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VOL. 1.

NO. 4.

THE
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MONTHLY.

January, 1868.



MONTREAL:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

126 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET.

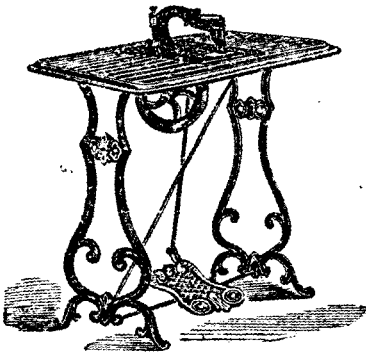
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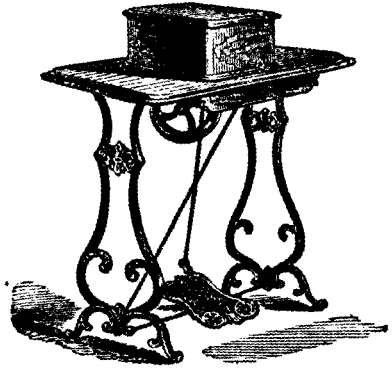
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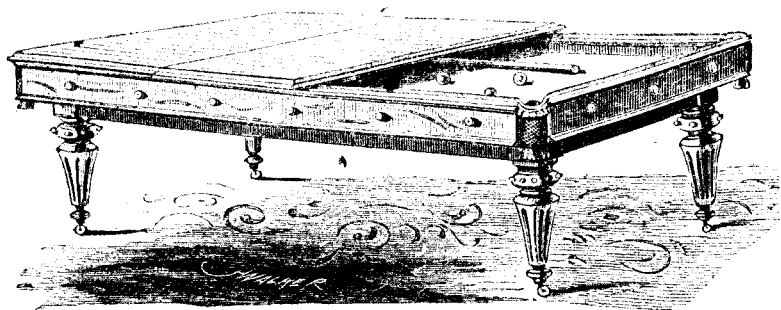
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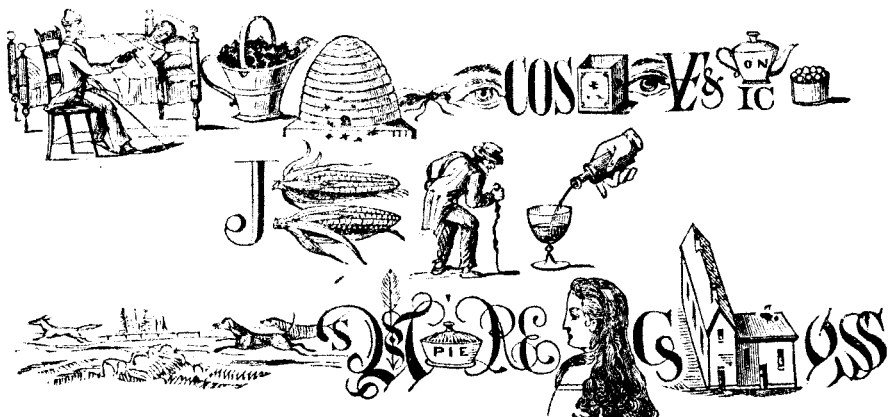
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THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY,

A Magazine of Original and Selected Literature.

JANUARY, 1868.

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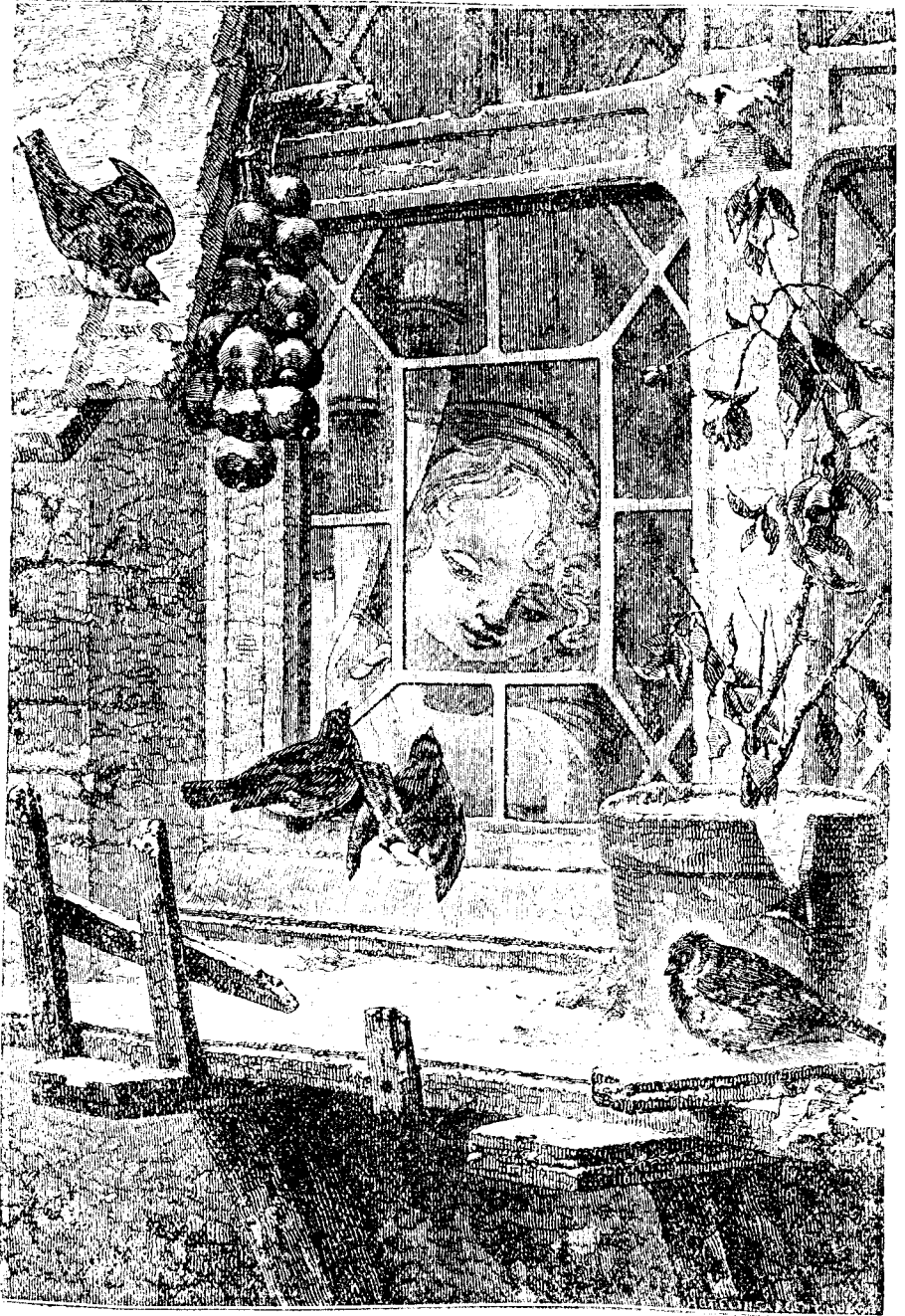
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NEW-YEAR'S MORNING IN ENGLAND.



*Yours affectionately,
Theobald Mathew*

The New Dominion Monthly.

VOL. I, No. 4. JAN., 1868.



Original.

FATHER MATHEW AND HIS WORK.

BY THE HON. THOS. D'ARCY M'GEE, M.P.

(Concluded.)

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE BECOMES NATIONAL.

The cause had now fairly become national, and the labors of the indispensable man were increased proportionately. Soon after his Dublin triumph, he writes to a friend, with unconcealed joy, that he has "seventy invitations from Priests and Bishops" before him, and that he means to attend to them all. The rapidity of his movements in those years corresponded with the multiplicity of his invitations. Except a short annual vacation towards the end of summer, at his elder brother's house, in Tipperary, he allowed himself no relaxation, while health and vigor endured. As an illustration of his personal movements, we give two short notices from the Cork newspapers of 1844:

"Father Mathew left Cork, on Saturday, August 10th, for Newmarket, where he was to preach yesterday, the 11th, and afterwards to administer the pledge. On to-morrow, the 13th, he will take his departure for Esker, in the county of Galway, where he is to preach and administer the pledge, on Thursday, the 15th. He has arranged to visit Blanchardstown, near Dublin, on the following Sunday, the 18th; and Carlow on Wednesday, the 21st. He will return to Cork on the 23rd, in time for the great temperance demonstration, which will take place at Carrigtohill, on Sunday, the 25th inst. * * *

"The Apostle of Temperance left town by this morning's (Friday, Nov. 22nd) Dublin mail, for Boyle, in the county of Roscommon, where he is to preach and administer the pledge on Sunday and Monday. He will return to Cork on Wednesday."

This rapidity of movement he kept up for years—up to the date of his first attack of paralysis. In one of the Cork papers for the 3rd of November, 1847, we read:

"Father Mathew leaves town this evening on a temperance tour. He is to preach and administer the pledge in Derry, on Sunday, the 7th; in Sligo, on Wednesday, the 10th; and in Strabane, on Sunday, the 14th. He will return to Cork on Thursday, the 18th inst."

On the 25th of the same month:

"Father Mathew left town last night to preach

and administer the pledge at Omagh, county of Tyrone, and also to attend a grand Temperance *Soirée* at Strabane. He will return to Cork on Saturday, the 4th of December."

And on the last day of the same year:

"Father Mathew left town this morning for Limerick, where he is to hold temperance meetings, and to administer the pledge on New Year's day and Sunday. He will return on Tuesday next."

Nor did this devouring activity cease wholly, even after the first paralytic attack. In the United States, in two years and four months, he visited over three hundred towns and cities, situated in twenty-five different States, travelling, in order to fulfil these engagements, a total distance of 37,000 miles; or an average of above 40 miles per day, irrespective of stoppages.

In 1841, he made his tour of Ulster; in 1842, he received two invitations from Scotland, deeply gratifying to him,—one from Bishop Murdoch, of Glasgow; the other signed by 2,000 of the ladies of Edinburgh. Another year, however, he gave to the continuation of his Irish work, and it was not until 1843 that he first carried his efforts across the Channel, and beyond the Tweed.

HIS MANNER OF GIVING THE PLEDGE.

Father Mathew's manner of giving the pledge, and the formalities that followed, are easily described. In his vigorous days this was always done in the open air, if the weather at all permitted. The platform was erected, sometimes in the chapel-yard where he had officiated, or near his temporary residence; not seldom in the market-places of towns, or in the open fields in country parishes. If there was already a temperance organization anywhere in the neighborhood, their band and their committee were certain to be present. Evergreens were always at hand, and if there

was not much artistic taste, there was abundant good feeling, in the details. The well-known Irish motto, "*Cæd mille failthe,*" "a hundred thousand welcomes," was spread along the front or on the canopy, if there was one. The band having done their *dévoir* lustily, "the first batch" were briefly addressed by the beloved Apostle. Then there was a request for them to kneel down and repeat the words of the pledge, as engraven on the card and medal of the Society. Father Mathew, in a clear, ringing voice, began, "I promise"—

Omnes.—(Say 2,000 in a batch,) "I promise"—

Father M.—"With the Divine assistance"—

Omnes.—"With the Divine assistance:" and so on, two or three words at a time, to the end of the pledge. Then the Apostle, descending among the new-made Teetotalers, moved rapidly up and down the ranks, laying his soft, white hand gently on every bowed head, repeating as he passed, "God bless you, and enable you to keep your promise!" The batch then slowly moved off, by a different entrance from that at which those in waiting are to be admitted, and, near the outlet, they found Father Mathew's secretary, with a number of volunteers of the locality, ready to fill up their cards of membership, and supply them with medals. For both, a shilling sterling was charged to those who had the shilling, but to a considerable percentage cards and medals were given gratuitously, by Father Mathew's orders. For five, six, and seven hours a day, three or four days of the week, in the midst of summer heats, or in the capricious weather of earlier and later seasons, the great worker goes on with this work for seven or eight consecutive years, till the creeping and chilling foreshadow of the terrible famine drives him back to Cork, to organize physical relief for the very existence of his own flock.

HIS VISIT TO ULSTER.

Of his Irish missions, one very much resembled another, except his visit to Ulster, which requires to be specially mentioned.

Unfortunately, that fine province has been, for some generations, the true "land of ire," as somebody has fancifully translated the word "Ireland." From the Boyne to Derry, and from Sligo to Strangford Lough, the war of races and of creeds has not rested since the days of James I. Though nearly equally balanced as to numbers,* the Protestant population have obtained and have held, over the Catholics, the greater part of the landed property and the industrial capital of the province. The relation, also, between the Protestant landlord and his tenant of the same faith—his fellow-worshipper on Sundays—is quite different from that he bears to the Popish tenant whom he passes on the way, bound in a direction opposite to his own. It ought not to be so, but it is so, that no man likes another to assume a superiority of creed or opinion to himself—still less if that other be one's own dependant. "There is," says the late Mr. Slick, "a deal of human nature in mankind:" and there is a deal of "mankind" in the north of Ireland. Father Mathew was dissuaded by many friends from extending his work into the North. That very year (1841) Mr. O'Connell had been grossly mobbed at Belfast, and obliged to get off to Scotland as best he could, from Donaghadee. But Father Mathew had no fears of a similar reception, and the result justified his confidence. Except on one or two occasions, by some drunken fanatic, no uncivil or offensive word was ever addressed to him. Many leading clergymen of the Presbyterian and other Protestant churches, met him with cordial good will, privately and publicly, and the young temperance men of Belfast, Lisburn, Newry, Enniskillen, and other places, irrespective of creed, formed themselves into a volunteer police to preserve order at his great gatherings. No constable's aid was even once invoked during the whole of his Ulster mission, which was unquestionably one of the most dear and gratifying passages of his whole life, to the good man's heart.

* In 1861, the Roman Catholics were 963,867; Presbyterians, 511,371; other Protestants, 300,730.

EFFECTS ON IRISH SOCIETY—CRIMINAL STATISTICS.

Before turning to the labors of Mr. Mathew done out of Ireland, we will entreat the reader's attention to some statistics necessary to complete this section. Between 1838 and 1846, Father Mathew claimed to have enrolled five millions, out of the eight in Ireland, under his banner. The following figures, from official sources, will show how early and how thoroughly his labors were known by their fruits :

"As a conclusive proof that the diminution of crime was one of the necessary consequences of the spread of temperance among those classes of the community most liable to be tempted to acts of violence or dishonesty, some few facts from the official records of the time may be quoted here. They are taken from 'returns of outrages specially reported by the constabulary,' from the year 1837 to the year 1841, both included. The number of homicides, which was 247 in 1838, was only 105 in 1841. There were 91 cases of 'firing at the person' reported in 1837, and but 66 in 1841. The 'assaults on police' were 91 in 1837, and but 58 in 1841. Incendiary fires, which were as many as 459 in 1838, were 390 in 1841. Robberies, thus specially reported, diminished wonderfully—from 725 in 1837, to 257 in 1841. The offence of 'killing, cutting, or maiming cattle,' was also seriously lessened; the cases reported in 1839 being 433, to 213 in 1841. The decrease in cases of 'robbery of arms' was most significant; from being 246 in 1837, they were but 111 in 1841. The offence of 'appearing in arms' showed a favorable diminution, falling from 110 in 1837, to 66 in 1841. The effect of sobriety on 'faction fights' was equally remarkable. There were 20 of such cases in 1839, and 8 in 1841. The dangerous offence of 'rescuing prisoners,' which was represented by 34 in 1837, had no return in 1841.

Without entering further into detail, the following return of the number committed during a period of seven years—from 1839 to 1845—must bring conviction home to the mind of any rational and dispassionate person, that sobriety is good for the individual and the community :

Year.	Total No.
1839	12,049
1840	11,194
1841	9,287
1842	9,875
1843	8,620
1844	8,042
1845	7,101

The number of sentences of death and transportation evidenced the operation of some powerful and beneficial influence on the public morals. The number of capital sentences in eight years—from 1839 to 1846—were as follows :

Year.	No. Sentences.
1839	66
1840	43
1841	40

Year.	No. Sentences.
1842	25
1843	16
1844	20
1845	13
1846	14

The sentences to transportation during the same period—from 1839 to 1846—exhibited the like wonderful result :

Year.	No. Sentences.
1839	916
1840	751
1841	643
1842	667
1843	482
1844	526
1845	428
1846	504

OTHER IRISH TEMPERANCE STATISTICS.

The figures already quoted are most valuable, as they prove, beyond the possibility of doubt, that national drunkenness is the chief cause of crime, and that national sobriety is, humanly speaking, one of the best preservatives of the morals of a people. The figures which are to be now given exhibit the marvellous change effected by Father Mathew's preaching in the drinking habits of his countrymen. These figures show the number of gallons of Irish spirits on which duty was paid, and the amount of duty, from the year 1839 to the year 1844, both included :

Year.	Gallons.	Duty.
1839	12,296,000	£1,434,573
1840	10,815,799	1,261,812
1841	7,401,051	836,125
1842	6,485,443	864,276
1843	5,290,650	904,908
1844	5,516,485	852,418

It is thus seen that, even in the year 1842, the consumption of Irish spirits was reduced to one-half of what it had been in the year 1839.

And though the Famine, which had its origin in the partial failure of 1845, and was developed into frightful magnitude by the total failure of 1846, produced a baneful effect on the temperance movement, by impairing its organization, closing the temperance rooms, and inducing the people to seek in false excitement a momentary forgetfulness of their misery; still the consumption of spirits did not recover from the effects of Father Mathew's mission, and for years exhibited the result of his influence, as the subjoined returns will show :

Year.	Gallons.	Duty.
1845	6,451,137	£ 860,151
1846	7,605,196	1,014,026
1847	7,952,076	1,060,276

The figures which we have quoted exhibit, it is true, most important results; but an extract from the trade article of the *Freeman's Journal*, for February, 1842, will indicate, in an equally striking manner, the happy influence of the temperance movement upon the comforts of the Irish people. The writer says :

"The people, we have abundant proofs, are happier and better, and the nation is more intelligent and prosperous. Perhaps the best proof which can be given of the former is the increase of the Customs revenue, more particularly as regards those articles which are es-

pecially consumed by the people. The increase in the Customs revenue of Great Britain and Ireland during the past year was £148,000, of which the increase of those duties levied in the port of Dublin alone was £77,000, or more than one-half of the entire increase. The whole amount of this revenue from this port, in the past year, was £984,000, or very close upon one million. But the articles from which this large amount of increased revenue has been received are those the humbler classes consume most largely; the increased consumption of *tea and sugar* producing in this port, within that period, an increased revenue of ten per cent. In the duties on tea and sugar in this port of Dublin alone, the increase amounts to £55,000, or over one-third the whole amount by which those duties in the present exceed those of the past financial year.'

The writer adds that the result would appear more striking were not duty paid in England on much of the sugar used in Ireland. The revenue on tobacco decreased to the amount of £3,000 within the year. "

FATHER MATHEW'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

In the fifth year of his labors as a Temperance missionary (1842), Father Mathew felt that he could venture to accept the invitations which came to him from across the Channel, and earliest of all from Scotland. The first of what proved to be a series of cross-Channel journeys, was undertaken in August, 1842. On Saturday, the 13th of that month, he reached Glasgow, as the guest of the Catholic Bishop, Dr. Murdoch. On the Sunday afternoon, and all day Monday and Tuesday, he was engaged in administering the pledge, chiefly in the cattle market. On Tuesday evening, the Scottish Western Temperance Association entertained him at a banquet in the City Hall, where an address of welcome and encouragement was presented to him. The Glasgow *Argus* sets down the number enrolled on the Tuesday "at from 10,000 to 12,000;" "but on Wednesday," it adds, "the number of applicants was so immense, that all attempts at calculation must be set aside." "Father Mathew," continues the same paper, "was laboriously employed from 10 o'clock, a. m., till 5; and as the day was excessively hot, his exertions must have been attended with great fatigue." Judging of his capacity for expediting business, he must have pledged

fully 20,000 in these eight hours. After a week on the Clyde, promising to revisit Scotland shortly, he returned to Cork, where his enthusiastic townsmen gave him a triumphal entry on the 23rd of August. In reply to their address of congratulation, he said: "I was in Scotland the representative of the people of Ireland (Cheers), and as such received the greeting of more than 200,000 persons on the Green at Glasgow. We had persons assembled there from the most distant parts, Edinburgh, Ayr, Stirling, and even Aberdeen, to swell the numbers on that great occasion." (Renewed cheering.)

HIS MISSION IN ENGLAND.

The next year, pressed by Earl Stanhope, Dr. Briggs, the Catholic Bishop of Beverley, Dr. Wiseman, and others, he resolved to carry his holy warfare into the English towns and cities. On the 1st of July, he arrived at Liverpool, from Cork, and from that date forth, every day told its tale of triumph after triumph. Liverpool, Manchester, and Salford, in Lancashire; Leeds, Wakefield, Huddersfield, and Bradford, in Yorkshire,—each had their three or four days, or, if necessary, their week, of his eight to ten hours a day hard work. Finally he reached London, and commenced his labors systematically in the poorest and most abandoned quarters. Here, for the first time in his career, he encountered anything like personal violence from the traders in strong drinks. In Bermondsey and in Westminster his meetings were broken up by a drunken rabble, and the intervention of the Metropolitan police was required to protect him and his friends. But this brutal violence only excited the livelier interest in his success. The Duke of Wellington, Lord Brougham, and most of the eminent men in the great metropolis, sought his personal acquaintance. The young Earl of Arundel and Surrey, afterwards Duke of Norfolk, knelt one day among his postulants, and took the pledge. The Protestant Bishop of Norwich (Dr. Stanley), though at first prejudiced against him, invited him by a public letter to visit his city

and become his guest.* The Protestant Vicar of Yardley, and many other clergymen of different denominations, were equally active in their co-operation, both on his first visit to England, and on his second in 1844. From this first three months' campaign, the victorious Apostle returned to his own city, in October, having, in that short space, enrolled 600,000 total abstainers. in Yorkshire, Lancashire, and London.

Though members of every class and degree in those great cities were to be found among his recruits, the chief bulk of them were still his own countrymen. His character of priest, and his Irish reputation, predisposed them to hear and to follow his advice. He touched the one unbroken

*At Norwich, the Bishop (Dr. Stanley) took occasion to make Father Mathew an *amende honorable* for some former unfavorable criticisms, in a speech at once so frank, and so liberal in sentiment, that the reader will follow with interest the insertion of a few of its principal sentences here. Turning to Father Mathew, he said:—

“My friend and brother from another island,—I meet you not here as a Roman Catholic priest; but I meet you here in a nobler, in a more comprehensive character than that of priest. I meet you as a man like myself, as a Christian brother, on neutral ground, where Christians of all denominations delight to meet and congregate together. Sir, I have watched your proceedings for many and many a year. I remember, many years ago, that I censured you in public; nay, more, (may I not add?) abused you. I believed those public reports, spread no doubt by malign and foolish misrepresentation; nevertheless, I thought it my duty as a man of candor to apply to you as a gentleman, a Christian, and a man of honor, to tell me how the case really stood. You answered me in a manner that did you credit, and I turned over a new leaf—I abused you no more; and now I rejoice to meet you here as a friend. * * * Your cause, sir, was not an easy one; it was not altogether over a macadamized road you had to pass; but you had thorns and brakes and briars in the way. You were assailed in turn by those who, while their disapprobation and censure was eulogy, sunk themselves in deeper degradation. Your character and cause shine all the brighter from vituperation. * * * Men of Norwich—citizens of this ancient city—I appeal to you, and I trust my appeal shall not be in vain, receive this wanderer on a sacred mission from a distant country—receive him and give him a Christian welcome, for he has come on a Christian mission.”

spring still left intact even among the most depraved—the love of fatherland; and he made the pride of country auxiliary to the spread of temperance. The Irish by birth in the British towns and cities were probably, in those days, near half a million;* and, taken with their families, not far short of 2,000,000 souls. Here alone was a field sufficient for many apostles, and one calling loudly for visit after visit of the great wonder-worker himself. But the good service he conferred on his countrymen in those great British towns was not merely direct and immediate. Father Mathew's visit raised them permanently as a class in the estimation of all Englishmen; and if to be his countryman was an honor, to be his disciple was a recommendation. Employers, magistrates, grand jurors, judges, and legislators, and the public press, with singular unanimity, bore testimony to the reality of his reformation. “The secret of his success,” says the London *Globe*, of 1843, “consists chiefly in the fact that he has wholly abstained from doing what his opponents have accused him of. He has avoided making his labors subservient to either religious or political objects; and it is by this singleness of purpose, this determination to make temperance the sole and only object, that he has been able to achieve so much for the cause he has undertaken.”

THE FAMINE IN THE LAND.

If we were relating, year by year, the principal occupations of the public life of this illustrious man, we should devote a special division of the subject to his heroic endeavors to mitigate the horrors of the terrible Irish famine of 1846, '47, and '48. This is an interval—from the first symptoms of the potato disease, in August, 1845, till his first attack of paralysis, in the Lenten season of 1848—among the busiest and most edifying in his whole life. Cork county was the scene of most frightful sufferings among the people, and those who had strength to reach the city fled to it in the wild belief that among so many houses

*In 1861, this class, of immediate Irish birth, exceeded 800,000.

they would not be allowed to die of utter starvation. Many of them had learned to know the way, as devotees of Temperance, which they now took as a last cast for bare existence. From ten to twenty thousand of these unfortunates, beside the numerous city poor, were thrown daily and nightly on the charitable resources of the city. As 1847 advanced, these living torrents of human misery, so far from diminishing, seemed to increase. The best intended measures of Government—public works, soup-kitchens, the stoppage of distillation—retarded but little the frightful mortality. Indian meal was at famine prices; and the speculators in breadstuffs, as heartless as harpies, looked on, and hugged themselves in the profitable prospect. Then the famine brought in its train “the fever”—“cause and effect,” as they were well shown to be by a leading Dublin physician—and, as one illustration of the mortality, there is the fact, that in the short space of nine months, counting from September, '46, to June, '47, no less than 10,000 unpaid-for interments took place in the Mathew Cemetery alone.

The population of the great county in 1841 was within a fraction of 800,000; ten years later it was reduced to 280,000. Out of that one corner of the land, the besom of destruction had swept, in the last half of the decade, half a million of souls, with all their natural increase.

Against this calamity, for which the annals of Christendom have no likeness, Father Mathew stood up, the foremost protector of his poor people. Remembering well the lesser famines of 1832 and '22, he was one of the first, in August, '45, to sound the note of alarm, and to raise the cry for timely preparation, both by Government and people. Then, Cork, and Ireland, and the Empire, saw and owned the priceless value of the man. His intimate knowledge of the country entitled him to speak, and his scrupulous veracity gave weight to his every word. He felt free to approach all manner of men, and they felt free to have recourse to him. Quakers and Catholics, Conservatives and Repealers, rich and poor,

officials and volunteers, all sought his advice and co-operation. He became the Almoner of British, French, American, and even Hindoo benevolence. And he was not simply the steward of others; he was a continual contributor himself. It is mournful to know that this benefactor of his race, at the close of the famine period, found himself £7,000 in debt, and that his contemporaries allowed that burthen to lie hard and heavy on his loving heart, weighing him down with sorrow and confusion to the grave.

HIS PARALYSIS—HIS DEBTS.

But that awful passage of the Irish famine concerns us mainly as a three years' interruption to Father Mathew's peculiar work. He still, and never more forcibly than then, preached total abstinence to the desperate and the despairing; but to all invitations to leave his own dear city for more than a day or two at a time, he turned a deaf ear. He had long looked forward to a visit to America, but the free passages so courteously offered him, both in the “Jamestown” and “Macedonian,” when returning from their errands of mercy, in 1847, were, in that miserable year, necessarily declined. And, alas! when the famine and fever began to give signs of exhaustion—early in 1848—observing all the penitential rigors of the Lenten season, he was suddenly stricken down with paralysis, from which, though he received partial relief during that summer, he never wholly recovered. It was not until the summer of 1849 (and then against the earnest entreaties of his physicians) that he sailed from Liverpool in the packet-ship “Ashburton,” as the invited guest of the City of New York.

Perhaps, this is the proper place to add a word or two more as to Mr. Mathew's debts and liabilities. It must be at once admitted that he was improvident in his charities. When he first commenced the temperance movement, however, he owed nothing; though before he had taken one public step out of Cork, he became involved for his dear cause to the extent of £1,500.

This was the entering of the wedge, but it inspired him with no apprehension. His aged friend, Lady Elizabeth Mathew, had always promised him a handsome legacy, and she was known to be true to her word. The very day before her sudden death, both being in Dublin, she went with her "dear Toby," to sit for her likeness, and repeated the life-long promise. The next day she expired—on that point intestate. "If I were beginning life again," said Father Mathew, subsequently, to a friend, "I would never count on a legacy." As to the infamous charge brought against him, while living, that he traded in cards and medals, no man believed it then, or since, who was not at heart a scoundrel. The truth was, not one in ten of his recruits obtained medals or cards: and of the hundreds distributed among thousands, a heavy per centage was given gratis. It is true large sums, in the aggregate, passed through the Apostle's hands, but none ever lingered long in his custody. A great meeting for his relief, with a Duke as Chairman, and Marquises moving resolutions, succeeded at one time in realizing some £2,500, of which a little over one-half was remitted to Cork, the balance being swallowed up by "expenses." To secure his creditors, he insured his life for a large amount, transferring to them his insurance; and when, in 1847, the Queen (God bless her!) placed him on her civil list as a pensioner for £300 a year, he transferred this annuity, also, to secure the annual payments to be made on his life insurance. All that an honorable, sensitive, high-minded gentleman could do, he did, to satisfy his creditors; but still the consciousness that he was a hopeless debtor weighed like a nightmare on his spirits, and acted as a fatal second to the paralysis. There may have been an expectation mingling with his desire to visit America, that his emigrant countrymen who were so deeply indebted to him, and who could generally so well afford it, would have done something towards his release. But the cry that he was "a British pensioner" was artfully raised by the liquor dealers of New

York, as soon as he commenced his mission, and even Irish gratitude was swallowed up in the ferocious feeling of anti-British antipathy.

HIS MISSION TO AMERICA.

Father Mathew reached New York on the 2nd of July, 1849, and was received with civic honors at Castle Garden and the City Hall. He sailed from the same port, on his return home, on the 8th of November, 1851; making his American sojourn two years and four months. During all this time he had hardly one day's release from physical suffering, yet he visited twenty-five States; administered the pledge in three hundred towns, cities, and villages; travelled 37,000 miles, and enrolled 600,000 teetotalers. For any other man, this success would be prodigious. But when he possessed his full vigor, only seven years earlier, he had made as many converts in a three months' crusade in England. It was quite clear, as one of his devoted friends, Mr. Rathbone, of Liverpool, had observed of him, before sailing for the United States, that "the sense of *goodness* still remained, but the sense of *power* was gone." Though his presence was still, and always to his latest breath continued to be, promotive of good thoughts and good resolutions; though the very mention of his name had a blessed spell in it, the once buoyant, all-enduring spirit of Theobald Mathew, ere he reached the American shore, was a spent shot. It was a painful contrast for those who had seen him in his prime in Ireland, to observe the change for the worse since those victorious days. The fine contour of his eminently handsome face was gone; the gelid blue eye, once so luminous, was pitiful to gaze upon; the quick, elastic step was crippled, and the "strongest man in Ireland," as he often called himself, was a hopeless physical wreck. The will to undertake and to attempt any number of engagements remained unshaken; "the spirit indeed was willing," but the poor, frail flesh could only give such response as was in it.

DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY—SLAVERY.

Encumbering his way in America, there were two lions—an Irish and an African one. The Irish monster appeared in the shape of the odious "British pensioner:" the African difficulty arose out of Father Mathew's anti-slavery antecedents. In 1842, Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Mathew, and 70,000 of their countrymen, had issued a powerful and energetic address to the Irish in the United States, exhorting and entreating them to cast their votes and their influence with the Anti-slavery party.* The document had failed of the effect intended, at least to any appreciable extent: but O'Connell, so long as he lived, lost no opportunity of making similar recommendations. Father Mathew's cordial reception of Frederick Douglas, at Cork, in 1845, and the brilliant Temperance *Soiree* he had given in honor of the eloquent negro, were still fresh in the recollection of the habitual readers of the *Boston Liberator*. When, therefore, towards the end of July—the month of his arrival—he reached Boston, he was at once claimed as their own by the abolition leaders. An invitation to attend the celebration of West Indian emancipation awaited him, and Mr. Garrison, Dr. Bowditch, and others, called personally at his hotel, with a formal, written request on behalf of the Anti-slavery Society, that he would take occasion "to improve every suitable opportunity, while he remained in the country, to bear a clear and unequivocal testimony, both public and private, against the enslavement of any portion of the human family." At first blush, one would think, with his well-known sentiments on the subject, his course was quite clear. But he was in America as the apostle of temperance, and to identify himself with Mr. Garrison's Society was practically to shut himself out of twelve or thirteen States of the Union. Already, Governor Lumkin, of Georgia, who had invited him to that State in the name of the State Temperance

* See Grattan's "Civilized America," for this remarkable document in full.

Convention, had thought proper, on the ground of the manifesto of '42, to withdraw that invitation. "Justice to our families, our firesides, and everything we hold dear," writes the Governor, "forbids us to call any man 'brother' who unites with our enemies in waging an unprovoked and most relentless warfare on our hearths and homes, our peace and prosperity." In vain Mr. Mathew assured the Governor of Georgia, by letter, and Mr. Garrison, personally, that it was his rigid rule not to mix up his American mission with either religious or political movements; that he had always refused to do so in his own country, and could not depart from his rule in America; that though a Catholic priest, he did not feel free, when on such a mission, to make it subservient to Catholicism: all this, reasonable as it was, he urged in vain. The Georgian rudely withdrew his hand, and the Bostonian rushed into print, to censure the apostle who thought the slavery of intemperance supplied him quite work enough to do. Nor did the matter end at Boston. On reaching Washington, a few days before Christmas, the House of Representatives, without a division, courteously tendered him a seat within their bar; but a similar motion having been made in the Senate, by Mr. Walker of Wisconsin, it was hotly opposed by Mr. Clements, of Alabama, Mr. Badger, of North Carolina, and Mr. Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi. It was sustained by the mover, by Mr. Clay, Mr. Seward, Mr. Cass, and Mr. Hale, among Northern men, and, among Southerners, by Mr. Foote and Mr. Downs. The motion was carried by 33 to 18; and two days afterwards, Mr. Mathew had the pleasure of thanking at the President's table, at a dinner given to enable them to meet him, most of the eminent men who had vindicated his mission to America from the serious imputation, at that time, of being an anti-slavery crusade in disguise. Though there were wines of every vintage on that table, it may be added that, out of respect for the chief guest, few of the company drank anything, and the President nothing, but water.

HIS FAREWELL TO THE UNITED STATES.

Before quitting the shores of the United States, after his twenty-eight months' residence in that country, Father Mathew issued, at New York, his "Farewell Address," partly directed to his own countrymen by birth, and partly to the hospitable people at large among whom he had been, with the exceptions already stated, as cordially welcomed, both North and South.

"Having borne grateful testimony to the aid which he had received from the public press of America, and the kindness and friendship which had been shown to him by many distinguished individuals, he then addresses his own countrymen:—

"To my own beloved countrymen I most affectionately tender a few words of parting advice. You have, my dearly beloved friends, relinquished the land of your birth, endeared to you by a thousand fond reminiscences, to seek on these distant shores that remuneration for industry and toil too often denied you at home. You are presented here with a boundless field of profitable employment, and every inducement is held out to persevering industry. You are received and welcomed into the great American family with feelings of sympathy, kindness, and friendship. After a few years you become citizens of this great republic, whose vast territorial extent abounds in all the materials of mineral, agricultural, and commercial wealth; the avenues to honor and fame are liberally thrown open to you and to your children, and no impediment (save of your own creation) exists to prevent you attaining the highest social and civic distinction; and will you any longer permit those glorious opportunities to pass unimproved, or, rather, will you not, by studying, self-respect, and acquiring habits suited to your new position, aspire to reflect honor alike on the land of your birth and of your adoption? I implore you, as I would with my dying breath, to discard for ever those foolish divisions, those insensate quarrels, those factious broils (too often, alas! the fruits of intemperance), in which your country is disgraced, the peace and order of society violated, and the laws of Heaven trampled on and outraged."

He thus eloquently concludes:—

"Friends and fellow-countrymen:—I now bid you a reluctant, a final farewell. A few hours more will separate me from the hospitable shores of America for ever. I carry with me to the 'poor old country' feelings of respect and attachment for its people, that neither time nor distance can obliterate.

Citizens of the United States:—I fervently pray that the Almighty Disposer of human events, in whose hands are the destinies of nations, may continue those blessings and favors which you have so long enjoyed—that your pro-

gress in every private and public virtue may keep pace with your unexampled prosperity—that you and your children's children may ever be true to the great destiny that awaits you, and to the spirit of those institutions under the fostering care of which you have so rapidly progressed. May your country still extend the hand of succor to the helpless exile, afford an asylum to the persecuted, and a home to the oppressed—and thus inseparably connect her future destiny with the interests of universal humanity."*

LATTER DAYS OF THE APOSTLE.

With his farewell to the United States, at the close of 1851, we may date the conclusion of his active public life. It is true he lingered on yet four years longer, experiencing every care that the tenderest friendship and the most touching family affection could bestow on the wrecked physical man. One year he tried the climate of Madeira: another year the hydropathic establishment, at Blarney, but with no permanent good effect. As the autumn of 1856 settled down gloomy and gusty over his last place of residence—his brother's house at Lehenane, close by Cork—he longed for the southern skies he had known at that season, a few years earlier. Contrary to the wishes of his relatives, he removed as far southward as he well could, to Queenstown, whither he was attended by a favorite nephew who never left his side, night or day. The last scene came early in December, and is thus described by his friend and biographer, the member for Cork:—

"For several days he continued free from physical suffering, as far as could be judged. He observed everything that occurred in the room, and looked his thanks for any little friendly office, in a way that was deeply affecting. The Sisters of the Queenstown Convent watched and prayed constantly by his bedside. 'Theobald, would you wish to be buried with Frank and Tom?' his brother Charles enquired, as the last hours were approaching. The dying man signified a negative. 'Is it in the cemetery?' 'Yes,' was plainly indicated. 'Is it under the Cross?' A sweet but faint smile, and fainter pressure of the almost lifeless hand, was the only reply. This was the spot which he had many years before marked out as his resting-place. There was no violent convulsion, no mortal agony, no awful struggle of nature, in his last moments. Death stole upon him as gently as sleep upon a wearied

* Maguire's Life, p. 516.

man. He died in peace, without the slightest movement. But it would seem as if, in some inexplicable way, an expression of pain moulded itself upon his features. It was like the lingering shadow of the sorrow which had long brooded over his spirit, and which for some years past had been so rarely and so briefly dispelled. 'Ah, surely, somebody is vexing him,' said an old and loving follower, when admitted to the bedroom. And yet, if one may predicate such of mortal, he must have been then, after a life of fever, toil, and pain, experiencing that happiness which is promised to those who on this earth walk in the light, and imitate the life, of the Lord. Thus passed away, in the 66th year of his age, and in the 42nd of his ministry, Theobald Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance. The 8th of December, 1858, belongs to history as the date of that event.*

FATHER MATHEW'S WORK.

Without any presumptuous eulogy of our own, on such a life and such a work, we will call the same most competent and trustworthy witness to testify to the durability of the reformation from which the name of Theobald Mathew can never be dissociated.

"And now," says Mr. Maguire, "before the curtain falls, and we catch the last glimpse of him whose character and career I have endeavored, however feebly and imperfectly, to depict, I would say a word upon a question which has been put to me repeatedly, and which will naturally suggest itself to the mind of the reader—namely, has Father Mathew's work survived him? Conscientiously speaking, I feel convinced *it has*. Nay more, I believe it is impossible to destroy and undo that work. Father Mathew taught his generation this great lesson,—that, as a rule, alcoholic stimulants are not only unnecessary but injurious to the human being—that drunkenness is an odious and disgusting vice—that poverty and misery and disease and crime are born of this vice—that the man who altogether abstains is safer than the man who is moderate in his enjoyment of that which is so full of risk and danger; and that not only is there no possible safety for those liable to excesses, and unable to resist temptation, save in total abstinence, but that there is redemption—social, moral, and physical—to be found in the pledge for the most confirmed and abandoned drunkard. This is a grand lesson to have taught; and this lesson, which has become part of the world's wisdom and experience, cannot be obliterated—certainly not from the memory of the Irish people. In so far, then, he has left his work as a grand lesson and legacy to posterity; and whenever again the vice against which he waged so vigorous and successful a strife for many of the best years of

* "Maguire's Life, p. 551.

his life assumes a formidable aspect—dangerous to society, and perilous to morality, industry, peace, and order—there is no fear that the lesson will not be applied, or that Providence will not inspire, or even raise up, those who will put it into practice as Father Mathew did, for the sake of religion, humanity, and country."

It is pleasant to be able to add, of this side the Atlantic, that the last 10th of October was celebrated in New York by public procession of ten Father Mathew Societies, whose ranks are reported to have contained above 2,000 members.

[We heartily thank the Hon. T. D. McGee, for the foregoing very spirited sketch of one of the greatest of history's moral heroes—a man whose powers of persuasion were, judging from their effects, even greater than those of Demosthenes or Peter the Hermit, seeing that it is easier to induce men to fight against other men than against their own habits and inclinations.—EDITORS NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.]

THE FAITHFUL LAMP.

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

See, the lamp is at the window, and its clear and steady beam
 Makes the waters spread beneath it with a golden lustre gleam.
 At the window stands the maiden, with alternate hopes and fears,
 As the raging and the roaring of the rolling waves she hears.
 In the cottage dwells the maiden; she is young and she is fair.
 See, her deep blue eye is glistening; brightly shines her golden hair.
 See, she lingers at the window, whence the lamp flings down its light,
 And her anxious looks are piercing through the blackness of the night.
 'Tis the Frisian maiden's dwelling. But her lover—where is he?
 It is long since he departed; homeward now his route should be
 From the Schleswig coast out yonder, to his own, his native land,
 Where the Frisian maid will greet him, with the ring upon her hand.
 In the cottage dwells the maiden, and the lamp is ever there,
 At yon little window burning, be the weather foul or fair;
 Still the light remains unchanging, though the seasons come and go;
 It is bright through sultry summer—it is bright 'mid winter's snow.

When the lad she loved departed, thus she said
 "This lamp shall burn
 At my chamber window nightly till the day of
 thy return.
 It shall shine upon the billows, with its clear
 and tender light;
 It shall be my heart's true image through the
 darkest, blackest night."
 At the window sits the maiden, and the lamp
 she watches well,
 While the winds are wildly howling, and the
 waves with fury swell.
 She is watching, she is hoping, and the lamp pits
 signal gives—
 It shall plainly tell her lover that his faithful
 maiden lives.
 Rolling, rolling go the billows. Days are past,
 and months, and years.
 Many ships she sees returning, but no ship her
 lover bears.
 One, at last, will surely bring him, to rejoice her
 weary eye.
 No; the waves have long engulfed him; far
 beneath them doth he lie.
 Every night at yonder window watches still the
 constant maid,
 Though her slender form is wasted, and her
 cheeks' red roses fade;
 Though her tresses, once all golden, with the
 snows of Time are white.
 Still she looks upon the billows; still her
 anxious eye is bright.
 Still it gazes, ever beaming with the sky's
 eternal hue;
 Still it glistens through its sorrow like a flow'r
 that's bathed in dew.
 And the lamp is nightly shining, with its soft
 and gentle flame,
 And she watches, and she watches, for her
 heart is still the same.
 Many, many are the years now that have slowly
 crept away,
 Still the little lamp is burning—bright as ever
 is its ray;
 And the angry waves are seething, and they
 wildly roll and roar,
 While the Frisian maid is watching in her
 cottage on the shore.
 Till one night the raging tempest lashed the
 waters round about;
 On a sudden—in an instant—had the little lamp
 gone out.
 Now no longer on the waters is its faithful
 lustre cast,
 And the eye that, fondly hoping, looked so
 bright, is dimmed at last.
 In the morn they found the maiden; in her
 cottage she lay dead;
 On her cheek, now wan and pallid, was a spot
 of fading red.
 In the night Death's angel called her, in her
 Father's home to dwell,
 Then the bright blue eye was darkened, and
 the lamp expired as well,

THE STUDY OF LANGUAGES.

BY JOHN STUART MILL.

The only languages, and the only literature, to which I would allow a place in the ordinary curriculum, are those of the Greeks and Romans; and to these I would preserve the position in it which they at present occupy. That position is justified by the great value, in education, of knowing well some other cultivated language and literature than one's own, and by the peculiar value of those particular languages and literatures.

There is one purely intellectual benefit from a knowledge of languages which I am specially desirous to dwell on. Those who have seriously reflected on the causes of human errors have been deeply impressed with the tendency of mankind to mistake words for things. Without entering into the metaphysics of the subject, we know how common it is to utter words glibly and with apparent propriety, and to accept them confidently when used by others, without ever having had any distinct conception of the things denoted by them. To quote from Archbishop Whately, it is the habit of mankind to mistake familiarity for accurate knowledge. As we seldom think of asking the meaning of what we see every day, so when our ears are used to the sound of a word or a phrase, we do not suspect that it conveys no clear idea to our minds, and that we should have the utmost difficulty in defining it, or expressing in any other words, what we think we understand by it. Now it is obvious in what manner this bad habit tends to be corrected by the practice of translating with accuracy from one language to another, and hunting out the meanings expressed in a vocabulary with which we have not grown familiar by early and constant use. I hardly know any greater proof of the extraordinary genius of the Greeks than that they were able to make such brilliant achievements in abstract thought, knowing, as they generally did, no language but their own. But the Greeks did not escape the effects of this deficiency. Their greatest intellects, those who laid the foundation of philosophy and of our intellectual culture, Plato and Aristotle, are continually led away by words; mistaking the accidents of language for real relations in nature, and supposing that things which have the same name in the Greek tongue must be the same in their own essence. There is a well-known saying of Hobbes, the far reaching significance of which you will more and more appreciate in proportion to the growth of your own in-

telleet: "Words are the counters of wise men, but the money of fools." With the wise man a word stands for the fact which it represents; in the fool, it is itself the fact. To carry on Hobbes's metaphor, the counter is far more likely to be taken for merely what it is, by those who are in the habit of using many different kinds of counters. But besides the advantage of possessing another cultivated language, there is a further consideration equally important. Without knowing the language of a people we never really know their thoughts, their feelings, and their type of character; and unless we do possess this knowledge of some other people than ourselves, we remain, to the hour of our death, with our intellects only half expanded. Look at a youth who has never been out of his family circle; he never dreams of any other opinions or ways of thinking than those he has been bred up in; or, if he has heard of any such, attributes them to some moral defect, or inferiority of nature or education. If his family are Tory, he cannot conceive the possibility of being a Liberal; if Liberal, of being a Tory. What the notions and habits of a single family are to a boy who has had no intercourse beyond it, the notions and habits of his own country are to him who is ignorant of every other. Those notions and habits are to him human nature itself; whatever varies from them is an unaccountable aberration which he cannot mentally realize; the idea that any other ways can be as right as some of his own, is inconceivable to him. This does not merely close his eyes to the many things which every country still has to learn from others; it hinders every country from reaching the improvement which it could otherwise attain by itself. We are not likely to correct any of our opinions or mend any of our ways, unless we begin by conceiving that they are capable of amendment: but merely to know that foreigners think differently from ourselves, without understanding why they do so, or what they really do think, does but confirm us in our self-conceit, and connect our national vanity with the preservation of our own peculiarities. Improvements consist in bringing our opinions into nearer agreement with facts; and we shall not be likely to do this while we look at facts only through glasses colored by those very opinions. But since we cannot divest ourselves of preconceived notions, there is no known means of eliminating their influence but by frequently using the differently colored glasses of other people; and those of other nations, as the most different, are the best.

But if it is so useful, on this account, to

know the language and literature of any other cultivated and civilized people, the most valuable of all to us in this respect are the languages and literature of the ancients. No nations of modern and civilized Europe are so unlike one another as the Greeks and Romans are unlike all of us; yet without being, as some remote Orientals are, so totally dissimilar, that the labor of a life is required to enable us to understand them. Were this the only gain to be derived from a knowledge of the ancients, it would already place the study of them in a high rank among enlightening and liberalizing pursuits. It is of no use saying that we may know them through modern writings. We may know something of them in that way; which is much better than knowing nothing. But modern books do not teach us ancient thought; they teach us some modern writer's notion of ancient thought. Modern books do not show us the Greeks and Romans: they tell us some modern writer's opinion about the Greeks and Romans. Translations are scarcely better. When we want really to know what a person thinks or says, we seek it at first hand from himself. We do not trust to another person's impression of his meaning, given in another person's words: we refer to his own. Much more is it necessary to do so when his words are in one language, and those of his reporter in another. Modern phraseology never conveys the exact meaning in a Greek writer; it cannot do so, except by a diffuse explanatory circumlocution which no translator dares use. We must be able, in a certain degree, to think in Greek, if we would represent to ourselves how a Greek thought; and this, not only in the abstruse region of metaphysics, but about the political, religious, and even domestic concerns of life.

I will mention a further aspect of this question, which, though I have not the merit of originating it, I do not remember to have seen noticed in any book. There is no part of our knowledge which it is more useful to obtain at first hand—to go to the fountain-head for—than our knowledge of history. Yet this, in most cases, we hardly ever do. Our conception of the past is not drawn from its own records, but from books written about it, containing not the facts, but a few of the facts as they shaped themselves in the mind of somebody of our own or a very recent time. Such books are very instructive and valuable: they help us to understand history, to draw just conclusions from it; or, at the worst, they set us the example of trying to do all this; but they are not themselves history.

The knowledge they give is upon trust, and even when they have done their best, it is not only incomplete, but partial, because confined to what a few modern writers have seen in the materials, and have thought worth picking out from among them. How little we learn of our own ancestors from Hume or Hallam or Macaulay, compared with what we know if we add to what these tell us, even a little reading of contemporary authors and documents! The most recent historians are so well aware of this, that they fill their pages with extracts from the original materials, feeling that these extracts are the real history, and their comments and thread of narrative are only helps towards it. Now, it is part of the great worth to us of our Greek and Latin studies, that in them we do read history in the original sources. We are in actual contact with contemporary minds: we are not dependent on hearsay; we have something by which we can test and check the representations and theories of modern historians. It may be asked, why then not study the original materials of modern history? I answer, it is highly desirable to do so; and let me remark, by the way, that even this requires a dead language, nearly all the documents prior to the Reformation, and many subsequent to it, being written in Latin. But the exploration of these documents, though a most useful pursuit, cannot be a branch of education. Not to speak of their vast extent, and the fragmentary nature of each, the strongest reason is, that in learning the spirits of our own past ages until a comparatively recent period, from contemporary writers, we learn hardly anything else. Those authors, with a few exceptions, are little worth reading on their own account.

While, in studying the great writers of antiquity, we are not only learning to understand the ancient mind, but laying in a stock of wise thought and observation, still valuable to ourselves; and at the same time making ourselves familiar with a number of the most perfect and finished literary compositions which the human mind has produced,—compositions which, from the altered conditions of human life, are likely to be seldom paralleled, in their sustained excellence, by the times to come. . . . In purely literary excellence,—in perfection of form,—the pre-eminence of the ancients is not disputed. In every department which they attempted, and they attempted almost all, their composition, like their sculpture, has been to the greatest modern artists an example to be looked up to with hopeless admiration, but of inappreciable value as a light on high,

guiding their own endeavors. In prose and in poetry, in epic, lyric, or dramatic, as in historical, philosophical, and oratorical art, the pinnacle on which they stand is equally eminent. I am now speaking of the form—the artist's perfection of treatment; for, as regards substance, I consider modern poetry to be superior to ancient, in the same manner, though in a less degree, as modern science: it enters deeper into nature. The feelings of the modern mind are more various, more complex and manifold, than those of the ancients ever were. The modern mind is, what the ancient mind was not, brooding and self-conscious; and its meditative self-consciousness has discovered depths in the human soul which the Greeks and Romans did not dream of, and would not have understood. But what they had got to express, they expressed in a manner which few even of the greatest moderns have seriously attempted to rival. It must be remembered that they had more time, and that they wrote chiefly for a select class, possessed of leisure. To us who write in a hurry for people who read in a hurry, the attempt to give an equal degree of finish would be loss of time.

But to be familiar with perfect models is not the less important to us, because the element in which we work precludes even the effort to equal them. They show us at least what excel us, and make us desire it, and strive to get as near to it as is within our reach. And this is the value to us of the ancient writers, all the more emphatically, because their excellence does not admit of being copied or directly imitated. It does not consist in a trick which can be learnt, but in the perfect adaptation of means to ends. The secret of the style of the great Greek and Roman authors is that it is the perfection of good sense. In the first place, they never use a word without a meaning, or a word which adds nothing to the meaning. They always (to begin with) had a meaning; they knew what they wanted to say; and their whole purpose was to say it with the highest degree of exactness and completeness and bring it home to the mind with the greatest possible clearness and vividness. It never entered into their thoughts to conceive of a piece of writing as beautiful in itself, abstractedly from what it had to express; its beauty must all be subservient to the most perfect expression of the sense. The *curiosa felicitas* which their critics ascribed in a pre-eminent degree to Horace, expresses the standard at which they all aimed. Their style is exactly described by Swift's definition, "the right words in

the right places." Look at an oration of Demosthenes: there is nothing in it which calls attention to itself as style at all; it is only after a close examination we perceive that every word is what it should be, to lead the hearer smoothly and imperceptibly into the state of mind which the orator wishes to produce. The perfection of the workmanship is only visible in the total absence of any blemish or fault, and of anything which even momentarily distracts the mind from the main purpose. But then [as has been well said] it was not the object of Demosthenes to make the Athenians cry out, "What a splendid speaker!" but to make them say, "Let us march against Philip!"

It was only in the decline of ancient literature that ornament began to be cultivated merely as ornament. In the time of its maturity, not the merest epithet was put in because it was thought beautiful in itself: nor even for a merely descriptive purpose, for epithets purely descriptive were one of the corruptions of style which abound in Lucan, for example; the word had no business there unless it brought out some feature which was wanted, and helped to place the object in the light which the purpose of the composition required. These conditions being complied with, then indeed the intrinsic beauty of the means used was a source of additional effect, of which it behooved them to avail themselves, like rhythm and melody of versification. But these great writers knew that ornament for the sake of ornament, ornament which attracts attention to itself, and shines by its own beauties, only does so by calling off the mind from the main object, and thus not only interferes with the higher purpose of human discourse,—which ought and generally professes to have some matter to communicate, apart from the mere excitement of the moment,—but also spoils the perfection of the composition as a piece of fine art by destroying the unity of effect. For all these reasons I think it important to retain these two languages and literatures in the place they occupy, as a part of the liberal education of all who are not obliged by their circumstances to discontinue their scholastic duties at a very early age. But the same reasons which vindicate the place of classical studies in general education show also the proper limitation of them. They should be carried as far as is sufficient to enable the pupil in after life to read the great works of ancient literature with ease. Those who have leisure and inclination to make scholarship, or ancient history, or general philology their pursuit, of course require much more, but there is no room for

more general education. The laborious idleness in which the school-time is wasted away in the English classical schools deserves the severest reprehension. To what purpose should the most precious years of early life be irreparably squandered in learning to write bad Latin and Greek verses? I do not see that we are much the better even for those who end by writing good ones. I am often tempted to ask the favorites of nature and fortune whether all the serious and important work of the world is done, that their time and energy can be spared for these *nuge difficiles*? I am not blind to the utility of composing in a language, as a means of learning it accurately. I hardly know any other means equally effectual. But why should not prose composition suffice?

What need is there of original composition at all? if that can be called original which unfortunate schoolboys without any thoughts to express, hammer out on compulsion from mere memory, acquiring the pernicious habit which a teacher should consider it one of his first duties to repress, that of merely stringing together borrowed phrases? The exercise in composition most suitable to the requirements of learners is that most valuable one, of retranslating from translated passages of a good author, and to this might be added what still exists in many continental places of education, occasional practice in talking Latin. There would be something to be said for the time spent in the manufacture of verses if such practice were necessary for the enjoyment of ancient poetry, though it would be better to lose that enjoyment than to purchase it at so extravagant a price.

But the beauties of a great poet would be a far poorer thing than they are if they only impressed us through a knowledge of the technicalities of his art. The poet needed those technicalities: they are not necessary to us. They are essential for criticising a poem, but not for enjoying it. All that is wanted is sufficient familiarity with the language, for its meaning to reach us without any sense of effort, and clothed with the associations on which the poet counted for producing his effect. Whoever has this familiarity, and a practised ear, can have as keen a relish of the music of Virgil and Horace, as of Gray, or Burns, or Shelley, though he knew not the metrical rules of a common Sapphic or Alcaic. I do not say that these rules ought not to be taught, but I would have a class apart for them, and would make the appropriate exercises an optional, not a compulsory part, of the school teaching.

Original.

UNDER THE BOUGHS.

BY WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

SECOND PAPER.

“Finishing one’s education” is a phrase never seriously used by middle-aged people. It would be a dismal day indeed, that on which any one of us “finished our education.” Nay, those who have matriculated to any purpose in the great University of the World, feel that every year they are learning faster, and securing more. In looking back five years, it seems to me that I have learned so much, that I could not have known much before. I would perhaps be obliged to settle down upon that rather unflattering conclusion, but for this, that I remember, most perfectly, having the same feeling five years ago. That which is near seems to us the most important; and the *last* knowledge we obtain is apt to be estimated to the disparagement of all we had acquired before. But to value the gatherings of former years, and to have confidence in our past judgment, is something worth conserving.

A friend comes in. He gives us his opinion upon something that interests us—his deliberate judgment upon the affair. We trust his judgment just in proportion as we trust his general ability, knowledge, and clear-headedness. If his advice was given last week, or three months ago, we still trust it. Now, let us be our own friend. Let our own judgment of yesterday, or last week, or last summer, be as valuable to us as would be the judgment of a valued friend. And, let us not continually be re-opening a subject we have deliberately decided on. The probabilities are that when we decided the point, the evidence for and against the decision arrived at was far more clearly spread before us than at this moment; the certainty is that our abilities for deciding rightly were as good then as now.

Unless we *decide*, we cannot *acquire*. The laboratory of the chemist, or the warehouse of the merchant, would soon be as chaos itself, were packages merely received. They

must also be opened, arranged, and properly bestowed for inspection and use. This takes judgment, and needs decision. Just so with knowledge. We may receive it in a crude state, or wrapped in any disguise, but we must decide what to do with it, and how to arrange it, else we might as well be without it. Knowledge at call is like money at call. Any amount of Milwaukee bonds will not save a Commercial Bank; but another half-million of gold in the vaults would have bridged the crisis. I have met men with immense stores of information—encyclopædias of knowledge,—and yet my conversation with them was a species of *mining*. Their stores of acquired knowledge lay under numberless strata of unreadiness and hesitation and undigested erudities; and you had to bore down to the precious ore you wished to reach. Such men are generally found to have acquired their knowledge from books exclusively, and not from men, nor even from observation—for the faculty of observing, without the mingling in the world which permits it to be used, is like a sixth sense—an instrumentality without a function. Call such a man to address an assembly, lead in a brilliant conversation, write a newspaper article, draft an elaborate resolution, or a hundred other things which a man of far less information, but of accomplished tact, could readily do, and he hopelessly flounders; irritated at himself, and conscious of the ungainly figure he must make.

You may know this class by two or three signs. They are very ready to correct you where they think you are wrong; sometimes indeed, “taking you up before you fall:” and are sure to make striking and sometimes amusing mispronunciations of (to you) well-known names. Think not the less of these worthy blunderers. They may be able to explain to you Kepler’s laws, of which you only knew the name before; or explain to you clearly the philosophy of the logarithms, apart from their dry details; or show you beauties of expression or allusion in “Paradise Lost” you never imagined before. The polish, the tact, the ready-for-

use arranging of his stores, will come with the opportunity. If the opportunity never comes, he has at least the miser's joy without the miser's guilt—the joy of acquisition.

Sometimes I lose sight of a young man for two or three years. He turns up again; and I learn that the interval has been spent in some Academy or College. But I feel almost abashed in the youngling's presence. Here is such an appearance of knowledge; so ready in his utterance, and so calmly superior in his manner, that I get no inward peace till I argue the matter over in my own mind, somehow thus:—"I am ten, fifteen, or twenty years older than this young man. I cannot and do not accuse myself of wasting or neglecting opportunities of acquiring knowledge. I have labored hard to get mental riches. Surely this man's opportunities have not been tenfold those of mine, nor his mental capacity so commanding." And so I get rid of the surprise; and by and by I see that it is possible to put all one's stock in the window, intellectually as well as commercially. Perhaps it is all right; for who would not put to use that which he possesses? But then the youngsters should not seek to astonish their elders too much on such a slender capital of real knowledge.

'Twas thus with Farmer Berridge's son, John. He persuaded his father to devote the half of a year's crop to his college expenses, instead of having the whole of it invested in a piece of land which was one day to be his. In due time the young man came home. He still intended to be a farmer. He thought he could plough as well, and cradle as well as before; and so he could perhaps, but his hands got dreadfully blistered, at which his father looked unutterable contempt. John was dainty at the table, and was continually washing his hands. In his anxiety to avoid the slang terms and rather coarse proverbial expressions that passed for current coin at home, he swayed over to the other extreme, and affected a precision that became at times ludicrously pedantic. A solecism in grammar appeared with him to equal an in-

fringement of the decalogue. To go with boots unblacked seemed a greater crime than treachery or ingratitude. And yet John was a good fellow, after all. If he had not been a good lad, his father would never have consented to bear his college charges. But he was won over to the scheme of John's being a "college-learned farmer" principally by the conviction that "John would not be spoiled by it." If John had learned, with all his other acquirements, the importance of first impressions, he would have been careful that these, on his coming home should be favorable to him. His father's prejudices were aroused. Needlessly aroused, for he should have known that conceit is not a fatal defect in a young man. It wears off; and the conceited young man comes "through the mill," generally, a self-reliant man by the time middle-age arrives.

In two weeks, John had regained his farm appetite at the table. In two more his hands had become hardened with work, and he had ceased showing his blisters and claiming sympathy for them. About this time, I fell in with the old man, and something like the following conversation ensued:—

Myself.—"Well, Mr. Berridge, you have got John back. I hope his thirst for knowledge is somewhat gratified, and his mind expanded by his studies, and that we shall all be proud of him in days to come."

Farmer.—"Yes, *he's home!* I wish I had that six hundred dollars back, and the three years' labor he hasn't given me."

M.—"You surprise me. Has he fallen into bad courses, or wasted his opportunities to such an extent?"

F.—"Oh, he has been busy enough, I warrant. It would take me a dozen years at least, to get such superfine airs. He takes more time every morning to wash, and fix his hair, and brush his teeth, just to go to the plough, than I did to dress myself on my wedding day. He can't eat pork, and he can't harrow barefoot. He can't bind without great gloves on, and he can't lift the dirty end of a rail in the cedar-swamp.

He can't go to the field without a necktie, and he can't sit down to table without his coat. He tells me I must say *taught*, instead of *learned*; and *cannot*, instead of *can't*. That I must not say 'me and him,' any more, but 'he and I.' And I can't see what colleges are good for, but to make young men conceited. I tell you what, I've read somewhere that 'a little learning is a dangerous thing,' and that's just what John has got. I suppose if he went twenty years more to college he would be wise; and by that time it would take my last penny to keep him. I don't know what is to become of him."

I told him to have patience. That just as the great railway embankment before his house, which this year produced only mulleins, and next year will produce thistles, and dandelions the third year,—and then would no longer be an eyesore in the landscape,—so he must bear to see a few weeds sprout up in John's mind just now; a better growth would soon follow. That if there were no folly in youth, there could be no wisdom in age—for we are wise only by comparison. I said John's conceit would by and by flower out into self-reliance; his pedantry shrink away ashamed before the stores of unlearned wisdom yet before him; that he would be none the worse as a cultivator of the soil because he cultivated his mind; and that in the case of a little boy wearing his first boots, a young man spending his first academic leisure, or a young woman in the midst of a first flirtation, there was much charity to be used, and much folly to be winked at. He must look at John as he was five years ago, and wait to see what he would be five years hence, before deciding finally on the subject.

I think I did John a service, though perhaps he never knew it. His father *did* exercise more patience and charity; and though John really was, for a time, very provoking with his assumptions of knowledge, he gradually got over it; and now would be as ready to confess as I am to as-

sert, that the College of the World is the best academy of learning, and that in our "academic days" we only learn to handle the *tools* by which we are to carve out for ourselves intellectual eminence or fruitful wisdom.

Our forefathers were much in favor of giving you information under cover of asking it of you; in other words, of teaching by way of "question and answer." In many instances the ask-that-you-may-know principle will be found a very excellent one. For instance, you are a hundred miles away from the nearest college, and twenty from the nearest library, and expect no aid from either; and yet you have half-a-dozen queries:—some name in biography, some allusion in a *Review*, some quotation you know not from whom, some new term in mechanics or science—anything you will, or rather something that you *would*. Now, how are you to acquire these odds and ends of knowledge? My way has been this: remember your question—lie in wait (as it were) with it, and the answer will come as without an effort. A very "practical" person once asked me how long he would need to wait for his answer, if he acted on my recommendation. I said to him I had rarely been obliged to wait over a month. When you do get your answer, you will get a thought along with it and that is, that you might have had the answer long ago, if you had but thought of asking the question; for you get your answer in the most ordinary way—from books, from papers, or in conversation. 'Tis seldom, in such cases, we directly ask a friend, though that would appear a very direct way; pride sometimes comes in; the right person may not be at hand, or he might think we were quizzing him. A young friend of mine acted, however, on different principles. He had a hundred questions in a day, and a hundred times in a day he flung them at me; and at the end of three years I feared he had run me dry. He learned something, perhaps—but so did I.

To study one's self is the surest way to begin the study of human nature; and without the study of human nature, no man was ever wise. 'Tis but a few weeks since I heard a man, anxious to do honor to his own calling, assert that to travel the country, peddling wares and buying sheepskins, needed the same kind of mental wealth—viz., the knowledge of human nature—that it did to excel in the pulpit or at the bar. Little doubt, when we come to think of it, that he was right.

In our efforts to study man, it is of importance that we begin aright. There is always a proper as well as an improper point of view for every landscape. Lord Lytton's sons played a scurvy trick on the poet Shenstone, when they introduced visitors to his modest domain, *via* the little end of his avenue. As his possessions would not permit him to have a long avenue, he had made it in appearance longer, by having it greater in width and bordered with larger trees at one end than the other, and was careful always to take visitors to the large end, where the vista was somewhat imposing. To look up the avenue from the other end, was like looking through the wrong end of a telescope—everything was dwarfed outrageously. So, to look upon man from some outlandish point of view, may be very entertaining, but is at once unjust and unwise. We are ourselves often conscious of being misjudged, and we must not forget that others are as sensitive as we are. If we look upon men in the light of their nobler qualities, their blemishes will appear to us in much the same light that our own do, as things to be regretted, amended, passed charitably over—never to be harshly judged by friendship, and never to be judged at all by prejudice.

I have a little niece in Paris, Ontario, who, inheriting what in her case is a family peculiarity, is a great lover of horses and dogs; and the house is seldom without more than one specimen of the bluest, grayest, shaggiest terrier that ever hunted rat or weasel. Among other photographs in the house, was one of Thomas Carlyle,

lately obtained, as much perhaps from considerations of old neighborly associations as from admiration of literary eminence. Now the great cynic, notwithstanding all he has said about the shams and windbags of this degenerate age, has actually adopted the last innovation, and gone in with the "beard movement." As might be expected from a man who had shaved for fifty years, his beard is more sturdy than silken, and well grizzled in color. And the lines and furrows of thought—*anxious and unsatisfying thought*—are deep and many about the corners of his eyes. Somehow, a philosophy that puts itself in the place of GOD to a man, *does* leave its stamp so deeply on the face of its devotee. My little niece got hold of the picture, but upside down. "Oh!" she exclaimed, with a shriek of delight, "Oh! *doggie*." Wide as is the distance between a philosopher and a terrier, it seems well nigh extinguished as you look at the picture wrong end up. Many have done with intent, what my little niece did in ignorance, looked at a man with his moral qualities reversed, and because he saw him wrongfully he judged him cruelly, and pronounced him "*doggie*."

CONNOR.

"To the Memory of Patrick Connor,
This simple stone was erected by his Fellow-
Workmen."

Those words you may read any day upon a white slab in a cemetery not many miles from New York; but you might read them a hundred times without guessing at the little tragedy they indicate, without knowing the humble romance which ended with the placing of that stone above the dust of one poor and humble man.

In his shabby frieze jacket and mud-laden brogans he was scarcely an attractive object as he walked into Mr. Bawn's great tin and hardware shop, one day, and presented himself at the counter with an,—

"I've been tould ye advertised for hands, yer honor."

"Fully supplied, my man," said Mr. Bawn, not lifting his head from his account book.

"I'd work faithful, sir, and take low wages, till I could do better, and I'd learn shadhy—I would that."

It was an Irish brogue, and Mr. Bawn always declared that he never would employ an incompetent hand. Yet the tone attracted him. He turned briskly, and with his pen behind his ear, addressed the man, who was only one of the fifty who had answered his advertisement for four workmen that morning.

"What makes you expect to learn faster than other folks—are you any smarter?"

"I'll not say that," said the man, "but I'd be wishing to; that 'ud make itasier."

"Are you used to the work?"

"I've done a bit of it."

"Much?"

"No, yer honor. I'll tell no lie. Tim O'Toole hadn't the like of this place; but I know a bit about tins."

"You are too old for an apprentice, and you'd be in the way, I calculate," said Mr. Bawn, looking at the brawny arms and bright eyes that promised strength and intelligence. "Besides, I know your countrymen—lazy, good-for-nothing fellows, who never do their best. No: I've been taken in by Irish hands before, and I won't have another."

"The Virgin will have to be afther bringing 'em over in her two arms, thin," said the man, despairingly, "for I've tramped all day for the last fortnight, and niver a job can I get, and that's the last penny I have, yer honor, and it's but a half one."

As he spoke he spread his palm open with an English halfpenny upon it.

"Bring whom over?" asked Mr. Bawn, arrested by the odd speech as he turned upon his heel, and turned back again.

"Jist Nora and Jamesy."

"Who are they?"

"The wan's me wife, the other me child," said the man. "O, masher, jist thry me. How'll I bring 'em over to me if no one will give me a job? I want to be airning, and the whole big city seems against it, and me with arms like thim."

He bared his arms to the shoulder as he spoke, and Mr. Bawn looked at them, and then at his face.

"I'll hire you for the week," he said, "and now as it's noon, go down into the kitchen and tell the girl to get you your dinner—a hungry man can't work."

And with an Irish blessing, the new hand obeyed, while Mr. Bawn, untying his apron, went up stairs to his own meal.

Suspicious as he was of the new hand's integrity and ability, he was agreeably disappointed. Connor worked hard and actually learned fast. At the end of the week

he was engaged permanently, and soon was the best workman in the shop.

He was a great talker, but not fond of drink or wasting money. As his wages grew he hoarded every penny, and wore the same shabby clothes in which he had made his first appearance. "Beer costs money," he said one day, "and ivery cint I spind puts off the bringing Nora and Jamesy over; and as for clothes, them I have must do me—bether no coat to me back than no wife and boy by me fireside; and anyhow, it's slow work saving."

It was slow work, but he kept at it all the same. Other men, thoughtless and full of fun, tried to make him drink—made a jest of his saving habits, coaxed him to accompany them to places of amusement or to share in their Sunday frolics. All in vain. Connor liked beer, liked fun, liked companionship; but he would not delay that long-looked-for bringing of Nora over, and was not "mane enough" to accept favors of others. He kept his way, a martyr to his one great wish—living on little, working at night on any extra job he could earn a few shillings by; running errands in his noontide hours of rest, and talking to any one who would listen of his one great hope, and of Nora and little Jamesy.

At first the men, who prided themselves on being all Americans, and on turning out the best work in the city, made a sort of butt of Connor, whose "wild Irish" ways and verdancy were indeed often laughable. But he won their hearts at last, and when, one day, mounting a workbench, he shook his little bundle, wrapped in a red kerchief, before their eyes, and shouted, "Look, boys, I've got the whole at last! I'm goin' to bring Nora and Jamesy over at last! Whoroo! I've got it!" all felt a sympathy in his joy, and each grasped his great hand in cordial congratulations, and one proposed to treat all round, and drink a good voyage to Nora.

They parted in a merry mood, most of the men going to comfortable homes. But poor Connor's resting-place was a poor lodging house, where he shared a crazy garret with four other men, and in the joy of his heart the poor fellow exhibited his handkerchief with his hard-earned savings tied up in a hard wad in the middle, before he put it under his pillow and fell asleep. When he wakened in the morning, he found his treasure gone. Some villain, more contemptible than most bad men are, had robbed him.

At first Connor could not even believe it lost. He searched every corner of the room,

shook his quilt and blankets, and begged those about him to "quit joking and give it back."

But at last he realized the truth.

"Is any man that bad that it's thaved from me?" he asked, in a breathless way.

"Boys, is any man that bad?"

And some one answered,—

"No doubt of it, Connor. It's stole."

Then Connor put his head down on his hands and lifted up his voice and wept. It was one of those sights which men never forget. It seemed more than he could bear, to have Nora and his child "put," as he expressed it, "months away from him again."

But when he went to work that day it seemed to all who saw him that he had picked up a new determination. His hands were never idle. His face seemed to say, "I'll have Nora with me yet." At noon he scratched out a letter, blotted and very strangely scrawled, telling Nora what had happened; and those who observed him, noticed that he had no meat with his dinner. Indeed, from that moment he lived on bread, potatoes, and cold water, and worked as few men ever worked before. It grew to be the talk of the shop, and now that sympathy was excited, every one wanted to help Connor. Jobs were thrown in his way, kind words and friendly wishes helped him mightily; but no power could make him share the food or drink of any other workman.

That seemed a sort of charity to him. Still he was helped along. A present from Mr. Bawn, at pay day, set Nora, as he said, "a week nearer," and this and that and the other added to the little hoard. It grew faster than the first, and Connor's burden was not so heavy. At last, before he hoped it, he was once more able to say, "I'm going to bring them over," and to show his handkerchief, in which, as before, he tied up his earnings; this time, however, only to his friends. Cautious among strangers, he hid the treasure, and kept his vest buttoned over it night and day until the tickets were bought and sent. Then every man, woman, and child, capable of hearing or understanding, knew that Nora and her baby were coming.

There was John Jones, who had more of the brute in his composition than usually falls to the lot of man—even he, who had coolly hurled his hammer at an offender's head, missing him by a hair's breadth, would spend ten minutes in the noon hour in reading the Irish news to Connor. There was Tom Barker, the meanest man among

the number, who had never been known to give any thing to any one before, absolutely bartered an old jacket for a pair of gilt vases which a peddler brought in his basket to the shop, and presented them to Connor for his Nora's mantelpiece. And here was idle Dick, the apprentice, who actually worked two hours on Connor's work, when illness kept the Irishman at home one day. Connor felt this kindness, and returned it whenever it was in his power, and the days flew by and brought at last a letter from his wife.

"She would start as he desired, and she was well and so was the boy, and might the Lord bring them safely to each other's arms and bless those who had been so kind to him." That was the substance of the epistle which Connor proudly assured his fellow-workmen Nora wrote herself. She had lived at service, as a girl, with a certain good old lady, who had given her an education, the items of which Connor told upon his fingers. "The radin', that's one, and the writin', that's two, and the cyphrin', that's three, and moreover, she knows all a woman can." Then he looked up at his fellow-workmen with tears in his eyes, and asked,—

"Do ye wondher the time seems long between me an her, boys?"

So it was—Nora at the dawn of day—Nora at noon—Nora at night—until the news came that the "Stormy Petrel" had come to Port, and Connor, breathless and pale with excitement, flung his cap in the air and shouted.

It happened on a holiday afternoon, and half a dozen men were ready to go with Connor to the steamer and give his wife a greeting. Her little home was ready; Mr. Bawn's servant had put it in order, and Connor took one peep at it before starting.

"She hadn't the like of that in the ould country," he said. "But she'll know how to kape thim tidy."

Then he led the way towards the dock where the steamer lay, at a pace which made it hard for the rest to follow him. The spot was reached at last; a crowd of vehicles blockaded the street; a troop of emigrants came thronging up; fine cabin passengers were stepping into cabs, and drivers, porters, and all manner of employees were yelling and shouting in the usual manner. Nora would wait on board for her husband—he knew that.

The little group made their way into the vessel at last, and there, amidst those who sat watching for coming friends, Connor searched for the two so dear to him; pa-

tiently at first, eagerly but patiently; but by-and-by growing anxious and excited.

"She would niver go alone," he said. "She'd be lost inthirely; I bade her wait, but I don't see her, boys, I think she's not in it."

"Why don't you see the captain?" asked one, and Connor jumped at the suggestion. In a few moments he stood before a portly, rubicund man, who nodded to him kindly.

"I am lookin' for my wife, yer honor," said Connor, "and I can't find her."

"Perhaps she's gone ashore," said the captain.

"I bade her wait," said Connor.

"Women don't always do as they are bid, you know," said the captain.

"Nora would," said Connor; "but maybe she was left behind. Maybe she didn't come; I somehow think she didn't."

At the name Nora the captain started. In a moment he asked,—

"What is your name?"

"Pat Connor," said the man.

"And your wife's was Nora?"

"That's her name, and the boy with her is Jamesy, yer honor," said Connor.

The captain looked at Connor's friends, they looked at the captain. Then he said, huskily,—

"Sit down, my man; I've got something to tell you."

"She's left behind"—said Connor.

"She sailed with us," said the captain.

"Where is she?" asked Connor.

The captain made no answer.

"My man," he said "we all have our trials; God sends them. *Yes—Nora started with us."

Connor said nothing. He was looking at the captain now, white to his lips.

"It's been a sickly season," said the captain. "We had illness on board—the cholera. You know that."

"I didn't," said Connor; "I can't read, they kep' it from me."

"We didn't want to frighten him," said one man, in a half whisper.

"You knew how long we lay at quarantine?"

"The ship I came in did that," said Connor.

"Did ye say Nora went ashore? Ought to be lookin' for her, captain."

"Many died," went on the captain—"many children. When we were half way here your boy was taken sick"—

"Jamesy," gasped Connor.

"His mother watched him night and day," said the captain, and we did all we could, but at last he died; only one of

many. There were five buried that day. But it broke my heart to see the mother looking out upon the water. 'It's his father I think of,' said she; 'he's longing so to see poor Jamesy.'"

Connor groaned.

"Keep up if you can, my man," said the captain. "I wish any one else had it to tell rather than I. That night Nora was taken ill also; very suddenly. She grew worse fast. In the morning she called me to her.

"Tell Connor I died thinking of him," she said, 'and tell him to meet me'— And, my man, God help you, she never said any thing more—in an hour she was gone."

Connor had risen. He stood up, trying to steady himself; looking at the captain with his eyes dry as two stones. Then he turned to his friends:

"I've got my death, boys," he said, and then dropped to the floor like a log.

They raised him and bore him away. In an hour he was at home on the little bed which had been made ready for Nora, weary with her long voyage. There, at last, he opened his eyes. Old Mr. Bawn bent over him; he had been summoned by the news, and the room was full of Connor's fellow-workmen.

"Better, Connor?" asked the old man.

"A dale," said Connor. "It's aisy now; I'll be with her soon. And look ye, mas-ther. I've learnt one thing—God is good; He wouldn't let me bring Nora over to me, but He's taking me over to her—and Jamesy—over the river; don't you see it, and her standing on the other side to welcome me?"—

And with those words Connor stretched out his arms. Perhaps he did see Nora—Heaven only knows—and so died.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Men loose their ships, the eager things,

To try their luck at sea;

But none can tell by note or count,

How many there may be.

One turneth east, another south—

They never come again,

And then we know they must have sunk,

But neither how nor when.

God sends His happy birds abroad—

"They're less than ships," say we;

No moment passes but He knows

How many there should be.

One buildeth high, another low,

With just a bird's light care—

If only one, perchance, doth fall.

God knoweth when and where.

—Round Table.

Original.

THE CAPTURE OF LOUISBURG.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

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

England and France long claimed the right to divide between them the greater part of North America. Both nations sent out a number of colonies, and strove to establish their respective civilizations. Not always peaceful neighbors at home, they were not peaceful neighbors in their American possessions. Wars were waged, battles were fought, treaties were signed; Acadia being one of the chief battlegrounds for several generations. Sometimes the French flag waved, and then the British one took its place.

Among the people who carried with them to America the English flag and the English tongue, were a considerable number of exiles from the land of their birth. They desired to worship God in their own way, and this was denied them. They wanted civil freedom, but it could not then be found in the land of their fathers. They found a home in the Western wilds, and their numbers were from time to time augmented by fresh arrivals. Although miles from Old England, they would not part with the English name, and a New England sprang up on this side of the water. In religion they were Congregationalists, or Independents, and they established their faith on New England soil, and borrowing from John Calvin the idea that the Church and the school-house should go together, they discovered and adopted one of the noblest systems of Free Schools that ever was devised by man, and then, in the language of Mrs. Hemans,

"The sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
With the anthems of the free."

Driven by tyranny from the land they loved, they joined not with England's enemies. They may have resisted the tyrannical rule of the agents of the Stuarts, and stood up for their rights after the Stuarts ceased to govern; but when England was at

war with foreigners, they never failed to render effective service. For their fidelity to the British flag they suffered much, and were ready to, and often did, carry war into the French territory. At the very time they imprisoned English Governors, they were engaged in fighting England's battles. New England not only fitted out expeditions against Acadia, but maintained the garrison at Port Royal, after its capture.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century, the two rival monarchs, William III. and Louis of France, were almost at the close of their earthly career, having spent a lifetime fighting against each other. William was suffering from a mortal disease,—his feet were swollen, and he was scarcely able to speak. He shut himself up, planning new alliances against France, governing the policy of Europe, and shaping the destiny of America. He did not live to see the end of the wars in which he engaged the nations of Europe, but, eventually, his policy for the balance of power prevailed, by the treaty of Utrecht, in 1712. Massachusetts was not behindhand in fighting William's battles in America; and after his death a Massachusetts expedition recaptured Port Royal, which was named Annapolis, in honor of Queen Anne, since which time the British flag has never been lowered at that place by the hand of an enemy. By the treaty of Utrecht, France ceded to England the possession of the Bay of Hudson, and its borders, as well as Newfoundland and Acadia.

On the surrender of Acadia to England, by the treaty of Utrecht, Bancroft says: "The lakes, the rivulets, the granite ledges of Cape Breton, were immediately occupied as a Province, and French fugitives from Newfoundland and Acadia built their huts along its coasts wherever safe inlets invited fishermen to spread their flukes, and the soil to plant fields and gardens. In a few years the fortifications of Louisburg began to rise—the key to the St. Lawrence, the bulwark of the French fisheries, and of French commerce in North America. From Cape Breton, the dominion of Louis extended up

the St. Lawrence to Lake Superior, and from that Lake through the whole course of the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico and the Bay of Mobile."

The English capital of Acadia, or Nova Scotia, was at Port Royal, or Annapolis, and the English claimed all the country to the borders of Maine and Canada, a claim which the French afterwards disputed. At the capital there were some twelve or thirteen hundred of the French settlers, styled neutrals, and considerable numbers in other parts of the Province. But difficulties soon arose between the French and the British; and the New England people, who were engaged in a great struggle themselves with the British Crown, joined heartily in every attempt made to sustain the British flag in Acadia. Repeated complaints were made to the Governor of Louisburg, of infractions of treaties, but his answers were not satisfactory to the Governor of Massachusetts.

In the land of our fathers there had been a long and unequal struggle for civil and religious liberty, from the days of Elizabeth. The people had risen in their might, and had once established fuller liberty than England was prepared to have. The revolution of 1688 had settled affairs so that the nation commenced a career, if not with, at least on the road to, liberty. Forces were gradually developing themselves, both in Church and State, threatening to overturn bigotry and intolerance.

Among the men who threw aside allegiance to ecclesiastical superiors, in the eighteenth century, stand prominently John Wesley and George Whitfield. Churchmen they were, but they violated all the usages of the establishment to which they clung through their lives. They travelled from place to place, the length and breadth of the land, calling upon men everywhere to repent. Sometimes they would be in America, sometimes in England, at others in Scotland or Ireland. Whitfield met with rough treatment on both sides of the water, writs being served upon him again and again "concerning the health of his

soul;" and at length he and Wesley disagreed, and Whitfield was shut out from most of the churches he had gathered in England, and the buildings he had aided to erect. Partly on that account, he gave a considerable portion of his attention to New England.

Whitfield met with great encouragement and success in New England. There were opposers there of his enthusiastic style of preaching, but he had great power over the masses; and the more spiritual-minded of the ministers assisted him in his efforts. Whitefield loved New England and its people, and was beloved in return. At one time he made a lengthy visit to its shores, during which the "Great Awakening" took place, and it is said that at least fifteen thousand people were converted. In the midst of that great revival, news came of repeated outrages on the part of the Indians, stirred up by the French—so the stories ran. There may have been exaggerations in these stories, but, whether or not, Governor Shirley declared that no peace could be had for Nova Scotia, and no safety for the English residents, while the strong fortifications of Louisburg were manned by the French. He had previously written to the military authorities of England on the subject, and they pronounced the place impregnable.

In the midst of the "Great Awakening," Governor Shirley made a strange proposition. The ablest military men of England had declared the capture of Louisburg impossible,—beyond the reach of England's power,—and Governor Shirley proposed that it should be taken by the New England people themselves. "Sons of the Puritans, turn from your prayer-meetings and take up the sword and the musket. Descendants of the liberty-loving Englishmen who crossed the sea for freedom, leave your farming implements and make ready for war on the Frenchman. Let us humble France, overthrow 'idol worship,' protect the settlers of Nova Scotia, and plant the British flag on the proud walls of Louisburg."

Col. Peperell, a devoted friend of Whitfield, was chosen to lead the expedition. But where were the men for such a "forlorn hope?" Good judges of warfare proclaimed it a mad expedition.

George Whitfield had, with all the energy of his soul, called for recruits to the religion of Jesus; but he listened to the proposals of the Governor. He became interested. He threw all his energies into the movement. The great preacher called the people together, and stirred their souls with his eloquence. He urged them to go forward in the name of Jehovah. The volunteers were forthcoming. Mr. Sherburne, at whose house Whitfield often lodged, went as Commissary. When the expedition was ready, Whitfield gave it a flag with this motto, "*Nil desperandum, Christo duce*;" "Fear nothing while Christ is leader." Whitfield was invited to go as chaplain, but he declined on the ground that he had a greater field of usefulness. He preached to them before their departure; predicted success; and off they went in good spirits. In six weeks, Whitfield preached a thanksgiving sermon for the fall of the great stronghold, "the Gibraltar of America," the news of which fell like a thunderbolt on astonished France. It surprised the military men of England and Europe, that a small force of New England Puritans—and they mainly the subjects of a religious revival—should accomplish, without the aid requested, that which the most able warriors had declared was scarcely possible to be done by the most powerful force. "The walls of Louisburg," says a writer, "were forty feet thick at the base, twenty to thirty feet high, surrounded by a ditch eighty feet wide, and guarded by sixteen hundred heroic French veterans, who were furnished with one hundred and one cannon, seventy-six swivels, and six mortars; and the harbor was defended by an inland battery of 32-pounders, and by the royal battery on shore, having thirty large cannon and a moat. The arrangements were so perfect that it was thought that 200 men could have held at bay 5000."

Thus was the British flag planted on the walls of Louisburg, and the Canadians in alarm appealed to France. A great fleet was sent to recapture the stronghold, but it met with disaster. In 1748, by the treaty of Aix la Chapelle, Louisburg and the whole of Cape Breton were restored to France, but in 1758 it was retaken by Generals Amherst and Wolfe.

Great changes have taken place since that period. The days of intolerance have gone by. The British flag waves from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The descendants of the defeated French are loyal British subjects, and many of the descendants of their conquerors are aliens from the flag of their fathers. The Puritan, the Anglican, and the Roman Catholic, meet together in the halls of legislation, and grasp each other warmly by the hand, and no longer treat each other as idolaters or heretics. A new "Dominion" has sprung into existence, in which French and English, Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Gentile, are on an equality; civil and religious liberty is fully guaranteed; and the dream of John Milton, the liberty-loving poet, "Methinks I see a puissant nation, etc.," is fully realized in our new Dominion, setting forth with happy omens upon its career of prosperity and greatness.

May the different races commingle; may the different forms of faith never separate men from each other's friendship; and may the history of the past—instead of serving as roots of bitterness—induce the representatives of each race to respect the nobility and the heroism of other races and nationalities who are to unite with them in working for the good of our new nationality.

— At her wedding the Queen of Greece wore a robe of cloth of silver embroidered with bouquets of silver flowers, buttoned down the front by enormous diamonds, fastened round the waist by a belt of diamonds, trimming round the top of the corsage and sleeves to match; necklace, bracelets, &c., in diamonds; a diadem on the forehead, and the royal crown fastened at the back of the head; the train was of crimson velvet.

Original.
GARIBALDI.

BY J. M. W.

Garibaldi, smarting under the disappointment and grief of a fresh defeat, is now an old man of threescore years, though with the fiery energy of his youth still unexhausted and unquenchable. There are not many life-records more changeful or more active than his: there are not many men of one idea who have pursued it with equal devotion and simplicity of purpose. In one land or another, he has toiled continually for the freedom of his race, and has proved himself a scourge of tyrants, whether the tyranny complained of was political or spiritual.

From a very humble sphere in life, and surrounded by the depressing influences of poverty, he has emerged, to attract a large share of the world's attention, and to exert an influence in the world's affairs that—whether or no history may do him justice—will be perpetuated through coming ages; and it is not boastfully or unmeaningly that he has been styled “the most celebrated radical in Europe.”

Garibaldi was born at Nice on the 22nd of July, 1807,—a sailor's son and himself a sailor. In his boyish days he was so familiarized with danger as to be insensible to fear; for while quite a lad his vessel was three times plundered by pirates. Left sick and all but dying at Constantinople, upon his recovery he spent some time at the Turkish capital as a tutor in the family of the lady who had kindly nursed him through his illness. An accidental meeting with an Italian patriot when he was about twenty-two or three years of age first fired his heart with that love for Italian unity which has since been the master-passion of his life. In 1834 he entered the Sardinian navy as a sailor on board the frigate “*L'Eurydice*,” but left this employment soon afterwards to join a fruitless republican movement set on foot at Genoa; narrowly escaping with his life, to find himself by proclamation condemned to death by the

Sardinian government. His next venture was a short service on board a frigate of the Bey of Tunis. Then he offered himself as a nurse in a cholera-hospital in Marseilles. On his release he sailed as second mate on board a vessel bound for Rio-Janeiro, and then entered the service of the Rio-Grande against Brazil.

His biography in South America reads like a romance. He was shipwrecked, shot through the neck in a severe engagement, captured by the enemy, endured a shameful torture, intended to compel him to betray his friends, and suffered the pangs of starvation. In almost his darkest hour, when all good fortune seemed to have deserted him, he found upon the Rio-Grande his beloved wife Anita,—the mother of the Italian heroes of to-day—Menotti and Ricciotti Garibaldi. A half-dozen years of warfare—always active and with various results—and then his yearning for Italy and for tidings of his parents, coupled with a feeling of disgust that the jealousies of the Republican chiefs should have rendered futile many a well-fought field, induced him to leave the Rio-Grande. To raise the necessary funds, he became a bullock-drover, but the proceeds were swallowed up in expenses. He also carried samples as a commercial agent, and taught mathematics in Monte-Video. He had to pass through another campaign, however, before he returned to his native land.

His last exploits in South America were performed in the service of the Oriental Republic, or Monte-Video, where he spent some eight or nine years more in active warfare, until the Anglo-French intervention put an end to the struggle.

In 1847 he heard of the exaltation of Pío Nono to the Pontificate, and of the reforms instituted by him in his government. Garibaldi was so impressed by the reports that had reached him, that he looked upon Pius IX. as the political Messiah of Italy, and unhesitatingly proffered his sword to his holiness. Waiting in vain for some recognition of this voluntary offering, he embarked on his own responsibility for Europe.

On the voyage homewards he had a narrow escape through the clumsy accident of a sailor. His vessel caught fire, and it was only through the desperate efforts of himself and a few compatriots that the flames were extinguished.

In June of 1847, when all Italy was agitated by whisperings of revolution, Garibaldi landed at Nice. Charles Albert, King of Sardinia,—the same who had condemned him to death a few years before, and who had not, indeed, yet commuted the sentence,—was engaged in a popular movement to drive the Austrians out of Lombardy; but he was not magnanimous enough to accept the offer of Garibaldi's services. It was said that the government feared the spirit of revolution, and the king a powerful and popular rival. On the 12th August, the difference between the king and the *guerrillero* led to an open rupture. Garibaldi proclaimed Charles Albert a traitor, and declared war against both him and the Austrians. But the fighting did not last long, nor was any great visible result accomplished for Italy. The last scene of the war, however, was grandly dramatic. Garibaldi was prostrate—dying, it was thought—with typhus-fever at Lerino. A couple of regiments of the enemy were already in the streets, and, with electrifying power, the cry of "The Austrians!" reached Garibaldi's ear. He staggered from his bed, mounted his horse, headed his legion, routed the enemy's advance, and, pushing on to Mazzarene with only five hundred soldiers, he cut his way through an army of ten thousand Austrians, and reached Switzerland in safety.

The revolution in Rome in 1848, which eventually drove the Pope to Gaeta, then attracted his attention. The glory attaching to the name of Garibaldi drew numbers of enthusiastic patriots to his standard. The French were by-and-by compelled to grant an armistice; and this gave the revolutionary heroes time to look after the Neapolitan army, which, 20,000 strong, and flushed with recent triumphs in Calabria and Sicily, was now hurrying to encounter

them. On the 16th May, 1849, the army of the Republic, numbering only 10,000 men, with Rosetti general-in-chief and Garibaldi second in command, marched out of Rome. Two days afterwards the whole Bourbon army was in full retreat towards Velletri. Reverenced almost as a saint by those who served under him, Garibaldi began to be feared by the poor Neapolitans as the very personification of evil. He entered Rome, after the victory, on the 24th May, amidst the wildest and most enthusiastic demonstrations of the populace. He found that the Austrians were already threatening Ancona, to the north of Rome; and on the 3rd June the French Republican army, closer at hand, twelve hours before the conclusion of the armistice, treacherously renewed the fight with the Republican forces of Rome. Military skill, indomitable energy, a reckless disregard of personal danger, and a bravery that has never been exceeded, could not avail the Garibaldians against the numbers that overwhelmed them. Recalled by the deliberative Assembly, then sitting in the capitol, Garibaldi enjoyed one moment of well-earned triumph. As he entered the chamber, all the deputies rose and applauded. "I looked about me and upon myself," says he, "to see what had awakened their enthusiasm. I was covered with blood, my clothes were pierced with balls and bayonet-thrusts, my sword was jagged and bent and stood half out of the scabbard; but I had not a scratch upon me." It was decided to evacuate; and the Republic of Rome was quickly succeeded by the Temporal Power of the Pope, re-established by French bayonets.

But alike in the depression of defeat and disaster and in the glow of success and victory, the longing of the hero's heart was ever for Italy—for Italy and freedom; and if he could not yet see Rome the queen-capital of his native land, there were blows to be struck for liberty in Venetia, where the Austrians still held the people in an unwilling allegiance. In August his handful of men—a few score at most—again

embarked in a little fleet of fishing-sloops for Venice. Within sight of their destination, two gunboats of the enemy drove them off the water. Four only of the flotilla of thirteen vessels reached the shore; and one of these safely conveyed Garibaldi landwards. Pursued by the Austrians, a number even of these few were captured and shot. Garibaldi, with his wife and a single officer, made good his escape to a friendly neighborhood. In this flight, Anita Garibaldi—herself great as her husband—who had fought side by side with him both in South America and in Italy—who had ever aided him by her counsel and cheered his heart in his desperate career;—now weakened by privation and suffering, and about to become a mother, Anita Garibaldi expired in the arms of her husband, who was compelled hastily to bury her where she died.

A few months later, and the Dictator of Rome—the general who had beaten Austrians, French, and *Papalins*—the patriot who had done everything but die for his country—now proscribed, widowed, and alone—manufactured candles for a living in a quiet back street of New York city.

Though candle-making was doubtless a more profitable speculation pecuniarily than fighting for liberty, it was anything but a congenial occupation to Garibaldi; so in '54 he returned to Genoa. Having already purchased the little island of Caprera, on the Sardinian coast, he went thither to live and watch the course of events in Europe. The Emperor of Austria, violating the treaty in which he was pledged to respect the Venetian frontier, invaded Sardinia, and cut out fresh work for Garibaldi. Fettered by the redtapeism of the Sardinian army, whose uniform he wore as general of the Chasseurs of the Alps, and fretted by the petty jealousies of the Piedmontese generals, who in every possible way limited his operations, Garibaldi's genius could ill brook such restrictions. Upon his personal representations to Victor Emmanuel, the latter gave Garibaldi permission to take his Chasseurs and fight the enemy after his

own fashion. The result proved the wisdom of the decision. More than any previous war perhaps, this campaign gave the most ample demonstration of Garibaldi's military abilities. With at most some three or four thousand chasseurs, he constantly hovered about the opposing General Urbain, and his 17,000 men; and by dint of either bravery, artifice, or effrontery, he harassed the Austrians until they were glad slowly to retreat before him. Bergamo, Brescia, Lecco, and Salo fell into the hands of the Garibaldians, Victor Emmanuel won Palestro, the French were conquerors at Magenta, and, as the nation thought, Venice *must* soon be given to Italy; when, lo, to suit the views of Louis Napoleon, the "Provisional Peace of Villafranca" was hurriedly concluded; the Italians being coolly informed that if they wanted Venetia they must fight united France and Austria for it. Garibaldi succumbed to the absolute force of circumstances, and did as he had done more than once before: when he could not have Rome for Italy, he looked to Venice; now, because Venice was unapproachable, he started for the Sicilies. And what was the force with which he expected to add another kingdom to the crown of Italy? On the 6th of May, 1860, a thousand and eighty men embarked in a couple of steamers, without chart, sextant, or chronometer on board of either; and nothing else save the prestige of Garibaldi's name, which, as the sequel showed, however, was more efficient than an armed host; and yet this expedition was as pregnant with great consequences as the return of the First Napoleon from Elba. It is only fair to state that Garibaldi, as he himself asserts, did not advise the insurrection in Sicily, but as it had really commenced he felt in duty bound to assist his countrymen. The Sicilians had been rendered desperate by the treatment of the Bourbon tyrants who ruled them, and were ripe for revolution; and Garibaldi was hailed as a saviour by the people. On the 13th the little army landed at Marsala; the next day the general by proclamation declared himself, "by the in-

invitation of the free communes of the island," Dictator of Sicily. At Calatafimi, the first encounter with the royal troops took place, and the waning daylight of the 15th concealed the utter defeat of the Neapolitans, who then fell back upon Palermo, routed by a few hundred legionaries and a couple of thousand undisciplined peasants. On the 27th Palermo was bombarded. Three days sufficed for this work, and then the Sardinian flag floated over the city. "It was a curious sight," writes Dumas, Garibaldi's biographer and intimate friend, "to see 20,000 Neapolitans, provided with forty pieces of cannon, confined within their own forts, their barracks, and their ships, and guarded by *eight hundred* Garibaldians!" And yet these men who well knew the small number of their enemies did not seem to contemplate taking, as they might have done, a bloody revenge. On the 20th of July the battle of Milazzo closed the war here, and freed Sicily. Francis II., to defend Naples, had a well-appointed army of 80,000 men: Garibaldi began the second attack upon his kingdom with 4,000; and the frightened monarch actually attempted to buy him off with the offer of fifty million francs, and the whole Neapolitan navy to attack Venice with! Garibaldi's force was daily and hourly augmented by recruits from the people and deserters from the army of the enemy. With the people of Naples, not merely disaffected, but detesting, loathing, the Bourbon rule, Garibaldi's task was rendered a much less difficult one than it would otherwise have been. On the 7th of September, the ministers of the crown, assembled in the council-room, awaited Garibaldi's entrance into the Neapolitan capital. The forts were still garrisoned by royalist troops, who, as the conqueror drew near, made their last show of resistance. Garibaldi approached in a carriage; a battery barred the way; and thrice was the order given to fire upon the advancing column. The hero stood erect, with folded arms, awaiting the result; and the foe was conquered by the very presence of the man. The shot which might have

hurled him into eternity was never fired; but, instead, a half-million of lusty throats hailed him with shouts of "Viva Garibaldi!" On the 8th November, Garibaldi formally presented the Two Sicilies to his king. Let us look for a moment at the manner in which the munificent gift was repaid. A writer of the day says, "from that moment every insult was heaped upon him by the Government of Italy";—not by Victor Emmanuel, be it remembered. "His personal enemies were placed in power, his policy reversed in almost every case, his grants denied, his appointments cancelled, his officers ignored, his wounded neglected, his heroes sneered at; and when he himself sent to the king's stables for a carriage to take him to the place of embarkation, he was told to take a cab. On the 9th, Garibaldi, borrowing twenty pounds to pay his debts, left Naples on board an American ship for the island of Caprera, without fifteen shillings in his pocket!"

As Garibaldi showed the nobility of his nature alike in the excitement of victory and in the mortification of defeat, so now he could not be discouraged or repressed by the ingratitude of a personally hostile ministry. And then, Rome was still in bondage. Though the Rattazzi Government was known to be pretty strongly opposed to any movement towards Rome, Garibaldi, in the spring of 1861, again risked the fortunes of war in the belief that Victor Emmanuel, who had received Sicily and Naples at his hands, would have no objection to being crowned King of Italy in the Eternal City. Without molestation he everywhere enlisted volunteers for the new enterprise, and was suffered to land both at Palermo and at Naples; and, meanwhile, the Roman people, by an overwhelming majority, had elected him to the command of their army and the guardianship of their freedom. As Garibaldi advanced Romewards, the Italian army was marched against him. They met at Aspromonte, on the 29th August. The royal troops, now just at hand, demanded no surrender, and Garibaldi, trusting to the honor of their leaders, advanced alone and

unarmed to meet them. From his strong position he says he could easily have crushed them, but he had not the heart to fire upon an Italian soldier. Jealousy of the brave man who had become the very idol of his country prompted the order to fire upon him—voluntarily defenceless though he had left himself; two balls struck him—one on the instep and another in the thigh; and by-and-by, amidst sobbing men, women, and children, he was carried into a convict-prison.

His subsequent release by a government that could not in honor hold him in a felon's cell, his comparative retirement from public life, the futile campaign just now ended,—are matters with which all newspaper-readers are familiar, and need not be recapitulated.

Garibaldi's mission is all but accomplished. From the Alps to the Mediterranean, and from the Adriatic to the Gulf of Genoa and the Tyrrhenian Sea, alone excepting Venice and the Papal States (the latter dwindled down to the Duchy of Rome and the Patrimony of Peter), Italy is constitutionally free;—free in its speech, free for its press, free to the introduction of the Bible.

Original.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN BRAZIL.

BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL.

It was the day before Christmas. But my readers must not imagine it was a clear, cold, frosty, crispy day, such as we in our northern homes enjoy—a day when every breath is sharp and invigorating, and everybody walks with a quick, firm tread, and a bright, ruddy cheek, and smiles at you with a conscious look of anticipation that seems to say "To-morrow will be Christmas." No, indeed, it was no such day. It was a day in the tropics, at Rio de Janeiro, the capital of the Brazils. One of those blazing hot, tiring, exhausting sort of days, when the very dogs crouch on the pavement for the shade of the houses, and are too lazy to get out of your way, and too languid even

to growl as you stumble over them or tread upon their tails as you pass them by; when the narrow, filthy streets, sloping down to the middle to form a drain, give out a steamy, sickly odor; and the wretched-looking slaves, chained in gangs, working half-naked, and covered with boils,—with bodies often deeply scarred and cut into with the flagellator,—sadden and sicken you. The contrast, temporally, seems a strong one; spiritually, it was still more so. The day in the northern home was passed in an atmosphere of vital, living, Bible-charity—where, though there be many divisions as to sects, yet they occupy much the same place in the spiritual world that the varieties of heather, ferns, mosses, grasses and flowers do in the temporal world, each in its own way and form uniting in the one great object—the good of the whole; where the Gospel is so fully and faithfully preached, and Bibles are so cheap, that no lost one can say, "I could not know this peace on earth, this goodwill towards all men," the tidings of which angels bore from heaven to earth one Christmas, long, long ago.

In Rio, at the time of which we speak, some eighteen years past, the evils of slavery and the want of Gospel light were very apparent. Nowhere were the masses in a more degraded state than in this, the capital of the Brazils, no man seeming to care for their souls; and Mr. and Mrs. A, as they dragged themselves through the hot, dusty streets, to see Rio for the first time, and its shop-windows dressed for Christmas, could not help thinking of the slaves who met their eye at every turn, and saying, "Poor creatures, our blessed Saviour indeed came on earth to save you, as well as us, and yet how few of you ever hear of it. What is Christmas, 'merry Christmas,' to you?" It did not promise to be very merry for the A.'s themselves. They had left Canada some three months before, to embark at New York, on board the ship "Catherine Augusta," bound for Australia, and now were at Rio, where they never expected to be, and where they and the rest of the passengers were told they would be

left by the unprincipled people who had to do with the ship,—to stay where they were, or to find their way on as best they might. Passage-money lost, themselves tricked, and the ship taken back to New York with a cargo of coffee—a good speculation, they were told, and one often practised; if anything could be called good or profitable which entirely kept out of view the final reckoning-day, when the sifting, searching process shall be gone through, and every man's deeds receive their full recompense of reward. For the present, the A.'s lodging was still on board the ship, riding at anchor in the beautiful Bay of Rio, with the city at a distance looking like a cluster of palaces rising one above the other—distance lending enchantment to the view—to form a closer acquaintance with which, and, we need hardly say, to be disenchanted thereby, they had gone ashore this day. They had tried, again and again, to make themselves believe it was the day before Christmas—one of those Christmas-eves which memory pictured to them, crowded with such joyous anticipations, such pleasant surprises, such thoughts of peace and love, such family gatherings, that their hearts beat the quicker with the dream, and then stilled with a quick throb of anguish at the awakening to what was before them. The real picture, as it was, was this: a little band, of whom they were the head and stay, left in a foreign land, the language of which they could not speak, the habits, manners, and morals of the people of which were repugnant to their more strict northern ideas; the city with the pestilence of yellow fever raging; no ships leaving there for Australia; no prospect of getting away, save as death carried off one here and one there; their property, aye, even their very liberty, perchance, in the power of the unprincipled people with whom they had to do. It was no wonder the poor, sad hearts gave that throb of anguish, each unknown to the other, and turned with a yearning of sympathy and pity to those who seemed to need it more even than themselves; and these they soon

found. Wending their way to the market, they stood gazing in wonder at sights so new to their eyes—those even in a market in the tropics. Here were monkeys in cages, monkeys in chains, monkeys large and monkeys small, exposed for sale, chattering, grinning, leaping and tumbling, to the never-tiring amusement of a black audience, who received their antics with shouts of laughter and tokens of approbation, adding to the din by dancing about to the music of tin castanets, jingled by themselves. There were birds of all sorts, from flamingoes and parrots of every variety down to canaries. Then the vegetable and fruit market; such heaps upon heaps of tropical fruits—oranges, lemons, bananas, custard apples, tamarinds, etc., in all their freshness and ripeness, and so cheap. Mr and Mrs. A. had turned to lay in a little store of the delicious confectionery made by the blacks, and so peculiar to Rio, when they met a few haggard, tattered-looking white people, and, surprised at the sight of really white faces where they are so scarce—nearly all being tawny as the Brazilians, or black as the negroes—stopped to ask them where they came from, and found they were the unfortunate passengers of the steamer "Fanny," bound for Australia, which had put into Rio about a month before, and whose owners had played the very trick which the A.'s feared was about to be tried upon themselves—namely, going back to New York, after having received the whole passage-money to Australia, and leaving all the passengers there to shift for themselves as best they might. Seventy of them had since died of fever; some had managed to leave Rio; some remained to see what they could do—these begging. One sweet little girl, with pale, sad face, kept looking wistfully, with hungry eyes, at the confectionery, arousing the motherly feeling in a heart near by. "Where are you from, my child?" said Mrs. A. "From Canada, ma'am." "Canada! what part?" "Upper Canada, near Toronto." "Have you any parents?" "Yes ma'am, my father is sick with the yellow fever, in the hospi-

tal, and mother and little baby are in a ward of it, too. I am going about with these people. Father was a carpenter at home, and we were comfortable there, and had furniture and chests of drawers, and such things, but he thought we should do better in Australia, and he sold off and went to New York, and we went on board a ship and they left us here, and it is a long way off from Australia, they say, and our money is all gone, and oh ma'am," continued the child, "they tell me that to-day is Christmas-eve, and to-morrow will be Christmas-day, and I can't believe it; oh, I can't. At home we had snow and sliding, and I hung up my stocking, and we were so happy—oh why did father leave home, I wonder?"—and, as if in answer to her own question, she covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears. Her hearers were deeply moved by her touching tale, and one rough-looking man, who seemed as poverty-stricken as herself, kindly patted her upon the head, saying, "don't take on so, little Nell: father will get well, and work, and take you home yet." The others shook their heads, and sighed, as if they had no heart either to give or take hope. After some further conversation,—with a little present relief, and promising to do what they could, by representing their case to the Consul,—Mr. and Mrs. A. took their departure, echo seeming to ring in their ears the plaintive words, "Oh, why did we leave home?"

By the time they reached the wharf, another reminder of Christmas-eve in Rio was given them. The sky, which had been clear, with a suffocatingly hot air, overclouded, and a wind had sprung up, circling round, and carrying with it clouds of sand and dust. In spite of their entreaties, as it was late, backed with what seldom fails to move a negro, promise of extra pay, the boatmen refused to go to the ship till the storm was over—telling them, what they could not believe, that it would not last half an hour. Finding their determination not to be shaken, they had to submit, and go to the Hotel Pharo, near the wharf

Here they found active preparations being made for the hurricane, as they called it—shutting-up windows and dropping curtains over them, bolting doors, etc., all of which were scarcely finished when the storm burst. Thunder, lightning, rain, and wind, each seeming to strive which would have the mastery. Mrs. A. was much frightened, and her husband proposed remaining all night where they were. This, Mrs. A. did not like to agree to, not liking to be separated from the rest of her dear ones on Christmas-morning, and hoping, in spite of unbelief, that the boatmen's prediction would prove true—that the storm would be over in half an hour,—which, sure enough, to their delight, it was. Its effects, however, did not subside so quickly on the water, and the sea was running so high that the boatmen, who, like most negroes, are great cowards, begged for the respite of another half hour, which was not given them. The A.'s, however, reached the ship safely, tired with their walk upon the hot pavements; and in rest and sleep ended a Christmas-eve at Rio de Janeiro.

My readers may perhaps not want to stop here; they will want to know what became of all this party—did they live and die at Rio, or did they get away?—and, as my story is a perfectly true one, I may give them further particulars at some future time. For the present, it may suffice to say that the A.'s reached Australia safely, in the Dutch ship "Mathilde," which put into Rio for provisions, some weeks after—paying as much passage money as they had in the first instance from New York, and which was lost to them. That, through the efforts of the various Consuls at Rio, and by means of private subscriptions got up there and at New York, a small vessel was chartered to take on the rest of the unhappy passengers of the "Catherine Augusta" and the "Fanny," to their destination; little Nell and her mother being of the number. The heart of the latter seemed yearning to die where the husband of her affections had died, and be buried where he was buried, but she roused herself,

finally, for the sake of her child, and the last heard of her was that she was comfortably settled as housekeeper to an old couple at Melbourne.

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Original.

J E Z E B E L .

A POEM IN THREE CANTOS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SAUL."

CANTO FIRST.

"No tidings yet from Ahab—yet no news heard from my summoned priests. Why were they summoned?

Unless with supplications to bring rain unto the burning bosom of the earth.

Three mournful years, and still no rain, no dew;

But every herb scorched up; all living things dying of hunger and excessive drought! Lo, I am blind with tears, am hoarse with cries, am weary with long watching for the clouds, that come not, but, instead thereof, the sun hangs flaring in the fiery firmament. Oh, Baal, blot the sun from out the heavens! Hang all the heavens in black, the livery of death; since without death's lent livery, Soon all that live must die."

So spake sad Jezebel, half pride, half grief; Then, turning, listless gazed into the west; Till, as on sudden rises at a gust The idle awning of a milk-white tent, Her bosom heaved, her gaze grew keen, her face beamed in its pallor like the great, full moon; And with parted lips she stood; and still The westward scanning with deep-searching eyes,

Thus to herself enquiringly resumed:—

"Surely the blue relents; the void is void no longer, but a cloud—a little cloud— Comes like a chariot driving from the sea;— Or is it but a mote before mine eye, A mocking mirage? No, it is, it is A cloud, a little cloud:—Joy, joy! clouds come, And with them welcome darkness hurrying on. Baal hath conquered; Baal sendeth rain. Hark, how the wind awakes; it bends the trees:— Baal bends their stubborn, stately tops, and makes

Them do obeisance; Baal comes, he comes;— Behold, the waters come, behold the clouds, Fraught with the fulness of the outscopied sea!"

And round she looked exultant, radiant strode Across the chamber, and, elate, exclaimed:

"Where now is Ahab? Let him quick return, Or ere the rain arrest him. Ahab, come; Come to my side, as son unto his mother's; And let me point thine eye to yonder clouds,

That surge as may thy coursers toss their manes, As drag they here thy chariot:—Ahab, come!"

And even while she called her husband entered; Her husband, Ahab, whom she thus salutes:—

"Oh, Ahab, welcome home! Our horror ends;

And famine flees like to a hovering wolf, Scared from the fold. Observest thou yon sky? With overwhelming brows of sable clouds, Hung fold on fold, and slowly curtaining The heavens with a canopy of darkness?— But wherefore is thy countenance as dark As is yon sky? Light up thy countenance, O Israel: Lift up thine eyes, and see How comely black-browed shadow may appear, As to his father's eye, the Ethiop's son. Oh, Ahab, look, behold, it blacker grows! The billows of the darkness deepen till Midnight dethrones mid-day. The pregnant vault

With fulness overfilled, is at the birth, And, even now, with huge, presaging drops, Makes good the skyey promise. Lo, the lightning

Thereunto sets its seal, and, for an oath, Peals the reverberant thunder. I am drunk Methinks with joy; and thou shalt drink ere long

Deep in the due delights of trouble passed, And the drawn wine of ruddiest revenge On lost Elijah:—we will find him yet, The hoary traitor; he who swore that there For years should be no rain to feed the springs; Neither for years should be allowed to fall Dew to anoint the ground:—but, soft, my love; Where hast thou left my prophets?"

"At the foot Of Carmel," answered Ahab.

"Carmel!" she Exclaimed, "And wherefore do they there abide, To bear the imminent tempest, that fast brews, And will not wait their leisure? 'Tis at hand! The abated blue is blotted from the sky; For calm comes chaos, and loud grows in rage The rattling thunder, while the lightning leaps, And plays before us midst the firmament, As plays the fiery-eyed Leviathan Amidst the floods; the floods now swift descend, And in their blest abundance soon shall turn Samaria to a sea. Again, what do My prophets?"

"Sleep."

"How? Thou art pleasant. Sleep They in such pleasant weather? They should play Amidst this deluge, as do dolphins play Amidst the sea: How sleep?"

"Most soundly: they Will wake no more;" ejaculated Ahab; "Soundly they sleep, for they are dead—aro slain."

"Slain?" cried she, startled, and her eyes up-
 flashed,
 As from the flint should be outstricken fire :
 "Slain?" echoed she; and, "slain," re-echoed
 Ahab ;

Who, turning from her in mixed fear and shame,
 Wept, and with wringing of his hands, ex-
 claimed:

"Slain are thy prophets; slain, alas! all slain.
 Oh, Jezebel, this dear, descending deluge
 Is bought with deluge of thy priests' shed
 blood!"

And, as he sobbed in his outbursting grief,
 She thus replied in deep, denouncing tones:
 "Oh, bloody bargain, that in blood shall be
 Full soon rebartered! Say, who slew them, thou?
 Caitiff, cease trembling, and declare thy guilt:
 None but thyself could do it; art thou not
 The King of Israel? Ahab, try me not;
 Speak, let thy words run rapid as yon rain;
 Let blow thy story, as now blows the wind,—
 Fool!—madman!—speak,—nay, jest not with
 me, love;

I was not tempered to be jested with,
 No more than to be fondled was the serpent.
 Slain! slain! oh, slaying word! thou liar, slain?
 Who slew them? speak; who dare, save thou?
 and thou,—

Oh, horror! if thou hast,—but tell me swift,"

"I will."

"Nay, nay; thou shalt, for, by great Baal,
 I'll have it all, and quickly,—and as quick
 When thou hast told me will I launch revenge."

"Calm thee," responded Ahab.

"And is this

A theme for calmness?" cried the crazed
 queen:

"No, I will rage like yonder crashing thunder,
 And my red wrath shall fall like yon bright
 bolt.—

All slain! my priests! linger no longer, weak-
 ling;

Disclose thy secret; man, unlock thy lips,
 And let thy story rush out like the rain,
 That now comes headlong from the bursting
 skies."

So spake these two: she frowning; whilst
 he cowered,

And deprecatingly and hoarse responds:
 "Nay, urge me not:—Oh, Jezebel, yon lightnings
 Do scare me less than do thy scornful eyes."

"Proceed," said she, "for I am mute: thou
 wentst
 From here to seek for herbage. What didst
 find?"

"Elijah."

"Ah! returned? that traitorous viper,
 That ancient, haughty troubler of the land.
 Where is he?" she demanded; and she panted,
 Like to a tigress at the smell of blood;
 While Ahab, quailing:

"He did gird his loins,
 And ran before my chariot."

"With its wheels
 Thou shouldst have crushed him to the earth!"

she shrieked:—

"But soft; is he thy prisoner, so mine;—
 Mine to be tortured."

"Nay."

"Say me not, nay:
 I am not in the mood to be denied.
 Ahab, where is he? I will have him rent
 Piecemeal before me; and Samaria's dogs
 Shall fill their slack and famine-wrinkled hides
 With his torn carcass. Bring him forth to me;
 For, by my gods, his hour at length has come."

"Oh, horrid woman! hungry tigress!"
 groaned

The stricken Ahab; whilst she at him shoots
 Out arrows from her eyes, as doth the sun
 Upon the festering carcass pour his beams;
 And still she cried, "Where is thy prisoner?
 Where is Elijah? where my prophets? where?
 Elijah, come; come hither, miscreant, come;
 Come to thy speedy death."

"Aye, call on him;"

With sullen sadness Ahab slow replied;
 "So called thy priests upon the sleeping Baal,
 Who answered not, no more than will Elijah."

"He shall reply; and thou shalt answer
 too,"

She said, and stamped her foot; and still she
 cried:—

"Where are my priests? Of thee will I require
 them;"

And still she cried with threatful iterance,—
 Nor went without response, for Ahab, now
 Made bitter, saucily thus answered:—

"Ask

Of Baal, him, thy father's faithless god,
 Who did forsake them in their hour of need;
 Although they prayed with frantic vehemence
 From morn till noon, and leaped upon his altar;
 And gashed themselves with knives, and still
 besought

The heedless god, and still upon themselves
 In vain inflicted torment."

"Tell me not,"

She interrupted, "tell me not of this;
 Nor taunt me with my father's god, but say
 Who dared to slay my prophets? for as deep
 As hell shall be my sought revenge, and high
 As heaven will I soar, should there be need,
 To reach the doomed Elijah: it was he,
 'Twas he who slew my prophets."

And she stood

Glaring upon her husband, who replied:
 "Consume me not with thy grim, scorching
 looks.

Although thine eyes play on me burning brands,
 As from the firmament the flames came down,
 Thou dread diviner, I will tell thee all.
 Thou guessed right, it was Elijah slew
 Thy pampered priests; 'twas he who challenged
 them,

That they should call on Baal,—they, four hun-
 dred;

He, only one, should call upon Jehovah;
 And whoso answered from the heavens by fire,

Should be acknowledged God."

"And thou consentedst?
Oh, most ignoble truckler!" she exclaimed;
And cast again upon him withering eyes.

"Nay, but the people did compel me to it,
Who were that hour as king;—what could I do?
He urged upon her in appealing tones.

And she, with scorn: "What couldst thou
do? Is this
The language for a king, who can do all
Things that his aggregated realm can do;—
Who can condemn or pardon, as he lists;
Say, 'live,' or, 'be cut off.' Thou didst discrown
Thyself. Unmonarched man! But tell thy tale.
What next?"

"Baal answered not!"—

"Why should he answer?
By Baal's self, this thing will drive me mad!
Why should he answer?" she infuriate cried;
And he responded:

"Not by fire!"

"Fire! no,
Declaimed she, looking wickedly and wild;
Jehovah hath sent fire for these three years,—
And, with it famine: Baal now sends rain.
Which is the better god? Baal sends rain,
In pity, but Jehovah fire, in fury.
Three years Jehovah gave us up—three years,
Three weary, wasted, melancholy years—
To the intolerable sun;—but give
Me up, thou baleful bringer of ill news,
The end of this interminable tale,
Whose telling seems to be a burthen to thee,
As hath Elijah long been unto me,
But shall be little longer."

"Lone he prayed,
At time of evening offering," said Ahab,
"And while he lifted up his voice, fire fell
From heaven and consumed the sacrifice;
Devoured the altar, too, and at one gulp,
Licked up the water in the thirsty trench."

"Which thou didst fill with blood of my
slain prophets;
The veins of my four hundred thou didst
empty,"
Replied the savage queen, and thus pursued:—
"Now may the gods as much do unto me,
And give, like theirs, my body to the butchers,
If I allow this monstrous massacre
To go by me unpunished. Benoniah,
What, ho! come hither, Benoniah, ho!"
And Benoniah entered, and there stood
Obsequious.

"Haste," she said, "make haste,
And know, thine utmost speed will lag behind
The spurred impatience whereon rides my soul
Before thee to my purpose; haste, I say;
Haste to Jezreel, and say unto Elijah:—
'Now all the gods of Zidon do to me,
As thou hast done to Baal's slaughtered prophets,
If by this time to-morrow I make not thee

As one of them whom thou hast basely murdered,
Away now with thee."

And the servant sped
Out of her sight; and, turning to the king:—
"Now do I feel me better," she exclaimed:
"Go to thy chamber, and therein seek rest;
But ask me not to follow. I will know
No rest until Elijah's hither brought,
Then shall my sight-soothed eyes, sleep-weary,
wink;
And to my ears his distant groans shall come,
A lullaby to hush me on my pillow."

She said, and went, and Ahab sought his
couch:—
Sought sleep, and found it, little troubled he
With dreams, at blood of Baal's prophets shed:—
Way-weary, soon he slept: and, all that night,
Fell over Israel abundant rain.

CANTO SECOND.

So on the morrow when he early rose,
And went into his garden, there to walk,
All nature smiled, refreshed; its drought forgot;
Nor he remembering the prophets slain,
But sauntered through his garden's pleasant
walks,
Careless, till he approached unto their bounds,
And there, conveniently contiguous,
Saw Naboth's vineyard. Many a time had he
Beheld it, but now saw it with new eyes.
Fairer it looked, although its hue was brown,
From long-borne drought; and many a gaping
mouth
Yet opened in the soil, that, thirsty still,
Still called for drink. But birds were in the
boughs,
And butterflies and bees abroad for flowers.
And Naboth, too, with thankful heart was
there,
Anticipating the returning day
When he again should train and prune his
vines;
Long blighted they, and, what was of them left,
Beat down and dragging from the recent
storm.
So looked the vineyard, and the pleasant prospect
Each, in his reigning mood of reverie,
Saw; the possessor sweetly satisfied;
But Ahab the fair field viewed coveting;
And of its owner thus at length demands:

"Yield me thy vineyard, prithee, for it is
Convenient unto mine, and I will give thee
Another for it, better than is this;
Or, if thou wilt, its value thou shalt have
In shining shekels, so that thou mayst buy
Whate'er thy heart is set on, as now mine
Is set on these few acres."

Naboth heard,
And, hearing it, grew sad; for he was loth
To disappoint the king; yet still more loth

To part with that which his progenitors
Received when first was parcelled out the land;
Loth was, and thus, with faltering lips, and
words

Firm, although few, the harsh request refused :

“Nay, king; request not what I cannot give:
I cannot yield thee that which is not mine,
But was my father's, and must be my son's.
Ask me not for it, then ; yet beg aught else,
And I will give it thee ; but God forbid
That I should yield thee mine inheritance.”

And Ahab turned away, and went within :—
Sullen he went, with Naboth much displeased ;
And lay upon his bed, and hid his face,
And took no food. As one with hidden grief,
From loss of wife, or child, or friend, or field ;—
Or one, at friend's offence ; or one who, by
The world offended, from the world withdraws ;
Or he who, loving, has been love denied,
Henceforward shrinks from converse with his
kind :

So Ahab in his house, offended, dwelt,
Self-exiled to his room, and on his bed
For Naboth's vineyard pined. Yet pined not
long ;

For Jezebel came to him and enquired
Why he was sad, and wherefore took no food.
Then he rehearsed to her what Naboth said ;
And how he would not yield to him the vine-
yard.

Whereat the queen did utter a short laugh,
And toss her head in scorn, as if it were
An easy thing to get the vineyard ; flippant
She tossed her head, as scornful let, and thus
Ahab retorts :

“Toss not thine head, thou proud one,
For he will not resign to me his birthright.”

And now she did not laugh ; but in her eyes
Upbeamed the lustre of an ill intent.
Within them seemed to burn, as beacon fires,
When on the summit of opposing hills
Flames glare, to summon the marauding tribes
To kill and plunder, and thuswise she spake :—

“Art thou not governor in Israel ?”

She said, demanding with a deep disdain,
“Arise from off thy bed, and eat, for I
Will give to thee the vineyard.”

Those her words :

And Ahab rose at once from off his bed ;
And would have kissed her, but she turned
away,

Rebukeful, and as if to punish him :
Forbidding him approach to her, as one
As yet not all deserving of her lips :
Lips to breed longing, —lips now shut as close,
In their red meeting, by her heart's resolve,
As dungeon doors ; the light within her eyes
Like to the lamp that gleams behind those
doors

Whereinto pity enters not, nor hope.

So Ahab went his way, and ate and drank :
And she her thoughts set straightway unto work
To obtain for him the vineyard. Thus she did :

Letters she wrote in Ahab's name, and
sealed

Them with his seal ; directed them to certain
Elders and nobles that near Naboth dwelt ;
Their contents these : “Proclaim a fast, and set
Naboth on high amongst the people. Also set
Two men of Bellai before him, two ;
And let each swear they heard him late blas-
pheme

God and the king. Condemn him quickly ; then
Let him be hurried forth into the field,
And there be stoned to death.” These letters she
Dispatched ; the cruel queen ! and, having thus
Dispatched them, kept herself from Ahab :
meaning

To give him, with possession of herself,
Possession of the vineyard :—half in pride,
And half in love she acted thus ; for though
She much despised, yet more she loved the king.

Not long she waited ;—soon suborned were
men

To swear—for few dared disobey the queen
(Whose word was law, even unto the king) ;
Two perjured witnesses proclaimed the late
So prosperous Naboth one who had blasphemed
God and the king ; the doom for each crime,
death ;

And death soon fell upon him, for forthwith
With shower of stones they smote him till he
died.

Then, with consistent haste, to Jezebel
The news was sent, that Naboth lived no more.
When to her husband with the news she hies,
And, meeting him upon the lonely terrace,
She with a lofty and yet careless air,
As though she threw some slight gift at his feet ;
Even as one who largess of vast worth
Giving, bestoweth it as if 'twere nought ;
Or one should throw a bone unto a dog,—
So she, as though thus casting somewhat, said :

“Begone, and take possession of the vine-
yard :
What was refused for money comes for nought.
Naboth is dead.”

And Ahab stood amazed.

And yet but briefly was his soul amazed ;
He knew whatever Jezebel desired,
Unscrupulous, she compassed. Yet divined
He not the mode wherein his spouse had
wrought,

To give to him the vineyard :—but 'twas his,
The vineyard his, a forfeit to the king.
And to the vineyard straightway he proceeds ;
Soon 'midst it stood, and felt a feeble joy ;
A joy diluted with remorse and pity
For the departed, foully dispossessed ;—
A feeble joy he felt ;—he felt no more.
Around he casts unsatisfied his eyes,
Like a starved gazer on a painted feast.
What he had coveted with strong desire,
Like that which future mothers oft times feel,
Now, when acquired, he only loathes, as oft
Loathes the sick man the dish which late he
craved.

There while he stood, as if within a waste,
Wretched, and poor, and destitute, amidst
Bounty so ill-bestowed, so foully gained,
Sudden appears that which he fears and hates,—
Elijah's figure. At the sight he starts,
Then strove to frown. But the stern frown he
gave
Met frown more stern, and eyes that, on him
fixed,
Were filled with doom. He would have turned
away,
But was unable, and he there stood dumb;
Held by the glamour from the prophet's eye.
As might a culprit, caught red-handed, stand
And hear his sentence, so now Ahab stood
And heard these words pronounced:—

“Thus saith the Lord,
Hast thou then killed, and hast thou ta'en pos-
session?
There, in the place where dogs licked Naboth's
blood,
Shall dogs lick thy blood!”

And the caitiff king
Trembled, despite his pride; despite his rage;
Despite his sinking heart and quivering knee,
At length demanded:

“Hast thou found me, O
Mine enemy?”

“I have,” replied Elijah:
“Behold, because thou hast resigned thyself
To working evil, evil shall befall
Thee and thy children; none of whom shall
live:
For I will make thine house like Jeroboam's,
And Baasha's, will I make it in my wrath;
So much hast thou provoked me, and hast
made

Israel to sin. Away, and tell thy wife:
The dogs shall eat the form of Jezebel
By Jezreel's wall; and whoso of thy sons
Within the city dies the dogs shall eat;
And those that perish on the open field,
The hovering, hungry vultures shall devour.”

And, lo! the prophet left him as he came,
And Ahab in the vineyard stood alone;—
There stood, as might a scarecrow in a field:
Then ran unto his house, and in the hall
Met Jezebel, all unattended, sole.
As once Iscarlot distracted rushed
Into the presence of the Sanhedrim,
And there threw down the dread, accursed
prize

For which he sold the Saviour of the world;—
So Ahab stood in presence of his wife,
And to her thus distractedly appealed,
With look of horror and extended palms:—

“Take back thy gift, take back thy bloody
vineyard,
And give me Naboth as he stood in life.
What hast thou done? Woman, what hast thou
done?”

The blood of Naboth is demanded of us!
Give me back Naboth, living, every limb

Fair as each was before the cruel stones
Rained on him ruin. Woman, bring him back;
Heal all his bruises, bathe his hideous wounds;
Stanch, stanch the blood that trickles from his
brows.—

Behold, it gushes still! the greedy dogs
Lick it lithe-tongued,—and with it mingles
mine,—
Mine that the dogs shall lick; and thee,—oh,
horror!

The dogs shall thee devour by Jezreel's wall,
The belly of the dogs shall be thy tomb!
Fetch Naboth back, then, from the stony tomb;
Bring back his soul, or may thine own soul sit
Sad, solitary, fainting, and forlorn,
Like to an owl upon his tomb, and there
Hoot at thine hideous self;—to death's domain
Fly, and return with him;—or stay and crouch
For ever down in Hades, like a dog,
And howl in horror at the grinning ghost
Of this black deed.”

Thus cried he to the queen;
Who coolly stood and answered half in scorn:

“What means this rage? what dog hath bitten
you?”

What tarantula that makes dance thy tongue?
Capricious man, was it for this I strove,
And compassed how to get for thee the vine-
yard?”

Worse than the child! if thou dislikst the toy
That I have given thee, return it me:
Mine is the vineyard; mine, unmettled man.”

But while she spoke her husband paced the
stones,

And wrung his hands, and called on Naboth's
name;

And when she ceased, he still cried, “Naboth,
come;

Come back to life;” and still he wrung his
hands;

And yet he cried, “Come, Naboth, back to life;
Take back thy vineyard,—Ah, I would thou
couldst!”

“Cease, coward; wouldst thou, then, alarm the
house?”

She hoarsely asks; and reckless he replied:

“Oh, be the house alarmed; call here all souls,
To seek for Naboth's soul and bring it back:
Be all the household summoned to assist,
All summoned here to pray:—Oh God, oh God!
Why hast thou this permitted? Punish her:—
Punish the terrible Zidonian.

Murderess, avaunt! How canst thou stand un-
moved;

Who shouldst make all the house resound with
shrieks,

The welkin stand astonished at thy cries?”

To which returned the self-collected Queen:

“Thou dost alarm thyself with thine own noise,
And thinkst thou hearest a ghost denouncing
thee,—

The words from whose imaginary tongue
Are but the utterance of thy crazy thoughts.
Thou art the very idiot of the hour.

Thou dost astonish me, and I do scorn
To call thee husband, and to call thee King!
What hast thou done? Thou hast not murdered
Naboth,—

Nor I,—what is the life of any man
Who calls himself our subject? If we rule
To keep him in possession, we for once
May rule to put him out of it; or even,
If needful, put him out o'th' world. Come on;
Come on;” she said; and took him by the arm,
And dragged him stoutly with her, but he still
Bemoaned himself, and called on Naboth's
soul;

And thus she dragged, half bore, him up the
stairs

Unto a turret high, and far removed
From ears of prying servants or courtiers;—
There left him to grow calm, and let time dull
His terror, and remorse, and scorching shame.

CANTO THIRD.

So the sad king did penance, and the Lord,
Beholding it, thus to Elijah spake:—
“Seest thou how Ahab doth abase himself
Before me, and in sackcloth sits, and fasts,
And meekly bears him, dwelling with remorse
On Naboth's murder? Now, behold, because
He grieves, and thinks with pity upon Naboth,
In his time will I not bring punishment,
But in his sons' days desolate his house.”

So said the Lord; and Ahab's soul was healed
Of the dire wound received in Naboth's death:
And for three years there was no war between
Israel and its old enemy, the Syrian.
But, after that brief interval of peace,
Ahab bethought him how that Ramoth-Gilead
Belonged to Israel; though by Syria held;
And, so bethinking, to Jehoshaphat,
The King of Judah, guest and kinsman, spake:
“Brother, wilt thou go up with me to battle,
To Ramoth-Gilead, that was ours, and shall
Be Syria's no longer?”

And the King
Of Judah gave consent; but, first, desired
Thereon consult the Prophets of the Lord.
And Israel and Judah sat on thrones;—
Enrobed they sat hard by Samaria's gate,
And all the prophets prophesied before them.
The Lord, too, in that hour sat on his throne,
And all the host of heaven were standing by:
And round He looked on all his ministers,
Mute flames of fire, and asked them:—“Which
of you
Will go from out our presence and persuade
Enquiring Ahab, so he may go up,
And fall at Ramoth-Gilead?”

And one spake
In this wise, and another spake in that;
Until a willier spirit, offering, said:—
“I will persuade him!”

And the Lord said:—“How?”
And he replied: “I will go forth, and be
lying spirit in his prophets' mouths.”

So he went forth, descending in their midst,
And all the prophets prophesied, and said,
“Advance on Ramoth-Gilead, for the Lord
Shall yield it unto thee.”

And this pleased Ahab,
Who thereon thus Jehoshaphat addressed:—
“Brother, behold, I will disguise myself,
And so go down into the battle, dressed
But plainly; but do thou put on thy robes.”

And once again Jehoshaphat consented,
And Ahab went disguised into the field.
But Syria had said unto his captains
Of chariots:—“Combat not with small nor
great;

Fight only with the King of Israel.”
So, when they saw Jehoshaphat, they cried,
“Here is the King of Israel!” and each
Charged on the royal chariot; the whole
With noise of gathering thunder at the wheels,
From the wide radius of the furious field,
Converging like a wedge, with seven-fold force,
Came towards him overwhelming; till he fled,
And, flying, cried in terror. Thereupon,
Pursuing him no further, they retired;
But, as they did so, far off in the field,
A certain Bowman at a venture drew
His bow, and with a random arrow pierced
The recreant Ahab. Instantly he felt
His doom; and sinking in the chariot ex-
claimed:—

“Convey me from the battle: I am wounded!”
And, wrapped in horror, made the driverturn
The snorting steeds, and bear him swiftly forth
Unto the quiet borders of the fight.
There in his chariot, his dying bed,
He lay and watched the battle, watched the
sun,

Each sink alike, as sank his fleeting soul,
While lapsed his senses towards forgetfulness;—
And still he swooned, as still the blood ran
down

Into the filling chariot, till it grew
Ruddy as grew the sunset sky, that seemed
Gory, with streaks like blood, that wrapped
themselves

Around about the forehead of the sun.
Thus while the sun went down, and seemed to
quit

The world with wounds, did Ahab close his eyes
For ever. Darker and yet darker grew
The scene, and darker grew his soul, that then
Went down with Death to wander, and to meet
The ghost of Naboth, and the shades of priests
Whom Jezebel had murdered. But his corpse
They to Samaria brought, and buried there;
And washed the bloody chariot in the pool,
And therein washed his armor, while the dogs
Licked up the blood; for so had said the Lord,
Who now began according to his word,
Delivered by Elijah's mouth, to judge
The wicked house of Ahab.

Thus he, dying,
Left Jezebel a widow, and her son,
Weak as his father, and as wicked, reigned.
Two years he reigned in Israel, and then
Proue from a window of the palace fell

This two-year king; and for his death she mourned;
 Nor less she mourned because her second son, Jehoram, in despite of her, removed Baal's image, by his father, Ahab, reared:— And sorrows on her came; and age, that is A sorrow in itself unto the proud. These came, and beauty went; and sad she saw Departing half the terror of her charms; As might an archer see his arrows grow Blunt in the quiver; or the lion feel His claws no longer terrible to rend,— His dreadful jaws, that once were gates of death,
 Depopulated of the crooked fangs.

Then followed many years of various fate; Until at length Jehoram warred against Hazael, to recover Ramoth-Gilead, As formerly against the Syrian His father, Ahab, had vindictive fought; And, as his father, did the Syrians wound him,— Not mortally, yet wounded sore; and sick He was,—so sick, his nephew, Ahaziah, The son of Athaliah, Ahab's sister, And grandson of Jehoshaphat, went down, Leaving the siege of Ramoth-Gilead, To see him at Jezreel, whereto retired, He waited to recover from his wounds.

And now the end of Ahab's house had come; For to the army now Elisha sent One of the children of the prophets, charged To find, and secretly anoint as king, Jehu, a captain of Jehoram's host:— To tell him, likewise that, by him, should all The house of Ahab perish; for the Lord Had chosen him to smite the house of Ahab, His master; that He might avenge the death Of prophets, and all servants of the Lord, Whom Jezebel had murdered. Thither went he; And, there arrived, the captains of the host Saw sitting, and amongst them dark-browed Jehu,

And did to him as had Elisha bidden. Back then he fled; and Jehu told the captains All. And they straight with pomp of trumpets' sound, Proclaimed him king; who, letting none depart From Ramoth-Gilead to convey the news, Swept towards Jezreel. With him a band of men

Went onward urging to the royal town, Where sick Jehoram lay:—soon saw its walls, Approaching them behind a cloud of dust, As might an enemy by night approach The city that he meant at morn to storm. So storming, on they drove, till from a tower A watchman saw them coming:—saw, surprised, The driving was like Jehu's, furious. Then was the feeble and affrighted king Borne from his bed into his chariot; Into it lifted; and his kinsman, sound,— His visitor and nephew, Ahaziah, Of Judah King, made haste into his own; And both rode out beyond the walls, to meet The rumbling wheels of Jehu. As dark clouds,

Surcharged with lightning, caught midst adverse winds,
 Approach each other with o'erhanging brows; And, ere they meet and mingle, from the one Outsprings the lightning, and, at once, as from The other seems to come the thunder's boom,— So did these meet each other, and, full quick Demands Jehoram:—"Jehu, is it peace?" And Jehu roared, "What peace, then, can there be,
 While whoredoms of thy mother, Jezebel, And her enormous witchcrafts are so many?" And now Jehoram saw his peril, saw The face of Jehu clad in frown; and turned His reins; and, fleeing, cried out, "Treachery!" Cried out too late; for Jehu, red with rage, With all his strength his bow against him drew, And with the arrow pierced him through the back,
 The winged weapon leaving at his heart; That down he sunk into the chariot, And vanished from the view, as vanishes A shadow from the wall.

So died the king. And Jehu bade his captain, Bidkar, take The corpse, and cast it into Naboth's field; Saying:—"Dost thou not remember when we rode
 Once with his father, Ahab, how the Lord Laid on his seed this burden? Take him, then, And throw him thither, as the Lord hath said."

There was he cast, and, meantime, Ahaziah Flew like a hare. But Jehu followed him And bellowed for his death: "Smite him," he cried;
 "Smite him, too, in his chariot;" and he still After the homewards-rushing fugitive Swept like the blast. But still as swiftly fled The scared Judean King, that Jehu's self, All furious driver though he was, was fain To leave to others Ahaziah's doom; And at the going up of Gur they smote him, And having reached Megiddo, there he died.

Yet Jehu's labor was but now begun,— A labor great as that of Hercules Who cleansed the Augean stable: Jehu's task To cleanse the deep-stained throne of Israel, With blood of prophets and of Naboth soiled:— To cleanse the throne so fearfully defiled; And wash to sweetness in the blood of sons, The land the father's folly had made foul;— Nor to restrict purgation, but to take The clotted caldron of long-seething crimes, And as a scullion to scour it clean In the hot gore of bloody Jezebel.
 She now of Jehu's coming having heard, Betook herself unto her chamber, where, Grown old and withered, she bepainted her face; Upon her head puts sparkling coronel, With bracelets bound her wrists, with pearls her hair
 All richly twined.

Her toilet done, behold!
 Down in the courtyard, loud with iron noise,
 Stern Jehu enters with a troop of horse:

When, as upon the huntsman with his gun,
Atowards her climbing, might the mother eagle
Look from her eyrie built upon the crag,
She looked down from her window to the court,
Filled with ferocious men and trampling steeds,
And saw grim Jehu riding through the gate.
Soon as she saw the slayer of her son
Rage rose within her, and, forgetting all
The stately, cold composure of a Queen,
She scowling cried:—

“Out of my sight, fell hound!
Usurping dog, begone! My angry Baal,
Thou yet shalt feel a traitor's doom. Avaunt!
Rebellious wretch, King murderer, avaunt!
Hast thou forgotten thee, to set thy foot,
Blood-steeped, to stain therewith these courts?

Here I
Alone have warrant. Thirsty bloodhound, hence!
And know me now; thou, whom I long have
known,
And fear me too. I fear not thee, nor these;
Nor all the recreant bands that thou canst bring,
Deserting Ramoth-Gilead.—Traitor, fly!
Begone, base regicide, thou horrid bowman,
Who drew thy shaft against thy king;—who
slew

My boy, my son; my darling. Thou hast slain
Him. Scorplon, thou hast stung him to his
death.

Infernal dragon, to thyself take wings,
And to the uttermost of the wide world
Begone, and Baal blast thee! May his sun
Dry up thy blood! May fever parch thee!—Ah,
I see another murder in thy look!
Thou king assassin, hast thou come to do
To me as thou hast done unto my son?
Do not too much, thou overweening man,
Nor dream to exterminate the house of Ahab.
Fool, when did treason thrive? Beware, beware;
Jehu, remember; say, Had Zimri peace
Who slew *his* master?”

Jehu nought returned;
But, looking upwards to the window, called:—
“Who there is on my side?” And as if day
Should call on night, two coal-black eunuchs
came

Forth to the window; and again he cried:—
“Quick, seize and throw her down!” And slave-
like prompt,

They strove to seize her and to throw her down;
But failed, for lo! full far aback she springs,
Like the pressed panther, nimble as the squirrel,
Into the chamber, and there stood in shade,
Glaring with cat-like eyes. But glared not long;
For to the window back they dragged, and
launched her

Sheer from the sill into the paved court,
Whereto, like wounded sea-fowl from its cliff,
She headlong with wild shriek of horror fell.
Some of her blood outspurted on the wall,
And some upon the horses; and the hoofs
Of Jehu's charger trod her under foot.
Then when the sated crowd had left the court,
Jehu went up into the banquet-room;
There ate and drank, till, warm with wine, he
said:—

“Go down, and bury yon accursed woman;
She is the daughter of a king.”

And down they went,
But nothing of her found, except the skull,
And feet, and palms; the rest of her devoured
By dogs; torn piecemeal; by them borne away,
And eaten in the portion of Jezreel,—
Even in Naboth's vineyard; nothing left,
That one might say:—“Lo! this was Jezebel.”

Original.

HOW I DREAMED THE OLD YEAR OUT AND THE NEW YEAR IN.

BY E. O. L. O.

My name is Thomas Kedger. You would
not imagine that a man with a name like
that could have anything interesting to tell
of himself. Wait and see.

I am forty years old; and am still only a
clerk with Blank & Co., St. Paul Street,
Montreal. But let me tell you, reader,—for
an advertisement is never thrown away,
say I,—that I confidently hope, before many
months are past, to set up in the Commission
business for myself, when I shall be happy
to offer my best services to any who may be
willing to honor me with their custom. I
live at present—as I have done for the past
two years—in a small brick house on St.
Elizabeth street. As I have a growing
family to support on a not very large salary,
I cannot do better just now, but my house
is only taken on a yearly rent, and, if my
plans succeed, we may be able before long
to move to a large and elegant residence in
St. Catherine street west, or somewhere
in that neighborhood. My wife—her name
was Caroline Taylor when she was the belle
of her circle, eighteen years ago—would be
but in her proper sphere in a spacious, cur-
tained drawing-room, or at the head of a
fashionable dinner-table. I have three
children. Thomas, my only son, is four-
teen, and shows a decided taste for study.
I hope to be able, by the time he is through
school, to afford him a college education.
The other two are girls. Jane is sixteen,
and Charlotte ten; and both are very pro-
mising children.

Now let me tell you my story. I am
afraid you will think I have not profited
much by my dream.

December 31, 1866. Near twelve o'clock on New Year's-eve.—The children had all gone to bed, and my wife and I sat in our little parlor, waiting till the time should come for wishing each other a "Happy New Year." It was a mild night, so I set open the window and slid back the ventilator without, that we might hear the bells bid the Old Year good-bye. As we sat waiting, we talked over our plans for the future, and I grew eloquent about what I should do when my contemplated business had brought me in the expected fortune. By-and-by I stopped talking, but my thoughts travelled on in the same channel, until, dazzled by the brightness of my own visions of future riches and eminence, I grew drowsy, and at length, after many a preliminary nod and start, my head sank on my breast just as the first stroke of twelve, unheard then, but afterwards dimly remembered, clashed out from the Cathedral steeple.

I dreamed that I was suddenly caught up and carried to that far-off, mysterious place, somewhere in the Pacific Ocean, where one day ends and the next begins its journey round the globe. I was set down on an island a few rods in circumference, where, under a spreading tree, an old, old man lay dying. His face was wrinkled with care, his eyes almost sightless, and his long, snowy beard lay on his breast, heaving with the short breaths that came and went so feebly. With scarcely audible voice, the old man was making known his last wishes to a handsome boy, full of youthful spirits and vigor, who sat by his side.

"That is all," I think, were the first words I could distinguish. "I have told you all that you must accomplish in Europe, in America—oh, stop! I have forgotten one thing"—and the Old Year roused himself with renewed vigor from the stupor that was creeping over him so fast,—"there's Canada! You will have particular charge of Canada, for, under your auspices, she is to enter upon a new state of existence. In speaking of Canada, I do not mean Canada as it is, but as it will be when you have

opened for it the new era of which I have spoken. Some will bless you for this change, and others will say, 'This year has brought evil things to our country.' But do not flinch from your work. So it was with me, so it will be with your successors. There are always many who think things should have been otherwise, and perhaps, from their point of view, they may be justified in so thinking; but we must go on doing as we are bid, and everything will turn out right in the end. There are some individuals in Canada to whom you must teach important lessons. There is——" Here his words became undistinguishable, not so much, I thought, on account of the feebleness of his voice, as from some imperfection in my own hearing at the time. It seemed to me that I was not allowed to hear because it was none of my business. This, however, only whetted my curiosity, and I stole closer in the hope of catching some of the names, but my efforts were all in vain. I stood, as it seemed to me, for hours, watching the motion of the old man's lips, and straining my ears to no purpose, and I had almost given up hopes of hearing any more when I was startled by the sound of my own name. "Thomas Kedger,"—how I strained my ears then to catch every word!—"he is a quiet, sensible, well-educated man, strictly honorable, and deserving of a higher station than he has attained, if it were not for one thing—he is a day-dreamer! His thoughts are always in the future, and so he cannot perform the present duty satisfactorily. His one dream is of advancement for himself and family. In a few weeks—thus he draws the outline of his future course—his carefulness and accuracy in his present station will lead his employers to raise him to a higher position. Then, in a few months, he will have acquired sufficient knowledge to be able to enter into partnership with some man of capital, and set up independently. By push and enterprise, his firm will soon take the lead among the business-houses of Montreal, and by-and-by he will be able to move to a more fashionable neighborhood, send his

son to college, and give his daughters all the advantages that money can procure. As soon as possible he will purchase land, and build for himself a mansion which shall be an ornament to the city. His grounds shall be laid out in the finest style, and his conservatories shall be the admiration of all his friends. When he can spare the time, he will take the trip to Europe which he has been promising himself and his wife for so many years. There he can obtain carpets and furniture in keeping with the style of his house, and when he returns he will bring with him paintings and statues by the greatest masters of ancient and modern art, and other rare and costly articles to adorn the family mansion, for such he designs it to be. His son, he hopes, will make his name so famous that its ugliness will be forgotten; his daughters will marry well and be comfortably settled in life; and he, the founder of the family, will live to a good old age, honored and admired by all. Such is the dream which he repeats to himself many times daily, going into all the details—planning his house, laying out his grounds, and arranging his pictures and statues—and all the time he sees not that the substantial foundation on which this vast air-castle is reared—the careful performance of his duties as a clerk—is not progressing one whit, but rather being overthrown. He is ruining his own prospects and those of his family by this practice, and it's a terribly hard habit to get rid of. Let it be yours to teach Thomas Kedge, if you can, that day-dreaming—in so far as it interferes, as it almost always must, with the duty of the hour—is wrong."

The energy with which he pronounced the last word exhausted his remaining strength, and as it passed his lips he sank breathless upon the earth. The New Year mounted into the air, flying toward the West. The ocean, the island, the dead Old Year, vanished from my sight, and I awoke to find myself sitting in my easy chair, with my wife beside me, and the last stroke of the twelve still ringing in my ears.

We talked it over afterwards, my wife

and I, and I made a solemn resolution that I would never again yield to the temptation which, as I now realized for the first time, had already cost me so dear. But, alas! it has cost me more since then, for the year is almost gone and the habit still clings to me. Yesterday a young man of twenty-four was advanced to be a partner, and I am still only a clerk. "It's a terribly hard habit to get rid of."

Original.

THE HOLIDAYS FORTY YEARS AGO.

On Christmas-eve, in the year 182—, a number of young men of Montreal hired two or three *Marche-donces*, to go down to the *Messe de Minuit*, or Midnight Mass, at Pointe aux Trembles, then a favorite sleigh ride. One of the party had arrived that fall from the "Old Country," or "Home," as Britain was affectionately called, and the others were bent on showing him the wonders of this French country, with which a residence of some years had made them familiar. The *Marche-donc* was the common name for the small but comfortable cariole of those days, usually pronounced by old-country people, "carry-all;" but the pronunciation was inappropriate, for, so far from carrying all of a party, it would only carry two passengers comfortably in the low, wide seat behind, though, in case of need, a third might sit on the high, narrow seat in front with the "*charretier*," or driver. These carioles were well provided with straw in the bottom, and buffalo robes; and the great-coats, muffling-shawls, and huge fur caps with ears, usually worn in those days, rendered the upper part of the body safe from even the cold of a Canadian mid-winter night. The *charretiers* were smart, attentive French-Canadians, and their horses, being of the pure Canadian breed, were very fast and long-winded. Indeed, a hardier or more serviceable race of horses could not be found for a climate like that of Canada. In Lower Canada, at that time, the word Canadian always implied French-Canadian, and nothing else; so that when an English-speaking resident

of Lower Canada went to the States and was called a "Canadian," he would be apt to correct the speaker.

The low cariole was so very comfortable that many regretted the necessity, imposed by law some time after, of using high runners, and, as soon as that law was repealed, not a few returned to the old fashion. Indeed, you will now see the most fashionable turnouts in the city of Montreal in the shape of the old-fashioned cariole, or Berlin—only a little lower and smaller. The fare for these vehicles was so low that clerks on very moderate salaries could afford an occasional drive, and very healthy and pleasant those drives were, if they did not lead, as was too often the case, to drinking in some country tavern.

The party already introduced to the reader "embarked"—as the phrase was and is among French-Canadians—in their carioles at the Place d'Armes, a queer, old-fashioned square, with strange-looking buildings on two sides, some of them reached by high stairs, and the old French Church, standing in the middle of Notre Dame street, on the third; a sort of dead-house making the fourth side, where the Bank of Montreal or City Bank now stands.

The use of the word "embark," for entering a vehicle, which is, we believe, peculiar to the French of Lower Canada, indicates that all their travelling in early times was done by water; and this was doubtless the case. For probably more than a century after the first emigration to Canada by the French, the settlements only extended along the banks of rivers, and, rather than go inland in Lower Canada, they would proceed westward to the banks of the Detroit river, the Wabash, or the Mississippi. These river settlers had each his canoe, by means of which, we may presume, his journeys to mill, market, or church, were mostly performed; and it was only after pretty good roads were made that the *charette* and *calèche* were generally substituted for the canoe and *batteau*. When this substitution took place it was natural to continue to use the old terms, and "*embarquer*"

suited as well for getting into a *calèche* or *cariole* as into a canoe. Another word indicative of a rather strange state of things in early times, in Lower Canada, had grown into common use, namely, "*butin*," or booty, for any kind of baggage or effects that a traveller might be carrying with him; but the state of society out of which this use of the word grew must have existed in new or frontier settlements, generally, since all through the Western States the usual term for baggage was "plunder."

Our young men embarked, then, on the night in question, at the Place d'Armes, and the horses—tired, doubtless, of standing for hours in the cold,—trotted away along Notre Dame street at a rate that would have delighted even Jerome, of Jerome Park, or Bonner, of the New York *Ledger*. Away they went—passing rapidly the old jail and Court-house, at the head of the New-market (now Jacques Cartier) Square, and Nelson's Monument,—not then neglected and dilapidated,—past the old Government House (now the Education Department), and past Mr. Bingham's, then the headquarters for fashionable parties and young officers. Nearly opposite this mansion—which was afterwards known as Donegana's Hotel, and burned while so occupied—stood the modest, old-fashioned house of Louis Joseph Papineau, the able leader of the French-Canadian people in their struggle with the Earl of Dalhousie, then going on. This house was on the hill going down to the Bonsecours Church, and opposite to it was a queer old building in which lived Jacques Viger, the *Grand Voyer* of the city, and an antiquary and author of reputation, who, equally with Mr. Papineau, was obnoxious on political grounds to the British residents. We must not, however, continue these reminiscences, or we will have to go down a little farther to the house of Mr. Pothier, a perfect gentleman of the *vieille cour*.

The old Waterworks, or rather City Reservoir, was rapidly passed. It consisted of the top stories of two dwelling-houses, near Dalhousie Square, which was then vacant.

Down the main street of the Quebec Suburbs the buildings were not greatly different from what they are now, only the finest residences about the city were along the high bank of the river, along the Current St. Mary. Among these were the villas of Judge Reid, the Hale or Marshall of Canada, and of the Hon. John Richardson, our Herriot or Guy. Nearly opposite this latter was Sir John Johnson's house, a strange old wooden mansion surrounded by galleries, where dwelt the descendants of the celebrated leader of the Indian tribes—on the British side—in the war of the American Revolution. The Johnson family lost princely estates in New York, for their loyalty, and got very extensive grants of land in Canada in lieu of them; but the history of the family, which must be exceedingly interesting, has probably never been written. A little further down was a celebrated tavern, kept by an aged lady named Anna Stark, where youths, in driving out, frequently stopped for a few minutes to get a mug of ale, stirred with a red-hot poker, or a glass of egg-nogg or some other compound for which the house was celebrated.

Dashing away past Handyside's distillery—now in ruins—the party passed the Cross—so-called, though there was no cross there—and continued along the open road to Longue Pointe. Here was another distillery of the Handysides,—now, also, in ruins,—with the little creek winding past it, at the *embouchure* of which Jacques Cartier probably landed when he marched through the woods to visit the Indian village of Hochelaga, somewhere near McGill College Avenue. No other object of special interest was seen in this moonlight journey until the party reached Pointe aux Trembles, where, after warming themselves at the stove of the village tavern, they made their way to the Church. The altar was decorated with evergreens and artificial flowers, and there was a "dim religious light" produced by wax candles. Soon the mass commenced, the church being well filled by the parishioners and visitors from

the city. After mass, which had nothing particularly striking in its celebration, the youths "embarked" in their carioles again and hurried homewards, bidding each other good-bye till New Year's day, which they agreed to spend together in making New Year's visits. Thus ends one fytte of their pilgrimage, which if not so poetical as Childe Harold's, is at least as truthful and contains as much of a story. And now for the great holiday of the year.

NEW YEAR'S VISITING IN THE OLDEN TIME.

About eleven o'clock on New Year's day, 182—, the young men who had attended midnight mass at Pointe aux Trembles, on Christmas-eve, met according to appointment at the lodgings of one of their number, and sallied forth for a day's visiting. It was the custom then—and is still, to some extent—to go in companies of three, four, or five, to perform this pleasing duty, and it was the privilege of all to visit at every house where any one of the company had even the most casual acquaintance. Indeed, this was sometimes dispensed with, and a company of visitors, availing themselves of the privilege of the day, would go boldly into houses where none of them had any acquaintance, especially if those houses contained attractive young ladies. This was a hazardous experiment, but we never heard of any case in which the impertinence was resented. The ladies of the house—then as now—were arrayed in their best apparel, and received and returned the New Year's salutations of visitors with affability and grace. But there was one important difference in those salutations. An old French custom had come down, almost unimpaired, to the time of which we write, though it has fallen into disuse since, except among relations. This custom consisted in the visitors kissing the ladies, a privilege confined exclusively to New Year's visits. There was another custom universal then, which has since been greatly and very beneficially modified. Every house had wines and liquors on a side-table, with a tray of cakes, and every visitor was by

usage compelled to drink to the health of the ladies. The sense of hospitality would have been shocked with any omission of this custom—now so happily superseded by coffee instead of liquors in very many families, and in all cases by entire freedom to partake of refreshments or not, as the visitor sees fit. The number of visits paid and received at the New Year was a matter of pride and a subject of conversation. Of course, when a long list of visits had to be got through in a day, they were short; in fact a fashionable house had a continual stream of comers and goers, from eleven or twelve o'clock in the forenoon, till five or even half-past five in the afternoon. Gentlemen, of course, visited most in their own circle of acquaintance, but they were bound to visit all their friends and acquaintances, poor relations and dependents included. Every one, also, was expected to visit his minister or priest, who remained at home on that day, and repaid the visits the next week. Though New Year's-day was the great day for visiting, yet it was con-

strued to last for the remainder of the week, and visits were often continued for two or three days, though the number of visitors rapidly decreased. They could not, however, be run into the next week, that being devoted, as we have said before, to return-calls of ministers and priests. By this custom of visiting, acquaintanceships were kept up, and families between whom any coldness or dryness had occurred could with propriety renew their friendship by a New Year's visit. The streets were, of course, like a fair with visitors coming and going in all directions, on foot, or in sleighs and carioles, and good-humor was universal.

Throughout New Year's-day, sleighs loaded with youths, some of them with noisy musical instruments, and others singing and shouting, went round the streets of the city.

After a hard day's work, in which our party paid fifty or more visits, they retired to their cheerless boarding-houses, sighing at the thought that they had not yet homes of their own.

Young Folks.



Original.

ALICE'S NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.

BY E. O. L. O.

"How I wish I could see a real live fairy!"

Little Alice was lying in her crib, where her mother had tucked her up half an hour ago, but she was still wide awake. On Christmas morning she had found beside her stocking a delightful book of fairy tales, and, all the week, every moment that she could spare from her play had been spent in reading them. To-night, New Year's-eve, she had finished the last of them—"The Discontented Fairy who was changed into

a Bat,"—and as she lay in bed she kept thinking confusedly of the poor fairy bat, and New Year's day, and the pictures in her book, and how nice it would be to have fairies round her to do all she wanted; and so it happened that, almost without knowing it, she said with a little sigh, "How I wish I could see a real live fairy!"

As she looked out of her brown eyes into the darkness, she imagined she saw all the walls covered with little beings like those in the pictures; but suddenly a great black shadow came between her and them. Her heart began to beat hard, till she heard her brother's voice say,

"Would you really like to see the fairies, Allie?"

"Oh, James!" she exclaimed, with a long breath, "could I?"

"Have you been a good girl to-day, Allie?"

"I think so," said Alice, eagerly; "I haven't done anything very naughty, and mother said I helped her a little."

"Then we will go to-night and pay a visit to Queen Joy;" and the dark shadow lifted the little girl and rolled her all up in a great warm plaid, and carried her downstairs out of the door into the snow.

Alice looked round with perfect delight at the moonlight dancing and sparkling on the white drifts, and the long shadows moving to and fro as the wind swayed the trees. She had never been out in the moonlight in winter before, and everything looked so strange that no wonder she soon lost track of where they were going, and whispered to her brother, in mingled fear and delight,

"Is *this* Fairyland, James?"

But James went straight on through the trees till he came in front of a high rock. Then he stopped and stooped down, so that Alice could see, near the ground, a little round hole about an inch across.

"That is the gate of Fairyland, Allie," he said.

She looked at him wonderingly.

"Shall we go in?" he asked.

Alice looked again into the dark hole, and then back to her brother. She was getting frightened.

"What's it like inside?" she said, scarcely above her breath.

"More beautiful than anything you ever saw. I can't describe it to you. Shall we go?"

"I'd like to," said Alice, a little shyly.

Now Mr. Spider, the porter, had stretched a chain across the door, and gone to bed, but when James waved his hand the chain broke and fell down, and they went into the hole. Alice forgot to wonder how they could get into such a small place, for as soon as they were in the dark passage a tiny but very bright spark appeared at the far end. It grew brighter and brighter as they went on, till in a few moments they

found themselves at the door of a large room filled with people like those in the pictures, with bright clothes and rainbow wings, which glistened and glanced in the light of the lamps hung from the ceiling. At the further end of the room was a canopy, and, beneath the canopy, a throne, and there sat Queen Joy. Oh, how sweet and beautiful she looked! Alice longed to jump into her arms, but two fairies with folded wings stood at the door, barring it with crossed wands. The fairies in the room were dancing and singing merrily, and this was their song:—

"This is the week for the children,
Babies and boys and girls
This is the week for the children,
Bright dancing eyes and curls.

This is the week for the children,
Babies and girls and boys;
This is the week for the children,
When Joy sends them pleasures and —"

Here the song stopped short, as the singers discovered that there were strangers at the door. An officer who was standing near the throne came towards them.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"We want to see your Queen," answered James.

"Can you give the password?"

"Duty done," said James in a low voice.

Immediately, the crossed wands were lifted, and a way was made for them to go up to the throne, and, as they passed through, the fairies sang:—

"Joy of those alone is seen
Who have the password to her throne;
Welcome, welcome to our Queen,
All who can say 'Duty done.'"

When they reached the foot of the throne, James unrolled the plaid and set Alice down before the Queen, in her little white nightdress and bare feet nestling in the rose-leaf carpet. The Queen smiled graciously upon her, and then, looking at James, she said—in a voice that sounded like the tinkling of sweet, silver bells:—

"Who is this, and why have you brought her here?"

And James answered, "Oh, Queen Joy, this is my little sister Alice, and I have

brought her here to-night to ask your majesty to give her a New Year's present."

Then Queen Joy looked still more lovingly upon Alice, and said :—

"Little Alice, you have come just at the right time, for this is the Children's Week, when I pay particular attention to all the little boys and girls. What would you like for a New Year's present?"

The Queen looked so sweet and loving that Alice climbed with her little bare feet up the steps of the throne and threw her arms round her neck, whispering,

"Dear Queen, let me stay with you always."

The Queen took hold of the little arms and looked into the eager face :

"No, little Alice, that cannot be, for you must go back to your father and mother. What would they do without you? But do not be disappointed. I will come and stay with you. I will always be near to you while you are a good child, and whenever you can say the password, 'Duty done,' you will feel me beside you."

Then she kissed her and said "Good night;" and James wrapped her up in the plaid and carried her out through the long passage, over the snow, to her home. She was soon sleeping snug in her bed, and all night, invisibly, beside her watched the Lairy Joy.

Original.

OLD CERB.

BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL.

"What a noise you children are making; could you not play upstairs in your play-rooms?"

The question was addressed to a group of children, busy rolling over each other upon the parlor floor.

"No, mamma, we are tired of upstairs, and we ran races in the dining-room, but baby always knocked his head against the table, so we came here. I wish it would stop raining—we all so hate a rainy day. I can't get to my carpenter's shop, the floor

is all flooded; and I don't know what to do with myself."

The answer was given by a fine boy of ten, who looked as if he had arrived at that listless, do-nothing, bored state of existence called, expressively, by the French *ennui*.

"I am sure I pity you," said the mother, "books, slates, toys, all lost their charm. What can I do for you?"

"I know," squeaked out a shrill treble from the floor, "you can tell us a story."

"Oh yes!" joined a chorus of voices at once, "that's just it—tell us a story, mamma."

"Ah, well," laughed the mother, "I suppose I am caught in the noose; what shall it be about?"

"Oh, a *true* story, of course. We can read book-stories ourselves, and we are tired of fairies and such stuff. Now if you had only been a man, mamma, you could tell us what you did when you were a boy, and it would have been nicer than girl's stories; girls never do much in the world."

"I am sure, Herbert," answered his sister, "we do quite as much as you do, and more also; we sew and knit while you roll about the floor and yawn."

"Oh, well; wait till I grow bigger, and boat and swim, and fish and shoot, and all that. Oh! it's a grand thing to be a boy. But, mother, give us some scrapes, if you can; did you ever get into any?"

"Oh yes, Herbert, plenty of them. I am afraid I was not at all a model little girl, and deserved punishment often enough, though I remember once nearly getting punished when I did not deserve it, and as you would perhaps call that getting into a scrape, I shall tell you all about it if you will sit quietly down and hold this wool for me while I wind it—and your sisters take their work.

When I was about twelve years of age I was at school at New Jersey. My holidays were spent partly with my mother, at a farm where she boarded for the benefit of country air, about four miles from the school, and partly with her at my grand-mother's, at a place called Hatfield, about

a mile further on, where she lived with my aunts and uncles. Charming holiday times those were. The house was prettily situated, with a stream at one side, emptying into a rather deep little pond, where we—that is, Harry Lefton and I, a motherless boy who came from New York to spend the holidays, too—fished, and draggled, and wetted ourselves to our hearts' content."

"Ah, I'm glad," said Herbert, "that there is going to be a boy in the story—there will be some spirit in it."

"For shame, dear," said his mother, "you are not very polite to your sisters and myself. As far as the spirit goes, I am afraid I was the leader in the scrapes, as you would call them, for Harry was a delicate, quiet boy, younger than myself; while I had such an abundance of health and animal spirits, that my aunts always said I was not a lady-like little girl, not one bit in the least."

"I am sure you must have been a very nice little girl, mamma," soothingly chimed in little Miss Kate, "I wish I could have had you to come and spend the day with me then."

"Why, Kitty," laughed mamma, "I spend every day with you."

"Oh yes, I know, but you have grown up big now, and are my mamma, you see, which makes all the difference; but tell us what you did."

"Well, we used to go blackberry-gathering—such large, delicious berries they were, too,—and nutting. Oh, the chesnuts, and hazels, and hickory nuts; such quantities of them we gathered in those long summer days. In front of the house was a large apple orchard, and behind it one of peaches and cherries. New Jersey is a great place for fruit: the climate is so favorable to its growth. The winters are generally mild, with very little snow, and the summers are long, warm, and delicious. I have seen the gardens full of flowers on the 1st of May, when we had our May-feast, about which I shall tell you next rainy day, perhaps, if you like. I first learned to ride at Hatfield. Harry and I used often to ride the quiet

farm horses down to the pond to drink, and get a rough canter up the lane, afterwards, which we enjoyed very much. Then we fed the dogs—and such a lot of them there were. My uncles were Englishmen, doing business as merchants at New York; and as they retained all the Englishman's love for field sports they kept a great many sporting dogs tied up in kennels, which fared well through the holidays, when Harry and I were there to chop off extra slices of the hard, dried beef used for their food. One of these dogs had three pretty little pups, which we were fond of carrying about and nursing, to the great dislike of their mother, that would cry and whine whenever I popped them in my frock and ran off with them, fearing, I suppose, she would never see her children again. My uncles, however, soon put a stop to this fun, or rather they tried to, for they forbid our touching the pups any more, as they were very valuable and might get hurt. I am afraid we were not very obedient children, however, and often stole a play with our little pets, for which I at least paid pretty dearly. But before I come to that, I must introduce you to some other members of the household."

"Had you no chickens?" interrupted Mr. Baby, a sturdy fellow of four years of age.

"Yes, we had plenty of them, and geese, too—quite a flock of those. We often laughed to see them run screeching along, headed by the old gander, with necks outstretched, till, tired of running, they would take wing and sail slowly down to the pond, then duck under, and swim about, and splash, and wash, and seem so happy, that we almost wished ourselves geese also, for they came out of the water so clean and pretty; while we, if we slipped over the bank, found ourselves dirty and draggled, and got many a shake and scold from old Mary, who—good-natured creature that she was—would wring us out and toast us by the fire, and let nobody know anything about it, and nobody scold us but herself, if she could help it. But about the chick-

ens, baby. They were grandma's pets—dear, pretty old grandma; she lived to see some of you born—her great-grandchildren. She was such a chirping, bright, busy old lady, with the whitest of caps and lawn handkerchiefs; the chickens seemed to know her for a friend whenever she came outside the door, for they ran hopping and jumping all round her; and one, her especial pet—a white bantam, called 'Stumpy,'—was often bold enough to fly upon her shoulder. Poor 'Stumpy' had had his toes frozen off one unusually cold winter, and hence his name. From that time he was allowed the run of the kitchen, at all seasons, and it was funny to see the fuss he would make about grandmamma whenever she made her appearance there. He would stump about after her to see where she intended to settle, and, whenever she rested for a moment, fly to the back of her chair, and rock backwards and forwards in his efforts to steady himself, and hold on, without claws to do it with. Poor old 'Stumpy' met his end in a sad way; he flew one day on the top of a barrèl into which some scalding swill had been poured to cool for the pigs, overbalanced and fell in, and was scalded to death. Poor grandmamma cried over him, and mourned him for a long time afterwards. But I must go back to the dogs again, I see Herbert is looking fidgety. The great friend of the house was old 'Cerb,' a large half-terrier, half-mastiff, my uncle had brought from England—a surly, sulky, cross, old creature, jealous of all the other dogs, but in whom nobody in the house saw a fault, because he was an old friend and a faithful house-dog. We children never liked him: he was so sly. If we were chopping away at the dogs' meat, up would come 'Cerb,' and, when after great efforts we had hewed off a piece, slyly walk off with it. It was no use our scolding him, and trying to make him drop it, he would growl and show his teeth so at us, that we considered discretion the better part of valor, and let him alone. Then the hens' nests—he was as clever at hunting them up as we were; and while we carefully and

honestly carried every one to the kitchen, he sucked all he could find. It was of no use complaining; my aunts always apologized for him—'Oh, poor old "Cerb," he is not so bad as you think he is; poor, dear old fellow, everything is laid to his charge,' etc.,—so that we gave it up, feeling sure that, whoever did wrong, aunties would always believe 'Cerb' did right.

But holidays must end, as everything earthly must, you know, and the day came when Harry and I had to part; he to return to New York, to his school, and I, the next day, to mine, not quite so far off. We got up early in the morning, to pack all the *mots* and treasures he was to take,—consisting of pine-cones, bits of dried fungi, empty birds' nests, round pebbles, and a host of other things,—and, this done, we started round to say good-bye to all our feathered and four-footed friends. We had got to Fan's kennel, and were each hugging-up and kissing for the twentieth time a little puppy, when we heard uncle's voice, and carefully covering up the forbidden treasures, we rushed off to have a last toss of pebbles into the brook. After breakfast, Harry was driven off to the train, and I left behind to wander up and down and wish to-morrow come—the place having lost its charm now that my little companion and playfellow had gone. Tired and lonely, I had thrown myself down in an easy, see-saw, sort of swing, made of Indian netting, which hung hammock-fashion upon the verandah, when I heard myself called, and lazily gathering myself up turned into the dining-room, to find myself quickly roused by one of my aunts saying, in a sharp voice, 'Minnie, one of Fan's pups is missing; what did you do with it?' 'One of Fan's pups missing!' I repeated in astonishment, 'I did nothing with it, auntie.' 'Do not tell such a story, miss,' was the reply, 'you have taken it, I know you have, and drowned it, I suppose, in the creek.' At this, my face and neck flushed crimson, and, choking with emotion, I said, 'Oh auntie, how can you say so? I know nothing at all about the dog.' 'Oh!' cried

both my aunts, 'you are guilty! you are guilty! Your face tells upon you. See how red you are. Shame to tell falsehoods! I saw you and Harry,' continued one of them, 'at the kennel, this morning, where you are forbidden to go, and then you both ran down to the brook, and I remember from the top of the hill I heard a splash. I thought then you were at some mischief again, but I little dreamed you could be wicked enough to throw in a poor little puppy.' It was of no use my denying the thing, and saying that we had thrown in a dead log, instead of a live dog; I was not believed. My face, they said, proved me guilty. Writhing at being doubted, I went to rush out of the room, when a thought struck me which, unhappily for myself, I gave utterance to—it did not mend my cause:—'Perhaps "Cerb" took it.' I had thrown the firebrand which made both aunts raging. I was called a 'naughty, deceitful, story-teller. 'Twas bad enough to do the deed; but to try and get out of it by laying it upon dear, good old 'Cerb,' was the very summit of wickedness. They had no doubt now, that many other things with which I had charged him, I had done myself. They had added the straw which broke the camel's back, and I burst into tears, at which my aunt told me I had better go to my room, and they would think over what punishment I should have afterwards. I needed no second hint, but up-stairs I flew to my mother, throwing myself down by her side, sobbing bitterly. As soon as I was composed enough, I told her the whole affair, and to my comfort she believed at once that I knew nothing at all about the dog; and while she kindly showed me I had brought this suffering upon myself by my disobedience in going to the kennel and playing with the pups, she at the same time said I should not be punished merely upon suspicion, until I was proved to be guilty, and that, in consequence, she would arrange matters with her sisters-in-law, and take me home at once, as she was sure they would be glad to have me away. Before starting, I found time to run to the head

farm-servant, and say 'Stewart, I am in disgrace. They think I drowned that pup. I did not do it, and I firmly believe that hateful old 'Cerb' knows about it, if he only could tell. Will you try and find out all about it, to clear me if you can?' 'I will, Miss Minnie, never fear. Perhaps "Cerb" did. Throth, he's done enough that's bad, anyway.' Next day, I went to school, and for a week eat, drank, and slept, with the image of the dog ever before me. The girls laughed at me, and told me I had come back a living picture of melancholy. My pride—that of a girl just entering her teens—was keenly hurt, and I chafed with real suffering under it—not turning as I should have done to the Lord Jesus for help, but striving in my own strength to bear it, and a fit of illness was nearly being the result, when my mother arrived just in time to save me. She was shocked at the change a week's suffering had made, and enquired what was the matter. 'Oh nothing, mother,' was the reply, 'have you been to Hatfield, and have they found out about the pup yet?' 'I have,' said my mother, divining in my earnestness the cause of my haggard-looking face, 'I was nearly as anxious as yourself, and so I got black Ben to drive me over, last night, and your grandmother told me all about it. It appears that the day after you left, another pup was missing.' 'Another!' I cried, 'Oh, mamma, how glad I am I was not there!' and the thought brought a most hysterical choking in my throat. 'Yes,' she smilingly replied, 'Stewart had been feeding them, and passing a few moments after, noticed the worried tramp, tramp, up and down, and the whining cry of the poor mother. Looking in, he saw but one pup, and then remembered having seen "Cerb" lurking about not long before. That, in connection with what you had said, made him at once suspect and go in search of him. He found him behind the barn, hard at work digging a hole with his paws, into which he put the dead pup and covered it up. Getting a spade, Stewart soon disinterred the other one near it, and carried them both to the

house. Your aunts were not a little astonished when they found who the real culprit was. They say they are sorry for having suspected you; but that really you brought it upon yourself by looking so guilty.' 'Well, mamma, I suppose I did, but I was really ashamed at having been so accused, and could not help it. Give my love to old Stewart, and tell him he did me good service. All next week's pocket-money shall go in tobacco for him, and I shall not forget him in a hurry, mamma.' 'I hope, my dear, that you will not forget, also, *who* permitted your innocence to be made clear, and thank your Heavenly Father for it.' I did thank Him, my children, and I have often thanked Him since for sending me that suffering, as it taught me a lesson of impartiality, and gave me a warning never to judge from appearances, which has been of great use to me through life, and which I am not likely to forget as long as I live. See, here comes papa, just as we have finished, so run to meet him."

"Oh, thank you, dear mamma, thank you. What a hateful old dog that 'Cerb' was. He ought to have been tried for murder, found guilty, and hanged," said Harry, "only I suppose he did not know any better, and your aunts would have managed to prove what papa calls an *alibi* for him. It was a capital story, however, and I won't feel so bad next rainy day."

LITTLE RAVAGEOT.

CONCLUDED.

II.

When morning had come she said to Ravageot, "Come with me. We will go to the fairy Good Heart, and I will beg her to forgive you."

She attempted to take his hand, but something held her back, and she left the house, followed by the little boy, who no longer had the right to walk by his mother's side.

The fairy Good Heart lived a league from the city, in a great castle surrounded by splendid gardens, which were open to everybody. A simple hedge, the height of a man, separated the garden from the road, and the gate was always on the latch.

Ravageot and his mother had no trouble, therefore, in making their way to the fairy. Before the door they found Barbichon, taking the fresh air and waiting for his mistress to rise. The good lady was not a very early riser; it was a little fault in which she indulged herself in return for doing harm to no one. But as soon as she learned that some one was waiting to see her, she sprang from her bed, and was ready to receive the afflicted mother in the twinkling of an eye.

"Ah, madam," said the latter, as soon as she saw the fairy—"ah, madam, save us! For pity's sake take back the terrible gift which you made yesterday to my child."

"I see what is the matter," said the fairy, glancing at Ravageot's dress. "This little boy wished to have his own way. He has been punished for it; so much the worse for him. I cannot take back what I have given."

"What!" said the mother, "is there no means, then, of saving him from so frightful a punishment?"

"There is, but it is a hard one. It is necessary that some one should consent to be punished in his place."

"Ah! if that is all, it is easy. I am all ready. What do you ask for him to be able to have his face washed, and be neat and clean?"

"For him to have his face washed, and be neat and clean, you must give me your beautiful complexion."

"Take my complexion, Madam; what do I want of it, if my child must always remain untidy?"

Barbichon instantly stepped forward, holding in one hand a basin of rock crystal, and in the other a sponge as soft and fine as velvet. In the twinkling of an eye the fairy washed the face of Ravageot, who smiled to see himself in the glass, fresh and rosy. But all his joy vanished when he turned to look at his mother. Her beautiful cheeks were withered, and her smooth, satin-like skin was tanned and wrinkled like an old woman's. She did not seem to perceive it, and her eyes sparkled with pleasure on gazing at her dear child.

"What do you ask," she continued, "for him to be able to have his beautiful hair combed and curled?"

"For him to have his hair combed and curled, I must have your hair."

"Take my hair, Madam. What do I want of it, if my dear child's must always remain in disorder?"

And Barbichon stepped forward with a

diamond comb, with which the fairy, with three turns of the hand, smoothed and curled the hair of Ravageot, who let her do it without daring to look at his mother. When he ventured to raise his eyes to her, his heart was wrung with pain. Her beautiful hair, as black and glossy as jet, had disappeared, and in its place a few gray locks strayed in disorder from her cap. But she paid no attention to it. "What do you ask," she continued, "for him to be able to put on his new clothes?"

"For him to put on his new clothes, I must have yours."

"Take my clothes, Madam. What do I want of them, if my dear child must always remain in rags?"

Barbichon instantly handed the fairy a little jacket of fine cloth, embroidered with gold, white silk trowsers, a blue velvet cap, trimmed with silver, and shoes ornamented with precious stones, which in two seconds replaced the old clothes of Ravageot. He had never been so fine. He could not repress a cry of joy, which quickly turned to one of sorrow; for, on looking at his poor mother, he saw her dressed in rags like a beggar. But she saw nothing but the magnificent costume of her child, and laughed with pleasure, showing her magnificent pearly teeth, the last relic of her past beauty.

"What do you ask," she said, "for him to be able to eat soup? The doctor says that his health depends on it."

"For him to eat soup, I must have your teeth."

"Take my teeth, Madam. What do I want of them, if my dear child can not have proper nourishment?"

She had scarcely finished, when Barbichon held on an enamelled plate a beautiful Japanese cup, in which was smoking the most appetizing soup that ever smoked under a little boy's nostrils. Ravageot, who had been fasting for twenty-four hours, did not wait for the spoon to be offered him twice; but his pleasure was of short duration. At each spoonful that he swallowed he heard a tooth fall on the ground. Despite his hunger, he would have gladly stopped; but his mother, delighted to see him eat with such an appetite, would not listen to it, and forced him to go on till not a tooth remained in her head.

"Now," said the fairy, "this is all, I hope."

"All! oh no, Madam, I have many more things to ask of you."

"But, unhappy woman, what more would you sacrifice for this naughty child?"

"They are not sacrifices. I am too happy to save him from the wretched fate that was in store for him. Come, what do you ask for him to be able to sleep in his bed?"

"For him to sleep in his bed, you must give me yours."

"Take my bed, Madam. What do I want of it, if my dear child must pass his nights on the hard floor?"

"Have you anything more to ask?"

"Yes, indeed. What do you ask for him to be able to study?"

"For him to be able to study, you must yourself forget all that you know."

"Take all I know, Madam. What do I want of knowledge, if my dear child must wallow in ignorance?"

"Let this be your last demand, at least."

"For Heaven's sake, one more! This time it is for myself. What do you ask for me to be able to clasp him in my arms?"

"To have the happiness of clasping him in your arms, you must give me all your other happiness."

"Take it, Madam. What other happiness can there be for me, if I have not that of embracing my dear child?"

The fairy made a gesture, and Ravageot sprang tremblingly into his mother's arms. He shuddered in spite of himself as he came in contact with her coarse dress and yellow, flabby skin, and winced under the kisses of her toothless mouth. But so many proofs of love had not been lost on him, and all that excited his repugnance filled him at the same time with gratitude and admiration for the good mother who had so completely devoted herself for him, to what point he did not yet know. As to her, wholly absorbed in the happiness which she had restored to him, she clasped him convulsively in her arms, and never tired of telling him how handsome he was, forgetting all that she herself had lost.

It was necessary at last to take leave. The happy mother could not sufficiently thank her whom she styled her benefactress. Barbichon wept with emotion, and the fairy herself, unable any longer to restrain her feelings, ran to her as she was descending the first step, and kissed her forehead, saying, "Take courage, noble woman, and rely on me."

Courage! she was too happy to need it. She walked with a light step, holding by the hand her treasure, well fed, neat and clean, and adorned like a little prince. What mattered any thing else to her? She thought that he would sleep that night in his comfortable little bed, and pictured to herself in advance how learned he would

be one day, and how he would write a beautiful book, which the publisher of the country would print on fine paper, with his name on the title-page in large letters.

Meanwhile the poor mother knew nothing herself, as she soon saw when they set out for home. She had forgotten the way; she did not even know the direction of the town, and had not the least recollection of the house. Ravageot then understood the full extent of her sacrifice. It was in vain that he attempted to guide her. He had been too much accustomed to have every thing done for him to take the trouble to see where he was going, and had paid no attention to any thing on his way. They wandered about all day in the fields; he growing more and more anxious as night came on, she thinking of nothing but the happiness of seeing her dear child delivered from all his ills.

At last, toward evening, they were met by the servants, whom his papa, terrified at their disappearance, had sent in search of them in all directions, and who did not recognize them at first, so much were they both changed, until Ravageot, who was looking anxiously on all sides, spied the coachman. He ran to him, and, calling him by name, soon made himself known; but he was greatly embarrassed when the servants asked who was the old beggar woman with him. "It is my mother!" he exclaimed. But they laughed in his face, and the policeman, who headed the search, scolded him severely for roaming over the country, clinging to the skirts of a wretched old woman, and calling her his mother—he whose mother was such a lady. They even talked of taking her to prison. She knew not how to defend herself, having forgotten every thing; she only clasped Ravageot in her arms, repeating, "He is my son, my dear son, whom I have saved from misery. Nothing in the world can take him from me."

Happily they thought her insane, and, respecting her madness, permitted her at last to accompany Ravageot to his father. It was dark when they arrived. Mary Ann was standing at the door.

"Ah! here you are," she cried, as soon as she saw the little troop. "Here you are, naughty boy! Your father has been anxious enough about you, poor man! He has just gone to the great pond to look for you. This is the third horse he has tired out since morning, and if it had not been for your dear mother, whom we all love so well, I should have advised him to remain quiet,

and thank God for being rid of you. What have you done with your mother?"

"Here she is!" cried Ravageot, trembling with terror at the turn affairs were taking. "Here she is; I have never left her."

"No more of your tricks! Aren't you ashamed of them at such a time? How can you make fun of your mother in this way, when you see us all in trouble on her account? Up stairs with you, quick, and to bed! You must be in need of it."

At the word bed the good mother remembered her bargain with the fairy, and put an end to the discussion by saying, "Go to bed, my dear; you know that the fairy permits it, and you must be very tired. Sleep sweetly, and I will wait for you here."

He wished to resist, but she raised a finger, and said, in her beautiful voice, which remained clear and sweet, "Obey!"

At this word a thousand terrible recollections rose before him. He hung his head and followed Mary Ann, who dragged him up stairs less gently than he would have liked.

Ravageot was in his comfortable little bed, wrapped in his warm blankets, but he slept little. He thought of his mother standing and waiting for him before the door—his mother disfigured on his account, whom no one would recognize, and who so cruelly expiated the faults which he had committed. He listened with terror to the sound of the rain and the roaring of the wind, which blew that night with extraordinary violence. The rattling of the windows, shaken by the tempest, seemed to him so many accusing words, crying, "Bad son!" At last, toward morning, worn out with fatigue and excitement, he fell into a heavy, painful sleep, and saw in a dream a squad of policemen driving before them a gray-haired woman, in a coarse patched gown, who turned her head as if looking for some one.

Meanwhile his father had returned late at night, worn out, with a heart full of anxiety. He received the news that his son was found with a cry of joy; but on learning that his wife was not with him, he groaned, and, throwing himself on the sofa, passed the night there, with his face buried in his hands. Scarcely had day dawned when he entered the room where his son was sleeping, and, seeing the little curly head which he had thought never more to behold, he burst into tears like a child, and, rushing to the bed, covered the little sleeper with kisses.

Ravageot awakened with a start, and was at first terrified to see his father drowned in tears, but soon recovering himself, he threw his arms round his neck and cried, "Oh! papa, mamma is down stairs at the door. Come quickly; I am sure that she is very cold." And as his father looked at him wonder-struck, "They did not know her yesterday," cried he, "but you will know her, I am certain."

Hastily dressing himself, he dragged his father to the door, where they found the poor woman, her cheeks blue with cold, and her clothes dripping with rain. At the sight of her little boy her face brightened, and she clasped him in her arms with as complete a happiness as if she had been receiving the compliments of the fine gentlemen of the town in her great velvet chair by the drawing-room fire.

"What does this mean?" said the father; "who is this good woman?"

"It is my mother," cried the child—"my good mother, who has become ugly and ragged for me."

"Can this be possible?" said he to his wife; "and are you my dear wife, for whom I have been mourning ever since yesterday?"

She looked at him without recognizing him. She embraced her child again and said, "This is my son. What do you want of me?"

"But then I am your husband!" returned the father, stupefied.

"You!" said she. "I do not know."

"Oh! what am I to believe?" cried the unhappy man, "This is really my wife's voice, but I do not know her or she me."

At this moment Mary Ann, who had been awakened by hearing her master walking about the room, arrived. She seized her mistress by the arm, and, shaking her rudely, exclaimed, "Are you here yet? Begone, child-stealer, and never let us see your face again."

She was attempting to drag her to the street, when Ravageot madly threw himself on her. His little heart swelled with anger, and he would have marched boldly at that moment against a battalion of soldiers.

"No!" he exclaimed, beside himself, "you shall not drive mamma away. I do not want what she has done for me. It is for me to be dirty, and to sleep on the ground; I am the one that has deserved it. Take me back to the fairy! I will give her back every thing, and she must give back every thing to mamma."

He had not done speaking when an enormous hand seized Mary Ann by the waist

and sent her spinning in the middle of the street, and Barbichon exclaimed, "Make way for my mistress!" At the same instant the fairy Good Heart rose from the ground, and, placing her hand on the shoulder of the tender mother, "Your trial is ended," she said. "She who did the evil has come to repair it."

Then she kissed Ravageot on both cheeks and disappeared with Barbichon, leaving after her a sweet odor that lasted for a week.

When the father recovered from his surprise at this sudden apparition, raised his eyes to his wife, he saw her, with her beautiful black hair and her fresh complexion, in the silk dress which he had bought himself for her birthday. She looked at him, and they fell in each other's arms with unspeakable happiness.

She lived afterward happy and honored, respected like a saint by all the town; but when any one attempted to speak in her presence of her sublime devotion, she blushed and changed the subject.

As for Ravageot, he became from that day the best-behaved little boy that ever was seen. He obeyed without speaking, and gave up his wishes as soon as they displeased his father or mother. He was never more heard to complain when the water was cold, or to cry when his hair was combed, or to refuse soup when there was something else on the table that he liked better. However early his mother saw fit to put him to bed, he took care never to refuse to go for fear of the consequences. He attended to his studies, remembering at what a price his mother had thought it worth while to redeem them for him, and would have thought it a crime to run from her when she wished to take him in her arms. In this manner he soon lost the name of Ravageot and was called good little Ernest, the name that his parents had given him in baptism.—*From Home Fairy Tales, by Jean Mace.*

THE WREATH OF MALLOW.

An English picture of the fifteenth century; a village green, three-sided; around the green, three rows of uneven cottages; in its midst, a pool where ducks were taking an evening swim; beside the pool, a great shady oak with a seat and a well beneath it. On the rustic seat were two old men, chatting in old cracked voices, and at the well a girl in a red kirtle was drawing water. The sun, beginning to sink, threw flakes of bright rose-color on the girl's head,

the ducks' backs, the shiny side of the oak leaves. At one side of the village rose a soft hill, dotted with juniper bushes and fringed atop with oaks and beeches, among which a proud castle hid all but its topmost towers from the lower world. On the other side stood a church on a tree-strewn, grave-sown bank. It was a small church; the chancel walls were new and as yet unfinished; the fresh, clean stone wore a rosy flush in the evening sunlight; there was a hum of voices around the building; masons were packing up their tools and leaving work for the night. Presently they came, laughing and chattering into the village; some came to rest on the seat beneath the oak and hailed the old men:—

"Well, gaffer, how goes the world with you?"

One or two began to help the girl with her bucket; a couple, who had walked together talking as far as the well, parted there, and one went straight to a cottage facing the church. At an open window looking out at the sweet country scene was a white face, sadly old, yet sadly young, with hollow, thoughtful eyes, and two thin hands to prop it up. When the workman came to that window (which was nothing more than a square hole with shutters) a smile came over his hard countenance as he nodded his head cheerily to the owner of the pale face, who smiled back in his turn very sweetly. Inside the cottage, one could see that this face, which was as delicate as a girl's, belonged to a boy, perhaps fourteen years old, but crooked and stunted in growth, who was half lying, half kneeling on a wooden bench, with both elbows propped on the window-sill. One could see this, indeed, though but faintly, on coming out of the pure outdoor air, for chimneys were as yet only luxuries for monasteries and great men's houses; and the smoke from the cottage fire over which the mason's wife was cooking the supper in an iron pot, came wreathing and curling about the room, all slow and graceful and gray, before it found its way out at the window, or at the hole in the roof intended for its accommodation. The workman set down his basket of tools with a long breath, which told that he thus laid aside, not only the burden of their weight, but also the burden of his day's labor. Then he came up to the boy, and laid his hand tenderly on the high deformed shoulder.

"Well, Martin," he said no more, for words were hard things to him; but the boy understood his father and put up one hand to clasp the strong rough one which

lay on his neck. The two hands made a great contrast, and were a little history in themselves. Father and son looked out together at the green, the pool, the chattering people; but Martin's eyes rested most fondly on the church.

"How happy you must be, father," he said, at last.

The mason gave a loud "ha-ha!"

"Do you hear what the lad says, wife?"

"But are you not very happy?" asked Martin, raising his look wonderingly to his father's face.

"I don't know, boy; one doesn't think of such things as being happy when one has to work for bread."

"But the happiness is that you can do such beautiful work for bread, and serve the Lord, too, at the same time," replied Martin eagerly.

Here the mother, who had poured from the pot on to a great wooden dish a piece of beef garnished with cabbage, and swimming in the broth which it had been boiled in, came up to her little son, and, saying that supper was ready, took him in her arms as easily as if he had been still a baby, and propped him up on an oaken settle, with a black sheepskin, soft and thick, rolled into a bolster to support him. The father asked a blessing on the food, and then they began to eat.

"A supper fit for a prince," said the mason.

"It is a good piece of meat," answered the wife. "They have had guests at the castle, and there was much flesh and good white bread also given away at the gates to-day."

"The Dame Mildred passed through the village to-day, and she smiled kindly on me," said Martin. "She had a queer thing on her head, like the church steeple for shape, made all of fine blue silk, and a veil of lawn hung down her back from the top of it."

"People bring back such follies when they go to London," said the wife. "I like the old ways best; but it is fit for the noble to have new and fine things, and the Lady Mildred is a good woman."

"Sir Simon is a thrifty man and a generous," added her husband, "to spend his money on the church-building."

"It will cost a great sum, beyond a doubt."

"A great sum! It will cost a good thousand pound, the master tells me."

"A thousand pound!" cried both mother and son; for a pound was of more value at

the close of the fifteenth century than it is now.

"And yet Sir Simon de Harcourt is not so rich as some of his neighbors," added the wife.

"His lands are not broad, but he is none of your rash nobles, like one I have heard tell of, who had fifty suits of golden tissue; and instead of building one of these new-fashioned mansions of wood, all carved and plastered, he is content to live in stone, as his fathers did."

After a little pause Martin heaved a deep sigh.

"What is it, child?" asked the mother, tenderly. "Are you in pain?"

"No; but I do so wish I could work in the church like father," he answered in a low voice.

The mason laughed.

"You'll never do that, boy," he said.

But the mother understood her son better, and laid her hand softly on his thin fingers.

"Now we must show father something; shall we?" she said.

Martin nodded: and going to an oaken locker, she opened it and brought out a fresh stone crocket or finial, delicately carved in the shape of three young fern fronds; two tightly curled up, and nodding towards each other; the third just opened enough to bend like a graceful feather over its little sister. The mason took it and turned it over and over, while Martin looked on with anxious eyes and panting breast.

"That's a good bit of work," said the father. "That's the master's doing. Who gave it to you?"

Martin's cheeks flushed red with joy and his eyes gleamed mischievously, but the mother was too proud to keep the secret.

"It's our Martin's," she said.

"What do you mean? Who did it?"

"Our Martin himself; he did it."

"Martin! you!" The mason looked with a puzzled air from his son to his wife and back again.

"He has been working day by day when you were out, with his grandfather's old tools which you gave him," said the woman; "but he would not let me speak a word till he had done something fit to show you. Isn't it pretty, now? Look at the leaves, for all the world like a bit of fern."

The mason turned the finial over and over between his finger and thumb, muttering an occasional "hum, hum!" of admiration and pleasure.

"How did you get the fancy of it, boy?"

"One day when you carried me to the

foot of the church bank, I waited there all the morning. I played with some little ferns, and thought how pretty they would be in stone, and resolved to try if I could not make them."

"Good strokes; fair strokes; hum, hum!" murmured the mason.

Very timidly Martin edged himself along the settle to his father's elbow, and looking in his face with wistful eagerness said:

"There is a thing I have so longed to ask of you, father."

"What is it, boy?" asked the mason, still holding the bit of stone in one hand while he laid the other round his son's neck.

"I long so to do some work, if ever so little, in the church. I think I should so dearly like a piece of my own handiwork, that is, a piece of myself, to be always in the dear church, long after I am gone where I cannot see it."

The workman looked puzzled.

"But building-up is hard to do, child. One must run up ladders and carry mortar, and go from place to place."

"Yes, father, in building, but not in carving. Oh, if you would but show those little ferns to the master, and ask him whether a poor little boy, who longs to do it very much, might carve a wreath in the church! This is what I have thought, father. The heads of the pillars are all rough and plain. Might I not cut a wreath of flowers on one of them? There I should think that a little bit of me would be there always when the good fathers are preaching about Christ; and it would be a tiny offering, also, and something to show that there was such a boy as Martin once in Awburg village, who did all he could for God."

"Well, lad, it might be, in time," replied the mason. "But you are too weak now; you could not stand to the work. Wait a while till you are stronger, and then I will ask."

Martin fixed two grave eyes on his father, "Father, dear," he said, "I don't think I shall ever be stronger. I don't think I shall ever see the fine pictures in the church. But oh! I do so long to do some little, little work for God before I die. I have heard such beautiful things of heaven and of the Lord Jesus, that I cannot rest nor sleep for longing to leave behind me some sign of my thankfulness."

"Tush, tush, boy!" stammered the mason; but his eyes were red, and the mother wiped hers with her apron.

On the next day the mason spoke to the master-builder of the wish of his little son,

and at sunset, when work was over, the master came to see Martin. He was dressed in better clothes than the rest, and looked to the boy almost as grand and as great a gentleman as Sir Simon himself. He was very kind, and praised Martin's fern leaves highly. He promised to grant him leave, if possible, to do some work in the church, but he must first speak to Sir Simon de Harcourt on the subject. At parting he put his finger under the lad's chin, and turning the pale thin face to him, looked at it with pity.

"You must make haste to get strong," he said, "and then you can come and join my band and be a free mason, going about from place to place to build churches and fine halls."

Martin's eyes glistened at the thought, but he shook his head and answered:

"I, thank you sir, but that will never be."

Two days later the master came again, to tell the boy that his wish might be granted if he could design a wreath fit to adorn the church. The Lady Mildred came also, on her palfrey, with her blue steeple towering above her head and the lawn veil floating around her sweet young face. She alighted at the cottage door, and came with a gentle grace towards the hard settle where the boy lay, first courteously greeting his mother. Martin blushed with pride and pleasure to see the lady of the place come walking up to him in that kind, queenly way. She laid her hand on his curls and sat down beside him on the settle.

"So you too wish to make an offering to the Lord," she said, smiling, as sweetly, thought Martin, as angels must smile. He murmured something, he hardly knew what.

"May He bless and accept your work," she continued reverently. "It is a good thought which He has given you."

"But his father cannot see how he may reach the top of the pillar, which is ten feet high, nor how he may stand there to carve the wreath when mounted, my lady," said the mother.

Martin looked up eagerly.

"Oh, mother! I can stand," he began.

"I and the master-builder will contrive that you shall have your wish," said Dame Mildred; and her manner gave security to the boy: it said so clearly, "What I will is done."

Now she had willed and the matter was accomplished. In a few days more Martin heard through his father that it had been arranged for him to sit at his work in a chair, which should be slung from the clerestory

windows with ropes, and with other ropes fixed firmly to the pillar. All that remained was for him to design a wreath worthy to adorn the church. This took now all his time and thoughts, and morning and evening, as he knelt before the straw pallet which was his bed, with a wooden bolster for a pillow, he prayed: "O Lord, I pray Thee grant me power to do this little work, to be for ever a sign that Thou hast been so good and loving to me." God answered the child's prayer and gave him strength, in part through the means of the sweet Dame Mildred, who often thought of the lame boy, and sent him dainties from her own table, and even a flock mattress and bolster; luxuries which made his mother say that they were as rich as if they lived in a palace, for no king could lie softer or eat better fare.

People in the village, hearing of Martin's great desire, used to gather and bring to him the largest flowers and brightest leaves they could find, to help him in forming his wreath, but none quite satisfied him. One day as he sat propped up by his sheepskin, with a heap of leaves spread out upon the table before him, and with an eager yet hopeless look in his eyes, for all these vain efforts were tiring him, and causing him to fear that he could not please the master, a little child, so tiny that it could scarcely toddle, came rolling in at the cottage door with its lap full of common mallow, the great red flowers and massy leaves making up a clumsy bunch as the baby held them. She had gathered them for Martin off the church bank, and brought them in the kind wish of her generous little heart to give him pleasure. She held the flowers up to him with some baby prattle, and when he had taken them from her she toddled out again to her mother's cottage. The clusters looked ugly and hopeless enough at first to Martin, but as he placed them idly this way and that, an idea struck him suddenly and his face brightened. When his mother returned with her bucket of water, from a gossip at the well, she found her boy crouching on the floor before the hearthstone, on which with a cinder, he had drawn a bit of a wreath of mallow, the heavy leaves lapping one over the other, and a flower peeping out here and there.

"What a brave wreath!" cried the mother.

"O mother! if the master builder would but think so!" exclaimed Martin, flushing. The master-builder did think so.

"Why, my dear boy, you have designed as brave a wreath as I have seen this year,"

he said. So Martin's cup of joy was full, and in three days more the chair was swung up to the pillar, and the little lame boy, with his wan cheeks and happy eyes, was carried in tenderly by his father and seated in his airy throne. The workmen called it his throne laughingly, and he thought that no king was prouder or happier than he. Before he drew a line upon the stone he sent up again his simple prayer: "Lord, strengthen my weak hands, and accept my work, I pray Thee." The priest came in and blessed him in God's name, and then he felt strong indeed.

So, day by day, the sick boy was carried to his place, and his thin hands, daily growing thinner, wielded the chisel well. The flowers opened, the leaves twined on one another lovingly in graceful clusters as the time went on. He placed the despised weed, which had done its poor best to adorn the graves, where it could be a beauty to the eyes forever.

"I too am a weed," he thought sometimes. "It is a great honor for me to be able to add one grace to God's house."

In spite of Lady Mildred's dainties and of his warm soft bed, he grew paler and thinner, and it was seen by all that God would soon take him. As the garland grew, its maker faded. The work went on slowly towards the last, for his hands were feeble and he would let no one but himself add a stroke to the wreath. Besides, there were many days on which he could not leave the cottage. At last the other masonry was done; the chancel was roofed and finished. The glass was in the window; the walls, indeed, were as yet unpainted, but that was a work of time. A day was fixed for the reopening of the newly-decorated church. The day came. It was autumn now, and chilly, but people thronged from far and near to see the fair new chapel which Sir Simon de Harcourt had built. The choristers sang their sweet hymn; the early sun gleamed in through the dainty fretwork of the windows; the Lady Mildred and her husband knelt hand in hand beside the chancel where one day their bodies would lie side by side, when their souls were gone to rest; and a boy with a face which seemed but a shadow of a face, carried in the arms of a strong man, raised two great bright eyes to a wreath of mallow carved upon the capital of a column in the nave, and thought:

"Sir Simon and the dame will have their figures on their tombs when they die, and I shall have the little weed for my monument, hear the sweet hymns; and offer up

my soul upon its leaves to the Saviour day by day."

Within fourteen days the Wreath of Mallow was the only visible sign left of little Martin on this earth.

There it twines yet, his monument for ever. The leaves are graceful still and perfect, and the flowers peep out modestly from the foliage. One of the band of free masons carved on two other columns wreaths of leafage—hope on one, and on the other, a vine; but there is something of a tender living grace in the mallow garland which the others miss, for a soul and a flickering life were bound up with it.—*People's Magazine.*

A NEW DOG STORY—

Le Petit Journal prints the following curious story:

Lately, a traveler passed in a carriage along the Avenue de Neuilly; the night was dark; all at once the horse stopped, and the traveller saw that the animal had met an obstacle. At the same time a man raised himself from before the horse, uttering a cry. "Why don't you take care?" said the traveler. "Ah," cried the man, "you would do better, instead of hallooing, to lend me your lantern." "What for?" "I had three hundred francs in gold on my person; my pocket has broken, and all is fallen on the street. It is a commission with which my master has entrusted me. If I do not find the money I am a ruined man." "It is not easy to find the pieces on such a night; have you none left?" "Yes, I have one." The man hesitated. "Give it to me; it is as a means of recovering the others." The poor man gave him his last coin. The traveller whistled; a magnificent Danish dog began to leap around him. "Here," said the traveller, putting the coin to the nose of the dog, "look." The intelligent creature sniffed a moment at the money, and then began to run about the road. Every minute he returned leaping, and deposited in the hands of his master a napoleon. In about twenty minutes the whole sum was recovered. The poor fellow who had got his money back, turned full of thanks, towards the traveller, who had now got into his carriage. "Ah, you are my preserver," said he; "tell me at least your name." "I have done nothing," said the traveller. "Your preserver is my dog; his name is Rabat Joie." And then, whipping his horses, he disappeared in the darkness.

Original.

HURRAH FOR CANADA!

Words and arrangement by G. W. JOHNSON, Binbrook, Ontario.

Lively.

1. Hark! the bells are gai-ly ring-ing, Hark! the bells are gai-ly ring-ing,
2. Hear the can-non loud-ly boom-ing, Hear the can-non loud-ly boom-ing,

Hark the bells are gai-ly ring-ing, Songs for our Do-mi-nion sing-ing,
Hear the can-non loud-ly boom-ing, Tell-ing of the good time com-ing,

Slower.

Glo-rious Songs of Ca-na-da. Hear them ring-ing, gai-ly ring-ing,
To Free-dom's home, our Ca-na-da. Hear the can-non loud-ly boom-ing,

In time.

Hear them ring-ing, gai-ly ring-ing, Gai-ly, loud-ly, proud-ly ring-ing,
Hear the can-non loud-ly boom-ing, Tell-ing of the good time com-ing,

Glo-rious songs of Ca-na-da. Hip! hur-rah for Ca-na-da!
To Free-dom's home our Ca-na-da. Hip! hur-rah for Ca-na-da!

NEW-YEAR SONG.

Words by EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

p

1. They say that the year is old and gray, That his eyes are dim with

cres. *riten.*

sor - row; But what care we, though he pass a - way? For the New Year comes to-

a tempo.

morrow. No sighs have we for the ro - ses fled, No tears for the vanished Summer;

ratto.

Fresh flowers will spring where the old are dead, To welcome the glad new-comer.

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The tempo marking 'ratto.' is placed above the first few notes. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

The second system of music is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords, some with grace notes, while the left hand plays a simple bass line.

2. He brings us a gift from the beau - ti - ful land We see in our ro - sy

The second system of music features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves with chords and a bass line.

riten.

dreaming; Where the wonderful cas - tles of fan - cy stand In magi - cal sun-

The third system of music features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The tempo marking 'riten.' is placed above the first few notes. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves with chords and a bass line.

shine gleaming. Then sing, young hearts that are full of cheer, With never a thought of sorrow;

The Old goes out, but the glad Young Year Comes merrily in to-morrow!

—From "Our Young Folks," published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

Original.
NEW YEAR'S-DAY MORNING.

BY E. O. L. O.

I looked from my window, one New Year's-Day morning,
And all I could see was the snow and the sky,
The brown branches laden with ermine adorning,
And a glitter of crystals that dazzled my eye.
For the sun had just risen, and all the snow shimmered,
With a sheen that was brighter than diamonds displayed;
Through the frost-sculptured glass the reflected light g'limmered,
And showed me the carvings the Ice-king had made.

On one of the panes was a rugged ice mountain,
And the sky round its head was with stars spangled bright;
Beneath, at its base, played a silvery fountain,
Which danced and leaped upward to meet the starlight.

On the next pane a wonderful beauty was shining,
Of carvings of pine trees and fern leaves so fair;
And through the dark pine-grove a streamlet was twining,

And o'er all seemed to lie the pure, winter air.
So I looked from my window that New Year's Day morning,

And all I could see was the sky and the snow;
For the frost—all my window with beauty adorning—
Had hidden the town that was lying below.

Domestic Economy.



HOME COMFORTS.

The following suggestions with regard to the internal arrangements of a house, from *House and Home Papers*, by Mrs. Stowe, will be found useful by those who have to select as well as by those who have to plan and build houses :

Our ancestors had some excellent ideas in home-living and house-building. Their houses were, generally speaking, very sensibly contrived,—roomy, airy, and comfortable : but in their water arrangements they had little mercy on womankind. The well was out in the yard ; and in winter one must flounder through snow and bring up the ice-bound bucket, before one could fill the tea-kettle for breakfast. Wells have come somewhat nearer in modern times ; but the idea of a constant supply of fresh water by the simple turning of a stop-cock has not yet visited the great body of our houses. Were we free to build “ our houses ” just as we wish it, there should be a bath-room to every two or three inmates, and the hot and cold water should circulate to every chamber.

Among our *must-bes*, we should lay by a generous sum for plumbing. Let us have our bath-rooms, and our arrangements for cleanliness, and afterwards let the quality of our lumber and the style of our finishings be according to the sum we have left. The power to command a warm bath in a house at any hour of day or night is better in bringing up a family of children than any amount of ready medicine. In three-quarters of childish ailments the warm bath is an almost immediate remedy. Bad colds, incipient fevers, rheumatisms, convulsions, neuralgias innumerable, are washed off in their first beginnings, and run down the lead pipes into oblivion. Have, then, O friend, all the water in your house that you can afford, and enlarge your ideas of the worth of it, that you *may* afford a great deal. A bathing-room is nothing to you that requires an hour of lifting and fire-making to prepare it for use. The apparatus is too cumbersome,—you do not turn to it. But when your chamber opens upon a neat, quiet little nook, and you have only to turn your stop-cocks and all is ready, your reme-

dy is at hand,—you use it constantly. You are waked in the night by a scream, and find little Tom sitting up, wild with burning fever. In three minutes he is in the bath, quieted and comfortable ; you get him back, cooled and tranquil, to his little crib, and in the morning he wakes as if nothing had happened.

Why should not so invaluable and simple a remedy for disease, such a preservative of health, such a comfort, such a stimulus, be considered as much a matter-of-course in a house as a kitchen-chimney ? At least there should be one bath-room always in order, so arranged that all the family can have access to it, if one cannot afford the luxury of many.

A house in which water is universally and skilfully distributed is so much easier to take care of as almost to verify the saying of a friend, that his house was so contrived that it did its own work : one had better do without carpets on the floors, without stuffed sofas and rocking-chairs, and secure this.

The perfect house, as I conceive it, is to combine as many of the advantages of living out of doors as may be consistent with warmth and shelter, and one of these is the sympathy with green and growing things. Plants are nearer in their relations to human health and vigor than is often imagined. The cheerfulness that well-kept plants impart to a room comes not merely from gratification of the eye,—there is a healthful exhalation from them; they are a corrective of the impurities of the atmosphere. Plants, too, are valuable as tests of the vitality of the atmosphere ; their drooping and failure convey to us information that something is amiss with it. A lady once told me that she never could raise plants in her parlors on account of the gas and anthracite coal. I answered, “ Are you not afraid to live and bring up your children in an atmosphere that blights your plants ? ” If the gas escapes from the pipes, and the red-hot anthracite coal, or the red-hot, air-tight stove, burns out all the vital part of the air, so that healthy plants, in a few days, wither and begin to drop their leaves, it is a sign that the air must be looked to and reformed. It is a fatal augury for a room that plants cannot be made to thrive in it. Plants should not turn pale, be long-jointed, long-

leaved, and spindling; and where they grow in this way, we may be certain that there is a want of vitality for human beings. But where plants appear as they do in the open air, with vigorous, stocky growth, and short-stemmed, deep-green leaves, we may believe the conditions of that atmosphere are healthy for human lungs.

It is pleasant to see how the custom of plant-growing has spread through our country. In how many farm-house windows do we see petunias and nasturtiums vivid with bloom while snows are whirling without, and how much brightness have those cheap enjoyments shed on the lives of those who cared for them? We do not believe that there is a human being who would not become a passionate lover of plants, if circumstances once made it imperative to tend upon, and watch the growth of one. The history of Picciola, for instance, has been lived over and over by many a man and woman who once did not know that there was a particle of plant-love in their souls. But to the proper care of plants in pots there are many hindrances and drawbacks. The dust chokes the little pores of their green lungs, and they require constant showering; and to carry all one's plants to a sink or porch for this purpose is a labor which many will not endure. Consequently, plants often do not get a showering once a month. We should try to imitate more closely the action of Mother Nature, who washes every green child of hers nightly with dews, which lie glittering on its leaves till morning.

There is one topic in house-building on which I would add a few words. The difficulty of procuring and keeping good servants, which must long be one of our chief domestic troubles, warns us so to arrange our houses that we shall need as few as possible. There is the greatest conceivable difference in the planning and building of houses as to the amount of work which will be necessary to keep them in respectable condition. Some houses require a perfect staff of housemaids. There are plated hinges to be rubbed, paint to be cleaned, with intricacies of moulding and carving which daily consume hours of dusting to preserve them from a slovenly look. Simple finish, unpainted wood, a general distribution of water through the dwelling, will enable a very large house to be cared for by one pair of hands, and yet maintain a creditable appearance.

In kitchens, one servant may perform the work of two by a close packing of all the conveniences for cooking, and such arrangements as shall save time and steps. Wash-

ing-day may be divested of its terrors by suitable provisions for water, hot and cold, by wringers, which save at once the strength of the linen and of the laundress, and by drying-closets connected with ranges, where articles can in a few moments be perfectly dried. These, with the use of a small mangle, such as is now common in America, reduce the labors of the laundry one-half.

SELECTED RECIPES.

APPLE CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of sour milk or buttermilk, four eggs, four cups of flour, one teaspoon of soda, four cups of dried apples after they are soaked and chopped. Very nice indeed.

NICE CAKES FOR TEA.—Make a lump of dough as for warm biscuits, roll nearly as thin as for pie-crust, mix a piece of butter the size of an egg with three table-spoonful of sugar, spread it over the dough, roll it together, and from the end cut slices, and bake on plates.—*N. E. Farmer.*

FRENCH TOAST.—Beat four eggs very light, and stir with them a pint of milk; slice some baker's bread, dip the pieces into the egg, then lay them in a pan of hot lard, and fry brown; sprinkle a little powdered-sugar and cinnamon on each piece, and serve hot. If nicely prepared, this is an excellent dish for breakfast or tea.

CORN-STARCH CAKE.—One and one-half cups of sugar, one half-cup butter, one half-cup milk, one half-cup corn-starch, one and one-half cups flour, one-half teaspoon cream of tartar, one-half do. soda, the whites of three eggs beaten to a froth, and added just before the cake is put into the oven. Use lemon, or any flavoring you prefer. With a delicate bake this makes a very nice cake.

TO TAKE MILDEW FROM CLOTHES.—Mix soft-soap with powdered starch, half as much salt, and the juice of a lemon; lay it on the part with a brush; let it lie on the grass, day and night, till the stain comes out. Iron-moulds may be removed by the salt of lemons. Many stains may be removed by dipping the linen in sour buttermilk, and then drying it in a hot sun; wash it in cold water; repeat this three or four times. Stains, caused by acids, may be removed by tying some pearlsh up in the stained part; scrape some soap in cold, soft water, and boil the linen till the stain is gone.

Editorial and Correspondence.



EDITORIAL.

It seems very easy to write on such a theme as New-Year's-Day. Past and Future may both be brought into contribution for an article on such a subject. In fact, the New Year is perhaps one of the easiest subjects on which to write a didactic and moral paper. But to write a New-Year's Story is a very difficult thing, so far as we can judge, from our effort to secure one. In the end of October, the publishers offered, through the columns of the *Witness*, a prize of twenty dollars for the best suitable New-Year's tale; but we did not receive one, answering the conditions, in time for insertion. Our readers, however, will not, we think, regret this scarcity of stories, seeing it makes room for so much good matter of other kinds.

We have to apologize to several of our friends whose contributions have been crowded out of this number. We have already several valuable articles on hand for February, for which we most heartily thank the writers. Indeed, the number of able contributors which the publication of this Magazine has brought out is something remarkable.

Anno Domini 1867, which has brought so many changes, is nearly past, and this number bears upon its cover the date, January 1868, it therefore becomes our pleasing duty to wish all our readers *A Very Happy New Year*.

MAGNIFICENT SCENES.

I

This morning the frost being keen, the sun clear, and the snow sparkling, I went to see the Chaudière Falls in their winter grandeur. Threading long lanes, between numberless piles of sawn lumber, and crossing several canals or flumes formed to float the lumber for the great saw-mills, I reached the outer edge of the last one, and stood nearly above the great boiling caldron from which this cataract takes its name. The scene which here presented itself was magnificent indeed. The river is entirely covered with ice, except for a very short distance above and below the falls; and every one of the deep narrow gorges and fissures, into which the water madly plunges, was so thickly hung on both sides with ice that the water below could scarcely be seen.

This ice had been formed by continual accessions of spray from the falls, which froze as it fell, until it nearly closed the mouths of the narrow chasms, where the waters were foaming and seething beneath. The spray was so thick that it was only at times a tolerably distinct view of the great caldron could be obtained, and there was a beautiful rainbow in the spray.

II

The Chaudière Falls by moon-light, were also remarkably beautiful. This time instead of going above the great "Kettle," I contemplated the column of smoke rising from it at a little distance, and so like was it to steam that it almost became a question if it was mere spray. The rocky ledge which crosses the river immediately above the ridge was wholly covered with ice, but it was on the Lower Canada side that the finest view presented itself. There are on that side a number of very deep channels, with precipitous walls of rock, over which thin sheets of water had been falling. These had been gradually congealed till they looked, in the bright moonlight, like immense white quilts thrown over the rugged rockwork from top to bottom, and even extending in graceful drapery for several yards over the channel below.

III

This evening I stood in the spacious square, three sides of which are bounded by the parliament and departmental buildings, and beheld one of the greatest scenes imaginable. The western horizon was tinged with a delicate rose color, melting into a light greenish blue, and that again fading into the blue-black of the night-sky. In the low belt of colored light described, the evening star sparkled with great brilliancy; while on the eastern side the full moon hung in splendor, just above the beautiful building which bounds that side of the square. The long Parliament building in the back-ground, with its graceful towers, was bathed in moonlight, and almost every window was lit up from within, giving the whole the appearance of one of the finest of the transparent night-views of the palaces of the old world lit up. The large square was covered with snow, and traversed here and there by groups of people going to or coming from the Parliament House. Altogether it was a scene which, I think, would have charmed the best artists of the world.

EDITORS' AND PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

We return our best thanks to the writers of the 37 original articles and pieces which have appeared in the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY*, and to the writers of the following list of 42 pieces:—

POETRY.

1. Evening Thoughts..... W. A. P.
2. Granny's Specs.....
3. Trust Him..... M. McG.
4. Tribute to Garibaldi..... Constant Reader.
5. The Worn-out Mariner.....
6. Bible Riddle..... M. P. F.
7. I'm Gently Sinking into Heaven..... M. J. B.
8. The Adieu..... J. R. W.
9. Heavenly Homes..... D. D.
10. Lines to Fred..... J. M. R.
11. Result of Intemperance..... A. E. S.
12. It is so dark, so very dark..... Maggie.
13. The Death of a Relative..... Martha.
14. Memories..... M. Patterson.
15. Happy Thoughts..... Olive Branch.
16. The Traitor..... Florine.
17. The Schoolmaster's Dream..... W. H. Finney.
18. A Dream..... J. P., 100th Regt.
19. The New Year..... E. G. M.

The above are accepted for the *WITNESS*, and will appear as soon as practicable, in all its editions. The last would have been inserted in the *N. D. DOMINION* for January had it been received in time.

20. The Dead Soldier. Translation from the German..... Thomas Ritchie.
21. The Pilgrim's Rest..... Thistle.
22. The November Meteors..... Kate Seymour McL.
23. Sonnets to the Clouds..... W. Arthur Calnek.
24. A Welcome from the Nation's Quiz.
25. Enigma..... Anon.
26. The Wild Huntsman. Translated from the German for N. M. D.
27. The Birds..... H. K. C.

The above are accepted for the *N. D. MONTHLY*, and will appear in the February and March numbers.

PROSE.

1. Our Farm—New-Year's Tale..... M. L.
2. Skeleton and Angel..... Illia.
3. Past, Present, and Future..... E. M. W.
4. New-Year's Resolution..... Anonymous.
5. Sorrow..... M. J. M.
6. Northhaven..... M. A. T.

Some of the above contain indications of superior powers; but, for one reason or another, none of them are found suitable for the *N. D. MONTHLY*. The M.S.S. lie subject to

the order of the respective authors.

7. Destructiveness..... W. A. R.
8. Our Quarter or Neighborhood..... R—y. The above are accepted for the *WITNESS*.
9. Reading..... M. D.
10. New-Year's-Day in Canada..... Mrs. Campbell
11. Reminiscences of the Fur Trade of Montreal in the early years of the 19th century..... W. H.
12. A Snow-shoe Excursion up the St. Maurice..... G. S. P.
13. A Crimean Story by a Retired Officer.
14. The Belle of St. Regis. Author of "Maple Leaves"
15. Canadian Scenes and Homes,..... Mrs. Campbell.

The foregoing are accepted for the *N. D. MONTHLY* and are intended to appear in the February or March numbers.

It will be seen from the above list of 27 pieces of Poetry, and 15 Tales, and articles in prose, besides all that have been inserted, that the publication of the *N. D. MONTHLY* has already elicited an amount of Canadian talent that is highly creditable to our country.

It is painful to reject any article upon which much pains and labor have been expended, and which is very respectable in point of ability; but we have not room for all, and any article that is longer than its interest and importance warrants is not likely to obtain insertion in the magazine. Several of the writers who have not succeeded this time in obtaining insertion for their articles, are, however, we perceive, quite capable of writing tales and sketches that would be highly acceptable.

We will be indebted to all correspondents to observe the following rules in future:—

1. The manuscript should be written only on one side of the paper, and in as distinct and legible a hand as may be. It should always have the writer's name and address at the beginning or end, and the date when it was forwarded; and it should have stated upon it whether it is intended for the *N. D. MONTHLY* or *WITNESS*, or if the author is willing that it should appear in either.

2. The letter accompanying a manuscript should bear the same date and signature, and give the title of the piece it encloses. Should further letters be written on the same subject, they should refer to the article by name, and repeat the writer's address. We sometimes do not know whether to reply to writers as Revd. or Esq., or as Miss or Mrs.

3. Contributors will in all cases please state whether they wish the M.S.S. returned if not used.

For the Editors
NEW DOMINION MONTHLY,
JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

MONTREAL, Dec. 30, 1867.

Publishers.

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Communications intended for publication should be written legibly and only on one side of the paper, and the sheets should be numbered and fastened together. It is needless to send articles on abstract questions, or of a heavy character. The name and address of the writer should be written on the title page of the manuscript, as the accompanying letter is apt to get separated from it. Articles of a lively, interesting kind on the following subjects would be very acceptable :

1. A sketch of the settlement, conquest, dispersion, and present state of the Acadians.
2. A sketch of the early Huguenot migration to Lower Canada, and what became of it ; as also of the subsequent migrations.
3. Some account of the settlement of the U. E. Loyalists in Canada, and the influence exerted by them and their descendants on the country.
4. An account of the settlement of Glen-garry, and the influence of the Highland element on the people of Canada.
5. A sketch of the efforts of the Duke of Richmond and Lord Selkirk to settle the St. Clair and Red River country.
6. A sketch of the war between the French Canadian Fur Traders and the Hudson Bay Company, before the conquest.
7. A sketch of the war between the Hudson Bay and Northwest Fur Companies.

If the facts in any or all of these topics could be embodied in the form of a short tale it would be so much the better. In any case, the accounts should not be very lengthy, and heaviness or tediousness is by all means to be avoided.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We last month enclosed prospectuses of our publications to all subscribers, in the hope that they would aid us in extending their circulation. For each remittance of eight dollars, the sender will be entitled to any of our publications to the value of one dollar ; and though it is always desirable to get a straight club of eight for each publication, with one to the bargain, yet, where that cannot be obtained, a mixed club, something as follows, might doubtless be easily got up ; say—

8	CANADIAN MESSENGERS (to one address)	\$2
1	SEMI-WEEKLY WITNESS - - - - -	2
2	WEEKLY WITNESSES - - - - -	2
2	DOMINION MONTHLIES - - - - -	2
		\$8

The sender of this or any other mixed club to the same amount would be entitled to the WEEKLY WITNESS or NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

Wherever there are merchants or others who wish to have the news of markets, etc., promptly, the DAILY WITNESS, at \$3, is the cheapest paper they can order, having as much matter in it as the large dailies, which are published at twice the price. We hope, therefore, that many of the clubs will include a copy of the DAILY. When they include the MESSENGER, the number should always be eight to one address, as we cannot address that paper singly at club rates.

Each congregation in the country, of all denominations, could doubtless get up at least one mixed club, and present the gratis copy (say the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY) to their minister.

Notice to New Subscribers.

Though we printed 6000 of each of the first three numbers of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, we are already out of the October and November numbers, and we have only about 700 of the December number on hand. We are, therefore, obliged to get out these numbers again, at a heavy expense, in order to supply all new subscribers with the Magazine from the beginning. The above will explain why we can only send the December and January numbers at present to new subscribers ; but as soon as the October and November numbers are reprinted, they will be forwarded. We print NINE THOUSAND of the January number, to make sure of not having to set it up again.

Persons canvassing for the "DOMINION MONTHLY," should either be known to those who subscribe, or should show our authority in writing. This may be obtained, on application, by any canvasser forwarding to us a satisfactory letter of introduction from the Minister or Postmaster of his locality.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
PUBLISHERS.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S Festivities.

Amusement

Home Pleasures

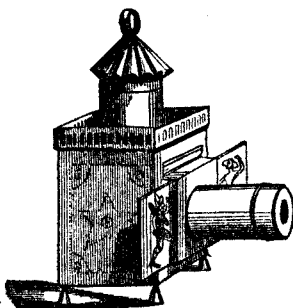
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FOR

INSTRUCTION

WINTER

COMBINED.



EVENINGS.

For Magic Lanterns and Slides, Microscopes, Stereoscopes and Views, and every description of Optical Goods, go to

C. HEARN, OPTICIAN,
242 & 244 NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL.

N.B.—Lanterns and Slides lent out for the evening. Call and get price list.

NO. 1 BLEURY STREET,
MONTREAL,
J. G. PARKS.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S!

Nothing can be a more appropriate Christmas or New Year's Gift than a good, well-finished Photograph, and such can be had at the rooms of

J. G. PARKS, NO. 1 BLEURY STREET.

His low prices open the way for all to get their pictures taken.

Montreal views are also very suitable, and it is admitted that he has the best Cabinet Views in the city. Therefore, do not fail to give him a call.

DWARF FRUIT TREES

Are the only kinds that should be planted in Gardens. A few Standard Apple and Pear trees will soon occupy a small garden, overshadowing and destroying everything else; whilst more than double the number of Dwarf trees can be planted in the same space without interfering with other crops.

The cultivation of the Dwarf Pear and Dwarf Apple, on suitable stocks for this climate, has been made a speciality at the

WINDSOR NURSERIES,

and great attention has been paid to ascertain what varieties are the most hardy and suitable for the different parts of Canada.

A very fine stock of these Dwarf trees of all the best varieties, principally in a bearing state—and which can be removed with safety,—will be ready for sale in Spring, also Standard Apples, Pears, Plums, Cherries, Grape-Vines, and nearly everything else in the Nursery Line, at very low prices for cash.

Parties unacquainted with the most suitable varieties for their locality would do well to leave the selection to the subscriber, who would in all cases send the best varieties and trees. Orders should also be sent during winter as they will be filled according to the priority of their receipt.

Every person intending to plant Fruit trees should at once send twenty-five cents in postage stamps to the subscriber—or to John Dougall & Son, Publishers, Montreal,—for a copy (which will be mailed free,) of the "CANADIAN FRUIT CULTURIST," giving full descriptions of all the best varieties of Fruits of every kind suitable for the different parts of Canada, with the best way to plant and cultivate them.

CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST SENT FREE

ON APPLICATION TO

JAMES DOUGALL,

WINDSOR NURSERIES,

WINDSOR, ONTARIO.

PROSPECTUS

OF

"THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY."

CANADA has long felt the want of a Monthly Periodical of a high literary character, and several attempts have been made to supply it. These attempts, however, have all proved abortive hitherto, for want of sufficient patronage; and it is partly on account of the wider field, resulting from the Confederation of the British American Provinces, that success may be hoped for the present enterprise.

The wealth, and still more the mental culture, of Canada are also constantly advancing with giant strides; and, consequently, an enterprise which was unsuccessful a few years ago, may succeed well now. Another difficulty in the way of a Canadian Magazine has been, the idea that it should be composed exclusively of original matter; in consequence of which, and the small number of writers in Canada accustomed to compose articles for the periodical press, previous magazines had a somewhat heavy character. The Editors of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY are resolved not to err in this way; and, unless original matter is both good and interesting, they will prefer to cull from the most spirited and successful periodicals of Britain and the United States. They, however, hope that, by degrees, the proportion of original matter, of a really suitable kind, will increase in each number; and so soon as the circulation of the MONTHLY will afford it, they mean to pay a fair rate of remuneration for native talent.

Another cause of failure has been, the high price, rendered necessary by paying for original matter, and consequently small circulation; but the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY aims at a very large circulation at a very low price. In fact, it is meant to give more value for the money than can be found elsewhere, and to leave the enterprise with confidence to the patronage of a discerning public.

TERMS.

The NEW DOMINION MONTHLY will be published at the beginning of each month, or shortly before, commencing with October, 1867, at one dollar per annum, strictly in advance, with a gratis copy for a club of eight.

The postage is one cent per number, payable by the receiver; or, in case of large parcels, one cent for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Subscribers residing in the Maritime Provinces or United States should remit for Canadian postage in advance.

To Canvassing Agents a handsome commission will be allowed; and to News-men and Booksellers taking a quantity, a large discount will be made from the selling price of TEN CENTS per copy. Canvassers are desired to communicate with the Publishers for terms, &c.

Advertisements, illustrated or otherwise, will be inserted on the cover, or on leaves stitched in with the Magazine, at the following rates:—

Outside page of cover.....	\$12.00
Inside " ".....	10.00
Other pages, half-page.....	4.00
" " whole page.....	6.66
" " two pages.....	10.00
Circulars printed on both sides, or two pages, when furnished by advertiser.....	6.66
Do. do. one page.....	5.00
Advertisements measuring seven lines or under, running across the page, equal to 14 lines single column.....	1.00
Each additional line 12½c., with a discount to large advertisers.	

All communications and remittances to be addressed (post-paid) to

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

PUBLISHERS

"NEW DOMINION MONTHLY,"

MONTREAL.

Publishers' Notice.---"The New Dominion Monthly."

It is often said, "there are too many magazines," but that cannot be said of the Dominion of Canada, which has only this one of a general literary character; and, as it is very cheap, and is intended to contain the cream of British and American magazines, it is hoped that it will be liberally sustained.

It will take about 6,000 subscribers, and a reasonable advertising patronage, to render the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY self-supporting; and, when it reaches that point, there will be every disposition to pay for the highest class of Canadian literary talent. Meantime, we can only

invite contributions, which, if sufficiently interesting, will be thankfully inserted, and acknowledged as aids to the establishment of this Canadian magazine.

These explanations will set the character and claims of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY clearly before the public of Canada; and it is hoped that a prompt and liberal support, in the way of subscriptions, will be received from all parts of the Dominion of Canada.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.

September, 1867.

P R O S P E C T U S

OF THE

“CANADIAN MESSENGER” FOR 1868.

THIS IS UNDOUBTEDLY BY FAR THE
CHEAPEST PAPER IN CANADA,

And, the Publishers hope, one of the **VERY BEST**. It is published twice a month, and consists of **EIGHT** pages, entirely filled with matter, arranged in the following Departments, viz. :—

Temperance,

Agriculture,

Science and Art,

Education.

That is to say, it contains as much choice matter on the above subjects as would make a respectable monthly journal under each name, if published separately; and the subscriber to the **MESSENGER** will have the whole four together for

25 CENTS PER ANNUM.

Being devoted to the above objects, and containing neither news nor advertisements, the **MESSENGER** passes

Free through the Mails;

and on account of the high moral and religious character of the “**Temperance**” and “**Education**” departments, and the unobjectionable nature of the others, as also on account of its new and select Hymns set to Music, the **MESSENGER** is specially adapted for

Circulation through Sabbath-Schools.

TERMS.—Twenty-five cents per annum, but there should not be fewer than four copies to one address. With clubs of eight, a gratis copy will be sent; or nine copies to one address for two dollars per annum; or **NINE COPIES TO ONE ADDRESS FOR ONE DOLLAR FOR SIX MONTHS**. Where each subscriber's name is required to be on his paper, there can be no gratis copy sent with clubs.

All orders and remittances to be addressed (post-paid) to

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

MONTREAL.

KERSHAW'S

PATENT

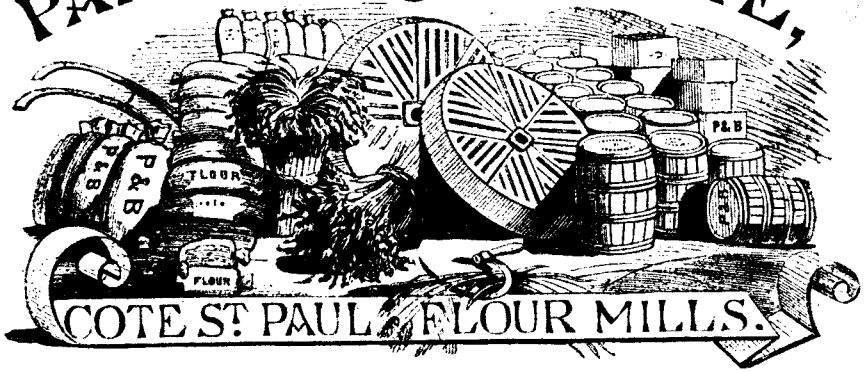
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KERSHAW & EDWARDS,

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MONTREAL,

Manufacture Exclusively for City Trade,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

*Families wishing Good Flour for Pastry and Bread should buy
Parkyn & Brodie's Manufacture. It can always
be relied on as being the best.*

JUN 27 1899

**XXX Pastry Flour, Family Flour, Graham Flour, Rye
Flour, Buckwheat Flour, Bran Feed, Oatmeal,
Cornmeal, Etc., Etc.,**

For Sale in Barrels and Patent Sacks, containing Half-barrel,
Quarter-barrel, and One-Eighth-barrel. Delivered to Cars or any part
of City, Free of Charge.

Grocers and Dealers buying Fifty sacks and upwards, can have their names printed
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