years ago, lost his way on the adjacent island of Rügen, and discovering this ribbon of land, took it for the coast of Pomerania. Being a tall man, he jumped into the water to wade across; but when he got half way over, he came to a deep channel, and had to call with all his might for help. A ferryman came to his assistance, and soon the young lord found that he was mistaken about this island being the coast of Pomerania, and asked the ferryman to take him to the owner of the place. The island belongs to a cloister in Stralsund, and so the ferryman thought the best thing he could do was to take him to the greatest man in the place, which is the pastor. Sailors and old women, you know, are the greatest gossips in the world, and this island being full of them, the astounding news of there being a live English lord here, spread like fire. It was noised about that this distinguished personage would be in church the following Sunday. At early sunrise the good islanders were seen wending their way along the road to church, in order to get a good seat, from which to view the Englishman. Pews are not let on the Continent; so, first come, first served, is the rule. By the time that the minister arrived, both church and grave-yard were full of pious fishermen, and women with their children. The good minister's heart was cheered by such a goodly sight; and not dreaming of the real cause, he thanked God for the grand revival that was taking place in his parish. He proposed, as the church could not accommodate all the listeners, to hold service on the top of the adjacent hill; and the deacon, after announcing this proposition, followed the pastor, who was already ascending the hill. But misfortune would so have it, that the the English lord's attention was attracted by the quaint old grave-stones in the church-yard, and he went to inspect and decipher their inscriptions. The Hiddense islanders, bent upon making the best of their opportunity to see an English lord, remained around him in the church-yard, while on the top of the hill, pastor and deacon vainly looked for their hearers. When John Bull can make such a sensation you may be assured we are the first Americans here. And in confidence let me whisper to you, that after father accepted Dr. Piper's kind invitation to take up our quarters in his house, the good Doctor begged us not to let out that we are Americans, for fear the inhabitants of the neighboring island might come over in such a crowd as to swamp little Hiddense. Therefore, we travel incognito here, like sovereigns who wish to keep off the admiring curiosity of a people.

May 2nd.

How I wished you were with us, yesterday afternoon, to enjoy one of the most wonderful sights I ever saw. Father and I were out rambling over the high hills at the north end of this island, and we went to see the grand old hawthorn that stands there, and has from time immemorial been a day beacon to pilots. From here we had

a splendid view of the cliffs of Ancona and Jasmand, two peninsulas of the romantic island of Rügen, with its famous Hertha Lake. This lake was named after the heathen goddess, Hertha, who was a pure virgin. Every year the image of this idol was carried in grand procession round the island, and the people had a holiday. At the end of the journey, twelve virgins, clad in white, had to wash the dust from the idol, and then put it in a temple made for it. This done the virgins were drowned in the lake, in order to attend their mistress in Valhalla. But I must not pause to tell you of all the lovely views that met our eyes, or I shall never get to the strange phenomenon I am to tell you especially about. Turning towards the south, we saw the water perfectly calm, and polished as a mirror; and the whole Pomeranian coast, distant twenty miles, seemed raised several feet above the water. The city of Stralsund, of which we usually saw only the tops of spires and domes, was plainly in view, with its houses, churches, trees, etc., etc. Above the spires of the churches, all along its shore, ran a brilliant band of white light; and above this band was the whole city reflected in the sky, but upside down, so that the spires of the real city, and those of the reflection, almost touched each other. It was a grand sight, and Pastor Piper said we were favored of Heaven, for the oldest inhabitant of the island only recollected seeing this wonderful sight once or twice.

May 5.

I have been nearly all day on the sea-shore, where I saw an exciting scene, which I hasten to tell you. The Pastor for several days has been promising us a storm; and, sure enough it began blowing a hurricane from the northwest early yesterday morning, lashing the waves against the yellow cliffs, so that the spray mounted half-way to the hill-tops. You know how fond I am of being on the sea-shore during a storm, for then nature seems so sublime to me. Seeing some fresh sea-weed driven to the shore, father purposed going to catch it, and said we should then most likely find some pieces of amber entangled in it. "Amber!" cried I. "Is that the way it is found?"

"Yes," replied the Pastor, "you may find a few splinters now, but it is hardly worth the trouble of wading for them; for wait, the wind will most likely change during the night, to the southwest, and then to-morrow you can make a rich harvest of amber." We certainly hoped the wind would change, but in the meanwhile we ran down the rocks to get what we could. By scratching and poking with our sticks among the sea-weeds, we got a good many pieces of amber, the largest the size of a walnut; they were covered by a brown porous crust, which time and the water had coated over them. Father took his knife and scraped off this salt-eaten crust, to see whether it was the opaque yellow, the transparent, or the cloudy kind, for all these varieties are found here. On our way back to the pastor I got the crust off mine, and found it perfectly transparent, and a most lovely yellow. In the centre of it I saw something dark, and on looking closely, it proved to be a little fly with outstretched wings, perfectly preserved, from its little head to its little legs. I asked the pastor how it had gotten there.

"The supposition is," was his reply, "that many centuries ago the whole basin of the Baltic was dry land, and connected Sweden and Norway with the Continent. This land was covered by a species of pine-tree, now extinct, which produced an enormous quantity of gum. In the course of time a terrible earthquake disturbed this land to such an extent, that it sank down and down, so deep, that it now makes the basin of the Baltic. When it had sunk down to its great depth, the salt waters of the German Ocean rushed in and filled it. The influence of the salt water upon the great store of gum thus buried, made, after many centuries, what we now call a precious stone, the beautiful amber. As for the insects which are frequently found imbedded in it, they were probably entrapped while basking in the warm sun, by gum trickling from the pine cones. So you see insects have been embalmed, as well as Egyptian kings and queens. More than thirty centuries ago the Phœnicians sailed through the Mediterranean, along the shores of Spain and France, to the Baltic, to get this much prized amber. Although it is found in other places on the Continent and Asia, the Baltic has always been the great source of it." Then we all went home, and I, for one, ate a good big dinner; and especially ate of a fresh water lobster, only a quarter as large as our home lobsters, and which has the queer name "Knebse." In the evening, games and songs amused us until nine o'clock, when I went off to bed, so as to be up betimes this morning; and all night long, even in my sleep, I kept hoping and thinking that the wind was southwest.

At sunrise I was out of bed, eagerly looking from my window, to see how the wind blew. It was from the much desired quarter, the southwest! I thought breakfast would never be ready, and then that it would never be over. But at last they were all through, and Pastor Piper took me to the door, from which we had a fine view of the foaming ocean. "Do you see," he said, "a large dark mass at some distance from the shore, rising and sinking with the waves? That is a mass of fractured and powdered pine wood, sea-weeds, remains of fishes and shells, raked up by the turbu-

lent force of the intersecting waves from the northwest and southwest, and in this tangle lies the amber in great quantities." And now we set off. Crowds of people were coming down to the shore, old and young, men, women and children. The men with large fishing-nets on long poles, the women and children carrying rakes and bags. The mass was yet too far off to be waded for, so the people grouped themselves along the shore, some standing, sitting, and stretched out on the shore, all watching the approaching wealth. It was a most picturesque scene.

By and by the mass drew near the shore, and then, because of a strong under-current, it remained almost stationary. Now the men doffed their hats, coats, vests and boots, and seizing their nets jumped into the sea. They waded out so far, that the water came almost to their chins; when the waves receded, they threw out their nets as far as they could, and they were soon filled with the sweepings of the sea's floor. Then they hurried to the shore, and giving their families the contents of their nets, ran off again for more. Easy as this work seemed, it was fraught with considerable danger, for the men had to be constantly on their guard, lest they should lose their foothold, and be carried by the irresistible current into the open sea.

The women and children were all working rapidly, to pick the amber from the rubbish. Each one had a bag into which was put the amber, while the wood was thrown in a heap, to be dried, and kept for fuel. Fuel is very scarce on this island, peat, and the dried dung of the cattle only supplying the want. We heard a triumphant shout, and turning our heads, we saw a woman holding up a piece of amber as large as an ordinary building brick. Everybody crowded around the lucky one in admiration and envy. It was a splendid piece of amber, of the most valuable sort, yellow and pure from the slightest blemish. Father bought it for the cheap sum of one hundred and twenty thalers. He will have something beautiful made of it in Vienna, where they carve amber better than any other people but those at Constantinople. At one place between the rocks, I found a great many pieces that the fury of the waves had dashed to shore. One piece, as large as the palm of my hand, I am going to make ear-rings of, for sister Mary.

Suddenly a cry for help came from the sea, echoed by a hundred voices on shore. A young man was seen struggling with the waves, now lifted on their crests, now disappearing. His foot had slipped, and the under-current had carried him into deep water. The men rushed toward him trying to rescue him with their long poles, but in vain; he was driven too far for them to reach. It was impossible to swim in such a sea. What was to be done? The men called out to one another, the women and children ran wildly about, shrieking and sobbing, but no one seemed to know what to do. But the young wife of the drowning man was hastily cutting ropes from the few nets on shore, and knotting them strongly together, and finally, fastening a bar of wood at one end, and throwing it out in the sea, she took the other end and plunged into the waves, fearless of all danger. "Give me the rope, Maria," cried a stalwart fisherman; "this is no place for you! run back on land;" and seizing it, he threw the piece of wood towards the drowning man, who had yet strength enough to catch and hold on to it until he was dragged into shallow water, when a man waded in, and taking him in his arms, brought him on shore. But the poor man was so weak that he could neither stand nor walk; so the fishermen carried him home, while his brave wife walked by their side. The others now went on with their work as if nothing had happened. We looked on for a while longer, and then went home with our pockets full of amber.

But father calls for the letters; he says the postman is waiting to take them to Stralsund. So good-by for the present.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE NED.

—*Riverside*.

SIXTY-TWO LITTLE TADPOLES.

Look at this mass of white jelly, floating in a bowl of pond water. It is clear and delicate, formed of little globes the size of peas, held together in one rounded mass. In each globe is a black dot.

I have it all in my room, and I watch it every day. Before a week passes, the black dots have lengthened into little fishy bodies, each lying curled in his globe of jelly; for these globes are eggs, and these dots are soon to be little living animals; we will see of what kind.

Presently they begin to jerk backwards and forwards, and perform such simple gymnastics as the small accommodations of the egg will allow, and at last one morning, to my delight, I find two or three of the little things free from the egg, and swimming, like so many tiny fishes, in my bowl of water. How fast they come out now! five this morning, but twenty to-night, and thrice as many to-morrow. The next day I conclude that the remaining eggs will not hatch; for they still show only dull, dead-looking dots; so, reluctantly, I throw them away, wash out my bowl, and fill it anew with pond water. But, before doing this, I had to catch all my little family, and put them safely into a

tumbler to remain during their house-cleaning. This was hard work, but I accomplished it with the help of a teaspoon, and soon restored them to a fresh, clean home.

It would be difficult to tell you all their history, for never did little things grow faster, or change more wonderfully, than they.

One morning, I found them all arranged round the sides of the bowl in regular military ranks, as straight and stiff as a company on dress parade. It was then that I counted them, and discovered that there were just sixty-two.

You would think, at first sight, that these sixty-two brothers and sisters were all exactly alike; but, after watching them awhile, you see that one begins to distinguish himself as stronger and more advanced than any of the others,—the captain, perhaps, of the military company. Soon he sports a pair of little feathery gills on each side of his head, as a young officer might sport his mustache; but these gills, unlike the mustache, are for use as well as for ornament, and serve him as breathing tubes.

How the little fellow grows!—no longer a slim little fish, but quite a portly tadpole, with rounded body and long tail, but still with no expression in his blunt-nosed face, and only two black-looking pits where the eyes are to grow.

The others are not slow to follow their captain's example. Day after day some new little fellow shows his gills, and begins to swim by paddling with his tail in a very stylish manner.

And now a sad thing happens to my family of sixty-two,—something which would never have happened had I left the eggs at home in their own pond; for there are plenty of tiny water plants, whose little leaves and stems serve for many a delicious meal to young tadpoles. I did not feed them, not knowing what to give them, and half imagining that they could live very well upon water only; and so it happened that one morning, when I was taking them out with a spoon as usual, to give them fresh water, I counted only fifty. Where were the others?

At the bottom of the bowl lay a dozen little tails, and I was forced to believe that the stronger tadpoles had taken their weaker brothers for supper.

I didn't like to have my family broken up in this way, and yet I didn't at that time know what to give them; so the painful proceeding was not checked, and day after day my strongest tadpoles grew even stronger, and the tails of the weaker lay at the bottom of the bowl.

The captain throve finely, had clear, bright eyes, lost his feathery gills, and showed through his thin skin that he had a set of excellent legs folded up inside. At last, one day, he kicked out the two hind ones, and after that he was never tired of displaying his new swimming powers. The fore legs followed in due time; and when all this was done, the tail, which he no longer needed to steer with, dropped off, and my largest tadpole became a little frog.

His brothers and sisters, such of them as were left (for, I grieve to say, he had required a great many hearty meals to enable him to reach the frog state), followed his illustrious example as soon as they were able; and then, of course, my little bowl of water was no suitable home for them; so away they went out into the grass, among the shallow pools and into the swamps. I never knew exactly where, and I am afraid that, should I meet even my progressive little captain again, I should hardly recognize him, so grown and altered he would be. He no longer devours his brothers, but, with a tongue as long as his body, seizes slugs and insects, and swallows them whole.

In the winter he sleeps with his brothers and sisters, with the bottom of some pond or marsh for a bed, where they all pack themselves away, hundreds together, laid so closely that you can't distinguish one from another.

But early in the spring you may hear their loud croaking; and when the March sun has thawed the [illegible] from the ponds, the mother-frogs are all very busy with their eggs, which they leave in the shallow water,—round, jelly-like masses, like the one I told you of at the beginning of this story, made up of hundreds and hundreds of eggs, for the frog mother hopes for a large family of children, and she knows, by sad experience, that no sooner are they born than the fishes snap them up by the dozen; and even after they have found their legs, and begin to feel old and competent to take care of themselves, the snakes and the weasels will not hesitate to take two or three for a breakfast, if they come in the way. So you see the mother-frog has good reason for laying so many eggs.

The toads too, who, by the way, are cousins to the frogs, come down in April to lay their eggs also in the water,—long necklaces of a double row of fine transparent eggs, each one showing its black dot, which is to grow into a tadpole, and swim about with its cousins, the frog tadpoles, while they all look so much alike that I fancy their own mothers do not know them apart.

I once picked up a handful of them and took them home. One grew up to be a charming little tree-toad, while some of his companions gave good promise, by their big, awkward forms, of growing by and by into great bull-frogs.—*Author of "Seven Little Sisters," in Our Young Folks.*

BEAUTIFUL BELLS.

Poetry and arrangement by WAVERLY.

Moderato con Grazia.

1. Beau - ti - ful bells, O beau-ti - ful bells, Thy gen-tle mu-sic I joy-ous - ly hear! How to my heart thy witch-er - y tells, Tales of the past ev - er dear. Wilt thou re - turn once more un-to

me, On wings of sweet ech-o to ban-ish my pain? Hark! hark! the strain! it

comes o'er the lea In rav-ish-ing sweetness a - gain.

1. Beau-ti-ful bells, O beau-ti-ful bells, Bringing back pleasures so

dear to the heart; Love's deathless flowers still beau-ty will braid,

Lentando.

Wreathing round memory's urn. Beautiful bells, O beautiful bells!

Joys of my youth, they never will fade,
 But back again will on bright wings return;
Love's deathless flowers beauty will braid,
 Wreathing round memory's urn.
Wilt thou return once more unto me,
 On wings of sweet echo, to banish my pain?
Hark! hark! the strain! it comes o'er the lea,
 In ravishing sweetness again.
 Beautiful bells &c.

Domestic Economy.

ABOUT RECIPES.

There is nothing more desirable to a young housekeeper than some unerring guide to the goal of success in the mysterious realms of cookery. But alas for the hopes that such a one may found in the stereotyped recipes of the books; for if a good many of them are not essentially false to begin with, it often happens that the author is so careless in the description of the quantity of ingredients or the manner of compounding them, that the poor tyro is doomed to a great many mortifying failures.

When I was a tyro (it is not necessary to say how many years ago), I remember trying to make an "excellent tea-cake" according to a recipe bearing that title. Gathering the material together—the sweetest of butter from the spring-house, eggs fresh from the hay-mow, the sugar and flour of the fairest quality, I stirred them up *à la* directions, not deviating in the smallest particular, and with a feeling of satisfaction placed the pretty-looking batter in the oven.

Confident of success, I carefully watched its progress, and when the time for its baking had passed, removed it from the oven, and triumphantly held it up before the admiring gaze of my husband. It had risen to perfection, and was nicely baked. But what was our astonishment, on beholding it in less than half an hour, to see a flat, solid-looking lump of dough, altogether unfit to go on the table, much less into the human stomach!

I was young and inexperienced, but ambitious and very sensitive on the point of spreading a nice table; and my feelings were terribly mortified at this failure, little as it was, though it was no fault of mine. And, to make the matter worse, it was not the last of the kind. I don't mean to denounce all cook-books and the recipes that daily appear in our periodicals, but there are a great number that will not bear the test of a trial.

Well, here was a spoiled cake, and I deliberated some time about the disposal of it The dogs wouldn't eat it, the chickens turned up their beaks at it; to give it to the poor would be adding insult to injury, and it seemed like a shame with all its sweet butter and other "goodies" in it to cast it to the garbage-tub; but I was about in the act when an idea arrested me and I determined to act upon it.

Buying a quart of milk for a dime, I pro-

ceeded to make a pudding, and for the lack of a more fanciful name called it the dime pudding, forgetting the cost of the other ingredients.

First boiling the milk that the watery portion might evaporate, thus preventing the pudding from being watery, as is of so frequent occurrence, then taking of the cake a piece about as large as my two fists (I can think of nothing else, and they are not remarkably large, I being of the female persuasion), and cutting it into small pieces, I poured a little of the milk over it, mashed it up well, picking out the hard portions or heavy cake, then poured on the rest of the milk, stirring it well; after flavoring with a little grated orange peel I placed it in a hot oven, where, at the end of half an hour, it was done. I set it away in the cellar until dinner-time, and when that time came placed it on the table with many misgivings, for I hadn't the remotest idea how the interior looked. But ah, my fears were quieted when, on breaking the surface, I beheld a light, sweet, quivering pudding, good enough for anybody's dinner. We had several of the same kind made from the unfortunate cake, and always found them to be an excellent dessert for an ordinary dinner. Cake of any kind may be served in this way, and is more wholesome for children than when eaten in its original richness.

The pudding may be improved by being spread with jelly after it is done, and covered with the beaten white of an egg, and placed in the oven to brown.

But it is not always the original sin of the recipes themselves that misleads. Their popular style is intensely brief, and sometimes a faultless recipe is couched in language so ambiguous as to lead one into disheartening failures.

I remember an instance of this kind where the fault was not to be laid to the charge of printer or publisher, for it was a manuscript recipe—a housekeeper's secret, only shown to particular friends, of whom I was one. I had seen the beauty, and had tasted the delicate, marvelous richness of my friend's lemon custard pies, and I was impatient to place before the admiring eyes and critical taste of my lord this triumph in pastry.

I had seen many recipes for lemon pies, and had tasted many of the pies, but none of them equalled this. For, while containing wonderful mixtures of molasses and starch, and raisins and what not, they only resulted in a clammy something resembling a vinegar pie flavored with lemon.

Accordingly, I obtained the precious manuscript, a well-worn paper, bearing evidence of honorable service in sundry buttered finger-marks and little daubs of egg and flour, and, having collected the prescribed materials, began the experiment without the slightest fear of failure.

The paper said, "grate the yellow rind of a lemon." I am half-ashamed to confess that I construed the yellow rind of a lemon to mean the whole rind, and with a zeal that would have been heroic in a proper cause, I rasped the insensate lemon to the pulp. What the pies would have been with all this mass of bitterness in them I cannot tell, for I fortunately discovered in time that the yellow meant only the mere surface; or, in other words, it meant nothing but the yellow, and I strained out the rind.

My first effort resulted in something resembling the delicious lemon custard, but the pies were very, very bitter.

I was chagrined to think myself capable of a mistake so stupid, but I have since found out that I am not entitled to the distinction of being the Stupidest Woman in the World.

The next trial brought triumph, and this is the way it was won.

Taking two tea-cups of brown sugar (it being the best for all kinds of custards), and rolling or crushing it well, I poured on it the white of one egg and the yolks of four eggs, all having been well beaten together, and stirred it up well. I then grated the yellow, and I wasn't particular to grate every speck of it, of a good-sized lemon, and squeezed the juice of the same in the sugar and egg, as above mixed. After stirring again, I took a heaping tablespoonful of flour and mixed it very smoothly with two tablespoonfuls of water, afterward thinned it with a third spoonful of water, then mixed it with the rest, adding two teacups of pure cold water and a pinch of salt to the whole.

The above proportions will make two large, full pies, which are much better than three small ones.

After proceeding thus far, I mixed up the crust, taking, for two large pies, three good handfuls of flour, a pinch of salt, and two table-spoonfuls of lard, with a piece of butter half the size of an egg. Mixing the lard well through the flour, and afterward the butter though not so thoroughly, in order that the crust might be more flaky, and then adding a very little cold water, just enough to make the dough adhere, I rolled it out and lined the pans. Let me say a word to the inexperienced about making pie-crust. It should be made as stiff as possible, lightly handled, not kneading it in the least, but rather squeezing it together. When rolling it, touch the roller very lightly to it, and do not turn the crust over. If it splits around the edges while rolling it, press it together, and do not let it perplex you, for it is a sign of good pie-crust.

After lining my pie-pans I was ready to

proceed. Beating the whites of the three eggs to a stiff froth, I stirred it through the mixture rapidly, poured all out into the pans, grated a little nutmeg over the top, and placed them as quickly as possible in a well-heated oven. After baking as long as an ordinary custard pie—that is, a good half hour (or a little longer, if the oven is not very hot)—I set them away in a cool place. For my reward I had a pie resembling the milk custard pie in appearance, but excelling it in every particular. The body of it when cut was as smooth and tender and light as a jelly; the upper part was a delicate thin foam, surmounted by a tender brown crust thin as paper; while in taste it combined all the good qualities of an ice-cream and a lemonade.—*Hearth and Home.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

WATER-ICES.—Water-ices are made with the juice of the orange, lemon, raspberry, or any other sort of fruit, sweetened and mixed with water. To make orange water-ice, mix with one pint of water the strained juice of three fine oranges, and that of one lemon. Rub some fine sugar on the peel of the orange, to give it the flavor. Make it very sweet and freeze it. Lemon-ice is made in the same manner.

LEMON WATER-ICE.—Rub on sugar the clean rinds of lemon, squeeze the juice of twelve lemons, strain it, boil the sugar into a strong thick syrup, add to the juice half a pint of water, or good barley water, sweeten it with your syrup, add the white of an egg and jelly.

ICE-CREAM.—Two tablespoonsful of maizena, one quart of milk, and one or two eggs. Heat the milk to near boiling, and add the maizena, previously dissolved in a part of the milk—then add the eggs, well beaten, with four tablespoonsful of powdered sugar, and let it boil up once or twice, stirring it briskly. Flavor according to taste.

BOMBAY PUDDING.—This Indian pudding is a very nice, delicately-flavored one, and is extremely nourishing. To a good sweet egg-custard add a little butter, and some grated nutmeg; have ready a finely rasped cocoanut, and mix well together. Having lined a dish with puff paste, pour in the custard, and bake it a light brown color.

RED CURRANT JELLY.—Strip carefully from the stems some quite ripe currants of the first quality, and mix with them an equal weight of good sugar, reduced to powder; boil these together quickly for exactly eight minutes; keep them stirred all the time, and clear off the scum as it rises; then turn the preserve into a very clean sieve, and put into small jars the jelly which runs through it, and which will be delicious in flavor, and of the brightest color. It should be carried immediately, where this is practicable, to an extremely cool but not damp place, and left there till perfectly cold. The currants which remain in the sieve make an excellent jam, particularly if only one part of the jelly be taken from them. In Normandy, where the fruit is of richer quality, this preserve is boiled only one minute, and is both firm and beautifully transparent.

SUNBURNS.—The best plan for removing the effects of sunburns is to wash the face at night with either sour milk or buttermilk, and in the morning with weak bran tea and a little *eau-de-Cologne*. This will soften the skin and remove the redness, and will also make it less liable to burn again with exposure to the sun. Bathing the face several times in the day with elder-flower water, and a few drops of *eau-de-Cologne*, is also very efficacious.

TO SOFTEN THE HANDS.—After cleansing the hands with soap, rub them well with oatmeal while yet wet. Honey is also very good, used in the same way as lemon-juice, well rubbed in at night.

REFRIGERATORS FOR THE FARM-HOUSE.—They will pay for their cost every season and are a very great luxury, especially if you have an ice pitcher for drinking water. A good refrigerator can be bought for from $10 to $20, but you can make one for half the price that will last a dozen years or more. All the material wanted is a few pine boards, nails, a pair of butts, and some saw-dust, or charcoal. A good refrigerator is simply a box within a box, the walls about four inches apart, and the space filled with some non-conductor. A few pounds of ice daily will keep all meats, vegetables, and fruits in the best condition, and give you cold water to drink besides.

WINTER BOUQUETS.—Those who are now in the country might lay up treasures for winter by gathering grasses, ferns and leaves, and drying or pressing them. A tasteful combination of these make pretty and enduring bouquets, which will give the parlor a cheerful look in winter when fresh blossoms are difficult to obtain. Even the common grasses are graceful and beautiful; and by adding to what can be obtained in summer, a good selection of autumn leaves, the variety in color is charming. Ferns need to be pressed with great care; but when well pressed and carefully placed in vases, they last a long time, and look well.

RICE BREAD.—Boil half a pound of rice in three pints of water, till the whole becomes thick and pulpy. With this, and yeast, and six pounds of flour, make your dough. In this way, it is said, as much bread will be made as if eight pounds of flour, without rice, had been used.

WHITE FRICASSEE.—Joint the chicken, wash well, put in the saucepan with a small quantity of water, salt, pepper, parsley, and a little mace. When nearly done add cream. Thicken with flour and butter rolled together.

PICKLED BEETS.—Boil them until tender, and, while hot drop them whole, if small, into spiced vinegar; if large, slice the beets. The spiced vinegar in which peaches have been pickled, is very good for beets.

Egg-Sandwiches.—Hard boil some very fresh eggs, and, when cold, cut them into moderately thin slices, and lay them between some bread and butter cut as thin as possible; season them well with pepper, salt, and nutmeg. For picnic parties, or when one is traveling, these sandwiches are far preferable to hard-boiled eggs *au naturel*.

Pickles.—Keep kegs or jars ready to receive your pickles as gathered. Those of no peculiar flavor, such as cucumbers, melons, &c., can be put together. Keep them in strong brine, a coarse cloth spread over them, and a weight keeping them under brine all the time. When you wish to prepare them for table use, soak them in a succession of clear water until free from salt. Then green them with grape leaves, in alum water, simmering them only. Scald them in strong vinegar for ten minutes, and tie up closely in jars. After a few days pour off this vinegar and pour on them strong boiling vinegar, with spices, horse-radish, mustard, pepper, or anything you like, strewed between the pickles in a jar.

To Pickle Nasturtiums.—These should be gathered quite young, and a portion of the buds, when very small, should be mixed with them. Prepare a pickle by dissolving one ounce and a half of salt in a quart of pale vinegar, and throw in the berries as they become fit, from day to day. They are used instead of capers for sauce, and by some persons are preferred to them. When purchased for pickling, put them at once into a jar, and cover them well with the vinegar.

To Take Out Grease and Ink Spots.—Spirits of ammonia will take out spots of grease, ink, fruit stains, etc., on cloth, silk, muslin, or any other material, without injury to the color of the fabric. It can be purchased in small quantities of any chemist.

Recipe for Washing-Fluid.—Two pounds sal-soda, one and one half pounds of quicklime. Dissolve the lime as for whitewash. Put the soda into five quarts of rainwater. Then pour together and boil half an hour in an iron pot. Then add five quarts of boiling water and put away to settle. Put the clothes to soak in clear tepid water over-night. In the morning, soap them and put them to boil in water to which the fluid has been added, in the proportion of one pint of fluid to five pailfuls of water. Practical chemists endorse it as not in the least injurious to the most delicate fabric.

Editorial.

THE CITY OF SIVAS.

Our illustration for this month is a celebrated City of Asiatic Turkey, of which the following is a brief historic description:—

The city of Sivas, anciently Cabira and Sebaste, was the summer residence of the kings of Pontus. It lies 450 miles southeast from Constantinople, on the range of mountains and mountain plains stretching from the Anti-Taurus to Armenia. It was one of the last possessions of Mithridates, and was captured with that king's treasures, after a terrible battle on the plain above the city.

During the Greek Empire at Constantinople, Sivas was of some account in church history. The first Gregory is said to have been the father of its churches, and Basil and the second Gregory founders of the many monasteries around it. Under the Saracens, the city was ornamented with splendid edifices, ruins of which still remain. When the Ottoman empire had its capital at Broosa, Sivas was garrisoned by Armenians; the city was captured by Timour, Bajazet's son slain, and four thousand of the Armenian garrison buried alive. During all the reign of the Sultans it has been the seat of a Pasha, and one of the imperial governors now resides there.

The shepherd who was feeding his sheep on the south of Sivas when the picture was sketched, has long ago folded his flock; the threshers who were driving their cattle over the heaps of yellow grain have finished their harvest work; and the muffled women who were returning from the graves have ceased to mourn for the dust which that day they buried; but in Sivas, and its sister cities and villages, women always mourn.

Note.—Mr. White, author of an article published some months ago, entitled, "Adrift on the North Sea," writes, in reply to a letter of "An Aged Subscriber," in our last, that it was to his knowledge (being the son of a fisherman) customary, thirty to sixty years ago, for fishing boats in the southern part of the Shetland Islands to carry both fuel and fire for cooking purposes in fine weather, as described in his article.

Your attention is invited to the following specialities, which are of real value, viz:—

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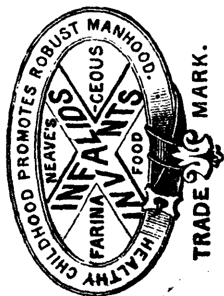

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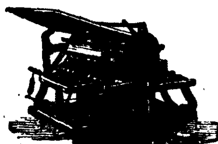

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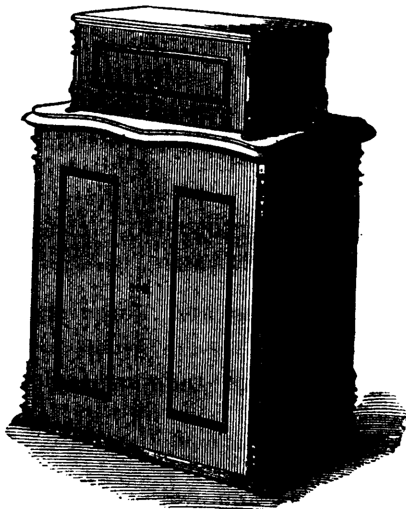

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The author has adopted the form of letters to a friend, and in this way communicates what he has to say in an easy and pleasant manner. And he has a good deal to say that is very valuable and interesting to the fruit-growers, a class that should comprise almost every one who has a home of his own. The letters treat of proper location, soil, preparation, and after-cultivation of orchards, vineyards, and gardens, and what will prove very useful are the lists given of the best varieties of the several fruits. Those of our readers who have a spare patch of ground even would do well to procure a copy, from the perusal of which they may profit in many ways.—*London Free Press.*

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A perusal of these will give all the directions absolutely necessary to plant trees successfully, and also show the best varieties of fruit suitable for the different sections of this country.—*Quebec Gazette.*

We recommend all persons in this section of the country, who are in any way interested in the cultivation of fruit, to subscribe for the Fruit-Culturist at once.—*Huntingdon, C.E., Journal.*

These letters are compiled by Mr. James Dougall, of the Windsor (C.W.) Nurseries, and will be found highly interesting and useful to those in quest of fruit-culture knowledge. The writer says:

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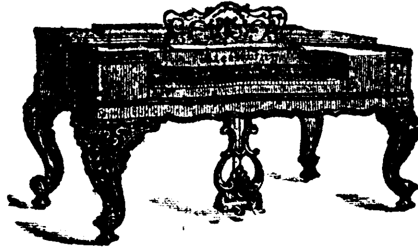

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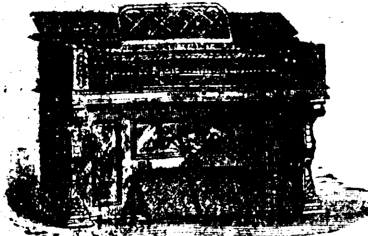

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