Campbell's British-American Series of School-Books.

THIRD BOOK

OF

READING LESSONS.

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS IN THE BRITISH-AMERICAN PROVINCES.

TORONTO:
JAMES CAMPBELL AND SON,

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PREFACE.

In presenting the Third Book of Reading Lessons to the Teachers of Canada, it is only necessary to say a very few words. The same plan that is adopted in the earlier books of this series is continued in this. The lessons are carefully arranged, taking the starting-point from the Second Book, and gradually becoming more difficult both in the words they contain and in the meanings they convey. At first easy stories and anecdotes are given, each teaching a valuable lesson, but presented in such an attractive form that the pupil cannot fail to be interested. Then anecdotes of Natural History follow, opening up to the youthful mind a new and vast field of interest and delight, and all tending to induce the reader to follow up what is here given, and to gain a more extended knowledge of that most delightful of all studies—the animal kingdom. The third part of the book is devoted to incidents of travel, of adventure, or of history, almost the whole of which relate to our own country, and which, it is hoped, will awaken an interest which will not be content to be restricted to the narrow limits to which this book is necessarily reduced, but will extend itself to the broad fields of knowledge which are here merely pointed out.

While the words in the early lessons are easy both

in spelling and in meaning, they gradually become more difficult as the lessons advance. No spelling lessons are given, as it is thought advisable that the Teacher should exercise his own discretion in this matter; and also, when a number of words are collected at the beginning of a lesson, the pupil is apt to learn them only and neglect many apparently more easy or more frequently recurring but none the less important to be known.

The engravings have been specially prepared to increase the interest in the lessons, and, as in the other books of the series, to assist the memory and to induce the study of the subjects to which they refer. The whole aim of the Publishers has been, to produce a book, or rather a series of books, which will combine instruction with pleasure, and books also that, were they not school-books, a school-boy would still read with avidity and profit.

TORONTO, 1867.

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CAMPBELL'S

CANADIAN NATIONAL SERIES

OF

READING BOOKS.

FIRST BOOK OF READING LESSONS.
SEQUEL TO FIRST BOOK OF READING LESSONS.
SECOND BOOK OF READING LESSONS.
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THIRD BOOK OF READING LESSONS.

PART I.

THE PEACHES.

A FARMER brought with him from the city five peaches, the finest he could meet with. It was the first time that his children had ever seen this sort of fruit; and they admired greatly their red cheeks and soft down. The father gave one to each of his four boys, and the fifth to their mother.

At night, when the children were about to retire to their chamber, the father said, "Tell me: how did you like the pretty fruit?"

"Very much indeed, father," replied the eldest; "it is so juicy and of such a fine flavour. I have taken care of the stone, which I shall plant that I may raise a tree from it."

"Well done!" said the father, "thou hast shown forethought and prudence."

"I ate mine at once," cried the youngest, "and threw away the stone, and mother gave me half of hers. Oh, it tasted so sweet; it melts in one's mouth!"

"Well," said the father; "thou hast acted, if not

very prudently, at least naturally, and as a child might be expected to do."

The second son then began: "I picked up the stone which Alfred threw away, and broke it. There was a kernel in it which tasted as sweet as a nut. But I sold my peach and got so much for it, that when I go to town, I can buy half a dozen with the money."

The father shook his head, and said, "This is prudent, indeed, but not childlike or natural. Heaven forbid that thou should'st grow up a miser!"

"And thou, Edmund?" asked the father.

Edmund modestly replied, "I carried my peach to poor George, our neighbour's son, who is ill of a fever. He would not take it, so I laid it on his bed and came away."

"Well," said the father, "which of you has made the best use of his peach?"

"Brother Edmund!" cried the other three. Edmund was silent, and his mother tenderly kissed him with tears in her eyes.

—*Krummacher's Parables.*

NO PAY, NO WORK.

"LITTLE boy, will you help an old man up the hill with his load?" These words were spoken by an old grey-headed man, who was drawing a hand-cart with a bag of corn in it.

"I can't; I'm in a hurry," said Hanson, the boy addressed, who was in a hurry to get to the play-ground, that he might play with the boys before school began.

The old man sat down on a stone at the foot of the hill to rest himself, and gather strength for the ascent. He gazed after Hanson, and sighed as he thought of the days of his youth, now far back in the past. A

tear was beginning to gather in his eye when another little boy, John Wilson, came up to him and said, "Shall I help you up the hill with your load?"

The old man brushed his eyes with the cuff of his coat, and replied, "I shall be very glad to have your help." He then arose, and taking the tongue of his cart, pulled with all his strength, while John pushed behind. When they reached the top of the hill, John discovered a rent in the bag on the under side, from which the corn was dropping out, and putting forth all his strength, he turned the bag so that there might be no further loss of corn.

"I am much obliged to you," said the old man, as John set out upon a run for the school-house; "and may the Lord reward you!" But John was out of hearing before the last words were spoken.

When John reached the school-house, he was about ten minutes too late, so that he received a bad mark for want of punctuality. This was a very unusual thing for him, as he was remarkable for punctuality.

If he had told the master what had detained him he would have been excused; but he thought it would not look well to do so. So he took the mark without saying a word.

When the school was over, Hanson said to John, "What did you get a bad mark for?"

"Because I was too late," said John.

"I know that; but why were you not in time? I saw you at the foot of the hill, only a little way behind me. I suppose you stopped to help old Stevenson up the hill with his grist. He tried to stop me, but *I* didn't work for nothing."

"Nor I either."

"Oh, you got a bad mark from the schoolmaster. Do you call that pay for your work?"

"You don't know what else I got."

"*Did* you get anything else?"

"I did not do it expecting to get anything for it."

"Why did you do it then?"

"Because I thought I ought to help the poor old man."

"If you have a mind to be such a fool as to work for nothing, you may. *No pay, no work*, is my rule."

To be kind and useful is my rule, John might have said with truth; but he did not say so. Nor did John really work for nothing when he performed acts of kindness. In the first place, he had the approval of his conscience, which was worth something. In the second place, he had the pleasure of doing good, which was something. In the third place, he had the gratitude and love of many, also worth something. And lastly, and best of all, he had the approbation of God, who has promised that even a cup of cold water given to a disciple shall not lose its reward.

—ALDEN.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I LOVE it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedew'd it with tears, and embalm'd it with sighs;
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would you learn the spell?—a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I linger'd near
The hallow'd seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give
To fit me to die and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watch'd her many a day,
When her eyes grew dim, and her locks were grey;
And I almost worshipp'd her when she smiled
And turn'd from her Bible to bless her child.
Years roll'd on, but the last one sped—
My idol was shatter'd, my earth-star fled;
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quiv'ring breath and throbbing brow;
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died,
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

—ELIZA COOK.

COALS OF FIRE.

JOE BENTON lived in the country. Not far from his father's house was a large pond. His cousin Herbert had given him a beautiful boat, elegantly rigged with mast and sails, all ready to be launched. The boat was snugly stowed away in a little cave near the pond. At three o'clock on a Saturday afternoon the boys were to meet and launch the boat. On the morning of that day Joe rose bright and early. It was a lovely morning. Joe was in fine spirits. He chuckled with delight when he thought of the afternoon. "Glorious!" said he to himself, as he finished dressing. "Now, I have just time to run down to the pond before breakfast, and see that the boat is all right. Then I'll hurry home and learn my lessons for Monday, so as to be ready for the afternoon."

Away he went scampering towards the cave where the boat had been left ready for the launch. As he drew near he saw signs of mischief, and felt uneasy. The big stone before the cave had been rolled away.

The moment he looked within he burst into a loud cry. There was the beautiful boat, which his cousin had given him, with its mast broken, its sails all torn to pieces, and a large hole bored in the bottom!

Joe stood for a moment motionless with grief and surprise; then with his face all red with anger he exclaimed, "I know who did it! It was Fritz Brown; but I'll pay him for *this* caper—see if I don't!" Then he pushed back the boat into the cave, and, hurrying along the road a little way, he fastened a string across the footpath, a few inches from the ground, and carefully hid himself among the bushes.

Presently a step was heard, and Joe eagerly peeped out. He expected to see Fritz coming along; but instead of Fritz it was his cousin Herbert. He was the last person Joe cared to meet just then, so he unfastened the string and lay quiet, hoping that he would not observe him. But Herbert's quick eye soon caught sight of him, and Joe had to tell him all that had happened; and he wound up by saying, "But never mind; I mean to make him smart for it!"

"Well, what do you mean to do, Joe?" asked Herbert.

"Why, you see, Fritz carries a basket of eggs to market every morning, and I mean to trip him over this string, and smash them all!"

Joe knew that this was not a right feeling, and expected to get a sharp lecture from his cousin. But, to his surprise, he only said, in a quiet way, "Well, I think Fritz does deserve some punishment: but the string is an old trick; I can tell you something better than that."

"What?" cried Joe, eagerly.

"How would you like to put a few coals of fire on his head?"

"What! *burn* him?" asked Joe, doubtfully. His cousin nodded his head, and gave a queer smile. Joe clapped his hands. "Bravo!" said he, "that's just

the thing, cousin Herbert. You see, his hair is so thick he would not get burned much before he had time to shake them off; but I would just like to see him jump once. Now tell me how to do it—quick!"

"'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing, thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.' There," said Herbert, "that is God's way of doing it; and I think that is the best kind of punishment that Fritz could have."

You should have seen how long Joe's face grew while Herbert was speaking. "Now I do say, cousin Herbert," added Joe, "that is a real take in. Why, it is no punishment at all."

"Try it once," said Herbert. "Treat Fritz kindly, and I am certain that he will feel so ashamed and unhappy, that kicking or beating him would be like fun in comparison."

Joe was not really a bad boy, but he was now in a very ill temper; and he said sullenly, "But you have told me a story, cousin Herbert. You said this kind of coals would *burn*, and they don't burn at all."

"You are mistaken about that," said Herbert. "I have known such coals burn up malice, envy, ill-feeling, and a great deal of rubbish, and then leave some cold hearts feeling as warm and pleasant as possible."

Joe drew a long sigh. "Well, tell me a good coal to put on Fritz's head, and I'll see about it."

"You know," said Herbert, "that Fritz is very poor, and can seldom buy himself a book, although he is very fond of reading; but *you* have quite a library. Now suppose—but no, I won't suppose anything about it. Just think over the matter, and find your own coal. But be sure to kindle it with love, for no other fire burns like that." Then Herbert sprang over the fence and went whistling away.

Before Joe had time to collect his thoughts, he saw Fritz coming down the road, carrying a basket of eggs

in one hand and a pail of milk in the other. For a moment the thought crossed Joe's mind, "What a *grand* smash it would have been, if Fritz *had* fallen over the string!" But he drove it away in an instant, and was glad enough that the string was in his pocket. Fritz started and looked very uncomfortable when he first caught sight of Joe; but the good fellow began at once with, "Fritz, have you much time to read now?"

"Sometimes," said Fritz, "when I have driven the cows home and done all my work, I have a little daylight left; but the trouble is, I have read every book I can get hold of."

"How would you like to read my new book of travels?"

Fritz's eyes fairly danced. "Oh! may I, may I? I would be *so* careful of it."

"Yes," answered Joe, "and perhaps I have some others you would like to read. And Fritz," he added, a little slyly, "I would ask you to come and help to sail my new boat this afternoon; but some one has gone and broken the mast, and torn the sails, and made a great hole in the bottom. Who *do* you suppose did it?"

Fritz's head dropped on his breast; but after a moment he looked up with great effort, and said—

"Oh, Joe, *I* did it; but I cannot tell you how sorry I am. You did not know I was so mean when you promised me the book, did you?"

"Well, I rather thought you did it," said Joe slowly.

"And yet you never—" Fritz could not get any further. He felt as if he would choke; his face was as red as a coal. He could stand it no longer, so off he walked without saying a word.

"That coal *does* burn," said Joe to himself. "I know Fritz would rather I had smashed every egg in his basket than that I had offered to lend him that book." Joe took two or three leaps along the road,

and went home with a light heart and a grand appetite for breakfast.

When the boys met at the appointed hour, they found Fritz there before them, eagerly trying to repair the injuries; and as soon as he saw Joe he hurried to present him with a beautiful flag, which he had bought for the boat with a part of his egg money! The boat was repaired and launched, and made a grand trip; and everything turned out as cousin Herbert had said, for Joe's heart was so warm and full of kind thoughts, that he never had been happier in his life. And Joe found out afterwards that the more he used of this curious kind of coal, the larger supply he had on hand —kind thoughts, kind words, and kind actions.

"I declare, cousin Herbert," said he, with a queer twinkle in his eye, "I think *I shall have to set up a coal-yard!*"

I should be glad to have all of you, my young friends, engage in this branch of the coal business. If every family were careful to keep a supply of Joe Benton's coals on hand, and make a good use of them, how happy they would be! —L. P.

SPEAK GENTLY.

SPEAK gently! it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently! let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently! love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently friendship's accents flow,
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child;
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild;—
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run—
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor,
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring; know
They must have toil'd in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so,
Oh! win them back again!

Speak gently! He who gave His life
To bend men's stubborn will,
When elements were in fierce strife,
Said to them, "Peace, be still!"

Speak gently! 'tis a little thing
Dropp'd in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy which it may bring
Eternity shall tell.

THE LITTLE HERO OF HAARLEM.

AT an early period in the history of Holland, a boy was born in Haarlem, a town remarkable for its variety of fortune in war, but happily still more so for its manufactures and inventions in peace. His father was a *sluicer*—that is, one whose employment it was to open and shut the sluices, or large oak-gates which, placed at certain regular distances, close the entrance of the canals, and secure Holland from the danger to which it seems exposed, of finding itself under water, rather than above it. When water is wanted, the sluicer raises the sluices more or less, as required, as a cook turns the cock of a fountain, and closes them again carefully at night; otherwise the water would flow into the canals, then overflow them, and inundate the whole country; so that even the little children in Holland are fully aware of the importance of a punctual discharge of the sluicer's duties. The boy was about eight years old when, one day, he asked permission to take some cakes to a poor blind man, who lived at the other side of the dyke. His father gave him leave, but charged

him not to stay too late. The child promised, and set off on his little journey. The blind man thankfully partook of his young friend's cakes, and the boy, mindful of his father's orders, did not wait, as usual, to hear one of the old man's stories, but as soon as he had seen him eat one muffin, took leave of him to return home.

As he went along by the canals, then quite full, for it was in October, and the autumn rains had swelled the waters,—the boy now stooped to pull the little blue flowers which his mother loved so well, now, in childish gaiety, hummed some merry song. The road gradually became more solitary, and soon neither the joyous shout of the villager returning to his cottage home, nor the rough voice of the carter grumbling at his lazy horses, were any longer to be heard. The little fellow now perceived that the blue of the flowers in his hands was scarcely distinguishable from the green of the surrounding herbage, and he looked up in some dismay. The night was falling; not, however, a dark winter night, but one of those beautiful, clear, moonlight nights, in which every object is perceptible, though not as distinctly as by day. The child thought of his father, of his injunction, and was preparing to quit the ravine in which he was almost buried, and to regain the beach, when suddenly a slight noise, like the trickling of water upon pebbles, attracted his attention. He was near one of the large sluices, and he now carefully examines it, and soon discovers a hole in the wood, through which the water was flowing. With the instant perception which every child in Holland would have, the boy saw that the water must soon enlarge the hole through which it was now only dropping, and that utter and general ruin would be the consequence of the inundation of the country that must follow. To see, to throw away the flowers, to climb from stone to stone till he reached the hole, and to put his finger into it, was the work of a moment, and to his delight he finds that he has succeeded in stopping the flow of the water.

This was all very well for a little while, and the child thought only of the success of his device. But the night was closing in, and with the night came the cold. The little boy looked around in vain. No one came. He shouted—he called loudly—no one answered. He resolved to stay there all night, but alas! the cold was becoming every moment more biting, and the poor finger fixed in the hole began to feel benumbed, and the numbness soon extended to the hand, and thence throughout the whole arm. The pain became still greater, still harder to bear, but still the boy moved not. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he thought of his father, of his mother, of his little bed, where he might now be sleeping so soundly; but still the little fellow stirred not, for he knew that did he remove the small slender finger which he had opposed to the escape of the water, not only would he himself be drowned, but his father, his brothers, his neighbours—nay, the whole village. We know not what faltering of purpose, what momentary failures of courage there might have been during that long and terrible night; but certain it is, that at daybreak he was found in the same painful position by a clergyman returning from attendance on a deathbed, who, as he advanced, thought he heard groans, and bending over the dyke, discovered a child seated on a stone, writhing from pain, and with pale face and tearful eyes.

"In the name of wonder, boy," he exclaimed, "what are you doing there?"

"I am hindering the water from running out," was the answer, in perfect simplicity, of the child, who, during that whole night, had been evincing such heroic fortitude and undaunted courage.

The Muse of History, though often blind to (true) glory, has handed down to posterity many a warrior, the destroyer of thousands of his fellow-men—she has left us in ignorance of the name of this real little hero of Haarlem. —*Sharpe's London Magazine.*

LUCY GRAY.

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray;
And, when I cross'd the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor,—
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door.

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, father, will I gladly do;
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon."

At this the father raised his hook
And snapp'd a faggot band;
He plied his work; and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet dispersed the powd'ry snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time;
She wander'd up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reach'd the town.

The wretched parents, all that night,
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood
That overlook'd the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood
A furlong from their door.

They wept, and turning homeward, cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet!"
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's edge
They track'd the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall;

And then an open field they cross'd;
The marks were still the same;
They track'd them on, nor ever lost,
And to the bridge they came.

They follow'd from the snowy bank
The footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

—WORDSWORTH.

ADHERENCE TO TRUTH.

PETRARCH, a famous Italian poet, who lived about five hundred years ago, recommended himself to the confidence and affection of Cardinal Colonna, in whose family he resided, by his candour and strict regard to truth. A violent quarrel occurred in the house of this nobleman, which was carried so far that recourse was had to arms. The cardinal wished to know the origin of this affair; and, that he might be able to decide with justice, he assembled all his people, and obliged them to bind themselves by a most solemn oath on the gospels to declare the whole truth. Every one, without exception, took the oath; even the cardinal's brother was not excused. Petrarch, in his turn, presenting himself, the cardinal closed the book, and said, "As to you, Petrarch, your word is sufficient."

George Washington, the famous American general, and first President of the United States, when a boy received a pretty little hatchet in a present. Like most boys, he was delighted to try the power of his new present on anything that came in his way, and among other things totally ruined a favourite cherry tree belonging to his father. Happening to pass the tree, his father at once remarked the mischief that had been done, and suspecting the culprit, asked his son if he knew who had done it. Washington at once replied, "You know, father, I can't tell a lie; I did it." His father was sadly grieved at the wanton destruction of his favourite tree, but was so delighted at the honest reply of his son, that he forgave him the injury, while cautioning him to be more careful in future. Truthfulness is one of the brightest ornaments in a man's character, and one that may be attained by every one who chooses to exert himself for it.

THE DILIGENT EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

It is said of Vespasian, the Roman emperor, that he made a practice every night of calling himself to account for the actions of the past day. When he found he had lived any one day without doing some good action, he entered upon his diary the notable confession, "I have lost a day."

A gentleman had a farm worth 1000 dollars a year, which he kept in his own hands; but, losing by it every year, he was at last obliged to sell half of it, and to let the rest to a farmer for one-and-twenty years. Before this term was expired, the farmer, one day bringing his rent, asked him if he would sell his land. "Why," said the gentleman, "will you buy it?" "Yes, if it please you," said the farmer. "How?" returned he; "that's strange! tell me how this comes to pass, that I could not live on twice as much land as you have, though it was my own, while you, after paying the rent for it, are able to buy it?" "Oh, sir!" said the farmer, "but two words make the difference; you said, Go, and I said, Come." "What's the meaning of that?" said the gentleman. "Why," replied the other, "you lay in bed or took your pleasure, and sent others about your business, and I rose betimes and saw my business done myself."

THE FARMER AND THE LAWYER.

One day, a farmer named Bernard, having finished his business at the market-town, found some hours of leisure at his disposal, and resolved to employ them in consulting a lawyer. He had often heard of Mr Longhead as a man of the highest reputation; and inquiring his address, he went to his house.

Having found his way into his presence, after numerous other clients had departed, he was asked to take a seat and state his business.

"The fact is, Mr Longhead," said the farmer, turning his hat round and round in his hand, "I have heard so much of your wisdom that, finding myself in town, and with an hour or two at my disposal, I thought I could not spend them better than by having an opinion from you."

"I am obliged by your confidence, my friend," said the lawyer; "no doubt you have some case going on in the courts of law?"

"Case! I hold all cases in horror; and never has Bernard had a word of dispute with any one."

"Then it is a division of family property?"

"Excuse me, sir; our family, living as we do all together, have never divided our inheritance."

"Some contract of sale or purchase, then, is what you want?"

"Oh, no—not at all!"

"What, then, can you want with me?" said the lawyer, much surprised.

"Why, sir," said Bernard, with a broad grin, "I have told you; I want an opinion—my money is ready, of course—for I wish to profit by being in town, do you see."

Mr Longhead smiled, took a pen, and asked the farmer his name.

"Peter Bernard," he replied, glad at being at last understood.

"Your age?"

"Forty years, or thereby."

"Your profession?"

"My profession! You mean what I do? Oh, I am a farmer."

The lawyer wrote two lines, folded the paper, and gave it to his strange client.

"Done already?" cried Bernard. "Well, to be

sure—before one can say Jack Robinson. What is to pay, learned sir?"

"Five dollars."

Bernard paid gladly, made his bow, and went away much pleased at having profited by the opportunity.

When he reached home, it was four o'clock. The journey had fatigued him, and he entered the house resolved to rest. His hay had been cut for some days, and was now dry; and a lad came to ask if it should be carried in.

"To-night!" said the farmer's wife, who had now joined her husband; "it would be a sin to go to work again so late, when the work can be done as well to-morrow."

The lad said that the weather might change, and that the carts and everything were ready; but the farmer's wife would not hear of it.

Bernard listened to the two, and was at a loss how to decide, when all of a sudden he recalled the lawyer's note. "A moment," he cried; "I have an *opinion*. I had it of a famous man, and it cost me five dollars. It will get us out of all our difficulties. Wife, you can read—here it is; what does it say?"

The wife took the paper and read these two lines: "PETER BERNARD, NEVER PUT OFF TILL TO-MORROW WHAT YOU CAN DO TO-DAY."

"There you have it," cried the farmer delighted. "Come, look sharp; out with the carts, the lads, and the lasses, and let us bring in the hay."

His wife would fain have resisted; but he declared that he was not going to pay five dollars for an opinion for no good, and that the advice of the lawyer must be followed; and he himself set the example by going out to the field at once.

What followed showed the wisdom of his conduct; for during the night the weather changed—an unforeseen storm burst over the valley; and on the following

day, the river had overflowed its banks, and dragged all the outstanding hay into its current. The harvest of the neighbouring farmers was entirely destroyed; Bernard alone lost nothing.

This first experience gave him such faith in the lawyer's opinion, that he adopted it for a rule of conduct, and consequently became — thanks to his method and industry—one of the wealthiest farmers in the country. Nor did he forget that he owed it to the lawyer, to whom he carried every year a couple of fat fowls.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

BETTER than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank or titles a hundredfold,
Is a healthful body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please.
A heart that can feel for a neighbour's woe,
And share in his joy with a friendly glow,
With sympathies large enough to infold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in a humble sphere;
Doubly blest with content and health,
Untried by the lust or the cares of wealth.
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble the poor man's cot;
For mind and morals, on Nature's plan,
Are the genuine test of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labours close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep;
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep
Bring sleeping draughts to the downy bed,
Where Luxury pillows his aching head;

His simpler opiate Labour deems
A shorter road to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in realms of thought and books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and the good of yore.
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empires pass'd away,
The world's great drama will thus unfold,
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside charities come,—
The shrine of love and the haven of life,
Hallow'd by mother, or sister, or wife.
However humble that home may be,
Or tried with sorrows by heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And centre there, are better than gold.

Better than gold in affliction's hour
Is the balm of love, with its soothing power;
Better than gold on a dying bed
Is the hand that pillows the sinking head.
When the pride and glory of life decay,
And earth and its vanities fade away,
The prostrate suff'rer needs not to be told
That trust in heaven is better than gold.

—ALEXANDER SMART.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

MARY and her father still continued their painful journey, and had already walked more than twenty miles without being able to find a night's lodging. The little money which they had was nearly exhausted, and they knew not where to obtain subsistence. It cost them a

great trial to solicit charity, but they were obliged to submit to it. They presented themselves before a great number of doors, but they met with scarcely anything but repulses, accompanied by abuse. Sometimes, they could only get a little piece of dry bread, and some water from the nearest fountain. Sometimes, indeed, they received a little soup or some greens, and here and there some remains of meat or pastry. After having passed several days in this manner, they were very glad to be allowed to sleep in a barn.

One day the road appeared endless, as they travelled between hills and mountains covered with trees. They had walked a long time without seeing any village, when the old man began to feel very weak. He fell, pale and speechless, at the foot of a hill covered with pines, on a heap of dried leaves. Mary was overcome with fear and anxiety, and overwhelmed with grief. In vain did she seek for a little fresh water in the neighbourhood, she could not find the least drop; in vain did she cry for assistance, the echo alone answered her.

On whatever side she looked, no house was to be seen. Almost worn out with fatigue, she ran to the top of the hill, in hopes of having a better view of the surrounding country; and at last she discovered behind the hill, and quite at its foot, a cottage, surrounded by fields and meadows and completely shut in by the forest. She ran down and arrived quite out of breath. With tears in her eyes she asked assistance in a broken voice. In God's providence both the peasant and his wife, who were advanced in years, were kind-hearted people. The paleness, and tears, and agony of the poor girl touched them. "Put a horse to the little waggon," said the farmer's wife to her husband, "we will bring this sick old man here." The farmer went out to get his horse and to harness it, and his wife took two mattresses, an earthen pitcher of fresh water, and a bottle of vinegar.

As soon as Mary knew that the waggon would be obliged to go round the hill, and that it was a good half-hour's ride, she went before with the water and vinegar the same path by which she had come, and by this means arrived sooner where she had left her father. He had recovered a little, and was sitting at the foot of a pine tree, and it was with great joy that he saw the return of his daughter, whose absence had caused him some anxiety. As soon as the farmer and his wife arrived, they placed him in the waggon, and carried him to the farm, where they gave him a neat little room, a closet and a kitchen, which were then unoccupied. The farmer's wife made him a nice bed, and a bench was sufficient for Mary, who would not quit her father's pillow.

The illness of James was but a weakness occasioned by bad food, bad rest, and the fatigue of the journey. The good farmer's wife spared nothing to relieve the sick man. These kind people had been in the habit of going every year to a fair in the neighbouring village, but they agreed this time to remain at home, and to employ the money which they would have spent, in

procuring medicines and delicacies for the invalid. Mary thanked them with tears in her eyes. "Oh! then," said she, "there are kind people everywhere, and it is often in the most unlikely places that we find the most compassionate hearts." As the old man grew better, Mary was constantly seated beside his bed; but she did not sit there idle—she had her knitting and sewing, and in these employments she occupied herself with great industry for the farmer's household. The farmer's wife was enchanted with her taste for work, and her modest and reserved demeanour.

By the great care which they had taken of James, and the excellent food which they had given him, he was so far restored as to be able to sit up; and as idleness had always been contrary to his habits, he began again to resume his basket-making. Mary, as before, gathered for him branches of willow and hazel twigs, and his first production was a pretty little convenient basket which he offered to the farmer's wife as a token of gratitude. He had exactly guessed her taste. The basket was elegant, but strong and solid; branches of willow, stained with deep red and interwoven in the cover, formed the initials of the farmer's wife, and the date. The border was formed of green, brown, and yellow branches, representing a thatched cottage, on each side of which was a pine tree. This pretty basket was the admiration of the whole house. The farmer's wife received the present with great joy, and the allusion made to her farm, which was called "Pine Cottage," gave her peculiar pleasure.

When James felt himself quite recovered, he said to his hosts, "We have been long enough a burden to you—it is time I should go and seek my fortune elsewhere." "What is the matter with you, my good James?" said the farmer, taking him by the hand. "I hope we have not offended you. Why, then, would you wish to leave us? The year is already very far advanced. Do you not see the leaves on the

trees, how yellow they are turning? Winter is at our doors. Do you wish to be sick again?" James assured them he had no other motive for leaving them than the fear of being troublesome.

"Troublesome, indeed!" said the farmer; "don't distress yourself about that—in the little room where you are you cannot incommode us in any way, and you gain enough to supply your wants." "Yes, yes," added the farmer's wife, "Mary alone earns enough with her needle and her knitting; and you, if you wish to continue to exercise the trade of basket-maker, be easy. Not long since, when I went to the mill, I took with me your pretty basket. All the countrywomen that were there wished to have one like it. I will undertake to procure customers. You will not soon be in want of work." So James and Mary consented to remain, and their hosts expressed a sincere pleasure at this decision. —SCHMIDT'S *Basket of Flowers.*

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.

AN old Clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this the Dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the Hands made an ineffectual effort to continue their course, the Wheels remained motionless with surprise, the Weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the Dial instituted a formal inquiry into the cause of the stoppage; when Hands, Wheels, Weights, with one voice, protested their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard below the Pendulum, who thus spoke:—

"I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present

stoppage, and am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking."

Upon hearing this, the old Clock became so enraged that it was on the point of *striking*.

"Lazy wire!" exclaimed the Dial-plate.

"As to that," replied the Pendulum, "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! —you have had nothing to do all your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and wag backwards and forwards, year after year, as I do!"

"As to that," said the Dial, "is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?"

"But what," resumed the Pendulum, "although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out. Besides, I am really weary of my way of life; and, if you please, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. This morning I happened to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course only of the next twenty-four hours—perhaps some of you above there can give me the exact sum?"

The Minute Hand, being *quick at figures*, instantly replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times!"

"Exactly so," replied the Pendulum. "Well, I appeal to you all, if the thought of this was not enough to fatigue one. And when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect. So, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thought I to myself, I'll stop!"

The Dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming its gravity, at last replied,

"Dear Master Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this suggestion. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do; and though this may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is, will it fatigue us to *do?* Would you now do me the favour to give about half-a-dozen strokes to illustrate my argument?"

The Pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace.

"Now," resumed the Dial, "was that exertion at all fatiguing to you?"

"Not in the least!" replied the Pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of *sixty*, but of *millions.*"

"Very good," replied the Dial; "but recollect, that though you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to *execute* but one; and that however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the Pendulum.

"Then, I hope," added the Dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the maids will lie in bed till noon if we stand idling thus."

Upon this the Weights, who had never been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the Wheels began to turn, the Hands began to move, the Pendulum to wag, and, to its credit, it ticked as loud as ever; while a beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen shutter, shining full upon the Dial-plate, made it brighten up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast, he declared, upon looking at the clock, that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

—JANE TAYLOR.

CONTENTED JOHN.

ONE honest John Tomkins, a hedger and ditcher,
Although he was poor, did not want to be richer;
For all such vain wishes in him were prevented,
By a fortunate habit of being contented.

Though cold was the weather, or dear was the food,
John never was found in a murmuring mood;
For this he was constantly heard to declare,—
What he could not prevent, he would cheerfully bear.

"For why should I grumble and murmur?" he said;
"If I cannot get meat, I can surely get bread;
And though fretting may make my calamities deeper,
It never can cause bread and cheese to be cheaper."

If John was afflicted with sickness or pain,
He wish'd himself better, but did not complain,
Nor lie down and fret in despondence and sorrow,
But said, that he hoped to be better to-morrow.

If any one wrong'd him, or treated him ill,
Why, John was good-natured and sociable still;
For he said, that revenging the injury done
Would be making two rogues when there need be but one.

And thus honest John, though his station was humble,
Pass'd through this sad world without even a grumble;
And I wish that some folks, who are greater and richer,
Would copy John Tomkins, the hedger and ditcher.

—JANE TAYLOR.

THE COW'S BELL.

FRANCIS, a farmer's son, took care of his father's cows in the forest. Each of them had a bell tied round her neck; but the most beautiful cow had the most beautiful bell. One day a man passing through the forest said to Francis, "What a beautiful bell that cow has! how much did it cost?" "Two dollars," answered Francis. "Not more than that!" cried the stranger; "I would gladly give four for it." The young shepherd, when he heard that, took off the bell, and gave it to the man, at the same time gladly putting the four dollars in his pocket.

But as the cow no longer had her bell, Francis could not hear in what part of the forest she was feeding. Soon she wandered far from the herd. The stranger, who was a thief, was watching for her, and hid behind some brushwood. When he saw her alone, he quietly drove her away.

Poor Francis went home, his eyes swollen with crying for the loss of the cow. "Ah!" said he, "how could I think the rogue paid me so much for the bell only to carry away the cow?" But his mother said, "Did you never think, my dear Francis, why the cows wore bells?" "No, indeed," said Francis. "I said to myself, here is two dollars to be gained; the bell is useless; the cow gives no more milk because of it. When the cow was lost, I at once saw the use of the bell."

"Take care in future, my boy," said his father, "never to throw away an old custom as useless, till you have found out why it first came into use. You are not the first who has suffered from the folly of slighting ancient foot-marks, nor the first who has been sorry for it, when too late."

—LAURIE'S *Series*.

THE MISER PUNISHED.

Francis [*At Mr Gripe's door.*] Is the master at home?

Gripe. What do you want with the master?

Francis. Mr Gripe has advertised that he has lost a bag containing a large sum of money.

Gripe. I am Gripe. Come in quickly, my worthy fellow! my good fellow! my brave fellow! Have you found my lost treasure?

Francis. I don't know if this is your treasure; but as £5 was offered to whoever found a bag containing £100, I should very much like to receive the £5.

Gripe. Nothing can be fairer. A promise is a promise. Let me see the bag.

Francis. Here it is; and if it belongs to you, I'll give it you for the £5.

Gripe. It is my lost treasure. I will give you 10s. reward!

Francis. But you promised £5 to whoever would bring you a bag containing £100.

Gripe. My bag contained £105. You have, I suspect, kept the £5 in your own hands.

Francis. I would not do such a base thing. If I had meant to do that, I might as well have kept the whole bag. The Justice will decide between us.

Justice. Mr Gripe, you advertised that you had lost a bag of money containing £100. Now, here is Francis, an honest man, well known to us all, who offers you a bag which you say is yours, and claims the promised reward. What have you to say?

Gripe. Mr Justice, allow me to point out to you that the bag I lost contained £105.

Justice. I understand you promised £5 to whoever brought you a lost bag containing £100. And now you offer only 10s., because you pretend that your bag

contained £105. However, I shall count the money. [*He counts the money.*] This money is not yours, for there are only £100 here. It is a clear case. Francis, you will keep this money till the proper owner reclaims it.

Gripe. But, Mr Justice——

Justice. Silence, Mr Gripe! The matter is settled.

ANTONY CANOVA, THE SCULPTOR.

It was in the little village of Possagno, in the Venetian territory, that Canova first saw the light of day. Falieri, the senator, was lord of this village. One day he gave a great dinner, and there was served up to his guests the image of a lion beautifully formed in butter. This unexpected dish gave as much surprise to the senator as to his numerous guests. He ordered his cook to come up stairs, that he might congratulate him in presence of the party, so much pleased was he with the marvellous work of art. The cook was introduced into the banqueting-hall, and was so overwhelmed with praises that the tears came into his eyes.

"You weep for joy?" said his master to him.

"No, my lord," he replied; "it is through despair at not having executed the work of art which is the object of so much admiration."

"I should like to make the artist's acquaintance," said the senator.

The cook withdrew, assuring his master that his wish would be gratified; and in a few minutes returned, leading in the artist. He was a little peasant boy, about ten years old, meanly clad, for his parents were poor. Poor as they were, however, these worthy people had exposed themselves to great straits rather than deny to their son lessons in the art of sculpture, which a professor had undertaken to give for a very moderate fee.

Antony Canova had early exhibited a strong faculty for statuary. He modelled clay when he could get it, and, with the help of his knife, carved little figures out of all the chips of wood he could lay his hands on. His parents were acquainted with the cook of Senator Falieri. On the morning of the great dinner, he came to impart the difficulty he had in giving a graceful finish to the table. He had exhausted all the resources of his skill; but he still wanted one of those effective dishes, capable of producing a great sensation, which rear on a solid basis the reputation of the cook of a great house. The little Canova thought for a minute, and then said: "Do not trouble yourself; I shall soon come to you. Leave it to me, and I shall answer for it that your table will be complete." The boy went as he had promised to the senator's house, showed the cook the design of the figure which he meant to execute, answered for the success of the attempt, and cut the block of butter with that purity of style and perfect taste which he afterwards displayed in cutting blocks of marble. Surprised as the guests had been by the work, they were much more so when they beheld the workman. He was loaded with attentions, and from this time forth Falieri was the patron of the young Canova.

The happy issue of the first attempt of the little peasant boy suddenly made his name famous, and opened up for him the road to permanent success. Falieri placed him as a pupil in the study of old Torretti, the best sculptor of the time. Two years after—that is to say, when Canova was only twelve years of age—he sent to his patron a gift of two marble fruit-baskets of his own workmanship, which still adorn the Falieri palace at Venice.

You will learn elsewhere the claims of this great artist to the admiration of posterity. All the academies of Europe solicited the honour of enrolling him among their members. All the kings vied with each

other in enriching their national museums with the beautiful products of his genius. He was elected Prince-perpetual of the Academy of St Luke at Rome —a title conferred on no other artist since his death. The funeral ceremony with which his remains were honoured was the grandest which had ever occurred in connexion with the fine arts since the death of Raphael.

"LOOK ALOFT!"

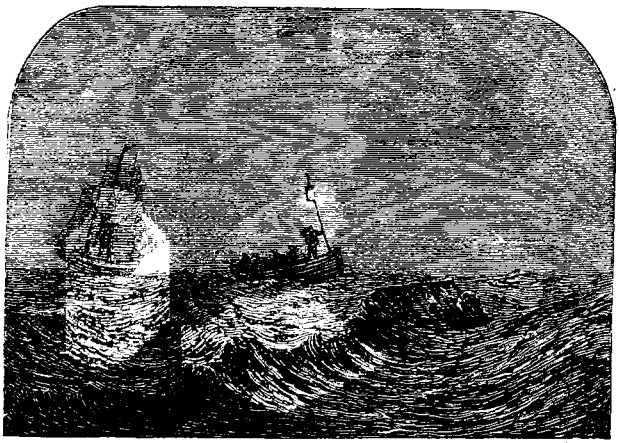
[An anecdote is told by Dr Godman of a ship boy who was about to fall from the rigging, when he was saved by the mate's calling out, "Look aloft, you lubber!"]

THE ship boy was clambering up the high mast,
When a glance on the deck far below him he cast;
His head swam with fear, and thick came his breath,
"Look aloft!" cried a sailor, and saved him from death.

So do you, boy—since up life's rough hill you must go,
And see the steep precipice far down below,
Pause not to gaze over it, raise up your head,
"Look aloft, look aloft!" and in safety you 'll tread.

When you find in yourself some low petty desire,
Feel cowardly, weak, lacking strength to aspire;
Take a noble example, don't stand still and fret,
"Look aloft, boy, aloft!" you may grow to it yet.

When, spite of all efforts, misfortune shall come,
Or sorrow shall darken your life or your home;
Raise your head and your heart with hope and with prayer,
"Look aloft, look aloft, boy!" no sorrow is there.



"MAN OVERBOARD!"

THE order was given to reduce sail, and the men lay out on the topsail yards. I noticed that my friend Fred Borders was the first man to spring up the shrouds and lay out on the maintop-sail yard. It was so dark that I could scarcely see the masts. While I was gazing up, I thought I observed a dark object drop from the yard; at the same moment there was a loud shriek, followed by a plunge in the sea. This was succeeded by the sudden cry, "Man overboard!" and instantly the whole ship was in an uproar.

No one who has not heard that cry can understand the dreadful feelings that are raised in the human breast by it. My heart at first seemed to leap into my mouth, and almost choke me. Then a terrible fear, which I cannot describe, shot through me, when I thought it might be my comrade Fred Borders. But these thoughts and feelings passed like lightning —in a far shorter time than it takes to write them down. The shriek was still ringing in my ears, when the captain roared—

"Down your helm! stand by to lower away the boats."

At the same moment he seized a light hen-coop and tossed it overboard, and the mate did the same with an oar in the twinkling of an eye. Almost without knowing what I did, or why I did it, I seized a great mass of oakum and rubbish that lay on the deck saturated with oil; I thrust it into the embers of the fire in the try-works,* and hurled it blazing into the sea.

The ship's head was thrown into the wind, and we were brought to as quickly as possible. A gleam of hope arose within me on observing that the mass I had thrown overboard continued still to burn; but when I saw how quickly it went astern, notwithstanding our vigorous efforts to stop the ship, my heart began to sink, and when, a few moments after, the light suddenly disappeared, despair seized upon me, and I gave my friend up for lost.

At that moment, strange to say, thoughts of my mother came into my mind. I remembered her words, "Call upon the Lord, my dear boy, when you are in trouble." Although I had given but little heed to prayer, or to my Maker, up to that time, I did pray, then and there, most earnestly that my messmate might be saved. I cannot say that I had much hope that my prayer would be answered—indeed I think I had none—still the mere act of crying in my distress to the Almighty afforded me a little relief, and it was with a good deal of energy that I threw myself into the first boat that was lowered, and pulled at the oar as if my own life depended on it.

A lantern had been fastened to the end of an oar and set up in the boat, and by its faint light I could see that the men looked very grave. Tom Lokins was steering, and I sat near him, pulling the aft oar.

"Do you think we 've any chance, Tom?" said I.

* Try-works, or boilers for melting the blubber into oil, on board a whale ship.

A shake of the head was the only reply.

"It must have been here away," said the mate, who stood up in the bow with a coil of rope at his feet, and a boat-hook in his hand. "Hold on, lads, did any one hear a cry?"

No one answered. We all ceased pulling, and listened intently; but the noise of the waves and the whistling of the winds were all the sounds we heard.

"What 's that floating on the water?" said one of the men suddenly.

"Where away?" cried every one eagerly.

"Right off the lee-bow—there, don't you see it?"

At that moment a faint cry came floating over the black water, and died away in the breeze.

The single word "Hurrah!" burst from our throats with all the power of our lungs, and we bent to our oars till we well-nigh tore the rollicks out of the boat.

"Hold hard! stern all!" roared the mate, as we went flying down to leeward, and almost ran over the hen-coop, to which a human form was seen to be clinging with the tenacity of a drowning man. We had swept down so quickly, that we shot past it. In an agony of fear lest my friend should be again lost in the darkness, I leaped up and sprang into the sea. Tom Lokins, however, had noticed what I was about; he seized me by the collar of my jacket just as I reached the water, and held me with a grip like a vice till one of the men came to his assistance, and dragged me back into the boat. In a few minutes more we reached the hen-coop, and Fred was saved.

He was half dead with cold and exhaustion, poor fellow, but in a few minutes he began to recover, and before we reached the ship he could speak. His first words were to thank God for his deliverance. Then he said—

"And, thanks to the man that flung that light overboard. I should have gone down but for that. It showed me where the hen-coop was."

I cannot describe the feeling of joy that filled my heart when he said this.

"Ay, who was it that throwed that fire overboard?" inquired one of the men.

"Don't know," replied another, "I think it was the cap'n."

"You 'll find that out when we get aboard," cried the mate; "pull away, lads."

In five minutes Fred Borders was passed up the side and taken down below. In two minutes more we had him stripped naked, rubbed dry, wrapped in hot blankets, and set down on one of the lockers, with a hot brick at his feet, and a stiff can of hot rum and water in his hand. —R. M. BALLANTYNE.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sail'd the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

Down came the storm, and smote amain,
The vessel in its strength;
She shudder'd and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leap'd her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so,
For I can weather the roughest gale,
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapp'd her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steer'd for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answer'd never a word,—
A frozen corpse was he.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

To the rocks and breakers right ahead
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Look'd soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

At daybreak on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lash'd close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

—LONGFELLOW.

THE BUSTLING WAY AND THE QUIET WAY.

THERE are some children who do very little good, even when they wish to be of use to others, because they make so much bustle about everything they undertake.

Jane Riddell is one of these bustling characters. She is always ready and willing to help her mother, whom she loves very much, and to whom she is always obedient; but she makes so much noise and talk about any little thing she has to do, that one would rather do it ten times over than be present while she is doing it.

"Mother," said Jane, one morning when she sat reading, "Mother, mother!" calling several times before her mother had time to look up. Jane ought not to have interrupted her mother while she was reading, —she had nothing really important to say. "Mother, mother, I want to know whether I may go and put the back parlour to rights."

"Yes, yes, you may," said her mother, going on with her reading.

"Well—mother, mother!"

"What now, Jane?"

"May I take down all the books from the shelves, and put them up better? I know I can put them up right again, May I, mother?"

"Yes, you may; but do not talk to me now, because I am engaged."

Jane went to work, making a great noise in taking down and putting up the books. Instead of clearing one shelf at a time, and filling it before she cleared

the next, she took down all the books at once; and as she stood on a chair to replace them, she must needs jump down for each parcel as she set them up again.

"O Jane!" her mother would now and then exclaim, as the volumes came tumbling upon the floor, "do be a little more careful, and try to make less noise."

But for Jane to have carried on any operation without making a great fuss, or causing interruption to other persons, would have been quite out of the question.

"There, mother, just come and see how much better that looks," she said each time she had filled a shelf.

Because her mother did not attend at once, she went on calling "Mother, mother," until at last, becoming quite tired of being interrupted, her mother bade her leave the room as it was, and sit down to her sewing. Jane felt mortified and grieved at the reproof thus conveyed, and could scarcely repress her tears as she prepared to obey the direction.

"Why, what is the matter, Jane?" said her mother, laying down her book, and perceiving Jane's sorrowful looks. This question brought the tears at once into Jane's eyes.

"Why, mother," she answered, "I was putting the book-shelves to rights as well as I could, when you spoke to me, and,—and, I was going—"

"Well, you did them very well, and I should have been glad had you finished them; but you made so much bustle about it, and talked so much, that I could not go on with my reading. I have never spoken to you seriously about this fault, but it is one that you can easily overcome. You are a very lively, active little girl; I should be sorry were you indolent and dull; but when you have anything to do, I wish you to do it with as little noise and bustle as possible."

"Now, I will show you the difference between the bustling and the quiet way of doing things. Let me see,—what shall I do? Oh! there is the hearth-rug

which is out of order." One edge of the rug was turned under, and Jane's mother walked to the fire-place, stooped down to the rug, and, with one or two strokes of her hand, spread it even, and smoothed out the fringe. "There, that is the *quiet* way of doing the thing; now I will show you the *bustling* way." Her mother then hurried to the fire-place, pulled away the chairs that stood near, rattled the shovel and tongs; then turned over the rug in such a manner as to cause a great puff of smoke and dust from the fire; and then, in the same parading style, spread the rug down again.

"That is the bustling way of doing it," said her mother, sweeping up the hearth, and brushing off the ashes that had settled upon the chimney-piece.

"Now I will show you how it is for persons to talk and disturb others while they are engaged. Let us suppose that you have lost your thimble, and that I am going to look after it for you." She then pretended to be looking for the lost thimble. "Why, Jane," said she, hastily turning over the things on the table, where *do* you suppose your thimble can be? Surely Susan must have mislaid it when she swept the parlour. I wish she were not such a careless girl." She then went to another part of the room, and looked under the sofa, continuing all the while to talk: "Why, Jane, perhaps you left your thimble up-stairs; did you not? Jane—Jane—Jane, did you not leave your thimble up-stairs? Shall I go up and see?"

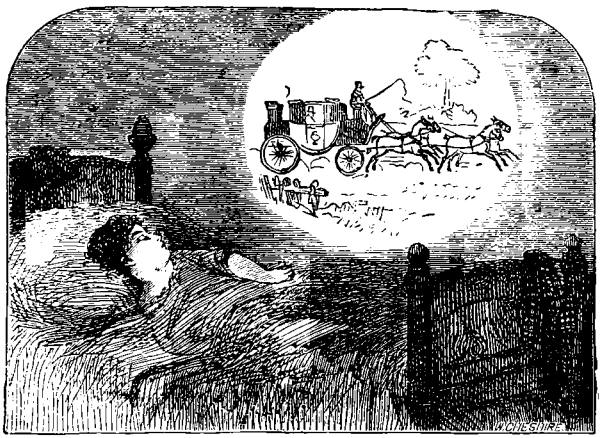
Jane stood laughing to see her mother acting in this strange way.

"You think it odd for me to act in such a manner," said her mother, "but it is quite as improper in a little girl like you. Now," she continued, "I wish you to learn the quiet way of doing things, and then you will be much more useful to me than you are at present; for very often when there is something that you could do, I say, 'No, I will do it myself, for Jane will have so much to say, and will make such a parade about it,

that she will cause me more trouble than she will save.' But I wish you to begin now to learn the quiet way of going about everything, and then you will be a very great help to me."

Jane had many chances throughout the day of practising her new lesson, and she felt amply repaid by her mother's smile and approving looks, and resolved ever afterwards to try the *quiet way* in preference to the *bustling way.*

—ABBOTT'S *Reader.*



THE MAGIC-LANTERN.

FERD was the youngest of a family party that had gathered on Thanksgiving-Day at the grandfather's house, but he was the liveliest of them all. Not one dish on the great table did Master Ferd refuse; he played in every game, and yet, when evening came, and Uncle Jack showed the magic-lantern to the company, Ferd was wide awake, and saw everything. "The Pea-

cock in contact with an Iceberg" was announced, but Ferd was rather disappointed when he found it was the ship *Peacock*. Then there were "The Drumming Lesson," "Mr Bruin reading the Paper," "The Little Arithmetician," "William Penn's Silver Tea-Service," and many others, entertaining or instructive. Last of all, Ferd saw on the wall a picture of a stage-coach, full of passengers inside and out; the driver on the box drove his galloping horses. The picture stood perfectly still upon the wall, but Ferd could fancy the stage-coach driving at full speed, till finally Uncle Jack shut the slide, and the exhibition was over.

This had been a long day for little Ferd, and now he was sent to bed, though he declared he was not sleepy; for all that, his eyes were shut as soon as his head touched the pillow. But when the older people had also gone to bed, and all was quiet, Ferd opened his eyes, for how else could he have seen the wonderful sight that the wall of his little bedroom showed? A light shone upon the wall opposite where he lay, so that it was perfectly distinct, and there, rolling from side to side, was a stage-coach, not unlike the one in the magic-lantern, except that now there were only the coach and driver and galloping horses, with not a soul inside or out. Off it went, out of the light wall into the shadow, and it seemed to Ferd to go round the room, past him, and back to the light wall again, where it stood once more. But as it came into the light, Ferd saw inside one passenger. It was the grandfather! There was no mistaking the gold spectacles, and the gold-headed cane that the old gentleman carried between his knees. He was in the inner corner of the back seat, and looked extremely comfortable.

The driver all the while sat stiff in his seat: the horses were galloping on, out into the shadow and once again round the room, as Ferd knew, until the coach-and-four stopped, just at the edge of the light wall, to take in another passenger. There she took her seat,—

Ferd's grandmother, to be sure, right beside the old gentleman. She was dressed for a journey, with a green veil over her bonnet, a reticule in her lap, and a brown-paper parcel, which no doubt held sandwiches. Oh yes! she and the old gentleman were on the back seat, and going off for a journey. Away they went, out of the light, past Ferd, and round the room. When they came to the wall again, the coach hardly stopped, but up climbed a sprightly old fellow, whom Ferd knew immediately. Was it not old Will, who had lived in the family almost as long as the grandfather himself? He sat on the box beside the driver, with a corkscrew and a blacking brush in his hand. What now, Will? They are all right inside, and the coach is rolling off at the same rate round the room. This time two got in. They were Ferd's great-aunts, sisters of the grandfather. Aunt Cynthia had a stocking she was knitting; Aunt Harriet had a black book in her hand and a bandbox in her lap. Ah! Ferd knew what was in that,—such heaps of ribbons and old head-dresses and bows and knots. But off they went.

"Now that was a load," said Ferd to himself, as he watched it disappear from the light wall. Where it went to he could not guess. It certainly did not, as before, go round the room, and yet presently,—there! right on the wall again, was the stage-coach, the horses galloping, the driver holding the reins, and not a soul inside or out, when, just as he saw this, in jumped his father and mother, and took the back seats. He was counting the money in his purse, and she was sewing very rapidly upon some garment. Round they went, past Ferd again, and when they came to the light wall, the coach never stopped, and yet, in crowded and up climbed a whole party. Aunts and uncles squeezed into wonderfully small places. Uncle Phil sat by the driver, and the servant-maids were also on the top of the coach, hanging over the back. Uncle Luke, with his pill-boxes, Aunt Caroline with her cologne-bottle,

Aunt Margaret with a bag full of old letters, and Uncle Edgar with his paint-box. These were all crowded inside, though Uncle Edgar had to sit on the straw at the bottom. Ferd saw Uncle Phil on the top, with note-book and pencil in hand, turn to the driver as if he said, "How are the roads?" but the driver only looked straight ahead, held the reins tight, and off were they,—Aunt Caroline being the last he saw, for she put her head out of the window, and made a motion to speak to the driver.

"Perhaps he will stop," said Ferd to himself. Not he; on he drove, Ferd could not tell just where, for, as before, the coach disappeared, and did not come round to him; and yet, very soon, there it stood, the horses galloping, the driver sitting upright, and no one inside or out. But, in a moment, Ferd saw a scrambling lot of boys and girls tumbling in at each door, and climbing up any way to the top of the coach. He was all alive to see them, for there were every one of his cousins who had been at Thanksgiving with him. They had tops, and balls, and graces, and hoops, and crochet-needles, and fans, and cricket-bats, and books, and silver watches, and slate-pencils, and thimbles,—every one had something. Two little ragged boys, moreover, who had fetched water that day, had jumped on behind, while on the top one could hardly see the coach for the valance of boys' legs that ran round the sides, while the picket-fence of boys' heads hid those who were stretched lazily on the roof of the coach. And there, beside the driver, sat Uncle Jack, who looked as much like a boy as any of them, but, though he and all were laughing and hurrahing, the driver said never a word, but held the reins firmly.

Something or somebody was waited for, since the coach, though the horses did not seem to stop galloping, never got beyond the light wall. Ferd saw one place vacant. There were all his cousins and Uncle Jack going off so merrily. Oh, he wanted to go too,

and in a twinkling Ferd was climbing on to the top, Uncle Jack lending him a hand.

Hurrah! it was driving like the wind. The stage-coach swayed backwards and forwards, the little folks inside put their heads out all at once, the little folks on the top kicked their heels upon the sides, and the driver sat still and minded his horses. But though they drove so fast, they were still in the light, and Ferd could see now more and more plainly where they were, and what was beyond them. They were in a great magic-lantern. The light shone full upon them, but where the dusk was he could see crowds upon crowds of people, old and young, who stood and watched the stage-coach. It was people everywhere!

"How they are watching us!" said Ferd.

"Watching us!" said Uncle Jack. "Don't you see, they are all about their business, ploughing and hammering and stitching and reading; they have too much to do to attend to us, and we have too much to look after to mind their business. Hurrah! what a drive this is."

Nevertheless, Ferd still saw the people looking at them. The more he looked, the easier he saw them, and he thought Uncle Jack certainly wrong, for, besides the people, Ferd declared he could see through them, and each one was most extraordinarily made,—such springs and wheels inside! such an amount of varnish outside!

"Let me see how I look with all these people staring at me," said Ferd; and he looked at himself, and the sight made him wretched—he seemed so poorly put together and so shabbily dressed.

"Hurrah! how we drive!" said Uncle Jack, and drive they did, till the light grew dimmer. "We are getting out of the light," said Ferd in alarm, and it certainly did grow rather darker to him.

"Out of the light!" exclaimed Uncle Jack. "Why, it's clear as noonday." Nevertheless it was growing

dark, Ferd knew—and couldn't he trust his eyes? As it grew darker the voices about him sounded more faintly; even Uncle Jack's cheerful voice was not so loud. But Ferd could feel the coach-horses galloping away into the silent darkness. He strained his eyes to see the people—he looked again at himself. The darkness grew deeper, and the silence more profound. The voices of the children wholly ceased—Uncle Jack's Hurrah! went out of hearing—there was no noise. The people he could no longer see, nor his comrades, nor the driver, nor the coach, nor the horses, and he could but just see himself. Yet Ferd knew when all was utterly silent and utterly dark that he was galloping off. He kept his eyes open in vain, he could not see himself even; he put forth his hand to feel some one, but touched nothing; he tried to speak, but his mouth closed: all feeling was gone; he was not aware of coach, or horses, or driver, or comrades, but only that he was borne along galloping farther and faster. Ferd perceived that feeling also growing indistinct. Was he going or not? he could not say. He was in the midst of motionless darkness. He grew fainter and fainter to himself. "I am going out," he just thought. Ferd seemed to flicker, as if the next moment —ah! and the flame would be out.

Lo! in an instant it was light again, broad daylight. Ferd raised himself and stared around; there was his mother smiling over him; she had just given him his good-morning kiss. In five minutes Ferd was out of doors, and feeding what chickens remained after Thanksgiving-Day.

—*Tales from Dreamland.*

JOSEPH II. AND THE GRENADIER.

THE Emperor Joseph II. of Austria was very fond of seeking for adventures. One morning, dressed in a very ordinary way, he got into a public conveyance, and told the driver to take him through the town. The cab having been obstructed by some carts, a soldier came up to the disguised monarch and said: "Comrade, will you give me a lift?"

Emperor. Gladly; jump up quickly, for I am in a hurry.

Soldier. Ah! you are a fine fellow; you only want moustaches to look like a soldier. Tell me now [*tapping his royal neighbour on the shoulder*], are you a good hand at guessing?

Emperor. Maybe I am. Try.

Soldier. Well then, friend, give your whole mind to it, and tell me what I ate this morning for breakfast?

Emperor. Saurkraut and a cup of coffee.

Soldier. Better than that.

Emperor. A slice of ham, then.

Soldier. Better than that.

Emperor. Then it must have been a sausage, with a glass of wine after it to help digestion.

Soldier. Better than that. But, friend, you will never be able to guess: I breakfasted off a pheasant killed in the emperor's park. What do you think of that?

Emperor. I think that very extraordinary, indeed. Had you not told me, I should never have guessed it. Now it is my turn, grenadier. I will put your sharpness to the proof. Tell me who I am, and what rank I hold in the army?

Soldier. Well, I should have taken you for an ensign; but you are not well enough dressed to be an officer.

Emperor. Better than that.

Soldier. You are a lieutenant, perhaps?

Emperor. Better than that.

Soldier. A captain, then?

Emperor. Better than that.

Soldier. Why, then, you must be a general.

Emperor. Better than that.

Soldier. [*Very much excited, and taking off his cap*] I beg a thousand pardons of your excellency; you are a field-marshal of the empire. [*He tries to get out of the cab.*]

Emperor. Better than that.

Soldier. Pardon, sire, you are the emperor—I am a lost man. [*He jumps out of the cab. The emperor, delighted with the adventure, and laughing heartily, throws him a purse.*] "Take that, soldier, in proof that you have lost nothing!"

PRINCIPLE PUT TO THE TEST.

A YOUNGSTER at school, more sedate than the rest,
Had once his integrity put to the test:—
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
And ask'd him to go and assist in the job.

He was very much shock'd, and answer'd—"Oh no!
What! rob our poor neighbour? I pray you don't go;
Besides, the man 's poor, his orchard 's his bread;
Then think of his children, for they must be fed."

"You speak very fine, and you look very grave,
But apples we want, and apples we 'll have;
If you will go with us, we 'll give you a share,
If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear."

They spoke, and Tom ponder'd—"I see they will go;
Poor man! what a pity to injure him so!
Poor man! I would save him his fruit if I could,
But staying behind will do him no good.

"If this matter depended alone upon me,
His apples might hang till they dropp'd from the tree;
But since they *will* take them, I think I 'll go too,
He will lose none by me, though I get a few."

His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at ease,
And went with his comrades the apples to seize;
He blamed and protested, but join'd in the plan;
He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man.

—COWPER.

BOOTS AND HIS BROTHERS.

ONCE on a time there was a man who had three sons —Peter, Paul, and John. John was boots, of course, because he was the youngest. I can't say the man had anything more than these three sons, for he hadn't one penny to rub against another; so he told his sons over and over again they must go out into the world and try to earn their bread, for at home there was nothing to be looked for but starving to death.

Now, a bit off the man's cottage was the king's palace; and, you must know, just against the king's windows a great oak had sprung up, which was so stout and big that it took away all the light from the king's palace. The king had said he would give many, many dollars to the man who could fell the oak; but no one was man enough for that, for as soon as ever one chip of the oak's trunk flew off, two grew in its stead. A well, too, the king wanted dug, which was to hold water for the whole year; for all his neighbours had wells, but he hadn't any, and that he thought a shame. So the king said he would give any one who would dig him such a well as would hold water all the year round, both money and goods;

but no one could do it, for the king's palace lay high up on a hill, and they hadn't dug a few inches before they came upon the living rock.

But as the king had set his heart on having these two things done, he had it given out far and wide, in all the churches of his kingdom, that he who could fell the big oak in the king's courtyard, and get him a well that would hold water the whole year round, should have the princess and half the kingdom. Well, you may easily know there was many a man who came to try his luck; but all their hacking and hewing, and all their digging and delving was no good. The oak got bigger and stouter at every stroke, and the rock didn't get softer either. So one day these three brethren thought they'd set off and try too, and their father hadn't a word against it; for even if they didn't get the princess and half the kingdom, it might happen they might get a place somewhere with a good master, and that was all he wanted. So, when the brothers said they thought of going to the palace, their father said: "Yes, at once." So Peter, Paul, and Jack went off from their home.

Well, they hadn't gone far before they came to a fir-wood, and up along one side of it rose a steep hill-side; and as they went, they heard something hewing and hacking away up on the hill among the trees.

"I wonder, now, what it is that is hewing away up yonder!" said Jack.

"You 're always so clever with your wonderings!" said Peter and Paul both at once. "What wonder is it, pray, that a wood-cutter should stand and hack up on a hill-side?"

"Still, I should like to see what it is, after all," said Jack, and up he went.

"Oh, if you are such a child, it will do you good to go and take a lesson!" bawled out his brothers after him.

But Jack did not care for what they said; he

climbed the steep hillside towards where the noise came, and when he reached the place, what do you think he saw? Why, an axe that stood there hacking and hewing all of itself, at the trunk of a tree.

"Good-day!" said Jack. "So you stand here all alone and hew, do you?"

"Yes; here I've stood and hewed and hacked a long, long time, waiting for you," said the axe.

"Well, here I am at last," said Jack, as he pulled off its haft, and stuffed both head and haft into his wallet.

So when he got down again to his brothers they began to jeer and laugh at him.

"And now, what funny thing was it you saw up yonder on the hillside?" they said.

"Oh, it was only an axe we heard," said Jack.

So when they had gone a bit further, they came under a steep spur of rock, and up there they heard something digging and shovelling.

"I wonder now," said Jack, "what it is that is digging and shovelling up yonder at the top of the rock!"

"Ah! you're always so clever with your wonderings!" said Peter and Paul again; "as if you'd never heard a woodpecker hacking and pecking at a hollow tree!"

"Well, well," said Jack; "I think it would be a piece of fun just to see what it really is."

And so off he set to climb the rock, while the others laughed and made game of him. But he didn't care a bit for that; up he climbed, and when he got near the top, what do you think he saw? Why, a spade that stood there digging and delving!

"Good-day!" said Jack. "So you stand here all alone and dig and delve?"

"Yes, that is what I do," said the spade, "and that is what I have done this many a long day, waiting for you."

"Well, here I am," said Jack again, as he took the spade and knocked it off its handle, and put it into his wallet, and then he went down again to his brothers.

"Well, what was it so rare and strange," said Peter and Paul, "that you saw up there at the top of the rock?"

"Oh," said Jack, "nothing more than a spade, that was what we heard!"

So they went on again, a good bit, till they came to a brook. They were thirsty, all three, after their long walk, and so they lay down beside the brook to have a drink.

"I wonder now," said Jack, "where all this water comes from!"

"I wonder if you are right in your head!" said Peter and Paul in one breath. "If you are not mad already, you will go mad very soon with your wonderings. Where the brook comes from, indeed! Have you never heard how water rises from a spring in the earth?"

"Yes; but still I have a great fancy to see where this brook comes from," said Jack.

So up alongside the brook he went, in spite of all that his brothers bawled after him. Nothing could stop him. On he went. As he went up, and up, the brook got smaller and smaller; and at last, a little way further on, what do you think he saw? Why, a great walnut, and out of that the water trickled!"

"Good-day!" said Jack again. "So you lie here, and trickle and run down all alone?"

"Yes I do," said the walnut; "and here have I trickled and run this many a long day, waiting for you."

"Well, here I am," said Jack, as he took up a lump of moss and plugged up the hole that the water might not run out. Then he put the walnut into his wallet and ran down to his brothers.

"Well, now," said Peter and Paul, "have you found

out where the water comes from? A rare sight it must have been."

"Oh, after all, it was only a hole it ran out of!" said Jack. And so the others laughed and made game of him again; but Jack didn't mind that a bit. "After all, I had the fun of seeing it," said Jack.

So, when they had gone a bit further, they came to the king's palace; but as every one in the kingdom had heard how they might win the princess and half the realm, if they could only fell the big oak and dig the king's well, so many had come to try their luck, that the oak was now twice as stout and big as it had been at first, for two chips grew for every one they hewed out with their axes, as I daresay you all bear in mind. Accordingly, the king had now laid it down as a punishment that if any one tried and could not fell the oak, he should be put on a barren island, and have both his ears clipped off. But the two brothers did not let themselves be scared by that; they were quite sure they could fell the oak. Peter, as he was the eldest, was to try his hand first; but it went with him as with the rest who had hewn at the oak—for every chip he cut out, two grew in its place. So the king's men seized him, and clipped off both his ears, and put him out on the island.

Now Paul, he was to try his luck, but he fared just the same; when he had hewn two or three strokes, they began to see the oak grow; and so the king's men seized him too, and clipped his ears, and put him out on the island. And they clipped his ears closer, because they said he ought to have taken a lesson from his brother.

So now Jack was to try.

"If you *will* look like a marked sheep, we're quite ready to clip your ears at once, and then you'll save yourself some trouble!" said the king, for he was angry with him for his brothers' sake.

"Well, I should like just to try first," said Jack,

and so he got leave. Then he took his axe out of his wallet, and fitted it to its haft.

"Hew away!" said he to his axe; and away it hewed, making the chips fly again, so that it was not long before down came the oak.

When that was done, Jack pulled out his spade and fitted it to its handle.

"Dig away!" said he to his spade; and so the spade began to dig and delve, till the earth and rock flew out in splinters, and so he had the well soon dug out you may think.

And when he had got it as big and deep as he chose, Jack took out his walnut, and laid it in one corner of the well, and pulled the plug of moss out.

"Trickle and run!" said Jack; and so the nut trickled and ran, till the water gushed out of the hole in a stream, and in a short time the well was brimful.

Thus Jack had felled the oak which shaded the king's palace, and dug a well in the palace-yard; and so he got the princess and half the kingdom, as the king had said. But it was lucky for Peter and Paul that they had lost their ears, else they would have heard each hour and day how every one said: "Well, after all, Jack was not so much out of his mind when he took to wondering!" —DASENT.

THE DISPUTED CASE.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose;
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong:
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of wit, and a wig full of learning,
While chief-baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

" In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
And your lordship," he said, " will undoubtedly find,
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind."

Then holding the spectacles up to the court—
" Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is, in short,
Design'd to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

" Again : would your lordship a moment suppose
('Tis a case that has happen'd, and may be again)
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles then?

" On the whole it appears, that my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.'

Then shifting his side (as the lawyer knows how)
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes;
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave, solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one if or but,
That, whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By day-light, or candle-light, Eyes should be shut.

—COWPER.

OBSERVATION.

AN Indian, upon returning home to his cabin, found that his venison, which had been hung up to dry, was stolen. After taking notice of the marks about the

place, he set off in pursuit of the thief, whom he tracked through the woods.

Meeting with some persons on his route, he inquired if they had seen a little old white man with a short gun, and accompanied by a small dog with a bob-tail. They answered that they had; and, upon the Indian assuring them that the man thus described had stolen his venison, they desired to be informed how he was able to give so minute a description of a person whom, it appeared, he had never seen.

The Indian replied, "The thief, I know, is a little man, by his having heaped up a pile of staves to stand upon, in order to reach the venison from the height at which I hung it, while standing on the ground; that he is an *old* man, I know by his short steps, which I have traced over the dead leaves in the woods; and that he is a white man, I know by his turning out his toes when he walks, which an Indian never does.

"His gun I know to be short, from the mark which the muzzle made by rubbing the bark of a tree against which it had leant; that his dog is small, I know by his track; and that he has a bob-tail, I noticed from the mark it made in the dust where he was sitting, while his master was busied with my meat."

THE LOST CAMEL.

A DERVISE, while journeying alone in the desert, was met by two merchants. "You have lost a camel," said he to them. "We have," they replied.

"Was the camel blind in his right eye, and lame in one of his legs?" said the Dervise. "He was," answered the merchants.

"Had he lost a front tooth?" said the Dervise. "He had," was the reply.

"And was he not loaded with honey on one side,

and wheat on the other?" "Most certainly," was the answer; "and as you have seen him so lately, you can, doubtless, tell us where he may be found."

"My friends," said the Dervise, "I have neither seen your camel, nor even heard of him, except from you."

"A strange assertion, indeed!" said the merchants; "but where are the jewels which formed a part of his burden?"

"I have neither seen your camel nor your jewels," replied the Dervise.

He was now seized by them, and hurried before the Cadi. After the strictest inquiry, however, no evidence was found against him, either of falsehood or of theft.

They were then about to proceed against him as a sorcerer, when the Dervise, with perfect composure, thus addressed the court:—

"I have been greatly amused with your proceedings, and I confess there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have passed many years in this desert, and even here I find ample scope for observation.

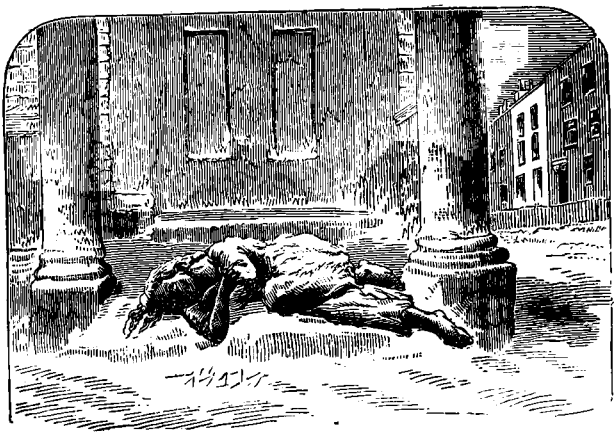
"I saw the track of a camel, and I knew it had strayed from its owner; because there was no mark of any human footstep to be seen on the same route.

"I perceived the animal was blind in one eye, as it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path.

"I knew that it was lame, from the faint impressions that one of its feet had made in the sand.

"I concluded that the camel had lost one tooth; because wherever it grazed, the herbage was left uncropped in the centre of the bite.

"As to what composed the burden of the beast, I had only to look at the ants, carrying away the wheat on the one side, and at the clustering flies that were devouring the honey on the other."



THE POOR MATCH-GIRL.

It was New Year's Eve and a cold snowy evening. On this night a poor little girl walked along the street with naked feet, benumbed with cold, and carrying in her hand a bundle of matches, which she had been trying all day to sell; but in vain; no one had given her a single penny. The snow fell fast upon her pretty yellow hair and her bare neck; but she did not mind that. She looked wistfully at the bright lights which shone from every window as she passed along; she could smell the nice roast goose, and she longed to taste it: it was New Year's Eve! Wearied and faint, she laid herself down in a corner of the street, and drew her little legs under her to keep herself warm. She could not go home, for her father would scold her for not having sold any matches; and even if she were there, she would still be cold, for the house was but poorly protected, and the wind whistled through many a chink in the roof and walls. She thought she would try and warm her cold fingers by lighting one of the matches: she drew one out, struck it against the wall,

and immediately a bright clear flame streamed from it, like a little candle.

The little girl looked at the flame, and she saw before her a beautiful brass stove with a nice warm fire in it! She stretched out her feet to warm them—when, lo, the match went out; in a moment the stove and fire vanished, she sat again in the cold night, with the burnt match in her hand.

She struck another; the flame blazed on the opposite wall, and she saw through it into a room where a table was laid out with handsome dishes,—roast goose, and other nice things were there,—and, what was still more extraordinary, she saw the goose jump from the dish, knife, and fork, and all, and come running towards her. But again the match went out; and nothing but the dark wall and the cold street was to be seen.

The little girl drew another match; and as soon as it struck a light, she saw a most beautiful Christmas tree, much larger and more splendid than any she had ever seen before. A vast number of lighted candles hung among the branches; and a multitude of pretty variegated pictures, like those in the shops, met her eyes. The girl lifted up her little hands in rapture at the sight; but again the match fell; and in the same moment one of the blazing candles shot through the sky, like a falling star, and fell at her feet. "Now some one dies," cried she; for she had been told by her good old grandmother, that when a star falls, a soul returns to God.

Again she struck; and, behold, a bright light shone round about her, and in the midst of it stood her kind grandmother, and looked calmly and smilingly upon her.

"Dear grandmother," said she, "take me, oh, take me! You will be gone from me when the match goes out, like the bright stove, the nice supper, and the Christmas tree;" and saying this, she struck all the rest of the matches at once, which made a light round

her almost like day. And now the good grandmother smiled still more sweetly upon her; she lifted her up in her arms, and they soared together, far, far away; where there was no longer any cold, or hunger, or pain, —they were in Paradise!

But the poor little match-girl was still in the corner of the street, in the cold New Year's morning. She was frozen to death, and a bundle of burnt matches lay beside her. People said, "She has been trying to warm herself, poor thing!" But ah, they knew not what glorious things she had seen; they knew not into what joys she had entered—nor how happy she was on this festival of the New Year!

—HANS ANDERSEN.

WE ARE SEVEN; OR, A CHILD'S NOTION OF DEATH.

A SIMPLE child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl,
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That cluster'd round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair,—
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And, wondering, look'd at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answer'd, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea."

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea;
Yet you are seven!—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then you are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

" The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain,
And then she went away.

" So in the churchyard she was laid:
And all the summer dry,
Together round her grave we play'd,
My brother John and I.

" And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

" How many are you, then," said I,
" If they two are in heaven?"
The little maiden did reply,
" O master! we are seven."

" But they are dead; those two are dead;
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, " Nay, we are seven."

—WORDSWORTH.

PROMPTNESS.

THERE was once a young man who was commencing life as a clerk. One day his employer said to him, " Now, to-morrow that cargo of cotton must be got out and weighed, and we must have a regular account of it." He was an industrious young man,—a young man of great energy. This was the first time he had been intrusted with the management of work like this. He made his arrangements the night before,

spoke to the men about their carts and horses, and resolved to begin very early the next day. He instructed the labourers to be there at half-past four o'clock in the morning. They set to work, and the thing was done, and about ten o'clock the master came in, and saw the young man sitting in the counting-house, and seemed very much displeased with him, supposing his command had not been executed. "I thought," said he, "you were instructed to get out that cargo this morning?" "It is all done, sir," said the young man, "and here is the account of it!"

This one act made that young man's fortune. It fixed his character. It gave his employer a confidence in him that was never shaken.

HUMPHREY'S OBSERVATIONS ON TIME.

WHEN I was a young lad, my father one day called me to him, that he might teach me what o'clock it was. He told me the use of the minute-finger and the hour-hand, and described to me the figures on the dial-plate, until I knew the whole perfectly.

No sooner was I quite master of this knowledge than I set off to join my companions at a game of marbles, but my father called me back. "Stop, Humphrey," said he; "I have something else to say to you."

Back again I went, wondering what else I had to learn, for I thought I knew all about the clock, quite as well as my father.

"Humphrey," said he, "I have taught you to know the time of the day; I must now teach you how to find out the time of your life."

All this was strange to me; so I waited with impatience to hear how my father would explain it; for I very much wished to go and play with my marbles.

"We are told," said he, "that the years of man are threescore and ten, or fourscore years. . Now, life is very uncertain, and you may not live a single day longer; but if we divide the fourscore years of an old man's life into twelve parts, like the dial of a clock, it will allow almost seven years for every figure.

"When a boy is seven years old, then it is one o'clock of his life, and this is the case with you; when you arrive at fourteen years, it will be two o'clock with you; and when at twenty-one, it will be three o'clock, should it please God thus to spare your life. In this manner you may always know the time of your life, and looking at the clock may perhaps remind you of it.

"My great-grandfather, according to this rule, died at twelve o'clock; my grandfather at eleven, and my father at ten. At what hour you and I shall die, Humphrey, is only known to Him to whom all things are known."

Never since then have I heard the inquiry, "What o'clock is it?" nor do I think I have ever looked at the face of a clock, without being reminded of the words of my father.

I know not, my friends, what o'clock it may be with you; but I know very well what time it is with myself; and if I mean to do anything in this world, which hitherto I have neglected, it is high time to set about it.

The words of my father have given a solemnity to the dial-plate of a clock, which, perhaps, it never would have possessed in my mind, if these words had not been spoken. Look about you, my friends, I earnestly entreat you, and now and then ask yourselves what o'clock it is with you.

JOHN ADAMS AND HIS LATIN.

JOHN ADAMS, the second President of the United States, used to relate the following anecdote :—

"When I was a boy, I used to study the Latin Grammar; but it was dull, and I hated it. My father was anxious to send me to college, and therefore I studied the grammar till I could bear it no longer, and going to my father, I told him I did not like study, and asked for some other employment. It was opposing his wishes, and he was quick in his answer. 'Well, John, if Latin grammar does not suit you, you may try ditching, perhaps *that* will; my meadow yonder needs a ditch, and you may put by Latin and try that.' This seemed a delightful change, and to the meadow I went; but I soon found ditching harder than Latin, and the first forenoon was the longest I had ever experienced. That day I ate the bread of labour, and right glad was I when night came on. That night I made some comparison between Latin and ditching, but said not a word about it. I dug next forenoon, but wanted to return to Latin at dinner; but it was humiliating, and I could not do it. At night toil conquered pride; and though it was one of the severest trials I ever had in my life, I told my father that if he chose I would go back to Latin grammar. He was glad of it; and if I have since gained any distinction, it has been owing to the two days' labour in that abominable ditch."

Boys may learn several important lessons from this story. It shows how little they oftentimes appreciate their privileges. Those who are kept at study frequently think it a hardship needlessly imposed on them. The opportunity of pursuing a liberal course of study is what few enjoy; and they are ungrateful who drag themselves to it as an intolerable task. Youth may also learn, from this anecdote, how much

better their parents are qualified to judge of these things than themselves. If John Adams had continued this ditching instead of his Latin, his name would not probably have been known to us. But, in following the path marked out by his parents, he rose to the highest honours which his country can bestow.

AMONG THE ICE.

FOR some hours the brig proceeded onward with a freshening breeze, winding and turning in order to avoid the lumps of ice. Many of the smaller pieces were not worth turning out of the way of, the mere weight of the vessel being sufficient to push them aside.

Up to this time they had succeeded in steering clear of everything without getting a thump; but they got one at last, which astonished those among the crew who had not been in the ice before. The captain, Gregory, and Dicey were seated in the cabin at the time taking tea. Ned Dawkins, the steward, an active little man, was bringing in a tea-pot with a second supply of tea. In his left hand he carried a tray of biscuit. The captain sat at the head of the table, Dicey at the foot, and the doctor at the side.

Suddenly a tremendous shock was felt! The captain's cup of tea leaped from him and flooded the centre of the table. The doctor's cup was empty; he seized the table with both hands and remained steady; but Dicey's cup happened to be at his lips at the moment, and was quite full. The effect on him was unfortunate. He was thrown violently on his back, and the tea poured over his face and drenched his hair as he lay sprawling on the floor. The steward saved himself by dropping the bread-tray and grasping the handle of the cabin door. So violent was the shock that the ship's bell was set a-ringing.

"Beg pardon, gentlemen," cried the first mate, looking down the skylight. "I forgot to warn you. The ice is getting rather thick round us, and I had to charge a lump of it."

"It 's all very well to beg pardon," said the captain, "but that won't mend my crockery!"

"Or dry my head," growled Mr Dicey, "it 's as bad as if I 'd been dipt overboard, it is."

Before Mr Dicey's grumbling remarks were finished, all three of them had reached the deck. The wind had freshened considerably, and the brig was rushing in a somewhat alarming manner among the floes. It required the most careful attention to prevent her striking heavily.

"If it goes on like this we shall have to reduce sail," observed the captain. "See there is a neck of ice ahead that will stop us."

This seemed to be probable, for the lane of water along which they were steering was, just ahead of them, stopped by a neck of ice that connected two floe-pieces. The water beyond was pretty free from ice, but this neck or mass seemed so thick that it became a question whether they should venture to charge it or shorten sail.

"Stand by the fore and main-topsail braces!" shouted the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Now, Mr Mansell," said he, with a smile, "we have come to our first real difficulty. What do you advise? shall we back the topsails, or try what our little *Hope* is made of, and charge the enemy?"

"Charge!" answered the mate.

"Just so," said the captain, hastening to the bow to direct the steersman. "Port your helm."

"Steady."

The brig was now about fifty yards from the neck of ice, tearing through the water like a race-horse. In another moment she was up to it, and struck it fair

in the middle. The stout little vessel quivered to her keel under the shock, but she did not recoil. She split the mass into fragments, and, bearing down all before her, sailed like a conqueror into the clear water beyond.

"Well done the *Hope!*" said the captain, as he walked aft, while a cheer burst from the men.

"I think she ought to be called the *Good Hope* ever after this," said Tom Gregory. "If she cuts her way through everything as easily as she has cut through that neck of ice, we shall reach the North Pole itself before winter."

"If we reach the North Pole *at all*," observed Mr Dicey, "I 'll climb up to the top of it, and stand on my head, I will!"

The second mate evidently had no expectation of reaching that mysterious pole, which men have so long and so often tried to find in vain.

—R. M. BALLANTYNE.

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time;
Soon as the woods on the shore look dim,
We 'll sing at St Anne's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue waves to curl;
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh, sweetly we 'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Utawas' tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.

Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens, and favouring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past.
—T. MOORE.

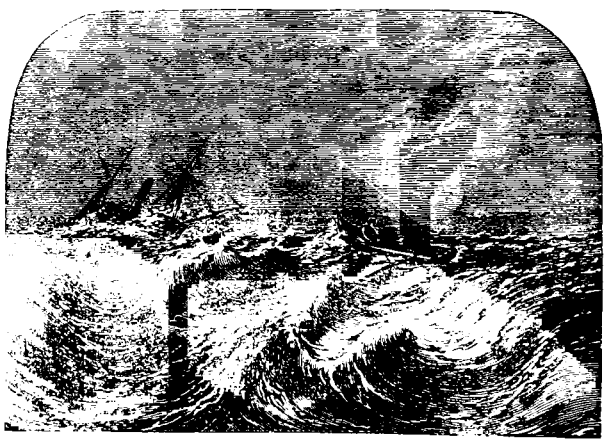
A GHOST STORY.

ONE night those of us who had just been relieved from watch on deck, were sitting on the lockers down below telling ghost stories.

It was a dead calm, and one of those intensely dark, hot nights that cause sailors to feel uneasy, they scarce know why. I began to feel so uncomfortable at last, listening to the horrible tales which Tom Lokins was relating to the men, that I slipt away from them with the intention of going on deck. I moved so quietly that no one observed me; besides, every eye was fixed earnestly on Tom, whose deep low voice was the only sound that broke the stillness of all around. As I was going very cautiously up the ladder leading to the deck, Tom had reached that part of his story where the ghost was just appearing in a dark churchyard, dressed in white, and coming slowly forward, one step at a time, towards the terrified man who saw it. The men held their breath, and one or two of their faces turned pale as Tom went on with his description, lowering his voice to a hoarse whisper. Just as I put my head up the hatchway the sheet of one of the sails, which was hanging loose in the still air, passed gently over my head and knocked my hat off. At any other time I would have thought nothing of this, but Tom's story had thrown me into such an excited and nervous condition that I gave a start, missed my footing, uttered a loud cry, and fell down the ladder right in among the men with a tremendous crash, knocking over two

or three oil-cans and a tin bread-basket in my fall, and upsetting the lantern, so that the place was instantly pitch dark.

I never heard such a howl of terror as these men gave vent to when this misfortune befell me. They rushed upon deck with their hearts in their mouths, tumbling, and peeling the skin off their shins and knuckles in their haste; and it was not until they heard the laughter of the watch on deck that they breathed freely, and, joining in the laugh, called themselves fools for being frightened by a ghost story. I noticed, however, that, for all their pretended indifference, there was not one man among them—not even Tom Lokins himself—who would go down below to re-light the lantern for at least a quarter of an hour afterwards. —R. M. BALLANTYNE.



GRACE DARLING.

IN the month of September, in the year 1838, the *Forfarshire*, a steam-vessel, proceeding from Hull in

England to Dundee in Scotland, encountered some rough weather off the north coast of England. The vessel not being strong, and the machinery of the steam-engine being defective, she was wrecked on the rocks. Many of the crew and passengers were washed off the deck and drowned. In a situation of such great peril, no one expected to escape.

Early in the morning, the family who dwelt in the North Sunderland lighthouse, beheld the vessel upon the rocks, with a powerful sea beating upon her, which threatened her with complete destruction. Darling, the keeper of the lighthouse, would fain have gone in his boat to rescue a few of the distressed passengers, but he despaired of carrying his little bark through such a heavy sea. When yielding to the difficulties before him, he was encouraged to make the attempt by his daughter Grace, a girl of twenty-two years of age, who offered to accompany him and work one of the oars. They went; they reached the vessel; nine persons trusted their lives to the boat; and, in spite of the raging of the sea, the whole party arrived safely at the lighthouse, where every necessary kindness was shown to the persons who had been rescued.

As no other persons were saved from the wreck, it may be concluded that these would have perished, had it not been for the heroism of Grace Darling, who was willing to risk her own life rather than allow so many fellow-creatures to sink before her eyes, without an effort being made in their behalf. The generous conduct of this young woman attracted much attention. Her praises were for a time in every mouth. Artists flocked to her lonely dwelling to take her portrait, and depict the scene in which she had been engaged. A sum exceeding five hundred pounds, collected by subscription, was presented to her; and some of the most eminent persons in the land wrote letters to her, containing warm expressions of regard.

It is probable that her name and her heroic act will

not soon be forgotten ; for less admirable actions which took place several thousand years ago are still remembered. Yet this excellent girl, as modest as she was brave, was heard to remark that she never would have supposed she had done anything surprising, if her conduct had not been so much spoken of by others.

FEMALE HEROISM.

UPON the banks of the River Elkhorn, in the State of Kentucky, there was once a stockade fort to which the settlers frequently resorted as a place of refuge from the savages. Its gallant defence by a handful of pioneers against the allied Indians of Ohio, led by two renegade white men, was one of the most desperate affairs in the Indian wars of the West.

The pioneers had not the slightest idea of their approach, when, in a moment, a thousand rifles gleamed in the cornfields one summer's night. That very evening the garrison had chanced to gather under arms, to march to the relief of another station that was similarly invested. It was a fearful moment: an hour earlier, and the pioneers would have been cut off; an hour later, and their defenceless wives and daughters must have been butchered or carried into captivity, while their natural protectors were hurrying to the rescue of others. The Indians saw at a glance that the moment was not favourable to them ; and having failed in surprising the Kentuckians, they attempted to decoy them from their fastness by presenting themselves in small parties before it. The whites were too wise to risk a battle till help should arrive, so they resolved to stand a siege. But the fort, which was merely a collection of log cabins arranged in a hollow square, was unhappily not supplied with water, and the besieged were aware that the enemy had concealed his real force in ambush

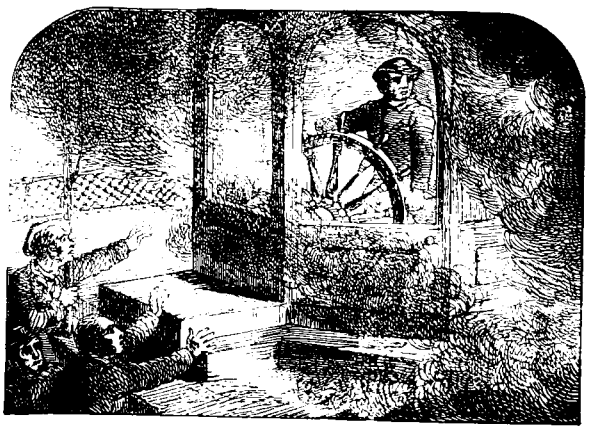
near a neighbouring spring. The sagacity of a backwoodsman is sometimes more than a match for the cunning of an Indian; and the heroism of a woman may baffle the address of a warrior. The females of the station determined to supply it with water from this very spring. But how? Woman's wit never devised a bolder expedient, and woman's fortitude never carried one more hazardous into successful execution. These brave women, being in the habit of fetching the water every morning, saw that if armed men were now to take that duty upon them, the Indians would see that their ambuscade had been discovered, and instantly commence the assault, which, in that case, it would be useless to protract.

Morning came, and the random shots of the decoy party were returned with a quick fire from one side of the fort, while the women issued from the other, as if they apprehended no enemy in that quarter. Could anything be more appalling than the task before them? But they shrink not from it; they move carelessly from the gate; they advance with composure in a body to the spring; they are within shot of five hundred warriors. The slightest alarm will betray them; if they show any consciousness of their thrilling situation, their doom is inevitable. But their nerves do not shrink; they wait calmly for each other till each fills her bucket in succession. The Indians are completely deceived, and not a shot is fired. The band of heroines retrace their steps with steady feet; their movements soon become more agitated; and are at last hurried. But tradition says that the only water spilt was as their buckets crowded together in passing the gate.

A sheet of living fire from the garrison, and the shrieks of the wounded Indians around the spring, was at once a signal that the women were safe, and of the triumph of the white men. Insane with wrath to be thus outwitted, the foe rushed from his covert, and advanced with fury upon the

rifles of the pioneers. But who could conquer the fathers and brothers of such women? The Indians were foiled, and they withdrew their forces; but on counting the number of their slain, they burned with vengeance, and rallied once more to the fight. They were again and again repulsed. Assistance at last came to the pioneers, and the savages were compelled to retreat to their wildwood haunts once more.

—C. F. HOFFMAN.



BRAVE JOHN MAYNARD.

JOHN was well known as a sturdy, intelligent, and God-fearing pilot on Lake Erie. He had charge of a steamer from Detroit to Buffalo one summer afternoon. At that time these steamers seldom carried boats.

Smoke was seen ascending from below, and the cap-

tain called out, "Simpson, go down and see what that smoke is."

Simpson came up with his face as pale as ashes, and said—"Captain, the ship is on fire!"

Fire! fire! fire! fire! instantly resounded in all directions. All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed upon the flames, but in vain. There were large quantities of resin and tar on board, and it was useless to try and save the ship. The passengers rushed forward and inquired of the pilot, "How far are we from land?"

"Seven miles."

"How long before we reach it?"

"Three-quarters of an hour at our present rate of steam."

"Is there any danger?"

"Danger enough *here*—see the smoke bursting out! Go *forward* if you would save your lives!"

Passengers and crew, men, women, and children, crowded to the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at his post. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose; the captain cried out through his trumpet, "John Maynard!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded the brave tar.

"How does she head!"

"South-east by east, sir."

"Head her south-east, and run her on shore."

Nearer, nearer, yet nearer she approached the shore.

Again the captain cried out, "John Maynard!" The response came feebly, "Ay, ay, sir!"

"Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?"

"By God's help I will!"

The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp; one hand was disabled, and his teeth were set, yet he stood firm as a rock. He beached the ship; every man, woman, and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped overboard, and his spirit took its flight to his God. Noble John Maynard!

J. B. GOUGH.

CASABIANCA.

[Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son of the Admiral of the French fleet, remained at his post, in the Battle of the Nile, after his ship, the "Orient," had caught fire, and after all the guns had been abandoned. He perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder magazine. Vide "Battle of the Nile," p. 298.]

THE boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames roll'd on—he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below
His voice no longer heard.

He call'd aloud:—"Say, Father, say
If yet my task is done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, Father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames roll'd on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And look'd from that lone post of death,
In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My Father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And stream'd above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strew'd the sea.

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part!
But the noblest thing that perish'd there
Was that young faithful heart.

—MRS HEMANS.

PART II.

DROWNING THE SQUIRREL.

WHEN I was about six years old, one morning going to school, a ground squirrel ran into its hole in the road before me, as they like to dig holes in some open place, where they can put out their head to see if any danger is near. I thought, now I will have fine fun. As there was a stream of water just at hand, I determined to pour water into the hole till it should be full, and force the little animal up, so that I might kill it. I got a trough from beside a sugar-maple, used for catching the sweet sap, and was soon pouring the water in on the poor squirrel. I could hear it struggling to get up, and said, "Ah, my fellow, I will soon have you out now."

Just then I heard a voice behind me, "Well, my

boy, what have you got in there?" I turned and saw one of my neighbours, a good old man, with long white locks, that had seen sixty winters. "Why," said I, "I have a ground squirrel in here, and am going to drown him out."

Said he, "Jonathan, when I was a little boy, more than fifty years ago, I was engaged one day just as you are, drowning a ground squirrel; and an old man like me came along, and said to me, 'You are a little boy; now, if you were down in a narrow hole like that, and I should come along and pour water down on you to drown you, would not you think I was cruel? God made that little squirrel, and life is sweet to it as it is to you; and why will you torture to death a little innocent creature that God has made?'" He said, "I never have forgotten that, and never shall. I never have killed any harmless creature for fun since. Now, my dear boy, I want you to remember this while you live, and when tempted to kill any poor little innocent animal or bird, think of this, and mind, God don't allow us to kill His pretty little creatures for fun."

More than forty years have since passed, and I never forgot what the good man said, nor have I ever killed the least animal for fun since. Now you see it is ninety years since this advice was first given, and it has not lost its influence yet. How many little creatures it has saved from being tortured to death I cannot tell, but I have no doubt a great number, and I believe my whole life has been influenced by it.

J. C.

ANIMAL TRAINING.

FRANCESCO MICHELO was the only son of a carpenter, who resided at Tempio, a town in the island of Sardinia. He had two sisters younger than himself, and was only ten years old when a fire, which broke out in the house

of his father, reduced it to ashes, and the unfortunate carpenter was burnt to death. The family was completely ruined by this frightful event, and forced to implore the charity of strangers in order to supply their pressing wants.

At length, tired of his vain attempts to support his mother by the forced kindness of others, and grieved at seeing her and his sisters pining in want before his eyes, necessity and tenderness conspired to urge him to exertion and ingenuity. He made with laths a cage of considerable dimensions, and furnished it with everything needful for the reception of birds; and when spring returned he proceeded to the woods in the vicinity of Tempio, and set himself industriously to secure their nests of young. As he was active and skilful at the task, he was not long before he became tolerably successful. He climbed from tree to tree, and seldom returned without his cage being well stored with chaffinches, linnets, blackbirds, wrens, ringdoves, and pigeons. Every week, Francesco and his sisters carried their little favourites to the market of Sussari, and generally disposed of those which were most attractive and beautiful. Still, all the assistance they were able to procure for their mother was far from being enough to supply her wants. In this difficulty, Francesco conceived a new and original method of increasing his gains. Necessity is the mother of invention. He thought of no less a project than to train a young Angora cat to live harmlessly in the midst of his favourite songsters. Such is the force of habit, such the power of training, that, at last, he taught the mortal enemy of his winged pets to live, to drink, to eat, and to sleep in the midst of his little charges, without once attempting to devour or injure them. The cat, which he called Bianca, suffered the little birds to play all kinds of tricks with her, and never did she show her claws, or offer to hurt her companions.

He even went further; for, not content with teaching

them merely to live in peace and happiness together, he instructed the cat and the little birds to play a kind of game, in which each learned to perform readily its own part. Puss was instructed to curl herself into a circle, with her head between her paws, and appear buried in sleep. The cage was then opened, and the tricksy birds rushed out upon her, and tried to awaken her by repeated strokes of their beaks; then, dividing into two parties, they attacked her head and her whiskers, while the gentle animal never once appeared to take the least notice of their gambols. At other times she would seat herself in the middle of the cage, and begin to smooth her fur, and purr with great gentleness and satisfaction. The birds would sometimes even settle on her back, or sit like a crown upon her head, chirruping and singing as if in all the security of a shady wood.

The sight of a sleek and beautiful cat seated calmly in the midst of a cage of birds was so new and unexpected, that, when Francesco exhibited it at the fair of Sussari, he was surrounded instantly by a crowd of admiring spectators. Their astonishment knew scarcely any bounds when they heard him call each feathered favourite by its name, and saw it fly quickly towards him, till all were perched contentedly on his head, his arms, and his fingers.

Delighted with his ingenuity, the spectators rewarded him liberally; and Francesco returned in the evening, his little heart swelling with joy, to lay before his mother a sum of money which would suffice to support her many months.

This ingenious boy next trained some young partridges, one of which became exceedingly attached to him. This partridge, which he called Rosoletta, on one occasion did good service. A beautiful goldfinch had strayed from its cage, and was lost in a neighbouring garden. Francesco was in despair at the loss, because it was a good performer, and he had promised him to

the daughter of a lady from whom he had received much kindness. On the sixth morning after the goldfinch had escaped, Rosoletta, the tame and intelligent partridge, was seen chasing the truant bird before her, along the top of the lime trees towards home. Rosoletta led the way by little and little before him, and at length, getting him home, seated him, in apparent disgrace, in a corner of the aviary, whilst she flew from side to side in triumph at her success.

Francesco was now happy and contented, since, by his own industry and exertions, he was enabled to support his mother and sisters. Unfortunately, however, in the midst of all his happiness, he was suddenly torn from them by a very grievous accident. He was one evening engaged in gathering a species of mushroom very common in the southern countries of Europe; but not being able to distinguish the true mushroom from the toadstool, he ate of the latter to excess, and died in a few days, in spite of every remedy which skill could apply. During the three days of Francesco's illness, his birds flew incessantly round and round his bed; some lying sadly upon his pillow; others flitting backwards and forwards above his head; a few uttering brief but plaintive cries, and all taking scarcely any nourishment.

The death of Francesco showed in a remarkable manner what affections may be excited in animals by a course of gentle treatment. Francesco's birds appeared to be sensible of the loss of a benefactor; but none of his feathered favourites showed at his death such real and disconsolate grief as Rosoletta. When poor Francesco was placed in his coffin, she flew round it, and at last perched upon the lid. In vain they several times removed her: she still returned; and even persisted in accompanying the funeral procession to the cemetery. During the burial she sat upon a neighbouring cypress, to watch where they laid the remains of her friend; and when the crowd had departed,

she forsook the spot no more, except to return to the cottage of his mother for her accustomed food. While she lived, she came daily to perch and to sleep upon the turret of the chapel, which looked upon his grave. Here she lived, and here she died about four months after the death of her beloved master.

Chambers's Miscellany.

THE DOG.

THE dog stands to man in the relation both of a valuable servant and an engaging companion. In many employments, especially those of shepherds and herdsmen, he performs services of great importance, such as could not be supplied without him. In those sports of the field, such as hunting and shooting, which many persons pursue with such eagerness, the assistance of the dog is essential to success. By his keenness of scent he discovers the game, and by his swiftness of foot he runs it down. There is no period of time recorded by history in which we do not find the dog the friend and the servant of man; nor is there any literature which does not contain some tribute to his faithfulness and sagacity.

A long course of training, and peculiar modes of breeding and rearing, have divided the canine race into nearly a hundred varieties, many of which show marked differences in size and appearance. The savage bull-dog seems hardly to belong to the same race as the delicate lap-dog, that sleeps on the rug, and is washed and combed by its fair mistress almost as carefully as an infant. The swift and slim greyhound looks very little like the sturdy and square-built mastiff. But there are certain marks of character, which, in a greater or less degree, are common to all the kinds. Sagacity, docility, benevolence, a capacity to receive instruction,

and attachment to his master's person, are qualities which belong to the whole race.

Many instances have been recorded in which persons have been saved from drowning by dogs, especially by those of the Newfoundland breed, which have a natural love for the water. A gentleman connected with the Newfoundland fishery, was once possessed of a dog of singular fidelity and sagacity. On one occasion a boat and a crew in his employ were in circumstances of considerable peril, just outside a line of breakers, which, owing to some change in wind or weather, had, since the departure of the boat, rendered the return passage through them most hazardous.

The spectators on shore were quite unable to render any assistance to their friends afloat. Much time had been spent, and the danger seemed to increase rather than diminish. Our friend, the dog, looked on for a length of time, evidently aware of there being a great cause for anxiety in those around. Presently, however, he took to the water, and made his way through the raging waves to the boat. The crew supposed he wished to join them, and made various attempts to induce him to come aboard; but no, he would not go within their reach, but continued swimming about at a short distance from the boat. After a while, and several comments on the peculiar conduct of the dog, one of the hands suddenly divined his apparent meaning, "*Give him the end of a rope,*" he said, "*that is what he wants.*" The rope was thrown, the dog seized the end in an instant, turned round, and made straight for the shore, where, a few minutes afterwards, boat and crew—thanks to the intelligence of their four-footed friend—were placed safe and sound!

One of the magistrates at Harbour Grace, in Newfoundland, had an old dog of the regular web-footed species, peculiar to that island, who was in the habit of carrying a lantern before his master, at night, as steadily as the most attentive servant could do, stopping

short when his master made a stop, and proceeding when he saw him disposed to follow. If his master was absent from home, and the lantern being fixed to his mouth, the command given, "Go fetch thy master," he would immediately set off, and proceed directly to the town, which lay at the distance of more than a mile from his master's residence; he would then stop at every house which he knew his master was in the habit of frequenting, and, laying down his lantern, growl, and strike the door until it was opened; if his master was not there, he would proceed further in the same manner until he had found him. If he had accompanied him only once into a house, this was sufficient to induce him to take that house in his round.

British Workman.

FIDELITY.

A BARKING sound the shepherd hears,
A cry as of a dog or fox;
He halts and searches with his eye
Among the scatter'd rocks;
And now at distance can discern
A stirring in a brake of fern;
And instantly a dog is seen,
Glancing through that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed;
Its motions, too, are wild and shy;
With something, as the shepherd thinks,
Unusual in its cry:
Nor is there any one in sight
All round, in hollow or on height;
Nor shout nor whistle strikes his ear;
What is the creature doing here?

It was a cove, a huge recess,
That keeps, till June, December's snow;

A lofty precipice in front,
A silent tarn below;
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
Remote from public road or dwelling,
Pathway, or cultivated land;
From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;
The crags repeat the raven's croak,
In symphony austere;
Thither the rainbow comes, the cloud—
And mists that spread the flying shroud,
And sunbeams; and the sounding blast,
That if it could would hurry past;
But that enormous barrier holds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, awhile
The shepherd stood, then makes his way
O'er rocks and stones, following the dog
As quickly as he may;
Nor far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground;
The appall'd discoverer with a sigh
Looks round to learn the history.

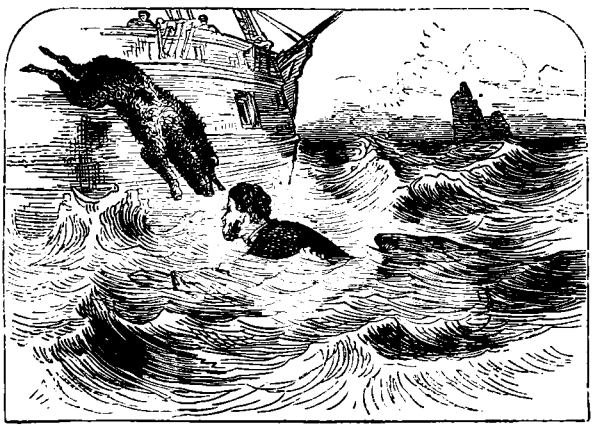
From those abrupt and perilous rocks
The man had fallen, that place of fear!
At length upon the shepherd's mind
It breaks, and all is clear:
He instantly recall'd the name,
And who he was, and whence he came,
Remember'd, too, the very day
On which the traveller passed that way.

But here a wonder for whose sake
This lamentable tale I tell!
A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well.

The dog, which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry,
This dog had been through three months' space
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that since the day
When this ill-fated traveller died,
The dog had watch'd about the spot,
Or by his master's side:
How nourish'd there through that long time,
He knows who gave that love sublime;
And gave that strength of feeling great,
Above all human estimate.

WORDSWORTH.



THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG'S REVENGE.

I WAS always fond of dogs. Goldsmith, in his touching and eloquent plea for the dog, in alluding to a sort of mania for dog-killing which prevailed at the

time of which he speaks, in consequence of an unreasonable apprehension of hydrophobia, says, among other fine things, that the dog is the only animal which will leave his own kind voluntarily to follow man. It is true, and the truth should bind man to be the dog's protector and friend.

The American brig *Cecilia*, Captain Symmes, on one of her voyages, had on board a splendid specimen of the Newfoundland breed, named Napoleon, and his magnificent size and proportions, his intelligent head, broad, white feet, and white-tipped tail, the rest of his body being black, made him as remarkable as his peerless namesake, who would, no doubt, have been proud to possess him.

Captain Symmes, however, was not partial to animals of any kind, and had an unaccountable and especial repugnance to dogs—so much so, indeed, as if all his ancestors had died of hydrophobia, and he dreaded to be bitten like his unfortunate predecessors.

This dislike he one day manifested in a shocking manner; for Napoleon had several times entered his room, and, by wagging his great banner of a tail, knocked paper and ink off his desk. On the next occasion, the captain seized a knife and cut the poor animal's tail off.

The dog's yell brought his master to the spot, and, seeing the calamity and the author of it, without a moment's hesitation he felled Captain Symmes to the cabin floor, with a sledge-hammer blow, which, had it hit the temple, would have for ever prevented him from cutting off any more dogs' tails.

The result was that Lancaster was put in irons, from which he, however, was soon released. Captain Symmes repented his cruel deed on learning that Napoleon had once saved his owner's life.

The white shark, as all my nautical friends are well aware, is one of the largest of sharks. It averages over twenty, and I have seen one twenty-seven and

a-half feet long. It is generally considered to be the fiercest and most formidable of sharks.

But a few days elapsed after this catastrophe of poor Napoleon, ere he became the hero of a more thrilling occurrence, the very thought of which has often filled me with horror. During the interval, the noble beast was not at all backward in exhibiting his wrath at the captain, by his growls, whenever he approached. In vain did his master, fearful for the life of his dog, essay to check these signs of his anger. Captain Symmes, however, made allowance, and offered no further harm to him.

One morning, as the captain was standing on the bowsprit, he lost his footing and fell overboard, the *Cecilia* then running at about fifteen knots. "Man overboard! Captain Symmes overboard!" was the cry, and all rushed to get out the boat as they saw a swimmer striking out for the brig, which was at once rounded to; and as they felt especially apprehensive on account of the white sharks in those waters, they regarded his situation with the most painful solicitude.

By the time the boat touched the water, their worst fears were realised; for at some distance behind the swimmer they beheld, advancing toward him, the fish most dreaded in those waters.

"Hurry! hurry, men, or we shall be too late!" exclaimed the mate. "What's that?" The splash which caused this inquiry was occasioned by the plunge of Napoleon into the sea. The noble animal, having been watching the cause of the tumult from the captain's fall, had heard the shout, and for a few moments had vented his feelings in deep growls, as if he was conscious of the peril of his enemy, and gratified at it.

His growls, however, were soon changed into those whines of sympathy which so often show the attachment of the dog to man, when the latter is in danger. At last he plunged, and rapidly made his way toward

the now nearly exhausted captain, who, aware of his double danger, and being but a passable swimmer, made fainter and fainter strokes, while his adversary closed rapidly upon him.

"Pull, boys, for the dear life!" was the shout of the mate, as the boat now followed the dog. Slowly the fatigued swimmer made his way; ever and anon his head sank in the waves, and behind him the back of the voracious animal told him what fearful progress he was making, while Lancaster, in the bow of the boat, stood with a knife in his upraised hand, watching alternately the captain and his pursuer and the faithful animal which had saved his own life.

There was a fixed look of determination in his face, which convinced all that, should the dog become a sacrifice to the shark, Lancaster would revenge his death, if possible, even at the risk of his own life.

"What a swimmer!" exclaimed the men, who marked the speed of the animal. "The shark will have one or both if we don't do our best." The scene was of short duration. Ere the boat could overtake the dog, the enormous shark had arrived within three oars'-length of the captain, and suddenly turned over on his back, preparatory to darting on the sinking man and receiving him in his vast jaws, which now displayed their long triangular teeth.

The wild shriek of the captain announced that the crisis had come. But now Napoleon, seemingly inspired with increased strength, had also arrived, and with a fierce howl leaped upon the gleaming belly of the shark, and buried his teeth in the monster's flesh, while the boat swiftly neared them.

"Saved! if we are half as smart as the dog is!" cried the mate, as we all saw the voracious monster shudder in the sea, and, smarting with pain, turn over again, the dog retaining his hold and becoming submerged in the water.

At this juncture the boat arrived, and Lancaster, his

knife in his teeth, plunged into the water, where the captain also now had sunk from view. But a few moments elapsed ere the dog rose to the surface, and soon after Lancaster, bearing the insensible form of the captain.

"Pull them in and give them a bar," cried the mate, "for that fellow is preparing for another launch." His orders were obeyed, and the second onset of the marine monster was foiled by the mate's splashing water in his eyes. He came again, and but a few seconds too late to snap off the captain's leg, as his body was drawn into the boat. Foiled the second time, the shark plunged and was seen no more, but left a track of blood on the surface of the water, a token of the severity of the wound made by the dog.

The boat was now pulled towards the brig; and not many hours elapsed before the captain was on deck again, very feeble, but able to appreciate the services of our canine hero, and most bitterly to lament the cruel act which had mutilated him for ever.

"I would give my right arm," he exclaimed, as he patted the Newfoundland who stood by his side, "if I could only repair the injury I have done that splendid fellow. Lancaster, you are now avenged, and so is he, and a most Christian vengeance it is, though it will be a source of grief to me as long as I live."

—*British Workman.*

THE KITTENS AND THE VIPER.

CLOSE by the threshold of a door nail'd fast
Three kittens sat; each kitten look'd aghast;
I, passing swift and inattentive by,
At the three kittens cast a careless eye,
Little concern'd to know what they did there,
Not deeming kittens worth a poet's care.

But presently a loud and furious hiss
Caused me to stop and to exclaim, "What's this?"
When lo! with head erect and fiery eye,
A dusky viper on the ground I spy.
Forth from his head his forkèd tongue he throws,
Darting it full against a kitten's nose!
Who, never having seen in field or house
The like, sat still and silent as a mouse;
Only projecting, with attention due,
Her whisker'd face, she ask'd him, "Who are you?"
On to the hall went I, with pace not slow,
But swift as lightning, for a long Dutch hoe;
With which, well arm'd, I hasten'd to the spot
To find the viper—but I found him not;
And, turning up the leaves and shrubs around,
Found only—that he was not to be found.
But still the kittens, sitting as before,
Were watching close the bottom of the door.
"I hope," said I, "the villain I would kill
Has slipp'd between the door and the door-sill:
And if I make despatch, and follow hard,
No doubt but I shall find him in the yard."
(For long ere now it should have been rehearsed,
'Twas in the garden that I found him first.)
Ev'n there I found him, there the full-grown cat
His head, with velvet paw, did gently pat;
As curious as the kittens erst had been
To learn what this phenomenon did mean.
Fill'd with heroic ardour at the sight,
And fearing every moment he would bite,
And rob our household of the only cat
That was of age to combat with a rat,
With outstretch'd hoe I slew him at the door,
And taught him NEVER TO COME THERE NO MORE!

—COWPER.

"THE DARLING."

PROFESSOR YOUATT, of the Royal Veterinary College, gives the following interesting fact in one of his valuable works:—

A horse in the depot at Woolwich had proved so unmanageable to the rough-riders, that at length no one among them durst even mount him. His mode of throwing or dismounting his rider, consisted in lying down and rolling over him, or else crushing his leg against some wall, or post, or paling. All means to break him of these perilous tricks proving unavailing, the animal was brought before the commanding officer with the character of being "*incurably vicious,*" and with a recommendation on that account, that he should be *cast,* and sold out of His Majesty's service.

Colonel Quest, hearing of this, and knowing the horse to be thorough-bred, and one of the best actioned and cleverest horses in the regiment, besought the commanding officer to permit him to be transferred into the riding school. This was consented to, and the transfer was no sooner accomplished than Colonel Quest determined to pursue a system of management directly opposite to that which had been already attempted. He had him led daily into the riding-school, suffered no whips even to be shown to him while there, but petted him, and tried to make him execute this and the other little manœuvre, and as often as he proved obedient rewarded him with a handful of corn, or beans, or a piece of bread, with which bribes his pockets were invariably well supplied. In this manner, and in no great distance of time, was the rebel not only subdued and tamed, but rendered so perfectly quiet that a little child could ride him. He became at length taught to kneel down while his rider mounted, and to perform several evolutions, and dances, and tricks in the *menage* which no other horse in the school could be brought to do. In fine, so great a

favourite did he become, that his master gave him the appellation of "The Darling."

THE ARAB AND HIS STEED.

My beautiful! my beautiful! that standest meekly by,
With thy proudly arch'd and glossy neck, and dark and fiery eye;
Fret not to roam the desert now, with all thy winged speed,
I may not mount on thee again—thou'rt sold, my Arab steed.

Fret not with that impatient hoof, snuff not the breezy wind,
The further that thou fliest now, so far am I behind:
The stranger hath thy bridle-rein—thy master hath his gold—
Fleet-limb'd and beautiful! farewell! thou'rt sold, my steed, thou'rt sold!

Farewell! those free untired limbs full many a mile must roam,
To reach the chill and wintry sky which clouds the stranger's home:
Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and bed prepare;
The silky mane I braided once must be another's care.

The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more with thee
Shall I gallop through the desert paths, where we were wont to be:
Evening shall darken on the earth; and o'er the sandy plain
Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me home again.

Yes, thou must go! the wild free breeze, the brilliant
sun and sky,
Thy master's home—from all of these my exiled one
must fly.
Thy proud, dark eye will grow less proud, thy step
become less fleet,
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck, thy master's hand
to meet.

Only in sleep, shall I behold that dark eye glancing
bright;
Only in sleep, shall hear again that step so firm and
light;
And when I raise my dreaming arm to check or cheer
thy speed,
Then must I, starting, wake to feel—thou 'rt *sold*, my
Arab steed!

Ah! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may
chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie like crested waves, along thy
panting side;
And the rich blood, that's in thee, swells in thy indig-
nant pain,
Till careless eyes, which rest on thee, may count each
started vein.

Will they ill-use thee? If I thought—but no, it cannot
be—
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed; so gentle yet so
free.
And yet, if haply, when thou 'rt gone my lonely heart
should yearn,
Can the hand which casts thee from it now, command
thee to return?

Return! alas! my Arab steed! what shall thy master do,
When thou, who wert his all of joy, hath vanish'd from his view?
When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and through the gathering tears,
Thy bright form, for a moment, like the false mirage, appears.

Slow and unmounted will I roam, with weary step alone,
Where with fleet step and joyous bound thou oft hast borne me on!
And sitting down by that green well, I'll pause and sadly think,
It was *here* he bow'd his glossy neck when last I saw him drink!

When last I saw thee drink!—Away! the fever'd dream is o'er;
I could not live a day, and *know* that we should meet no more!
They tempted me, my beautiful! for hunger's power is strong,
They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have loved too long.

Who said that I had given thee up, who said that thou wert sold?
'Tis false—'tis false, my Arab steed! I fling them back their gold.
Thus, thus I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant plains,
Away! who overtakes us now shall claim *thee* for his pains!

THE HONOURABLE MRS NORTON.

STORY OF A GOAT.

AFTER the final suppression of the Scottish rebellion of 1715, by the decisive battle of Preston, a gentleman who had taken a very active share in it escaped to the West Highlands, to the residence of a female relative, who afforded him an asylum. As, in consequence of the strict search which was made after the ringleaders, it was soon judged unsafe for him to remain in the house of his friend, he was conducted to a cavern in a sequestered situation, and furnished with a supply of food. The approach to this lonely abode consisted of a small aperture, through which he crept, dragging his provisions along with him. A little way from the mouth of the cave the roof became elevated; but, on advancing, an obstacle obstructed his progress. He soon perceived that, whatever it might be, the object was a living one; but suspicious of danger though he was, he felt unwilling to strike at a venture with his dirk, so he stooped down and discovered a goat and a

kid lying on the ground. The animal was evidently in great pain, and on passing his hand over her body, he discovered that one of her legs was fractured. He accordingly bound it up with his garter, and offered her some of his bread; but she refused to eat, and stretched out her tongue, as if her mouth was parched with thirst. He gave her water, which she drank greedily, and then she ate the bread. At midnight he ventured out, pulled a quantity of grass and tender branches of trees, and carried them to the poor sufferer, who received them with demonstrations of gratitude.

The only thing which the fugitive had to occupy his attention in his dreary abode was administering comfort to the goat, and secluded and solitary as he was, he was thankful to have any living creature beside him. Under his care, the animal quickly recovered, and became tenderly attached to him. It happened that the servant who was intrusted with the secret of his retreat fell sick, when it became necessary to send another with the daily provision. The goat, on this occasion, happening to be lying near the mouth of the cavern, violently opposed the entrance of the stranger, butting him furiously with her head. The fugitive, hearing the noise, advanced, and receiving the watch-word from his new attendant, interposed, and the faithful goat permitted him to pass. So resolute was the animal on this occasion, that the gentleman was convinced, she would, if necessary, have died in his defence.

SAGACITY OF THE SHEEP.

THE following instance of sagacity in an animal not distinguished for that quality, is given in the words of an eye-witness. Walking with a lady through some

meadows, lying between two villages, in the county of Gloucester, the path conducted us within a hundred yards of a small brook. Many ewes and lambs were in the meadow; we were about half-way over it, when a ewe came up to me and bleated very loudly, looking up in my face, and then ran off towards the brook. I could not help remarking this extraordinary behaviour; but my attention was particularly roused when she repeated it, and bleating louder, seemed to wish to signify something in particular; she then ran off in the same direction, repeatedly looking behind her, till she reached the brook, where she stood still. After standing to look at her some time, we continued our walk, and had nearly reached the gate that led into the next meadow, when she came running after us the third time, and seemed, if possible, more earnest than before. I then determined to discover the cause of this singular procedure; I followed the ewe towards the brook; seeing me advance, she ran as fast as she was able, looking behind her several times; when she came to the brook, she peeped over the edge of a hillock into the water, looked up in my face, and bleated with the most significant voice I ever heard uttered by a quadruped. Judge of my surprise, when, on looking into the stream, I saw her lamb just under the hillock, nearly immersed in water, and unable to extricate itself. I at once drew it out; it was still alive. The fond mother instantly began to lick and suckle it, and looking up to me, muttered several sounds very different from those I had heard before, and evidently expressing satisfaction and pleasure. I needed not her thanks, for I never performed an action that gave me more unmixed pleasure, nor did dumb creature ever appear more grateful.—*British Workman.*

MY PET MONKEY.

A CRICKET that had been singing merrily in the ashes came a little too far out on to the hearthstone: his fate was sealed—the next jump he made was down the throat of Jacko, my pet monkey, who munched him up as an epicure does the leg of a woodcock. The next tit-bit was a black-beetle, who ran out to secure a crumb dropped from the servants' supper-table: he, too, became a victim to his rashness; and not he alone, but many of his black friends and relatives, who incautiously exposed themselves before the candles were put out.

Having ascertained that these beetles were nuts to Jacko, I one day gave him a great treat by upsetting the kitchen beetle-trap in his presence. Both paws instantly went to work;—whole bunches of the unfortunate insects he crammed into the pouches, (which he, like most other monkeys, has on each side of his mouth, and which serve as pockets,) munching away as hard as he could at the same time. His paws could not catch the prey fast enough, so he set his feet to work, and grasped with them as many as he could hold. This was not enough: he swept a lot together with his tail, and coiling it up closely, kept them there close prisoners, till his mouth was a little empty, and he had time to catch and devour them. This was really too greedy. I took him away from the feast, still, however, munching with all his might, and looking back at the box with wistful eyes. If we wanted at any future period to put him in a good humour, his flagging spirits were instantly roused by the sight of the beetle-trap.

Almost all monkeys have pouches in their cheeks. I recollect, one Saturday night, hearing a man who was selling riddles at a penny per yard, in long slips of paper, in the neighbourhood of Westminster, propose the following riddle, as a specimen of the best of

the pennyworth:—"Why does a dog carry a bone in his mouth?" He volunteered the answer immediately afterwards:—"Because he has no pocket to put it in." Now the monkey, like the dog, carries his food in his mouth; but that mouth contains a pocket. The skin of the cheek is very loose; when empty it falls in wrinkles, which gives the "old-man like" appearance to his face. In this natural pocket he places his food, and keeps it there till he wishes to devour it.

Jacko's insectivorous propensities were not confined to black-beetles alone. Spiders formed a pleasant variety; not a spider was left alive either in the stable or outside the stable where he was confined; and most enormous stones would he pick out of the wall with his nimble fingers, in search of a runaway web-spinner. He was really of great use in clearing the house of this housemaid's pest. I often used to put a bit of string to the end of his chain, and make him run up the curtains of the rooms of the house. He would then completely rummage out and devour every spider, who, having had their webs so frequently knocked down by the merciless broom, had thought to spin them in security on the top of the cornices and among the curtain rods.

On one of these occasions, he watched his opportunity, and suddenly snatching the string out of my hand, straightway bolted out of the window, the top part of which happened to be open. Away he went over the garden wall, down the road, up into the village. The parish school turned out from their lessons at this moment, and a regular pursuit took place: the boys shouted and threw up their caps, the girls did not know whether to laugh or be frightened. In an instant Jacko was on the top of the nearest cottage, and returned the derisive shouts of the boys by angry and incessant chattering: he grinned from ear to ear, and showed an array of sharp teeth,

as much as to say, "Touch me if you dare." His hair was all erect, as was always the case when he was alarmed or excited, so that he looked double his natural size, and he shook his tail in angry defiance. The numerous stones and sticks thrown at him in fun by the boys—for they knew him well, and did not want to hurt him—soon made him decamp, and off he went along the roofs of the cottages, his chain making a fearful clatter on the tiles, to the alarm of the aged inmates sitting at their ease within. The crowd collected, the excitement became immense; the police were not called out, because there is only one constable: he, being a baker, turned out in his white cap, and sleeves tucked up, armed with the official wand of office, determined to take up somebody. Next came the churchwarden. "Lay hold of the rascal, boys," cries he, "and we will put him in the pound." "Likely I'll stay there," clatters Jacko, "and, moreover, you must catch me first," and off he goes again, followed by the whole village. The fun gets warm, Jacko begins to repent, jumps on to a tree, and slips down one side while the boys are watching on the other. He bounds across the road, over the garden gate, through the broken stable-window, to his own bed in the hayloft, where he lies, his eyes closed, his little sides ready to burst from running, and his mouth half open. Doubtless, at this moment, he came to the determination never to leave home again, for he certainly never did, and likewise to have his revenge upon the parish boys for persecuting him; for from this day he always flew at, and tried to bite, any boy wearing the parochial livery.

Jacko once got loose again. Remembering his previous adventure with the schoolboys, he ventured not beyond the premises, but quietly sneaked into the knife-house, and tried his hand at cleaning the knives. In this attempt he was evidently not successful, inasmuch as the handles were the parts he attempted to

polish on the brick-board, and a cut was found in the middle of his hand the next day. Resolved, however, not to be defeated, he set to work to clean the shoes in imitation of the man William, his kind and indulgent keeper. Again, he had not distinctly recollected the various steps necessary for the right performance of the operation, for he covered an unfortunate shoe all over, sole and all, with the blacking which he got out of the blacking-bottle, and then he emptied what was left into the hollow of the shoe, nearly filling it: his coat was in a nice mess for some days afterwards.

One morning, again, when the servants returned from the parlour into the kitchen, they found Jacko had taken all the kitchen candlesticks out of the cupboard and arranged them on the fender before the fire, as he had seen done before. Finding the black-lead in the same place, he took it to a bowl of water which was at hand, wetted it, and was diligently rubbing the table all over with it when he was caught in the act. On the entrance of the servants, he immediately retreated to his basket in the corner, and tried to look as though nothing had happened. A great treat to this would-be kitchen-maid was to have a large bowl of warm water given him. He would first of all cunningly test the warmth with his hand, and then gradually step into the bath, first one foot and then the other, finally completely sitting down in it. Comfortably placed, he would then take the soap in his hands or feet, as the case might be, and rub himself all over. Having made a dreadful mess on the table, and finding the water becoming cold, the next part of the play was to get out and run as quickly as he could to the fire, where his coat soon became dry. If anybody laughed at him during this performance, he would chatter and grin at them, and frequently even splash water out of the bath towards, and sometimes over, them.—*Curiosities of Natural History.*

THE MONKEY.

MONKEY, little merry fellow,
Thou art Nature's Punchinello!
Full of fun as Puck could be,
Harlequin might learn of thee!

Look now at his odd grimaces!
Saw you ever such queer faces?
Now like learned judge sedate,
Now with nonsense in his pate!

Look now at him! Gently peep!
He pretends he is asleep;
Fast asleep upon his bed,
With his arm beneath his head.

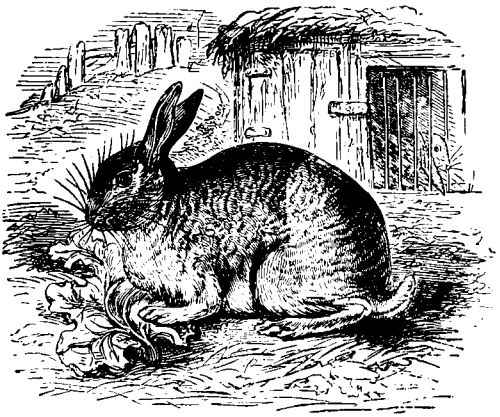
Now that posture is not right,
And he is not settled quite—
There! that's better than before,
And the knave pretends to snore!

Ha! he is not half asleep;
See, he slyly takes a peep.
Monkey, though your eyes were shut,
You could see this little nut.

You shall have it, pigmy brother!
What, another? and another?
Nay, your cheeks are like a sack—
Sit down and begin to crack.

There, the little ancient man
Cracks as fast as crack he can!
Now good-by, you merry fellow,
Nature's primest Punchinello!

—MARY HOWITT.



THE RABBIT.

It is the fashion to say that only the regular domesticated rabbits can be tamed; but experience proves that such is not the case. As a proof of this, I cite an interesting account sent by a lady to Mr Jesse.

"One evening last spring my dog barked at something behind a flower pot that stood in the door porch. I thought a toad was there, but it proved to be a very young rabbit, a wild one. The poor thing was in a state of great exhaustion, as if it had been chased, and had been a long time without food. It was quiet in the hand, and allowed a little warm milk to be put into its mouth. Upon being wrapped in flannel and placed in a basket by the fire, it soon went to sleep. When it awoke, more milk was offered in a small spoon, which this time was sucked with right good will; and the little creature continued to take the milk in this way for several days, until strong enough to help itself out of a cup. It appeared to become tame immediately, soon learnt its name, and I never saw a happier

or merrier little pet. Its gambols on the carpet were full of fun. When tired with play, it would feed on the green food and nice bits placed there for it; and when satisfied, it used to climb up the skirt of the dress, nestle in the lap, or under the arm, and go to sleep. If this indulgence could not be permitted, then Bunny (as we called it) would spring into my work-basket and take a nap there. At mid-day it liked to sit in the sun on the window-seat, when it would clean its fur and long ears, each being separately drawn down, and held by one foot while brushed by the other. This duty performed, it would stretch at full length, and, basking in the sunbeams, fall asleep. Strange to tell, all this was going on with the dog in the room, who had been made to understand that the rabbit was not to be touched; stranger still, the rabbit ceased to show any fear of the dog, but, on the contrary, delighted in jumping on the dog's back, and running after his tail. These liberties, however, were not pleasing to Jewel; they were evidently only endured in obedience to the commands of the mistress. Not approving of one favourite being made happy at the other's expense, I was obliged to interfere on these occasions, and call Bunny to order.

"Being frequently told that a wild rabbit could not be so thoroughly domesticated but that it would return to the woods if it regained its liberty, I feared that if mine got loose it would certainly run away. Yet I wished it should be sometimes in the garden to feed upon such green food as it liked best; for this purpose I fastened it with a collar and small chain, and thus secured, led it about. One evening the chain unfortunately broke, and Bunny was free! At first we saw it running from place to place with wild delight, but after a little while we could not see it, and we hunted in vain under the shrubs, calling it by name, until it became dark; we then ceased to search any longer, and I concluded my pretty pet was gone.

"Before retiring for the night, I gave a last look out of the window, in the hope I might chance to see it once more. The moon was then shining brightly, and I distinctly saw my little rabbit sitting at the door, with head and ears erect, as if listening for its friends within; anxious, perhaps, for its accustomed nice supper, and soft warm bed. I hastened down-stairs to let it in, calling it by name, when, the moment I opened the door, a strange cat darted forward, seized it by the neck, and bore it screaming away!

"I feel convinced that this fond little creature would not have left us to return to the wood. That it did not come when called was the effect of excessive joy for its newly found freedom, which must have been doubly delightful while we were near, as no doubt it saw us when we could not see it, and was only quietly feeding when we thought it was gone away. Four months must have been the extent of poor Bunny's short life."—*Anecdotes of Animal Life.*

CANADIAN SQUIRRELS.

Charles.—The ground squirrel is quite numerous now. It does not migrate, I believe.

Frank.—No: all our squirrels are residents, not sojourners here. I think the ground squirrel, however, retires to a burrow during the winter, and hybernates. I have never seen it, as I recollect, abroad during that season; but the red squirrel may often be seen on a fine day at the foot of some beech or maple, and if disturbed, he quickly runs to his hole under the snow.

C.—The striped or ground squirrel is a very pretty animal. It has not the roguish saucy familiarity of the red, and has little of the appearance of a squirrel. Its bright fawn colour is well marked by the three black stripes down its back and sides.

F.—He rarely, if ever, climbs trees, but is fond of

playing bo-peep around old logs, or among a heap of stones, now poking out his head to take a sly peep at you; then gone again. His note is a single chuck, uttered at intervals, like the cluck of a hen: he is commonly known here by the name of the *chipmunk*.

C.—The red squirrel is a very fantastic little gentleman. He plays as many tricks as a monkey, and were it not that he is so fond of grain, and has such very loose ideas on the subject of *meum* and *tuum*, he would be a universal favourite.

F.—As it is, however, he is sorely persecuted with powder and shot, and even periodical hunts are made up, as a kind of frolic, in which men and boys eagerly join—any old rusty musket being a sufficient qualification. Two leaders choose sides, each alternately taking a man, till the whole are engaged, just as in cricket, &c.; then they sally forth, and the party that brings in most squirrels is the victor. Notwithstanding all this, and the numbers that are shot about the barns in winter by vindictive farmers, they are not a whit less impudent or familiar, nor do they seem diminished in numbers. His jerks and motions are very amusing. If you go under a tree where one is sitting, he sets himself firmly on the branch, flourishes his tail over his back, and looks fiercely at you, making a most angry chattering all the time, or rather a reiterated chirping, every now and then giving a start as if he had a mind to fly at you, jerking his tail, too, with a convulsive sort of motion. If you are pretty close to him, you may hear at every chirp, and simultaneous with it, a sort of low undertone of a mournful sound, something like the coo of a pigeon, but much shorter.

C.—How very nimble they are. They leap to a great distance, and run very swiftly. I have often chased them along the rails of a fence, I running on the road beside it; but though I ran with all my speed, and though the squirrel had to run nearly double the distance, from the zig-zag form of the fence, he

would keep a-head of me. He is a cunning fellow, too; for after running from rail to rail, he will often suddenly crouch down on one of the projecting ends where they cross each other, in hope of remaining unseen. I have often lost them in that way.

F.—Do you see that little grove in yonder bottom, exactly between our house and the village? There I once put the agility of a little rogue of a red squirrel to a pretty severe test. The trees are chiefly maple, cherry, and elm; all, or nearly all, though of considerable height, so slender as to be easily shaken with my hands. My little gentleman was enjoying himself on one of those trees, when, as "his evil stars" would have it, I espied him. I knew that he would not leave the grove, and for a frolic I commenced shaking the tree violently, which put him at his wit's end. He ran from bough to bough, and at length leaped to another tree; this I instantly shook in the same manner, and so kept him flying from tree to tree, sometimes at an astonishing distance, backward and forward through the grove, for more than half an-hour, without a moment's cessation. He several times missed his hold, but always caught a bough in his fall, except once, when he came rather heavily on the ground from one of the topmost branches. He was instantly on his feet again, and up in the tree before I could come near him. I don't know whether *he* was tired, but *I* was, and was fain to yield him the point, and leave him in quiet possession of his trees. —P. H. GOSSE.

THE RAT.

THE rat is in nature, appearance, and habits, one of the least amiable of all the lower animals. Yet it is not wholly destitute of traits which recommend it to a lenient judgment. Almost all animals are kind to their young; but the aged and infirm among the brute

creation are usually left to perish of neglect, when they are not designedly put to death by their fellows. Now, it is singular that we should have to say of a creature in other respects so unattractive as the rat, that it carefully tends the aged of its own species. Such, at least, would appear to be the case from anecdotes similar to the following:—"One morning," relates a truthful and sharp-sighted observer, "as I lay in bed, I heard all at once a noise, such as rats or mice make behind a wainscot, when they are trying to gnaw their way through. It ceased for some minutes and then began anew. In a short time a rat came out of a hole, and, after quietly taking a survey of the room, disappeared again. In a few minutes it re-appeared, bringing with it a larger and older-looking rat, which it led by the ear. The first rat now left its companion at the hole, and, along with a third, which had followed them, ran about the room, gathering some crumbs which lay upon the floor. These they brought and laid before the old rat at the hole. Astonished at what I saw, I redoubled my attention, and now perceived that the one to which the other two brought food was blind, and only became aware of what was put before it by feeling. Meanwhile some one entered the room, upon which the two younger rats immediately began to squeal, apparently with the view of warning the old one of impending danger; but, great as their own alarm was, they refused to rescue themselves till their old companion was in safety. They kept close beside it, and seemed as if they wished to shield it from harm."

Rats, both old and young, can be tamed, and taught various amusing performances. Bonnet informs us, in his "History of Music," that he saw rats in the market of St Germain dancing upon the tightrope to music, and, like rope-dancers, holding little rods to balance themselves with in their forepaws. When the celebrated French author, Crebillon, was sent to prison at Vincennes, he was awakened the first night by some-

thing beside him in bed. It felt warm and soft, and taking it for a kitten, he threw it out and fell asleep again. Next morning he looked everywhere for the kitten, thinking it might be some company to him in his lonely captivity, but in vain. At dinner-time, however, he suddenly saw an animal sitting on the other side of the table, which he supposed was the kitten, for the gloom of his prison-chamber did not allow of his discerning objects clearly. He persuaded it to come nearer him, and then, to his horror, he perceived the creature to be a huge rat. The cry of astonishment and disgust, which he could not restrain, brought a turnkey to see what was the matter. When the man learned what had occurred he burst into a loud laugh, and told Crebillon, that a prisoner, who had formerly occupied the same room, had brought up this rat and tamed it. The turnkey then cried, "Naton, Naton, come here, won't you!" and immediately Naton peeped slyly out of his hole; but as soon as he saw his acquaintance, he jumped upon his arm, and began eating some crumbs of bread with great satisfaction. After this Crebillon overcame his dislike for the rat, and, indeed, grew so fond of it, that he would have taken it with him to Paris when he was set at liberty, had not the turnkey wished to keep it.

THE MOUSE'S PETITION.

Oh, hear a pensive prisoner's prayer,
For liberty that sighs;
And never let thine heart be shut
Against the wretch's cries!

For here forlorn and sad I sit,
Within the wiry grate,
And tremble at the approaching morn,
Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glow'd,
And spurn'd a tyrant's chain,
Let not thy strong oppressive force
A free-born mouse detain!

Oh, do not stain with guiltless blood
Thy hospitable hearth!
Nor triumph that thy wiles betray'd
A prize so little worth.

The scatter'd gleanings of a feast
My frugal meals supply;
But if thy unrelenting heart
That slender boon deny—

The cheerful light, the vital air,
Are blessings widely given;
Let Nature's commoners enjoy
The common gifts of heaven.

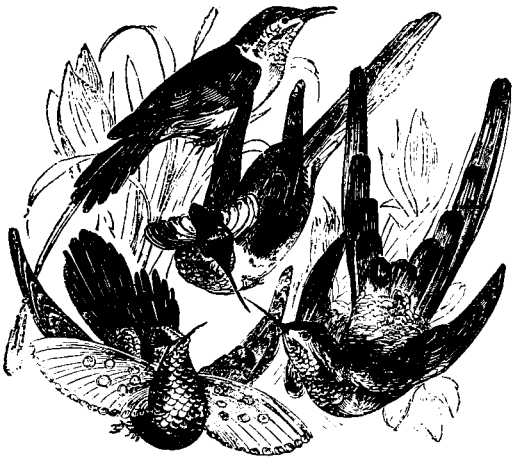
Beware lest in the worm you crush,
A brother's soul you find;
And tremble lest thy luckless hand
Dislodge a kindred mind.

Or if this transient gleam of day
Be *all* the life we share,
Let pity plead within thy breast,
That little *all* to spare.

So may thy hospitable board
With health and peace be crown'd;
And every charm of heartfelt ease
Beneath thy roof be found.

So when destruction works unseen,
Which man, like mice, may share,
May some kind angel clear thy path,
And break the hidden snare.

—A. L. BARBAULD.



THE HUMMING BIRD.

HUMMING-BIRDS are natives of America. They are at once the smallest and the most brilliantly-coloured of the whole feathered race. There are many species, all varying in size, from that of a wren to a humble bee, and exhibiting a splendour and beauty of plumage which it is hardly possible to describe. These gems of animated nature are to be seen clad in the loveliest crimson, blue, and green, laid on a ground of gold; but much of their varied elegance is lost when they are not seen in their native woods. Nothing can be more beautiful than to see them glittering like gems among the highly-scented blossoms of the warm countries which they inhabit.

They possess a long and extremely slender bill, with which they extract the nectar, and the small insects which lurk in the recesses of the flowers. They are formed for rapid flight, and are almost ever on the

wing. "Wherever a creeping vine opens its fragrant clusters, or wherever a tree-flower blooms, these lovely creatures are to be seen. In the garden, in the woods, over the water, everywhere they are darting about,—of all sizes, from one that might easily be mistaken for a different variety of bird to the tiny hermit, whose body is scarcely so large as that of the bee buzzing about the same sweets. Sometimes they are seen chasing each other with a rapidity of flight and intricacy of path the eye is puzzled to follow. Again, circling round and round, they rise high in mid-air, then dart off to some distant attraction. Perched upon a little limb they smooth their plumes, and seem to delight in their dazzling hues; then darting off again, they skim along, stopping now and then before a flower, and extracting its honey as they hover in the air. Their wings vibrate with such rapidity that the motion is scarcely visible; and it is from the constant murmur or humming sound caused by the rapid vibration that these beautiful little creatures derive their name."

The nest of the humming-bird is very beautifully constructed of the softest down, gathered from the silk-cotton tree, and covered on the outside with bits of leaves and moss. The nest of the smallest species is about as big as the half of a walnut, and in this tiny cup the lovely creature rests.

Minutest of the feather'd kind,
Possessing every charm combined,
Nature, in forming thee, design'd
That thou shouldst be
A proof within how little space
She can comprise such perfect grace,
Rendering thy lovely fairy race
Beauty's epitome.

ANECDOTE OF THE HUMMING-BIRD.

THE most interesting anecdotes of the ruby-throat which I have read, were published in a Quaker publication of Philadelphia, called *The Friend.* The correspondent says, "Sometime in the seventh month of the present year, (1834,) one of my family caught a small humming-bird, which appeared quite debilitated for want of food. We presented it with some sugar and cream mixed together, which it sucked up with avidity; after which it was restored to liberty. In the course of a short interval it again made its appearance, was taken in the hand, and a mixture of sugar made into the consistence of a syrup was poured into the corolla of a trumpet honeysuckle, from which it eagerly extracted it. From that time forward it became quite familiar, and would come a dozen times a day, or more, to be fed. After fluttering a few seconds at the door or window to attract notice, it would alight on a neighbouring tree or rose-bush until its food was prepared for it; and then, upon calling 'peet, peet,' it would dart in a straight line with the velocity of an arrow to receive it.

"We generally filled two or three tubes of the honeysuckle with syrup, which it extracted while on the wing, buzzing around the flower held in our hand, and inserting its bill, which was about three-fourths of an inch in length, from which it protruded its tongue, at least half-an-inch longer, with which it sucked up the liquid. This generally sufficed it; but sometimes it did not appear satisfied, but would repair to its resting-place, and wait until the flowers were again filled, when, upon being called, it would return and finish its repast.

"But if, after flying to its perch, it wiped its bill upon the limb, we were then assured it wanted no more at that time; all the solicitations we could make would have no other effect than to hasten its departure. In

the course of half-an-hour it would be back again after more food, and if the member of the family to whom he applied was engaged, and not ready to attend to him, he would try over and over again to excite attention by flying into different apartments of the house, and buzzing within a few inches. Peet's solicitations generally succeeded, as the younger branches of the family were delighted with attending to him. He appeared to be more fond of syrup when made thick than any other food which was offered to him. If it was too much diluted, he would fly to his resting-place, and wait until it was altered. We also, at times, gave sugar and cream, wine and water mixed with sugar, and once some honey obtained from a humble bee's nest, which he appeared to treat with great contempt. Sometimes, when he was fluttering around the flower held outside of the doorway, a stranger of the same species, having less confidence in human nature, would dart at the little fellow, and drive him away, as if anxious for him to escape from so perilous a situation. But it only had a momentary effect on our little friend, as he would return with as confiding an assurance of safety as before. His little twittering noise and averted eye, as he momentarily withdrew his bill from the flower, appeared to say, 'Surely thou wilt not hurt me.' After he had visited us every day so frequently for about three weeks, and been admired by numerous persons, he disappeared on the 11th of August, being fed about the middle of the day, which was the last time that he was seen. As the wild humming-birds, which were quite numerous before, disappeared about the same time, it is probable he accompanied them to more southern regions. As we were on terms of the most friendly kind, it is hoped our little traveller will again revisit us, after he has finished his peregrinations among the flowers of the south, as it is very doubtful whether he will find them as sweet as he did the honeysuckles of Delaware."

—P. H. GOSSE.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

To bring up a young mocking-bird is rather a difficult task, as it must be taken from the nest at a very early period of its life, and therefore requires the most unremitting attention. In the work of Mr Webber is a very interesting account of the successful rearing of four very young mocking-birds. They had been cruelly taken out of their nests by some mischievous and hard-hearted person before they had opened their eyes on life, and left to die on a small piece of carpeting. Mr Webber and his sister happening to look at the nest, which they had long watched, discovered the poor little things lying cold and apparently lifeless on the carpet. He, however, found that the tiny hearts were still beating, and after inducing his sister to place them in her bosom, rode homewards at full speed. The rest of the story shall be told in his own words :—

" We were at home, and we passed hurriedly into the garden. I called a little brother to join us; in a moment we were all three standing beneath the eaves of the summer-house. There was a small hole in the cornice of the eaves, and I knew that in this a pair of

blue-birds had nested, and supposed that they must be just about hatched now. My sister stood watching my proceedings with great anxiety, for they were entirely mysterious to her. She saw me take my little brother aside, and whisper my directions to him; then the little fellow prepared to climb up the columns of the summer-house, and with my assistance reached the cornice. His little hand was inserted into the hole, and with the greatest care not to touch either the sides of the hole, or the nest within, he daintily plucks out the young ones, one by one, and hands them down to me. They are the same age with the mocking-birds, but smaller.

"'Now, sister, give me those little ones; and haste, dear, for I am afraid the old ones, who have gone out for food, will come back.'

"She is so flurried she does not realise what I am about to do, but hastily places the young birds, now warm and fully alive, in my hand. They are reached to my brother. 'Drop them in quick, quick! and come down. Jump! I'll catch you.'

"Down he comes, and then, after my whispering something more to him, he snatched the young blue-birds from my hand, and ran off among the shrubbery. At this moment we heard the sweet, clear warble of the blue-birds, and I drew my sister a short distance away, where, from behind a tall rose-bush, we could watch the proceedings of the old birds.

"'What does all this mean, brother? What do you expect?' she asked, in a low, puzzled voice, for she did not know that the young blue-birds had been taken out, so dexterously had we managed, and only understood that her charge had been transferred to the nest. 'Brother, you surely can't expect that little blue-bird to take care of eight young ones—your fairy will have to help, sure enough!'

"'Hush! hush!' said I, all eagerness, for, with an insect in its mouth, one of the old birds, twitting

merrily, had alighted near the hole, and without hesitation glided in, and in a moment or two came forth again, without seeming to have observed that there was anything wrong. My heart beat more freely, for I saw that the insect had been left behind, clearly, in the throat of one of the intruders, for the bird plumed himself gaily outside, as if happy in having performed a pleasant duty. But this was the male bird, and it was the arriving of the female that I knew was most to be dreaded,—for if the sharp instinct of the mother did not detect the fraud, I felt that it would succeed.

"In my elation at my success so far, I had explained my object to my sister, who, as she did not understand about the making away with the young blue-birds, was now infinitely delighted at the probable success of the scheme, and I could scarcely keep within bounds her dancing impatience to see what the mother would do, hear what the mother would say. Here she comes! and in a business-like and straight-forward way glided directly into the hole. We held our breaths, and stood on tiptoe. Out she darts with a low cry, still holding the insect in her mouth. Our hearts sank; she has discovered all, and refuses to adopt the strangers! She flew to her mate, and seemed to communicate some sad intelligence to him.

"He was busily engaged in trimming his feathers, and merely straightened himself up for a moment, and then, with an air of the coolest indifference, proceeded with his occupation. The poor female seemed to be sadly distressed and puzzled; she flew around the nest, uttering a low, mournful cry, then returned to her philosophical mate for sympathy, which he seemed to be too busy with his feathers to spare now. Then she would dart into the hole, stay a moment, and out again with the insect still in her mouth. Then she would circle round and round on the wing, as if searching for the cause of the disturbance, the nature of which she

evidently did not clearly understand. So she continued to act, until the male, having arranged his feathers to his liking, flew off, with a pleasant call to her, in search of more food. This seemed to decide her uncertainty, for darting now into the nest, she immediately fed the worm to one of those lusty young fellows that had grown so wonderfully since she last went out, and then came forth chirping, and apparently reconciled, and followed her mate.

"'There! it succeeds! it succeeds! they are safe now; these birds are more industrious than the mocking-birds, and will feed them better! good! good!'

"'Your fairy spell has succeeded, brother, sure enough!' and she clapped her hands and danced for joy; and I am not sure that I did not join her most obstreperously, for I never was more delighted in my life at the success of any little scheme.

"I knew the birds were safe if the female ever fed them once. So it proved; for never did I see little fellows grow with greater lustihood than they. Daily we watched them; and in ten days, or two weeks, were greatly amused to see the industrious old birds perseveringly labouring to fill gaping throats that were nearly large enough to swallow them bodily whole. I now narrowed the hole with wire, so that the blue-birds could get in, and the mocking-birds could not get out, for they were quite double the size of their foster-parents.

"When they were full fledged we took them to the house, and placed them in an aviary I had prepared for them, in a recess which contained a large window, and looked out upon the gardens. In two days I found, to my great astonishment, the old blue-birds endeavouring to feed them through the wires. They had found them out, the faithful creatures, and not content with having already spent double the amount of labour upon them that they would have bestowed

upon their own offspring, they followed them up with their unwearying solicitude.

"I was greatly shocked at first to observe the cool indifference with which the young aristocrats of song surveyed their humble foster-parents. After a while it came, in spite of the shameful ingratitude it exhibited, to be a constant source of merriment with us to watch the lordly and impudent nonchalance with which they would turn their heads to one side, and look down at the poor blue-birds, fluttering against the bars with tender cries to attract their notice, with an expression which seemed as plainly as could be to say, 'Who are you, pray? get away, you common fellows!'

"A fine pair of old mocking-birds found them, too; but when they came, our gentry behaved very differently, and seemed crazy to get out. They became very tame, and I finally fulfilled my vow of turning them loose, and for a long time they were so tame that they would take food from our hands anywhere. They lived on the place, and we felt ourselves for years afterwards plentifully, ay, bounteously rewarded for our anxiety an account of the little outcasts, by the glorious songs they sang for us the summer nights to dream by. Thus it was my fair sister helped me out of the scrape with my young mocking-birds!"

—WOOD'S *Natural History.*

THE SONG OF THE BEES.

WE watch for the light of the morn to break
And colour the eastern sky,
With its blended hues of saffron and lake,
Then say to each other, "Awake! awake!
For our winter's honey is all to make,
And our bread for a long supply."

Then off we hie to the hill and the dell,
To the field, the meadow, and bower;
In the columbine's horn we love to dwell,
To dip in the lily with snow-white bell,
To search the balm in its odorous cell,
The mint and the rosemary flower.

We seek the bloom of the eglantine,
Of the painted thistle and brier;
And follow the steps of the wandering vine,
Whether it trail on the earth supine,
Or round the aspiring tree-top twine,
And reach for a state still higher.

As each on the good of her sisters bent,
Is busy and cares for all,
We hope for an evening with heart's content,
For the winter of life without lament,
That summer is gone with its hours misspent,
And the harvest is past recall.

—MISS GOULD.

TRY AGAIN.

IT is related of Timour, the great conqueror, that he was once forced in flying from his enemies, to hide in an old ruined building, where he sat alone many hours. He tried to turn his mind from his troubles and to forget danger, by watching very closely an ant, that was carrying a grain of corn larger than itself, up a high wall.

In its efforts to get up, he found that the grain fell sixty-nine times to the ground; but the seventieth time, the ant reached the top of the wall with it. "This sight," said Timour, "gave me hope and courage at the moment, and I have never forgotten the lesson taught me by the little ant."

Now, children, when you have a difficult lesson to learn, and have tried sixty-nine times in vain to get it, *try again;* there is yet hope of success in the *seventieth* effort. You surely would be ashamed to show less perseverance than this little insect.

And yet how much might man learn even from the inferior animals, if he would but *see* and *think!* I will tell you of one, who took a lesson of hope and courage from the conduct of a little spider.

Robert Bruce was at one time almost in despair of making good his right to the throne, and of restoring freedom to Scotland; he had been so often defeated, and there seemed so little chance of success, that he doubted whether it was his duty to try again.

While thus doubtful what he should do, Bruce looked upward to the roof of the cabin where he lay on his bed, and saw a spider, which, hanging at the end of a long thread of its own spinning, was trying to swing itself from one beam in the roof to another, for the purpose of fixing the line for its web.

The insect made the attempt again and again without success; and at length Bruce counted that it had tried to carry its point six times, and had been as often unable to do so.

It reminded him that he had himself fought just six battles, and that the poor, persevering spider was exactly in the same situation with himself, having made as many trials, and as often failed in what it aimed at.

"Now," thought Bruce, "as I do not know what is best to be done, I will be guided by the spider. If the insect shall make another effort to fix its thread and shall be successful, I will venture a seventh time to try my fortune in Scotland; but if the spider shall fail, I will go away and never return to my native country again."

While Bruce was forming this resolution, the spider made another attempt with all the force it could muster, and fairly succeeded in fastening its thread on the beam, which it had so often in vain tried to reach.

Bruce seeing the success of the spider, was encouraged to make one more effort for his country, and as he never before gained a victory, so he never afterwards met with any great defeat.

LATREILLE AND THE BEETLE.

At the end of last century there lived, in a town of France, a celebrated naturalist named Latreille. He spent much of his time in watching the habits of insects, and took little interest in anything else. Suspected, however, of being an enemy to the government, he was seized and cast into prison. But it was the will of God to save Latreille, and a messenger was

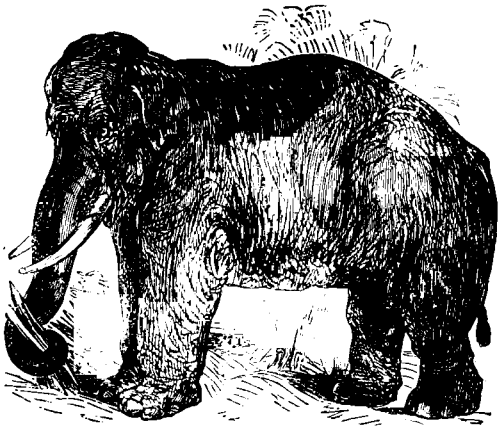
sent to deliver him. This messenger was a little blue beetle! This little creature was crawling on the wall of his prison, and Latreille was watching it attentively at the very moment when the doctor of the prison was going his rounds. The doctor had a young friend who was fond of curious insects, and when Latreille told him that this little creature was a rare specimen, he carried it off to his friend.

This friend wished to see the man who had sent him such a rare beetle. He visited Latreille in prison, was delighted with his conversation, and as he happened to have some influence with the government, he persuaded them to set Latreille free.

Soon after, Latreille's fellow-prisoners were banished. They were sent in a ship bound to Cayenne, which foundered in the Bay of Biscay, and every one on board perished. This would probably have been Latreille's fate, but for the visit to his prison of the little blue red-shouldered beetle.

He ever after loved the little creature, which he called "the miraculous cause of his liberty"—"an insect very dear to him." When he was an old man, one of these little beetles used to be his gift to his favourite pupils, and was highly prized by them, as a distinguished mark of his favour.

This little insect was as truly the means used by God to deliver Latreille, as if God had sent an angel to open the prison doors. When it pleases God to deliver any one from prison, or from death, an insect may be His messenger, and do His will as well as an angel; for the smallest and least of his creatures obey His will, and are not beneath His notice.

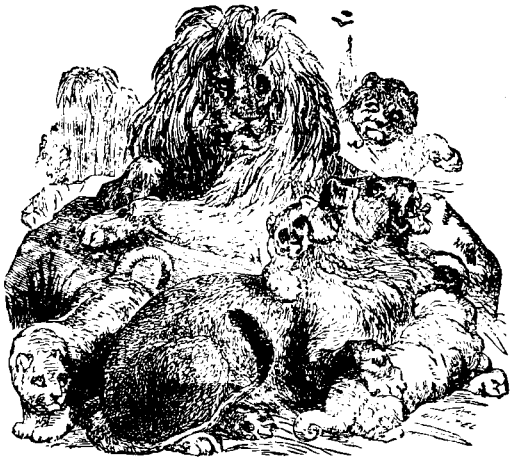


ADVENTURE WITH AN ELEPHANT.

FEW sportsmen have been placed in a more terrible predicament than was Mr Anderson, while halting at Kobis, on his road to Lake Ngami. Hearing that elephants and rhinoceroses were in the habit of frequenting certain pools to drink, he set out alone one moonlight night, carrying a blanket and two or three guns, and took up his position on a strip of land that divided two pools. "Just as I had completed my arrangements," says he, "a noise like that of the passage of artillery broke the stillness of the air—it evidently came from the direction of one of the numerous stony paths, or rather tracks, leading to the water. Raising myself from my recumbent position, I fixed my eyes steadily on the part of the bush whence the strange sounds proceeded, but for some time I was unable to make out the cause. All at once, however, the mystery was explained by the appearance of an immense elephant, immediately followed by others, amounting to eighteen. Their towering forms told me at a glance that they were all males.

"Crouching down as low as possible, I waited with beating heart and ready rifle the approach of the leading male, who, unconscious of peril, was making straight for my hiding-place. The position of his body, however, was unfavourable for a shot; and knowing from experience that I had little chance of obtaining more than a single good one, I waited for an opportunity to fire at his shoulder, which, as before said, is preferable to any other part when shooting at night. But this chance, unfortunately, was not afforded me till his enormous bulk towered above my head. The consequence was that, while in the act of raising the muzzle of my rifle, my body caught his eye, and before I could place the piece to my shoulder, he swung himself round, and, with trunk elevated and ears spread, desperately charged me. My life was now in imminent jeopardy; and seeing that if I remained partially erect he would inevitably seize me with his proboscis, I threw myself on my back with some violence, in which position, and without shouldering the rifle, I fired upwards at random towards his chest, uttering, at the same time, the most piercing shouts and cries. The change of position, in all human probability, saved my life; for at the same instant the trunk of the enraged animal descended precisely on the spot where I had been previously crouched, sweeping away the stones like so many pebbles. In another moment his broad forefeet passed directly over my face.

"I now expected nothing short of being crushed to death; but imagine my relief when, instead of renewing the charge, he swerved to the left, and moved off with considerable rapidity—most happily without my having received other injuries than a few bruises, occasioned by the falling of the stones. Under Providence, I attribute my extraordinary escape to the confusion of the animal caused by the wound I had inflicted on him, and to the cries elicited from me when in my utmost need." —*Wild Sports of the World.*



LION-HUNTING.

LIONS seldom choose to attack mankind, unless they are very hungry, or unless they are first assaulted. When, however, they have once tasted human blood, they are said to prefer it to any other food, and will seek their prey in the most determined manner. Such lions are significantly called by the natives, "man-eaters." As an example of the resolute manner in which a hungry "man-eater" will attack a human being, the account of Cumming will suffice :—

"After supper, three of my men returned before their comrades, and lay down; those were John Stofolus, Hendrick, and Ruyter. In a few minutes an ox came out by the gate of the kraal, and walked round the back of it. Hendrick got up and drove him in again, and then went back to his fireside and lay down; Hendrick and Ruyter lay on one side of the fire under one blanket, and John Stofolus lay on the other. At this moment I was sitting taking some barley broth.

Our fire was very small, and the night was pitch-dark and windy. Owing to our proximity to the native village, the wood was very scarce, the Bakalahari having burnt it all in their fires.

"Suddenly the appalling and murderous voice of an angry bloodthirsty lion burst upon my ear, within a few yards of us, followed by the shrieking of the Hottentots. Again and again the murderous roar of attack was repeated. We heard John and Ruyter shriek, 'The lion! the lion!' still for a few minutes we thought he was chasing one of the dogs round the kraal; but the next instant John Stofolus rushed into the midst of us, almost speechless with fear and terror, his eyes bursting from their sockets, and shrieked out, 'The lion! the lion!' he has got Hendrick; he dragged him away from the fire beside me; I struck him with the burning brands upon his head; but he would not let go his hold. Hendrick is dead! O God! Hendrick is dead! Let us take fire and seek him.' The rest of my people rushed about, shrieking and yelling as if they were mad. I was at once angry with them for their folly, and told them if they did not stand still and keep quiet, the lion would have another of us, and that very likely there was a troop of them. I ordered the dogs, which were nearly all fast, to be made loose, and the fire to be increased as far as could be. I then shouted Hendrick's name, but all was still. I told my men that Hendrick was dead, and that a regiment of soldiers could not now help him; and hunting my dogs forward, I had everything brought within the cattle-kraal, when we lighted our fire, and closed the entrance as well as we could.

"My terrified people sat round the fire with guns in their hands till the day broke, still fancying that every moment the lion would return, and spring again into the midst of us. When the dogs were first let go, the stupid brutes, as dogs often prove when most required, instead of going at the lion, rushed fiercely on one an-

other, and fought desperately for some minutes. After this they got his scent, and going at him, disclosed to us his position; they kept up a continual barking till the day dawned, the lion occasionally springing after them, and driving them in upon the kraal. The horrible monster lay all night within forty yards of us, consuming the wretched man whom he had chosen for his prey. He had dragged him into a little hollow at the back of the thick bush, beside which the fire was kindled, and there he remained till the day dawned, careless of our proximity.

"It appeared that when the unfortunate Hendrick rose to drive in the ox, the lion had watched him to the fire-side, and he had scarcely lain down when the brute sprang on him and Ruyter, (for both lay under one blanket,) with his appalling murderous roar; and roaring as he lay, grappled him with his fearful claws, and kept biting him on the breast and shoulder, all the while feeling for his neck, having got hold of which, he at once dragged him away backwards round the back into the dense shade.

"As the lion lay on the unfortunate man, he faintly cried out, 'Help me, help me; O God! men, help me!' After which the fearful beast got a hold of his neck, and then all was still, except that his comrades heard the bones of his neck cracking between the teeth of the lion. John Stofolus had lain with his back to the fire on the opposite side; and, on hearing the lion, he sprang up, and seizing a large flaming brand, he had belaboured him on the head with the burning wood, but the brute did not take any notice of him. The bushman had a narrow escape; he was not altogether scatheless, the lion having inflicted two gashes on him with his claws."

It may be satisfactory to those who read the above passage to know that the lion had no more opportunities of exercising his man-eating propensities, for at the morrow's dawn the death of his servant was re-

venged by Mr Cumming, who traced the lion to his lair, and there shot him.

—*Anecdotes of Animal Life.*

THE LION AND THE CUB.

A LION cub, of sordid mind,
Avoided all the lion kind;
Fond of applause, he sought the feasts
Of vulgar and ignoble beasts,
With asses all his time he spent,
Their club's perpetual president.
He caught their manners, looks, and airs;
An ass in everything but ears!
If e'er his Highness meant a joke,
They grinn'd applause before he spoke;
But at each word what shouts of praise;
Goodness! how natural he brays!
Elate with flattery and conceit,
He seeks his royal sire's retreat;
Forward and fond to show his parts,
His Highness brays; the lion starts.
"Puppy! that cursed vociferation
Betrays thy life and conversation;
Coxcombs, an ever-noisy race,
Are trumpets of their own disgrace."
"Why so severe?" the cub replies;
"Our senate always held me wise!"
"How weak is pride," returns the sire;
"All fools are vain when fools admire!
But know, what stupid asses prize,
Lions and noble beasts despise."

—GAY.

ANECDOTES OF THE TIGER.

MRS LEE tells us of a wild tiger actually frightened away by a simple stratagem. Her brother had just returned from the tent of a brother officer, when his servant came running up to him in a state of great alarm, saying that a tiger was near. Having giving the alarm, they immediately ran away, leaving their master alone in his garden, rather wishing to see the tiger than otherwise. In a very short time the tiger actually did make his appearance, and, stopping short in front of the officer, began to growl, and then crouched in that most ominous attitude assumed by a cat when about to spring on a mouse. This convinced the officer that he had not escaped the animal's observation, as he had at first supposed; and on the impulse of the moment, he took off his big bear-skin grenadier's cap, and putting it before his face, roared in it,

endeavouring with some success to make his roar as different as possible from that of honest Snug, the joiner. The tiger, naturally astounded at such an uncouth sound, proceeding from such an uncouth object, turned tail and leaped into the thicket. All danger being over, the servants courageously came to help their master with drums and torches. Really the tiger's panic is not at all to be wondered at. We English are proudly pre-eminent among the nations for an execrable taste in hats, the officer's foraging cap and the "wide-awake" being the only exceptions; and among these caps, that of the grenadier is almost the most absurd, while as a soldier's cap it is most senseless, its only recommendation being that the wearer is forced to walk very upright to prevent it from tumbling off. No wonder, then, that a shapeless mass of black fur, suddenly protruded in the tiger's face, and animated with a rough voice reverberating in its wicker recesses, should scare away an animal who was not sufficiently civilised to be accustomed to such monstrosities.

The same writer heard from an eye-witness of the scene, an anecdote showing that the tiger sometimes snatches away his prey without springing. A gentleman was proceeding along a narrow, high-banked river, in a covered boat, on the roof of which his principal servant had gone to smoke. He did not long enjoy his quiet and elevated position, for a tiger put its paw out, dragged the man off the roof of the boat as it passed, and carried him away into the jungle.

The tiger, as well as the lion, has often permitted the company of other animals in its cage; and in one instance, after it had made friends with a dog, another was substituted, the precaution having been taken to make the exchange after the tiger had been fed. The second companion was welcomed as warmly as the first, and was permitted to take all kinds of liberties with its enormous friend, who even suffered it to

bark at and bite him without displaying the slightest resentment.

It is a great mistake to imagine that the tiger is morose and untamable, as it can be tamed quite as easily as the lion, and displays as much affection for its keeper, if he treats it kindly. Great care, however, must be taken with all these animals, as, even although they are apparently quite tame, their savage nature sometimes breaks out on very slight occasions, even though they had previously endured great provocations without complaint. Such was the case a short time since, when the celebrated "lion queen" at Wombwell's fell a victim to the sudden irritability of the tiger. She had been forced to chastise the tiger for some disobedience of orders, when the animal suddenly turned upon her, grasped her by the throat, and in a very short time after she was taken out of the cage she died. Death in this case was probably as much occasioned by fear as by the injuries inflicted by the tiger, as, on examination, no wound was found that would have caused death. In all probability, the tiger had no intention of carrying his revenge so far, but, unconscious of his strength, turned on his assailant in a moment of irritability and bit at her, with no more intention of killing her than a cat has when she snaps at the hand which pulls her tail. The effects, however, of the pat of a cat's paw, or the snap of a cat's teeth, are very different from the effects of a blow from a tiger's talons, or the grasp of a tiger's jaws, although they may be dealt with equally harmless intentions. The strength of this creature is most extraordinary, especially when we consider in what a small compass it is comprised. —*Anecdotes of Animal Life.*

ADVENTURE WITH A BEAR.

THE position which Heywood occupied was rather dangerous. The tree lay on the edge of an overhanging bank of clay, about ten feet above the water, which was deep and rapid at that place. At first the young man sat down on the tree-trunk near its root, but after a time, finding the position not quite to his mind, he changed it, and went close to the edge of the bank. He was so much occupied with his drawing, that he did not observe that the ground on which his feet rested actually overhung the stream. As his weight rested on the fallen tree, however, he remained there safe enough and busy for half an hour.

At the end of that time he was disturbed by a noise in the bushes. Looking up, he beheld a large brown bear coming straight towards him. Evidently the bear did not see him, for it was coming slowly and lazily along, with a quiet meditative expression on its face. The appearance of the animal was so sudden and

unexpected, that poor Heywood's heart almost leaped into his mouth. His face grew deadly pale, his long hair almost rose on his head with terror, and he was utterly unable to move hand or foot.

In another moment the bear was within three yards of him, and, being taken by surprise, it immediately rose on its hind legs, which is the custom of bears when about to make or receive an attack. It stared for a moment at the horrified artist.

Let not my reader think that Heywood's feelings were due to cowardice. The bravest of men have been panic-stricken when taken by surprise. The young man had never seen a bear before, except in a cage, and the difference between a caged and a free bear is very great. Besides, when a rough-looking monster of this kind comes unexpectedly on a man who is unarmed, and has no chance of escape, and rises on its hind legs, as if to let him have a full view of its enormous size, its great strength, and its ugly appearance, he may well be excused for feeling a little uncomfortable, and looking somewhat uneasy.

When the bear rose, as I have said, Heywood's courage returned. His first act was to fling his sketch-book in Bruin's face, and then, uttering a loud yell, he sprang to his feet, intending to run away. But the violence of his action broke off the earth under his feet. He dropt into the river like a lump of lead, and was whirled away in a moment!

What that bear thought when it saw the man vanish from the spot like a ghost, of course I cannot tell. It certainly *looked* surprised, and, if it was a bear of ordinary sensibility, it must undoubtedly have *felt* astonished. At any rate, after standing there, gazing for nearly a minute in mute amazement at the spot where Heywood had disappeared, it let itself down on its fore-legs, and, turning round, walked slowly back into the bushes.

Poor Heywood could not swim, so the river did what

it pleased with him. After sweeping him out into the middle of the stream, and rolling him over five or six times, and whirling him round in an eddy close to the land, and dragging him out again into the main current, and sending him struggling down a rapid, it threw him at last, like a bundle of old clothes, on a shallow, where he managed to get on his feet, and staggered to the shore in a most melancholy plight. Thereafter he returned to the encampment, like a drowned rat, with his long hair plastered to his thin face, and his soaked garments clinging tightly to his slender body. Had he been able to see himself at that moment, he would have laughed, but, not being able to see himself, and feeling very miserable, he sighed and shuddered with cold, and then set to work to kindle a fire and dry himself.

Meanwhile the bear continued its walk up the river. Arrowhead, after a time, lost the track of the bear he was in search of, and, believing that it was too late to follow it up further that night, he turned about, and began to retrace his steps. Not long after that, he and the bear met face to face. Of course, the Indian's gun was levelled in an instant, but the meeting was so sudden, that the aim was not so true as usual, and, although the ball mortally wounded the animal, it did not kill him outright.

There was no time to re-load, so Arrowhead dropped his gun and ran. He doubled as he ran, and made for the encampment; but the bear ran faster. It was soon at the Indian's heels. Knowing that further flight was useless, Arrowhead drew the hatchet that hung at his belt, and, turning round, faced the infuriated animal, which instantly rose on its hind legs and closed with him.

The Indian met it with a tremendous blow of his axe, seized it by the throat with his left hand, and endeavoured to repeat the blow. But brave and powerful though he was, the Indian was like a mere child in the paw of the bear. The axe descended with a crash

on the monster's head, and sank into its skull. But bears are notoriously hard to kill. This one scarcely seemed to feel the blow. Next instant Arrowhead was down, and, with its claws fixed in the man's back, the bear held him down, while it began to gnaw the fleshy part of his left shoulder.

No cry escaped from the prostrate hunter. He determined to lie perfectly still, as if he were dead, that being his only chance of escape; but the animal was furious, and there is little doubt that the Indian's brave spirit would soon have fled, had not God mercifully sent Jasper Derry to his relief.

That stout hunter had been near at hand when the shot was fired. He at once ran in the direction whence the sound came, and arrived on the scene of the struggle just as Arrowhead fell. Without a moment's hesitation he dropt on one knee, took a quick but careful aim and fired. The ball entered the bear's head just behind the ear and rolled it over dead!

Arrowhead's first act on rising was to seize the hand of his deliverer, and in a tone of deep feeling exclaimed, "My brother!"

"Ay," said Jasper with a quiet smile, as he reloaded his gun; "this is not the first time that you and I have helped one another in the nick of time, Arrowhead; we shall be brothers, and good friends to boot, I hope, as long as we live."

"Good," said the Indian, a smile lighting up for one moment his usually grave features.

"But my brother is wounded, let me see," said Jasper.

"It will soon be well," said the Indian carelessly, as he took off his coat and sat down on the bank, while the white hunter examined his wounds.

This was all that was said on the subject by these two men. They were used to danger in every form, and had often saved each other from sudden death. The Indian's wounds, though painful, were trifling.

Jasper dressed them in silence, and then, drawing his long hunting-knife, he skinned and cut up the bear, while his companion lay down on the bank, smoked his pipe, and looked on. Having cut off the best parts of the carcass for supper, the hunters returned to the canoe, carrying the skin along with them.

—R. M. BALLANTYNE.

THE BEARS AND BEES.

As two young bears, in wanton mood,
Forth issuing from a neighb'ring wood,
Came where th' industrious bees had stored
In artful cells their luscious hoard,
O'erjoy'd they seized, with eager haste,
Luxurious on the rich repast.
Alarm'd at this, the little crew
About their ears vindictive flew.
The beasts, unable to sustain
The unequal combat, quit the plain.
Half blind with rage, and mad with pain,
Their native shelter they regain;
There sit, and now discreeter grown,
Too late their rashness they bemoan;
And this by dear experience gain—
That pleasure's ever bought with pain.
So when the gilded baits of vice
Are placed before our longing eyes,
With greedy haste we snatch our fill,
And swallow down the latent ill;
But when experience opes our eyes,
Away the fancied pleasure flies:
It flies, but oh! too late we find
It leaves a real sting behind.

—MERRICK.

THE WOLF.

I SHALL not in these pages attempt to describe one species of wolf more than another, as the character of all wolves is so very similar. When a wolf is supported by plenty of comrades, it is a most daring animal, fearing not to attack foes far superior to itself; but if it is pursued when alone, it instantly becomes a slinking cowardly animal, and often yields the battle easily. Sometimes, however, when it sees no hope of escape, it turns upon its pursuers, and fights with obstinate valour until the very last. In no case is the cowardice of a wolf so conspicuous as when it is taken in a trap. Wolves are at all times very suspicious, and stand in great awe of anything that looks like a trap. There are many authenticated accounts of travellers who, when met by wolves, would have inevitably been devoured had they not terrified their enemies by letting a piece of cord trail behind their carriage. The wolves were so much afraid of this suspicious looking piece of cord, that they dared not venture to approach it, lest they should be caught. The hunters take advantage of this trait of character, and when they kill a beast too large to carry away,

they keep off the wolves by a similar stratagem. Supposing a hunter had shot a bison, he may only want the tongue, or a piece of the hump at present; but next day he may want the skin, or wish to make another meal. Now, if he were to leave the carcass as he shot it, very few hours, or even minutes, would elapse before it would be converted into a skeleton. In order, then, to preserve his prey for himself, the hunter generally places a stick upright in the ground near the carcass, and to that stick he ties, by a loose string, the inflated bladder of the slaughtered animal. This so effectually terrifies the wolves that, although they run round it all night, they dare not approach it, on account of the bladder, which is blown about in the wind. Sometimes a strip of skin is fastened to the stick; but anything to which wolves have not been accustomed will answer the hunter's purpose.

Major Strickland's accounts of the wolves close with the following anecdote, which I must be permitted to give in his own words:—

"A perilous adventure once befell my brother-in-law, James. He was a bold brave boy, of ten years old at the time, and was on his return home with a pair of oxen, with which he had been assisting a neighbour, residing about six miles from his father's house. His road lay by the river shore, which was dreary enough in the fall of the year, and at the evening hour; but the child was fearless, and saw the deepening shades sink into night without experiencing anything like apprehension.

"He was trudging on steadily, singing cheerfully as he walked, when a sound came on the night air, that sent a shiver through the young pedestrian's frame—the war-cry of the wolves. At first, he hoped he was not the object of pursuit; but the hideous uproar came nearer and nearer, and then he knew that he must instantly adopt some plan for his escape.

"His route lay by the river shore, and he could

swim well; but the night was dark, and he might be hurried into the rapids; and to be dashed to pieces on the rocks was scarcely less dreadful than to be mangled and devoured by wolves. In this extremity, the child lifted up his brave young heart to God, and resolved to use the only chance left him of escape. So he mounted Buck, the near-ox, making use of his goad, shouting at the same time to the animal to excite him to his utmost speed.

"In most cases, the horned steed would have flung off his rider, and left him for wolves' meat without hesitation; but Buck set off with the speed of a race-horse, as if fully aware of his young rider's peril. Nor was his companion less tardy. Fast, however, as the trio fled, still faster came on the yelling pack behind; and James could ever hear

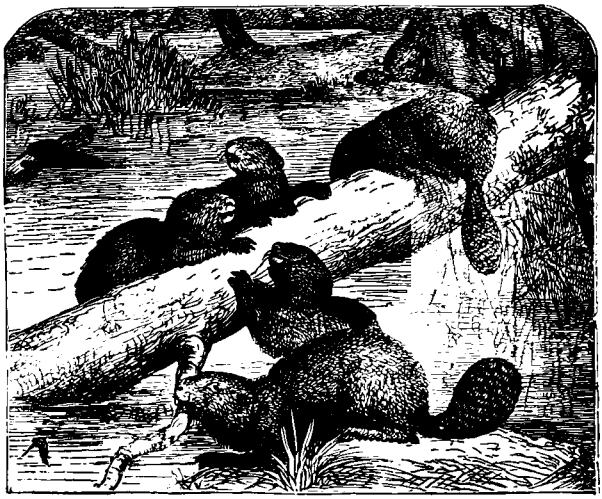
'Their long hard gallop, which could tire
The hounds' deep hate and hunters' fire.'

"Fortunately for him, old Buck heard it too, and galloped on and on; but still the wolves came nearer and nearer; James shouted to keep them off; the oxen almost flying; their chains rattling as they went. This clanking sound, to which the hateful pack were unaccustomed, made them pause whenever they came close upon the oxen, whilst the latter redoubled their speed, till at length these gallant racers left the wolves behind; and never stopped till they had brought the brave little fellow to his own door.

"He had felt afraid but once, and that was when those dismal yells first broke upon his ear, but he never lost his presence of mind. He trusted in God, and used the means within his reach for preservation, and arrived safe at last. Few boys would have displayed so much sense and spirit; but the boy is almost always the father of the man; and what James was then, he is now. —*Anecdotes of Animal Life.*

ANECDOTE OF THE WOLF.

WE have very limited means of arriving at any satisfactory conclusion respecting the period of life of wild animals, especially the carnivora. As they live by violence and rapine, and as the supply of their wants necessarily becomes more and more precarious as the vigour of youth departs, it is probable they do not often nearly complete the period of life allotted to their respective species. Some instances, however, no doubt occur, in which the animal attains the utmost verge of existence. A few years ago, some men were going up Lee's Pond, a lake about six miles long, near Stanstead, which was frozen at the time, when they saw before them a party of wolves crossing the pond. One in the centre appeared sick, and was surrounded by the rest in the manner of a body-guard. One of the men, who had a gun, pursued them, when some of the wolves took to flight, leaving others with the supposed sick one, which, however, dropped off, one by one, as the pursuit grew hotter, leaving at last only two with it: the man then fired at one of these two, but without killing it, and they both then fled. On coming up to the remaining one, they found it was an old she-wolf, completely blind, as was supposed from age alone, as her teeth were almost worn down. After her last attendants had left her, she attempted to continue her course, but in a very uncertain manner, sometimes turning on her steps, or going in a circle. The men put a rope round her and led her to the town. In the woods they found her den, strewed with a vast number of deers' bones, fragments of flesh, &c., all around which the snow, though three feet deep, was trodden hard and smooth; and from the number of paths leading to this spot, it appeared evident that this aged wolf had for a long time been supplied with prey by the assiduous attentions of others. —P. H. GOSSE.



THE BEAVER.

ONE cannot fail to be struck with admiration and astonishment on visiting the haunts of the beaver; nor can we wonder that the red men should place him at the head of animal creation, or make a manitou of him, when Egypt, the mother of the arts, worshipped such stupid and disgusting deities. Whether you call it instinct, or whether it be called reason, one thing is certain, that if half humanity were as intelligent, as provident, as laborious, and as harmless as the beaver, ours would be a very different world from what it is.

The beaver is the original lumberman, and the first of hydraulic engineers. Simple and unostentatious, his food is the bark of trees, and his dwelling a mud cabin, the door of which is always open, but under water—conditions which secure retirement, and are favourable to cool contemplation. The single object of his existence being to secure bark enough for himself and family, one would suppose there would not be

much difficulty in that; but as neither beaver nor any other animal, except man, are addicted to works of supererogation, we may be sure that the former, in all his laborious arrangements, and those too which alter the face of nature to such an important degree, does no more than is absolutely necessary for him to do. Cast in an inhospitable climate, nearly the whole of his labour is for the purpose of laying in his necessary winter supplies, and water is the only medium by which he can procure and preserve these. Too highly civilised for a nomadic life, he builds permanently, and does not quit his habitation until driven from it, like other respectable emigrants, by stern necessity. We cannot better illustrate the habits of this interesting animal than by accompanying a beaver family, on some fine evening in May, in search of a new home. The papa beaver, with his sons and sons-in-law, wife, daughters and daughters-in-law, and it may be grand-children, sally forth "prospecting" the country for a good location —*i.e.*, a stream of easy navigation, and having an abundant supply of their favourite food, the silver birch and poplar growing as near the river as possible. Having selected these "limits," the next step is to place their dwelling so as to command the greatest amount of food. For this purpose, they go as far below the supplies as the character of the stream will permit. A pond of deep, still water being an indispensable adjunct to their dwelling, this is obtained by the construction of a dam; and few engineers could select a site to produce the required result so efficiently and economically. The dam and dwelling are forthwith commenced, the materials employed in both being sticks, roots, mud, and stones—the two former being dragged by the teeth, the latter carried between the forepaws and the chin. If the dam is extensive, whole trees are gnawed down, the largest of which are of the diameter of an ordinary stovepipe, the stump being left standing about eighteen inches above the ground,

and pointed like a crayon. Those trees which stand upon the bank of the stream, they contrive to fall into the water as cleverly as the most experienced woodman; those which are more distant are cut up by their teeth into pieces which can be dragged to the water. These trees and branches are floated down to the site of the dam, where they are dragged ashore, and placed so that the tops shall be borne down by the current, and thus arrest the descending *detritus*, and form a strong and tight dam. Critical parts are built up "by hand," the sticks and mud, when placed, receiving a smart blow from the beaver's tail, just as a bricklayer settles his work with the handle of his trowel. The habitation or hut of the beaver is almost bomb-proof, rising like a dome from the ground on the margin of the pond, and sometimes six or eight feet in thickness at the crown. The only entrance is from a level of three or four feet under the water of the pond. These precautions are necessary, because, like all enterprising animals, the beaver is not without its enemies. The wolverine, who is as fond of beaver tail as an old "nor'wester," would walk into his hut if he could only get there; but having the same distaste for water as the cat, he must forego the luxury. It is not, however, for safety that the beaver adopts the submarine communication with his dwelling, although it is for that he restricts himself to it. The same necessity which compels him to build a dam, and thus create a pond of water, obliges him to maintain communication with that pond when the ice is three feet thick upon its surface. Living upon the bark of trees, he is obliged to provide a comparatively great bulk for his winter's consumption, and he must secure it at the season when the new bark is formed, and before it commences to dry; he must also store it up where it will not become frozen or dried up. He could not reasonably be expected to build a frost-proof house large enough to contain his family supply, but if he

did, it would wither and lose its nutriment; therefore, he preserves it in water. But the most remarkable evidence of his instinct, sagacity, or reason is one which I have not seen mentioned by naturalists. His pond, we have seen, must be deep, so that it will not freeze to the bottom, and so that he can communicate with his food and the dam, in case of any accidents to the latter requiring repairs; but how does he keep his food—which has been floated down to his pond—from floating when in it, and thus becoming frozen in with the ice? I said that in gnawing down a tree, the top of the stump was left pointed like a crayon; the fallen tree has the same form—for the beaver cuts like a woodman, wide at the surface, and meeting in an angle at the centre, with this distinction, the four-legged animal does his work more uniformly, cutting equally all round the log, while the two-legged one cuts only from two opposite sides. Thus, every stick of provender cut by the animal is pointed at both ends, and when brought opposite his dwelling, he thrusts the pointed ends into the mud bottom of his pond, sufficiently firm to prevent their being floated out, at the same time placing them in a position in which the water has the least lift upon them, while he carefully apportions his different lengths of timber to the different depths of water in his pond, so that the upper point of none of them shall approach near enough to the surface to be caught by the winter ice.

When the family is in comfortable circumstances, the winter supply nicely cut and stored away, the dam tight, and no indications of a wolverine in the neighbourhood, the patriarch of the hut takes out the youthful "greenhorns" to give them lessons in topographical engineering; and in order to try the strength of their tails, encourages them to indulge in amateur damming. The beaver works always by night; and to "work like a beaver" is a significant term for a man who not only works earnestly and understandingly,

but one who works late and early—a species of "mud-lark," not afraid of soiling his hands.

From what has been said, it will be readily seen that the maintenance of the dam is a matter of vital importance to the beaver. Some say that the pilot beaver sleeps with his tail in the water, in order to be warned of the first mishap to the dam; but, as there is no proof given for such a *cool* assertion, it may be set down as a very improbable tale. The Indians avail themselves of this well-known solicitude to catch them. Having broken the dam, the risk is immediately perceived by the lowering of the water in the hut, and, the beavers sallying forth to repair the breach, are slaughtered in the trenches.

As the supply of food in the vicinity of the dam becomes diminished, the beaver is obliged to go higher up the stream, and more distant from its banks, to procure his winter stores; and this necessity gives rise to fresh displays of his lumbering and engineering resources. In consequence of the distance, and the limited duration of the high-water period favourable to transport, the wood is collected into a sort of raft, which, a lumberman has asserted, is manned by the beavers and steered by their tails, in the same manner as Norway rats are known to cross streams of water. When the raft grounds, forthwith a temporary dam is thrown across the stream below the "jam," by which the waters are raised, and the raft floated off, and brought down to the dam, which is then torn suddenly away, and the small raft thereby flushed over the adjoining shallows.

—KEEFER'S *Montreal and the Ottawa.*

THE FOX AND THE CAT.

THE fox and the cat, as they travell'd one day,
With moral discourses cut shorter the way:
"'Tis great," says the Fox, "to make justice our guide!"
"How god-like is mercy!" Grimalkin replied.

Whilst thus they proceeded, a Wolf from the wood,
Impatient of hunger, and thirsting for blood,
Rush'd forth—as he saw the dull shepherd asleep—
And seized for his supper an innocent sheep.

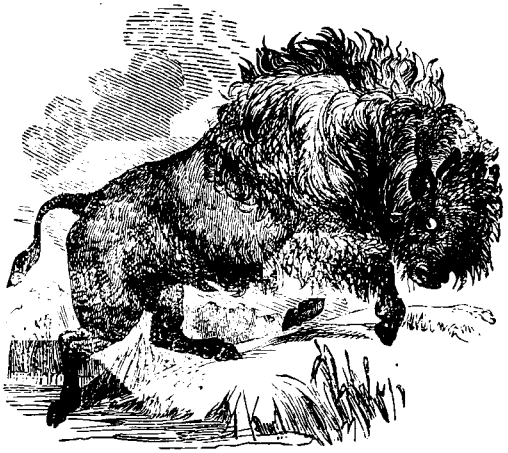
"In vain, wretched victim, for mercy you bleat,
When mutton's at hand," says the Wolf, "I must eat."
Grimalkin's astonish'd—the Fox stood aghast,
To see the fell beast at his bloody repast.

"What a wretch," says the Cat, "'tis the vilest of brutes;
Does he feed upon flesh, when there's herbage and roots?"
Cries the Fox, "While our oaks give us acorns good,
What a tyrant is this to spill innocent blood!"

Well, onward they march'd, and they moralised still,
Till they came where some poultry pick'd chaff by a mill.
Sly Reynard survey'd them with gluttonous eyes,
And made, spite of morals, a pullet his prize.
A mouse, too, that chanced from her covert to stray,
The greedy Grimalkin secured as her prey.

A Spider that sat on her web on the wall,
Perceived the poor victims, and pitied their fall;
She cried, "Of such murders how guiltless am I!"
So ran to regale on a new-taken fly.

—F. CUNNINGHAM.



BUFFALO HUNTING.

IN the Saskatchewan, the chief food both of white men and Indians is buffalo meat; so that parties are constantly sent out to hunt the buffalo. They generally chase them on horseback, the country being mostly prairie land, and, when they get close enough, shoot them with guns. The Indians, however, shoot them oftener with the bow and arrow, as they prefer keeping their powder and shot for warfare. They are very expert with the bow, which is short and strong, and can easily send an arrow quite through a buffalo at twenty yards off. One of these parties, then, was ordered to procure two calves alive, if possible, and lead them to the company's establishment. This they succeeded in doing in the following manner:—Upon meeting with a herd, they all set off full gallop in chase; away went the startled animals at a round trot, which soon increased to a gallop, as the horsemen neared them, and a shot or two told that they were

coming within range. Soon the shot became more numerous, and here and there a black spot on the prairie told where a buffalo had fallen. No slackening of the pace occurred, however, as each hunter, upon killing an animal, merely threw down his cap or mitten to mark it as his own, and continued in pursuit of the herd, loading his gun as he galloped along. The buffalo hunters, by the way, are very expert at loading and firing quickly while going at full gallop. They carry two or three bullets in their mouths, which they spit into the muzzles of their guns, after dropping in a little powder, and instead of ramming it down with a rod, merely hit the butt-end of the gun on the pommel of their saddles, and in this way fire a great many shots in quick succession. This, however, is a dangerous mode of shooting, as the ball sometimes sticks half-way down the barrel and bursts the gun, carrying away a finger, and occasionally a hand.

In this way they soon killed as many buffaloes as they could carry in their carts, and one of the hunters set off in chase of a calf. In a short time he edged one away from the rest, and then, getting between it and the herd, ran straight against it with his horse and knocked it down. The frightened little animal jumped up again, and set off with redoubled speed, but another butt from the horse again sent it sprawling; again it rose, and was again knocked down; and in this way was at last fairly tired out; when the hunter, jumping suddenly from his horse, threw a rope round its neck, and drove it before him to the encampment, and soon after brought it to the fort. It was as wild as ever when I saw it at Norway House, and seemed to have as much distaste to its thraldom as the day it was taken.

—R. M. BALLANTYNE.

A BULL-FIGHT.

A MOST extraordinary combat is related by Mr Palliser, between a bison bull and a thorough-bred domestic bull of one of the long-horned breeds. The combat, as he tells us, must have been quite Homeric.

"About three months previous to my arrival in Fort Union, and in the height of the buffalo-breeding season, when the bulls are sometimes very fierce, Joe was taking the Fort Union bull with a cart into a point of the river, above the fort, in order to draw home a load of wood which had been previously cut and piled ready for transportation the day before, when a very large old bison bull stood right in the cart track, pawing up the earth and roaring, ready to dispute the passage with him. On a nearer approach, instead of flying at the sight of the man that accompanied the cart, the bison made a headlong charge. Joe had hardly time to remove his bull's headstall, and escape up a tree, being utterly unable to assist his four-footed friend, whom he left to his own resources. Bison and bull, now in mortal combat, met midway with a shock that made the earth tremble. Our previously docile, gentle animal, suddenly became transformed into a furious beast, springing from side to side, whirling round as the buffalo attempted to take him in the flank, alternately upsetting and righting the cart again, which he banged from side to side, and whirled round as if it had been a band-box. Joe, safe out of harm's way, looked down from the tree at his champion's proceedings, at first deploring the apparent disadvantage he laboured under from being harnessed to a cart; but when the fight had lasted long and furious, and it was evident that one or the other must fall, his eyes were opened to the value of the protection afforded by the harness, and especially by the thick strong shafts of the cart against the short

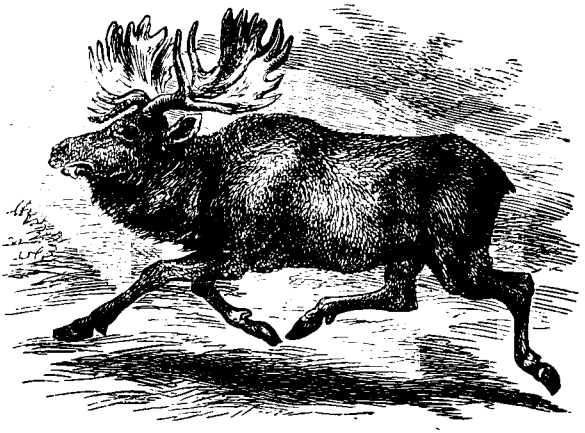
horns of the bison, who although he bore him over and over again down on his haunches, could not wound him severely. On the other hand, the long sharp horns of the brave Fort Union bull began tc tell on the furrowed sides of his antagonist, until the final charge brought the bison, with a furious bound, dead under our hero's feet, whose long fine-drawn horn was deep driven into his adversary's heart. With a cheer that made the woods ring again, down clambered Joe, and while triumphantly caressing, also carefully examined his chivalrous companion, who, although bruised, blown, and covered with foam, had escaped uninjured. It required all Joe's nigger eloquence tc persuade the bull to leave his slain antagonist, over whom he long stood watching, evidently expecting him to get up again to renew the combat; Joe all the while coaxing him with 'Him dear bull, him go home now, and do no more work to-day;' which prospect, 'black Joe,' in common with all his sable brethren, considered as the acme of sublunary felicity."

The noble animal who performed this feat met with an untimely end. He was one day seen to walk across the river, and make his way to the fort. He then sank bleeding on the ground, and expired at the foot of the flag-staff. He had been shot by a couple of rascally Sioux Indians, who with their arrows had also severely wounded nearly half of the milch cows, and had actually killed several of them.

—*Anecdotes of Animal Life.*

THE MOOSE-DEER.

THE real moose-deer, or elk, is nearly double the size of the wapiti, and bearing large palmated horns. It is rather a clumsy animal in its movements, and shuffles along in a very awkward way, but with great swift-



ness. It is an easy animal to tame when it is taken very young; but after it has attained to some age, it is very fierce, as the following anecdote, by Audubon, will show. He is speaking of a young moose-deer that had been captured:—

"The moose was so exhausted and fretted, that it offered no opposition to us as we led it to the camp; but in the middle of the night we were awakened by a great noise in the hovel, and found that, as it had in some measure recovered from its terror and state of exhaustion, it began to think of getting home, and was much enraged at finding itself so securely imprisoned. We were unable to do anything with it; for if we merely approached our hands to the openings of the hut, it would spring at us with the greatest fury, roaring and erecting its mane in a manner that convinced us of the futility of all attempts to save it alive. We threw to it the skin of a deer, which it tore to pieces in a moment. This individual was a yearling, and about six feet high."

The moose is generally caught in the winter time by hunters mounted on snow shoes, which enable them to skim over the surface of the snow, whilst the moose breaks through the snow at every stride, and is soon wearied out. Enterprising individuals have tried the experiment of taming the moose, and employing it in various kinds of labour; their efforts have mostly been successful, and the animal is found to answer very well as a beast of draught. The mouth is very tender, and the bit must be applied and removed with great care. The docility of the young moose is quite on a par with that of the young horse or mule.

It is a rather remarkable circumstance, that when the moose is alarmed at a sudden noise, and endeavours to make its escape, it sometimes falls down suddenly, as if in a fit. The paroxysm only lasts for a very short time, and the moose leaps up again and runs as if nothing had happened.

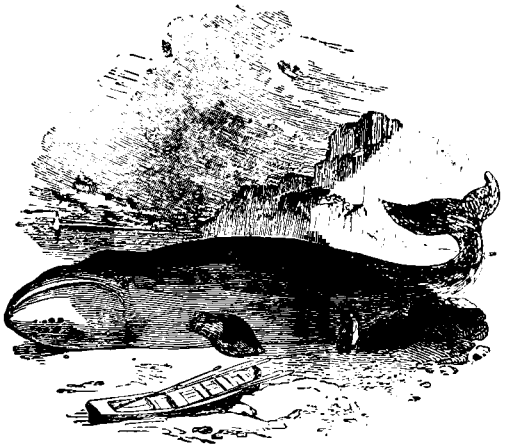
The flesh of the moose is tolerable; but is rather tougher and coarser than venison is expected to be. The tongue and nose, however, especially the latter, are considered great dainties, the nose being said to resemble marrow.

The skin is mostly used for heavy work, such as tent-covers and shoe-leather. The hair is very coarse indeed, brown towards the end, and whitish towards the base, which is also flattened, and rather wavy, presenting an appearance as if it had passed through a miniature crimping machine.

—*Anecdotes of Animal Life.*

A WHALER'S ADVENTURE.

In the month of August 1819, the American whaleship *Essex* sailed from Nantucket for the Pacific Ocean. She was commanded by Captain Pollard.



Late in the autumn of the same year, when in latitude 40° of the South Pacific, a shoal, or "school," of sperm whales was discovered, and three boats were immediately lowered and sent in pursuit. The mate's boat was struck by one of the fish during the chase, and it was found necessary to return to the ship to repair damages.

While the men were employed at this, an enormous whale suddenly rose quite close to the ship. He was going at nearly the same rate with the ship—about three miles an hour; and the men, who were good judges of the size of whales, thought that it could not have been less than eighty-five feet long. All at once he ran against the ship, striking her bows, and causing her to tremble like a leaf. The whale immediately dived and passed under the ship, and grazed her keel in doing so. This evidently hurt his back, for he suddenly rose to the surface about fifty yards off, and commenced lashing the sea with his tail and fins as if suffering great agony. It was truly an awful sight to

behold that great monster lashing the sea into foam at so short a distance.

In a short time he seemed to recover, and started off at great speed to windward. Meanwhile the men discovered that the blow received by the ship had done her so much damage that she began to fill and settle down at the bows; so they rigged the pumps as quickly as possible. While working them one of the men cried out—

"God have mercy! he comes again!"

This was too true. The whale had turned, and was now bearing down on them at full speed, leaving a white track of foam behind him. Rushing at the ship like a battering-ram, he hit her fair on the weather bow and stove it in, after which he dived and disappeared. The horrified men took to their boats at once, and in *ten minutes* the ship went down.

The condition of the men thus left in three open boats far out upon the sea, without provisions or shelter, was terrible indeed. Some of them perished, and the rest, after suffering the severest hardships, reached a low island called Ducies on the 20th of December. It was a mere sand-bank, which supplied them only with water and sea-fowl. Still even this was a mercy, for which they had reason to thank God; for in cases of this kind one of the evils that seamen have most cause to dread is the want of water.

Three of the men resolved to remain on this sand-bank, for, dreary and uninhabited though it was, they preferred to take their chance of being picked up by a passing ship rather than run the risks of crossing the wide ocean in open boats, so their companions bade them a sorrowful farewell, and left them. But this island is far out of the usual track of ships. The poor fellows have never since been heard of.

It was the 27th of December when the three boats left the sand-bank with the remainder of the men, and began a voyage of two thousand miles, towards the

island of Juan Fernandez. The mate's boat was picked up, about three months after, by the ship *Indian* of London, with only three living men in it. About the same time the captain's boat was discovered, by the *Dauphin* of Nantucket, with only two men living; and these unhappy beings had only sustained life by feeding on the flesh of their dead comrades. The third boat must have been lost, for it was never heard of; and out of the whole crew of twenty men, only five returned home to tell their eventful story.

R. M. BALLANTYNE.

THE CHAIN OF DESTRUCTION.

(SCENE—*American Prairies.*)

DIRECTLY in front of the tent, and at no great distance from it, a thick network of vines stretched between two trees. Over the leaves grew flowers so thickly as almost to hide them; the whole surface shining as if a bright carpet had been spread from tree to tree, and hung down between them. Francis, who had for some time kept his eyes in that direction, all at once exclaimed, "Look yonder—humming birds!"

"Where are they?" inquired Lucien. "Softly, brothers, approach them gently."

"Ah!" exclaimed Lucien, as they drew near, "I see one now; it is the ruby-throat: see his throat how it glitters!"

"Shall we try to catch it?" asked Francis.

"No, I would rather observe it a bit. You may look for the nest, as you have good eyes."

Their curiosity satisfied, they were about to return to the tent; but Lucien suddenly made a motion, which caused his brothers to look on the ground.

Crouching among the leaves, now crawling side-ways, now making short springs, and then hiding itself, went a fearful-looking creature about the size of the hum-

ming-bird. Its body consisted of two pieces joined about the middle, and covered all over with a reddish-brown wool or hair, that stood upright like bristles. It had ten limbs, long, crooked, and covered with hair like the body—two curved claw-like feelers in front, and two horns projecting behind, so that but for its sharp fiery eyes, it would have been difficult to tell which was its head.

"The leaping-spider," whispered Lucien to his brothers; "see, it is after the humming-bird!"

Sometimes the spider would hide itself among the leaves of the vine, then when the bird settled for a moment to feed, it would advance nearer by a quick run or a leap, concealing itself again to await a fresh opportunity. At last, the bird poised itself at the mouth of a flower, sucking out the honey with its long tongue, and in a moment the spider sprang forward and clutched it round the body with his feeler. The bird, with a wild chirrup, flew outwards and upwards as if to carry the spider away. But its flight was suddenly checked; and, on looking more closely, the fine thread of the spider was seen attached to the tree at one end and his body at the other, strong enough to prevent the poor bird from escaping from his enemy. Soon the little wings ceased to move. The boys could see that the bird was dead, and the mandibles of the spider were buried in its shining throat.

And now the spider began reeling in his line, in order to carry up his prey to his nest among the branches. But the eyes of the boys were caught at this moment by a shining object stealing down the tree. It was a lizard of the most brilliant colours; its back of golden green, the underneath part of its body a greenish-white, its throat of the brightest scarlet. It was not more than six inches in length. As it was crawling onward, its bright eye fell on the spider and his prey. All at once the lizard stopped, its colour changed; the red throat became white, the green body brown, so that it

could hardly be distinguished from the bark of the tree on which it crouched. Soon it was evident that it meant to attack the spider, and to do this it ran round the tree to the nest, waiting the return of the master of the house. The spider, little suspecting a foe so near, came up. In a moment the lizard sprang upon him, and lizard, spider, and bird fell to the ground. There was a short struggle between the first two, but the spider was no match for the lizard, who in a few moments had ground off his legs, and killed him by thrusting his sharp teeth into the spider's skull. From the moment the lizard sprang upon his prey all his bright colours had returned. And now the lizard began dragging the body of the spider across the grass, when suddenly, from a tree close by, out of a dark round hole, some twenty feet from the ground, a red head and brown shoulders were visible. It was moving from side to side, and evidently preparing to come down. Lucien when he saw the red head, olive-brown body, and fierce dark eyes, knew it for a scorpion-lizard.

The little green lizard, rustling over the dead leaves with the spider, caught the scorpion's attention, and he resolved to deprive him of the prey. But the green lizard was brave, and turned to fight—his throat swelled out, and looked brighter than ever.

After a while they sprang at each other open-jawed —wriggled over the ground, their tails flying in the air; then separated, and again assumed defiant attitudes, their forked tongues shot forth, and their sparkling eyes glittering in the sun.

The weakest part of the green lizard lies in his tail. So tender is it that the slightest blow will separate it from the body. Its foe evidently knew this, and tried to attack the tail, but the lizard carefully faced him whichever way he turned. For several minutes they fought, and then the bright colours of the green lizard grew paler; the scorpion rushed forward, threw the other on his back, and before he could recover himself,

bit off his tail. The poor little fellow, feeling he had lost more than half his length ran off and hid himself.

It was well for him that he did so, and it would have been better for the scorpion had he stayed in his hole, for a new enemy had drawn near while the battle was raging. From the leafy spreading branches of a mulberry-tree, a red snake, about the thickness of a walking-cane, was hanging down a full yard. Just as the lizard ran off without its tail, the scorpion perceived the long red body of the serpent dangling above him, and knowing it was a terrible enemy, ran off to hide himself. But instead of taking to a tree, where he might have escaped, he ran out, in his fright, to the open ground. The snake dropped down, overtook him in a moment, and killed him on the spot. Snakes do not chew their food, but swallow it whole, sucking it gradually down their throats. This the red snake began to do with the scorpion-lizard, and the boys watched it with much interest.

But other eyes were bent upon the reptile. A dark shadow was seen moving over the ground; and on looking up, the boys saw a large bird, with snow-white head and breast, wheeling in the air. It was the great southern kite, with his wide-spread tapering wings.

Nearer and nearer he came, till the boys could see the red gleam of his eyes; and now for the first time the snake caught sight of him too. It had hitherto been closely occupied with its prey, which it had just swallowed. When it looked up and saw the kite its red colour turned pale, and it struck its head into the grass as if to hide itself. It was too late. The kite swooped gently down, and when it rose again, the reptile was seen wriggling in his talons!

But as the kite rose, it was evident that his flight was impeded. The cause soon appeared. The snake was no longer hanging from his talons, it had twined itself round his body. All at once the kite began to flutter, and both bird and serpent fell heavily to the ground.

A violent struggle ensued—the bird trying to free himself from the folds of the snake, while the snake tried to squeeze the kite to death. How was it to end? The kite could not free itself from the snake. The snake dared not let go the kite, for it would have been seized by the head, and have lost its power.

At length the kite got his beak close to the head of the serpent, then seized the reptile's lower jaw; the serpent tried to bite, without effect, and now the kite had the best of it—planting his talons round his adversary's throat, he held him as in a vice. The coils of the reptile were seen to loose and fall off. In a few moments its body lay along the grass motionless.

The kite raised his head, extended his wings to make sure he was free; then, with a scream of triumph, rose upward, the long body of the serpent trailing after him.

At this moment another scream reached the ears of the young hunters. All eyes were turned in the direction whence it came. The boys knew very well that it was the white-headed eagle.

The kite had heard the cry too, and at once tried to rise higher into the air, resolved to hold on to his hard-earned plunder. Up rose the kite, straining every pinion of his pointed wings; and upward goes the pursuing eagle. Soon both disappear beyond the reach of vision. Hark! there is a sound like the whirling of a rocket—something has fallen on the tree-top. It is the kite—dead, and the blood spurting from a wound in his shoulder!

And now the eagle has shot down with the snake in her talons, gliding slowly over the top of the trees, and alighted on the summit of a dead magnolia.

Basil seized his rifle, sprung on his horse, and rode off among the bushes. He had been gone but a few minutes, when a sharp crack was heard, and the eagle was seen tumbling from her perch.

This was the last link in the Chain of Destruction.

—*Abridged from Howitt's Boy Hunters.*

PART III.

A CANADIAN SONG.

COME launch the light canoe;
The breeze is fresh and strong;
The summer skies are blue,
And 'tis joy to float along;
Away o'er the waters,
The bright glancing waters,
The many-voiced waters,
As they dance in light and song.

When the great Creator spoke,
On the long unmeasured night
The living day-spring broke,
And the waters own'd His might;
The voice of many waters,
Of glad, rejoicing waters,
Of living, leaping waters,
First hail'd the dawn of light.

Where foaming billows glide
To earth's remotest bound;
The rushing ocean tide
Rolls on the solemn sound;
God's voice is in the waters;
The deep, mysterious waters,
The sleepless, dashing waters,
Still breathes its tones around.

—MRS MOODIE.

MANUAL LABOUR.

A LABORIOUS nail-maker worked all day at his forge, and under his strong, quick blows, thousands of sparks arose round him and filled his workshop. The son of his rich neighbour, Mr Von Berg, came to see him almost every day, and would watch him with delight for hours.

One day the busy nail-maker said to him in joke, "Would you not like to make some nails? Just try, my young master, if it be only to pass time away. It may be useful to you some day."

The young gentleman, having nothing else to do, consented. He placed himself before the anvil, and, laughing as he sat down, began to hammer. Before very long he was able to finish off a good shoe-nail.

Some years after, the misfortunes of war deprived this young man of all his wealth, and forced him to emigrate to a foreign country. Far from his native land, stripped of all resources, he halted at a large village, where the majority of the people were shoemakers. He ascertained that they expended yearly a large sum of money in the purchase of shoe-nails from a neighbouring town, and that often they could not obtain the quantity they needed, because so many were required for the shoes of the army, most of which were made in that district.

The young Von Berg, who already saw himself threatened with starvation, remembered that he knew perfectly the art of making shoe-nails. He offered to supply the shoemakers of the village with as large a quantity of nails as they required, if they would only establish a workshop, and to this they cheerfully consented. He began to work with enthusiasm, and soon found himself in easy circumstances.

"It is always good," he used often to say to himself, "to learn something, if it be only to make a shoe-nail.

There are positions in life where head-learning cannot be called into play, and when want may threaten even those who have been wealthy. It is well to provide for such exigencies, by having some useful trade at our finger ends."

THE PRISONER'S FLOWER.

THE Count, who is in prison for a political cause, and is not allowed books or paper to beguile his solitude, has found one little green plant growing up between the paving-stones of the prison yard in which he is allowed to walk. He watches it from day to day, marks the opening of the leaves and buds, and soon loves it as a friend. In dread, lest the jailer, who seems a rough man, should crush it with his foot, he resolves to ask him to be careful of it, and this is the conversation they have on the subject:—

"As to your gillyflower"—

"Is it a gillyflower?" said the Count.

"Upon my word," said the jailer, "I know nothing about it, Sir Count; all flowers are gillyflowers to me. But as you mention the subject, I must tell you you are rather late in recommending it to my mercy. I should have trodden on it long ago without any ill-will to you or to it, had I not remarked the tender interest you take in it, the little beauty!"

"Oh, my interest," said the Count, "is nothing out of the common."

"Oh, it's all very well; I know all about it," replied the jailer, trying to wink with a knowing look; "a man must have occupation—he must take to something; and poor prisoners have not much choice. You see, Sir Count, we have amongst our inmates men who, doubtless, were formerly important people, men who had brains—for it is not small-fry that they bring here; well, now, they occupy and amuse themselves at very little cost, I assure you. One catches flies—there's no harm in that; another carves figures on his deal table, without remembering that I am responsible for the furniture of the place."

The Count would have spoken, but he went on. "Some breed canaries and goldfinches, others little white mice. For my part, I respect their tastes to such a point, that I had a beautiful large Angora cat, with long white fur; he would leap and gambol in the prettiest way in the world, and when he rolled himself up to go to sleep, you would have said it was a sleeping muff. My wife made a great pet of him, so did I; well, I gave him away, for the birds and mice might have tempted him, and all the cats in the world are not worth a poor prisoner's mouse."

"That was very kind of you, Mr Jailer," replied the Count, feeling uneasy that he should be thought capable of caring for such trifles; "but this plant is for me more than an amusement."

"Never mind, if it only recalls the green boughs

under which your mother nursed you in your infancy, it may overshadow half the court. Besides, my orders say nothing about it, so I shall be blind on that side. If it should grow to a tree, and be capable of assisting you in scaling the wall, that would be quite another thing. But we have time enough to think of that; have we not?" added he with a loud laugh. "Oh, if you tried to escape from the fortress!"

"What would you do?"

"What would I do! I would stop you though you might kill me; or I would have you fired at by the sentinel, with as little pity as if you were a rabbit! That is the order. But touch a leaf of your gilly-flower! no, no; or put my foot on it, never! I always thought that man a perfect rascal, unworthy to be a jailer, who wickedly crushed the spider of a poor prisoner—that was a wicked action—it was a crime!"

The Count was touched and surprised. "My dear jailer," said he, "I thank you for your kindness. Yes, I confess it, this plant is to me a source of much interesting study."

"Well then, Sir Count, if your plant has done you such good service," said the jailer, preparing to leave the cell, "you ought to be more grateful, and water it sometimes, for if I had not taken care when bringing you your allowance of water, to moisten it from time to time, the poor little flower would have died of thirst."

"One moment, my good friend," cried the Count, more and more struck at discovering so much natural delicacy under so rough an outside; "what, have you been so thoughtful of my pleasures, and yet you never said a word about it? Pray, accept this little present, in remembrance of my gratitude," and he held out his silver drinking-cup.

The jailer took the cup in his hand, looking at it with a sort of curiosity. "Plants only require water, Sir Count," he said, "and one can treat them to a drink

without ruining one's-self. If this one amuses you, if it does you good in any way, that is quite enough;" and he went and put back the cup in its place.

The Count advanced towards the jailer, and held out his hand.

"Oh no, no!" said the latter, moving back respectfully as he spoke; "hands are only given to equals or to friends."

"Well then, be my friend."

"No, no, that cannot be, sir. One must look ahead, so as to do always to-morrow as well as to-day one's duty conscientiously. If you were my friend, and you attempted to escape, should I then have the courage to call out to the sentinel, 'fire!' No; I am only your keeper, your jailer, and your humble servant."

—SAINTINE'S *Picciola.*

NAPOLEON AND THE SAILOR.

NAPOLEON'S banners at Boulogne
  Arm'd in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one
  Poor British seaman.

They suffer'd him—I know not how—
  Unprison'd on the shore to roam;
And aye was bent his longing brow
  On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
  Of birds to Britain half-way over,
With envy; *they* could reach the white
  Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
  Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
  To England nearer.

At last, when care had banish'd sleep,
He saw one morning—dreaming—doting,
An empty hogshead from the deep
Come shoreward floating.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The livelong day laborious ; lurking
Until he launch'd a tiny boat
By mighty working.

Heaven help us ! 'twas a thing beyond
Description wretched : such a wherry
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,
Or cross'd a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt sea-field,
It would have made the boldest shudder ;
Untarr'd, uncompass'd, and unkeel'd,
No sail—no rudder.

From neighbouring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows ;
And thus equipp'd he would have pass'd
The foaming billows.

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,
His little Argo sorely jeering ;
Till tidings of him chanced to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace and danger ;
And in his wonted attitude,
Address'd the stranger :—

"Rash man, that wouldst yon channel pass
On twigs and staves so rudely fashion'd ;
Thy heart with some sweet British lass
Must be impassion'd."

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad;
"But absent long from one another—
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother."

"And so thou shalt," Napoleon said,
"Ye 've both my favour fairly won;
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son."

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And with a flag of truce commanded
He should be shipp'd to England old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantly shift
To find a dinner plain and hearty;
But never changed the coin or gift
Of Bonaparte.

—CAMPBELL.

THE SAVAGES OF NORTH AMERICA.

SAVAGES we call them, because their manners differ from ours, which we call the perfection of civility; they think the same of theirs. Perhaps if we could examine the manners of different nations with impartiality, we should find no people so rude as to be without any rules of politeness; nor any so polite as not to have some remains of rudeness. Our laborious manner of life, compared with theirs, they think slavish and base; and the learning on which we value ourselves they regard as frivolous and useless. An instance of this occurred at the treaty of Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, in the year 1744, between the government of Virginia and the Six Nations. After the principal business was settled, the commissioners from Virginia

acquainted the Indians, by a speech, that there was at Williamsburg a college, with a fund for educating Indian youth; and if the chiefs of the Six Nations would send down half-a-dozen of their sons to that college, the government would take care that they should be well provided for, and instructed in all the learning of the white people. It is one of the Indian rules of politeness not to answer a public proposition the same day that it is made; they think it would be treating it as a light matter, and they show it respect by taking time to consider it, as of a matter of importance. They, therefore, deferred their answer till the day following. Then their speaker began, by expressing their deep sense of the kindness of the Virginia government, in making them that offer; "For we know," said he, "that you highly esteem the kind of learning taught in those colleges, and that the maintenance of our young men, while with you, would be very expensive to you. We are convinced, therefore, that you mean to do us good by your proposal, and we thank you heartily. But you, who are wise, must know, that different nations have different conceptions of things; and you will, therefore, not take it amiss if our ideas of this kind of education happen not to be the same with yours. We have had some experience of it: several of our young people were formerly brought up at the colleges of the northern provinces; they were instructed in all your sciences; but when they came back to us, they were bad runners; ignorant of every means of living in the woods; unable to bear either cold or hunger, knew neither how to build a cabin, catch a deer, or kill an enemy; spoke our language imperfectly; were therefore neither fit for hunters, warriors, nor councillors; they were totally good for nothing. We are, however, not the less obliged by your kind offer, though we decline accepting it; and to show our grateful sense of it, if the gentlemen of Virginia will send us a dozen of their sons we

will take great care of their education, instruct them in all we know, and make *men* of them."

When any Indians come into our towns, our people are apt to crowd round them, gaze upon them, and incommode them where they desire to be private; this they consider great rudeness, and the effect of the want of instruction in the rules of civility and good manners. "We have," said they, "as much curiosity as you, and when you come into our towns, we wish for opportunities of looking at you; but for this purpose we hide ourselves behind bushes, where you are to pass, and never intrude ourselves into your company."

Their manner of entering one another's villages has likewise its rules. It is reckoned uncivil in travelling for strangers to enter a village abruptly, without giving notice of their approach. Therefore, as soon as they arrive within hearing, they stop and halloo, remaining there till invited to enter. Two old men usually come out to them and lead them in. There is in every village a vacant dwelling, called the stranger's house. Here they are placed, while the old men go round from hut to hut, acquainting the inhabitants that strangers have arrived, who are probably hungry and weary, and every one sends them what he can spare of victuals, and skins to repose on. When the strangers are refreshed, pipes and tobacco are brought; and then, but not before, conversation begins, with inquiries who they are, whither bound, what news, &c., usually ending with offers of service; and if the strangers have occasion for guides, or any necessaries for continuing their journey, these are freely given.

The same hospitality, esteemed among them as a principal virtue, is practised by private persons. "If a white man," said an Indian to me, "in travelling through our country, enters one of our cabins, we all treat him as I do you: we dry him if he is wet, we warm him if he is cold, and give him meat and drink that he may allay his thirst and hunger; and we

spread soft furs for him to rest and sleep on; we demand nothing in return. But if I go into a white man's house at Albany, and ask for victuals and drink, they say, 'Where is your money?' and if I have none, they say, 'Get out, you Indian dog.'"

—FRANKLIN.

THE GRAND FALLS OF THE ST JOHN.

THE falls are certainly fine, and consist of what may by courtesy be called a horse-shoe, but is in reality the junction of two walls of perpendicular rock, placed nearly at right angles to each other, down which the whole waters of the St John tumble in one leap, and then rush boiling through a deep and narrow gorge of rock for nearly a mile. They are the scene of an Indian legend, which is probably not untrue.

It is related, that a large war-party of Mohawks

made a descent on the upper St John from Canada, for the purpose of exterminating the Melicetes. They carried their canoes with them, and embarked on the St John, below Edmunston, from which point to the Grand Falls the river is perfectly smooth and deep. Not knowing the navigation, they landed and seized two squaws, whom they compelled to act as guides down the river. When night fell, the different canoes were tied together, so that the warriors might sleep, whilst a few only paddled the leading canoes under direction of the women, whose boats were tied, the one on the right, the other on the left, of the flotilla, They neared the falls, and still the women paddled on. The roar of the falling waters rose on the still night air. Those who paddled looked anxious; some few of the sleepers awoke. To lull suspicion, the women spoke of the great stream which here fell into the Walloostook, the Indian name of the St John, and still they paddled on. When they saw, at length, that the whole mass of canoes in the centre of the river was well entered on the smooth treacherous current, which, looking so calm and gentle, was bearing them irresistibly to the falls, the women leaped into the water, and strove to reach the shore by swimming in the comparatively feeble stream near the banks. Tied inextricably together, the centre canoes drew the others on, and the whole body of the invaders plunged down the cataract, and perished in the foaming waters of the gorge below. I asked eagerly whether the women escaped. It does not speak highly of Indian chivalry that no one knew, or seemed to think it matter worthy of recollection, whether the two squaws had, or had not, sacrificed their own lives in defending those of their tribe.

This fall was also the scene of a tragedy of more recent occurrence. Two young men, in a canoe, found themselves sucked into the current, while engaged in drawing logs to the shore. They were still some way

above the fall, and there was yet a chance of escape. Through vigorous exertion they might yet reach the bank—perilously near the fall, perhaps, but yet safely. They plied their paddles desperately—too desperately; for one broke with the violence with which it was wielded, and then all hope was over; though some minutes elapsed before, in the sight of the horrified population of Colebrooke, utterly unable to render the least help, the canoe shot over the precipice. The man whose paddle broke threw himself down in the bottom of the canoe; the other never ceased paddling towards the side, though hopelessly, till just before the final plunge, when, with his paddle, he waved adieu to the spectators, and then folded his arms calmly on his breast. No trace of the canoe, or of the bodies, was ever seen again.

—Hon. Arthur Hamilton Gordon.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

William Penn, the founder of Philadelphia, in the United States, always treated the Indians with justice and kindness. The founders of colonies have too often trampled on the rights of the natives, and seized their lands by force. But this was not the method of Penn. He bought their land from the Indians, and paid them; he made a treaty with them, and kept it. He always treated them as men.

After his first purchase was made, Penn became desirous of obtaining another portion of their lands, and offered to buy it. They returned for answer that they had no wish to sell the spot where their fathers were buried; but to please their father Onas, as they named Penn, they said that they would sell him a part of it. A bargain accordingly was concluded, that in return for a certain amount of English goods, Penn

should have as much land as a young man could travel round in one day. But after the land was measured, the Indians were greatly dissatisfied; for the young Englishman walked much faster and farther than they had expected. Penn noticed their dissatisfaction, and asked the cause.—"The walker cheated us," they replied. "Ah, how can that be?" said Penn, "did you not yourselves choose to have the land measured in this way?"—"True," answered the Indians, "but white brother make a big walk." Some of Penn's comrades became indignant, and insisted that as the bargain was a fair one, the Indians should be compelled to abide by it. "Compelled," exclaimed Penn; "how can you *compel* them without bloodshed?" Then, turning to the Indians, he said, "Well, brothers, if we have given you too little for your land, how much more will satisfy you?" This proposal gratified them. The additional cloth and fish-hooks which they asked were cheerfully given; and the Indians, shaking hands with Penn, went away perfectly pleased. When they were gone, the governor, looking round on his friends, exclaimed, "Oh, how cheap and mighty a thing is kindness? Some of you spoke of *compelling* these poor creatures to abide by their bargain; *I have* compelled them, but by another force than the sword—the force of kindness!"

Nor did Penn go unrewarded for this kind conduct. The red men of the forest became the warm friends of the white stranger. Towards Penn and his followers they buried the war-hatchet. And when the colony of Pennsylvania was pressed for provisions during a time of scarcity, the Indians came cheerfully forward to its assistance with the produce of their hunting.

—*The Law of Kindness.*

POOR DIGGS!

THE quarter-to-ten bell rang, and the small boys went off up-stairs, praising their champion and counsellor, who stretched himself out on the bench before the hall fire. There he lay, a very queer specimen of boyhood, by name Diggs. He was young for his size, and very clever. His friends at home having regard, I suppose, to his age, and not to his size and place in the school, had not put him into tails, and even his jackets were always too small, and he had a talent for destroying clothes and making himself look shabby. He was not intimate with any of the bigger boys, who were warned off by his oddnesses, for he was a very queer fellow; besides, among other failings, he had that of lack of cash in a remarkable degree. He brought as much money as other boys to school, but got rid of it in no time, no one knew how. And then being also reckless, he borrowed from any one; and when his debts increased, and his friends pressed for their money, he would have an auction in the hall of everything he possessed in the world, selling even his school-books, candlestick, and study-table. For weeks after one of these auctions, having rendered his study uninhabitable, he would live about the schoolroom and hall, doing his exercises on old letter backs and odd scraps of paper, and learning his lessons no one knew how. He never meddled with any little boy, and was popular among them, though they all looked upon him with a sort of compassion, and called him "poor Diggs," not being able to resist appearances. However, he seemed equally indifferent to the sneers of big boys and the pity of small ones, and lived his own queer life with much apparent enjoyment to himself.

Greatly were East and Tom drawn towards old Diggs, who, in an uncouth way, began to take a good deal of notice of them, and once or twice came to their

study when Flashman, the bully of the school, was there, who immediately decamped in consequence. The boys thought that Diggs must have been watching.

When, therefore, about this time, an auction was one night announced to take place in the hall, at which, amongst the superfluities of other boys, all Diggs's household goods for the time being were going to the hammer, East and Tom devoted their ready cash (some four shillings sterling) to redeem, on behalf of their protector, such articles as that sum would cover. Accordingly they duly attended to bid, and Tom became the owner of two lots of Diggs's things. Lot 1, price one-and-threepence, consisted (as the auctioneer remarked) of a "valuable assortment of old metals," in the shape of a mouse-trap, a cheese-toaster without a handle, and a saucepan; lot 2, of a dirty tablecloth and green baize curtain. East, for one-and-sixpence, purchased a leather paper-case, with a lock, but no key, once handsome, but now much the worse for wear.

But they had still the point to settle of how to get Diggs to take the things without hurting his feelings. This they solved by leaving them in his study, which was never locked when he was out. Diggs remembered who had bought the lots, and came to their study soon after, and sat silent for some time, cracking his great red finger-joints. Then he laid hold of their exercises and began correcting them, and at last got up, and, turning his back on them, said, "You 're uncommon good-hearted little beggars, you two. I value that paper-case; my sister gave it me last holidays. I won't forget;" and so he stumbled out into the passage, leaving them embarrassed, but not sorry that he knew what they had done.

—Tom Brown's *Schooldays.*

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

HAST thou sounded the depths of yonder sea,
And counted the sands that under it be?
Hast thou measured the height of heaven above?
Then may'st thou mete out a mother's love.

Hast thou talk'd with the blessed of leading on
To the throne of God some wandering son?
Hast thou witness'd the angels' bright employ?
Then mayst thou speak of a mother's joy.

Evening and morn hast thou watch'd the bee
Go forth on her errands of industry?
The bee for herself has gather'd and toil'd,
But the mother's cares are all for her child.

Hast thou gone, with the traveller Thought, afar,
From pole to pole, and from star to star?
Thou hast—but on ocean, earth, or sea,
The heart of a mother has gone with thee.

There is not a grand inspiring thought,
There is not a truth by wisdom taught;
There is not a feeling pure and high,
That may not be read in a mother's eye.

And ever since earth began, that book
Has been, to the wise, an open book,
To win them back, from the lore they prize,
To the holier love that edifies.

There are teachings on earth, and sky, and air,
The heavens the glory of God declare!
But louder than the voice beneath, above,
He is heard to speak through a mother's love.

—EMILY TAYLOR.

THE ABENAQUI'S STORY.

I WAS going along my line of traps when I met an Indian with a sledge hauled by two dogs. He was a Montagnais, so that I could not understand much of his language, but he spoke English a little, and we could easily make one another out. I said to him, "You have a heavy load on your sledge."—"A heavy load," he replied, in a mournful tone.

I saw he did not like to talk, so I asked him to come to my lodge and pass the night. We got there early and cooked some supper. The Indian had plenty of caribou meat with him, and gave me some, which he took from the sledge. After a smoke he began to talk, and said he came from Ste. Marguerite, which enters the Gulf a few miles above Seven Islands.* He had a nice little pack of furs with him, more than I had; and the caribou were numerous about seventy miles up the river; but there was a camp of Nasquapees there

* In Labrador.

who were killing them off. After a while, just as it was growing dusk, he asked me if he might bring his sledge into my lodge, "For," said he, "I have a body there, and I am afraid the dogs will eat it if it is left outside."

He brought the body in and laid it in the coldest part of the lodge, where there was a little snow drifted through a crack.

"Oh!" said the Indian, "if the snow does not melt here, the body will take no hurt."

We sat and smoked together.

After a while I said, "Did you bring the body far?"

"Six days up the Ste. Marguerite; perhaps eight days from here. I came with some Nasquapees across the country, who had come from the Trinity River, and were following the caribou. The Nasquapees got enough meat and went back. I came on to go down the Moisie to Seven Islands, and leave it there till the spring."

"How did he die?" said I, at length.

The Indian looked at the fire and said nothing. I knew there was some very sorrowful tale to tell or he would have spoken at once.

After a long pause, the Indian said, "He is my cousin; I am taking him to be buried at the Post. He asked me—I promised him. It is a long journey in winter, but he wished it, and he will soon be there."

The Indian then began to tell me how it happened. "He and I," he said, pointing to the body—but he mentioned no name—"were hunting together; we came upon the track of a cat."

"By cat you mean lynx, of course," said one of the listeners.

"Yes, we always call them cats; many white folk call them lynx. It's an animal about the size of a big dog, only lower and stronger, with sharp-pointed ears, and a tuft at the end of each."

"Yes, that's the lynx. Go on."

"Well," the Indian said, "we came upon the track of a cat, and we followed it. My cousin was first, and he turned round and said to me, 'I'll go round that mountain if you go up the valley with the dogs, and we are sure to get him.' We separated. In an hour I heard a gun, and then sat down, and I waited long. Night was coming on; I thought I would go and look. I could find nothing, so as it was getting dark I fired my gun—no answer. I fired again—no answer. Something, I said, has happened to my cousin; I must follow his track as soon as it is daylight.

"I pulled some sapin,* made a bed on the snow, drew some branches over me, and slept well. Next morning I followed the tracks, and before I got half round the mountain I saw my cousin. He was nearly dead—could just speak. Close to him was the cat, frozen stiff. My cousin had slipped into a crack of the rock just after he had fired and wounded the cat, when he was within twenty yards of it. One of his legs was broken. As soon as he fell the cat sprung upon him, and tore off part of his scalp; he killed it with his knife, but could not get out of the crack on account of his broken leg; he could not reach his gun to fire it off and let me know. There he must have remained, and died alone, if I had not chanced to come. I lifted him out of the crack, but his fingers snapped off—they were frozen. He just said to me, 'Nipi! nipi!—water! water!' I quickly made a fire, put some snow in my blanket, held it over the flame, and got him some water. He told me to take him to Seven Islands or the Moisie, and bury him there. He pointed to his gun. I brought it to him; he put it into my hand, turned round his head, and died."

The Indian sat looking at the fire for many minutes. I did not want to interrupt his thoughts. After a while I filled his pipe, put a coal in it, and gave it to

* Branches of the spruce.

him. He took it, still looking at the fire. Perhaps he saw the spirit of his cousin there, as Indians often say they do. He smoked for a long time. At length he spoke, looking at the body, and pointing to it, saying, "He said last winter, that some one would die before the year was out."

I knew well enough that it was one of their superstitions that had troubled him, for he was a heathen not more than a year ago; and a man does not get rid of his heathen notions by being touched with a drop of Manitou water. So I said to him, "Did he see anything?"

"He came across tracks."

"Tracks?"

"A Wendigo," said the Indian.

"Have you ever seen one?" I asked him.

"I have seen tracks."

"Where?"

"On the Ste. Marguerite, the Mingan, the Manitou, the Ou-na-ma-ne. My cousin saw tracks on the Manitou last winter, and he said to me, and to many of us, 'Something will happen.'"

"What were the tracks like?" I said to him.

"Wendigoes," he replied.

"Well, but how big were they?"

He looked at me but said nothing, nor would he speak on the subject again.

"These Montagnais think," continued Pierre, "that the Wendigoes are giant cannibals, twenty and thirty feet high. They think that they live on human flesh, and that many Indians who have gone hunting, and have never afterwards been heard of, have been devoured by Wendigoes. They are dreadfully superstitious in the woods, but brave enough when they get on the coast. —H. Y. HIND.

THE LONELY CROSS.

MIDWAY between the St Louis River and Sandy Lake, in the territory of Minnesota, is to be found one of the largest and most gloomy of tamarack swamps. From time immemorial it has been a thing of dread, not only to the Indians, but also to the traders and voyagers. For a good portion of the year it is blocked up with snow, and during the summer it is usually so far covered with water as only to consist of a number of islets. It is so desolate a place as to be uninhabited even by wild animals, and hence the pleasures of travelling over it are far from being exciting. In fact, the only way in which it can be overcome in spring is by employing a rude causeway of logs for the more dangerous places. As it happens to be directly on the route of a portage over which canoes and packs of furs are annually transported, we cannot wonder that it should frequently be the scene of mishaps and accidents. All along the trail lie the skeletons of canoes, abandoned by their owners, together with broken paddles and remnants of camp furniture. But the most interesting object that we witnessed in this remote corner of the wilderness was a rude wooden cross, surmounting a solitary grave. And connected with this grave is the following story, obtained from one who assisted at the burial:—

It was a summer day, and many years ago, when a stranger arrived at St Marie. He reported himself as having come from Montreal, and he was anxious to obtain a canoe passage to the head waters of the Mississippi. He was a Frenchman, of elegant address, and in easy circumstances, so far as one could judge from his stock of travelling comforts. His name and business, however, were alike unknown, and hence a mystery attended him. Having purchased a new canoe and a comfortable tent, he secured the services

of four stalwart Chippeways, and started upon his western pilgrimage. He sailed along the southern shore of Lake Superior, and as its lovely features developed themselves to his view one after another, he frequently manifested the pleasure he experienced in a manner so singularly enthusiastic as to increase the mystery which surrounded him. In due time they reached the superb and most picturesque St Louis River, surmounted its water-falls by means of many portages, entered and ascended one of its tributaries, and finally drew up their canoe at the eastern extremity of the portage which led over the swamp.

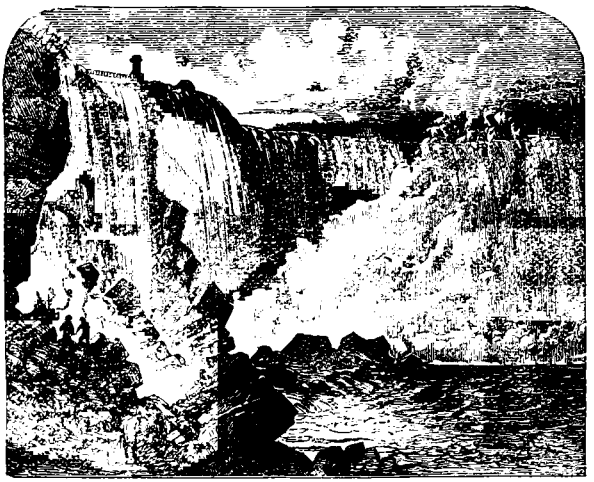
The tent of the stranger was erected; and while the Indians busied themselves in preparing the evening meal, the former amused himself by exploring the neighbourhood of the encampment. He gathered a few roots of the *sweet flag*,* of which he was particularly fond, and, on his return to the tent, ate a quantity of what he had collected. On that night he was taken sick; and while endeavouring to account for heart-burning and severe pains that he experienced, he pulled out of his pocket a specimen of the root he had eaten, and handed it to the Indians. They were surprised at this movement, but, on examining the root, they found it to be a deadly poison. This intelligence was, of course, received with amazement and horror, and the unhappy man spent a most agonising night. At day-break he was a little better, and insisted upon continuing his journey. The voyagers obeyed, and, packing up their baggage, started across the portage in single file. The excitement which filled the mind of the stranger seemed to give new energy to his sinews, and he travelled for about an hour with great rapidity; but by the time he reached the centre of the swamp,

* *Sweet flag*, or flower-de-luce, a useful plant; the roots of which are used as a cure for toothache, and as a black dye; the leaves for thatch and chair-bottoms, and the seeds as a substitute for coffee.

his strength failed him, and he was compelled to call a halt.

Upon one of the green islands, already mentioned, the Indians erected his tent, and, with all the blankets and robes belonging to the company, made him as comfortable as possible. The hours of the day were nearly numbered; the stranger had endured the severest agony, and he knew that he was about to die! He divested himself of his clothes, and, with all his papers and other personal property, motioned that they should be placed in a heap a few paces from the door of his tent. His request was obeyed. He then handed them all the money he had, and despatched all his attendants upon imaginary errands into the neighbouring woods; and when they returned, they found the heap of clothes and other property changed into heaps of ashes. They supposed the sick man had lost his reason, and therefore did not consider his conduct surprising. They only increased their kind attentions, for they felt that the stream of life was almost dry. Again did the stranger summon the Indians to his side, and pulling from his breast a small silver crucifix, made signs to them that they were to plant upon his grave a similar memento; and hiding it again in the folds of his shirt, cast a lingering and agonising look upon the setting sun, and in this manner breathed his last.

By the light of the moon the Indians dug a grave on the spot where the stranger died, in which they deposited his remains, with the crucifix upon his breast. At the head of the grave they planted a rude cross made of the knotty tamarack wood; and after a night of troubled repose, started upon their return to St Marie, where they related the catastrophe of their pilgrimage. —LANMAN.



FALLS OF NIAGARA

WHERE the river Niagara leaves Lake Erie, it is three quarters of a mile in width. Before reaching the falls, it is a mile broad, and twenty-five feet deep, and flows with great swiftness, having a descent of fifty feet in half a mile. An island, on the verge of the cataract, divides it into two sheets of water. One of these, called from its shape the Horse-shoe Fall, is six hundred yards wide and a hundred and fifty-eight feet in height. The other, called the American Fall, is two hundred yards wide, and a hundred and sixty-four feet high.

About once in ten years, generally in January or the beginning of February, the ice, at the foot of the falls, makes a complete bridge from one shore to the other. A great frozen mass, of irregular shape, is formed on the edge next to the cataract, from masses of ice being forced under the surface and raising it up, and from the accumulation of frozen spray. When

this breaks up in the spring, the crashing of the several fragments, driven together by the force of the waters, rivals the noise of the falls themselves. In a mild winter, the ice of Lake Erie sometimes breaks up,—large pieces float over the falls,—they are smashed to atoms, and rise to the surface in immense quantities of a substance like wetted snow; a severe night's frost binds this into a solid mass, and forms a large portion of the bridge.

The rise and fall of the great body of the water are very slight at any season; but, as you watch the plunging stream, it seems to tumble down sometimes in gushes, as if an additional influence came into play every now and then. About the centre of the Horse-shoe, or Canadian Fall, there is a clear, unbroken spout of water twenty feet in depth before its leap; for seventy feet below it continues deep, and of a pure blue; presently it becomes shrouded in a soft spray, which waves like a plume in the wind, at times tinted with all the colours of the rainbow. When the weather is very calm, this beautiful mist rises to a great height into the air, becoming finer by degrees, till no longer perceptible.

There is already a list of fearful accidents at this place, though for so short a time frequented by civilised man: the last few years have been fertile in them. Perhaps the most frightful of all was one which happened in May 1843.

A Canadian of the village of Chippewa was engaged in dragging sand from the river three miles above the falls. Seated in his cart, he backed the horses into the water, ignorant of the depth. It sank: but a box on which he sat floated, and was soon driven by a high wind off from the land into the strong but smooth current; he, being unable to swim, clung to the box. A boat was on the shore, but, by the mismanagement of the bystanders, it was let loose into the stream, and floated past the unhappy man, empty and useless.

There was no other for two miles lower down; beyond that, aid was impossible. The people on the banks, instead of hastening to get a boat ready in time below, ran along the shore talking to him of help, which their stupidity rendered of no avail: he knew that he was doomed. "I'm lost! I'm lost!" sounded fainter and fainter as the distance widened. This dreadful protraction lasted nearly an hour, the stream being very slow. At first he scarcely appears to move, but the strength of the current increases, the waters become more troubled, he spins about in the eddies, still clinging with the energy of despair to his support. He passes close by an island, so close that the box touches and stops for one moment; but the next it twists slowly round, and is sucked into the current again. The last hope is, that a boat might be ready on the shore at Chippewa. It is in vain; there are none there but frail canoes, all high up on the bank. By the time one of them is launched, the boldest boatman dares not embark.

Just above the falls, they see the devoted victim whirled round and round in the foaming waves, with frantic gestures appealing for aid. His frightful screams pierce through the dull roar of the torrent, "I'm lost! I'm lost!"

He is now in the smooth flood of blue unbroken water, twenty feet in depth, the centre of the Canadian Fall. Yet another moment, he has loosed his hold; his hands are clasped as if in prayer; his voice is silent. Smoothly, but quickly, as an arrow's flight, he glides over and is seen no more, nor any trace of him from that time.

—WARBURTON'S *Hochelaga.*

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he 'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

—C. WOLFE.

HEROISM AND CATASTROPHE.

WE are accustomed to look for our heroes among those who encounter their fellow-men amid the din of battle, or who strive against the fury of the elements, but few brighter instances of heroism and noble self-sacrifice can be found than that related of a young gentleman at St Liboire in Lower Canada, who at the peril of his own life saved a number of human beings from a melancholy death.

As a train on the Grand Trunk Railway was passing through that locality during the night, one of the passengers, M. Bachand, noticed that one of the houses was on fire. From the absence of other lights, and seeing no persons near the house, he judged that the inmates were not aware of their dangerous position. With equal promptitude and thoughtfulness he at once informed the conductor of the train of the circumstance, but he, it seems, did not consider it part of his duty to stop the train for such a cause. M. Bachand, deeply grieved at this, could not allow his mind to be set at rest, but rushing out of the door of the car, he leapt out into the darkness, heedless of his own life, providing he could manage to save that of his fellow-creatures. Sad to relate, the poor fellow broke his leg in the fall, but even this did not diminish his generous anxiety. Notwithstanding the severe pain of the broken limb, he was able to creep up to the burning house, and had only strength enough remaining to arouse the inmates. As M. Bachand had rightly conjectured, they were fast asleep, and totally unconscious of the devouring element so close at hand. The delay of a few moments would have been death to all, for even now the flames had almost enveloped the house, and had cut off the retreat of one poor young lady, a niece of the proprietor, who, unable to escape, perished in the flames. Thus several human beings were saved by the courageous M. Bach-

and at such fearful risk to himself, when most people would only have given the danger a passing thought, without considering for a moment the fearful responsibility that might rest upon their head. A few moments and the whirl of the train would have carried them far past the scene, but in these few moments what a noble resolve was made, and how heroically executed!

LOSS OF THE SCHOONER "DRAKE."

THE Newfoundland coast is a peculiarly dangerous one, from the dense fogs that hang over the water, caused by the warm waters of the Gulf-stream, which, rushing up from the equator, here come in contact with the cold currents from the Pole, and send up such heavy vapours, that day can scarcely be discerned from night, and even at little more than arm's length objects cannot be distinguished, while, from without, the mist looks like a thick sheer precipice of snow.

In such a fearful fog, on the morning of the 20th of June 1822, the small war-schooner *Drake* struck suddenly upon a rock, and almost immediately fell over on her side, the waves breaking over her. Her commander, Captain Baker, ordered her masts to be cut away, in hopes of lightening her, so that she might right herself—but in vain. One boat was washed away, another upset as soon as she was launched, and there only remained the small boat, called the captain's gig. The ship was fast breaking up, and the only hope was that the crew might reach a small rock, the point of which could be seen above the waves, at a distance that the fog made it difficult to calculate, but it was hoped might not be too great. A man named Lennard seized a rope, and sprang into the sea, but the current was too strong for him, he was carried away in an opposite direction, and was obliged to be dragged on

board again. Then the boatswain, whose name was Turner, volunteered to make the attempt in the gig, taking a rope fastened round his body. The crew cheered him after the gallant fashion of British seamen, though they were all hanging on by ropes to the ship, with the sea breaking over them, and threatening every moment to dash the vessel to pieces. Anxiously they watched Turner in his boat, as he made his way to within a few feet of the rock. There it was lifted higher and higher by a huge wave, then hurled down on the rock and shattered to pieces; but the brave boatswain was safe, and contrived to keep his hold of the rope, and to scramble upon the stone.

Another great wave, almost immediately after, heaved up the remains of the ship, and dashed her down close to this rock of safety, and Captain Baker, giving up the hope of saving her, commanded the crew to leave her, and make their way to it. For the first time he met with disobedience. With one voice they refused to leave the wreck unless they saw him before them in safety. Calmly he renewed his orders, saying that his life was the last and least consideration; and they were obliged to obey, leaving the ship in as orderly a manner as if they were going ashore in harbour. But they were so benumbed with cold, that many were unable to climb the rock, and were swept off by the waves, among them the lieutenant. Captain Baker last of all joined his crew, and it was then discovered that they were at no great distance from the land, but that the tide was rising, and that the rock on which they stood would assuredly be covered at high water, and the heavy mist and lonely coast gave scarcely a hope that help would come ere the slowly rising waters must devour them.

Still there was no murmur, and again the gallant boatswain, who still held the rope, volunteered to make an effort to save his comrades. With a few words of earnest prayer, he secured the rope round his waist,

struggled hard with the waves, and reached the shore, whence he sent back the news of his safety by a loud cheer to his comrades.

There was now a line of rope between the shore and the rock, just long enough to reach from one to the other when held by a man at each end. The only hope of safety lay in working a desperate passage along this rope to the land. The spray was already beating over those who were crouched on the rock, but not a man moved till called by name by Captain Baker, and then it is recorded that not one so summoned stirred till he had used his best entreaties to the captain to take his place; but the captain had but one reply—"I will never leave the rock until every soul is safe."

Forty-four stout sailors had made their perilous way to shore. The forty-fifth looked round and saw a poor woman lying helpless, almost lifeless, on the rock, unable to move. He took her in one arm, and with the other clung to the rope. Alas! the double weight was more than the much-tried rope could bear; it broke half-way, and the poor woman and the sailor were both swallowed in the eddy. Captain Baker and three seamen remained, utterly cut off from hope or help. The men in best condition hurried off in search of help, found a farm-house, obtained a rope, and hastened back; but long ere their arrival the waters had flowed above the head of the brave and faithful captain. All the crew could do was, with full hearts, to write a most touching letter to an officer who had once sailed with them in the *Drake*, to entreat him to represent their captain's conduct to the Lords of the Admiralty. "In fact," said the letter, "during the whole business he proved himself a man, whose name and last conduct ought ever to be held in the highest estimation, by a crew who feel it their duty to ask, from the Lord Commissioners of the Admiralty, that which they otherwise have not the means of obtaining; that is, a public and lasting record of the lion-hearted,

generous, and very unexampled way in which our late noble commander sacrificed his life, on the evening of the 23d of June." This letter was signed by the whole surviving crew of the *Drake*, and in consequence, a tablet in the dock-yard chapel at Portsmouth commemorates the heroism of Captain Charles Baker.

—*Book of Golden Deeds.*

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

Oh for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
But hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

—A. CUNNINGHAM.

TOM'S FIRST ADVENTURE.

"WHEN I was a boy," said Tom, "nothing would please me but going to sea. Father said no, mother said no, sister Sally said no, and even little Jack, though he was no higher than my knee, said no; but it was no use, for I said yes to them all, and I kept on saying it, till at last, after three years, seeing I wasn't likely to keep steady at anything else, they gave consent. But didn't I repent when it came to the very day; when father said, very kind like: 'Come, my lad, it is time to be off!' and mother was sobbing quietly over my bundle, pretending she had some more things to put in, and Sally not pretending at all, but crying with all her might, and little Jack hanging on to my hand as if no one could ever make him leave go. I don't know how I got away, and it brings a lump in my throat even now only to think of it; but I did set off, and I whistled all the way for ten miles to prevent my doing worse. Sailors must be brave, you know, even before they have been on board.

"Well, I don't remember anything particular to tell you for the first two or three years; it was but a dull life, after all, for adventures don't happen every day at sea any more than on land; but after three years, war broke out, and then we had many a watchful night, and many a hard-fought day. We had been sent to a French harbour, where we were to bring off a small party who had landed secretly on a part of the coast to the south of our appointed meeting-place, and were to join us a few miles from the village. The harbour was only a small fishing one, and there was nothing to fear on the land side; but as some of the enemy's ships might catch sight of us, we kept a strict look-out, and did not make towards land till dusk. I was one of the party selected to go ashore in the boat, and the watchword to those we came to meet was 'The

little sentinel.' Perhaps it is because of all that happened afterwards that I remember that night so well; but when I close my eyes I can just see the moon shining out by fits and starts from behind the clouds, and the waves leaping up in the light. We had gone on quietly for some time, when, suddenly, a dark object loomed in front of us, and we saw in a moment it was the hull of a vessel. Our only chance was that they had not seen us, and that by laying-to for a few minutes till we found all quiet, we might shift our course a bit, and yet reach land. So we lay-to, every face turned to our huge enemy. She lay quite still and dark, not a light to be seen, not a sound to be heard. I could hear my heart beat as I leaned forward on my oar, and turned my head over my shoulder. It did not beat with fear, however, but with excitement. 'Muffle oars!' was whispered down the boat's length. 'Now, boys!' and we glided straight off to the right, catching the full length of the vessel with her ugly rows of cannon as we did so. Still no one hailed us, and no lights were seen, when, suddenly, a voice was heard on one side of us, 'Boat ahoy! boat ahoy!' came from the other side at the same moment. We were fairly caught—an enemy's boat on each side. The French had been too cunning for us; their boats had been out on the watch, and we had fallen in with them as neatly as they could wish. 'Gentlemen, you are our prisoners,' said the kind, polite Frenchman. I believe if he had shot us through the head he would have said, 'I beg your pardon.' How I longed to fight them all, one at a time! but it was useless to resist, they were more than double our number, for we had left space for the land-birds in our boat. We were now compelled to divide our party, some being sent into each of the Frenchmen's boats, while the lieutenant, I, and two others remained in our own. The French boats made for the vessel; we were politely told to continue on our way. It was pretty clear what

they wanted. They meant to take the land-party prisoners also. We made for the point; they knew it as well as ourselves. 'We shall meet your friends on shore, gentlemen,' said the French officer, with his strong accent; 'we shall invite them to our boat; but as we do not speak English very well, we shall take our friend here; he has the air of a simple lad; he shall give the word, and invite them on board.'"

LOST IN THE WOODS.

BEFORE the discovery of gold at Vancouver's Island, when the only European residents were confined within the quadrangle of a wooden fort, or, more properly speaking, a stockade, I was on one occasion very nearly perishing in the woods of that beautiful island. The abundance of game of all sorts, and my own love of

adventure, tempted me to set out alone, thereby hoping to have a better chance of securing a deer than if accompanied by a comrade. I started for a small stream running into Esquimalt harbour, where the Indians had informed me the animals came at daybreak to drink. I soon found myself following a trail, which I believed led to the desired spot: of this, however, I gradually became doubtful, as the ground began to rise, and the trail grew less distinct as I advanced. The grand trunks of pine trees, towering far above the rest of the forest, and the thick dark foliage they supported, impressed my mind with that indescribable feeling of awe which we experience in the broad silent desert or the perfect calm at sea. I had seen no traces of deer, and the only sounds which had met my ear were the sharp tapping of the large woodpecker and the flapping wings of the pigeons. The stems of the trees were blackened by the action of fire, and in many places some giant trunk, felled by the wintry gales, lay across my path. I toiled onward, but without finding the stream for which I was in search. The sun was high in the heavens, and all chance of reaching the drinking place of the deer in time to meet them was at an end.

After taking a biscuit from my pocket and a sip from my flask, I turned to retrace my steps; but in this I was even less successful, for the trail I had followed appeared to be growing less distinct, and branched off in several directions. Hearing a rustling sound in the underwood, I stood quite still; and presently, to my delight, I detected the head of a deer, about two hundred paces in front of me. I raised my gun and fired, when the animal gave a bound, and, as I fancied, fell.

Without thinking of the trail, I ran forward until I reached the exact spot at which the creature was when I pulled the trigger, but he was nowhere to be seen; upon the leaves, however, there were traces of blood,

which I followed, hoping soon to come up with the wounded buck. The difficulty of tracing the blood upon the ground became greater, and at length I was compelled to stop and again try to find my way back. After many fruitless attempts, I was forced to give up, and sit quietly down to think as to my wisest course. The usual expedients by which the Indians regain the lost trail were at that time unknown to me, and having no compass, or any knowledge of the trend of the coast line, I was uncertain in which direction to proceed. I had no watch, and was therefore compelled to guess the hour, by which means alone I could determine my position by the sun, as it was impossible to obtain a sight of the sun's disc. My scanty stock of biscuit was exhausted, and the difficulty of struggling through the scrub had wearied me, so that I fancied it would be wiser to remain where I was until I could determine my course by the sunset: then I knew that by travelling westward I must reach the coast. A wolf came near me while seated upon a fallen tree, but I failed to obtain a shot at him, and soon heard his unpleasant howl far away in the forest.

As soon as the twilight commenced, I began to think the night would prove the most uncomfortable part of my adventure; so, to relieve the gloom, I kindled a fire, and collected all the dry wood I could lay my hand on, previously choosing a bare spot of open ground, where there could be no fear of the forest taking fire. Sleep was out of the question, for as soon as darkness set in, I could hear the various predacious animals busy in the distance, and occasionally the light would fall upon the shining eyeballs of a wolf or bear, several of whom were bold enough to approach so near that I could see their forms distinctly. One gaunt old wolf drew so close to me that I could see the glistening of his ugly fangs, and perceive that his skin hung loosely upon his bones. Several times this brute endeavoured to summon courage to face the flames, but a burning

piece of wood thrown at him sent him howling back into the gloom. Nothing daunted, he returned to the attack whenever the flames died away, until I put an end to his intrusion by sending a ball through his chest.

At the report of my gun, the whole of the forest seemed alive; birds, bats, and animals of every description, added their sounds to the unearthly screaming of the stricken wolf. Although I had collected a large stock of wood before nightfall, yet keeping three fires burning, between which I placed myself, soon diminished my supply, and made me impatiently long for the morning; added to this, I now began to suffer from great thirst, not having been able to find any water from the time of my leaving for the woods. As the sun gradually threw its beams high into the heavens, the excitement of the nocturnal feeders grew less, and at sunrise I found myself alone once more. After casting a careful glance around on every side, I stepped from my lodging in quest of the wolf I had shot. To my surprise, not a trace of the carcass was to be found. I had no doubt he was killed by my ball, from the quiet way in which he lay for an hour or two afterwards; he must therefore have been carried off by his comrades.

Directly the sun showed, I turned my back to it, and pushed my way through the underwood, having previously reloaded my double-barrelled gun. The farther I went the thicker the tangled shrub became. My thirst was increasing, and my want of rest did not improve my condition. For hours I toiled on, yet never seemed to find the trace of human beings. Sometimes I went through gigantic ferns, where it was quite impossible to steer my course, as, once amongst them, everything else was hidden, they rising many feet above my head. I could hear the deer push through them. I occasionally fired at a squirrel or a bird, in the hope that the report of my piece might reach a stray Indian,

and thus bring me help. Another night at length stared me in the face. I searched for berries, but could find none, and water was nowhere to be seen. The ground and wood were parched and dry. I was so exhausted that it was with difficulty I could make a fire; nothing but the stimulus which the idea of a prowling wolf, or the loud sniffing of the black bear, gave to my fears, induced me to exert myself.

Towards the morning I noticed a thickness in the air, coming up with the wind, and soon perceived the smell of smoke to windward of my fires. At first I hoped it was some party sent to search for me, and therefore discharged one barrel of my gun. What was my horror, however, while listening for an answer to it, when I heard the crackling of sticks and the roar of flames! The forest was on fire. In my fear I rushed madly forward away from the flames, but they were evidently fast overtaking me; and past me on every side galloped deer, wolves, and bears, while birds of various kinds flew before the clouds of pursuing smoke. In the horror of the moment my thirst was forgotten; the two dreadful nights I had passed were obliterated from my memory, and I struggled on, exerting all my remaining strength. As I burst through a dense growth of ferns I observed an Indian lad running, not away from the fire, but across it. I shouted, and the boy beckoned. In a moment it occurred to me that my only chance of safety was to follow the lad. Throwing my gun and powder away, I gave chase, and notwithstanding his fleetness managed to keep him in sight. Every nerve was strained, every sense on the alert, for already I could feel the heat from the roaring flame. Onward I staggered, the smoke now blinding me, and the oppression being so great that I felt my efforts must soon terminate. Still, I fancied through the distant trees I could see the fire gleam upon the sea. From this time I know no more, for I reeled forward and fell to the ground.

When I recovered myself I was lying upon the seashore, close to the water, with several Indians squatting by my side. As I recovered, I became aware of my hair having been burnt, and my clothes very much scorched. It appears that the Indian boy told two of his tribe that I was following him, whereupon they had entered the forest in time to see me fall, and had at great peril dragged me after them to a place of safety. These men proved to be Indians of a friendly tribe, who had been despatched in search of me, upon the promise of some twenty blankets if they brought me in alive. They started the morning after I failed to return, and had followed my trail as far as the first night-fires, but could not proceed, the underwood having caught light from them; and so they were obliged to take to the coast, where they providentially met with the boy, who stated my being close at hand; and thus my life was saved when lost in the Vancouver Island woods. —*Leisure Hour.*

THE FOREST FIRE.

THE huge forests of North America are being gradually destroyed by the woodman's axe, and still more rapidly by the fires that break out in them and destroy the trees for many miles. These fires break out from different causes; sometimes lightning strikes a dry tree, sometimes a spark from a pipe falls on the dry grass, or a heap of brushwood being set on fire to clear it away, kindles the grass near, and the mischief is done. The undergrowth of the forest feeds the flames. They mount the fir-trees, which have turpentine in them, and burn easily. The fire leaps from tree to tree; wild animals fly when they hear its roar. The poor backwoodsman leaves his home and fields, and carries off his wife and children to seek safety. As the fire passes

on, it leaves behind it black smoking ground, with bare trunks like charcoal rising up from it: a most dreary scene where lately all was green and fertile. No one who has not seen them can form an idea of the terrible grandeur of these fires. The clouds of smoke obscure the brightness of a noonday sun, and darken the country. They suffocate those whom they overtake with their hot breath; and to see their forked tongues leaping forward as if seeking more food, and to hear their roar as of a hungry monster calling for its prey, is to hear and see what will never be forgotten.

The best way to stop the fire is to set fire to some piece of land in front of it, that when it reaches it the flames may die out for want of food; but this is not easily done. The fire will dart across a wide space of clear ground, and begin burning on the other side before you are aware of it. A very broad river will sometimes stop it, but in other cases it has been known to cross over and burn for miles on the other side. One fire of this kind, some years ago, burned a hundred and forty miles of country on each side of a large river, and this fire was more than sixty miles in breadth. It is supposed that five hundred human beings lost their lives in it. One poor woodman had just built his log-hut, and was beginning to cut timber, when the fire broke out. He was told of it by some of his men who had passed through the wood to bring him food, but he thought nothing of it, till one of them, leaving the hut for a minute, came back hastily with the news that the fire was a bad one, and within a mile of the hut. They instantly looked out, and as far as they could see, there was nothing but fire waving high above the forest. Its roar, like that of a huge furnace, was broken in upon from time to time by the crash of falling trees.

Not a moment was to be lost. Without staying to save anything, they ran to a small stream a little way off. Some of them thought this would be a sufficient check to the flames, and so contented themselves with

crossing it, and going a short distance down its opposite bank to a spot which they had partially cleared. The woodman, however, felt sure the fire would soon leap such a narrow stream, and resolved to stay in the water until the fearful enemy had passed by. He waded into it up to his shoulders, and stood under an overhanging bank to await his fate.

The flames advanced, burning up all before them, and filling the sky with a fearful glare. Their hot breath almost stifled the poor trembling man in the river. Another minute, and the trees overhead were alight, and he was obliged to plunge his head under water and keep it there as long as he could. When he was able once more to stand erect, the flames were still raging on before him, while behind were glowing trunks soon to die out for want of fuel. It was hours before he could leave his refuge with safety; but at last he managed to escape from the ruined neighbourhood. Happily, he had some food lying in a cellar which had not been injured, and this kept him from starving till he got beyond the blackened country. His companions were lost in the forest.

On one occasion a man's life was saved by one of these fires in a remarkable way. He had been riding about the prairie in search of a camp in which his comrades were expecting him, and had more than once lost his way. At last he came within sight of the camping-ground, and spurred his horse forward, pleased to think he should soon be among his friends.

No comrades were there to greet him; no living thing was to be seen. The dead body of an Indian lay across the extinguished fire, and all around were the marks of a deadly struggle. It was evident that the camp had been attacked by the savages, and his friends had been carried off. He followed in their tracks, and about a mile off, coming to a rising-ground, he saw below a large party of Indians camped upon the plain. They saw him too, and he turned his horse's head, and

rode for his life. To make matters worse, they were mounted on his friends' horses, which he well knew were as good as his own. He turned to the wood for shelter, and the savages came yelling behind him. His horse was already weary, and there was little chance of his escaping, until near at hand rising clouds of smoke told him that the forest was on fire. If he could dash through the flaming woods he was safe. No Indian would dare to follow him there. At once he spurred forward to meet the fire. The smoke half suffocated him. He sprung from his horse, tore up his blanket, bound one piece over his horse's eyes, and with the other loosely covered his own face. This he knew would keep out the thickest smoke, while its coarse texture let in air enough to sustain life for a short time. Thus muffled he mounted again, and as the warwhoop of his fierce enemies sounded nearer, he spurred his poor beast into the fire. Scorching, crackling, blazing as it was, he went through it for a few short moments of agony, and then found himself in the clear sweet air beyond. The blazing wood was passed, and tearing away their bandages, horse and rider were safe. Great was the triumph of the Indians as they saw them dash into the flame, for they felt sure both had perished. They were, indeed, half dead with the heat and the thirst it created, but soon they reached a river, and horse and rider both plunged gladly into its cool waters.

THE SOLITUDE OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

I AM monarch of all I survey;
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech;
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
Oh had I the wings of a dove
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more:
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
Oh tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift wing'd arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

—W. COWPER.

A HUDSON BAY STORE.

THE store or shop at a Hudson Bay trading-post is a most interesting and curious place. To the Indian, especially, it is a sort of enchanted chamber, out of which can be obtained everything known under the sun. As there can be only one shop or store at a trading-post, it follows that that shop must contain a few articles out of almost every other style of shop in the world. Accordingly, you will find collected within the four walls of that little room, knives and guns from Sheffield, cotton webs from Manchester, grindstones from Newcastle, tobacco from Virginia, and every sort of thing from I know not where all! You can buy a blanket or a file, an axe or a pair of trousers, a pound of sugar or a barrel of nails, a roll of tobacco or a tin kettle,—everything, in short, that a man can think of

or desire. And you can buy it, too, without money! Indeed, you *must* buy it without money, for there is not such a thing as money in the land.

The trade is carried on entirely by barter, or exchange. The Indian gives the trader his furs, and the trader gives him his goods. In order to make the exchange fair and equitable, however, everything is rated by a certain standard of value, which is called a *made-beaver* in one part of the country, a *castore* in another.

The first man that stepped forward to the counter was a chief. A big, coarse-looking, disagreeable man, but a first-rate hunter. He had two wives in consequence of his abilities, and the favourite wife now stood at his elbow to prompt, perhaps to caution, him. He threw down a huge pack of furs, which the trader opened, and examined with care, fixing the price of each skin, and marking it down with a piece of chalk on the counter as he went along.

There were two splendid black bear-skins, two or three dozen martens, or sables, five or six black foxes, and a great many silver foxes, besides cross and red ones. In addition to these, he had a number of minks and beaver-skins, a few otters, and sundry other furs, besides a few buffalo and deer-skins, dressed, and with the hair scraped off. These last skins are used for making winter coats, and also moccasins for the feet.

After all had been examined and valued, the whole was summed up, and a number of pieces of stick were handed to the chief—each stick representing a castore; so that he knew exactly how much he was worth, and proceeded to choose accordingly.

First he gazed earnestly at a huge thick blanket, then he counted his sticks, and considered. Perhaps the memory of the cold blasts of winter crossed his mind, for he quickly asked how many castores it was worth. The trader told him. The proper number of pieces of stick were laid down, and the blanket was handed over. Next a gun attracted his eye. The guns sent out for

the Indian trade are very cheap ones, with blue barrels and red stocks. They shoot pretty well, but are rather apt to burst. Indeed this fate had befallen the chief's last gun, so he resolved to have another, and bought it. Then he looked earnestly for some time at a tin kettle. Boiled meat was evidently in his mind; but at this point his squaw plucked him by the sleeve. She whispered in his ear. A touch of generosity seemed to come over him, for he pointed to a web of bright scarlet cloth. A yard of this was measured off, and handed to his spouse, whose happiness for the moment was complete—for squaws in Rupert's Land, like the fair sex in England, are uncommonly fond of finery.

As the chief proceeded, he became more cautious and slow in his choice. Finery tempted him on the one hand, necessaries pressed him on the other, and at this point the trader stepped in to help him to decide; he recommended, warned, and advised. Twine was to be got for nets and fishing-lines, powder and shot, axes for cutting his winter fire-wood, cloth for his own and his wives' leggings, knives, tobacco, needles, and an endless variety of things, which gradually lessened his little pile of sticks, until at last he reached the sticking-point, when all his sticks were gone.

"Now, Darkeye, (that was the chief's name,) you've come to the end at last, and a good thing you have made of it this year," said Mr Grant in the Indian language. "Have you got all you want?"

"Darkeye wants bullets," said the chief.

"Ah! to be sure. You shall have a lot of these for nothing, and some tobacco too," said the trader, handing the gifts to the Indian.

A look of satisfaction lighted up the chief's countenance as he received the gifts, and made way for another Indian to open and display his pack of furs.

—R. M. BALLANTYNE.

LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.

THE next turn in the river revealed a large waterfall. up which it was impossible to paddle, so they prepared to make a portage. Before arriving at the foot of it, however, Jasper landed Heywood, to enable him to make a sketch, and then the two men shoved off, and proceeded to the foot of the fall.

They were lying there in an eddy, considering where was the best spot to land, when a loud shout drew their attention towards the rushing water. Immediately after, a boat was seen to hover for a moment on the brink of the waterfall. This fall, although about ten or fifteen feet high, had such a large body of water rushing over it, that the river, instead of falling straight down, gushed over in a steep incline. Down this incline the boat now darted with the speed of lightning. It was full of men, two of whom stood erect, the one in the bow, the other in the stern, to control the movements of the boat.

For a few seconds there was deep silence. The men held their breath as the boat leaped along with the boiling flood. There was a curling white wave at the foot of the fall. The boat cut through this like a knife, drenching her crew with spray. Next moment she swept round into the eddy where the canoe was floating, and the men gave vent to a loud cheer of satisfaction at having run the fall in safety.

But this was not the end of that exciting scene. Scarcely had they gained the land, when another boat appeared on the crest of the fall. Again a shout was given and a dash made. For one moment there was a struggle with the raging flood, and then a loud cheer as the second boat swept into the eddy in safety. Then a third and a fourth boat went through the same operation, and before the end of a quarter of an hour, six boats ran the fall. The bay at the foot of it, which had been so quiet and solitary when Jasper and his friends arrived, became the scene of the wildest confusion and noise, as the men ran about with tremendous activity, making preparations to spend the night there.

Some hauled might and main at the boats; some carried up the provisions, frying-pans, and kettles; others cut down dry trees with their axes, and cut them up into logs from five to six feet long and as thick as a man's thigh. These were intended for six great fires, each boat's crew requiring a fire to themselves.

While this was going on, the principal guides and steersmen crowded round our three travellers, and plied them with questions; for it was so unusual to meet with strangers in that far-off wilderness, that a chance meeting of this kind was regarded as quite an important event.

"You're bound for York Fort, no doubt," said Jasper, addressing a tall handsome man of between forty and fifty, who was the principal guide.

"Ay, that's the end of our journey. You see we're

taking our furs down to the coast. Have you come from York Fort, friend?"

"No, I've come all the way from Canada," said Jasper, who thereupon gave them a short account of his voyage.

"Well, Jasper, you'll spend the night with us, won't you?" said the guide.

"That will I, right gladly."

"Come, then, I see the fires are beginning to burn. We may as well have a pipe and a chat while supper is getting ready."

The night was now closing in, and the scene in the forest, when the camp-fires began to blaze, was one of the most stirring and romantic sights that could be witnessed in that land. The men of the brigade were some of them French-Canadians, some natives of the Orkney Islands, who had been hired and sent out there by the Hudson's Bay Company, others were half-breeds, and a few were pure Indians. They were all dressed in what is called *voyageur* costume—coats or capotes of blue or gray cloth, with hoods to come over their heads at night, and fastened round their waists with scarlet worsted belts; corduroy or gray trousers, gartered outside at the knees, moccasins, and caps. But most of them threw off their coats, and appeared in blue and red striped cotton shirts, which were open at the throat, exposing their broad, sun-burned, hairy chests. There was variety, too, in the caps—some had Scotch bonnets, others red nightcaps, a few had tall hats, ornamented with gold and silver cords and tassels, and a good many wore no covering at all except their own thickly-matted hair. Their faces were burned to every shade of red, brown, and black, from constant exposure, and they were strong as lions, wild as zebras, and frolicsome as kittens!

It was no wonder, then, that Heywood got into an extraordinary state of excitement and delight as he beheld these wild fine-looking men smoking their pipes

and cooking their suppers, sitting, lying, and standin talking, and singing, and laughing, with teeth gliste ing and eyes glittering in the red blaze of the fires- each of which fires was big enough to have roasted whole ox!

The kettles were soon steaming. These hung fro tripods erected over the fires. Their contents we flour and pemican, made into a thick soup called Ru biboo.

As pemican is a kind of food but little known this country, I may as well describe how it is mad In the first place, it consists of buffalo meat. Tl great plains, or prairies, of America, which are lil huge downs or commons hundreds of miles in exter afford grass sufficient to support countless herds deer, wild horses, and bisons. The bisons are call by the people there buffaloes. The buffalo is som what like an enormous ox, but its hind quarters a smaller and its fore quarters much larger than tho of the ox. Its hair is long and shaggy, particular about the neck and shoulders, where it becomes almo a mane. Its horns are thick and short, and its lo is very ferocious, but it is in reality a timid creatu and will only turn to attack man when it is ha pressed and cannot escape. Its flesh is first-rate f food, even better than beef, and there is a large hun on its shoulder which is considered the best part of tl animal.

Such is the bison, or buffalo, from which pemican made.

When a man wishes to make a bag of pemican, l first of all kills a buffalo—not an easy thing to do l any means, for the buffalo runs well. Having kill him, he skins him and cuts up the meat—also a dif cult thing to do, especially if one is not used to th sort of work. Then he cuts the meat into thin laye and hangs it up to dry. Dried meat will keep for long time. It is packed up in bales and sent abo

that country to be used as food. The next thing to be done is to make a bag of the raw hide of the buffalo. This is done with a glover's needle, the raw sinews of the animal being used instead of thread. The bag is usually about three feet long, and eighteen inches broad, and the hair is left on the outside of it. A huge pot is now put on the fire, and the fat of the buffalo is melted down. Then the dried meat is pounded between two stones, until it is torn and broken up into shreds, after which it is put into the bag, the melted fat is poured over it, and the whole is well mixed. The last operation is to sew up the mouth of the bag and leave it to cool, after which the pemican is ready for use.

In this state a bag of pemican will keep fresh and good for years. When the search was going on in the polar regions for the lost ships of Sir John Franklin, one of the parties hid some pemican in the ground, intending to return and take it up. They returned home, however, another way. Five years later some travellers discovered this pemican, and it was found, at that time, to be fit for food. Pemican is extensively used throughout Rupert's Land, especially during summer, for at that season the brigades of boats start from hundreds of inland trading-posts to take the furs to the coast for shipment to England, and pemican is found to be not only the best food for these hard-working men, but exceedingly convenient to carry.

Supper finished, the wild-looking fellows of this brigade took to their pipes, and threw fresh logs on the fires, which roared and crackled and shot up their forked tongues of flame, as if they wished to devour the forest. Then the song and the story went round, and men told of terrible fights with the red men of the prairies, and desperate encounters with grizzly bears in the Rocky Mountains, and narrow escapes among the rapids and falls, until the night was half spent. Then, one by one, each man wrapped himself in his

blanket, stretched himself on the ground with his feet towards the fire, and his head pillowed on a coat or a heap of brushwood, and went to sleep.

With the first peep of dawn the guide arose. In ten minutes after his first shout the whole camp was astir. The men yawned a good deal at first and grumbled a little, and stretched themselves violently, and yawned again. But soon they shook off laziness and sprang to their work. Pots, pans, kettles, and pemican bags were tossed into the boats, and in the course of half-an-hour they were ready to continue the voyage.

—R. M. BALLANTYNE.

WINTER IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

WINTER in the Polar regions extends over eight months of the year—from September to May. But so much of ice and snow remains there all the summer, that winter can scarcely be said to quit those regions at all.

It is difficult to imagine what the Arctic winter is. We cannot properly understand the tremendous difficulties and sufferings that men who go to the Polar seas have to fight against. Let the reader think of the following facts, and see if he does not draw his chair closer to the fire and feel thankful that he has not been born an Eskimo, and is not an Arctic seaman!

Winter within the Arctic circle, as I have said, is fully eight months long. During that time the land is covered with snow many feet deep, and the sea with ice of all degrees of thickness—from vast fields of ten or fifteen feet thick to bergs the size of islands and mountains—all frozen into one solid mass.

There is no sunlight there, night or day, for three out of these eight winter months, and there is not much during the remaining five. In summer there is per-

petual sunlight, all night as well as all day for about two months,—for many weeks the sun never descends below the horizon. It is seen every day and every night sweeping a complete circle in the bright blue sky. Having been so free of his light in summer, the sun seems to think he has a right to absent himself in winter, for the three months of darkness that I have spoken of are not months of *partial* but of *total* darkness—as far at least as the sun is concerned. The moon and stars and the "Northern Lights" do indeed give their light when the fogs and clouds will allow them; but no one will say that these make up for the absence of the sun.

Then the frost is so intense that everything freezes solid except pure spirits of wine. Unless you have studied the thermometer you cannot understand the intensity of this frost; but for the sake of those who do know something about extreme cold, I give here a few facts that were noted down during the winter that my story tells of.

On the 10th of September these ice-bound voyagers had eighteen degrees of frost, and the darkness had advanced on them so rapidly that it was dark about ten at night. By the 1st of October the ice round the brig was a foot and a half thick. Up to this time they had shot white hares on the island, and the hunting parties that crossed the ice to the mainland, shot deer and musk oxen, and caught white foxes in traps. Gulls and other birds, too, had continued to fly round them; but most of these went away to seek warmer regions farther south. Walrus and seals did not leave so soon. They remained as long as there was any open water out at sea. The last birds that left them (and the first that returned in spring) were the "snow-birds"—little creatures about the size of a sparrow, almost white, with a few brown feathers here and there. The last of these fled from the darkening winter on the 7th November, and did not return until the 1st of the follow-

ing May. When they left, it was dark almost all day. The thermometer could scarcely be read at noon, and the stars were visible during the day. From this time forward thick darkness set in, and the cold became intense. The thermometer fell *below* zero, and after that they never saw it *above* that point for months together; 20, 30, and 40 degrees below, were common temperatures. The ice around them was ten feet thick. On the 1st of December noon was so dark that they could not see fifty yards ahead, and on the 15th the fingers could not be counted a foot from the eyes. The thermometer stood at 40° below zero.

The darkness could not now become greater, but the cold still continued to grow more intense. It almost doubled in severity. In January it fell to 67° below zero! So great was this cold that the men felt impelled to breathe guardedly. The breath issued from their mouths in white clouds of steam, and instantly settled on their beards and whiskers in hoar frost. In the cabin of the *Hope* they had the utmost difficulty in keeping themselves moderately warm at this time.

Things had now reached their worst, and by slow degrees matters began to mend. On the 22d of January the first faint sign of returning day appeared—just a blue glimmer on the horizon. By the middle of February the light tipped the tops of the mountains on shore, and the highest peaks of the icebergs on the sea, and on the 1st of March it bathed the deck of the *Hope*. Then the long-imprisoned crew began to feel that spring was really coming. But there was little heat in the sun's rays at first, and it was not till the month of May that the ice out at sea broke up, and summer could be said to have begun.

During all this long winter—during all these wonderful changes, our Arctic voyagers had a hard fight in order to keep themselves alive. Their life was a constant struggle. They had to fight the bears and the walrus; to resist the cold and the darkness; to guard

against treachery from the natives; and to suffer pains, sickness, and trials, such as seldom fall to the lot of men in ordinary climates. —R. M. BALLANTYNE.

THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

UP! up! let us a voyage take,
Why sit we here at ease?
Find us a vessel, tight and snug,
Bound for the Northern Seas.

I long to see the Northern Lights,
With their rushing splendours fly,
Like living things with flaming wings,
Across the sunless sky.

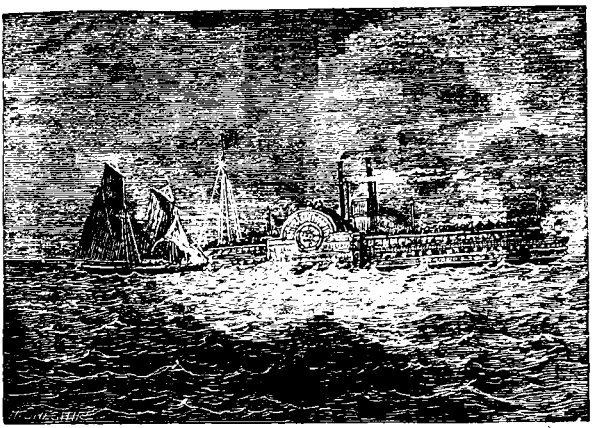
I long to see those icebergs vast,
With heads all crown'd with snow;
Whose green roots sleep in the awful deep,
Two hundred fathoms low.

There shall we see the fierce white bear,
The sleepy seals aground,
And the spouting whales that to and fro
Sail with a dreary sound.

We 'll pass the shores of solemn pine,
Where wolves and black bears prowl,
And away to the rocky isles of mist,
To rouse the northern fowl.

And there in wastes of the silent sky,
With silent earth below,
We shall see far off to his lonely rock
The lonely eagle go.

We 've visited the northern clime,
Its isles and icebound main;
So now let us back to a dearer land—
To Britain back again.



LOSS OF THE "LADY ELGIN."

FEW catastrophes have taken place more serious in their nature than that caused by the loss of this ill-fated vessel—not tossed upon the billows of the Atlantic, nor striking on some iron-bound shore—but overcome by the concussion of a lesser vessel, as, with 400 passengers on board, bent upon an excursion from Chicago to Lake Superior, she sank a helpless and ruined craft beneath the surface of Lake Michigan. The number of passengers on board much overpassed the amount of sleeping accommodation to be found in the steamer;—consequently, unthinking of danger, the larger proportion of them resolved on passing the night with songs, music, and dancing. The saloon continued to be lighted up; the gay groups indulged in merriment; ever and anon a lady's voice was heard giving forth the notes of some familiar air, and feet swept swiftly round in the mazy dance. All within was enjoyment, harmless in itself, but soon to present an awful contrast to the scene without.

It began to blow hard, and there was a squall; but the dashing of the waves and howling of the winds for a time only added zest to the enjoyment of the scene within the vessel. Soon, however, peril was at hand. When it was half-past two in the morning the dance still went on—the strains of music were still heard. But, just at this time, a schooner, the *Augusta*, scudded near; the captain of which vessel stated afterwards that he had descried the steamer's lights at about half-a-mile's distance, as he then considered, but when, in fact, the *Augusta* was almost close upon the broadside of the *Lady Elgin*. The helm of the *Augusta* was turned hard a-port, but it was too late, and the fatal hour had come. There was a fearful crash—the schooner's bow cutting in the steamer's bow, close by one of the paddle-boxes. For a moment the *Augusta* remained wedged into the side of the steamer, but got free, on which the captain of the *Lady Elgin* made all speed to get one of her boats lowered, in order to ascertain the extent of the injury. But—as has too frequently happened in similar cases—no proper supervision seems to have been exercised over any of the boats connected with the vessel. That which was manned was provided with but a single oar, and was, consequently, useless; the waves, while vain efforts were being made to remedy this deficiency, nearly driving it to pieces against the vessel's side, while it ultimately drifted upon an island not far distant from the spot where the disaster had occurred.

While this was going on, it was, after much search and confusion, ascertained that the hole in the side of the *Lady Elgin* lay too deep to admit of being reached. The water was, consequently, pouring in. An attempt made to heel her over was vain, though a large amount of cattle, numbering not far from 200, were now thrown overboard by order of the captain.

Rapidly as these incidents may be told, the carrying out of the requisite evolutions demanded much time.

Two other boats, launched as soon as possible, remained in connexion with the steamer, the passengers being meanwhile advised to provide themselves with life-preservers, of which there seems to have been a store on board. The life-preservers had been, however, as little attended to as the boats. They had either been spoiled, or were improperly fitted on, and, amidst the hurry and alarm, though the current had set in right towards the island already mentioned, only but few of those who adopted this help to escape succeeded in reaching the shore.

About a quarter of an hour after the collision, and presenting a parallel to the case of the *Royal Charter*, the engines fell through the bottom. The immediate consequence of this was, that the hull began rapidly to sink, the hurricane deck alone continuing to float, to which many had clung as their last place of refuge. Soon, however, this deck became split up into five fragments, the waves washing over it, and engulfing all who had sought refuge upon it—among others the captain of the steamer. Of the two remaining boats which had been launched one contained thirteen persons, all of whom were safely got on land; the second contained only eight persons, half of whom were swept away by the hurricane and squall.

The melancholy event was described by one of the subordinate officers connected with the *Lady Elgin*, whose account, as it has been to a great extent already anticipated, we now abridge:—

"The schooner collided with the steamer when she was about thirty-five miles from Chicago, and ten miles from land. When the collision occurred there was music and dancing going forward in the principal cabin. Immediately after the crash of the collision both ceased, and the steamer sank half an hour after. Passing through the cabins I saw the ladies pale, motionless, and silent. There was no cry, no shriek on board; no sound of any kind but that of the escaping

steam and surging waves. Whether the ladies were silent from fear, or were not aware of the imminent fate which they stood quietly awaiting, I could not say." Four of those who were on board the boat last mentioned in this narrative were drowned near the beach, as the boat drifted onwards to it. The engines had entirely ceased to work before this narrator left the steamer, the rush of water through the leak having quite extinguished the fires. The wind was blowing a fierce gale. The boats, the fragments of the wreck, and the bodies of the drowned, were being driven up the lake.

At least 330 persons perished by this unlooked-for casualty. Among these was one notable in the annals of commercial England—Mr Herbert Ingram, the projector and proprietor of the *Illustrated London News*, and M.P. for Boston, who, with his son, a youth of about fifteen years of age, were passengers.

—*Perils and Adventures on the Deep.*

THE PILOT.

O PILOT, 'tis a fearful night,—there 's danger on the deep;
I 'll come and pace the deck with thee,—I do not dare to sleep.
Go down! the sailor cried, go down; this is no place for thee;
Fear not; but trust in Providence, wherever thou mayst be.

Ah! pilot, dangers often met we all are apt to slight,
And thou hast known these raging waves but to subdue their might.
It is not apathy, he cried, that gives this strength to me:
Fear not; but trust in Providence, wherever thou mayst be.

On such a night the sea engulfed my father's lifeless
form;
My only brother's boat went down in just so wild a
storm.
And such perhaps may be my fate; but still I say to
thee,
Fear not; but trust in Providence, wherever thou mayst
be. —HAYNES BAYLEY.

THE PINE-TREE SHILLING.

CAPTAIN JOHN HULL was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made. His was a new line of business; for, in the earlier days of the colony, the current coinage consisted of the gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain. These coins being scarce, the people were often forced to barter their commodities instead of selling them. For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he exchanged a bear-skin for it; if he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it for a pile of pine boards. Musket bullets were used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money called wampum, which was made of clam shells; and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debt by English settlers. Bank-bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay their ministers; so that they had sometimes to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood, instead of silver and gold.

As the people grew more numerous, and their trade with one another increased, the want of current money was still more sensibly felt. To supply the demand, the general court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Captain Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to

have about one shilling out of every twenty to pay him for his trouble in making them.

Hereupon all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and tankards, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at court,—all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting-pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers (who were little better than pirates) had taken from the Spaniards and brought to Massachusetts.

All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each had the date of 1652 on the one side and the figure of a pine-tree on the other side. Hence they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain John Hull was entitled to put one shilling in his own pocket. The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would give up that twentieth shilling which he was continually dropping into his pocket. But Captain Hull declared that he was perfectly satisfied with the shilling. And well he might be; for so diligently did he labour, that in a few years his pockets, his money-bag, and his strong-box were overflowing with pine-tree shillings. This was probably the case when he came into possession of his grandfather's chair; and, as he had worked so hard at the mint, it was certainly proper that he should have a comfortable chair to rest himself on.

When the mint-master was grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, came courting his only daughter. His daughter—whose name I do not know, but we will call her Betsy—was a fine, hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our

own day. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin-pies, dough-nuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding. With this round, rosy Miss Betsy did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business, and a member of the Church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent.

"Yes, you may take her," said he in his rough way; "and you will find her a heavy burden enough."

On the wedding day we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plain coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences; and the knees of his small-clothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in his grandfather's chair; and, being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On the opposite side of the room, between her bridesmaids, sat Miss Betsy. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony, a great red apple, or any other round and scarlet object.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat and gold-lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropt close to his head, because Governor Edincott had forbidden any man to wear it below his ears. But he was a very personable young man; and so thought the bridesmaids and Miss Betsy herself.

The mint-master was also pleased with his new son-in-law, especially as he had said nothing at all about her portion. So when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word or two to his men-servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use for weighing, a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

"Daughter Betsy," said the mint-master, "go into one side of the scales."

Miss Betsy—or Mrs Sewell, as we must now call her—did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of a why or wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound, (in which case she would have been a dear bargain,) she had not the least idea.

"And now," said honest John Hull to his servants, "bring that box hither."

The box to which the mint-master pointed was a huge, square, iron-bound oaken chest; it was big enough, my children, for all four of you to play hide-and-seek in.

The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor.

Captain Hull then took a key out of his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted the ponderous lid. Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings, fresh from the mint, and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in Massachusetts' treasury. But it was the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsy remained on the other. Jingle, jingle went the shillings, as handful after handful were thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they weighed the young lady from the floor.

"There, son Sewell," cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in his grandfather's chair, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly, and thank Heaven for her; for it is not every wife that's worth her weight in silver!"

The children laughed heartily at this legend, and would hardly be convinced but grandfather had made it out of his own head. He assured them faithfully,

however, that he had found it in the pages of a grave historian, and merely had tried to tell it in a somewhat funnier style.

Well, grandfather," remarked Clara, "if wedding-portions now-a-days were paid as Miss Betsy's was, young ladies would not pride themselves upon an airy figure, as many of them do."

—*Sharpe's London Magazine.*

THE SLEIGH-BELLS.

'Tis merry to hear, at evening time,
By the blazing hearth the sleigh-bells chime;
To know the bounding steeds brings near
The loved one to our bosoms dear.
Ah, lightly we spring the fire to raise,
Till the rafters glow with the ruddy blaze;

Those merry sleigh-bells, our hearts keep time
Responsive to their fairy chime.
Ding-dong, ding-dong, o'er vale and hill,
Their welcome notes are trembling still.

'Tis he! and blithely the gay bells sound,
As glides his sleigh o'er the frozen ground;
Hark! he has pass'd the dark pine wood,
He crosses now the ice-bound flood,
And hails the light at the open door
That tells his toilsome journey's o'er.
The merry-sleigh bells! My fond heart swells
And throbs to hear the welcome bells;
Ding-dong, ding-dong, o'er ice and snow,
A voice of gladness, on they go.

Our hut is small, and rude our cheer,
But love has spread the banquet here;
And childhood springs to be caress'd
By our beloved and welcome guest.
With a smiling brow his tale he tells,
The urchins ring the merry sleigh-bells;
The merry sleigh-bells, with shout and song
They drag the noisy string along;
Ding-dong, ding-dong, the father's come,
The gay bells ring his welcome home.

From the cedar-swamp the gaunt wolves howl,
From the oak loud whoops the felon owl;
The snow-storm sweeps in thunder past,
The forest creaks beneath the blast;
No more I list, with boding fear,
The sleigh-bells' distant chime to hear.
The merry sleigh-bells, with soothing power
Shed gladness on the evening hour.
Ding-dong, ding-dong, what rapture swells
The music of those joyous bells.

—MRS MOODIE.

AN ACADIAN HEROINE.

By the treaty of St Germains in 1632, Charles I. resigned all his claims upon Acadia and Canada to the French, thus inaugurating a state of things which led to much bloodshed and misery in subsequent years. The large province of Acadia comprised the whole of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, extending to the British colonies in New England. The government of this extensive province was divided between two Frenchmen of very opposite interests, Charles Etienne La Tour, and Daubrè de Charnisè. Each of these men was anxious to secure the supremacy in the country, and to expel the other from his possessions. After several encounters, in which Charnisè was worsted, La Tour visited Boston in order to gain such assistance from the colonists as might enable him completely to crush his rival. In the meantime, the affairs of his province were managed by his wife, Madame La Tour, who made her headquarters at a fort on the St John River. This fort was strongly built of stone, and contained two stone houses, a chapel, and a magazine, with a small court of guard, and wooden outhouses for cattle. Upon the ramparts of the fort were mounted some twenty pieces of cannon, mostly of iron, and the garrison consisted of a mere handful of La Tour's devoted followers. In this fort Madame La Tour remained, waiting the return of her husband.

Charnisè, you may be sure, was only too glad of the opportunity thus afforded him by the absence of La Tour to avenge himself upon his hated rival. Collecting his forces at Penobscot, he embarked with them in a frigate, and set sail for the St John River. Arriving opposite the fort, he sent a haughty summons to his lady antagonist to surrender unconditionally, with all her garrison, stores, and ammunition. This insolent demand met with an indignant refusal, and Charnisè

immediately began to bombard the fort. Nothing daunted, the heroic lady ordered her feeble garrison to bring the guns of the fort to bear upon the frigate, and herself superintended all the means of defence. The ship's guns of those days were not so formidable as the Armstrong cannon of our own times, so that, poor as the fortifications were, they resisted the force of the frigate's fire. Now and then a stone would be knocked out of its place, and a heavy ball come crashing through the shingled roofs of the buildings; but the little garrison was under good cover, and their devoted mistress, moving from place to place, with the greatest coolness and intrepidity, inspired them with a similar courage and contempt of danger. Skilfully they pointed every rusty iron gun, and carefully delivered their fire against the wooden walls of the enemy, breaking in bulwarks, cutting away masts and spars, and dismounting the guns at the port-holes. The frigate at last became unmanageable, owing to the injuries she had sustained from the fire of the fort; her guns could not be brought to bear upon the garrison; twenty of Charnisè's men lay dead upon the decks, and as many wounded gunners were crying for relief. The commander of the expedition, full of rage and disappointment, at length reluctantly gave orders for an ignominious retreat. By dint of warping, the frigate was got out of range of the enemy's guns, and, after undergoing the necessary repairs, returned to Penobscot.

Here we should be glad if our story ended, but, unfortunately, there is a darker part of it yet to come. We cannot do better than give it in the words of Haliburton:—"The time had now arrived for the termination of this contest. Charnisè, seizing the opportunity which the absence of La Tour with a number of his men again offered to him, sailed up the river St John, and laid siege to his fort, which, he had reason to hope, from the weakness of the garrison, would fall

an easy prey. Madame La Tour, though left with only a handful of men, was resolved to defend the place to the last extremity, a determination which she maintained with so much spirit, during the three first days of the attack, that the besiegers removed to a greater distance; but, on the fourth, which was Easter Sunday, she was betrayed by a mutinous Swiss, whom the enemy had found means to bribe to their interest. This untoward event did not, however, intimidate her, and when she found that Charnisè had mounted the wall, she ascended at the head of her little garrison to contest the possession of it with him.

"Charnisè, who supposed, from their vigorous defence, that the number of the soldiers must have been greater than he had been led to believe, dreaded the idea of being twice repulsed by a female, and proposed a capitulation, which Madame La Tour accepted, to save the lives of the few brave men who had defended the place against such a superior force. He had, however, hardly entered the fort, ere he repented having signed a formal treaty with a woman, who had no other resources for defending the place than her own courage. Pretending to have been deceived in the terms of the capitulation, he held himself absolved from the observance of them all, and immediately hanged the survivors, with the exception of one to whom he granted an exemption, on condition of his becoming the executioner of his comrades. Not satisfied with this act of barbarity, he compelled Madame La Tour to witness this tragical and inhuman scene, and, in order to degrade a spirit he could not subdue, and to give her the appearance of a reprieved criminal, he forced her to appear at the gallows with a halter round her neck.

"The violent and unusual exertions which Madame La Tour had made, the dreadful fate of her household and followers, and the total wreck of her fortune, had such a powerful effect upon her health that she died soon after this event."

A few years later, in 1651, Charnisè died, and La Tour returned from his exile, and took possession of the territory he had lost. Strange to say, he filled the place of his noble lady with the widow of the bitter enemy who had been the cause of her death. After many vicissitudes of fortune, La Tour was confirmed in his possessions by Oliver Cromwell, when the English again conquered Acadia; but, fearing for the future, he disposed of his rights for a considerable sum of money, and left the scene of his many trials and misfortunes.

THE TAKING OF LOUISBURG.

On the 19th of February 1758, a magnificent fleet sailed from Portsmouth, which carried out General Amherst, and an army of 10,000 men. It was long detained by contrary winds, and after a stormy passage reached Halifax on the 28th of May, where Boscawen's fleet was met coming out of the harbour, the gallant admiral being weary of inaction. At dawn, on the 2d of June, the entire armament, embracing 22 ships of the line, 15 frigates, 120 smaller vessels, and 11,600 troops, arrived off Louisburg. Amherst indulged in the hope that he would be able to surprise its garrison, and issued orders for the silent landing of the troops. But for six days a rough sea, and the heavy surf which broke upon the rugged beach, rendered a disembarkation impossible. During this interval the French toiled night and day to strengthen their position, and fired upon the ships at every opportunity.

On the evening of the 7th the wind lulled, the fog cleared off, and the heavy sea gradually subsided, but a violent surf still continued to break on the beach. On the following morning, just before daylight, three divisions of boats received the troops; at dawn Commodore Durell examined the shore, and reported a landing to

be practicable. Seven frigates now opened fire to cover the advance to land. In a few minutes afterwards, the left division, led by Brigadier Wolfe, began to row in shore, and was speedily followed by Whitmore and Lawrence, with their brigades, while the small vessels were sent past the mouth of the harbour, to distract the attention of the enemy, and induce them to divide their force.

The left division was the first to reach the beach, at a point about four miles from the town. Wolfe would not allow a shot to be fired, stimulated the rowers to fresh exertions, and on coming to shoal water, boldly jumped out into the sea to lead on his men. The French stood firm, and retained their fire till their assailants were close to land. Then, as the boats rose on the last swell, which brought them into the surf, they poured in a close and deadly volley from every gun and musket they could bring to bear. Wolfe's flag-staff was shivered by a bar-shot; many soldiers were killed; several boats were wrecked by the surf; but still he cheered on his men, who had not yet returned a shot, and in a few minutes, with fiery valour, they had burst through the breast-works of the French, who fled in disorder. The victors pressed rapidly on in pursuit, and, despite a rugged country, inflicted a severe loss on the fugitives, captured seventy prisoners, and invested Louisburg the same day.

For the two succeeding days a rough sea rendered it impossible to land the siege artillery, and provisions were conveyed to the army with the greatest difficulty. On the 11th the weather moderated, when tents were landed, and some progress made in the preparations for the siege. On the 12th, M. de Drucor, the French general, withdrew all his outposts, and even destroyed a battery which commanded the entrance of the harbour, being desirous to reserve all his force for the defence of the town. The garrison of Louisburg was composed of 3000 regular troops and militia, with

few Indians. In addition to this force, six line-of-battle ships and two frigates guarded the harbour, at the entrance of which three other frigates had been sunk, to prevent the passage of the British fleet.

Wolfe's light troops were speedily in possession of the different posts deserted by the French, and on the 20th a battery opened upon the ships and land defences. For many days the slow operations of the siege continued, under great difficulties to the British, owing to the marshy nature of the ground, and heavy rains which flooded the trenches. But science, a sufficient force, union among the principal officers, and courage and endurance in sailors and soldiers, overcame every obstacle, and promised speedy success. A sortie on the 9th of July by the besieged was speedily repelled, and day and night the batteries thundered against the ramparts, the citadel, and the shipping. On the 21st, three of the French men-of-war were set on fire by a shell, the following day the citadel was in a blaze, the next the barracks were burned down, while Wolfe's trenches were pushed close to the town, and the French driven from their guns by the British sharp-shooters. On the night of the 25th, two captains of Boscawen's fleet swept into the harbour with a squadron of boats under a furious fire, and burned one of the remaining men-of-war, and carried off another. Boscawen prepared to send in six ships of the line to attack the other French vessels; but the town was already a heap of ruins, the greater part of its guns dismounted, and its garrison without a safe place to rest in, so the Chevalier de Drucor resolved to capitulate at discretion, such being the only terms he could get.

Skilfully fortified, and defended by a sufficient garrison, aided by a powerful fleet, Louisburg had been bravely won. Its capture shed fresh lustre on the genius of Pitt, as well as on the gallant men he had wisely chosen to effect it. It was indeed a triumph for British arms, so long stained by sad reverses: 560(

soldiers and sailors were made prisoners, and eleven ships of war taken or destroyed. About fifteen thousand stand of arms, and large quantities of military stores and provisions also fell into the hands of the victors, as well as eleven stand of captured colours, which were laid at the feet of the British sovereign, and subsequently deposited with due solemnity in St Paul's. With Louisburg fell Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island; and thus terminated the power of France for ever on the eastern sea-board of North America. Halifax being the British naval station, Louisburg was deserted; and, although the harbour still affords shelter from storms, a few hovels only mark the spot which so much treasure was expended to fortify, and which so much courage and endurance were needed to conquer.

—M'MULLEN'S *History of Canada.*

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce, for the night cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far, I had roam'd on a desolate track;
'Twas autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way,
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

"Stay—stay with us!—rest!—thou art weary and worn!"—
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

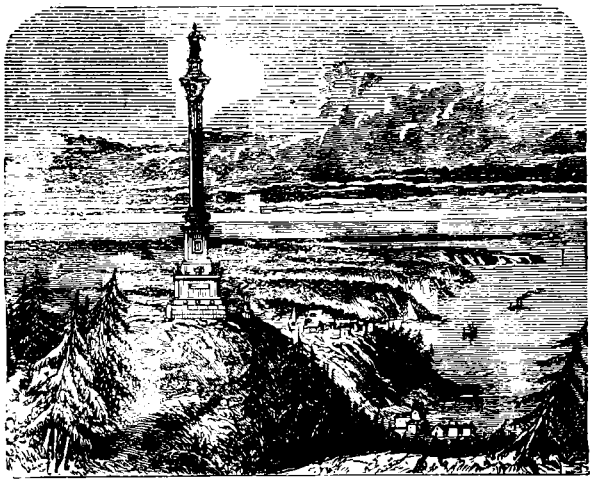
—T. CAMPBELL.

THE BATTLE OF QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

Queenston, a village on the Niagara river, seven miles from the town of Niagara.

THE 13th of October 1812 is a day ever to be remembered in Canada. All along the Niagara river the greatest excitement had prevailed; many of the inhabitants had removed with their portable property into the back country; small bodies of soldiers, regulars and volunteers, were posted in the towns and villages; Indians were roving the adjacent woods; and sentinels, posted along the banks of the river, were looking eagerly for the enemy, that was to come from the American shore, and attempt the subjugation of a free, a happy, and a loyal people. In the little village of Queenston, that nestles at the foot of an eminence overlooking the mighty waters of Niagara on their way to Lake Ontario, two companies of the 49th regiment, or "Green Tigers" as the fearful Americans afterwards termed them, with 100 Canadian militia, were posted, under the command of Captain Dennis.

When tattoo sounded on the night of the 12th, the little garrison retired to rest. All was silent but the elements, that raged furiously throughout the night,



the howling of the wind and the sound of falling rain mingling with the distant roar of the great cataract. Dripping with rain, and shivering with cold, the sentries paced their weary rounds, from time to time casting a glance over the swollen tide of the river towards the American shore. At length, when the gray dawn of morning appeared, a wary sentinel descried a number of boats, filled with armed men, pushing off from the opposite bank, below the village of Lewiston. Immediately the alarm was given, the soldiers were roused from their peaceful slumbers, and marched down to the landing-place. Meanwhile, a battery of one gun, posted on the heights, and another about a mile below, began to play upon the enemy's boats, sinking some, and disabling others. Finding it impossible to effect a landing in the face of such opposition, the Americans, leaving a few of their number to occupy the attention of the troops on the bank, disembarked some distance up the river, and succeeded in gaining the summit of the height by a difficult and

unprotected pathway. With loud cheers they captured the one gun battery, and rushed down upon Captain Dennis and his command, who, finding themselves far outnumbered by the enemy, retired slowly toward the north end of the village. Here they were met by General Brock, who had set out in advance of reinforcements from the town of Niagara, accompanied only by two officers. Placing himself at the head of the little band, the gallant general cried "Follow me," and led his men back to the height from which they had been forced to retire, amid the cheers of regulars and militia. At the foot of the hill the general dismounted under the sharp fire of the enemy's riflemen, who were posted among the trees on its summit, climbed over a high stone wall, and, waving his sword, charged up the hill at the head of his soldiers. This intrepid conduct at once attracted the notice of the enemy; one of their sharpshooters advanced a few paces, took deliberate aim, and shot him in the breast; it was a mortal wound. Thus fell Sir Isaac Brock, the hero of Upper Canada, whose name will outlive the noble monument which a grateful country has erected to his memory. The fall of their beloved commander infuriated his followers; with loud cries of "Revenge the general," they pressed forward up the hill, and drove the enemy from their position. But reinforcements were continually pouring in from the American shore; and, after a deadly struggle, in which Colonel Macdonell, Captain Dennis, and most of the other officers fell, these brave men were again compelled to retire. They took refuge under the guns of the lower battery, there awaiting the arrival of reinforcements from Niagara. About mid-day the first of these arrived, consisting of a band of fifty Mohawks under their chiefs Norton and Brant. These Indian allies boldly engaged the enemy, and maintained, for a short time, a sharp skirmish with them, but finally retired on the main reinforcement. These arrived in the

course of the afternoon under the command of Major-General Sheaffe. Instead of meeting the enemy on the old ground, the officer now in command moved his whole force of 1000 men to the right of the enemy's position, and sent forward his left flank to attack the American right. This left flank was of a very varied character, consisting of one company of the 41st regiment of the line, a company of coloured men, and a body of volunteer militia and Indians, united, in spite of their difference of colour and race, by loyalty to the British crown, and heart-hatred of foreign aggression. This division advanced in gallant style; after delivering a volley, the whole line of white, red, and black charged the enemy, and drove in their right wing at the point of the bayonet. General Sheaffe now led on the main body, and forced the lately victorious Americans to retreat rapidly over the ridge. The struggle on their part was of short duration. In front was a foe thirsting for revenge, behind the steep banks and swiftly flowing waters of the Niagara. The "Green Tigers," the Indians, their once despised slaves even, and last, but certainly not least, the gallant Canadian militia, were objects of terror to them. Some few in despair threw themselves over the precipices into the river; but the majority of the survivors surrendered themselves prisoners of war to the number of 950, among whom was their commander, General Wadsworth. The leader of the expedition, General Van Rensellaer, had retired to Lewiston, as he said, for reinforcements in an early part of the day. The loss of the Americans in this memorable action was about 500 killed and wounded, while that of the Canadian forces amounted to 150. Throughout Canada the news of the victory of Queenston Heights awakened universal joy and enthusiasm, second only to that with which the taking of Detroit was hailed; but the joy and enthusiasm were damped by the sad tidings that he who had first taught Canada's sons the way to

victory, had given his life for her defence, and slept in a soldier's grave with many of her best and bravest.

THE BATTLE OF CHATEAUGUAY, (1813.)

THE American army at the "Four Corners," under Hampton, after having for some time attracted the attention of our troops, on the 21st October moved direct on our frontier. That same afternoon, about four P.M., his advanced guard drove in our advanced videttes. They were thrown out to a place called "Piper Road," about ten miles from the church at Chateauguay. Major Henry, of the Beauharnois militia, in command at the English river, notified Major-General de Watteville, who ordered up at once the two companies of the 5th Incorporated Militia, commanded by Captains Levesque and Debartzch, and about two hundred men of the Beauharnois militia. This force advanced about two leagues, until, at nightfall, it halted at the extremity of a thick wood, into which it would, at that moment, have been imprudent to penetrate. At daybreak they were joined by Colonel de Salaberry with his Voltigeurs, and Captain Ferguson's light company of the Canadian Fencibles. Thus composed, de Salaberry pushed on along the left bank of the river about a league, and there encountered a patrol of the enemy. He instantly halted his force. He had some weeks before carefully reconnoitred this very ground, and knew that the whole course of the river presented no better position. The forest was intersected by ravines which drained a swamp on his right, and fell into the river which covered his left. Upon four of these ravines, which were like so many moats in his front, he threw up breastworks. The first three lines were distant perhaps two hundred yards from each other. The fourth was half a mile in the rear, and commanded a ford by

which an assailant coming from the right bank of the Chateauguay might have got into his rear. It was most important to guarantee this, the weak point of the position. Upon each of these lines of defence, a parapet of logs was constructed, which extended into the tangled swamp on the right; but the front line of all, following the sinuosities of the ravine in front, formed almost an obtuse angle to the right of the road and of the whole position. This whole day—the 22d—was employed vigorously in strengthening these works, which in strength, natural and artificial, could not be surpassed. They had also the advantage of compelling the assailant to advance to the attack through a wilderness remote from his supplies, while our troops had all they required, and were close upon their supports in the rear.

The right bank of the river was covered by a thick forest. In the rear at the ford, care was taken to post about sixty men of the Beauharnois militia.

Nor did the colonel limit his precautions to the works above spoken of. To secure himself to the utmost, he detached a party of thirty axe-men of the division of Beauharnois to destroy every bridge within a league and a-half of his front; and about a mile ahead of the front line of defence above described, he threw down a formidable *abattis* of trees, with the branches extending outwards, and reaching from the bank of the river on his left, three or four arpents across the front, to the *savanne* or swamp on the right, which was almost impassable. Thus the four inner lines were effectually covered, and the American artillery, known to number at least ten guns, was rendered useless. They could not be brought into action.

To these admirable arrangements, as much as to the heroism of his men, must be ascribed the brilliant results which ensued; and to the gallant De Salaberry alone must be ascribed the choice of the ground and the dispositions made

On the 22d, Major-General de Watteville visited the outposts, and approved entirely of the precautions taken; but the labour of strengthening the position continued without intermission up to the 25th September. About ten A.M. on the latter day, the American skirmishers opened on the *abattis*, when Lieutenant Guy of the Voltigeurs, who was in front with about twenty of his men, fell back, and was supported by Lieutenant Johnson of the same regiment, in charge of the picket which protected the fatigue party. After a sharp exchange of musketry, the labourers retired within the *abattis*, the covering party remaining in front of it.

At this moment De Salaberry, who had heard the first firing, rode up from the front line of defences. He brought with him three companies of the Canadian Fencibles under Ferguson, which deployed at once on the right rear of the *abattis*. The company of Captain J. B. Duchesnay was extended on the left, while the company of Captain Juchereau Duchesnay occupied, *en potence*, a position on the left rear, among the trees on the bank of the river, so as to take the enemy in flank if they attempted to carry the ford in the rear, held by the Beauharnois militia.

It should be observed here, that in this part of its course, and between the *abattis* and the ford, the river made a curve so abrupt, that at the re-entering elbow of the curve the fire of the defenders flanked the ford in support of the fire in front.

Then De Salaberry, who had already twice during this campaign tested the American mettle, and who longed for another trial, saw his opportunity, and profited by it. He was in the centre of the line, the companies of Ferguson, L'Ecuyer, and De Bartzch on his right; in the swamp and wood lay Captain Lamothe and a corps of Indians; on the left and left rear, the companies of the two Duchesnays. The place of these troops, taken from the first and second lines of de-

fence, was supplied from the third and fourth lines by the Canadian Fencible regiment, under Colonel Macdonell, of Ogdensburg fame.

While these arrangements were being made with precision and rapidity, the enemy debouched from the wood into a large open space in front of the *abattis*. On the left bank of the river, Hampton had the supreme command; under him served General Izzard, at the head of the 10th, the 31st, and other regiments, amounting to 3000 men, or 3500, including three squadrons of cavalry and four guns, but the artillery was not brought into action. About 1500 men were thrown on the right bank of the river, under Colonel Purdy, to force its way through the bush, and attack the Canadian force in reserve at the ford below.

The enemy debouched on the plain in front of De Salaberry in column, and advanced in this formation close to the *abattis*, exposing the head of his narrow line to a fire in front, and his flank to the Indians and tirailleurs in the bush and swamp. This was his moment. An American officer had ridden forward, and had attempted to harangue the troops in French. Salaberry seized a rifle, fired, and the orator fell. At the same moment his bugler sounded the order to fire, and a blaze of musketry burst from the *abattis* and the swamp. The column halted, paused for a moment, made a turn to the left, formed line, and opened a vigorous fusilade; but the fire of the left was, by this movement, thrown into the wood, where it had but little effect. Not so with the fire of the right, which compelled our pickets to retire within the *abattis*.

The enemy mistook this falling back for a flight, and raised a great shout, which we returned with interest; and it was all they got from us, for they never had possession of one inch of the *abattis*. While the cheers on the one side were re-echoed by cheers on the other, and taken up by the troops in our rear, suddenly Salaberry ordered all our bugles to sound, to augment in imagination the strength of our force. The *ruse* had

the effect intended. We learned from prisoners afterwards that they had estimated our force at 6000 or 7000 men. But for all the shouting and bugling, the musketry fire never ceased. It was so hot and uninterrupted, that the enemy never attempted to carry the *abattis*. After a time their fire slackened, and they appeared to await other events; they looked to the other side of the river.

Here the bugles indicated an advance, and Colonel Macdonell, eager to add to the laurels he had won at Ogdensburg, moved rapidly in the direction of the fire, with two companies from the first and second line of entrenchments, under Captain Levesque. The Beauharnois militia, defending the ford, had been attacked by Purdy in superior force, and had been compelled to retire. Macdonell ordered Captain Daly, with his company of the 5th Incorporated Militia, to cross the ford to their support.

At this moment De Salaberry, perceiving the fire in his front to relax, and the shouts of the combatants and the fire of musketry to increase on his left flank and rear, saw at once that a diversion was about to be operated at the ford, and betook himself to his left, where the company of Juchereau Duchesnay was drawn up *en potence*, and came down to the river just as Daly crossed the stream. From a stump he watched the advance of the enemy with a field-glass, exposed the while to a heavy fire, and gave words of encouragement to Captain Daly as he waded through the water. This gallant officer got his men into order, and most bravely thrust the enemy home. They fell back, rallied and re-formed, and opened a well-sustained fire. Daly was overmatched. He and his brave Canadians slowly fell back. He had been wounded in the advance, and while retiring, encouraging his men by word nd example, he was wounded a second time and fell. aptain Bruyere, of the Beauharnois militia, was also ounded at the same time. Their men, unequal in nber, were compelled to recede slowly, and with to the foe, under the command of the gallant Lieu-

tenant Schiller, and once more was heard the joyful shouts and jeers of the advancing enemy. But their exultation was brief; for rushing forward unobservant of the company formed, *en potence*, on the other side of the river, they became suddenly exposed to a crushing fire in flank, which, at short distance, arrested their march, and threw them into utter confusion. Vain was the attempt to rally; they broke, and scrambled back into the bush. There, it is believed that advancing parties fired upon their retiring comrades, mistaking them for enemies. On the other hand, Hampton, learning that his stratagem had failed, and that the attack on the ford, on which he had so much relied, had resulted so disastrously, drew off his left attack, which for an hour had been inactive, though incessantly persecuted by our skirmishers from the *abattis*. The Canadian troops remained in position, and slept that night on the ground on which they had fought.

In the morning, being reinforced by the company of Voltigeurs under Captain de Rouville, and the grenadiers of Captain Levesque of the 5th Incorporated, and sixty of the Beauharnois division, De Salaberry confided to Colonel Macdonell the defence of the *abattis*, against any renewed attack, and pushed forward his videttes cautiously—incredulous of Hampton's retreat. About twenty prisoners were taken, and the line of flight was indicated by muskets, knapsacks, drums, and provisions strewed in the way. Forty dead bodies were interred by our people; many graves were found, and notably those of two officers of distinction, buried by their own men. The wounded were carried off, but we knew afterwards that the enemy estimated their own loss, *hors de combat*, at upwards of one hundred.

This brilliant achievement cost the Canadian force two killed and sixteen wounded.

—COFFIN'S *Chronicle of the War of* 1812.

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