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VOL. 1.

NO. 2.

THE
NEW DOMINION
MONTHLY.

November, 1867.



MONTREAL:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

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NOVEMBER, 1867.

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TERMS.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

No. 126 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET,

MONTREAL.

THE TULIP.

I wish to call the attention of florists and gardeners to this flower, which, on account of its having been greatly overvalued at one time, has, perhaps, been less thought of since than it deserves. The Tulip has several very high recommendations.

1st. It is the most showy, and, at the same time, beautiful flower that grows. It has a great number of varieties, that are equally pleasing on a close inspection, or when a bird's-eye view is taken of a number grouped together.

A Tulip-bed should be at least twenty rows long, with six bulbs in a row, which, at six inches apart every way, gives about 12 by 4 feet, a convenient breadth for seeing every individual flower in the bed. This bed or border should be on the northern or western side of a walk, so that the flowers, on facing the morning sun, may be easily seen, that being the time of day when they appear opened into a cup, and consequently to the best advantage.

To one who loves flowers, (and who does not?) such a bed of Tulips, composed of good varieties, well diversified, will give more pleasure every year, during the fortnight or three weeks that it continues in bloom, than the whole cost of it laid out annually in almost any other way.

The collection of Tulips which I possess, and which has been gradually added to for 60 years, gave very great satisfaction every year to my grandfather and father in Scotland, and for upwards of forty years to myself in Canada,—so much so, that it appears to me a hundred dollars a year laid out in any other way would not confer more pleasure. The increase of this collection of Tulips, which, so far as I know, is the finest on the Continent of America, I sell annually, at prices very much lower than varieties of the same excellence could be imported for from Britain or Holland. For instance, *I will sell twenty distinct varieties, named, six of each or 120 flowering bulbs, for six dollars.*

CULTIVATION.

The Tulip is a remarkably hardy flower, suiting almost any soil and climate; and most of the varieties propagate freely, though there is a very great difference in this respect,—some kinds more than doubling, on the average, annually; others, in two or three years; and one or two choice kinds, perhaps not more than once in ten years. The larger the flower, and the longer it continues in bloom, the slower will be the increase at the root.

Many find their Tulips degenerate, and lose them altogether, through the neglect of the simple precaution of breaking off the seed-pods when the petals fall. If these be left on, the strength of the plant runs to seed (which none but regular florists take the trouble of sowing, and they not one pod in a thousand.) The bulbs are, consequently, feeble, and probably do not bloom at all next year. Just as carrots or turnips, when they run to seed, lose the strength and substance of the roots, so it is to a considerable extent with the Tulip; but the breaking of the seed-pods is no trouble, for any child that gets leave will delight to do it.

Any good dry soil will suit Tulips, and if gravelly so much the better. The Tulip should be planted about three inches deep in the fall of the year, in ground pretty well prepared; that from which a crop of potatoes has been taken, for instance, is in a very suitable state for Tulips. Each kind should be in a row, or rows by itself, marked with a pin or label, with the name upon it. There should be on

mulching or protection; and, in spring, almost as soon as the snow disappears, the stems will be seen shooting up through the earth. All that is necessary is to keep the bed free from weeds, and stir the earth between the rows. About the 20th of May, Tulips begin to open in this latitude,—a season at which there are few other flowers,—and continue in fine flower for fully two weeks on an average. After the petals fall, the seed-pods should be broken off, as already mentioned, and the stalks should be allowed to stand till they are half withered, when the bulbs should be taken up (say about the middle of July), each kind being put into a flower-pot by itself with its own pin or tally. The pots should be placed on a shelf in an out-house, till convenient to plant, which may be any time from the 1st of August to the 1st of December; though it is not well to put off planting so late as the latter date, if it can be helped.

In countries like Britain and Holland, where the Tulip finds many professional and amateur cultivators, they have Tulip Shows, which excite great interest; the competition being “for the best 12 or 20 named varieties,” “the best and largest collection,” &c., &c. Were a dozen of gentlemen in any place to cultivate Tulips, such a show might be got up by them for the gratification of the public.

All orders, with the money, will be carefully attended to, and the bulbs packed and forwarded by any conveyance designated. One hundred bulbs, of fine mixed sorts, without the names, will be sent for \$3, and one hundred offsets, many of which will bloom the first year, for \$1.

JOHN DOUGALL, WITNESS OFFICE, MONTREAL.

I have also a fair collection of Hyacinths, which I sell at \$1 per dozen bulbs for assorted kinds (single and double), Blue, White, Red, and other colors.

J. D.

WINDSOR NURSERIES.

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TULIPS and HYACINTHS of great variety, from his splendid collection of the finest named sorts. These can only be got in Fall.

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All Orders—which should be sent early—promptly attended to, lifted carefully, and packed so as to send any distance with safety.

JAMES DOUGALL.

WINDSOR, C. W., 1867.



LAW OF LACROSSE.

NOTE.—These Laws are the only recognized rules of the game.

RULE I.—*The Crosse.*—The Crosse may be of any size to suit the player, but the net work must not be bagged; it must be flat when the ball is not on it. A leading or outside string above the level of the others may be used. It may rest on the top of the stick, but not have anything under to increase its height.

RULE II.—*The Ball.*—The Ball shall be India-Rubber Sponge, not less than eight, and not more than nine inches in circumference. In matches it shall be furnished by the challenged party.

RULE III.—*The Goals.*—The Goals may be placed at any distance from each other, and in any position agreeable to the Captains of both sides. The Flag Poles shall be six feet above the ground, including any top ornament, and six feet apart, and in a match may be furnished by either party.

RULE IV.—*The Goal-Crease.*—There shall be a line or crease, to be called the Goal-Crease, drawn in front of each Goal, at a distance of six feet from the Flags within which no opponent shall stand, unless the Ball is actually near or nearing the Flags.

RULE V.—*Spectators.*—Spectators must stand at least twenty feet from the Goals.

RULE VI.—*Umpires.*—There shall be two Umpires at each Goal, one for each side. Unless otherwise agreed upon by the Captains they shall not be members of either Club engaged in a match, nor can they be changed during a match, except for reasons of illness or injury. They must be thoroughly acquainted with the game, and in every way competent to act. Before a match begins they shall see that all the regulations respecting Crosse, Ball, Goal, Goal-Crease, &c., are strictly complied with; and in deciding whether or not a Crosse is bagged, they shall take the opinion of the Captains and the Referee. During the game they shall stand behind the Flags, and shall have power to decide all disputes, subject to Rule VIII., and suspend from play any player infringing these laws. No Umpire shall, either directly or indirectly, be interested in any bet upon the result of the match. No person shall speak to the Umpires or distract their attention when the Ball is near or wearing their Goal.

RULE VII.—*Referee.*—The Umpires shall select a Referee to whom all disputed games whereon they are a tie, may be left for decision. He shall take the evidence of the players particularly interested, the respective opinions of the differing Umpires, and, if necessary the opinions and offers of the Captains, in cases where the discontinuance of the game is threatened. His decision shall in all cases be final.

RULE VIII.—*Captains.*—Field Captains, to superintend the play, may be appointed by each side previous to a match, who shall take up for choice of Goal, and select Umpires. They shall report any infringement of the laws to the Umpires. They shall be members of the Club by whom they are appointed, and may or may not be players in a match; and if not, they shall not carry Crosses.

RULE IX.—*Designation of Players.*—The players of each side shall be designated as follows:

1. Goal-keeper—who defends the Goal.
2. Point—who is first man out from Goal.
3. Cover-Point—who is in front of Point.
4. Centre—who “faces” in the centre of the field.
5. Home—who is nearest the opponent’s Goal.

The remaining players shall be termed “Fielders.”

RULE X.—*Number of Players.*—Twelve players on a side shall constitute a full field, and they must have been regular members of the Club they represent, and no other, for thirty days prior to a match.

RULE XI.—*Change of Players.*—No change of players shall be made after a match has commenced, except for reasons of accident or injury during the match. When a match has been agreed upon, and one side is deficient in the number of players, their opponents may either limit their own numbers to equal them, or compel them to fill up the complement.

RULE XII.—*Spiked Soles.*—The players shall not wear spiked soles.

RULE XIII.—*Touching the Ball with the Hand.*—The Ball must not be touched with the hand, save in the cases of Rules XIV and XV.

RULE XIV.—*Goal-Keeper.*—Goal-Keeper, while defending Goal within the Goal-crease, may stop balls in any manner.

RULE XV.—*Ball taken up with the Hand.*—Whenever the Ball is taken up, or out of a hole, with the hand, during the progress of a game, it must be faced for with the nearest opponent.

RULE XVI.—*Accidental Game.*—Should the Ball be accidentally put through a Goal by one of the players defending it, it is game for the side attacking that Goal. Should it be put through a Goal by any one not actually a player, it shall not count for or against either side.

RULE XVII.—*Holding, Striking & Pushing.*—Players shall not hold each other, nor grasp an opponent’s Crosse, neither shall they deliberately strike or trip each other, nor push with the hand.

RULE XVIII.—*Changing Sides.*—After each game the players shall change Goals, unless otherwise agreed upon.

RULE XIX.—*Penalties for Foul Play.*—Any player convicted of deliberate foul play or infringement of these rules, shall be suspended from play by the Umpires at request of his Captain.

RULE XX.—*Deciding a Match.*—A match shall be decided by winning three games out of five, unless otherwise agreed upon.

RULE XXI.—*Amending Laws.*—Any amendment, revision, or alteration proposed to be made in any part of these Laws, shall be made only at the Annual Conventions of “The National Lacrosse Association of Canada” and by a three-fourth vote of the members present.

The New Dominion Monthly.

VOL. I. NO. 2. NOV., 1867.



FALLEN LEAVES.

BY THOREAU, IN ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

By the sixth of October the leaves generally begin to fall, in successive showers, after frost or rain; but the principal leaf-harvest, the acme of the *Fall*, is commonly about the sixteenth. Some morning at that date there is perhaps a harder frost than we have seen, and ice formed under the pump; and now, when the morning wind rises, the leaves come down in denser showers than ever. They suddenly form thick beds or carpets on the ground, in this gentle air, or even without wind, just the size and form of the tree above. Some trees, as small Hickories, appear to have dropped their leaves instantaneously, as a soldier grounds arms at a signal; and those of the Hickory, being bright yellow still, though withered, reflect a blaze of light from the ground where they lie. Down they have come on all sides, at the first earnest touch of autumn's wand, making a sound like rain.

Or else it is after moist and rainy weather that we notice how great a fall of leaves there has been in the night, though it may not yet be the touch that loosens the Rock-Maple leaf. The streets are thickly strewn with the trophies, and fallen Elm-leaves make a dark brown pavement under our feet. After some remarkably warm Indian-summer day or days; I perceive that it is the unusual heat which, more than anything, causes the leaves to fall, there having been, perhaps, no frost nor rain for some time. The intense heat suddenly ripens and wilts them, just as it softens and ripens peaches and other fruits, and causes them to drop.

The leaves of late Red Maples, still bright, strew the earth, often crimson-spotted on a yellow ground, like some wild apples,—though they preserve these bright colors on the ground but a day or two, especially if it rains. On causeways I go by trees here and there all bare and smoke-like, having lost their brilliant clothing; but there it lies, nearly as bright as ever, on the ground on one side, and making nearly as regular a figure as lately on the tree. I would rather say that I first observe the trees thus flat on the ground, like a permanent colored shadow, and they suggest to look for the

boughs that bore them. A queen might be proud to walk where these gallant trees have spread their bright cloaks in the mud. I see waggons roll over them as a shadow or reflection, and the drivers heed them just as little as they did their shadows before.

Birds'-nests, in the Huckleberry and other shrubs, and in trees, are already being filled with the withered leaves. So many have fallen in the woods, that a squirrel cannot run after a falling nut without being heard. Boys are raking them in the streets, if only for the pleasure of dealing with such clean crisp substances. Some sweep the paths scrupulously neat, and then stand to see the next breath strew them with new trophies. The swamp-floor is thickly covered, and the *Lycopodium lucidulum* looks suddenly greener amid them. In dense woods they half-cover pools that are three or four rods long. The other day I could hardly find a well-known spring, and even suspected that it had dried up, for it was completely concealed by freshly fallen leaves; and when I swept them aside and revealed it, it was like striking the earth with Aaron's rod, for a new spring. Wet grounds about the edges of swamps look dry with them. At one swamp, where I was surveying, thinking to step on a leafy shore from a rail, I got into the water more than a foot deep.

When I go to the river the day after the principal fall of leaves, the sixteenth, I find my boat all covered, bottom and seats, with the leaves of the Golden Willow under which it is moored, and I set sail with a cargo of them rustling under my feet. If I empty it, it will be full again to-morrow. I do not regard them as litter, to be swept out, but accept them as suitable straw or matting for the bottom of my carriage. When I turn up into the mouth of the Assabet, which is wooded, large fleets of leaves are floating on its surface, as it were getting out to sea, with room to tack; but next the shore, a little farther up, they are thicker than foam, quite concealing the water for a rod in width, under and amid the Alders, Button-Bushes, and Maples, still perfectly light and dry, with fibre un-

relaxed; and at a rocky bend, where they are met and stopped by the morning wind, they sometimes form a broad and dense crescent quite across the river. When I turn my prow that way, and the wave which it makes strikes them, list what a pleasant rustling from these dry substances grating on one another! Often it is their undulation only which reveals the water beneath them. Also every motion of the wood-turtle on the shore is betrayed by their rustling there. Or even in mid-channel, when the wind rises, I hear them blown with a rustling sound. Higher up they are slowly moving round and round in some great eddy which the river makes, as that at the "Leaning Hemlocks," where the water is deep, and the current is wearing into the bank.

Perchance, in the afternoon of such a day, when the water is perfectly calm and full of reflections, I paddle gently down the main stream and, turning up the Assabet, reach a quiet cove, where I unexpectedly find myself surrounded by myriads of leaves, like fellow-voyagers, which seem to have the same purpose, or want of purpose, with myself. See this great fleet of scattered leaf-boats which we paddle amid, in this smooth river-bay, each one curled up on every side by the sun's skill, each nerve a stiff spruce-knee,—like boats of hide, and of all patterns, Charon's boat probably among the rest; and some with lofty prows and poops, scarcely moving in the sluggish current,—like the great fleets, the dense Chinese cities of boats, with which you mingle on entering some great mart, some New York or Canton, which we are all steadily approaching together. How gently each has been deposited on the water! No violence has been used towards them yet, though, perchance, palpitating hearts were present at the launching. And painted ducks, too, the splendid wood-duck among the rest, often come to sail and float amid the painted leaves,—barks of a nobler model still!

What wholesome herb-drinks are to be had in the swamps now! What strong medicinal, but rich, scents from the decaying leaves! The rain falling on the freshly dried herbs and leaves, and filling the pools and ditches into which they have dropped thus clean and rigid, will soon convert them into tea,—green, black, brown, and yellow teas, of all degrees of strength, enough to set all Nature a-gossiping. Whether we drink them or not, as yet, before their strength is drawn, these leaves, dried on great Nature's coppers, are of such

various pure and delicate tints as might make the fame of Oriental teas.

How they are mixed up, of all species, Oak and Maple and Chestnut and Birch! But Nature is not cluttered with them; she is a perfect husbandman; she stores them all. Consider what a vast crop is thus annually shed on the earth! This, more than any mere grain or seed, is the great harvest of the year. The trees are now repaying the earth with interest what they have taken from it. They are discounting. They are about to add a leaf's thickness to the depth of the soil. This is the beautiful way in which Nature gets her muck, while I chaffer with this man and that, who talks to me about sulphur and the cost of carting. We are all the richer for their decay. I am more interested in this crop than in the English grass alone or in the corn. It prepares the virgin mould for future corn-fields and forests, on which the earth fattens. It keeps our homestead in good heart.

For beautiful variety no crop can be compared with this. Here is not merely the plain yellow of the grains, but nearly all the colors that we know, the brightest blue not excepted; the early blushing Maple, the Poison-Sumach blazing its sins as scarlet, the mulberry Ash, the rich chrome-yellow of the Poplars, the brilliant red Huckleberry, with which the hills' backs are painted, like those of sheep. The frost touches them, and, with the slightest breath of returning day or jarring of earth's axle, see in what showers they come floating down! The ground is all parti-colored with them. But still they live in the soil, whose fertility and bulk they increase, and in the forests that spring from it. They stoop to rise, to mount higher in coming years, by subtle chemistry, climbing by the sap in the trees, and the sapling's first fruits thus shed, transmuted at last, may adorn its crown, when, in after years, it has become the monarch of the forest.

It is pleasant to walk over the beds of these fresh, crisp, and rustling leaves. How beautifully they go to their graves! how gently lay themselves down and turn to mould,—painted of a thousand hues, and fit to make the beds of us living. So they troop to their resting-place, light and frisky. They put on no weeds, but merrily they go scampering over the earth, selecting the spot, choosing a lot, ordering no iron fence, whispering all through the woods about it,—some choosing the spot where the bodies of men are mouldering beneath, and meeting them half-way. How many flutterings before they rest quietly in their graves!

They that soared so loftily, how contentedly they return to dust again, and are laid low, resigned to lie and decay at the foot of the tree, and afford nourishment to new generations of their kind, as well as to flutter on high! They teach us how to die. One wonders if the time will ever come when men, with their boasted faith in immortality, will lie down as gracefully and as ripe,—with such an Indian-Summer serenity will shed their bodies, as they do their hair and nails.

When the leaves fall, the whole earth is a cemetery pleasant to walk in. I love to wander and muse over them in their graves. Here are no lying nor vain epitaphs. What though you own no lot at Mount Auburn? Your lot is surely cast somewhere in this vast cemetery, which has been consecrated from of old. You need attend no auction to secure a place. There is room enough here. The Loosestrife shall bloom and the Huckleberry-bird sing over your bones. The woodman and hunter shall be your sextons, and the children shall tread upon the borders as much as they will. Let us walk in the cemetery of the leaves,—this is your true Greenwood Cemetery.

THE SUGAR-MAPLE.

But think not that the splendor of the year is over; for as one leaf does not make a summer, neither does one fallen leaf make an autumn. The smallest Sugar-Maples in our streets make a great show as early as the fifth of October, more than any other trees there. As I look up the Main street, they appear like painted screens standing before the houses; yet many are green. But now, or generally by the seventeenth of October, when almost all Red Maples, and some White Maples are bare, the large Sugar-Maples also are in their glory, glowing with yellow and red, and show unexpectedly bright and delicate tints. They are remarkable for the contrast they often afford of deep blushing red on one half and green on the other. They become at length dense masses of rich yellow with a deep scarlet blush, or more than blush, on the exposed surfaces. They are the brightest trees now in the street.

The large ones on our Common are particularly beautiful. A delicate, but warmer than golden yellow, is now the prevailing color, with scarlet cheeks. Yet, standing on the east side of the Common just before sundown, when the western light is transmitted through them, I see that their yellow even, compared with the pale lemon yellow of an Elm close by, amounts to a scarlet, without noticing the bright scarlet

portions. Generally they are great regular oval masses of yellow and scarlet. All the sunny warmth of the season, the Indian summer, seems to be absorbed in their leaves. The lowest and inmost leaves next the bole are, as usual, of the most delicate yellow and green, like the complexion of young men brought up in the house. There is an auction on the Common to-day, but its red flag is hard to be discerned amid this blaze of color.

Little did the fathers of the town anticipate this brilliant success, when they caused to be imported from farther in the country some straight poles with their tops cut off, which they called Sugar-Maples; and, as I remember, after they were set out, a neighboring merchant's clerk, by way of jest, planted beans about them. Those which were then jestingly called bean-poles are to-day far the most beautiful objects noticeable in our streets. They are worth all and more than they have cost,—though one of the selectmen, while setting them out, took the cold which occasioned his death,—if only because they have filled the open eyes of children with their rich colors unstintedly so many Octobers. We will not ask them to yield us sugar in the spring, while they afford us such a fair prospect in the autumn. Wealth in-doors may be the inheritance of few, but it is equally distributed on the Common. All children alike can revel in this golden harvest.

Surely trees should be set in our streets with a view to their October splendor; though I doubt whether this is ever considered by the "Tree Society." Do you not think it will make some odds to these children that were brought up under the Maples? Hundreds of eyes are steadily drinking in this color, and by these teachers even the truants are caught and educated the moment they step abroad. Indeed, neither the truant nor the studious is at present taught color in the schools. These are instead of the bright colors in apothecaries' shops and city windows. It's a pity that we have no more Red Maples, and some Hickories, in our streets as well. Our paint-box is very imperfectly filled. Instead of, or beside, supplying such paint-boxes as we do, we might supply these natural colors to the young. Where else will they study color under greater advantages? What school of Design can vie with this? Think how much the eyes of painters of all kinds, and of manufacturers of cloth and paper, and paper-stainers, and countless others, are to be educated by these autumnal colors. The stationer's envelopes may be of very various tints, yet not so various as

those of the leaves of a single tree. If you want a different shade or tint of a particular color, you have only to look farther within or without the tree or the wood. These leaves are not many dipped in one dye, as at the dye-house, but they are dyed in light of infinitely various degrees of strength, and left to set and dry there.

Shall the names of so many of our colors continue to be derived from those of obscure foreign localities, as Naples yellow, Prussian blue, raw Sienna, burnt Umber, Gamboge?—(surely the Tyrian purple must have faded by this time)—or from comparatively trivial articles of commerce,—chocolate, lemon, coffee, cinnamon, claret?—(shall we compare our Hickory to a lemon, or a lemon to a Hickory?)—or from ores and oxides which few ever see? Shall we so often, when describing to our neighbors the color of something we have seen, refer them, not to some natural object in our neighborhood, but perchance to a bit of earth fetched from the other side of the planet, which possibly they may find at the apothecary's, but which probably neither they nor we ever saw? Have we not an *earth* under our feet,—ay, and a sky over our heads? Or is the last *all* ultramarine? What do we know of sapphire, amethyst, emerald, ruby, amber, and the like,—most of us who take these names in vain? Leave these precious words to cabinet-keepers, virtuosos, and maids-of-honor, to the Nabobs, Begums, and Chobdars of Hindostan, or wherever else. I do not see why, since America and her autumn woods have been discovered, our leaves should not compete with the precious stones in giving names to colors; and, indeed, I believe that in course of time the names of some of our trees and shrubs, as well as flowers, will get into our popular chromaticomenclature.

But of much more importance than a knowledge of the names and distinctions of color, is the joy and exhilaration which these colored leaves excite. Already these brilliant trees throughout the street, without any more variety, are at least equal to an annual festival and holiday, or week of such. These are cheap and innocent galadays, celebrated by one and all without the aid of committees or marshals; such a show as may safely be licensed, not attracting gamblers or rumsellers, nor requiring any special police to keep the peace. And poor indeed must be that New-England village's October which has not the Maple in its streets. This October festival costs no powder, no ringing of bells, but every tree is a living liberty-pole on

which a thousand bright flags are waving.

No wonder that we must have our annual Cattle-Show, and Fall Training, and perhaps Cornwallis, our September Courts, and the like. Nature herself holds her annual fair in October, not only in the streets, but in every hollow and on every hill-side. When lately we looked into the Maple swamp all a-blaze, where the trees were clothed in their vestures of most dazzling tints, did it not suggest a thousand gypsies beneath,—a race capable of wild delight,—or even the fabled fawns, satyrs, and wood-nymphs come back to earth? Or was it only a congregation of wearied wood-choppers, or proprietors come to inspect their lots, that we thought of? Or, earlier still, when we paddled on the river through that fine-grained September air, did there not appear to be something new going on under the sparkling surface of the stream, a shaking of props, at least, so that, we made haste in order to be up in time? Did not the rows of yellowing Willows and Button-Bushes on each side seem like rows of booths, under which, perhaps, some fluvial egg-pop equally yellow was effervescing? Did not all these suggest that man's spirits should rise as high as Nature's,—should hang out their flag, and the routine of his life be interrupted by an analogous expression of joy and hilarity?

No annual training or muster of soldiery, no celebration with its scarfs and banners, could import into the town a hundredth part of the annual splendor of our October. We have only to set the trees, or let them stand, and nature will find the colored drapery,—flags of all nations, some of whose private signals hardly the botanist can read, while we walk under the triumphal arches of the Elms. Leave it to Nature to appoint the days, whether the same as in neighboring States or not, and let the clergy read her proclamations, if they can understand them. Behold what a brilliant drapery is her Woodbine flag! What public-spirited merchant, think you, has contributed this part of the show? There is no handsomer shingling and paint than this vine, at present, covering the whole side of a house, I do not believe that the Ivy *never-sear* is comparable to it. No wonder it has been extensively introduced into London. Let us have a good many Maples and Hickories and Scarlet Oaks, then, I say. Blaze away! Shall that dirty roll of bunting in the gun-house be all the colors a village can display? A village is not complete unless it have these trees to mark the season in it. They are important, like the town-clock. A vil-

lage that has them not will not be found to work well. It has a screw loose, an essential part wanting. Let us have Willows for spring, Elms for summer, Maples and Walnuts and Tupeloes for autumn, Evergreens for winter, and Oaks for all seasons. What is a gallery in a house to a gallery in the streets, which every market-man rides through, whether he will or not? Of course, there is not a picture-gallery in the country which would be worth so much to us as is the western view at sunset under the Elms of our main street. They are the frame to a picture which is daily painted behind them. An avenue of Elms as large as our largest and three miles long would seem to lead to some admirable place, though only C— were at the end of it.

A village needs these innocent stimulants of bright and cheering prospects to keep off melancholy and superstition. Show me two villages, one embowered in trees and blazing with all the glories of October, the other a merely trivial and treeless waste, or with only a single tree or two for suicides, and I shall be sure that in the latter will be found the most starved and bigoted religionists and the most desperate drinkers. Every wash-tub and milk-can and grindstone will be exposed. The inhabitants will disappear abruptly behind their barns and houses, like desert Arabs amid their rocks, and I shall look to see spears in their hands. They will be ready to accept the most barren and forlorn doctrine,—as that the world is speedily coming to an end, or has already got to it, or that they themselves are turned wrong side outward. They will perchance crack their dry joints at one another and call it a spiritual communication.

But to confine ourselves to the Maples. What if we were to take half as much pains in protecting as we do in setting them out,—not stupidly tie our horses to our dahlias-stems?

What meant the fathers by establishing this *perfect living* institution before the church,—this institution which needs no repairing nor repainting, which is continually enlarged and repaired by its growth? Surely they

“Wrought in a sad sincerity!

Themselves from God they could not free;

They planted better than they knew;—

The conscious trees to beauty grew.”

Verily these Maples are cheap preachers, permanently settled, which preach their half-century, and century, ay, and century-and-a-half sermons, with constantly increasing unction and influence, ministering to

many generations of men; and the least we can do is to supply them with suitable colleagues as they grow infirm.

THE SCARLET OAK.

Belonging to a genus which is remarkable for the beautiful form of its leaves, I suspect that some Scarlet-Oak leaves surpass those of all other Oaks in the rich and wild beauty of their outlines. I judge from an acquaintance with twelve species, and from drawings which I have seen of many others.

Stand under this tree and see how finely its leaves are cut against the sky,—as it were, only a few sharp points extending from a midrib. They look like double, treble, or quadruple crosses. They are far more ethereal than the less deeply scalloped Oak-leaves. They have so little leafy *terra firma* that they appear melting away in the light, and scarcely obstruct our view. The leaves of young plants are, like those of full-grown Oaks of other species, more entire, simple, and lumpish in their outlines, but these, raised high on old trees, have solved the leafy problem. Lifted higher and higher, and sublimated more and more, putting off some earthiness and cultivating more intimacy with the light each year, they have the least possible amount of earthy matter, and the spread and greatest grasp of skyeey influences. There they dance arm in arm with the light,—tripping it on fantastic point, fit partners in those aerial hills. So intimately mingled with it, that, what with their slenderness and their glossy surfaces, you can hardly tell at last what in the dance is leaf and what is light. And when no zephyr stirs, they are at most but a rich tracery to the forest-windows.

I am again struck with their beauty, when, a month later, they thickly strew the ground in the woods, piled one upon another under my feet. They are then brown above, but purple beneath. With their narrow lobes and their bold deep scollops reaching almost to the middle, they do suggest that the material must be cheap, or else there has been a lavish expense in their creation, as if so much had been cut out. Or else they seem to us the remnants of the stuff out of which leaves have been cut with a die. Indeed when they lie thus one upon another, they remind me of a pile of scrap-tin.

Or bring one home and study it closely at your leisure, at the fireside. It is a type not from any Oxford font, not in the Basque nor the arrow-headed character, not found on the Rosetta Stone, but destined to be copied in sculpture one day, if they ever get to whittling stone here. What a wild

and pleasing outline, a combination of graceful curves and angles! The eyes rest with equal delight on what is not a leaf and what is a leaf, on the broad, free, open sinuses, and on the long, sharp, bristle-pointed lobes. A simple oval outline would include it all, if you connected the points of the leaf; but how much richer is it than that, with its half-dozen deep scollops, in which the eye and thought of the beholder are embayed! If I were a drawing-master, I would set my pupils to copying these leaves, that they might learn to draw firmly and gracefully.

By the twenty-sixth of October, the large Scarlet Oaks are in their prime, when other Oaks are usually withered. They have been kindling their fires for a week past, and now generally burst into a blaze. This alone of our indigenous deciduous trees (excepting the Dogwood, of which I do not know half a dozen, and they are but large bushes) is now in its glory. The two Aspens and the Sugar-Maple come nearest to it in date, but they have lost the greater part of their leaves. Of evergreens, only the Pitch-Pine is still commonly bright.

It requires a particular alertness, if not devotion to those phenomena, to appreciate the wide-spread, but late and unexpected, glory of the Scarlet Oaks. I do not speak here of the small shrubs, which are commonly observed, and which are now withered, but of the large trees. Most go in and shut their doors, thinking that bleak and colorless November has already come, when some of the most brilliant and memorable colors are not yet lit.

This very perfect and vigorous one, about forty feet high, standing in an open pasture, which was quite glossy green on the twelfth, is now, the twenty-sixth, completely changed to bright dark scarlet,—every leaf, between you and the sun, as if it had been dipped into a scarlet dye. The whole tree is much like a heart in form, as well as color. Was not this worth waiting for? Little did you think, ten years ago, that that cold green tree would assume such color as this. Its leaves are still firmly attached, while those of other trees are falling around it. It seems to say,—“I am the last to blush, but blush deeper than any of ye. I bring up the rear in my red coat. We Scarlet ones, alone of Oaks, have not given up the fight.”

The sap is now, and even far into November, frequently flowing fast in these trees, as in Maples in the spring; and apparently their bright tints, now that most other Oaks are withered, are connected with this phenomenon. They are full of life. It

has a pleasantly astringent, acorn-like taste, this strong Oak-wine, as I find on tapping them with my knife.

Looking across this woodland valley a quarter of a mile wide, how rich those Scarlet Oaks, embosomed in Pines, their bright red branches intimately intermingled with them! They have their full effect there. The Pine-boughs are the green calyx to their red petals. Or, as we go along a road in the woods, the sun striking endwise through it, and lighting up the red tents of the Oaks, which on each side are mingled with the liquid green of the Pines, makes a very gorgeous scene. Indeed, without the evergreens for contrast, the autumnal tints would lose much of their effect.

The Scarlet Oak asks a clear sky and the brightness of late October days. These bring out its colors. If the sun goes into a cloud, they become comparatively indistinct. As I sit on a cliff in the southwest part of our town, the sun is now getting low, and the woods in Lincoln, south and east of me, are lit up by its more level rays; and in the Scarlet Oaks, scattered so equally over the forest, there is brought out a more brilliant redness than I believed was in them. Every tree of this species which is visible in those directions, even to the horizon, now stands out distinctly red. Some great ones lift their red backs high above the woods, in the next town, like huge roses with a myriad of fine petals; and some more slender ones, in a small grove of White Pines on Pine Hill in the east, on the verge of the horizon alternating with the Pines on the edge of the grove and shouldering them with their red coats, look like soldiers in red amid hunters in green. This is Lincoln green too. Till the sun got low, I did not believe that there were so many red coats in the forest army. There is an intense burning red, which would lose some of its strength, methinks, with every step you take toward them; for the shade that lurks amid their foliage does not report itself at this distance, and they are unanimously red. The focus of their reflected color is in the atmosphere far on this side. Every such tree becomes a nucleus of red, as it were, and, with the declining sun, that color grows and glows. It is partly borrowed fire, gathering strength from the sun on its way to your eye. It has only some comparatively dull red leaves for a rallying point, or kindling-stuff, to start it, and it becomes an intense scarlet or red mist, or fire, which finds fuel for itself in the very atmosphere. So vivacious is redness. The very rails reflect a rosy light at

this hour and season. You see a redder tree than exists.

If you wish to count the Scarlet Oaks do it now. In a clear day stand thus on a hill-top in the woods, when the sun is an hour high, and every one within range of your vision, excepting in the west, will be revealed. You might live to the age of Methuselah and never find a tithe of them otherwise. Yet sometimes, even in a dark day, I have thought them as bright as I ever saw them. Looking westward, their colors are lost in a blaze of light; but in other directions the whole forest is a flower-garden, in which these late roses burn, alternating with green, while the so-called "gardeners," walking here and there, perchance, beneath, with spade and water-pot, see only a few asters amid withered leaves.

These are *my* China-asters, *my* late garden-flowers. It costs me nothing for a gardener. The falling leaves, all over the forest, are protecting the roots of my plants. Only look at what is to be seen, and you will have garden enough, without deepening the soil in your yard. We have only to elevate our view a little, to see the whole forest as a garden. The blossoming of the Scarlet Oak,—the forest flower, surpassing all in splendor (at least since the Maple)! I do not know but they interest me more than the Maples, they are so widely and equally dispersed throughout the forest; they are so hardy, a nobler tree on the whole;—our chief November flower abiding the approach of winter with us, imparting warmth to early November prospects. It is remarkable that the latest bright color that is general should be this deep, dark scarlet and red, the intensest of colors. The ripest fruit of the year; like the cheek of a hard, glossy, red apple from the cold Island of Orleans, which will not be mellow for eating till next spring! When I rise to a hill-top, a thousand of these great Oak roses, distributed on every side, as far as the horizon! I admire them four or five miles off! This my unfailling prospect for a fortnight past! This late forest-flower surpasses all that spring or summer could do. Their colors were but rare and dainty specks comparatively (created for the near-sighted, who walk amid the humblest herbs and underwoods), and made no impression on a distant eye. Now it is an extended forest or a mountain-side, along which we journey from day to day, that bursts into a bloom. Comparatively, our gardening is on a petty scale,—the gardener still nursing a few asters amid dead weeds, ignorant of the

gigantic asters and roses, which, as it were, overshadow him and ask for none of his care. It is like a little red paint ground on a saucer, and held up against the sunset sky. Why not take more elevated and broader views, walk in the great garden, not skulk in a little "debauched" nook of it? consider the beauty of the forest, and not merely of a few impounded herbs?

Let your walks be a little more adventurous; ascend the hills. If about the last of October you ascend any hill in the outskirts of our town, and probably of yours, and look over the forest, you may see, well, what I have endeavored to describe. All this you surely will see, and much more, if you are prepared to see, if you look for it. Otherwise, regular and universal as this phenomenon is, whether you stand on the hill-top or in the hollow, you will think for threescore years and ten, that all the wood is, at this season, sear and brown. Objects are concealed from our view, not so much because they are out of the course of our visual ray, as because we do not bring our minds and eyes to bear on them; for there is no power to see in the eye itself, any more than in any other jelly. We do not realize how far and widely, or how near and narrowly, we are to look. The greater part of the phenomena of Nature are for this reason concealed from us all our lives. The gardener sees only the gardener's garden. Here, too, as in political economy, the supply answers to the demand. Nature does not cast pearls before swine. There is just as much beauty visible to us in the landscape as we are prepared to appreciate,—not a grain more. The actual objects which one man will see from a particular hill-top are just as different from those which another will see as the beholders are different. The Scarlet Oak must, in a sense, be in your eye when you go forth. We cannot see anything until we are possessed with the idea of it, take it into our heads,—and then we can hardly see anything else. In my botanical rambles, I find, that, first, the idea, or image, of a plant occupies my thoughts, though it may seem very foreign to this locality,—no nearer than Hudson's Bay,—and for some weeks or months I go thinking of it, and expecting it unconsciously, and at length I surely see it. This is the history of my finding a score or more of rare plants, which I could name. A man sees only what concerns him. A botanist absorbed in the study of grasses does not distinguish the grandest Pasture Oaks. He, as it were, tramples down Oaks unwittingly in his walk, or at least sees only their

shadows, I have found that it required a different intention of the eye, in the same locality, to see different plants, even when they were closely allied as *Juncaceæ* and *Gramineæ*; when I was looking for the former, I did not see the latter in the midst of them. How much more, then, it requires different intentions of the eye and of the mind to attend to different 'departments of knowledge! How differently the poet and the naturalist look at objects!

Take a New-England selectman, and set him on the highest of our hills, and tell him to look,—sharpening his sight to the utmost, and putting on the glasses that suit him best (ay, using a spy-glass, if he likes),—and make a full report. What probably will he *spy*?—what will he *select* to look at? Of course he will see a Brocken spectre of himself. He will see several meeting-houses, at least, and, perhaps, that somebody ought to be assessed higher than he is, since he has so handsome a wood-lot. Now, take Julius Cæsar, or Immanuel Swedenborg, or a Feegee-Islander, and set him up there. Or suppose all together, and let them compare notes afterward. Will it appear that they enjoyed the same prospect? What they will see will be as different as Rome is from Haven or Hell, or the last from the Feegee Islands. For aught we know, as strange a man as any of these is always at our elbow.

Why, it takes a sharp-shooter to bring down even such trivial game as snipes and woodcocks; he must take very particular aim, and know what he is aiming at. He would stand a small chance if he fired at random into the sky, being told that the snipes were flying there. And so it is with him that shoots at beauty; though he wait till the sky falls, he will not bag any, if he does not already know its seasons and haunts, and the color of its wings,—if he has not dreamed of it, so that he can *anticipate* it; then, indeed, he flushes it at every step, shoots double and on the wing, with both barrels, even in cornfields. The sportsman trains himself, dresses and watches unweariedly, and loads and primes for his particular game. He prays for it, and offers sacrifices, and so he gets it. After due and long preparation, schooling his eye and his hand, dreaming awake and asleep, with gun and paddle and boat he goes out after meadow-hens, which most of his townsmen never saw nor dreamed of; and paddles for miles against a headwind, and wades in water up to his knees, being out all day without his dinner, and therefore he gets them. He had them half-way into

his bag when he started and had only to shove them down. The true sportsman can shoot you almost any of his game from his windows: what else has he windows or eyes for? It comes and perches at last on the barrel of his gun; but the rest of the world will never see it with the feathers on. The geese fly exactly under his zenith, and honk when they get there, and he will keep himself supplied by firing up his chimney; twenty musquash have the refusal of each one of his traps before it is entirely empty. The fisherman, too, dreams of fish, sees bobbing cork in his dreams, till he can almost catch them in his sink-spout. I knew a girl who, being sent to pick huckleberries, picked wild gooseberries by the quart, where no one else knew that there were any, because she was accustomed to pick them in the country where she came from. The astronomer knows where to go star-gathering, and sees one clearly in his mind before any have seen it with a glass. The hen scratches and finds her food right under where she stands; but such is not the way with the hawk.

Original.

WHO WOULD FORGET THE PAST?

BY J. MORRISON.

—Anima, quibus altero fato
Corpora debentur Lethæi ad fluminis undam
Securos latices et longa obliviva potant.—*Virgil.*

There is a stream whose rolling tide
Flows from Oblivion's fount;
Whose waters cause him who may drink
On pinions high to mount;
To leave the past far, far behind,
From memory's page effaced;
And lose the thoughts of by-gone days,
By one sweet draught erased:

Who, who will drink?

Youth, upon whose unclouded brow
Sit mirth and joy and love,
Will you taste, and from memory
Your childhood's days remove?
"Think you I would the past forget?
A mother's tender care!
A father's, brother's, sister's love!
No, this I cannot bear:
I will not drink."

Ye middle-aged, upon you now
Life's heaviest burdens rest;
Come, taste these care-expelling draughts,
And calm your troubled breast.
"Why, why should I the past forget,
Though with sad thoughts 'tis rife?
Why banish it from memory?
It is the lamp of life!
I will not drink."

Gray-headed sire, with rev'rence now
 To thee the cup I give.
 "To me the cup! would I forget?
 Ah! sadly should I grieve
 To lose one thought of other days—
 Of her I loved so well—
 Of all those friends, long since deceased,
 And gone to Heaven to dwell!
 I will not drink."

But, yonder, in the convict's cell,
 A sad, sad man I see.
 "Away! away! give not one drop!
 Give not a draught to me!
 For, though I've sinned, there was a time
 I from all guilt was freed;
 And to this time my mind goes back,
 And on these thoughts I feed.
 I will not drink."

Then young, nor old, nor middle-aged,
 Nor convict in his cell,
 Nor one upon the broad, broad earth,
 Will bid the part "farewell!"
 Roll, then, Lethe, in silence deep,
 Thy sluggish waters on,
 For none will choose *forgetfulness*,
 Of all I've called upon.
 None, none will drink.

A CHRISTIAN'S REVENGE.

Painfully toiled the camels over the burning sands of Arabia. Weary and thirsty were they, for they had not for days had herbage to crop, or water to drink, as they trod, mile after mile, the barren waste, where the sands glowed red like a fiery sea. And weary were the riders, exhausted with toil and heat, for they dared not stop to rest. The water which they carried with them was almost spent; some of the skins which had held it flapped empty against the sides of the camels, and too well the travellers knew that if they loitered on their way all must perish of thirst.

Among the travellers in that caravan was a Persian, Sadi by name, a tall, strong man, with black beard, and fierce darkeye. He urged his tired camel to the side of that of the foremost Arab, the leader and guide of the rest, and, after pointing fiercely towards one of the travellers a little behind him, thus he spake:

"Dost thou know that yon Syrian Yusef is a dog of a Christian, a *kaffir*?" (Kaffir is a name of contempt given by Moslems, the followers of the false prophet, to those who worship our Lord.)

"I know that the *hakeem* (doctor) never calls on the name of the Prophet," was the stern reply.

"Dost thou know," continued Sadi, "that Yusef rides the best camel in the caravan,

and has the fullest waterskin, and has shawls and merchandise with him?"

The leader cast a covetous glance toward the poor Syrian traveller, who was generally called the *hakeem* because of the medicines which he gave, and the many cures which he wrought.

"He has no friends here," said the wicked Sadi; "if he were cast from his camel and left here to die, there would be none to inquire after his fate, for who cares what becomes of a dog of a *kaffir*?"

I will not further repeat the cruel counsels of this bad man, but I will give the reason for the deadly hatred which he bore toward the poor *hakeem*. Yusef had defended the cause of a widow whom Sadi had tried to defraud, and Sadi's dishonesty being found out, he had been punished with stripes, which he had but too well deserved. Therefore did he seek to ruin the man who had brought just punishment on him, by inducing his Arab comrades to leave him to die in the desert.

Sadi had, alas! little difficulty in persuading the Arabs that it was no great sin to rob and desert a Christian. Just as the fiery sun was sinking over the sands, Yusef, who was suspecting treachery, but knew not how to escape from it, was rudely dragged off his camel, stripped of the best part of his clothes, and, in spite of his earnest entreaties, left to die on the terrible waste. It would have been less cruel to slay him at once.

"Oh, leave me at least water—water!" exclaimed the poor victim of malice and hatred.

"We'll leave you nothing but your own worthless drugs, *hakeem*! take that!" cried Sadi, as he flung at Yusef's head a tin case containing a few of his medicines. Then bending down from Yusef's camel, which he himself had mounted, Sadi hissed out between his clenched teeth, "Thou hast wronged me: I have repaid thee, Christian! this is a Moslem's revenge!"

They had gone; the last camel had disappeared from the view of Yusef; darkness was falling around, and he remained to suffer alone, amid those scorching sands! The Syrian's first feeling was that of despair, as he stood gazing in the direction of the caravan, which he could no longer see. Then Yusef lifted up his eyes to the sky above him; in its now darkened expanse shone the calm evening star, like a drop of pure light.

Even as that star, shone on the soul of Yusef the promise of the Lord, *I will never leave thee nor forsake thee*. Man might desert him; his sun might go down; his water

might fail: but God would never forsake; his mercies would never be exhausted; he could save from death even here; or should not such be his will, he would bring his servant through death to life and joy everlasting.

Yusef, in thinking over his situation, felt thankful that he had not been deprived of his camel in an earlier part of his journey, when he was in the midst of the desert. He hoped that he was not very far from its border, and resolved, guided by the stars, to walk as far as his strength would permit, in the faint hope of reaching a well, and the habitations of men. It was a great relief to him that the burning glare of day was over; had the sun been still blazing over his head he must soon have sunk and fainted by the way. Yusef picked up the small case of medicines which Sadi in mockery had flung at him; he doubted whether to burden himself with it, yet he was unwilling to leave it behind.

"I am not likely to live to make use of this, and yet who knows?" said Yusef to himself, as, with his case in his hand, he painfully struggled on over the wide expanse of the dreary desert. "I will make what efforts I can to preserve the life which God has given. But if," mused the Syrian, "it be his will that I should lay my bones on these barren sands, am I prepared and ready to die? I doubt that I can survive the heat and deadly thirst another day; if my hours, indeed, are numbered, am I fit to appear before God?"

A solemn question this, which we all should put to ourselves. What is the needful preparation for death, whether it come to young or old, in the peaceful home in England, or on Arabia's burning sands? It is simply faith toward the Saviour, charity toward all mankind. Yusef, as he searched his heart on that solemn night, felt that he had the first.

"I have *faith*," he said to himself, as he gazed on the starry sky overhead; "I do believe from my heart that the Saviour died for my sins, and that he has forgiven and blotted them out for ever. I do believe in his boundless grace, in his everlasting mercy! But is mine *faith that worketh by love*; am I in charity with all men; do I—can I forgive even Sadi as freely as I have been forgiven?"

Then came a terrible struggle within the heart of Yusef. Sadi's cruel face rose up in his memory, the flashing eyes, the sneering lip. Yusef thought of his cruelty and treachery, and felt fierce anger toward his enemy blazing up within. The Syrian

could hardly refrain from calling on God to avenge his deadly wrongs. Long lasted Yusef's inward conflict with the spirit of hatred and revenge. Yusef had often repeated the Lord's prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us;" he knew that God will not pardon those who refuse to pardon; but could the Syrian forgive the man whose cruelty had doomed him to perish of thirst?

Yusef knelt down on the sand and prayed; he earnestly asked for a spirit of forgiveness, and before he rose from his knees that spirit seemed to be granted, for he was able to pray for Sadi. Yusef's anger calmed down, and with it all thirst for revenge; he could ask God that he might at last meet his cruel enemy in heaven.

Struggling against extreme exhaustion, his limbs almost sinking under his weight, Yusef again pressed on his way, till a glowing red line in the East showed where the blazing sun would soon rise. What were his eager hope and joy on seeing that red line broken by some dark pointed objects that seemed to rise out of the sand! New strength seemed to be given to the weary man, for now his ear caught the welcome sound of the barking of a dog, and then the bleating of sheep.

"God be praised!" exclaimed Yusef, "I am near the abodes of men."

Exerting all his power, the Syrian made one great effort to reach the black tents which he now saw distinctly in broad daylight, and which he knew must belong to a wandering tribe of Bedouin Arabs; he tottered on for a hundred yards, and then sank exhausted on the sand.

But the Bedouins had seen the poor solitary stranger, and as hospitality is one of their leading virtues, some of these wild sons of the desert now hastened toward Yusef. They raised him; they held to his parched lips a most delicious draught of rich camel's milk. The Syrian felt as if he were drinking a new life, and was so much revived by what he had taken that he was able to accompany his preservers to the black goat's-hair tent of their sheik or chief, a man of noble aspect, who welcomed the stranger kindly.

Yusef had not been long in that tent before he found that he had not only been guided to a place of safety, but to the very place where his presence was needed. The sound of low moans made him turn his eyes toward a dark corner of the tent. There lay the only son of the sheik dangerously ill, and, as the Bedouins believed, dying. Already all their rough, simple, remedies

had been tried on the youth, but tried in vain. With stern grief the sheik listened to the moans of pain that burst from the suffering lad, and wrung the heart of the father.

The Syrian asked for leave to examine the youth, and was soon at his side. Yusef very soon perceived that the Bedouin's case was not hopeless; that God's blessing on the *hakeem's* skill might in a few days effect a wonderful change. He offered to try what his art and medicines could do. The sheik caught at the last hope held out to him of preserving the life of his son. The Bedouins gathered round and watched with keen interest the measures which were at once taken by the stranger *hakeem* to effect the cure of the lad.

Yusef's success was beyond his hopes. The medicine which he gave afforded speedy relief from pain, and within an hour the young Bedouin had sunk into a deep, refreshing sleep. His slumbers lasted long, and he awoke quite free from fever, though some days elapsed before his strength was fully restored.

Great was the gratitude of Azim, the sheik, for the cure of his only son; and great was the admiration of the simple Bedouins for the skill of the wondrous *hakeem*. Yusef soon had plenty of patients. The sons of the desert now looked upon the poor deserted stranger as one sent to them from heaven; and Yusef himself felt that his own plans had been defeated, his own course changed, by wisdom and love. He had intended, as medical missionary, to fix his abode in some Arabic town; he had been directed instead to the tents of the Bedouin Arabs. The wild tribe soon learned to reverence and love him, and listen to his words. Azim supplied him with a tent, a horse, a rich striped mantle, and all that the Syrian's wants required. Yusef found that he could be happy as well as useful in his wild desert home.

One day, after months had elapsed, Yusef rode forth with Azim and two Bedouins to visit a distant encampment of part of the tribe. They carried with them spear and gun, water, and a small supply of provisions. The party had not travelled far when Azim pointed to a train of camels that were disappearing in the distance.

"Yonder go the pilgrims to Mecca," he said; "long and weary is the journey before them; the path which they take will be marked by the bones of camels that fall and perish by the way."

"Methinks by yon sand-mound," observed Yusef, "I see an object that looks like a pilgrim stretched on the waste."

"Some traveller may have fallen sick," said the sheik, "and left on the field to die."

The words made Yusef at once put spurs to his horse; having himself so narrowly escaped a dreadful death in the desert, he naturally felt strong pity for any one in danger of meeting so terrible a fate. Azim galloped after Yusef, and having the fleetest horse, out-stripped him as they approached the spot on which lay stretched the form of a man apparently dead.

As soon as Azim reached the pilgrim he sprang from his horse, and laid his gun down on the sand, and taking a skin bottle of water which hung at his saddle-bow, proceeded to pour some down the throat of the man, who gave signs of returning to life. Yusef almost instantly joined him; but what were the feelings of the Syrian when in the pale, wasted features of the sufferer before him he recognized those of Sadi, his deadly, merciless foe!

"Let me hold the skin bottle, sheik!" exclaimed Yusef; "let the draught of cold water be from my own hand." The Syrian remembered the command, "If thine enemy thirst, give him drink."

Sadi was too ill to be conscious of anything passing around him; but he drank with feverish eagerness, as if thirst could never be slaked.

"How shall we bear him hence?" said the sheik, "my journey cannot be delayed."

"Go on thy journey, O sheik," replied Yusef; "I will return to the tents with this man if thou but help me to place him on my horse. He shall share my tent and my cup—he shall be to me as a brother."

"Dost thou know him?" inquired the sheik.

"Ay, well I know him," the Syrian replied.

Sadi was gently placed on the horse, for it would have been death to him to have long remained unsheltered on the sand, Yusef walked beside the horse, with difficulty supporting the drooping form of Sadi, which would otherwise have fallen to the ground. The journey on foot was very exhausting to Yusef, who could scarcely sustain the weight of the helpless Sadi. Thankful was the Syrian *hakeem* when they reached the Bedouin tents.

Then Sadi was placed on the mat that served Yusef for a bed. Yusef himself passed the night without rest, watching at the sufferer's side. Most carefully did the *hakeem* nurse his enemy through a raging fever. Yusef spared no effort of skill, shrank from no painful exertion, to save the life of the man who nearly destroyed his own.

On the third day, the fever abated ; on the evening of that day, Sadi suddenly opened his eyes, and, for the first time since his illness, recognized Yusef, who had, as he believed, perished months before in the desert.

"Has the dead come to life!" exclaimed the trembling Sadi, fixing upon Yusef a wild and terrible gaze ; "has the injured returned for vengeance?"

"Nay, my brother," replied Yusef, soothingly, "let us not recall the past, or recall it but to bless Him who has preserved us both from death."

Tears dimmed the dark eyes of Sadi ; he grasped the kind hand which Yusef held out. "I have deeply wronged thee," he faltered forth ; "how can I receive all this kindness at thy hand?"

A gentle smile passed over the lips of Yusef ; he remembered the cruel words once uttered by Sadi, and made reply : "If thou hast wronged me, thus I repay thee ; Moslem, this is a Christian's revenge."—*Children's Paper.*

Original.
THE TWINS.

BY AN EX-GARRISON CHAPLAIN.

The facts narrated in the following "o'er true tale" were known by the writer, when acting some years since as Chaplain to the garrison of K—; and were prepared for publication at the time, but were not printed, as some military friends of high rank and much experience were of the opinion that the sad story of sin and suffering and wrong might interfere with the enlistment of soldiers, which was then being actively carried on ; and, perhaps, be productive of other evils. Now, however, as the curtain of life's stage has fallen before almost all the actors in this tragedy, and a great change for the better has been made with regard to enlistments, and the use of the lash, these few chapters are written for "THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY," in hope of their proving useful to soldiers and civilians.

Robert and William, *twin* sons of Michael and Mary Maher, may be well said to have been orphans from their birth ; as their mother died in that hour, and their father was never heard to utter a word from that

time till the day of his death. The parents had been children of neighbors, who both rented small farms from the same landlord ; and were always friends, helping one another in the cultivation of their land, and bringing up their families more decently and comfortably than many others around them ; although equally pressed by rent, and taxes, and the uncertainty of crops. Their comparative prosperity commenced from the time at which the two farmers took the Total-Abstinence Pledge before the great and good Theobald Mathew, and continued, because, unlike many others, they honestly kept their vow. Michael and Mary had grown up together, and when they were respectively 22 and 19 years of age thought it quite time to get married, and start in life for themselves ; but the parents of both, contrary to the common practice of the Irish, objected to this speedy and pleasant arrangement, and decided that the marriage should not "come off" until the young couple had a small "bit of ground," and a cabin for themselves. O Father Mathew, many a hasty and improvident match you have prevented ; and well would it be for poverty-stricken peasants at home, and "poor exiles of Erin" abroad, if *their matches had been made* where your rule prevailed, instead of at fair or market, in the tent or tavern, amid dancing, drunkenness, and debauchery.

Two years "dragged their slow length along" for the impatient lovers, and then their constancy to each other, and obedience to the decision of their parents, harsh though it seemed to them at the time, met their reward. One of the neighbors, worn down by the hopeless struggle to hold his ground against a high rent, a large family, and an insatiable thirst for the insinuating "craytur," whiskey, cut his growing corn-crop one moonlight night, sold it, his cow, and pig, and started for "the States;" leaving his landlord to whistle, if he liked, for three years' rent ; and sundry shopkeepers to cheat their honest customers to make up what they had lost by a rogue.

The landlord of the vacant farm, knowing the steady habits of Michael Maher's family, gave him the place at a fair rent; and there a year of wedded happiness, with prospects of future prosperity, suddenly ended in the death of the wife, the idiocy of the husband, and the orphanage of "The Twins," the principal subject of my story.

In the confusion caused by the awfully sudden death of their mother, the twins were hurriedly laid in the same cradle, without any mark to distinguish one from the other, or tell which was the first-born,—a matter of little, if any, importance, as they inherited no broad acres, or stocks in the funds, but came into the world to make their own way there as best they might, in the race of life; and they were so wonderfully alike that until they were able to answer to their names, and appropriate Robert to one, and William to the other, those names were given to them indiscriminately; and often, when they had grown up, one who wanted either was obliged to ask *which* he was addressing; like the Irishman who wished to see one of two brothers, who were almost *counterparts*, and said, "Why, thin, yer honour, is it *yer-self* or yer brother I'm speaking to?"

The orphans were taken on that miserable day to the home which their mother had left twelve months before as a bride; and there, loved and nursed and caressed by both families, they passed their early years, as free from the ills of their melancholy lot as it was possible for them to be, and bound together by the strongest ties of affection. They never were separate, if possible, night, or day, sleeping in one bed, and wandering about the farms, when unoccupied, with their arms around each other's necks; and never having spoken one angry word between them during their lives; and yet, although so loving and so much alike in form and feature, they were totally unlike in mental power, and other parts of their natural dispositions,—Robert, who, perhaps for these reasons, generally passed for the *elder* brother, being talented,

quick in manner, and fond of study; while William was—well, it may as well be said—dull, if not stupid, eager for all sorts of fun and frolic; and only learning a little from books, or at school, because he *must* be with his brother. Time passed on,—the children grew into boys,—the boys went to a day-school in the neighboring village, where Robert soon took the first place in his classes, and managed, by hearty and hard work in teaching William at home, to enable him to hold *his* place in the school; and when they were about eighteen years old, a partial separation became inevitable, Robert being engaged as assistant in the school, at a small salary, and William helping his grandfathers, who both lived to an advanced age, in the work of their farms. Michael Maher had left home, on the day of his wife's death, to sell a load of wheat in the next town; and was returning in the evening, when he was met by an anxious friend, and heard, without the least preparation, or a warning of any kind, that he was father of two motherless boys. The sudden shock overpowered the strong man's mind; reason was hurled from her throne; the loving heart was broken, and Maher was taken on his own cart to his desolated home, utterly unconscious of what was occurring around him; and, in truth, an idiot. He took no part in the preparations for his wife's funeral, but ate and drank in silence whatever food was set before him; and presented a truly pitiable object of compassion as, supported by his father and father-in-law, he followed to the grave the remains of her whom he had loved so long, and lost so deplorably. During the few months of his after-life, he was quite harmless; and when he could escape, unseen by those who anxiously and affectionately watched him, was always found in the small burial-ground at his wife's grave; and here, on a cold winter night, when the ground was white with snow, and the ice-covered branches of the trees in the lonely graveyard were creaking and tinkling in the bitter blast, he was found lying in an insensible state; and

having been carefully removed, and laid before the fire in the kitchen of the Rectory, which was near, he revived sufficiently to break the long silence of months, by exclaiming, in the most plaintive accents, "Mary, Mary, Mary!"

Let us leave him where, "after life's fitful fever, he sleeps," beside the love of his youth, and the wife of his brief manhood, and turn to the "strange, eventful history" of the Twins.

CHAPTER II.

When the Twins attained the age of twenty-one years, they were as fine, manly-looking fellows "as you could meet in a day's walk" in any country; the bloom of unbroken health colored their cheeks,—dark-brown hair curled closely around their well-shaped heads,—they were exactly six feet in height, and as they walked arm-in-arm on Sundays or holidays, in their best attire, no stranger could meet them without admiring their appearance. Robert was an enthusiastic musician, and sang regularly with the Chapel choir; and William shared in such exercises, although, truth to say, he greatly preferred singing "Donnybrook Fair," or "The Boys of Kilkenny," with some rather wild companions over what is falsely called "a social glass," of which, to the great grief of his sober, steady brother, and other relatives, he was becoming too fond. Often, yielding to his brother's earnest entreaties, he promised to abstain before the practice became a confirmed habit, and acquired the mighty power which "strong drink" wields over its subjects; but as often his promises were broken under the temptations of companions, who wanted his funny sayings and comic songs to amuse them, and were utterly indifferent to the consequences to their boon-companion. One thing in particular foreboded evil for the poor fellow's future career: no inducement could prevail on him to take the total-abstinence pledge; he said he needed no bond to tie him down to sobriety, and refused to pledge himself along with his brother, who had never tasted intoxicating liquor, but

was quite willing to make the vow for his brother's sake. Alas! the Devil had "entered into" his heart for a season, and driven out the Angel of brotherly love!

While matters were thus with the twins, a troop of dragoons halted in the village of N——, in or near which the circumstances hitherto related in this story occurred; and the soldiers, having fed their horses, were refreshing themselves at various public-houses; when William came in with some of "the boys," after a long run on foot with the Kilkenny hounds (a common practice with some in that sporting county, who have not horses to ride), and of course he was quite ready and willing to take a drink from any one kind enough to give it; and one such was soon found. The sergeant-major of the troop was at once struck by the fine, manly appearance of the youth, and, handing some silver to a clever sergeant, told him to treat the young fellow, and try to secure him for the regiment; and so, after a short talk about the weather, the crops, shooting, and hunting, William found himself drinking a can of beer with the sergeant, as sociably as if they had been old acquaintances. The combined exertions of the two newly-made friends soon made a fresh supply necessary, which the sergeant provided, and which seemed stronger than the other; for before it was finished, William volunteered a song, and a third measure of ale. The song he gave with his whole heart, but, in searching for cash to pay for the beer, he could find none, when the sergeant said, "Never mind, old fellow: it's all one which of us has it; here is a shilling, and let us have more of the good stuff."

William went for beer, and the sergeant slipped away to the stables to report his success to his employer, who soon strolled round to William, now nearly drunk, and calling loudly for his friend. "Don't be in such a hurry, my fine fellow," said the sergeant-major: "you'll soon see enough of him; and I'll be shot if you'll be so anxious to see him, when he has you under his thumb for two or three months." "What

do you mean?" said William; "I do not understand you." "I understand, my man, you've enlisted in this fine regiment (I leave out the oaths, &c., used on the occasion), and a good-looking soldier you'll make, when we have you in our hands for a while." "Nonsense," said William, trying to sober himself, "I'm no more enlisted than you are." "Just so," replied the other; "I enlisted ten years ago, and see what I am now; and you enlisted now, and maybe you'll be as high as me in ten years' time." "It's a lie," roared the young fellow. "If you say that again I'll put you under arrest, you impudent—" but before he could conclude the sentence, the tall sergeant-major had measured his length on the pavement, struck down as if he was shot, by a terrible blow from the strong arm of William Maher, who was immediately seized by half-a-dozen soldiers, and securely handcuffed; and when the dragoons were ready to proceed to the barracks in K——, he was tied on a hired car, and, having a soldier, with a loaded carbine, beside him, was taken off to taste his first experience in military life. More than half bewildered, and not recovered from the drink he had lately swallowed, part of which had been mixed with whiskey, he sat silent, inwardly and bitterly cursing his guilt and folly, but quite unable to realize his dreadful situation, or look into the future; when Robert—who had unfortunately gone to K—— on that day, was returning in the public car which plied between the towns, and was, beyond all measure, astonished at hearing his name in his brother's voice, from the midst of a company of dragoons—sprang from his seat, ran after the soldiers, and with frantic cries called upon them to stop; to which they payed not the slightest attention, until he begged the officer in command to order a halt for a few minutes, which request was kindly granted; and then to his horror he learned the circumstances of his brother's case, as far as he could from the contradictory statements of the soldiers and their prisoner.

Finding it vain to entreat to be allowed to accompany William, and stay with him during the night, he watched with tearful eyes the cavalcade proceeding on its way; and, filled with dread apprehensions for the future of his unfortunate brother, returned to his home to watch for the morning, when he was determined to make every effort to rescue the victim of folly and intemperance from the position in which they had placed him.

CHAPTER III.

Having obtained, at an early hour of the ensuing morning, letters of recommendation from his own clergyman, and the rector of the parish, he proceeded to the barracks, expecting to find William still a prisoner, awaiting his trial; but was agreeably surprised, for a few moments, at seeing him at liberty, and waiting at the barrack gate for the loving brother, who he well knew would lose no time in coming to see after his interests. The few moments of pleasure were at an end, when he heard that the recruit had been already attested, passed the surgical inspection, and was a *full* private in the dragoons; which rapid proceeding had been carried out in consequence of the sergeant-major's threatening to punish his assailant to the utmost extent of military law for striking a superior officer; and his promising, on the other hand, not only to withdraw the charge, but prove a friend, if William followed his advice, and was entered on the books of the regiment. The dread of disgraceful punishment, and the flatteries with regard to his success, as a splendid soldier, confused the young man's mind; and almost unconsciously he took the necessary steps, and, before his brother arrived, his destiny was fixed.

Almost maddened by grief and indignation, Robert hastened to the quarters of Captain Selbright, who had allowed him to speak with William on the previous day, and there protested loudly against the cruel injustice of the case, and the wickedness of those men who made his only brother drunk, and led him to do what, in all

human probability, would prove his ruin, both in mind and body. The officer listened very patiently to this outburst, and, having asked his visitor to take a seat, said,—

“Now, young man, let us talk this matter over, and I think you will see it is all for the best; your brother, as I understand, has been only a common laborer—”

“I beg your pardon, sir, you are misinformed, he has only worked on his near relative’s farms, and never received a day’s hire,” interrupted Robert.

“Oh, well,” said Capt. S., “it is much the same; a life of dull and constant toil lies before him if he should remain in this unfortunate and uncivilized country (mem., the Captain was the son of a wealthy cotton-spinner in Manchester); while, on the contrary, as ‘one of ours,’—such a fine looking fellow,—by the bye, what a very extraordinary likeness there is between you,—but, as I was going to say, he is sure of rapid promotion in our regiment; and, instead of living in a hum-drum, hundred-of-years-ago way, in such a village as F——, he will travel about from place to place at the country’s cost, learn how the world goes,—in short, ‘see life.’”

“Ah!” cried Robert, “that is the very thing I fear,—there is the terrible truth that shakes me with terror and apprehension,—you say he will ‘see life;’ but can you say what will become of him, while he is seeing life? Is not this what you mean by the misapplied phrase, which should be ‘see death?’ He will be intimately associated with his comrades, many of whom are old in vice, if young in years,—he will have free access, either alone or with companions, to ‘the canteen,’ where he can obtain intoxicating liquors, without going out of the barracks—to the deep disgrace of the British government! He must move about from city to city, or colony to colony, without remaining anywhere long enough to form a lasting friendship, which might be advantageous in after life; and eagerly welcomed everywhere by the tavern-keepers, and the—pardon me—

the very vilest of both sexes, who, like beasts of prey, prowl about your soldiers, ‘seeking whom they may devour;’ and, oh! sir, he must be away from me, who, until the last miserable one, never was separated from him for a single night since we were born. Oh! what shall I do! what shall I do!”

And the young man went to a window to hide the scalding tears, and repress the sobs, which shook his frame in his agony.

Deeply moved by his distress, Capt. Selbright, after a pause, said,—

“You take this matter too much to heart, and most certainly paint the soldier’s life in the blackest possible colors; but, I assure you, after ten years of experience, the well-conducted, steady soldier, if he has received even a tolerable education, so that he can read, write, and keep accounts correctly, is sure of promotion; and the condition of a sergeant, to look no higher, is far better than that of a laborer, or even of a farmer, in a small way, who struggles on from year to year, scarcely able ‘to make both ends meet.’”

“I feel, sir, you speak in kindness,” replied Robert, “and I must tell you the truth,—my brother is as noble-minded, good-hearted a fellow as you could find, but he has one fault,—the most dangerous for him as a soldier,—he is easily led; he cannot resist the temptation of going into company, where song and dance and drink drive him beside himself. Alas! alas! is not his present position sufficient proof of this? And if he has acted so when among friends and relatives who cared for him, what will he do when removed from the restraints of home?”

“I’ll tell you what you should do, Mather,” said the officer: “come with him. I feel deeply interested in your case. You are evidently talented, and educated far above your class in life; from the way in which you speak of a soldier’s dangers you will know how to avoid them, and be the means of keeping your brother from them also; enlist now, and I promise you the stripes shall soon be on your arm,—the

colonel is my warm friend, and my interest with him shall be freely given for you; but it will be only necessary for him to know your case, for he is always ready to promote deserving men,—he will find employment for you in writing up the books of the regiment in the orderly room,—and all your leisure time by day and night, you can spend with your brother."

Robert's face flushed, and his breast heaved at the sudden proposal; he leaned his head on his hands for a minute or two in deep thought, and then starting to his feet said:—

"I declare before Heaven, and you, sir, I thank God for that suggestion! Wonderful it never occurred to me, but I have been so overwhelmed that I have been incapable of reflection, or thinking what was to be done under the circumstances in which I have been so unexpectedly placed. Allow me to see to-day those who have brought us up, and if they do not absolutely forbid it, which I cannot think they will, before night I will come to you and enlist, provided I may always remain in your troop with my brother, for indeed, indeed I cannot live apart from him. One word more,—is it impossible to get him free?"

"It is at present quite out of the question; you must have seen by the newspapers that England is very likely to be soon at war, and that all her regiments are ordered to get a full complement of men as speedily as possible, and in such a case money or interest would be employed in vain; but I seriously advise you to follow the course I have pointed out, and assure you that you will always find me a willing friend. Consult your friends, putting the case of yourself and brother calmly and clearly before them, and if they are people of sense they will give the same advice as I have; and now I must insist on your eating something with me;—no, no, make no excuses, it is perhaps the only meal we may eat together till you are made a cornet,—as privates or non-commissioned officers—one of whom I hope soon to see you—do not eat in company with their superiors in

rank. Cheer up, look at the silver lining of this cloud, or rather, look to the cloud's passing away."

"I can never forget your kindness," said Robert, as he sat with the captain, "and am almost perfectly certain to enlist with you, not with the hope of preferment you hold out, but in order to be with my brother, and that, too, under your command."

CHAPTER IV.

Amidst all their grief at parting with The Twins, who had grown up to manhood amongst them, and were loved with all the warmth of unsophisticated, affectionate Irish hearts, their relations agreed that as one *must* go, the other must go with him; and so Robert Maher, having packed a trunk with their best clothing, and visited the grave of his parents for, as he supposed, the last time, left his native place, escorted for a long distance by a crowd of sorrowing friends. The shades of evening were fast darkening as he bade them farewell, to enter into a new sphere of life; and although much depressed by the sudden disruption of ties which had been strengthening for twenty years, his spirit, buoyant with youth, and full of brotherly love, soared above his troubles; and, before he reached the end of his journey and grasped his brother's hand, he was not only reconciled to, but pleased with, his lot, and more than satisfied with the decision at which he had arrived. No thought of self-commendation crossed his mind for the sacrifice he had made; he could not have done otherwise; what, was he to "sit at home at ease," while William was away in the army? Tush! he only wondered that the plan of re-union had not originated with himself, and excused his dulness on account of the tumult of his mind.

He received a shilling, as enlistment pay, was sworn in a soldier before the mayor of the city, and slept soundly that night in the bed next his brother's, with as gentle, fearless, noble, and affectionate a heart as ever beat within the bosom of peer or peasant; and a clear proof that the gifts of nature, or, as I should better have written,

of God, are not limited by rank, clime, or condition.

As the Twins had been bold riders over hedge and ditch, a few lessons from the riding-master taught them the dragoon seat on horseback, and the right use of the powerful cavalry bit, so that they were fit to parade with their troops on its arrival at the headquarters of the regiment in Dublin, when the quick eye of the colonel immediately noticed them, and riding along the line to have a nearer view, he called up Capt. Selbright to enquire where he got the "two fac-similes."

"'Pon my word," whispered the adjutant, who was a very 'matter of fact person,' "they are as like as two eggs of the same hen," to the major, who delighted in Shakespeare, and whispered in reply,—

"May I never read the immortal Will again, if they were not born to act in the 'comedy of errors,' for they would be irresistible as the twin Dromeos, or——. By cock and spur, sir, we must get up the play, and 'astonish the natives' of this dull town!"

I must not attempt to tell all the fun occasioned by the close resemblance of Bob and Bill, as they were soon familiarly called by their comrades, with whom they were prime favorites, but take the following:—

Sauntering by the rail outside the University, they were asked by one of the women always to be seen selling oranges there,—

"Why, thin, boys, how does yer sweethearts know the differ betwixt ye?"

To which Bill, assuming a serio-comic look, answered,—

"Oh, marm, I leave all that to my wild brother, Bob. I never had a sweetheart, but was very near getting my eyes scratched out by a young woman yesterday, who thought it was Bob she had, instead of my innocent self; indeed I don't know—"

"'Hould yer prate," cried the orange-woman, "I see a 'laughing devil in yer eye,' and I'll be bound you have half a

dozen locks of hair in yer false bussom this minit."

"Come along, Bob," said Bill, "or I'll get the worst of it."

Their friend, the captain, was enjoying his cigar at the mess-room window, with an acquaintance, when Robert passed, and the visitor remarked that he was the best-looking soldier he had ever seen.

"Oh," said the captain, "I'll bet you a sovereign I'll show you just as well-looking a fellow, and I'll bet another that you will not know the man again."

"Done and done," said the other.

"Come here a moment, Maher," called out Capt. S., stepping aside; "send Robert here at once, and let him be dressed just as you are."

"I am Robert, sir," said Bob with a salute, and a smile.

"Well, then, send William."

And in a few minutes one of the brothers came up, and Capt. S. asked,—

"Which of you are here?"

"William, sir."

"All right,—now, my friend, is not that as handsom a fellow as the other?"

"Nonsense, don't think to make a fool of me; he is the same man who was here before."

"I will thank you to hand out those two sovereigns; and you go, William, for your brother," who soon appeared to the astonishment of the loser of the wagers.

I must take up the thread of my narrative, and not let it slip through my fingers again, although, if truth permitted, I would gladly give it a different ending.

The cornet of Capt. S.'s troop (cornets rank next to captains in the cavalry) took a dislike to William Maher, which vented itself in his keeping him continually under *espionage*, and having him punished for faults which, but for him, would have passed unnoticed; and, of course, the Irishman's fiery spirit rose up against this tyranny. Reader, if you have not been acquainted with the working of the army, you can hardly conceive the annoyances which a superior can inflict on those under

his authority in a regiment; and which have often led to acts of violence, and even murder, and in this case produced the most disastrous results. It originated in a thoughtless remark of a young lady who was walking with the cornet, and seeing William passing by, said to her companion,—

“Why, Mr. M—, do not the military authorities suit the officers to the men of their regiments? for instance, now, how much out of place Major Simpton or Captain Smith must look riding beside such a soldier as that now passing? Oh, by the way, I must really entreat your pardon,—so thoughtless as I am, talking in this strain to you, and forgetting you are so very little yourself! Do, pray, forgive my indiscretion, for I really think personal appearance of small importance, if, as the poet says, ‘the heart is in the right;’ and, besides, now I think of it, is not all the fighting done by the soldiers?”

Poor Cornet M—, who stood five feet five when wearing high-heeled boots, and had vainly expended much time, and unguents of many kinds, in cultivating a moustache which would not grow, fairly gave way under these cruel blows, and walked on muttering what certainly were not blessings. Spoken of as so very little, and as useless in the field of battle, by “the lady of his love,” and contrasted unfavorably with a private of his own troop,—what remained for him but suicide or revenge? The former would be very unpleasant, and so he chose the latter, and “fed fat the grudge he bore” against poor William, whose inclination for jovial company found too easy indulgence, and frequently brought him into trouble notwithstanding all the efforts of Robert, who had been promoted to the rank of sergeant, and was constantly employed in the orderly-room. Four years passed, during which, the regiment was quartered in various places in England; and spent six months in Manchester, Captain Selbright’s native place, where the Captain’s father showed The Twins the kind attentions which the discipline of the

army prevented on the officer’s part. The old merchant frequently had the men at his table, and found great pleasure in the society of Robert,—a well-informed gentleman, though but a sergeant,—while his grand-children, nephews of Captain S—, were delighted with the stories, songs, and drolleries of the volatile Bill. When they bade farewell to the wealthy “cotton lord,” they did not go empty, but bore with them to old Ireland, where they had been ordered, substantial proofs of his regard, and under promise to apply to him if he could in any way advance their interests. Once again, after a short stay in Dublin, we find them quartered in K—; and once again, on the first day they could get leave, they walked amongst the friends of their youth,—I mean those whom death and emigration had not removed. The old people, who had supplied the place of parents so well, were “laid side by side” near their parents’ graves; and it is no shame to the bronzed soldiers that, sitting with clasped hands, they spoke with tears, in the retired old churchyard, of the father and mother whom they had not known, and the elders who had loved and cherished them in youth, and looked with fond delight on them in their prime of manhood. Well would it have been if a lightning stroke from heaven had laid them in death on the graves of their ancestors.

CHAPTER V., AND LAST.

On one Saturday, the principal market day in Kilkenny, when Robert was engaged in the orderly-room, William went into the canteen, and drank three or four glasses of ale with some of his comrades, and then walked into the town, and met friends from his native place, who, as usual at such meetings, treated their friend to drink and were treated by him in return. The day was warm; the drink was good; the company pleasant; old friends and old times were talked of: then came the joke and song, and then the parting,—the country people to jolt home on their carts, with many an Irish shout, and snatches of songs, which their writers would hardly recognize

as their own; and William to reach the barracks as well as he could, and be ready for roll-call; but his fate was against him. He might have passed over the upper bridge, which spanned the silver Nore, and so got into the barracks probably unnoticed, but in his drunken wisdom he thought himself quite steady,—“all right, boys,”—and so strolled down through the town in a very zig-zag manner, until he arrived at John's bridge, the most densely thronged thoroughfare of the city, where he halted to gaze down into the river, or up at the noble castle of the Lords of Ormond. He had not been long here before drowsiness overpowered him, and grasping the stone coping of the bridge, he sank into a sound slumber, from which he was roused by Cornet M— grasping him by the collar, and ordering him to barrack, “for a drunken ruffian.” Half asleep, and wholly drunk,—not recognizing the officer, and with his hot blood inflamed by drink,—he struck savagely at his assailant, but only succeeded in knocking off his hat, and falling himself on the street, whence he was taken to the guard-room, heavily ironed, and left to await his trial by court-martial.

The sad news soon reached Robert's ears, and in a state of distraction he rushed to the guard-room, to find his brother a prisoner, under one of the most serious charges which can affect the British soldier. No language can in any way describe his anguish and despair, for he knew but too well what must follow; he went to the rooms of Cornet M—, and was ordered out with curses on his head. The once proud man flung himself on his knees before him who had his brother in his power, and with bitter tears besought him for God's sake to have mercy, and that both would seek an exchange into an infantry regiment, and never more trouble him, but pray for him night and day. All in vain, the poor puny thing in the shape of a man, that he could have easily torn limb from limb, led him like a child to the door, and pushed him down the stone stairs, on which he fell heavily, and was carried to the hospital

with concussion of the brain, from which it is strange to say, we must charitably hope he never recovered, so far, at least, as to be accountable to his Maker for subsequent actions. A court-martial was held after a few days, before which William pleaded guilty to the charge of striking his superior officer, but implored mercy of the court on the grounds that he had been first assaulted by Cornet M—, and that when he struck the one blow, he had not recognized his officer, and did not know what he was doing. Asked why he did not know, prisoner confessed that he had been drinking, first at the barrack canteen, and afterwards with friends in the town; and having stood for some time on the bridge, was overpowered by drowsiness. Asked by Captain Selbright whether any ill-feeling existed between him and Cornet M—, the question was objected to by the latter, but the court over-ruled the objection, and prisoner said, that for some unknown cause Cornet M— was continually finding fault, and punishing him for offences so light as to be entirely passed over in others. The members of the court having consulted for a few minutes, unanimously gave a verdict of guilty of striking his superior officer, when under the influence of drink, but under somewhat extenuating circumstances; sentence, one hundred lashes, in the barrack square, on that day week.

The wretched man entreated that he might be shot, and not lashed to death like a dog, but of course he asked in vain; and was removed to his prison, where it was my sad duty to attend him, as he wished to see me, as well as his own clergyman. We found him convinced that he should die under the lash, and apparently wishing for death, but dreading the disgrace, and more deeply afflicted by his brother's state than his own; in which frame of mind he continued to the end. I left him a few minutes before the guard removed him, and rode rapidly home, where I shut myself up for the rest of the day; and heard afterwards, from Captain S— and other officers, what happened. When fifty lashes had

been inflicted the surgeon felt his pulse, and was obliged to say "proceed, he can bear more." Again, after seventy-five, though trembling with intense excitement, he said "proceed, he can bear more." After receiving a few more strokes, and not having groaned or given any sign of suffering, he quickly turned round his head, shrieked out his brother's name, his head in its unnatural position sank on his shoulder, and he was a corpse! The surgeon covered the face, darted a withering glance at Cornet M—, who was present, although the colonel had excused his attendance, and then said, "remove the body, and let it be watched until an inquest is held;" while Captain S— stood before the Cornet, and hissed between his set teeth,—

"Is your hate satisfied, villainous coward?"

"Hush! you forget yourself," exclaimed the Colonel.

"I do not, sir; I repeat, Cornet M— is a villain and a coward; and the blood of that murdered man lies at his door. I will thank you to forward my papers for quitting the service to the war-office, for I am sick of such brutality."

"I will do so," said the Colonel, "if you do not change your mind, and also retract your offensive expressions to Cornet M—."

"I should rather see him like his victim," said the Captain, and went on his way.

Robert, who was supposed to be unconscious, heard two soldiers talking over the terrible death of William; and, with the cunning which insanity sometimes employs, pretended to be almost well next day; and on the following imposed on the surgeon so cleverly that he was allowed to leave the hospital. He put on his uniform, and walked into the town, went to a gunsmith's shop where he was known, and said he wanted a case of pistols for Cornet M—, which were loaded and given to him; he then returned to the barracks, knocked at Cornet M—'s door, and found him alone; a minute afterwards two shots were heard, and the men were found—Robert Maher

with his head blown to pieces, and the Cornet not dead, but with his right arm so shattered that amputation was necessary. The officer declared Robert had fired at him, and then shot himself; but, as the pistols were found on opposite sides of the room, it was believed that they had fought across a table.

No military funeral could be allowed under the circumstances, but every soldier who could obtain leave, followed the hearse that bore the two bodies; and a vast multitude from K— and F— attended the mortal remains of The Twins to the burial ground, where in one grave they rest together until the resurrection of the dead.

My tale is told—I wish it had not been so sad, but if it warns even one from the paths of sin and folly, it shall not have been told in vain. That it may not pass away profitless, is the sincere desire of one who, for some years, was a Garrison Chaplain.

Montreal, September, 1867.

IS IT BY SHAKESPEARE ?

[Many, very many years ago, the following poem first saw the light, and was said to have been veritably written by William Shakespeare to the Beauty of Warwickshire. The fact has been disputed; whether so or not, the lines are certainly worth preserving:—]

*To the idol of my eye and delight of my heart,
Anne Hathaway.*

Would ye be taught, ye feathered throng,
With love's sweet notes to grace your song,
To pierce the heart with thrilling lay,
Listen to mine Anne Hathaway!
She hath a way to sing so clear,
Phœbus, wandering, might stop to hear,
To melt the sad, make blithe the gay,
And nature charm, Anne hath a way;
She hath a way,
Anne Hathaway;
To breathe delight, Anne hath a way.

When Envy's breath and rancorous tooth
Do soil and bite fair worth and truth,
And merit to distress betray,
To soothe the heart Anne hath a way.
She hath a way to chase despair,
To heal all grief, to cure all care,
Turn foulest night to fairest day.
Thou know'st, fond heart, Anne hath a way;
She hath a way,
Anne Hathaway;
To make grief bliss, Anne hath a way.

Talk not of gems—the orient list,
 The diamond, topaz, amethyst,
 The emerald mild, the ruby gay ;
 Talk of my gem, Anne Hathaway !
 She hath a way, with her bright eye,
 Their various lustres to defy—
 The jewels she, and the foil they,
 So sweet to look, Anne hath a way ;
 She hath a way,
 Anne Hathaway ;
 To shame bright gems, Anne hath a way.

But were it to my fancy given
 To rate her charms, I'd call them heaven ;
 For though a mortal made of clay,
 Angels must love Anne Hathaway ;
 She hath a way, so to control,
 To rapture the imprisoned soul,
 And sweetest heaven on earth display,
 That to be heaven she hath a way ;
 She hath a way,
 To be heaven's self, Anne hath a way.

THE NORTHMEN'S DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

In the great and more than seven-sealed book of Ancient American History, with its Aztec and Inca civilization side by side with its Indian barbarisms,—with its buried cities of the Isthmus and its mounds and pyramids of the West,—its monstrous sculptures of strange gods and its mystical hieroglyphics deep graven on temple walls, whose veil no man has yet removed, and of which for, perhaps, ages to come, the poets and seers can only doubtfully answer the question of Whittier :

“How speaks the primal thought of Man
 In the grim carvings of Copan ?”

In this volume there is a dim, a blurred page, half-history and half-myth, as it has ever been deemed, that tells of Scandinavian sea-kings rioting upon the grapes of Vineland, and holding their pagan orgies in honor of Thor and Woden within the sacred precincts of Plymouth rock, while their scalds sung in Runic rhyme the story of—

“Their flight, their wanderings, and their woes,”
 amid the primeval shades of Harwood and Yale.

The narrative, as found in the Danish and Icelandic chronicles, is to the effect that about the year A. D. 1000, an Icelander named Biorn, while on a trading voyage to Greenland was blown off his course by a strong North wind, and after three or four days' sail south of the latitude of Greenland fell in with an unknown land, flat and low and covered with wood. On reaching Greenland he made known his discovery to

Eric the Red, who is known in authentic history as Count Eric Rufus, and who was the original discoverer of the inhospitable land over which he ruled. The old Count and his son Lief immediately fitted out a ship with the view of taking possession of the new country ; but while on his way to the ship, Eric's horse stumbled and threw him, which he considered an admonition from heaven to desist from his enterprise, and Lief sailed without him. Though, owing to his superstitious fears, the old man never saw the New World, yet he is invariably spoken of in connection with the Northmen's expedition as the discoverer of the country, just as five hundred years later Americus Vespuccius had the unmerited honor of giving a name to the same land, which Columbus had re-discovered. A few days' sail brought Lief in sight of the coast of Newfoundland, which he named Helle-land, and soon after he made Nova Scotia, which he called Markland, or Woody Land, and which answered in all respects to the description of the coast, of which he was in pursuit. They again set sail and followed the coast southward, describing various points at which they touched with so much accuracy that they can readily be identified, until they entered a bay containing some large islands, whose geographical character, and the determination of its latitude by the observed length of the days, would show it to be Narragansett Bay. Here they disembarked, built houses, repaired their vessels, and spent the entire season. Lief named the country Vineland, from the abundance of grapes found here, a cargo of which he carried back to Iceland. The next spring a colony was sent out under Thorwald, a brother of Lief, who on being killed in battle with the Indians, or Skralings, as they termed them, was succeeded by another brother, Thorsten.

A considerable immigration now took place, the colonists pushing farther and farther south, to the latitude of the Carolinas. Cattle and farming implements were imported into the colony, and fish, timber, grapes, and raisins sent to Iceland. Constant intercourse was kept up between the two countries, and when, in A. D. 1121, Eric, the first Bishop of Greenland, was appointed, he visited Vineland as part of his see. Previous to this, John, a Saxon priest, had gone to the new settlement by way of Norway, Iceland, and Greenland, for the purpose of converting the colonists, but was murdered by his pagan flock. Commerce was maintained within a century of the time of Columbus, as the “Annals of Iceland,” in a list of

the disasters, tempests, &c., make mention of a vessel being lost in 1347 on her voyage from Greenland to Vineland. The last Bishop of Greenland was appointed in 1406, soon after which, as is well known, all communication with the Eastern coast, where the colony was located, was cut off by ice, and nearly three hundred villages disappeared from the world's view. As communication with Greenland thus ceased, its dependency of Vineland was naturally soon forgotten amid the internal dissensions that sprung up in the Scandinavian government about this time, and they were probably in part cut off by pestilence, famine, and contests with the savages, while the remnant became incorporated with them and lost in barbarism.

The authorities for these statements consist of Icelandic manuscripts written at the time of the discovery; poems by Scandinavian writers, in which Vineland is mentioned as well known; reference to it by Adam of Bremen, in his work on the Propagation of Christianity, and by Vitalis in his Church History; an ancient Iceland map of the world, where the coast from Greenland to the United States is laid down with tolerable accuracy, together with a multitude of tales and traditions, all of which have been collected and published in a ponderous volume at Copenhagen by a Northern Antiquarian Society.

But so strong is the prejudice of early education that not only the popular mind, but historians, who might be supposed capable of weighing evidence aright, have stuck to their first lesson in American history, that "America was discovered by Christopher Columbus in 1492," and have, with a few exceptions, refused credence to the Northmen's story. Within a month, however, this history of the ante-Columbian discovery has received a most remarkable confirmation, amounting to absolute certainty,—nothing less than the discovery of the body of one of the colonists, whose death is mentioned in the "Skalholt Saga;" together with an Icelandic inscription, coins, trinkets, &c.

This Saga was discovered four years ago, in digging among the ruins of the ancient college at Skalholt, Iceland, which was founded in 1057, by Bishop Isleif. The MS. was in Latin, and bore the date of 1117. It was apparently written by a monk, and gives the entire history of the Northmen's discovery, including much not found in the other sagas. Among other things it gives an account of a voyage of one Harvarder to the south of Vineland, where

he entered a bay or inland sea and sailed up a large river in the Northwest direction, till he was stopped by a succession of falls, which from their shape and color were called Havidsaerk, or white shirt. These falls are specially noticed as being the place where the illegitimate daughter of Snorri, who was born in Vineland, was killed by a spear thrown by one of the Indians, or Skrælings, as they were called by the Northmen. Her burial is described, and the length of the day between sun and sun given. Sir Thomas Murray, to whom the saga was referred by the discoverer, Mr. Philip Marsh, gave it as his opinion that the bay referred to was the Chesapeake, the river the Potomac, and the falls the Great Falls in the river, a few miles above Washington, these localities being indicated by the geographical description in the saga, as well as by the latitude deduced from the observed length of the day. The attention of Mr. Raffinon, fellow of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquarians at Copenhagen, became interested in the matter, and he came to this country for the purpose of investigating it. In company with Mr. Lequereux, the distinguished geologist, Prof. Brand of Washington, and Dr. Boyce of Boston, he examined, scientifically, the banks of the Potomac river for several miles above and below the falls, and on the 28th of June last discovered on the large rock, known in the neighborhood as Arrow Rock, a Runic inscription of the date of 1051, which proved to be the epitaph of the daughter of Snorri, and which corresponded in all respects with the statements in the saga. The inscription is in the Runic character, and consists of six lines, the letters being three inches long, and cut in an eighth of an inch on a smooth face of the rock about five feet high, the place being overgrown and concealed by vegetation.

The following is the inscription, which shows the remarkable affinity between the English and the old Norsk:—

Hir huilir Sussy fagr-hardr aust Firthingr Ikla Kildi systr Thorgr sam fethra half-thir-tugr gleda. Gud sal henar M. L. I.

Here rests Susy, fair-haired, (from) East Farther Island, (Iceland), (widow) of Kjoldr, sister of Thorgr, (children of) same father, (aged) half thirty; gladden God her soul. 1051.

On digging immediately in front of the inscription some human remains were found, together with three bronze trinkets, beads, &c., and coins of the tenth century. A photograph of the inscription has been taken, and is for sale in Washington. Thus

a long-disputed point has been at last settled, and one great step taken to solve the mystery of the early history of this continent.

The manner of the discovery is indeed remarkable, and will win lasting laurels for Mr. Raffinon. It must have required strong faith to cross the Atlantic, and guided only by the light of that musty parchment, exhumed in far off Iceland, go exploring among the rocks and bushes of the Potomac for the grave of his country-woman, who died nearly a thousand years ago; and when his efforts were at last crowned with success, his feelings must have been akin to those of Leverrier, when the sight of his new planet confirmed the truth of his speculations and the correctness of his mathematics.

THE ABYSSINIAN CAPTIVES.

THE BONNIE WEE BLUE BIRD.*

(Ballad written in prison—on 12th November, 1866.)

Hey! bonnie blue birdie, noo, whither awa',
Wi' a' yer gay plumage sae kempit an' a'?'
I'm gaun to my sweet luve wha ca's frae yon
tree—

Sae bide but a blink, I'll be back in a wee.

But, tell me, fair stranger, or e'er I may gae,
What 'tis gars ye loe a' the little birds sae?
Ye've bigg't wi' yer ain hands this fountain sae
briht,

An' fed us wi' sma' seed from morning till nicht.

Ah! bonnie wee bird—but this heart it might
break,
Did I tell a' the thochts that such speerins
awake;

But, bathe in my fount still, and fill your beak,
free,

A' my guerdon's to watch thee, and feel ye loe
me.

Kind stranger, ye're heart-sick, come fly to yon
tree,

And list to a sang frae my ain luve an' me!
Ah! simple wee birdie—that wad I richt fain,
But our thochts they hae wings—and our bodies
hae nane.

The bird and the bee they do wander still free,
And fill a' this soft air wi' sweet melodie;
But we wha are wingless, in chains we maun
grieve,

And sigh for our ain land, frae mornin' till eve.

CHARLES DUNCAN CAMERON,
British Consul, in Magdala Prison, Abyssinia.

*The bird alluded to is the little cardinal, smaller than our wren. It is found in hundreds about the country in Abyssinia. It has a soft, mouse-colored coat, dashed with deep crimson, which changes at certain seasons for a mixed blue. The last amusement of the Abyssinian captives was to make a fountain (a very pretty

one) for the birds, which are quite as tame and pert as our robins; and nothing could be pleasanter than to see them crowding to the bath, and fluttering and trimming their plumage in the water, of which they are exceedingly fond. They are, at least prettier, and more delicate pets than spiders and mice, which have so often furnished a resource to the listless prisoner, deprived of any other outlet to the *besoin d'amis*. The fountain 'has, on advice, been broken, lest the ingenuity displayed should excite too much admiration, and be pressed into state service. But a stone basin has been set instead for our favorites, and they are duly fed. They are so tame now that one can almost catch them with the hand.—C. D. C.

A RAILWAY ADVENTURE.

It was five minutes past seven, p. m., by the station clock, and, consequently, within five minutes of the time at which the Dillmouth train was advertised to start. Most of the passengers had taken their seats, but some two or three were standing on the platform near the carriages, bent on having a last word with those they were about to leave behind them.

It was Wednesday night, and Wednesday was market-day at Middlesham. The train was therefore a heavy one, and nearly every compartment was full of passengers. It was usually five or ten minutes late in starting on the Wednesday night, owing to the extra traffic; so that I and the other occupants of the compartment in which I had taken my seat were rather astonished when, the pointer having barely marked nine minutes past on the dial, the train, without any preparatory whistle, moved off. I was under the impression that we were shunting for another carriage, for such a thing as starting *before* time was never known to have happened at Middlesham; but when we moved past the long platform, past the entrance-signal, and through the bridge beyond, it became apparent to us all that we were off. There was a simultaneous pulling out of watches, and surprised looks passed from one to the other, and to the still open door of the carriage, as the conviction was gradually forced upon us. . . . The matter all at once became serious indeed. We were bowling along at a fearful rate, much quicker than any of us had ever experienced on any previous occasion on that line of curves and ugly gradients, and a dreadful fear began to show itself in our faces—a fear which first found expression from the gentleman I have hitherto designated as the second merchant.

"It is my belief," he said, "that we are run away with."

As he said the words there was a horrible, breath-taking jumble of lamps and wall, and clocks and handbills, and white faces, as we dashed into and through another station, and then away—away into the black, black night beyond. After that none of us doubted that our train was a runaway, and also that it was running away to the certain destruction of nearly every passenger in it, unless something could be done to arrest its headlong career, and that very speedily.

When the keen edge of the shock had somewhat worn off, we began to think of what chances and means there were of deliverance, and naturally, the first to suggest itself was "the guard." Yes, doubtless the guard would see the danger as we had seen it, and would endeavor to avert the awful fate which seemed now hanging over us. There was comfort in the thought; but, alas! it was very short-lived, for a glance down the train sufficed to show us that the door of the van was one of those which were still standing open. The conviction was therefore forced upon us that the guard had been left behind. He was not on the engine, or he would have stopped the train; he was not on his way to it, or we should have been able to see him by the light of the side-lamps of the train; and he was not in the van, or his door would have been shut, and his brake vigorously applied long ere this, and of that there was not the slightest indication.

Ours was truly an awful position. Passengers in a runaway train, on a black and moonless night, and with neither engine-driver nor guard to help us!

The Middlesham and Dillmouth railway was about twenty-two miles long, and there were four intermediate stations—Ackridge, Durton, Felton, and Ifcombe—between the two termini. Two of these stations were passed, and we had therefore run about half of the distance. We had been fifteen minutes in doing one-half, and would most probably do the rest of the journey in less time than that. A miserably short time to save so many lives; but something must be done. I was an *employé* of the immense railway concern, of which the Middlesham and Dillmouth was but a branch. I have used the sounding word *employé*, but the simple fact was that I was a relief clerk, and that I was at that very time on my way to Ifcombe to take the place of the station-master, who was then seriously ill and unable to attend to his duties. I was very often called to

this particular kind of duty, and had, in consequence, acquired a very thorough and practical acquaintance with the outside work of a railway.

I would try to reach the engine by walking along the platform of the carriages. My mind had been made up to that long ago, for through my unenviable experiences of railway accidents, I had got into the unconscious habit of forming a course of action for myself for almost any eventuality which could turn up. I had, besides, known of two cases of runaway trains. In both cases the steps of the carriages were used as the means of communication with the engine. In the first case successfully, but in a second, the guard was smashed against a signal-post in swinging from one door-handle to the next, and the train itself went tearing on until it came to the terminus, where it tore up the buffers, and was finally deposited in fragments about the platform and the first-class refreshment room. Fortunately it was an empty train and late at night, so that no one was injured except the engine-driver, who broke his leg in jumping from the engine, when he found he could not stop it; and the guard, who was killed. The other case was that of a train which seemed certain to come in collision with another at a level crossing. The drivers put on their engine at full speed and jumped off. Almost by a miracle there was no collision, and the train went on without any one to check it. As it happened, the guard had seen the danger, and had also seen the two men jump off the engine, so that when the crossing was safely passed, he made the best of his way along the steps of the carriages to the engine, which he reached in safety, and was able to draw up before they arrived at the next station.

This was the plan I intended to put into practice, but on looking out of the right-hand window, I was staggered to find some of the doors still flying open, and as it would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to pass them at the rate we were going, it was much too hazardous to think of going that way, and the other side was equally out of the question, for, with the remembrance before me of the ill-fated guard I have mentioned, I could not have gone. There remained, therefore, nothing but the roof of the carriages. To decide was the work of one moment,—the next I was in action. It was terrible work; and I could only get on at all by crawling along on my hands and knees, and holding on to such straps and rods as came in my way. There was an old-fashioned guard's seat on the front of

each of the carriages, so that by stepping down upon this, leaning forward, and placing my hands on the next carriage, and springing up, and so on, crawling and jumping, I at last reached the guard's seat on the first carriage; where I naturally expected I should have nothing to do but spring on to the cinders of the engine-tender. In this I was, however, cruelly disappointed, for, as if to complete the chapter of accidents, I found the engine was turned the wrong way about, so that nearest me was the black and ugly chimney heaving out its rapid clouds of luminous steam and smoke. I almost gave it up then, my ease looked so very hopeless; for do what I would, and stretch myself and reach out as I might, I could not touch any part of the engine with my feet. I was almost at my wit's end. The unaccustomed exertion was beginning to tell upon me severely, and I was trembling with excitement and cold. I sank despairingly into the seat. I never thought of clambering down and crossing over by the buffers, for I had so made up my mind to the one course, that when it was interrupted, I was for a time staggered, and rendered incapable of further action. I was so sitting, with my elbows on my knees and my face buried in my hands, stupidly brooding over and cursing my adverse fate, when a blaze of light showed me the platform of Felton station. There were not many people waiting, for the train was not due for several minutes; but the scared look which I distinctly saw on the faces of those few, as we tore past, I can never forget. It may be thought impossible that, at the rate at which we were running, I should be able to see the faces so distinctly, but it is nevertheless quite true; and what is more, I seemed to take in all,—the people, the clock-face, the name of the station, and all the minutest etceteras,—without trying to do so, or moving my head in the least, and in the smallest fraction of time, for we were in and out of the station in a flash.

What the people thought of me—if they saw me at all on my perch—I do not know; but the sight of them on me was electrical. Intuitively I saw that no time was to be lost. In the same moment I had resolved—and done. I had sprung, and was clinging round the neck of the unconscious monster in front, and sliding rapidly down its smooth and heated surface on to the truck of the engine. Once there all was well. I walked along the side over the wheels, always holding on to the brass rod, and, in another moment, was moving the handle to

shut off the steam previous to applying the brake. I knew enough of locomotives to prevent my doing this too quickly, and I did not draw up until we reached Icombe station. Arrived there, I resigned my charge to the station-master, and, after securing the few things I had left behind me in the compartment, made my escape to the booking-office as fast as I could; for the hand-shakings, "God bless you's!" and other expressions of thanks from the people whom I had been instrumental in saving from a terrible catastrophe, were proving too much for me, and I was glad to get away from it. There was something so terribly in earnest and sincere about it, that I was more frightened by it than I had been by any part of my perilous adventure.

Very little more need be said. A message was immediately sent to the authorities at Middlesham, apprising them of our safe arrival at Icombe, and requesting that an engine might be sent on with fresh drivers and our guard. The telegram reached there just as they were about to send off a special engine and carriage containing all the medical men they could collect in so short a space of time, for their impression was that we would all be found buried in the ruins of our train somewhere between Middlesham and Dillmouth. Of course, when they heard we were all right, the doctors were set at liberty, and the engine came on by itself with our guard and drivers. We heard then, for the first time, how the thing happened. The engine driver, it appeared, had gone across the line to get his usual glass of whiskey before starting, leaving his fireman in charge. While he was gone, the fireman had to do some oiling work to the engine; and some one, supposed to be one of the goods drivers, had seized the opportunity and got on. This man had called out to the fireman to stand by and hold a switch while he took on a horse-box.

The fireman, thinking all was right, and that it was the proper driver returned, without looking up, did as he was told. Everything then followed as we had suspected. The train moved off without the guard, and with the carriage doors open. The engine driver rushed up just in time to see the tail-lights of the train disappearing under the bridge, and very much surprised his fireman by asking for an explanation of such an extraordinary proceeding. The fireman, poor man, could only protest in strong language that he had received his orders from the engine, and, as he supposed, from the engine-driver himself. There was, as might be

expected, great consternation amongst the officials when it became known that some one had run off with the train; and, as such a thing could not have been done with any harmless intention, and the consequences would in all probability be serious, immediate steps were, as we have seen, taken to provide that assistance which, it was feared, would be needed; and the whole of the passengers were forwarded to their various destinations, safe, at all events in body, if terribly disturbed in mind.

A word or two as to the man who devised and perpetrated this horrible attempt. He was supposed to have jumped off the train a little way down the line, and to have got clear away; but next morning a gang of platelayers, proceeding to their work, came upon his sadly-mutilated body lying in the "six foot." His head and face were so shattered and bruised that no feature could be recognized; but from his clothes, and an old pass found in his pocket, he appeared to be one of the most disaffected of the lot, and had often been heard to utter vague threats about "serving the company off for their tyranny and oppression,"—threats so very vague that no one had thought it worth while to heed them or to look after him. When found, one of his boots was missing, but it was found a few yards further on, torn and flattened all out of shape. Putting the two things together, it would seem that, in jumping off the engine, his foot had caught in the slippery iron step. He had fallen head downwards, and had so been dragged for a considerable distance, with his head crashing against the end of every sleeper, until his boot came off, and he had then fallen to the earth on the spot where he was found.

None of the railway officials had any doubt of this; but the directors considered it expedient that the circumstances should be suppressed as far as possible, and, accordingly, at the inquest, the men examined seemed to know so little of the matter, and so little of any real importance came out, that the jury returned a bare verdict of Accidental Death; and, as the train was not smashed up, and the passengers were not all killed or dreadfully injured, the newspapers contented themselves with a brief paragraph, headed, "Extraordinary Affair on the M. and D. Railway," instead of the columns on columns which would have been required under other circumstances.

For the share which I had the good fortune to have in the matter, and for saving them so much valuable property, and so many thousands of pounds in claims for

compensation, I received a handsome acknowledgment from the directors, and have risen rapidly from one position to another; so that, although it was long before I quite recovered from the nervous state into which I sank after the occurrence, I have had no reason to regret that I was in that runaway train, and that I did my duty to the passengers, and to the company whose servant I was. I am thankful I had sufficient courage and strength of purpose to do that duty satisfactorily.

"CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD."

English Prize-Poem, University of Toronto, 1867, by W. H. Ellis, B. A., of Toronto, grandson of Rev. William Ellis, of the Madagascar Mission.

O weary child of toil and care,
Trembling at every cloud that lowers,
Come and behold how passing fair
Thy God hath made the flowers.

From every hill-side's sunny slope,
From every forest's leafy shade,
The flowers, sweet messengers of Hope,
Bid thee "Be not afraid."

The wild flower blossoms in yonder bower,
All heedless of to-morrow's storm;
Nor trembles for the coming shower,
The Lily's stately form.

No busy shuttle plied to deck
With sunset tints the blushing Rose;
And little does the Harebell reck
Of toil and all its woes.

The Water Lily, pure and white,
Floats idle on the summer stream—
Seeming almost too fair and bright
For aught but poet's dream.

The gorgeous Tulip, though arrayed
In gold and gems, knows naught of care;
The Violet in the mossy glade,
Of labor hath no share.

They toil hot—yet the Lily's dyes
Phœnician fabrics far surpass;
Nor India's rarest gem outvies
The little Blue-eyed Grass.

For God's own hand has clothed the flowers
With fairy form and radiant hue,
Hath nurtured them with summer showers,
And watered them with dew.

To-day a thousand blossoms fair
From sunny slope or sheltered glade,
With grateful incense fill the air—
To-morrow they shall fade.

But thou shalt live when sinks in night
Yon glorious sun; and shall not He
Who hath the flowers so richly dight,
Much rather care for thee?

O faithless murmurer! thou mayest read
A lesson in the lowly sod;
Heaven will supply thine every need:
Fear not, but trust in God.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

Every one has heard of the great cave in Kentucky, and the following facts concerning it will be of interest:—

At 7 1-2 o'clock we were on our exploring tour; passed through several of the avenues, crossed the "Bottomless Pit," and at 10 o'clock entered the "River Hall." Here descended a gently sloping sandy beach, which leads to the "River Styx." To the left of this avenue, just before reaching the river, there is a large pit of water, called the "Dead Sea." Stephen, our guide, said there was no current in it, and he supposed it too deep to be fathomed, as he had let a long line and lead into it and could find no bottom. As we approached the River Styx, we heard a great noise of water; asking the cause, we were informed that a short distance to the right, in a side avenue, there was a beautiful cascade of water falling down from the ceiling to the floor a distance of ten or fifteen feet. The Styx is a narrow stream, say twelve or fifteen feet wide, quite deep, and has no perceptible current. Here a canoe was in readiness, and two beside the guide entered the boat for the first crossing, while I remained behind to see and feel the effect. All my friends were leaving the shore, and as the boat turned an elbow rock, I blew out my light, and the vivid effect resulting therefrom was more than I could wish or describe. I stood alone, and for a moment was dumb with wonder and amazement. After standing in silence, with a sort of wild delight, I broke forth in yells, and shouts, and songs,

Which made all silence seem all sound,
Within, above, beneath, around.

Crossing the river, which is about 150 yards long, went on a short distance, and came to "Lake Lethe," which, at this season, was nearly dry. Pushed on our road to the "River Jordan," or "Echo River," which, until within two years, was by far the longest and largest river known in the cave. Though not very wide, over fifteen or eighteen feet, it is not over twenty feet deep in the middle. Here is the most perfect echo I have ever heard; the vibration of the sound is long, clear, and liquid, if the noise is low and gentle. But if, on the contrary, you make a loud, hoarse noise, the sound returned is tremendous. "Steve" and myself, having carried a gun by its two extremities all the morning to try its report on the waters, eased ourselves of the burden by permitting it to exercise its vocal organs and speak for itself, and the effect of the experiment was truly electrifying. If

you but utter your voice, it will bound and rebound fainter and fainter prolonging and returning the same to a great length of time. Here "Steve" struck up a song, "To my love," and I hummed "Soft and low my passion," "To Minna;" and I also conversed. Said I, "How do you do?" and "All well?" And the answer from home invariably was, "How do—do—do—do?" "All well—well—well?"—and it seemed as if her voice would never cease. But we shall not stop to blame her for "taking after" all the rest of her sex.

We embarked on this river, down which we sailed in a frail skiff,

Far off from life, or light, or sound,
A long, long distance under ground,
Three-quarters of a mile.

One of the greatest curiosities found in this part of the cave is the white blind fish, which are found in this river. They are transparent when first caught, of the cat-fish species, and they have no eyes, nor even the appearance of a place where they should be. There is one place you have to pass while sailing down the Jordan or Echo river, where the ceiling comes so close to the surface of the water that you have to bury yourselves in the bottom of the boat, to pass it.

Mr. Lee, who has surveyed it, informed me that the river Jordan is just five feet higher than the level of Green river, and is affected by it when that river is high.

The descent from the mouth of the cave to the Jordan, a distance of three miles, is 230 feet. Passing Siliman's Avenue, the first really beautiful stalactites and other delicate formations which I saw, were in the "Milky Way." Here the walls are as white as snow, and look like fine loaf-sugar, freshly broken. In some places, the plaster, if we may term it such, had fallen off and crumbled to pieces, and another new, perfectly white one, similar to the old, had taken its place, as if nature had determined that none of its beauty should be lost.

Passing on, we went through the pass of "Algore," thence by the "Hanging Rocks," through the "Spring Slide Cut," where we drank some of the best sulphur water, quite as palatable as the White Sulphur of Virginia, from "Hebe's Spring," and finally entered "Cleveland's Cabinet." Now, indeed, were our high-wrought expectations more than realized. The delicate whiteness and purity, the multiform foliage, and dazzling incrustations of this cabinet, beggar all description. Like many others, it is divided into many apartments, the first of which is Mary's or "Martha's Vineyard." Here the walls are covered all over with

masses of bluish-colored formations of rock, that look precisely like so many rich bunches of ripe grapes, deposited in piles. They look so natural, that you almost catch yourself in the act of pulling them; indeed, one or two of the company did apply their lips.

The next apartment is the "Spar Hall." It is impossible to describe the beautiful effect which is produced by carrying a light into its chamber. Thousands of beautiful white-spar stalactites hanging in every direction in curls, sticks, tapers, blades, and other unimaginable formations; one feels as if in a fairy land, or on an enchanted spot, or in a heaven below, where Deity has wrought.

In the next apartment, the "Snowball Room,"

"The joy we have surpasses far the toil
We have endured to win it."

Oh! how beautiful? White as the freshly fallen snow from the clouds of heaven are the walls and the ceiling of the room. The ceiling, too, arches beautifully, and runs imperceptibly into the side walls. In this arch, and all over every part of the room, except on the floor,—and even this we were sometimes fearful of soiling with our feet,—thousands upon thousands of rock snowballs of every size, from that of a nut to the size of a man's head, hang as though they had been thrown against the wall, where they had stuck. The snowballs all are as pure as the driven snow, and emit a glorious flood of rich sparkling light. Passing on a mile or more, on either side and on top were stalactites of all fantastic forms, ringlets, landscapes, fruit, flowers, festoons of snowy vines, lilies, roses, wreaths, rosettes, and all that is pleasing and attractive. Went over the "Rocky Mountains" into "Croghan's Hall." After dining, went on from thence into "Serena's Arbor," and saw the best-formed colored stalactite and stalagmite formations in the cave. And here my trip terminated, being nine miles from the mouth. As you approach the mouth of the cave in going out, the light of the sun looks like a flood of liquid, mellow, golden light, flowing towards you in the cave. Outside of the cave one has no conceptions of what stillness is. In it there is no escape of sound, as from a crack or crevice of a room, consequently sound is heard a great distance, and every particle uttered, even the softest, which is the most melodious, is distinctly heard. When we remained silent, which we agreed to do before entering, the effect was indescribable—such as I never before had formed an idea of. No hissing of wind is heard, no music of birds, no humming of

insects; not even a buzz from the wing of a fly, no noise even from the earth below. It was silence—awful silence—perfect silence! and then blackness of darkness—how dense! outside, at midnight, in a thunder-storm, it is noonday, as it were, in comparison.

The air of the cave is so pure that the sense of smell becomes very acute; so that when you first come out, if the weather be warm, the air seems impregnated with vegetable matter, and you feel as if entering a hot, close stove-room. If, on the contrary, it is cold, it is said the air without seems as though it would pierce you through. These sensations, however, soon wear off, as the system adapts itself to the atmosphere.

It is believed that it was once inhabited, and that by a race wholly different from any existing Indian tribe. As proof of this, traces of the savage are still found here,—two mummies having been found some years since, with red hair, in a good state of preservation. Also, the skeleton of a mammoth human frame, besides ends of cane, which were used for their torches and their fires, one of which, an unusually long specimen, Steve presented me with, which he had held for several years.

But the most striking characteristic of this cave is its vast dimensions. Before entering I had no idea that there could be such a hole under the earth; and what now mortifies me the most is, that I am totally unable to describe it. This is not a cave—that name is inappropriate for this magnificent grotto, this stupendous tunnel, this boundless territory, or nether world. In fact, should the truth be told of this cave it will not be believed. Who believes that the air rushes six months in, and six months out, at its mouth, sufficient to extinguish the flame of a torch, and yet one half a mile in there is not sufficient draught to wave the blaze of a candle? Not one in twenty. Who believes that there is a pit 100 feet deep, and directly above a dome 200 feet high? Not one in thirty. Who believes that the thermometer never varies from 57° of Fahrenheit, the coldest days of winter or the hottest of summer, and that, too, when the cave door is left open all winter long? Who believes that in winter a cart load of bats can be shovelled off from a space of fifteen feet square, and that millions and millions hang on some parts of the wall two and three feet thick? Who, that two mummies, with red hair, have been found a mile inside the mouth? Who, that animals will not enter it without being compelled? That it was once inhabited by

the Indians? That its different passages unitedly measure over a hundred miles in length? Who, that saltpetre was once obtained there? That oxen were once worked and fed there? that the tracks made by their feet over thirty years since are distinctly seen, and that the corn cobs, left in their troughs and on the ground, remain in a perfect state of preservation? That animal flesh does not become hard? Who, that meat will not putrefy, nor vegetable matter decompose? That a stage coach can drive for miles without obstruction? That the heaviest thunder cannot be heard inside, even at the first hopper? That formations as white as driven snow line the side and ceiling of a grotto for two miles? That there are streams 20 feet deep and a mile in length, and fish in them without eyes? Who believes this? Not one in fifty—no, not one in a hundred. Yet all this is the fact. I believe it, and much of it I have seen, felt, and handled, and the whole inwardly memorialized.

Original.

UNDER THE BOUGHS.

FIRST PAPER.

It would scarcely be correct to say I ever sit under my "fig-tree;" for my efforts in the line of fig-trees culminated in one poor little potted tree, in my long-ago schoolboy days, whose stubbornly unripe figs I used to puncture with pins, to see the milky juice. Nor have I much hope of ever sitting under "my vine;" for, though some *Isabellas* and *Dianas* once afforded me some little fruit, and promised more,—before they were large enough to cover me a mortgage covered them; and, with somewhat of reluctance on my part, we parted company. Nor have I since repeated the experiments. But to sit under the boughs is an eminently Canadian experience, without a trace of Orientalism in it, whatever the degree of romance the cultivation of the practice may afford.

I have often wished that, without the trouble of composition, I could write my life. Not for the sake of any novelty in its incidents, but for the sake of the dreams that I have dreamed, and the thoughts I have cherished,—the shreds and ends of wis-

dom and philosophy that have floated past me, which I have seized, looked at, and in too many instances flung away. Remembered, they are as indistinct as last week's dream; noted down on the faithful tissue of the *litterati*, they might, at least to the writer, have become "a thing of beauty," if not "a joy forever."

In thinking of this, I have asked myself "What hinders?" and have found many answers. It is too egotistical, too round about a way of arriving at the end. Why tack to the emanations of the viewless mind, in its contact with the immaterial, the prosy incidents of an uneventful life? Why not give the ripened fruit of thought, *as such*, rather than in the doubtful converse of an autobiography?

Perhaps a few leaves from such an unwritten autobiography of thought and experience, may do even more than amuse the writer; it may stimulate, and possibly interest, the reader.

"A penny for your thoughts!" said my friend. Yet my friend certainly offered either too much or too little. The mental trifling that often goes under the name of thought, is worth no man's penny; and real thought is worth much more. Consecutive thought—actual pressure, as it were, upon a certain point of space, I have found impossible. Every moment we have to recall our thoughts from sliding away from the subject in hand. As I sit beneath the maples, I see little scrolls and dotted figures floating between me and the clouds. They may be signs of weak vision, or what they will, but they are *there*. But I am never able to fix them! After following one of them over my shoulder and out of sight, I can recall it only by turning my eyes in the original direction: and it is *there again*. Now, I have to do with my mind exactly as I have to do with my eyes. A single point of thought, dwelt upon, disappears round the corner of some more material object; and we have to bring back our mental optics to the original starting-point, to find again the object of pursuit. So, like the little bird that now rests above me, which arrived here by a

series of little undulating flights, with the wings actually closed between, I find I can make progress in thought in this spasmodic way; and I doubt if any one makes progress in any other way.

Men have, after patiently perfecting some invention, gone to the capital to get it patented, and with mortification and disappointment found that some one had forestalled them, and a patent already existed for an exactly similar invention; further proof, if any such were needed, of similarity, in similar circumstances, in the working of men's minds. Perhaps if the patient inventor had bestirred himself, he might have forestalled the other. In mental culture, *making use* of a thought is like *planting* it; it grows wondrously! Once (before I had learned to sit under the boughs, and think out things for myself) I undertook to address an assembly on a popular subject. I had thoroughly prepared myself for the occasion; but finding, on arrival at the place, that a mere handful had gathered (the evening being stormy), I had the folly and bad taste to *reserve* my prepared speech, and put them off with a few excuses. Simpleton that I was! The few thoughts I might have spent on *them*, would have been seed-corn for *myself* in many a future effort. My consolation is, that I was very young then, and have learned better since; and that probably not one there now remembers it but myself. Like my pumps, which, when out of order lately, I had frequently to *prime* with the last drop of water in the house, confident that giving *all* would secure an unlimited supply in return; so I have, oft since, spread out before an assembly, in the most attractive manner that I could, the last and only thought revolving in the mind; and have found that my "last" thought was like the "last" sheaf of the gathered harvest, which became the *first* of a numerous train, when the time of threshing and winnowing had come. To husband a thought, for fear of wasting a pearl amidst the swine, is something like one of my careful neighbors, who sometimes keeps last year's straw, even to the crowding out of this year's sheaves!

Take a thought, even if you seem to have but one, envelop it in fit words, and set it spinning down the path of human progress before you. No fear of your ever lacking thoughts, if you promptly use all that come to you!

Theodore had early learned to put out his thoughts in daily use; and in the opinion of some of his friends was far too prodigal of his mental wealth. If even a golden idea took shape in his mind, his friends would get the benefit of it. In fact, like his books which were marked "Theodore and his *friends*," he effected a *partnership* of thought with all about him. His friends did not always see, however, that he continually received some impressions from them in return. Thought evoked thought; and the *evoked* thought Theodore carried off as his lawful booty. In consequence, he obtained a readiness of utterance, and a nervous facility of mind, that made him, in due time, the oracle of the circle in which he moved, and a leader in everything worthy.

His brother Charles, on the other hand, seemed to act on the principle that the closer he kept everything, the more completely it became his own. His powers of mind were greater, originally, than his brother's; and when, on occasions, he was surprised into giving his thoughts, they were often weighty and eminently just. But Charles was in love with silence; and his reputation for wisdom, with a certain class of persons, grew in proportion. He was assumed to be equal to any possible employment or position, purely on account of his native force of mind; though it began to be observed, by the penetration of his friends, that as years rolled on, he appeared continually to revolve two or three ideas in his thoughts, and that these grew out of all proportion to their intrinsic worth. In fact, Charles proved, what he never himself discovered, that a long course of mental inactivity (and the mind will not continue long active, if either the tongue or the pen is not much at work in its behalf) will, in the end, impair the very faculty by which it

might be overcome. I have seen young men, whose heavy features improved, under a diligent culture of the mind, into positive handsomeness, as years rolled on. And I have seen women, the charm of whose young loveliness was the theme of every tongue, who, in the utter stagnation of higher and deeper thought, became, in middle life, the personation of dulness, with the last ray of beauty gone out. Charles courted this fate, and obtained it to his sorrow. As age advanced, he gradually fell from that position in the eyes of his friends that once he held; and as their esteem of his qualities wore away, his own ambition of regaining it died out. Silent always, and at the last dull and inactive also, he passes in the common walks of undistinguished life, a man of shrunken (because unemployed) intellect, and of as little account in the mental world as the uneducated rustics he now makes his fellows; but more unhappy than they, for he has once felt the stirrings of a nobler ambition.

Theodore's countenance glows with the inward illumination. His wife thinks him handsomer; his friends feel him dearer; the world knows him worthier. His feelings have felt the impulse of his quickened perceptions; his whole moral and intellectual man obeys the law of progress. He traces it all to his settled habit (which at length became to him as a second nature) of putting out to usury, and using as seed-corn, every valuable thought, every noble emotion, that by cogitation, accident, or gift, became his.

The fact is, we do not know what is in us of capability, till we perseveringly put it to the test; and with nearly all there is more of opportunity and less of progress than we may have looked for on the one hand, or like to confess on the other.

W. W. S.

—Take your place modestly at life's banquet, and ask for nothing not in the bill of fare.

—The right man in the right place, is a husband at home in the evening.

Original.

MOVE ON, LITTLE BEGGAR.

BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL.

- "Move on, little beggar, move on;
Why are you standing here?"
The man meant not to be harsh,
But his words struck a chill and a fear.
- "Move on, little beggar, move on.
Why *am* I standing here?
And why does he speak to me thus?"
Said the child, as she dashed off a tear.
- "Move on, little beggar, move on.
Once he dare not speak to me so;
When I'd father and mother kind,
'Twould not have been thus, oh, no.
- "Move on, little beggar, move on;
The words they strike hard on my heart,
With no one to care for me now,
No dear brother to take my part.
- "Move on, little beggar, move on.
I'm wet with the rain and cold;
No shelter have I from the storm,
And my clothes are all tattered and old.
- "Move on, little beggar, move on.
In church and shop and hall,
Wherever I go, on my ear
Those words are sure to fall.
- "Move on, little beggar, move on.
If on door-step I sink me down,
A policeman is sure to come by,
And say those words with a frown.
- "Move on, little beggar, move on.
If the world is one great, long road,
I'll be glad when they drive to the end,
And can no more use that good.
- "Move on, little beggar, move on.
The fever has moved them all;
Those who loved me have all gone first,
So I to a beggar did fall.
- "Move on, little beggar, move on.
Oh, why did they leave me alone,
With such things to break my heart,"
Said the child, with a sob and a moan.
- "Move on, little beggar, move on.
Kind heaven, oh, hear my prayer,
And take me away up above—
Those words are not spoken up there."
- "Move on, little beggar, move on."
The prayer was heard full soon;
Through the hospital wards they rang
Before the wane of that moon.
- "Move on, little beggar, move on."
Delirium echoed them high;
And the kind-hearted nurse shook her head,
As she heard that loud, pitiful cry.
- "Move on, little beggar, move on."
'Twas Death now gave the command;
And the angels carried the child
Away to a happier land.
- QUEBEC, Sept., 1867.

PLEASANT PICTURES OF OLDEN
TIMES.

Under the head of "Diary and Letters of Sarah Pierpont," the last two numbers of *Hours at Home* bring us some most interesting sketches of the interior home-life of the great American metaphysician and preacher—Jonathan Edwards. Sarah Pierpont was the wife of the great divine. Here is a picture of the prevalent home-life in the higher circles of New England Society more than a century since:—

NORTHAMPTON, May 27, 1750.

MRS. ERSKINE—DEAR MADAM—It is now several months since I wrote you before, and your prompt reply has lain too long unanswered. The care of my large household, and the duties of a clergyman's wife, must be my apology.

You still ask for some reliable account of home-life and character in New England. I agree with you, that names and dates are only a small part of history: it is the private virtues and unrecorded deeds of common life that are of greatest consideration. If you were to come from the cities of England and Scotland into our country parishes, I think you would be particularly struck with the simplicity and economy of our mode of life. You would see our people dressed mostly in cloth of their own making. The wool and flax are produced on the farm, and spun and woven by hand-power in the house. Our travelling is done chiefly on horseback, or on foot; since no persons except those who reside in cities have carriages and chaises. Our fuel and our food are mostly the product of our own acres. Our school-houses are built at the four corners of the streets, to accommodate a large district of country; are warmed in winter by contributions of wood from the several families, according to the number of children sent; and are as cold at one end as they are hot at the other. The seats are made of slabs supported by legs, and are made smooth by use, rather than by the carpenter's plane. The schoolmaster "boards around" among the people.

You wish to know something about our rural society. It may be seen in its rudest shape at our military trainings, house-raising, and husking-bees. Within doors, it appears in quilting-parties, apple-paring bees, singing-schools for learning sacred music, and other evening sociables, when the young people chase away the hours in songs and dances.

A still better aspect of our society appears when an informal circle of old and

young gathers of a winter evening, around some country fire-side. One neighbor after another drops in, until the room is comfortably filled. The latest news of the day is rehearsed—both news at home and from the mother-country. The young people fall off into plays, and some into love-making. There is merry jesting and singing and story-telling. The fathers and mothers discuss politics and theology. As a timely help to sociability, the provident house-keeper brings forth dough-nuts, hickory-nuts, apples, and cider. By the time this good cheer has been disposed of, the tall clock in the corner warns of the approaching hour of nine; when there is a lull in the conversation, and minister or deacon, if either is present, is asked to close the happy evening with prayer. Festivities prolonged much after nine o'clock, are hardly reputable with us.

To the foregoing picture, I may add that we marry and are given in marriage here, as well as with you; and that we maintain the custom of announcing in church every contemplated marriage three weeks before the nuptials are celebrated. In Connecticut the "intention" must be announced in this way, or published a week beforehand by a written notice affixed to a sign-post—the "sign-post" being a Connecticut institution regulated by law, and older than newspapers, as a means of publishing legal notices.

Our churches, or "meeting-houses," as they are commonly called, are plain, like the people who worship in them. You see no saints and angels in our windows. These buildings are not heated in winter by anything save the fire of devotion and the little foot-stoves which are allowed to us of the tender sex. When the air is keen, one can see the breaths of the worshippers rising in columns from their lips. The congregation are seated according to their age and quality; the deacons and old people and the magistrates being ranged around and beneath the pulpit, while others are assigned to different seats, according to some rule which I don't profess to understand. The boys are placed in quarters by themselves, with several constables to watch them, who have long wands in their hands to touch the head of any offender. "Sternhold and Hopkins" is our book of psalms and hymns, though some congregations use "Tate and Brady." The choir, with its chorister and tuning-fork, and sometimes an unregenerate bass-viol, and our negro-pews, make up, perhaps, all that is peculiar in our place of worship. The old practice of the congrega-

tion rising at the reading of the text, in token of reverence for the Word of God, has fallen into disuse, while that of rising when the minister enters the church still prevails in many places. I might add here, that with us the Sabbath is held to begin punctually at sunset on Saturday, and end at the same hour on Sunday. Preparation for the holy day is made on Saturday afternoon. There is then a general clearing up and setting things in order, so that sunset may never take us by surprise.

Now, dear madam, I do not hold that our rural New England life is the highest and best style of life. It is, perhaps, too hard and stern; it allows too little room for varied culture and enjoyment. There is too much drudgery, too much devotion to the merely practical. Yet, when I think of the rugged health, the unswerving integrity, and the many beautiful virtues which bloom among the clefts of these rocks, I can hardly wish for a change of condition to one of greater softness and comfort, and social refinement and abounding wealth. Perhaps the change, though better in some respects, would bring evils with it from which we are now exempt. Possibly the people of these colonies are being trained in this rigid school for some great work in future days. Who can tell?

But I have been led along further than I intended, and must close up and seal this packet at once, or there'll be no end to it. Make my duty to your husband, and believe me,

Yours faithfully,
S. P. EDWARDS.

ADOLPHE THIERS.

Incessantly active, notwithstanding his seventy years, Thiers has preserved the freshness, and almost fiery impetuosity of a young man, and is to-day a most indefatigable student and worker. He will be so till his last day, similar to those durable edifices which, unhurt by wind or weather, remain whole when overthrown by the storm. For the rest, Thiers scarcely thinks of that fatal day, and when alluding to his approaching end, as he did the other day in the Chamber, he does so under the very natural and well-grounded impulse of a noble pride; it sounded a little like the coquetry of a lady who has remained beautiful in her advanced years, and now takes pleasure in boasting of her age.

As in his youth, Thiers rises every morning at 5 o'clock, and repairs immediately to his study, which, of a very large size, forms a sort of gallery, and contains five windows, four of which open on St. George's

place, and the fifth on the garden of the mansion—a garden such as now-a-days is rarely met with in Paris—with tall old trees, a splendid lawn, and countless rose-buds. Roses are Thiers' favorite flowers. He remains at work until noon, when he takes a light breakfast in his study. Like all men working with their heads, he eats very little in the morning, and does not smoke at all.

Thiers writes out his speeches with the greatest care, and rewrites them often,—not only once, but two or three times; he learns them by heart before delivering them. For the rest, all great orators do the same thing, and it is a great mistake to suppose that they extemporize their well-polished efforts. They often do so in replying to their opponents, and on occasions which render careful preparation out of the question; but never when they deliver an argument on a great and important subject. M. Thiers causes some time to elapse between the different times when he rewrites his speeches; he writes the second speech without looking at the first draft, and the third without reading the second; and when the day draws near on which he intends to address the Chamber, he reads the three speeches, and compares them with the utmost care, and then writes the fourth speech, that is to say the one which he really delivers. To this system Thiers is indebted for the admirable clearness, the close logical chain, and the wonderful order of his arguments. His handwriting is bold and fast, and while he is at work he scatters on the floor about him the sheets which he has finished, in order to let them dry. I met Pelletan one day, at the moment when he issued from Thiers' house on St. George's place. "Thiers is preparing some great speech," he said to me; "I just found him among a large number of wet sheets, which the fire in the fire-place was hardly able to dry." This was early in December, 1865, and the speech, upon which Thiers was already at work at that time, was his famous speech on the principles of 1789, which he delivered only on the 26th of February, 1866.

Thiers is a man who is constantly in a hurry, and speaks too loud. His face and his form are by no means handsome. He is short, heavy-set, and of very ordinary appearance; the expression of his grimaced features reminds the spectator irresistibly of the well-known Nuremberg toy-figures. If that *spirituelle* lady, Mme. De Girardin, whose sharp pen traced so many faces, called Thiers "*Mirabeau-mouche*" (Mirabeau), a *sobriquet* which he never forgave her, this

designation may seem hardly appropriate, for Thiers is not by any means as this little insect. Of quite another description was the rude nickname which Marshal Soult gave him, and which we cannot repeat here. Thiers, then, is not handsome, and as Mme. De Girardin, a good authority in such matters, observes, his bearing and his manners are very ordinary. But on watching him more closely, we are obliged to modify this opinion. He has a high, expansive forehead; lively, brilliant eyes, unfortunately concealed behind large golden spectacles; a mouth not disfigured by its slightly sarcastic expression; just let Thiers commence speaking, and you will think him charming. His conversation, like that of all men who know a great deal, is richly interwoven with facts which his great mind knows how to enliven in the most attractive manner. An indefatigable inquirer in his youth, he knew better than any one else how to make people speak, and might have called himself, like Socrates, an *accoucheur* of the minds, only, after performing the operation, he took the child with him. In this manner he availed himself repeatedly of the knowledge of Gen. Jomini while he was at work on his history of the revolution. Jomini, who saw through Thiers, and who was tired of being squeezed out in such a manner, even ordered his daughter one day to deliver him by her timely intervention from the serpent's fascination enthralling him; but lo, when the daughter tried to carry out her father's instructions, Jomini got quite angry, and ordered her not to interrupt his conversation with Thiers.

Thiers learned a great deal, as if playfully, after this wise, by his insatiable thirst for knowledge, in which he was powerfully assisted by his wonderful memory. He always quotes immense numbers of figures in his financial speeches, and has always got them in his head. Let me mention here an incident which I only learned a few days ago. It was in the year 1840. The Chamber was just discussing the bill on the fortifications of Paris, and it was known that Thiers was to advocate its adoption in a long speech. A journalist, who wished to send an early report of the Minister's speech to his provincial journal, went to Thiers on the morning of the day when the speech was to be delivered. This journalist told me: "I found Thiers engaged in dressing. While he washed and shaved himself, put on his pantaloons, &c., he dictated to me from memory, in half an hour, a *résumé* of his speech, which it took him four hours to deliver in the Chamber; and, on afterward

comparing this abridgment with the speech itself, I convinced myself that he had not omitted a single argument, and that he had closely adhered to the order in which he developed his ideas in his speech."

Thiers has been frequently called loquacious, and his conversation has even been compared with that of a talkative old woman. The parallel is true only inasmuch as he speaks, as it were, in too great a hurry, and in a tone of voice which sounds sharp and grates on the ear. For the rest his conversation is always profound and really delightful. People like to chat with Thiers, but no one likes to quarrel with him. It is not advisable for any one to do so. The little man in such cases is at once ablaze, tolerates no contradiction, and whatever may be said to him will pronounce it absurd, rather than try to prove that it is so. This is no symptom of good taste, and rather confirms Mme. De Girardin's opinion; as also the fact that Thiers, when the conversation in his *salon* does not suit him, sometimes falls asleep in his easy-chair. But, on the other hand, he accompanies to his street door such persons as he likes.

His house on St. George's place has nothing in common with the mansions of the rich upstarts, where, in the place of genuine good taste, nothing but coarse luxury is to be met with, so that King Midas himself would find there nothing that might still be converted into gold. On the contrary, everything indicates the true artistic spirit for which Thiers is noted. His study contains several master-pieces for which the Louvre might envy him: for instance, the bronze model of Michael Angelo's holy virgin, which, if I am not mistaken, is called the Florentine, and that of Ludovico Sforza's statue by Leonardo da Vinci, from whose hands only few but the more valuable pieces of statuary have issued; a marble Andromeda, by Benevenuto Cellini, which, scarcely a few inches high, is a *chef d'œuvre* of ingenious workmanship, and must be examined under a microscope. Besides, Thiers possesses several very large pieces of Chinese porcelain, which, by their age and beauty, rival the celebrated Etrurian vases. The figures are so artistic and graceful that Etrurian art can hardly show anything more perfect.

—It is no uncommon thing for hot words to produce a coolness.

—He that shortens the road to knowledge lengthens life.

—The best safety-valve to a boiler is a sober engineer.

Original.

IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

"I will look unto the hills from whence cometh my help."

How glorious rose the moon! how clear
That line of ridges fair,
O'er which lay shadows far and near,
Breasted from the upper air.

How rose against the dark blue sky
Those purple summits' sheen!
Where darkest frowned their shadows nigh,
How sunlight flashed between!

And oh! with every breath how grew
The vigor and delight!
It was as I were born anew
In the clear mountain light.

A nook for nature to respond
To all the spirit craves;
A quiet, gentle post, beyond
The swell of shifting waves.

An oasis in the desert set,
With palms and fountains free;
Such seemed it then, such seems it now,
Oh, my tired heart, to thee!

So quiet sleeps beside the dead
The life I used to know;
It cannot be those moments sped
But two short years ago!

So changed my thoughts, so all gone by
The hopes that made my days;
Indeed, another soul am I,
Walking in other ways.

And were I once again to seek
Even that sweet mountain shrine,
No longer might its echoes speak
The olden songs divine!

Yes, all is changed, and life is left,
The worthless breath!—and I,
Like those of all beside bereft,
Can only wonder "why?"

Ah! God hath his own ways to show,
His promises to prove;
Nor even shall doubters fail to know
And own that He is Love.

The clouds upon our hills may hide
All token of the day;
But yet the steadfast hills abide;
The clouds shall pass away.

Y.

PUNNING MOTTOES OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

An English paper says:—"We have been struck in glancing over the pages of *Debrett's Illustrated Peerage*, published by Dean & Son, of Ludgate Hill, London, with the number of noble families who introduce the family name into the motto borne with their arms; for instance, we have the Duke

of Devonshire, whose family name is Cavendish, taking for his motto *Cavendo Tutus* (secure by caution), while Lord Waterpark, descended from the same family, carries the same motto. Lord Lyveden (Vernon) takes *Vernon semper viret*, which may be translated as, Vernon always flourishes; or it might be written *Ver non semper viret*, spring does not always flourish; this somewhat egotistical motto is also Lord Vernon's. Then we had Lord Byron (Byron), *Crede Byron* (Believe Byron); Lord Lyons (Lyons), *Noli irritare leones* (Do not rouse the lions); the Duke of Buckingham (Temple), *Templa quam dilecta* (How beloved are the temples); Earl of Ellenborough (Law), *Compositum jus fasque animi* (Law and Equity); the Earl of Clancarty (Le Poer Trench), *Dieu pour le Trench; qui contre?* (God for the Trench; who is against him?); Earl Fortescue (Fortescue), *Fortis scutum salus ducum* (a strong buckler is the safeguard of generals). This motto is said to owe its origin to Sir Richard Forte (from whom his family claim descent) having protected William the Conqueror at the battle of Hastings by bearing a strong shield before him; hence the name, Forte and escue, a shield; it is also used by Baron Clermont, a descendant of this family.

"The motto of Lord Fairfax (Fairfax) is *Fare fac*, (Speak and act). The barony of Fairfax, one of the oldest in the Scotch Peerage, is involved in much obscurity—the residence of the present peer, as well as his brothers and sisters, being unknown; the late peer seems to have been a clerk in the Supreme Court of California. Perhaps, without exception, the best family-name motto is that of Earl Manvers, whose family name is Pierrepont, which is thus written in the motto, *Pie-repone-te* (repose in pious confidence); in Lord Monteagle's motto, the pun is on the title, the family name being Spring Rice, *Alto fert aquila* (The eagle mounts with me on high); Lord Fermoy (Roche), *Mon Dieu est ma Roche* (My God is my Rock); the Earl of Enniskillen (Cole), *Deum cole; regem serva* (Worship God; serve the King); the Earl of Abergavenny (Neville) *Ne vile velis* (Form no mean wish); the Earl of Hopetoun (Hope), *At spes non fracta* (But my hope is not broken); The Earl of Westmoreland (Fane), *Ne vile fano* (Disgrace not the altar).

"Many mottoes possess an almost historic interest; take for instance that epic comprised in the arms of the Earl of Camperdown—we allude to the sailor who supports the sinister side, and who, to quote Debrett, 'is meant to represent James Crawford, a

native of Sunderland, who, during the battle of Camperdown (for the first earl wrestled his coronet red-handed in the service of his country), climbed up the stump of the mainmast of the 'Venerable' (flag-ship), and, although the rigging was shot away under his feet, kept his position, and no less than seven times during the action nailed up the admiral's (first Viscount Camperdown's) flag, after it had been shot away. The present earl's father, on the recent death of this brave sailor, had forwarded to him, by James Crawford's desire, the silver medal which had been presented to him for his gallant conduct, to fasten the flag, which is still in the possession of the family.

"The Combermere crest and motto tell another gallant tale: 'Salamanca' will be a word of power in English ears so long as military glory finds worshippers; the Erskine motto is 'Trial by Jury,' rather an appropriate one for, perhaps, the most persuasive of advocates and best of Lord High Chancellors; the Exmouth motto, 'Algiers,' needs no explanation; the crest, *Deo adjuvante* (God being my helper), seems appropriate to the gallant commander, the first Viscount. Viscount Gough offers quite an *embarras de richesses*; for mottoes we have, for the arms, Tarifa; and for crests, Goojerat, China, Barossa, and lastly, Clear the Way, not by any means the least appropriate."

"A STORY OF DOOM." *

To read worthily is an art. You must fit your conditions of moods, times, places, to your author, or he will lower himself to them; which is unfair to him, and not only your fault, but your misfortune; though you may never find that out, which is the worst of it.

Who would read John Stuart Mill in the ghastliness succeeding a July "social gathering" which didn't go home till morning? That man should be condemned never to read anything but John Stuart Mill for the rest of his mortal days. You must choose for your philosopher a January day, keen, elastic, bubbling over with oxygen—a day when body and mind stand braced.

Would you wrong Mrs. Browning by taking up the little well-worn "blue-and-gold," where people sit complaining of the weather, and the baby is crying? Rather go into your still room, and shut your door upon you, and hold your commune with her. She will repay such consideration.

*A Story of Doom, and Other Poems. By Jean Ingelow. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1867.

You will hear the baby's crying better after that.

And for the clear-voiced singer on whom the silver sheen of her greater sister's mantle fell—what for her?

A summerafternoon; a mellow afternoon, just cooled by a fresh, low wind; a grove where sunshine trickles through the green; a seat in a hickory branch which dips into its own shadow; the lapse of distant water, and a little chatter of squirrels around about—this is what one needs for the reading of Miss Ingelow.

Into this, with soft green binding, and golden boar's head, and golden letters glittering before our eyes, we steal, and count the pages—two hundred and eighty-eight—and are happy. There is moss under foot, on which a yellow butterfly is resting. There is a horizon where "blue and green are glad together." There are tints of gray and silver creeping and melting across the sky. And two hundred and eighty-eight pages! Who would not be happy? but ah, the sorrowful golden letters! What has any Story of Doom to do with a world where there are butterflies?

But turning back the soft, green cover, we think no more of the Story of Doom. The grave, womanly, sweet face! The strong, cheery, healthful face! This, then, is the face that created "Divided" and the "High Tide." Let us look at it well. In the first place, she does not wear a waterfall. The comfort of that discovery is inexpressible. Her hair—there is some gray about that hair—falls low, and falls in profile from a well-shaped head. A little something wanting for beauty at the top of the forehead, though?—perhaps. Ask the phrenologists. There is a distinctive character in every feature of this face. Ear, chin, and nose mean something. There are no wasted, weak expressions. It has a fine eye—it could not have other than a fine eye—tender, and quiet, and brave. The mouth is naturally ugly, full-lipped and heavy, but it is far from ugly as she has trained it. "God makes the rest of us: we make our own mouths." The sweet sadness or the sad sweetness of this reminds one of the triumph of heart over nature, in Mrs. Browning's mouth. Ah, but we like this face. We sit and hold converse with it for a time, while the hickory branch is swaying and nodding. We should like to send a word across the sea to thank her. Was it a bit hard for her at first that she let us have this glimpse of her to take into our homes and into our hearts, loyally, as one takes the face of a life-long friend?

Now, what a different ring her words will have since we have seen her!

The opening poem, "Dreams that Came True," begins with a wail, and ends with a chant; and either wail or chant alone would make a name for its author. The narrative verses are, like all narrative verses of their kind, necessarily on a lower scale. We read them and we like them, but we turn back to the prelude. Who but Miss Ingelow would have thought of it? With that grand conception of typical remorse; the world pursued by its own shadow, which "fled as she fled, and hung to her forever;" and we linger over the solemn prophecy:

"Thy kingdom come.
I heard a Seer cry—'the wilderness,
The solitary place,
Shall yet be glad for Him, and he shall bless
(Thy kingdom come) with his revealed face
The forests.'"

Who will set the whole of this chant worthily to music for us? It needs the hand of a Haydn or a Mendelssohn; but any hand that can touch it reverently will be better than none; for we must have it in our churches.

Turn a page, and lo, the voice of the seer changes to the "Voice of Birds." There are cuckoos as well as prophets in the generous world, and this poet will have a place for either, and have both in their places. How they warble, and trill, and pipe, and 'plain, and warble again, these birds, as we turn the leaves. Take the "Song" on blackbirds. It strikes a note that is struck in Wordsworth's "Immortality." You need not laugh, astute Wordsworthian critic—for it does. You and I may be "trailing clouds of glory," and blackbirds may be—blackbirds; but for the end it aims at, this poem is as complete and is as great as the "Ode."

Try this. Read it to yourself here, under the arch of the leaves, while the gray and silver clouds drift by. You know it by heart? Never mind. Read it again.

"When I hear the waters fretting,
When I see the chestnut letting
All her lovely blossoms falter down; I think,
'Alas the day!'
Once with magical sweet singing,
Blackbirds set the woodland ringing,
That awakes no more while April hours wear
themselves away.

"In our hearts fair hope lay smiling,
Sweet as air, and all beguiling;
And there hung a mist of bluebells on the slope
and down the dell;
And we talked of joy and splendor
That the years unborn would render.

And the blackbirds helped us with the story, for they knew it well."

Now is it not?

We dream away over the bird-songs till they are ended, and an oriole flashes twittering through the hickory leaves, and with drawn breath we "pause to like it and to listen;" and so, half intoxicated with beauty, we glide into the little story of "Laurance." A very simple little story. It runs on this wise:

"He knew she did not love him, but so long
As rivals were unknown to him, he dwelt
At ease, and did not find his love a pain."

But, walking alone one day in the snow there came a picture to him, "all in the tolling out of noon." She was sitting in the church-porch with one she loved, their hands clasped, her face upturned.

"Then the clock left off to strike,
And that was all. It snowed and he walked on;
And in a certain way he marked the snow,
And walked, and came upon the open heath."

The girl—her name was Muriel—bade him keep her secret till the spring; and he kept it loyally, but in surprise that there should be a secret, and Muriel was aggrieved that he should be "surprised" at her. In the spring, close upon her wedding-day, the pitiful secret all came out, and Muriel's lover was a villain. She crept away home, after she had seen his wife and child, and shut herself from Laurance, and from all the world, and made up her poor little mind to die.

She came very near to death, but she was young, and life was strong in her, and, quite against her calculations, she came to life again. Laurance was there,—Laurance was always there,—but she turned from him wearily. By-and-by she tried to die again, but she couldn't do it. (They gave her quinine probably). She kept dropping into little declines and coming out of them in a way that was as natural as life. After a time, being quite sure that "it was the end," and "fain that none who cared for her should suffer a like pang that she could spare," she quietly tells Laurance that "it matters much to you; not much, not much, to me—then truly I will die your wife—I will marry you."

But, instead of dying his wife, she lives his wife, and lives, and keeps on living; and by-and-by, when baby comes, she is rather glad, after all, to be alive. But it is only for the baby's sake, you understand. About this time he comes back, the old lover, penitent enough, and would speak with her, but Laurance says, "It would not be agreeable

to my wife." His wife is pleased at this little speech, quite pleased. She ponders it a while, and ponders many other things, and so finds out—well, it is not strange that one should love one's husband after all!

A pretty, natural story, and very prettily and naturally told; but we look back at the womanly face, and frown at it a little, wondering. Miss Ingelow knows how to bring very sweet things out of very bitter ones, very safe things out of very perilous ones,—she has done it before in one of the best of her poems, "The Letter L,"—and, doubtless, safety and sweetness do grow in this world from bitterness and risk. Marriage without mutual love may end in happiness; but, as Gail Hamilton says, "people don't deserve it, and have no right to expect it." They have no more right to expect it than they have to expect a blessing on any other sin. You cover this simple fact quite out of sight with your honeyed words, Miss Ingelow. You poison us with hyacinths,—very rare hyacinths, but poison still.

The wind has died a little. It grows rather warm. The butterfly has gone away. The blue and green horizon has wrapped itself in an ugly cloud. There is a mosquito buzzing about. We pause dubiously at its close.

The critics called it a success. We, not being critics, but only dreamers in a hickory tree, labor under a "suspension of judgment." It was a bold stroke, and difficult to revivify as dead old Noah and his family, as meaningless and wooden to this day and generation as the little red and yellow Shems, Hams, and Japheths on the nursery floor. It was a great conception, and parts of it are grandly carried out. There are touches of Oriental scenery "where costly day drops down crimson light," gorgeous beyond all dreamed-of power of words. There is pathos; there is something grander than pathos. There is much of that weirdness which stands in fearful background against many of Miss Ingelow's brightest colors. There are descriptions of prophecy which fall short of nothing but inspiration. But yet,—well; but what? it gives a shock to the received notions of Methuselah, that he should prove himself such a blasphemous old sinner.

The conceptions of Satan, too, fall heavily. They are mechanical and unimpressive, though original and entertaining. We neither pity him, as we pity the Satan of Mrs. Browning, nor fear and admire, as we do when Milton takes hold of him. It seems to us that the whole episode of his personality is an injury to the poem. It

lends the unreality of old romance to what would otherwise be fresh and natural.

But is this all the trouble? Or is it the mosquito? We begin to wonder if this volume is equal to Miss Ingelow's first; to question whether, after all, any thing else can equal "Brothers" and the "Songs of Seven."

But it must have been the mosquito. He is gone now; the wind is up again; the gold of evening burns upon the moss. We turn a page and catch the glitter of a gem,—another, another, "Sailing beyond Seas," "Remonstrance," "Wedlock," "Gladys," would you know their names? They are legion. They lie within each other, carved fine. O, beautiful our singer! No matter about Noah! He has gone with the mosquito.

You have better things to say to us. Will you hear a few of them? If you have not seen the book you will thank us, we feel sure. If you have, it will not hurt you to hear them again.

Here is a finished strain; does it not sound like Mozart?

"Lo! or ever I was ware,
In the silence of the air,
Through my heart's wide-open door,
Music floated forth once more.
Floated to the world's dark rim,
And looked over with a hymn;
Then came home with fleetings fine,
And discoursed in tones divine
Of a certain grief of mine;
And went downward and went in:"

What a hit on human nature is this:

"Who saw this man might well have
thought,—
'God loves this man. He chose a wife for
him—
The true one!'"

These strike a different key:

"They are poor
That have lost nothing; they are poorer far,
Who, losing, have forgotten; they most poor
Of all, who lose, and wish they *might* forget.

"When I remember something which I had,
But which is gone, and I must do without,
I wonder sometimes how I can be glad
Even in cowslip time, when hedges sprout;
It makes me sigh to think 'on it—but yet
My days will not be better days, should I forget.

"When I remember something promised me,
But which I never had, nor can have now,
Because the promiser we no more see
In countries that accord with mortal 'vow;
When I remember this, I mourn—but yet
My happier days are not the days when I forget."

The evening gold has dimmed; a purple

shadow is crawling up the slope; the letters blur upon the page. But our poet will not let us leave her in such saddened guise. She must drop us a cheerier message for her farewell word.

"Hence we may learn," she says,—glance back at the brave face, and think how she would say it,—

"If we be so inclined, *that life*
 Goes best with those who take it best. . . .

Hence we may learn
That though it be a grand and comely thing
To be unhappy—(and we think it is,
Because so many grand and clever folk
Have found out reasons for unhappiness)—
Yet since we are not grand,
Oh, not at all, and as for cleverness,
That may be or may not be,—it is well
For us to be as happy as we can!"

It is quite dark now. We close the book. We jump down from the hickory bough. We climb the slope softly in the dewy dusk. The chattering squirrel, half asleep, flings the message after us:

"To be as happy as we can."

And the oriole quite agrees: "It is well for us, it is well."—*Watchman and Reflector.*

Original.

MONTREAL IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY AN OLD INHABITANT.

I have hitherto confined my recollections as near as I could, to the time when I came to this country and city, namely, 1826; but I will now have to take a wider range, embracing, say the first decade of my residence here. But, before going further, I should say that memory has, it appears, been defective in some details, corrections of which have reached me, and which will be published next month. Among those who have commented on my reminiscences, is a gentleman now living in a country parish, who resided in Montreal from the year 1799 to 1807, and who thinks my olden time decidedly modern. This gentleman, whose very interesting letter I intend to present to the public next month instead of my own reminiscences, sent to me a map of Montreal, made in 1758, which he had received from the Hon. James McGill, in 1801, and which will appear as the frontis-

piece to the next number of this magazine, if ready in time.

HOTELS AND STAGE AND STEAMBOAT LINES.

The old Masonic Hall stood near the Bonsecours church, upon a high natural bank where the east end of the Bonsecours market now stands,—with a long range of stables in the rear, kept by Mr. Sharp, a man generally known and respected. The Masonic Hall was tenanted by Mr. Rasco, a host who was a model for desire to please his guests and boarders, and for imperturbable good humor. Sometimes I have seen him sent for when some dish displeased his boarders (mostly young lawyers and merchants), to receive a rebuke, administered with all the dignity of the bench, and by one who, perhaps, actually did rise afterwards to that dignity. These occasional rebukes he received with a bland meekness which was quite edifying, and humbly promising amendment, shuffled away amid universal good humor. Those were the days when the Lower Canadian seigneurs—an order of men, many of them noble-looking and very gentlemanly, which has since been extinguished by the progress of democratic principles—came periodically from their country seats to transact their business and enjoy a good time in the city. Many of these seigneurs patronized Rasco, and their advent was always hailed with delight by the young lawyers whose purses did not afford bottles of choice Port or Madeira. One of these, who had the characteristics of his nation in great perfection, namely, a winning tongue and gentlemanly manners, and who has since risen to eminence, used to touch my arm when he saw one of the great men from the country sitting at the table, and whisper, "I'll make him send his bottle to me." He would then catch the eye of the magnifico, and, after a respectful recognition, enquire with much interest concerning the welfare of his lady, or some other equally interesting topic, an attention which was sure to be followed by an invitation to wine, and to that end a sending round of the seigneur's decanter. These are trifling incidents, but they serve to mark the man-

ners of a past generation whose fate has been that of Mackworth Praed's college companions, of whom he said,

"Some lie behind the church-yard stone,
And some before the Speaker."

But the Masonic Hall with all its comforts, and, for those days, magnificence, was destined, like all earthly things, to pass away, and, more brilliant than many others, it went out in a blaze. Montreal was doing honor to a noble guest,—Capt. Back,—who was on his way to the Arctic regions, in search, if I remember right, of Capt. Ross, and whose explorations added Back's river to the map. A complimentary dinner was given to the explorer, followed by a ball, both in the Masonic Hall.

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then;
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave
men,—

A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose, with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake
again,

And all went merry as a marriage bell;—
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a
rising knell!"

If we substitute Montreal for Belgium's capital, and the cry of "fire" for the cannon's opening roar, the above description would serve very well for the night of the burning of the Masonic Hall. The fire took among the boughs or drapery with which the stairs were ornamented; and long ladders had to be raised to the windows, down which the terrified ladies, in ball-room costume, were borne, followed by elderly gentlemen, some of them no less terrified.

At the same time that Rasco flourished at the east, at that time the military and aristocratic end of the city, Goodenough flourished even more at the west or business end. The old Exchange Coffee-House, standing in the Exchange Court, with two narrow entrances at right angles, one from St. Paul and the other from St. Peter street; and Dickinson's Upper Canada stage-office on the side,—was a place of no little renown. There the stages with the Upper Canada passengers were driven at great speed, four in hand, and even sometimes, we think, six

in hand, round sharp corners and through narrow passages, to deposit the greater part of their precious freight of U. C. merchants at the Exchange Coffee-House. And very comfortable did Mr. Goodenough make them, and very moderate were his charges (a bare dollar a day) to his merchant customers, though to pleasure travellers there was a very different tariff.

There were two great events of the day at this hotel, namely, the arrival of the Laprairie boat with the passengers from the south, and the arrival of the Upper Canada stages with the passengers from the west; and on these occasions the stoop of the hotel was lined with eager observers to see the passengers come in, and learn the news. The Laprairie boat connected with a line of stages which toiled along from Laprairie to St. John's at the greatest speed that the state of the road would permit, and there connected with the Lake Champlain boats, the Franklin and Phoenix, which carried the passengers to Whitehall, whence they went by stage to Albany, and thence by steamer to New York.

The Upper Canada stages, as they were called, never went near Upper Canada, but only ran from Montreal to a steamboat at Lachine, halting by the way at the Tanneries to water (if modern readers know the full import of that phrase). This steamboat conveyed them through Lake St. Louis to the Cascades, at which place another line of stages took them up, and toiled along with them through the village of Cedars of Coteau du Lac. There they again embarked on a steamer and went through Lake St. Francis to Cornwall, where once more they were transferred to stages, which carried them past the Long Sault to Dickinson's Landing, from whence a steamer took them to Prescott or Kingston without further transshipment. This, however, was after steamboats were provided sufficiently powerful to go up the rapids between Dickinson's Landing and Prescott; the passengers having, before, to go the whole way from Cornwall to Prescott by stage. Those who are familiar with these

circumstances, will have pleasant reminiscences of Mr. Dickinson, an excellent man, (to whom Canada owes much for facilities of transportation), and his able assistants, the Bigelows,—Sumner, Increase, and Abijah. Also of Captain Whipple and Captain Dan. Whipple, of the little lake boats we have mentioned, and sundry other celebrities.

It is interesting to look back over Mr. Goodenough's guests. A very frequent one was the well known enterprising and witty Jason C. Pierce, of St. John's, whose presence was always a signal for innocent mirth. He it was who, when a company were signing their names, with sundry initials after them, such as M. P. P., put the letters F. M. after his, a mystery they could not solve till he explained to them that they stood for "Forwarding Merchant." There was John Young, of Niagara, an almost constant guest, whose advancing years and stout proportions did not hinder him from being first up stairs when the dinner-bell rang. And there was the dyspeptic Culver, of the same celebrated town, who always claimed the left-hand back-seat of a stage coach, no matter though it should be already occupied by a gentleman, or even a lady, and who usually had his claim allowed.

There was the aged Toronto millionaire who could not afford Goodenough's dollar-a-day, but who regularly came to take a meal at the house, and learn what was going on. There was also the jocular Stinson, from Hamilton, who recently died in Chicago, worth, it is said, two millions of dollars, the result of early investments in real estate in that city; and many other noted men from Upper and Lower Canada, and Western New York, which was the Great West of those days.

There was another hotel in the west end of considerable celebrity, and largely frequented by lumbermen, namely, the Ottawa Hotel. And the Mansion House, afterwards Duclos' Eagle Hotel, was well sustained. The Commercial Hotel, off the Old Market, now Custom-House square, was also a remarkably well-kept and respectable

house, which had a large share of the Eastern Townships business.

SONG OF THE CHERRY-TREE.

Do you know of a tree all covered with snow,
Though never a bitter north wind may blow;
And in it a thousand glad bees are humming,
And April is laughing that May is coming?
That's my wild cherry-tree!

Do you know where fair cups of silvery white
Stand up to hold the fresh dews of night;
And butterflies flutter, and humming bees say
That the cuckoo is shouting to welcome the May?
That's my wild cherry-tree!

But one breezy morning I go to see
The last of my beautiful cherry-tree;
And the green grass is white with the leaves
that float,
Each like a fairy's little boat,
From my wild cherry-tree!

But fresh air and bright sunshine, soft rain-
drops and dew,
Soon bring out my cherry-tree's beauties anew:
Now ripe fruit is hanging from every green spray,
And blackbirds and thrushes who happy as they
In our old cherry-tree!

But who comes in gray morning to gather the
load,
From the woods the brown Starlings know well
the sweet road;
Over the grass where the clover is blowing,
Over the grass just ripe for the mowing,
The chattering brown Starlings are coming, are
coming

To my wild cherry-tree;
And now how they flutter, and swing in each
stem,
And say that the cherry-tree is made but for
them;
But Herbert is coming with shout and with
bound,
And quickly he's mounting the ladder's last
round,
And baskets are filling, and all must declare
That when blackbirds, and thrushes, and neigh-
bors all share,

'Twas a brave cherry-tree!
—*Kentish Observer.*

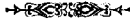
HEAVENLY HOPE.

Reflected on the lake I love
To see the stars of evening glow;
So tranquil in the heavens above,
So restless in the wave below.

Thus heavenly hope is all serene,
But earthly hope, so bright so'er,
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,
As false and fleeting as 'tis fair.

HEBER.

Miscellaneous Selections.



Fossil Ivory.—About forty thousand pounds of fossil ivory, that is to say, the tusks of at least one hundred mammoths, are bartered for every year in New Siberia. As many as ten tusks have been found lying together in the "Tundra," weighing from one hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds each. Notwithstanding the enormous amount already carried away, the stores of fossil ivory do not appear to diminish.

Buttons.—A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* hopes the tailors now on strike will devote their leisure to acquiring the art of sewing on buttons. He says: "As the cabmen in one of Mr. Leech's social illustrations observed, 'The genteeler the party the worserer the fare,' so it may be emphatically observed with respect to this matter of buttons, 'the genteeler the tailor the worsrer the sewing.'" For country tailors pride themselves on their sewing, and their buttons cling to their appointed places for more months than the London tailors' adhere for weeks."

LAUGHABLE MISTAKES.—It is often very amusing to see what mistakes clergymen will make in giving out notices, or in extemporaneous speaking. Thus, a Bishop, within the borders of New England, on the occasion of a great marriage, when his church was crowded and noisy, the mass being impatient, and the greater portion standing upon the seats and backs of the pews, in his desperation exclaimed, "Will the people, remembering that this is God's house, be pleased to sit down upon the *floor* and put their feet upon the *seats*." The noise and confusion that followed these words were perfectly indescribable, and the unconscious Bishop fell back into his chair, feeling that he had been grossly insulted in his own Cathedral. We know a clergyman who was once delivering an extempore lecture on first chapter of Genesis, and endeavoring to answer the question who was Cain's wife? He reached the following singular conclusion: "From all which facts we are forced to the conclusion that Cain the eldest born of Adam, must have married his own *wife*." He meant sister; but the actual words were certainly the safest. Another clergyman, who had been lately married, undertaking to give out a notice of a meeting to be held at his house, which happened not to be a Rectory, said: "There will be service at my—our—the house of the minister."

A HINDOO LETTER.—In external appearance and construction of expression, a Hindoo letter is worthy of notice. It is written on a palm-

leaf, with an iron style, four to six inches long, and sharp-pointed at the end. In writing neither chair nor table is needed, the leaf being supported on the middle finger of the left hand and kept steady with the thumb and forefinger. The right hand does not, as with us, move along the surface, but, after finishing a few words, the writer fixes the point of the iron in the last letter, and pushes the leaf from right to left, so that he may finish his line. This becomes so easy by long practice, that one often sees a Hindoo writing as he walks the streets. As this species of penmanship is but a kind of faint engraving, the strokes of which are indistinct, they make the character legible by besmearing the leaf with an ink-like fluid. A letter is generally finished on a single leaf, which is then enveloped in a second, whereon is written an address. In communicating the decease of a relative, the custom is to singe the point of the leaf upon which the afflicting news is written. When a superior writes to an inferior, he put his own name before that of the person to whom he writes, and the reverse when he writes to a superior.—*N. C. Presbyterian.*

TERRIBLE RAVAGES OF THE CHOLERA.—The following is an extract from a letter written by the American Consul at Messina, dated Aug. 24. "I write to-day in the midst of cholera, and with sixty thousand persons less in the city by emigration than usual. All business houses are closed; not a shop or store is open, except a few apothecaries and provision shops, kept open by the authorities. I have not seen such a panic in the nineteen years of my residence here, although we passed the terrible epidemic of 1854, revolutions and bombardments. In my street few houses are inhabited. The French, the English, and the Russian Consuls, with myself and three or four other families, are the only ones remaining. The mortality is mostly in the suburbs; the number of deaths amount to about one hundred (100) daily; and if the enormous heat continues, from 86 to 91 Fahrenheit, the number must increase very considerably. Our ignorant population is convinced that the government has the cholera poison distributed first in one part of the town, and then in another. We dare not try to convince them of the absurdity of such an idea, we are immediately regarded as accomplices; and whenever one of the higher classes is attacked and dies, the people pretend that he took the counter poison too late, or had forgotten the place where it was deposited.

ORIGIN OF HONEY-DEW.—Formerly it was the opinion of botanists that the sweet coatings

of certain leaves of plants was an exudation from the upper surface vessels through the solar or atmospheric influence. Entomologists have discovered the incontrovertible fact that honey-dew is a product of insects, almost too small to be seen by the unassisted eye, called plant-lice, belonging to the genus *aphis*, order *homoptera*. Small ants, like all families of ants, are exceedingly fond of sweets. They traverse apple-trees and other fruit-bearers infested by lice, discriminating instantly the individuals yielding the saccharine fluid. By gently patting them on the backs with their antennæ or feelers, the louse forces out the honey-dew through a minute nipple. It is quickly sucked up, and away the gratified ant goes down the limb, and finally to its house near the roots to feed its young. Thousands are thus operating in a sunny morning, milking their dairy. Spare the field ants, then, for they prevent the too great multiplication of the aphid, that would otherwise destroy more trees than they do.

VEGETABLE "CURLED HAIR."—A new material for beds has been discovered in California, that country of so many and such valuable productions. It is asserted that there is at present dug out of the mountains of the Sierra range a better material for beds than is now available in the markets of the world, fully equal to curled hair, and making comfortable, useful and healthful beds. This material is the "soap root," which grows in unlimited quantities in California. It is described as a bulbous root, enveloped in a tough and supple fibre, resembling somewhat the husk of cocoa-nut in color and appearance, but nearly as tough as whalebone. The roots are dug chiefly by Chinamen, bound in bundles of one hundred pounds each, and brought on poles to the factory. The first work is to put the roots through a picker, similar to a threshing-machine, which is run by horse-power. This separates the fibre into a hair of eight to ten inches long, which is placed in a large vat or steamer till it becomes flexible, and is freed from all gummy or glutinous matter. It is then dried in the sun, put through another finer picker, then taken and twisted into ropes, and then steamed again, which sets the curl. The ropes are bound in bales, and are ready for the market. The natural color is brown, but it is colored black, and an expert would find it hard to tell it from curled hair.

A DANISH LEGEND.—It was during the Swedish war of the seventeenth century, that after a battle in which the enemy had been worsted, a burgher of Flensburg was about to refresh himself with a draught of beer from a wooden bottle, when he heard the cry of a wounded Swede, who, fixing his longing eyes on the beverage, exclaimed, "I am thirsty; give me drink." Now, the burgher of Flensburg was a kind man, and though he suffered greatly himself, he replied at once, "Thy need is greater than mine;" and, kneeling down by the side of the wounded

soldier, he poured the liquor into his mouth. But the treacherous Swede, taking advantage of the unarmed state of his benefactor, fired his pistol as he bent down, wounding him in the shoulder. Then the burgher sprang upon his legs, and, indignant, exclaimed, "Rascal! I would have befriended you, and you would murder me in return; now I will punish you. I would have given you the whole bottle, but you shall have only half;" and drinking one-half himself he gave the remainder to his enemy. When the news of this action reached the ears of King Frederic III., he ordered the burgher into his presence, and asked him, "Why did you not kill the rascal?" "Sire," replied the man, "I could never slay a wounded enemy." "Thou meritest to be a noble," said the king, and he caused him to be created one at once, and gave him for his arms a wooden beer-bottle, pierced through with an arrow; which cognizance was borne by his children after till the family died out in the person of a maiden lady, his last descendant.

CHINESE SHREWDSNESS.—The following good story is told of the sagacity of a Chinese mandarin in detecting a rogue and compelling him to a reluctant honesty. A governor of a Chinese province was taken very ill, and refused to admit any visitors into his house. This being told a mandarin of his acquaintance, the latter was very much concerned, and, after many importunities, obtained an interview with him. On his entrance he was surprised to find no signs of sickness in his friend, and asked what was the matter with him. The governor at length told him he had lost the Emperor's seal out of the cabinet where it used to be kept, and that, as the lock remained uninjured, he was sensible that the seal was stolen. Of course he could transact no business, and must soon be deprived of his government and probably of his life. The mandarin inquired if he had any enemy in the city. The other answered, Yes; and that enemy was an officer of rank, whom he had offended, and who was disposed to do him an injury. "Away, then," replied the mandarin; "let your valuable property be secretly removed this evening; set fire to the empty house and call out for help, to which this officer must of necessity repair with the rest, it being one of the principal duties of his situation. As soon as you see him amongst the people, deliver him, in the public presence, the cabinet, shut as it is, that it may be secured in his possession. If he is the thief, he will put the seal in its place; otherwise the fault will lie upon him for having taken so little care of it." The governor followed his advice, and the next day received back his cabinet with the seal in it, both parties keeping the secret for their mutual safety.

PHYSICAL EXERCISE.—Of course it is a very grand thing to be able to maintain one's rights against half a dozen coal-heavers, or to figure as the champion of injured respectability against

insolent blackguardism, as Sir Robert Clifton did a little time back in the public streets. But there are exceptional cases, and few men can be pointed out who are distinguished both as pugilists and scholars. But the greatest and most dangerous abuse, and one that ought to be sedulously discouraged among young men, is that technically known as "training." Who cannot appreciate the indignant periods of the ancients when they decry the discipline of over-enthusiastic athletes? Then as now they studied to bring their bodies to a premature perfection, at the expense of both mind and body for the remainder of their lives. Those who have gone through the severest training become in the end dull and listless and stupid, subject to numerous diseases, and in many instances the ultimate victims of gluttony and drunkenness. Their unnatural vigor seldom lasts more than five years. It was especially remarked by the Greeks that no one who in boyhood won the prize at the Olympic games ever distinguished himself afterward. The three years immediately preceding seventeen are years of mental development, and nature cannot at the same time endure any severe taxing of the constitution. Prudence, therefore, especially at this critical period of life, must ever go hand in hand with vigor, for the evils of excess outweigh by far the evils of deficiency. But as long as due bounds are preserved, athletic sports may ever be hailed as the best friends of mind and body. The Duke of Wellington is reported to have said, when he was looking on at a cricket match, that as long as these were the sports of Englishmen, they need never fear invasion. To this we think we may add a more powerful encouragement; for we sincerely believe that as long as athletic sports hold their proper place in our educational establishments, we need never fear the invasion of degeneracy nor the tyranny of ignorance.—*Westminster Gazette.*

PETRIFIED WOMAN OF BERTHIER.—I well remember of the discovery of a petrified woman in Berthier in 1845, for I was then a resident in Canada, and a pupil at McGill College. Berthier is a small village on the banks of the St. Lawrence opposite Sorel, and forty-five miles from Montreal. Several cuttings from newspapers are in my possession regarding this woman, one especially from the *Quebec Mercury*, in the form of a letter to the editor, under the signature of J. C. P., dated Quebec, April 17, 1845. The following extracts from it may prove of interest as relating to the subject of Prof. Daniel Wilson's letter in the *Athenæum* of July 6th: "Passing through Berthier on the 21st of March, I paid a visit to the gentleman in whose house it was deposited, and received from him every civility and explanation that time would allow. The petrification, for such I must term it, is kept in a large chest, made for the purpose, in a lower room, of the house, under lock and key. On removing a fair linen cloth, one of the most extraordinary sights presents itself that probably ever came under notice. By a rare process of na-

ture a body committed to earth in the ordinary way some twenty years since (in the churchyard of the village) instead of crumbling into original dust, has become the petrified image of the human form, which once had being, life, and motion. The body, which in life was composed of both solid and empty parts, is now entirely solid, hard, and seems to be completely stone as if quarried by mortal hand. It has the appearance of one of those ancient statues, abraded by time and exposure, which are seen in niches on the outside of cathedrals in Europe. In color it is dark gray or nearly black. The nose and mouth are destroyed, and one of the feet, I think, was gone. The trunk was perfect. Where the foot is broken, it has every appearance of mutilated stone." The small stream, doubtless containing earthy particles, over which the coffin is supposed to have been originally deposited in the soil, presented, as I was informed, a bubbling spring, the exit of which was not larger than the palm of the hand. On either side two bodies had been interred about the time of the burial of the one in question. All these have entirely disappeared, a fact which shows that the influence of the petrifying spring, or lapidific fluid, did not extend beyond a narrow vein of the breadth or space occupied by the body which has suffered so extraordinary a change; *ossa lapidis fiunt: intra quoque viscera saxum est.* I perceive that a New York *Ecologist* is rather incredulous of this being a petrification, and suggests that it might be adipocere. To its being the latter, the description given above, if correct, will establish a negative. The body was exhumed in September last, and is as solid as when discovered; at all events, the coffin could not be adipocere, and was in fact described to be also a stone." The conclusion of the letter has reference to the fossil human skeleton of Quebec, about which I may observe that it too, tried to find out something about it, both at Quebec and Montreal, but nobody could furnish me with any information regarding it. Many individuals recollected the story, but beyond that nothing was known of it.—*Athenæum.*

[Can any one give us any information respecting the above described petrification?—Ed. Dom. Mo.]

A STRANGE PEAL AT ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.—He was slowly descending when he saw on his left hand a door. He would look what was within. It was not quite shut; a push opened it. He saw a small chamber lined with wood. In the centre stood something—a chiffonniere or some bench-like piece of furniture of the plainest wood—he had advanced a step; peeped over the top; saw keys white and black; saw pedals below, it was an organ! Two strides brought him in front of it. A wooden stool, polished and hollowed with centuries of use, stood before it. But where were the bellows? That might be down a hundred steps for anything he knew; for he was only half-way to the ground. Mechanically, as if he had been taking his place before the organ in St. Andrew's, Aberdeen, he seated him-

self on the stool, and struck, as he thought, a dumb chord. Responded, up in the air, far overhead, a mighty booming clang. Startled, almost frightened, even as if Miss St. John had said she loved him, Robert sprang from his stool, and without knowing why, moved only by the chastity of delight, flung the door to the post. It banged and clicked. Then, almost mad with joy, thinking of nothing but music, excited by the whole course of the last days, by the marvel of the spire, and ten times more by the discovery of this titanic instrument, he seated himself at the keys, and plunged into a tempest of clanging harmony. How many bells responded to the keys he did not know. One hundred hang in that tower, an instrument for a city,—nay, for a kingdom. Often had Robert thought in his time of musical excitement, that the grandest summit of humanity would be to conduct an orchestra in heaven—to be the centre of a thunder-cloud of harmony, flashing off from every finger the willed lightning tone; now such was the unexpected scale of the instrument—so far aloft in the sunny air rang the responsive tones, that his touch seemed to have the same connection with them—and no more—that the conductor has with his trained band. The music, like that of a fountain bursting up from the instrument, bore him aloft with it, and all below and around was forgotten or unheeded. From the resounding cone of bells overhead he seemed not to hear sounds proceeding, but to see level-winged forms of light speeding with a message to the nations. It was only his roused phantasm, but every sweet tone is nevertheless God's messenger, and a right harmony and sequence of them is a little gospel. After some time he found himself following, in a moment, unconsciously, the sequence of tunes he well remembered having played on his violin the night he went first with Ericson to Mysie. The last thing he played was the strange chant of Ericson about the witch lady and the dead man's hand. Before he had finished that, his passion had begun to fold its wings. He grew dimly aware that there was a beating at the door of the solitary chamber in which he sat. He had never thought of the enormity of which he was guilty—presenting the whole city of Antwerp with a glorious phantasia unsought. He did not know that only upon grand, solemn, world-wide occasions, such as a king's birth-day or a ball at the Hotel de Ville, was such music on the card. When he flung the door to it closed with a spring-lock, and for the last quarter of an hour three gens d'armes, commanded by the sacristan of the tower, had been thundering thereat.

—Argosy.

THE "GREAT" BASSO.—It is a terrible thing to be an excessively large man; and yet large men are sometimes men of genius. Witness Lablache, for instance, both in size and music—how immense may be gathered from the following anecdote told by an old associate. Lablache died at Naples on Jan'y 23rd, 1858, at the age of sixty-three, in the villa now inhabited by

his son-in-law, Thalberg. We shall never see his like again. The Jove-like head planted on a colossal body, seemed the incarnation of every priestly attribute, when the grand old Druid Orevoso trod the stage. Who that ever saw or heard him can forget the majesty of his look and the thunder of his voice? Rossini, writing an account of the *Puritana* in Paris, to a friend in the Boulogne, naively declared it was quite unnecessary for him to say anything about the duet "Suono la Tromba," between Lablache and Tamburini, for he was quite sure it was heard all over the country. There never was, and probably never will be again in our time, such a marvellously toned bass voice as that of Lablache. In private life Lablache was a most delightful companion, full of anecdote and repartee. His power of facial expression was remarkable. I have seen him portray a coming storm, every phase of a tempest, and the return of fine weather, by the mere changes of his countenance,—Grisi sitting opposite to the different phenomena. His travelling about was always a serious matter. No ordinary vehicle was safe to hold him. His enormous weight rendered it necessary for his servants to take about a chair and bedding for his especial use. It was difficult to find a carriage the doors of which were large enough for him to pass. On one occasion, the rehearsal at Her Majesty's theatre terminating sooner than was expected, and before his brougham had come to fetch him, a street cab was ordered. The cabman looked alarmed when his form issued from the stage door and showed the test which the vehicle had to undergo. "He'll never get in, sir," said he despairingly to me, as I was shaking hands with Lablache, who seemed also to have his doubts about the question. We approached the vehicle; the door was opened wide. Side-ways, frontways, backways, the prize basso tried to effect an entrance; but in vain. Without assistance it was impossible. Two men went to the opposite side and dragged with all their force, while two others did their utmost to lift him in. "It's no go," cried the cabman; "he'll ruin my cab." One more effort. A long pull, a strong push—a pull and a push together—the point was gained—Lablache inside, puffing and blowing from the exertion. But the difficulty was not yet come to an end. Wishing to change his position (he had inadvertently sat down with his back to the horses) he rose—the whole of his prodigious weight was upon a few slender boards, forming the bottom of the cab. Imagine the horror of the cabman, the astonishment of Lablache, and the surprise of a large crowd which had been attracted by the terrible struggle that had been going on, when the boards gave way, and his feet and legs were seen standing on the road. The driver swore—Lablache grinned—the crowd roared. No scene in a pantomime was ever more ludicrous. Fortunately Lablache sustained no injury. Had the horses moved, the consequence of the accident would have been serious.

Young Folks.

Original.

A STORY FOR A BIRTHDAY.

BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL, QUEBEC.

CHAPTER I.

"Oh, what a beautiful place this is! How charming! What a Paradise, with food to last forever!" and many other such exclamations were uttered by a large swarm of young caterpillars who had just warmed into grub-life from the heart of a well-opened cabbage, and had crawled to the furthest extremity of one of its leaves for observation, and were rejoiced in the discovery of motion, liberty, and all the senses bestowed upon bright, green, young caterpillar life.

Nibbling, crawling and nibbling, raising themselves up on end, from their point of observation, to survey the outside of the cabbage world, and chattering as fast as grubs can chatter, they enjoyed the warm sun of the day, till the cold dews of evening beginning to make their weak little bodies feel chilly, they crawled back again to the old nest in the heart of the cabbage. There they saw that some eggs they had noticed before leaving at mid-day, were just beginning to move and stir, and some of them, ere long, issued forth living grubs like themselves. Great was the wonder and speculation of the elder members of the family upon this new phase of existence. "Had they been only eggs also? Surely not! Yet they must have been, or where did they come from? Ah! they did not make themselves, that was certain; they could not do that;—somebody must have made them, and placed the eggs there, giving them the wonderful power of bursting into life. And now, what did that Invisible Being intend to do with them? surely He did not make them for nothing." These and many other such sage reflections (worthy of greater than grub heads), sug-

gested themselves to the little family as they crawled into the snug home, crowding together for warmth; nice, amiable little bedfellows, too tired and sleepy to chatter any more. With the bright sun next morning rose the small family, roused into energy by its warm beams, and grateful that they had awakened again into life. Oh! what a nice warm feeling that bright light gives. "Perhaps it made us," delightfully exclaimed a tiny one, looking very wise. "Well then," replied another, "who made it? Tell us that if you can, and who made all those sweet-smelling things so beautiful around us and, and—everything? Ah, I wish we knew." "I wish we knew," was echoed all around. Hunger for the present quenched the thirst for knowledge of the tiny people, but only to return again with renewed strength after the repast. At last one of the elder brothers, who had been quietly listening to all the chatter, silenced them by saying, "I'll tell you what; I am not going to stay here any longer idly speculating upon what I do not understand; I intend to go and find out for myself all about these things." "How? Where?" were the questions of the astonished groups. "Why, I find myself so strong this morning and move with such pleasure, that I shall leave this home." "Leave here?" was the bewildered cry. "Don't interrupt me; yes, leave and travel about to learn; perhaps I can find out who made us; at any rate we are surely not the only living creatures in this large space, and were not made to eat, drink, and sleep upon a cabbage-leaf all our days. I may meet some other caterpillars older than myself, who can tell me more than I know now, and I will come back again here and tell you all about it." This last argument silenced the opposition of the little circle, who saw their brother

creep, carefully, over the side of the cabbage-leaf with a mixture of hope and fear. In another hour one or two others of the little family, impelled by various motives, started in independence; some wanted to taste other food; others were tired of such a monotonous life; a few went in search of their elder brother; and the sluggish ones, who, contented with present good, were too idle to care about either the past or the future, remained where they were. Here we will leave all for the present.

CHAPTER II.

Ere the departing rays of the sun had caused the earth to wrap her dark mantle around her again, one by one our little friends returned. The last one to creep up was the anxious searcher after truth of the morning. Tired and weary he seemed,—too tired even to luxuriate upon the delicious dew of the evening, distilled upon his favorite cabbage. Yet there was a bright look about him, and a quick motion, as if possessed of a knowledge which not only fed, strengthened, and stimulated him, but gave him power also—and his brothers looked upon him with a mixture of respect and awe; and with graceful politeness, and fraternal affection, refrained from showing the curiosity they could not help feeling, and which it cost an effort to conceal. After supper was ended, and the social circle formed, our hero began as follows:

“My friends, and such of you who are my relations, it is due to you that I fulfil my promise of the morning, by telling you the result of my inquiries this day. Know, then, that after descending from this our home, which I found easier than I at first thought, considering its height, I found myself upon a new element called earth, rough at first to my tender body, but which I had powers of travelling over, and of reaching with ease any of those beautiful plants which are filling the air with fragrance around us. The further I advanced, and the more I saw, the deeper I felt convinced that a First Great Cause must have produced all these effects, and the longing within me became proportionably

great, to know and find the origin of being. At first I thought a beautiful white lily which appeared to tremble with the breath of life, might be able to tell me, but I found, on crawling into its cup, that it was only the power of motion it possessed, and not that of will, but that it was acted upon by an influence called wind or breeze,—it neither heard nor answered me; so after various slides and tumbles, I reached the ground again. Presently I saw at a distance a group of lovely yellow and white living things I find are called Psyche.* Oh! how lovely they were, earth and air were alike their element, for they revelled in both, dipping with ease into the honey-cells of flowers, soaring on air again, now on the ground, now on the trees. How my heart went with them, and I felt that they were formed of a higher and better nature than myself. A shade of sadness and almost envy embittered my travels for some time; thoughts of what they were and of the difference between us, possessed my breast, and I wished I had been made a Psyche—and I doubted not, that they whose powers were so great already, had the key to the secret which was consuming me, the knowledge of the great Author of all. Hour after hour passed by. I saw many of our own species, but I confess with shame I was too gloomy and dispirited to make acquaintance with any. I saw that the world was teeming with life,—happy, joyous life; I alone wretched, considering myself an insignificant, worthless being, and wondering why I was made. Happily these thoughts brought home with its softening influences in memory before me, and the echo of your sweet voices, seemed to answer, ‘Certainly not made to crawl about egotistical and sensual all your life.’ No, no: even *you* are made for better things; the higher aspirations of your nature, the very thirst for knowledge itself which you find so impossible to quench, tell you that. Humbled and self-rebuked, I lifted my head; the voice was gone, the influence remained,

*Psyche is the Greek name for butterfly and soul.

and I moved on rejoicing in my many blessings, and determining to use for the best those gifts bestowed upon me, hoping that He who had given me the craving for knowledge, would also provide me the means to satisfy it. With these better thoughts, I crawled near a gay buzzing party at some distance from me, lying still when close enough to observe their movements. They were engaged in waltzing round and round, buzzing and singing right merrily. Oh, there, I thought, is happiness, but such as I cannot join, as they would not notice me. What was my entrancement at this moment to perceive that I was not only observed, but the object of great seeming attention and pleasure to numbers. They at once began circling round me singing songs of flattery and enticement, bewildering to my poor head.* Alas! for all my good resolutions and fancied strength; my thoughts lately so sincere were dissolving away, and others of this nature taking their place. Why not take present delights, and be happy here, where you seem to be so much admired? Give up worrying yourself about what you are, and what is to become of you. Perhaps it is all delusion, and these gay creatures may have enough of knowledge to satisfy you. Give up and join them. Looking up at the moment, I saw beneath the gauzy robe of one of these bewitching ones, a sharp arrow, which his gay covering but ill concealed, and felt a shiver of dread and horror at the sight, and a feeling as if a possession very precious to me were in danger; and a voice seeming to call upon me to break the web of seducement, and come away, with an effort I drew myself under a fallen leaf out of sight, where I meditated with wonder upon these things. What was the treasure my vanity had nearly cost the loss of, and what the monitor which I saw now had twice warned me? I, a common caterpillar, I could see nothing, I must be dreaming. Too agitated to move, I lay panting for some time;—at last, no

*My little readers will perhaps remember the pretty poem of the Spider and the Fly.

longer hearing the syren songs, I ventured forth and crawled along the edge of a gravel path, till I came to the side wall of what is called a summer house. Creeping into the hollow of one of its large mossy holes, I found one of my own species, larger, and apparently much older, than myself. At first I would have retired, but was fascinated by the brightness of gaze of the individual in question, who, on perceiving me, kindly invited me to enter and be seated. 'I fear I have intruded into your home, friend,' I said. 'You are welcome,' was the reply, 'I shall not need it long.' 'Are you going away soon?' was the inquiry. 'You do not look well or strong enough to travel.' 'Oh!' was the answer, with another flash of the brilliant eyes, 'I am travelling to that "country from whose bourne no traveller returns." I shall put off this vile body, which will return to its native dust, and assume that glorious body for which I was created.' With an ecstasie jump I flung myself by the side of my newly found friend, and, embracing her, said, 'I do not understand what you mean; do tell me. I see you are possessed of the higher knowledge which I am craving for; tell me, please tell me, what I am, who made me, and what I am to be.' Here, now, I must conclude for a time, for I see the sparkling of earth's jewels, and the crescent on her brow, warning us to hurry away from the chilly damps of her dews, and when a beam from the sun unties earth's foggy night-cap, and covers her with the aurora of morning, I shall proceed with the startling, and to you, instructive part of my narrative."

(To be Continued.)

PLAYS AT A PARTY.

(CONCLUDED.)

As fast as the children arrived in the kitchen, Mary Ann invited them into a little room which opened off from it, where there was a bed. It was in fact Mary Ann's bedroom. Here they all took off their bonnets and caps, and laid them in neat order upon the bed. There was a looking-glass in the room, with a dressing

table before it. The looking-glass was hung upon the wall in such a place as to be of the right height for Mary Ann, and it would have been too high for the children to see themselves in it, if Mary Ann had not had the forethought to place before the table a long bench or footstool, upon which they could stand and see themselves very well.

After the girls had all looked in the glass, some went to look out at the window,—for there was one window in Mary Ann's bedroom, which opened upon the yard and garden. It was a very pretty room, and Mary Ann kept it very neatly arranged.

Then they all went back into the kitchen, and began to ask Mary Ann what they should do. She told them to wait till all were ready, and then she would tell them. So they waited until all had come out of the bedroom, and then Mary Ann directed them to follow her. Saying this, she led the way through a long passage to a door out of which, as soon as she opened it, a bright light came shining. The children all began to run eagerly forward, impatient to get into the room and see what was there. There was nothing very remarkable there; only the time seemed to have suddenly changed to evening, for the shutters were closed and the lamps were lighted,—all signs of daylight having entirely disappeared.

The children were greatly delighted at this magical change, and they began dancing and capering about the room in great glee. Some began to sing, "We've got an evening party! We've got an evening party!" Some ran to get good seats in the arm-chairs and rocking-chairs, and upon a sofa which stood at one side of the room. Some walked about more quietly, and began to examine the pictures upon the walls. William waited a few moments until the excitement of novelty had passed a little, and then said,—

"Now, children, all take seats, and I will send Louisa to go and call mother. She said that when we were ready she would come and tell us what to play."

So the children all ran to the seats, and then Louisa went to call Mrs. Gay. Mrs. Gay soon came, leading Louisa by the hand. As soon as she came into the room, all the children left their seats and gathered around her to shake hands with her, and received the welcome which she gave them, and she said a few words to each one. Then they all went and took their seats again, and Mrs. Gay asked them what they would like to play.

Some named one play and some another, and others still said they wished Mrs. Gay to tell them what to play. So Mrs. Gay called for one game after another, selecting at first such as the children had proposed, while she sat in a large arm-chair near one corner, and regulated the proceedings so as to prevent any of those little difficulties which sometimes occur when children are playing.

Mrs. Gay proposed afterward some plays of her own, some of which the children had never heard of before, and which amused them very much. One of these was a play which she called "Sulky Sally."

This play consisted in one of the children assuming the character of a child in a sulky fit, and the rest gathering around her and trying to make her laugh,—she making every possible effort all the time not to smile in the least, or even to look good-natured, but to remain as sober and cross as possible.

Sometimes a boy was the sulky one; but still he was called Sulky Sally just the same.

I am not certain that it was quite polite in the person, whoever it was, that invented this game, to make the sulky one always a girl,—as if girls were more likely to take sulky fits than boys. Still, this was the way they played it.

In fact, in this case, it was a boy who was chosen to be Sulky Sally first. It was Orlando. Mrs. Gay selected him.

"You must go out into the middle of the room," said Mrs. Gay, "and hang your head and point, and look as cross as you can; and whoever comes to speak to you, you must not have anything to say to them, but appear very much out of humor with everybody; and whatever they do to make you laugh, you must not even smile, if you can help it. At last, if they make you laugh or even smile in the least, you must give up being Sulky Sally, and the one that made you laugh must take your place."

While Mrs. Gay had been speaking, she had been busy all the time folding a newspaper in a curious way, so as to make a kind of a cap of it, which she said was the sulky cap for Sally to wear. She gave the cap, when it was done, to Orlando, and said,—

"Put it on your head, and when you laugh you must take it off and say who made you laugh, and give the cap to him, and he must put it on and take your place."

So Orlando put the cap on his head, and went out into the middle of the room, and

there assumed such a comical look of sulkiness and ill-humor that the children began to laugh at once, all about the room. They also began to gather round him, but at first they did not seem to know what to say.

At last Louisa began to talk to him.

"Sally," said she; "what's the matter, Sally? I'll get a feather and tickle your nose, Sally, and that will make you feel better."

Orlando could restrain himself no longer, but laughed outright, and taking off his cap he gave it to Louisa. Of course Louisa was now Sally, and all the other children gathered around her, and began at once trying all sorts of manœuvres to make her laugh. But they did not succeed very well. She hung her head and put her finger in her mouth, and kept turning her back to everybody that spoke to her, and wriggled her arms if any-one touched her, and in every other way acted the sulky girl to perfection.

The other children all began talking to her, and doing everything in their power to make her laugh. They would say, "Sally! Sally!" "What's the matter, Sally?" "Wouldn't they give you any candy, Sally?" "It's a shame, Sally!" "Oh Sally, you don't look pretty when you are so cross. I'll bring a looking-glass and let you see how you look." "Sally, your nose is upside down."

Here Louisa could not refrain from laughing,—the idea of her nose being upside down was so ludicrous. So she gave up, resumed her usual gay and animated look, and gave the cap to William, for it was he that had said that about her nose.

So the play went on until there had been four or five Sallies.

One reason why Mrs. Gay proposed this play was, that she thought it might have a good influence upon the children, by showing them what an absurd and ridiculous appearance they made when they were sulky and cross. And I think it did have a good influence, at least for a time, for it was observed that among all the children who were there, not one had a real sulky fit for as much as a fortnight after that party.

The next play which Mrs. Gay proposed was called "Old Contrary." It consisted in a boy or a girl doing exactly the contrary of what they were ordered to do.

"Emma," said Mrs. Gay to one of the girls, "you shall be Old Contrary first, and you must do exactly the contrary of everything I tell you. If I say come here, you must go away. If I say hold your hands up, you must hold them down. If I tell you

to take a seat, you must go walking about the room; and so you must go on, till I say, No play. Now we will begin.

"Keep your seat, Emma."

Emma immediately rose from the chair.

"Come here," said Mrs. Gay.

Emma immediately sat down again.

"Look up on the wall," said Mrs. Gay.

Emma immediately looked down to the floor.

"Sit still in your chair," said Mrs. Gay.

Emma rose.

"Stay where you are," said Mrs. Gay.

Emma began to walk forward.

"Go back," said Mrs. Gay.

Emma continued to come forward.

It amused the children very much, and especially the little ones, to see Emma doing in this way exactly the contrary of what she was bid. Indeed, this play is only intended for very young children, and might not be at all amusing to those who are older; though sometimes even they might like it for a little while.

A part of the amusement of the play consists in Old Contrary getting caught sometimes, and doing inadvertently the very thing he is told to do, instead of the contrary of it, in which case all the company laugh at him; and he has to go and sit down, and somebody else has to be Old Contrary, and then he must give orders which the new Old Contrary is to obey, or rather to disobey.

After they had played the game in this way two or three times, Mrs. Gay changed the form, and played it by giving orders to all the children at the same time, which orders they were of course to obey by the rule of Contrary. She began by saying, "All of you keep your seats," when of course all jumped up immediately. Then she said, "Now stand perfectly still where you are," when of course they began to run hither and thither all about the room. Then, "See how high you can reach," when they put their hands down upon the carpet. Then, "Now all sit down upon the floor," when at once they began to jump up as high as they could jump. Then, "Orlando, shut your eyes, and all the rest of you keep your eyes open," and so Orlando opened his eyes as wide as he could, and all the rest shut theirs up tight, and began groping about to find the way; when she said, "Now that you have got your eyes shut keep them shut," upon which they all immediately opened them.

And so it went on until in a short time the whole room became one general scene of noise, excitement, and confusion, which

Mrs. Gay did all she could to increase by giving her orders so fast, sometimes to the whole company together and sometimes to individuals, that they could hardly keep up with her.

At last she brought the play to an end by saying, "Now, all of you must keep moving," when of course they all suddenly stopped and stood still; and then she said, "Now, all of you must look sober and not laugh, and especially not laugh loud," when there immediately burst forth from all parts of the room a general chorus of forced laughter, which produced such a comic effect that it very soon turned into a real laughing, and seemed almost uncontrollable, until Mrs. Gay said, "Go on laughing as loud as you can," when they all suddenly stopped, or at least stopped as soon as they could; and Mrs. Gay said, "No play," which was a signal that the play was over.

"Now," said Mrs. Gay, "I should think it was time for supper. Go out into the kitchen, William, and ask Mary Ann if she is ready for you."

William returned almost immediately, bringing in word that supper was ready.

"Then lead the way out," said Mrs. Gay, "and the children will follow you."

When they left this room, and after traversing the long passage-way came into the kitchen, they found themselves emerging into bright daylight again; and some of the children, when they saw the long table which Mary Ann had set, and which was loaded with refreshments of all kinds, said it was a dinner that they were going to have, and not a supper.

The table presented an extremely inviting appearance. There were several large pitchers of milk, with a great number of little mugs to drink it from. There were little pies, and plates of cake, and an abundance of bread and butter. There was a dish full of very nice doughnuts, and two plates of large, rosy-looking apples.

"Now, children," said Mary Ann, "who wants a piece of bread and butter?"

"I," "I," "I," exclaimed the children, and they all began to gather eagerly around the table.

"All who want a piece of bread and butter, go and sit down somewhere, and I'll send them some. You can sit in chairs, or on footstools, or on the floor,—wherever you please, but sit down somewhere."

So the children all went and sat down, and Mary Ann gave William a plate of bread and butter to carry to them all. After they had eaten the bread and butter, mugs of milk were distributed in the same

way, and then cakes, and doughnuts, and slices of pie, and little apple turn-overs, which Mary Ann had baked on purpose. These apple turn-overs were very nice indeed. Some of the children thought they were the nicest things there were of all that was on the table.

The children did not forget the kittens at the supper, as they called it, but brought them in to have their share. They put the kitten-house down upon the floor, and fee the kittens with a saucer of milk, which they put in at the opening in the cage part.

When the proper time came, after the supper was ended, Mary Ann directed all the children to go into the little bedroom and put on their things, and then to come out and form a line along one side of the kitchen. William was to be the captain, and to see that the line was formed straight, and that all were in their places. While the line was forming, Mary Ann opened a drawer and took out a little pile of sheets of brown paper, each about a foot square. She had made these wrappers ready beforehand, in accordance with instructions which she had received from Mrs. Gay.

"Now, captain," said Mary Ann, "march your army around the room twice, and then come up along the side of the table, and as fast as the soldiers come to me they will say what they will have. Each one can have two things and no more. When they tell me what they will have, I shall put the things up in a wrapper and give it to them, and then you can march on. That's the way they distribute rations to the soldiers in the army."

"Can the soldiers all choose what they will have?" asked William.

"No," replied Mary Ann. "I'm afraid they don't get much choice—poor follows; but you can choose."

So when the line was ready, William gave the command, "Right face!" when they began to turn; but instead of all turning toward the right, they turned every way, so as to face in all directions. William, however, soon remedied the error by taking his stand at the head of the column and calling to them to face toward him.

"All face this way," he said. "This is the right."

When at length the faces were all turned in the right direction, William gave another command, "Forward, march!" and so marched them twice around the room. Then he went with the head of the column up to the table where Mary Ann was sitting. She asked the first girl what two things she

would have. The girl answered, "a turn-over and an apple." So Mary Ann took out a turn-over and an apple, and wrapping them up in one of the papers gave them to the girl, and then called upon the next one for her choice.

She said, "a turn-over and a piece of cake;" and so they went on, each one choosing what she would like best to carry home. Some chose a doughnut and an apple, some a turn-over and a piece of pie. Almost all chose a turn-over for one thing.

As fast as the soldiers received their rations, the line moved on; and when at length they were all supplied, Mary Ann directed William to march his troops all out at the door and through the yard to the gate which led to the street, and to stand there and hold the gate open until they had all passed through, and then to call out to them that they were dismissed.

This William did, and when the column had passed through and were dismissed, the girls and boys broke the ranks, and began dancing and capering about and saying, "Good-bye, Mary;" "Good-bye, Louisa;" "Good-bye, William," and so set off for home.

Mary and Louisa, who had their places in the line with the rest for the sake of the fun of marching, after bidding the girls and boys good-bye, came back through the gate, and returned with William into the house.

JACOB ABBOTT.

GAY AND I CALLED IT "OUR STORY."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Gay was a bookworm!

I could have cried that morning on which I arrived at this grave conclusion. It was the result of several days of silent but keen observation of that youth on my own part.

Shutting my eyes, I can see him just as I did that autumn morning, when he sat in the deep window-shelf, his legs crossed, his head drooped forward over a volume of "Ivanhoe," which he had hunted up in the library, and, absorbed in its glowing pictures, in stately pageantries of noble knights and beautiful ladies and prancing steeds clad in armor, that boy was just as totally oblivious of me, for the time, as I was of the cattle browsing on the hills a mile distant, and who looked about as large as my brown squirrel.

It was dreadfully provoking. You see Gay was my own cousin, just thirteen, and I was a year and a half behind him.

He had come to spend a couple of months

with us and I had looked forward to his advent as the most delightful thing that could possibly happen to me in this world.

I had, too, a somewhat dull life, with all its comfort, ease, and loving care, in the old homestead. There were no other children there. Grandpa was an old man, one of the kindest, gentlest, and mellowest of natures, and my Aunt Susan, my mother's oldest sister, had charge of his household.

I was an orphan, without brother or sister, and the prospect of having a playmate, and that playmate a boy from the great, distant city, which I had only visited twice in my life, and which was as marvellous and beautiful to me as the visions of fairy-land in my story books, seemed, as I said, to leave me nothing more to imagine or desire.

I had just anticipated "living out doors" with this city cousin of mine, in rides, rambles, sails, frolics of all sorts, in fishing in the brook, in nuttings in the woods, and lo! in less than a week, all my pretty air-castles tumbled to the ground and were swallowed up in that doleful word, "book-worm."

For there was no doubt that our library, with its green curtains and dark book-cases stretching from the carpet to the low ceiling, exercised at times a more potent spell over the boy's spirit than all the attractions of boat, horse, dog, or fishing-rod, those words of enchantment to his age and sex.

Not that Gay had no fancy for these things. I could bear witness to the way he would throw himself heart and soul into all sorts of out-door sports and adventures; and, city-bred boy as he was, he was perfectly at home in barn, field, wood, and meadow. But these were not his deepest love—a book held a subtle fascination that could draw him away from all these, and bury him up in its pages utterly lost to everything outside. A slender, dark, rather handsome boy, the only son and the youngest child of wealthy and indulgent parents, it was a marvel that Gay Falkland had escaped the spoiling that would have wrecked many a child, body and soul; but he had.

The vexation and disappointment wrought keenly in me that morning. It was a bright, still one in the late October, a strong, bracing chill in the atmosphere. The frosts had been busy for nights before, and the last one there had been a heavy swoop of winds which had lulled only with the brave sunlight. The ground must be freckled thick with brown chestnuts in the grove a mile off. Such a rare frolic as I had projected, setting out with Gay and the baskets on the back of old Daisy for that grove on the

slope of the hill; and now a book had upset it all!

I was not used to self-control. The petting which had not spoiled Gay, had wrought mischief with me. Disappointment and indignation at work in me broke out suddenly:

"I hate books. I just wish there wasn't one in the whole world, except Robinson Crusoe and the Fairy Tales," I cried, jumping up suddenly from my chair, and pushing that over.

The vehement tones brought even Gay out of his book. He looked up and stared at me in surprise, in much the same way as he would at a little live fury suddenly landed in the midst of them all.

Aunt Sue shook her head gravely. "There'll come a time when you'll live to regret all that. If children could only see what's for their good, and that now is the golden spring-time to plant for the harvest!"

"But they can't. There's the trouble," said grandpa, laying down his book and looking over his spectacles at me, and striking down Aunt Sue's pretty but not very original metaphor with the hard slung-shot of his fact. "If they could have this wisdom and foresight of which you talk, childhood wouldn't be childhood, nor youth youth. We must gain our knowledge and wisdom by slow processes, as the apples out there in the orchard do their ripe juices. I shouldn't wonder if this little Kathie of ours should change her sworn enmity into ardent affection, and become a very lover and devourer of books by the time she's half way through her teens."

"I never will," I said, with a stamp of my foot to add energy to my negation. "You see if I ever do that, grandpa."

"But what makes you dislike books so, Cousin Kathie?" asked Gay, with his thumb and fore-finger between the leaves of "Ivanhoe," just where I had arrested his eyes.

My answer was prompt and decided—"Because they keep one in the house as still as a mouse. One might just as well be asleep as to be reading, for any good times out-doors,—no rides, no frolics, no fun, but just poring all day over a book. I wish you'd let me make a grand bonfire of the library, grandfather."

"Ah, I see where the shoe pinches. You wanted to go over to the grove this morning," laughed grandpa.

"Yes I did; and now that old 'Ivanhoe' must turn up and spoil it all!"

My faults were numerous enough at that

time; the weeding has given me plenty of trouble since; but insincerity was not, I believe, one of them.

"But, Kathie, I would have gone with you," said Gay. "Why, didn't you say something about it after breakfast?"

"Because I saw very well you'd rather read the book, and I wouldn't have you go just to please me."

"Just like a woman," said grandpa, with an amused twinkle of the eyes over the gold bows of his glasses. "Yet, Kathie, my child, I do not object to your spirit on that account."

"Oh, dear, that child will be spoiled, father," said Aunt Sue, with another grave little shake of the head, quite unconscious that she did, at least, her full share in the spoiling.

I don't think my grandfather heard her. He had gone to the window and was looking out on the morning with its brave sunlight, and its strong, bright coloring of sky and earth everywhere.

"It was just such a morning as this nearly sixty years ago," he murmured to himself.

I brightened up at this: so did Gay, his book slipping down from his fingers on the window-shelf. A story always lay behind such words.

"Oh, grandpa, tell us what happened that morning," I cried, eager and outspoken as ever.

The old man sat down; removed his spectacles; around the fine old face hung bright the locks of snowy hair—shocks of grain fully ripe.

"Hungry and footsore, tired, lonely, friendless, homeless that morning, if you had been alive and standing at the west window yonder, you might have seen a little boy coming over the bridge beyond the creek, and taking the old turnpike road that led up to the lane which at that time ran past this very house. I can't conceive of a much more forlorn object in this world than this little fellow made at this time. He had slept all night in a barn; he had neither supper nor breakfast, and the only thing he possessed in the wide world was the coarse and ragged clothes that were on him."

"Why, grandpa," I cried out, "where were the boy's relations? What had brought him to such an awful condition as that?"

"His family were all dead—his uncle, the last of them, had followed his kin only a week before, and the boy had overheard the neighbors talk of 'binding him out' to one of their number, a coarse, narrow, hard

man, against whom his whole soul revolted. So he had run away—a child of eight years, knowing nothing of the world—to seek his fortunes, and 'what was everybody's business, was nobody's'—there was no very stringent search made for the little waif; so, after three days of wanderings he found himself coming up the lane, where the old house stood, looking, for all the world, as it does now.

"There were a few late robins in the orchard; the apple-trees were a good deal younger than they are now, though they bear their years bravely; there was a glitter of frost on the grass, and heaps of bright color among the leaves, and here and there a glow of golden-rod by the bars that shut in the pasture.

"The little fellow's heart ached drearily enough—so drearily that, over all these years my own, though it is the heart of an old man, leans down to that boy and pities him now; no pleasant voice, no loving look, no roof to shelter, no crust to eat in all this cold world. That morning everything seemed hard and cruel to him—a brave boy, you see, with a stout soul inside, but just then he was pinched with hunger and chilled with cold, and I think he would have been very glad to lie down and die.

"On one side of the house, just opposite the wood-shed, lay a small heap of wood, sawed and split, and just ready for piling up in the wood-shed. A thought struck the boy. He was, as I said, very hungry, and the old house wore a pleasant, friendly look in his eyes, as comfortable houses always do to the homeless; he saw a drift of blue smoke curling out of the wide mouth of the back chimney, and the sight suggested a warm breakfast to him. His mouth watered. I think hunger and cold made him desperate—he went right up to the side door,—the very one, children, by the clumps of quinces where you run in and out a dozen times a day,—and he knocked there.

"A little girl came to the door, with just the blue eyes of Kathie, and dimples in her chin, and a color like ripe strawberries in her cheeks. She stared at the boy with a face full of wonder and curiosity.

"'I'm very hungry,' he said, going straight to the point. 'I haven't had any breakfast, and I thought perhaps you'd give me some if I'd pay for it by piling up the wood yonder, in the shed.'

"Such a look of pity as came into the small, sweet face. I can see it now," and I thought my grandfather's voice quivered a moment.

"'Oh, come right in!' she said. 'We'll

give you some breakfast, and we don't want any pay, either.'

"The boy followed the girl into the house, the darkness and despair seeming to slip off from his soul at the sound of that bright, ringing voice. A middle-aged man, with a pleasant face, sat by a great, cheerful fire. He turned his head and saw the boy standing there. 'What does this mean?' he asked, and the little girl went over to his side and whispered a moment in his ear.

"Then this man made the boy come over and warm himself by the great, red, cheerful blaze, and asked him a great many questions, and drew out of the child the mournful little chapter of his life, and the more he heard the softer his face and his voice grew.

"At last he spoke. 'Well, my little man, go out into the kitchen yonder, and make up for lost time. Don't stop eating until you can't get down another mouthful! Show him the way, Esther.'

"The little girl led the boy into the great kitchen, yonder, and set him down before a table which held, to his eyes, a feast fit for kings.

"When at last the meal was over, the boy having literally obeyed the injunction of the master of the house, the little girl came up to his chair and held a small picture-book in bright red bindings before him. Picture-books were more rare and costly luxuries then than now.

"'I'll give it to you,' she said, 'pictures and reading and all! You can't think how much you'll like it!'

"'But I don't know how to read,' answered the boy; and the tears came into his eyes.

"'Don't you?' said the child, her face again full of pity and wonder. A bright look dashed all that out. 'Well, I'll tell you, if you'll stay here with us, I can teach you how to read.'

"'Staying there' seemed a thing too good to be dreamed of, and very much like entering straight into Heaven to the homeless little wanderer.

"When he returned to the sitting-room again with Esther, he found a lady sitting there, with a gentle, motherly face that had a strong likeness to the little girl's. She called him 'poor little boy,' the sweet-faced lady; she made him come to the fire, and she smoothed his rough hair tenderly, and they made him tell his little mournful story over again, and the lady listened with tears in her eyes.

"When it was done, Esther said,—'Papa, I've given him my picture-books with the

pretty stories in them. But Le says he can't read. I've promised to teach him, though, if he'll only stay here. You'll let him, won't you?"

"Yes, Esther; he shall stay here, and have a good home, so long as he is a good boy. He can bring wood and run of errands, and make himself useful in a thousand ways to you and mother, and we shall all try to make him happy."

"So they took the little lonely wanderer into their home and hearts. He has lived here from that day to this."

"Lived here—from that day to this? What do you mean, grandpa?" I cried.

"Just what I said, Kathie."

"But—but, he isn't here now! What was the boy's name?"

"Solomon Falkland."

"Why, that is your name, grandpa!"

"Just so."

Here Gay broke in—"You don't mean to say that poor, homeless, hungry, cold little fellow was *you*, grandfather?"

"I mean it was I, Gay!"

I looked at Aunt Sue in blank amazement, and rubbed my eyes, thinking I must be dreaming. The tears sparkled in hers, but a smile shone through them.

"Did you ever hear all this before, Aunt Sue?"

"Oh, yes, Kathie; a good many times."

"I can't make it seem real," surveying my grandfather, the handsome, stately old man in his gold glasses and cashmere dressing-gown. "To think you were ever poor, and hungry, and ragged, and without a home—why, grandpa!"

"The Lord has been very good to me since that time, my child!" he answered—voice and face a good deal moved.

"And who was that little girl?" asked Gay.

"Your own grandmother—Esther Falkland, my boy!"

In the parlor hung a portrait of a sweet-faced, matronly lady. She had been dead for a dozen years, but the portrait and the stories we daily heard of her made our grandmother like the living to Gay and me.

"Did you ever?" I said to my cousin, unable to carry my astonishment into any further syllables.

"Kathie, it isn't too late," he said; "we'll take Daisy and go over into the grove and gather chestnuts. 'Ivanhoe' can wait until another day."

This time I saw he wanted to go. He was grave and thoughtful—so was I, all the way, but I think we never had quite so pleasant a day together as that one in the

chestnut grove. We were fond of each other before, but that story of grandpa's brought us closer together, and bound us with a new bond, and though wide oceans have parted, and many years have gone since we heard the tale, Gay and I call it now, as then, "our story."

FANNY'S SCHOOL.

Four dollies, two cats, little May,
And old Julius Cæsar make eight.
I'm glad you're in time, Kitty Grey:
You are gener'ly always too late.

Take your seats. Julius, don't whine;
If you wish to make any remark,
Hold your paw—no, your hand—up, like mine,
And if I don't see, you may bark.

Geography's first on the list.
Kitty Black's planning mischief, I know,
And the very first question has missed!
So down to the foot she must go.

What State is Vermont in? Who'll tell?
Not one—well, I'll think in a minute;
Oh, Vermont is a State by itself,
And Montpelier's a country that's in it.

Amanda Victoria Jane,
I beg you will hold yourself straight;
Cecelia Malvina, bound Maine,
And name the chief towns of the State.

You may tell about Greenland, Miss Eve,
Its products and white population;
Miss Maude, I'm concerned to perceive
That you've failed in this whole recitation.

These dollies are making a bother,
A-calling me partial; and yet
I love one just as much as another,
Especially Eva Rosette.

Poor Eva! for such a small head,
Your waterfall's heavy to wear;
Here's a rent; Oh, I'm sadly afraid
Her brains have gone into her hair!

Sissy May's getting sleepy and tired,
Just holding her poor little tongue!
Well, really, it can't be desired,
This teaching of children so young.

Here's an apple all quartered and cored;
You may eat it, if 'tis against rule;
Then we'll play that mamma's "the Board,"
And I'll call her to visit the school!

—Helen L. Bostwick, in *Little Corporal*.

A WORD OF KINDNESS.—Witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls off a broken string; but a word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dopped by chance, springs up a lovely flower.

GENTLE WORDS.

Feelingly.

1. Gen - tle words, how sweet they sound; Joy they give to all a - round;
 2. Gen - tle words will reach the heart, Balm to sor - row they im - part;
 3. Gen - tle words then free - ly give, They will teach you how to live;

Words of love, what peace they bring, Hap - pi - ness to ev' - ry thing.
 Lov - ing words are sweet to hear, Join - ing hearts to oth - ers dear.
 They to you are free - ly given, An - gels whis - per them from heav'n.

CHORUS.

Gen - tle words, how sweet they sound Joy they give to all a - round;
 Gen - tle words will reach the heart; Balm to sor - row they im - part;
 Gen - tle words, then, free - ly give; They will teach you how to live;

Words of love, what peace they bring, Hap - pi - ness to ev' - ry thing.
 Lov - ing words are sweet to hear; Join - ing hearts to oth - ers dear.
 They to you are free - ly given, An - gels whis - per them from heav'n.

Domestic Economy.



RECIPES, &c.

The flavor of common molasses is much improved by boiling and skimming it before using.

IN POLISHING DOOR-KNOBS, or other articles projecting from a painted surface, protect the paint by slipping over the articles a piece of stout pasteboard or cloth, having a hole or slit in the centre large enough to slip it on.

GINGERBREAD.—Take 1 quart molasses, 1 pint lard, 2 pints very sour cream, 2 heaped table-spoonsful soda, 2 of ginger or nutmeg, mix into a dough as soft as can be rolled; roll thin and bake.

REAL IRISH STEW.—Take about two pounds of scrag or neck mutton, divide it into ten pieces, lay them into the pan; cut eight large potatoes and four onions in slices, season with one teaspoonful and a half of pepper, and three of salt; cover all with water, stew slowly for two hours or more. *Demorest's Magazine.*

TO BLEACH COTTON.—Sour milk is an excellent bleacher. Place the garment in an earthen bowl or wooden pail, and cover entirely with the milk. Let it remain two or three days, taking pains now and then to shake it thoroughly. Then, after washing and boiling, it will be found of the purest white. For table-cloths and napkins that have become stained and yellow, this is a good cure.

SUBSTITUTE FOR CREAM.—For puddings, cold rice, etc. Boil three-quarters of a pint of sweet milk—new milk is best. Beat the yolk of 1 egg, and a level teaspoonful of flour, with sugar enough to make the cream very sweet. When the milk boils, stir this into it, and let it begin to simmer, stirring it; let it cool, and flavor to taste. For any pudding in which eggs are used, this is almost as good as rich cream—which many prefer to any other dressing—and much better than thin cream.

TO PRESERVE APPLES.—Pare and core and cut them in halves and quarters, take

as many pounds of the best brown sugar, put a teacup of water to each pound; when it is dissolved set it over the fire, and when boiling hot put in the fruit, and let it boil gently until it is clear, and the syrup thick; take the fruit with a skimmer on to flat dishes, spread it to cool, then put in pots or jars, and pour the jelly over.

Lemons, boiled tender in water and sliced thin, may be boiled with the apples.

APPLE-JELLY.—Pare and core tart, juicy apples, and cut them small; put to them a little water, and boil them in a covered vessel until they are soft and the liquor glutinous; then strain them without squeezing, put one pound of white sugar to each pound of juice, flavor with lemon-extract, and boil until, by cooling some in a saucer, you find it a fine jelly; strain it through thin muslin into moulds. Put sugar and grated nutmeg to the apples from the jelly-bag, and stew them to a thick marmalade.

COLD CREAM.—We offer the following recipe for cold cream because it is really "cold" and soothing to an irritable skin. Procure perfectly fresh lard which has never been touched by salt; wash it thoroughly in spring water freshly drawn, and do this in three different waters; then leave it to soak in fresh water and in a cool shade for twenty-four hours; then wash it once more and beat it until it becomes a cream in as much rose-water of the strongest sort as it will absorb in the process of beating. When finished, the rose-water will have penetrated every part, and should stand in little pools here and there on the soft, porous-like surface.

PRESERVING POTATOES.—A correspondent of the *Scientific American* says that he has tried the following method of keeping potatoes for two years with complete success, though in some instances the tubers were diseased when taken out of the ground:—"Dust over the floor of the bin with lime, and put in about six or seven inches deep of potatoes, and dust with lime as before. Put in six or seven inches of potatoes, and lime again; repeat the operation until all are stored away. One bushel of lime will do for forty bushels of potatoes, though more

will not hurt them—the lime rather improving the flavor than otherwise.”

APPLE TOAST.—Cut six apples in four quarters each, take the core out, peel and cut them in slices; put in a saucepan an ounce of butter, then throw over the apples about two ounces of white pounded sugar and two tablespoonsful of water; put the saucepan on the fire, let it stew quickly, toss them up or stir with a spoon; a few minutes will do them. When tender cut two or three slices of bread half-an-inch thick; put in a frying-pan two ounces of butter, put on the fire; when the butter is melted, put in your bread, which fry of a nice yellowish color; when nice and crisp, take them out, place them on a dish, a little white sugar over the apples about an inch thick. Serve hot.

UNINFLAMMABLE DRESSES.—It is much to be regretted that the process of rendering the material of ladies' dresses unflammable is not more generally understood and used by the public. Either of the three substances, phosphate of ammonia, tungstate of soda, and sulphate of ammonia, can be mixed in the starch, and, at a cost of one penny a dress, deaths from fire can be rendered, in point of fact, impossible. Articles of apparel subjected to those agents can, if they burn at all, only smoulder, and in no case can they blaze up in the sudden and terrible manner in which so many fatal accidents have occurred to the fair wearers of crinolines.

TO MAKE TOUGH BEEF TENDER.—Put into the pot a trifle more water than will be finally needed. Set into the top of the cooking-pot a closely-fitting tin pail or pan, and fill it with cold water. If this gets boiling hot, dip out some and add cold water from time to time. Boil the meat until it gets so tender that the bones will drop out, even if it takes five or ten hours. The steam, and aroma, or flavor of the meat, will be condensed on the bottom of the covering pan or pail of water, and drop back and thus be retained. When thoroughly done, remove the cover, and slowly simmer down thick enough to jelly when cold. Dip out the meat, remove the bones, place it in a pan, pour over it the boiled liquid, lay over it a large plate, or inverted tin platter, and put on fifteen to thirty pounds weight. When cold, it will cut into nice slices; and, if lean and fat or white meat be mixed, it will be beautifully marbled. The juice will jelly and compact it firmly together,

and you will have nice juicy meat, good for breakfast, dinner, or supper, and so tender that poor teeth can masticate it.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

I often wonder how some housekeepers can be satisfied to allow their pantry shelves to be crowded with the useless stuff that will accumulate on them. It appears slovenly, and is so.

There are notable housewives on whose pantry shelves are the same old boxes, and bundles, and baskets, that were there years ago,—things that are never looked into, or used, only to be tumbled aside in the dusty search for something lost.

There should be nothing kept in the pantry, or on the shelves, except what is used often. It is not much trouble to go to the farthest corner-closet in the house, once or twice a week, for any article you use no oftener—especially if it is something unsightly. It is very gratifying to a housewife to have things neat and in order, even in the pantry. A woman cannot feel easy and self-possessed if this useful appendage to her kitchen is lumbered up with all sorts of things, and the condensed odor of many steaming dinners pervades her clothes, and the kitchen, and the adjoining convenient little bedroom. It makes her feel that she is of the earth, earthy; like pork, and cabbage, and onions, and soiled tablecloths and greasy dish-water.

How frequently do we detect the kitcheny smell of boiled dinners, and burnt lard, and fried ham, on beautiful shawls, and soft, fine merino dresses. This should not be so, even if the mistress of the house does all her own work; and it will not be, if her kitchen is airy and well ventilated—not a close little ten by twelve corner with its accessories heaped within it.

I observe even in farmer's homes a desire manifested to throw odium upon the kitchen. A lady said to me lately, "Why your kitchen is one of the pleasantest rooms in your house. I'd make a family-parlor of it yet, and have a kitchen just large enough to turn round in. Judge Sewell and Dr. Gray have theirs that way."

I measured the little dear from head to foot, with a half-angry eye, and then looked about over my sunny, roomy kitchen, from whose south window my glad gaze daily takes in one of the finest landscapes in the State. Pastoral and poetical, and perfect.

Many women think while they are busy in the kitchen, they are at liberty to go dirty, and ill dressed, and often appear thus before

their husbands and brothers. This is wrong. Of all men, those who hold us dearest should see us appearing well and in neat attire. For their sakes it is not much trouble to brush one's hair back freshly, to wear a clean dress and collar, and smile all troublesome thoughts away from us. Our lives are so short and so closely linked together here that our interests can hardly be separate. If a woman dresses slovenly, her thoughts will be slovenly too. She cannot be herself, cannot feel calm and dignified, and be in possession of a sweet, serene state of mind. It is surprising the effect neatness of person and attire have on one's demeanor.

Household cares are in no way degrading to the noblest of women. Cooking and eating are earnest things that must have attention, and they can ennoble. Still, I like to hide the machinery of the domestic laboratory and let the beautiful come in as much as possible. Just as we would woo a green vine to overrun and hide a rough, unsightly stone pile, and from the irregular heap make a mound of trembling leaves and greenness—a "thing of beauty." I like to see a glass of fresh flowers on the dinner-table, even if they drop gracefully beside a plate of boiled beef.—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

WHAT IS YOUR INCOME?—"The first essential in the practice of economy is a knowledge of one's income, and the man who refuses to accord to his wife and children this information has never any right to accuse them of extravagance, because he himself deprives them of that standard of comparison which is an indispensable requisite in economy. As early as possible in the education of children, they should pass from the state of irresponsible waiting to be provided for by parents, and be trusted with the spending of some fixed allowance, that they may learn prices and values, and have some notion of what money is actually worth and what it will bring. The simple fact of the possession of a fixed and definite income often suddenly transforms a giddy, extravagant girl into a care-taking, prudent little woman. Her allowance is her own; she begins to plan upon it; to add, subtract, multiply, divide, and to do numberless sums in her little head. She no longer buys everything she fancies; she deliberates, weighs, compares. And now here is room for self-denial and generosity to come in. She can do without this article; she can refurbish up some older possession to do duty a little longer, and give this money to some friend poorer than she; and ten to one the

girl whose bills last year were four or five hundred, finds herself bringing through this year creditably on a hundred and fifty. To be sure she goes without numerous things she used to have. From the standpoint of a fixed income she sees that these are impossible, and no more wants them than the green cheese of the moon. She learns to make her own taste and skill take the place of expensive purchases. She refits her hats and bonnets, retrims her dresses, and in a thousand busy, earnest, happy little ways, sets herself to make the most of her small income.

So the woman who has her definite allowance for housekeeping finds at once a hundred questions set at rest. Before, it was not clear to her why she should not 'go and do likewise' in relation to every purchase made by her next neighbor. Now, there is a clear logic of proportion. Certain things are evidently never to be thought of, though next neighbors do have them; and we must resign ourselves to find some other way of living."

MRS. STOWE.

PRESERVATION OF FRUIT.—The preservation of fruit is an object of great importance, and to preserve it in as natural a state as possible, is what we all desire, more particularly such fruits as apples, pears, and grapes. The time for gathering fruit depends upon certain conditions, and the manner of gathering them in a measure influences their keeping. A fruit-room should be dry, cool, and have equality of temperature. Fruit should be gathered during dry weather, care being taken not to bruise it, as the injured part soon rots, and spoils the sound fruit that comes in contact with it. Apples gathered during wet weather, or early in the morning, should be exposed to the sun to dry; on no account wipe them, as this rubs off the bloom as it is called, which to some fruits acts as varnish, closing the pores, and preventing the evaporation of the juices. Avoid laying apples in heaps for any length of time, as it causes them to sweat and undergo a slight fermentation; and fruit that is thus treated, if it does not spoil, gets dry and mealy. By observing these directions, apples may be laid in well-ventilated boxes and barrels and kept a long time. Some think grapes keep better when hanging than when laid upon a table—either way the cut end should be closed with wax, to prevent exhalation. Some hang them by the stalk, others by the point of the bunch, as in this way the grapes are less pressed against each other.

Editorial and Correspondence.



EDITORIAL.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY was commenced with considerable diffidence, in the hope of supplying a long-felt and growing want in Canada, namely, that of a high-class literary magazine; and we are happy to have the general testimony of the press of Canada, that the design has been, so far, pretty successfully carried out. We have, also, the still more substantial testimony of a prepaid subscription-list of sixteen hundred, which is receiving considerable additions daily; and this within about two months of the issue of the specimen number.

The only objections we have seen to the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, in the various notices which have appeared, are the following:—

1. There is too much of it devoted to children; and the illustrated stories in this department are too much like those of Sabbath-School papers, which are numerous and excellent. The latter part of this objection we believe to be well-founded, and mean to leave out in future the class of children's articles and illustrations in question; but, when we consider how large and how important a portion of each family is made up of young folks, we cannot think that twelve pages or so out of sixty-four is too much to devote to suitable matter for them; such, for instance, as appears in this present number.

2. The second objection is, that there is too much selected matter and too little original, and that not of sufficient importance. In considering this objection, it is to be remembered that selected matter may be the very cream of forty or fifty periodicals which are sustained by the best writers of Britain and America, and therefore, without disparagement to Canadian authors, this selected matter may be of a higher class

than if we were wholly confined to original articles. Again, the important articles desiderated would doubtless be on political, philosophical, or scientific subjects, and therefore not likely to interest general readers. Besides, a magazine composed of such original articles, paid for on any tolerably respectable scale, would be far dearer than the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, whose low price is one of its chief recommendations.

By our present plan we obtain, as already mentioned, contributions from the most celebrated writers of England and America, and furnish them to our readers at a nominal charge. It is purposed, however, to mingle original matter with selections; and, though not at present in a position to pay for such matter, we hope that our circulation may soon warrant such expenditure.

In the meantime, we have to thank several friends for contributions freely offered, some of which appear in the present number. "The Twins," by an Ex-Garrison Chaplain, will be of especial interest as a true story of army life; and the subjoined letter on "Currency," written by a Nova-Scotian gentleman, contains suggestions worthy of attentive consideration at the present time, when a uniform currency has become necessary for the Dominion.

The suggestion has reached us from various quarters, that the ladies desire to see something in the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY more particularly suited to their wants as Housekeepers. We hope they will find that desire met in the Department of Domestic Economy, which will include, besides receipts suitable for the season, useful information on various points. There is also an article on Winter Gardening, written for the Dominion, which, it is hoped, will meet and aid, to some extent, a very general taste for cultivating flowers in the house.

A NEW DECIMAL CURRENCY FOR THE NEW DOMINION.

MR. EDITOR:—As it becomes necessary for us to have uniformity of currency under the New Dominion, and as it is very desirable that in adopting any system of decimals for the whole country, such system should be the best that can be found suited to our wants and requirements, I am anxious to obtain a little space in your new magazine, in order to point out to you and your readers how very easy and convenient a system of decimal currency we may adopt, if we were only to make use of the decimal properties of the British gold and silver coins we now have so plentifully in use among us.

The choice of systems is, by some, supposed to lie entirely between your Canadian system and ours in Nova Scotia; they, apparently, ignoring the possibility of a still better system than either, or even than any other, being within our easy and convenient reach.

I do not know much about the working of your decimal system in Canada, but in this country your twenty-cent pieces being mixed up with our twenty-five-cent pieces, and being in size so nearly alike to the English shilling, is the cause of many of the unwary getting cheated out of five cents.

I do not pretend to say that your system, or even ours, is not as good as it need be, in itself; but this I do maintain, that unless the coins in common use are of such a decimal denomination as shall suit the mode of accounting by decimals, no decimal system, though sufficiently good in itself, will run, or work more evenly or smoothly, than would a well-built, and pleasant first-class railroad car, if attempted to be run upon a road not specially fitted or adapted to it.

To adopt a decimal mode of accounting, and "pay and receive" in a halting and fractional set of coins, is like our taking a light and easy city carriage or waggon, and running it over some of the old corduroy roads I have seen in Canada West.

If there were no alternative, this might

be put up with; but if it can be shown that the common roads, or, to drop metaphor, the British coins in common use amongst us are so beautifully decimal in themselves, that a system of accounting decimals, equally as beautiful and convenient as our present or any other system of accounts, could be devised to suit those coins,—would it not be advisable and just to examine into such a system, and adopt it, if found suitable to the wants and requirements of the Dominion?

All nations and countries using the gold and silver coins of old England, can out of them have the choice of three systems of decimal coins.

The sovereign or 20s., the half-sovereign or 10s., the crown-piece or 5s., have each inferior silver coins that are their pure decimals. For instance, the florin or 2s. piece is a tenth of the sovereign; the shilling is a tenth of the half-sovereign; and the sixpence is the tenth of the crown-piece.

Of the three systems, that of which the half-sovereign is the head, is the most perfect, and would, I think, prove the most convenient, as all the silver coins are either in pure decimal or half-decimal proportion of it. For example, take the gold ten-shilling-piece, as the coin of chief value, and call it 100, we find that all the decimals, as 10, 20, 30, etc., can be paid in British silver coins without the help of coppers; and also, with the aid of the sixpence piece as a half-decimal, all numbers having the figure 5 or half-decimal in the column of units, as 5, 15, 25, etc., can be paid without the aid of copper coins; a convenience which I believe does not belong to any other set of decimal coins in the world.

Now just look at our mode of representing sums of money on paper.

We seldom, if ever, represent the number of coins we pay a sum in, by figures corresponding with the number of coins used. For instance, we use 15s. English, in payment, and mark it down as 3.75. We hand over 7s. 6d. English, and down goes

1. 87 1-2 on paper. Surely this is not the simplicity of decimals.

Correct representation by figures should go hand in hand with a correct system of decimal currency. Even the English duodecimal system has a more correct mode of being represented in accounts than our much-boasted Nova Scotia has. In England the number of pounds of a sum can be paid in pounds or sovereigns; the number of shillings can be paid in shillings; and the same with the pence column. Take £9. 9s, 8d. for instance, and the figures tell at a glance what coins you require to pay it with; but let the same figures, \$91.38, denote dollars and cents, as with us, and how is it paid? First, we may pay ninety of it with paper or gold, then we pay the one with four shillings, English, with another 1s. 6d. we pay 37 1-2 of the 38, leaving a chance for the payee to cheat the receiver out of the remaining half-cent. Pretty, but complicated.

Now take these same figures, 91.38, and by the system of decimals on the half-sovereign as a gold piece; we should pay the 91 in gold or paper, the 3 in silver, and the 8 in coppers. And just the same simple and pure representation will take place with all sums.

The copper coins will be represented by the units, the silver coins by the tens, and the gold coins by the hundreds and thousands, etc., so that the figures as above would read, 91 golds, 3 silvers, and 8 coppers or cents; or, 91 golds, 38 cents, etc.

By this short and cursory description of what might be effected in the way of obtaining a more perfect and convenient system of decimal currency, you may perhaps be led to agree with me, that our legislators should, at least, look about them and consider the matter carefully, before they commit themselves to any system at present extant.

I remain,

Yours truly,

J. H. HODSON.

Bedford, Nova Scotia.

Original.

WINTER GARDENING.

This delightful and elegant recreation is, in Canada, confined to the conservatory or the house. Few have conservatories, and as those who have must be or employ professional gardeners, we confine our remarks to house culture. This may be carried on in glasses, or in pots and boxes, and with a variety of plants.

There are only two flowers usually cultivated in glasses, namely, Hyacinths and Polyanthus-Narcissus, both of which are remarkably beautiful when they succeed well, but they often fail. The roots will strike down into the water, but the stem will prove abortive; or a short, scorched-looking spike of flowers may perhaps appear, only to decay immediately. The hot, dry atmosphere produced by stoves is very injurious to spring flowers, which require a moist, cool air indoors, similar to that in which they flower naturally in the garden in April and May. Of course there must be stove heat in houses in Canada, but that should be tempered with pans of water continually replenished on every stove, the steam from which renders the air much more wholesome not only for vegetable life, but also for the family.

Experience proves that bulbous plants should be kept in a room in which the air is not made very hot and dry; in which little gas is burned, and in which they can get as much daylight as possible. For this purpose, a bow-window is very advantageous, but any large window will do. When in bloom, however, flowers should be shaded from the sunshine in the middle of the day, in order to continue the longer in their beauty. Flowers in glasses should have the water changed at least once a fortnight.

In view of all the risks and disappointments of growing flowers in glasses, the preferable plan is to grow them in pots and boxes. This is the more natural way, and consequently less liable to failure, and the bulbs are renewed after flowering in pots,

though weakly, whereas they perish after flowering in water.

October and November are the months for potting bulbous roots, and procuring a supply of house-plants. Of the former, the Hyacinth, the Crocus, the Polyanthus-Narcissus, and the Jonquil, are the surest, not being infected with the green aphid. Tulips, especially the early kinds, are exceedingly gay and beautiful, and one kind is very sweet-scented, but they are apt to be attacked by the green aphid or plant-louse. This can be destroyed, however, by putting the plant into a closet, and burning tobacco leaves beside them, as the poison of tobacco-smoke kills all small creatures. Watering with soap and water is also a good remedy.

The order in which flowers potted in October are likely to come into bloom, will be as follows: Snowdrops, December; Crocus, January; Hyacinths and Vanthol Tulips, February; Narcissus, Jonquils, and late Tulips, March, or thereabouts.

The process of potting is very simple. Fill a fourth of the pot with broken flower-pots, or, what is better with small lumps of charcoal, for drainage, and the other three-fourths with rich garden mould mixed with coarse sand. The mould will do without the sand, or the sand without the mould, but both are best. Set the bulb in the earth, barely covering it, and keep it regularly watered. Bulbs in flower-glasses should be kept in the dark till their roots are pretty well grown, when they should be brought into the light,—with those in pots it does not matter so much, but they should be rather dark for a while, to let the roots grow before the stem.

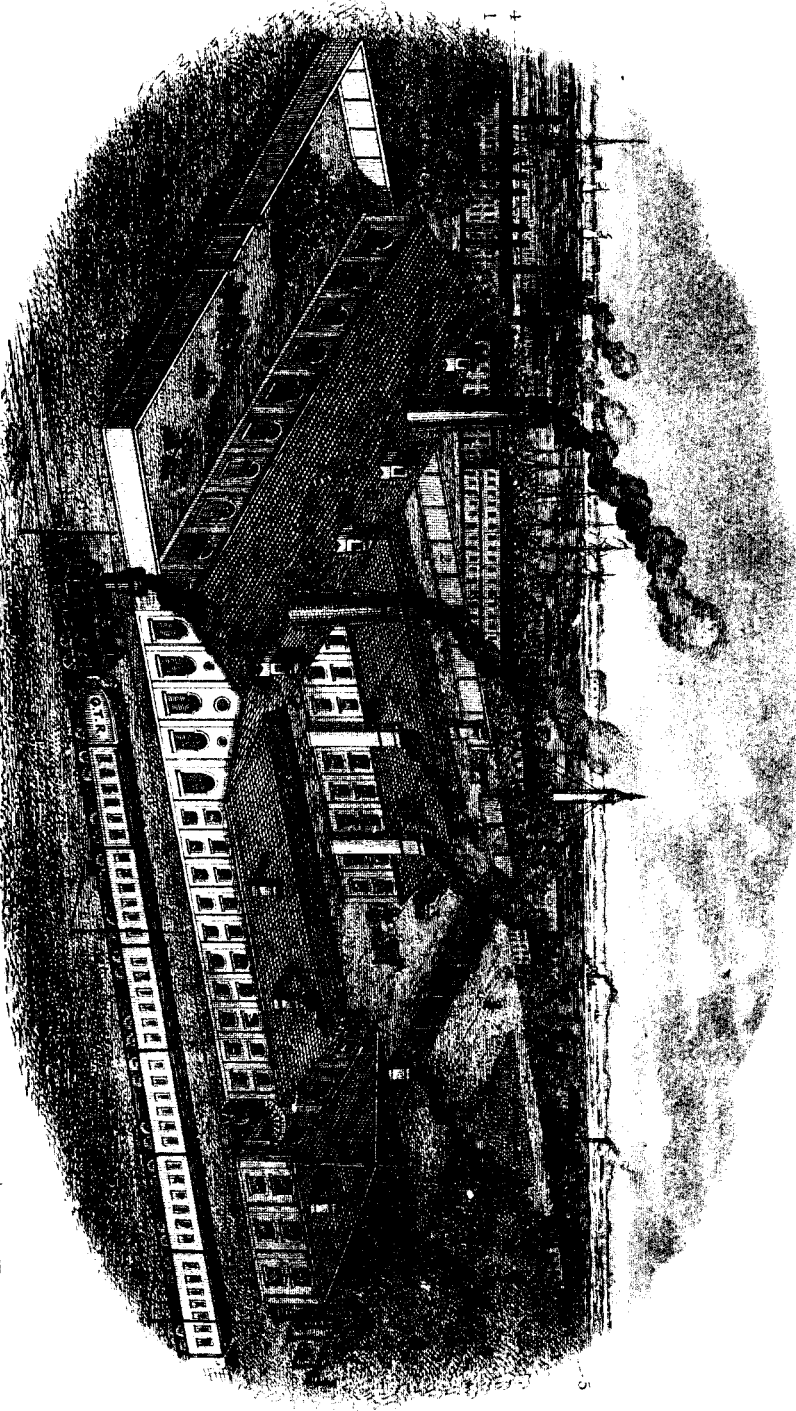
Of herbaceous and shrubby house-plants, the most common and easily cultivated are happily also some of the most beautiful and long-flowering. Among these are the Monthly Rose, Geranium (not the Pelargonium), Fuchsia, Chinese Primrose, Wall-flower, Lobelia, Hyderangea, etc. There are many others of great beauty, which only bloom at a particular season, such as the Pelargonium, Auricula, Cinneraria, Calceolaria, Azelia, etc. The Pansey, Ver-

bona, Heliotrope, and Petunia are perhaps the most constant bloomers of all, but they are shy of flowering in the house in winter. Of these last-named flowers, the Rose is the only one attacked by the aphid; and it can be cleared, as before mentioned, by tobacco-smoke or soap-suds.

Flower-pots should be provided with saucers, to prevent the water which filters through the pots from dropping on the floor. Or, what is much better, the pots should be placed in boxes, with moss round them, which should be kept always moist. The evaporation from the sides of the common porous pot is far too rapid in a warm, dry room, and glazed pots do not suit for plants at all. Once a week or so, plants should be placed in a tub and watered copiously, to refresh the leaves and branches. The water used for flowers should on no account be cold. If it has not stood for a good while in a warm room, it should have sufficient hot water mixed with it to bring the whole to the heat of new milk. More disappointments have resulted from using cold water for house-plants, and those which are planted out in gardens in spring, than, perhaps, from all other causes put together.

In purchasing plants in pots for winter and spring flowering in the house, those that are low-growing and well covered with leaves are the best. Tall, spindly stalks; with few leaves,—even though they have some flowers or flower-buds on them,—are to be avoided, as also old, scrubby plants. Those that have rested in summer, or vigorous young plants, are the only ones that are in a condition to blossom in winter; and much of the amateur's success in winter gardening will depend on the reliableness of the nurseryman who furnishes the plants. Bulbous Roots, as we have said before, are very easily managed. They have all the necessary strength stored up in themselves, and only require moisture, light, and moderate heat to flower magnificently.

The green leaves of house-plants are beautiful and cheerful in winter, and it is delightful to watch the development of the flowers.



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