

mosque overlooking the town. It is of imposing dimensions, and, although in ruins, still displays an imposing appearance. Like all the cities of Central Asia, this mosque is built of brick, baked in the sun, and partially covered with enamelled porcelain of a by-gone golden age. Furthermore, the whole region of the Merv oasis, through which the Transcaspian Railway crosses, is strewn with dead cities, over which the wild beasts of the desert roam at will.

FAIRY ROCKS.

Mr. George Creed, of South Randon, N.S., writes to the *Gazette* an account of the remarkable petroglyphs of the Fairy Rocks, in Queen's County, from which we detach the chief extracts. Those of our readers who take an interest in that branch of archæological study may refer to the writer for transcriptions:—

During a visit to North Queens, in 1882, mention was noticed in Moore's history of the county of curious rock inscriptions, and the spot was visited. Great curiosity and interest were then felt, but frequent mention of these petroglyphs produced no effect until after four years, when correspondence with Col. Mallery, of the Smithsonian Institution, commenced, opened up, through Rev. Dr. Rand, the enthusiastic and unwearied labourer in behalf of the Mic-Mac Indians. Arrangements for a visit to the spot were made, but circumstances prevented the arrival of Col. Mallery until 21st September, 1877. As we feared, from the lateness in the season, much of the inscribed rock was then submerged, and unfavourable weather prevented our remaining more than two days. The colonel was well supplied with such materials and outfit as it was judged would be suitable for copying such inscriptions, but the difference in character and in the surface on which they occur between these and all previously examined was so great as to render the materials unavailable. On their failure, my aniline "copying pencil" was tried, with better results, and a few representative "etchings" were transcribed. By removing the blacklead from a common cedar pencil and substituting a fragment from my violet aniline I enabled the colonel to do a little tracing. Having with me a stone arrowhead, handed me by Mr. A. K. Ober, of Beverly, Mass., I tried its suitability as a graving tool, and found it adapted to the purpose. Sharp pieces of quartz have been found on the spot, which may have been used by the "artists" before their possession of steel tools. Accompanied by my wife as tent-keeper and matron, and my two nephews, Messrs. Frank S. Creed, of Fredericton, N.B., and Geo. W. Davison, of Newport, Queens, as assistants, I camped on the shore of Kejimkoojic, on June 23. From that date until July 28 we worked assiduously at examining, tracing and copying, whenever the unfavourable weather would permit. At the close of five weeks under canvas, the water having risen so as to prevent further progress, we resolved to abandon the work on Saturday, 28th July, but in the course of the afternoon Mrs. W. Wallace Brown and Col. Mallery, who had accidentally met on the way, put in an appearance. On the morning of the 30th Mrs. Brown succeeded in recopying a few of the nearest pictographs. On July 31st the whole party of six returned to Annapolis, Mrs. Brown and Capt. Mallery having been presented with a number of copies illustrative of different styles of subjects. Since that date much time has been spent in examining, arranging and classifying, as well as in lettering and numbering, the mass of copies secured. From the manner of transcribing, by pressing moistened paper on the surface previously traced with violet aniline, copies are, of course, in "negative." This is a serious defect, as it destroys the significance of gesture and manual sign-language in human figures, and renders alphabetic and hieroglyphic writing almost illegible. Many of the negatives have, therefore, been converted into positives by either of two processes devised for the purpose,

and efforts are now being made to produce a complete set of positive copies. Several copies of all the subjects selected for transcription from the rocks were made, and a copy of each has been deposited for safety in the fire-proof vaults under the province building at Halifax. Should copies be desired by any institution, they can be supplied, loose or pasted in portfolios, in classified order, positive or negative. The subjects are very varied, embracing the following classes, viz.: Purely symbolic, ornamental or decorative; totemic, ships, smaller vessels and canoes; quadrupeds, birds and reptiles, including fabulous or extinct species; alphabetic and hieroglyphic writings; human figures and hands, feet and other parts of the body; hunting and warlike scenes; pictures which are presumed to illustrate ancient legends; and very many of a nondescript and unclassified character. In size they vary from an inch or two to two feet square. They were found on all the suitable rock surface over a radius of six or seven miles. Among the marine depictions are some which may prove the etchers to have seen the ships of Thorold and his friends in the eleventh century, if not in A.D. 994.

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

A LEGEND OF THE RHONE.

ADAPTED FROM VICTOR HUGO'S "LÉGENDES DES SIÈCLES."

I.

The yellow Rhone flows gently to the sea. Clear, limpid stream, noiselessly falling into beautiful Lake Leman, and bearing its tides to wash the sands of Provence.

Two knights stood on its banks in the grey dawn. Young, ambitious, rivals in glory, jealous of each other's rising fame, closely mailed in steel-bright casque, metal visor, long spear, broadsword, thick shield, unyielding pluck. Roland and Oliver!

A boat was rocking at their feet in the eddies of the Rhone.

"Bateliers!"

Cried Oliver; and four stalwart peasants stepped forth from their huts in the neighbouring wood.

"Row us to yonder island!"

And they stepped in, rudely swaying the boat under the weight of their iron tread. Softly cleaves the boat the yellow waters of the Rhone, and beautiful before them rises the green island bright in the morning sunshine. The oarsmen look askant on their mailed passengers and glance stealthily at one another—not daring to speak. Who are they? What do they seek in the island at this early hour? The boat grates upon the pebbles of the shore, the warriors spring out and, in silence, march to a little hill overlooking the stream. "What can they mean?" whisper the sailors, as, pushing out a little, they rest upon their oars and watch the mysterious strangers.

Meantime, dews sparkle, flowers blossom, birds sing, breezes play on the island shore!

II.

Wordless stand the warriors, gazing at each other through the two openings of their visors—gazing with eyes of fire. They draw their magic swords—Oliver, his Closamont; Roland, his Durandal. Had you seen these warriors yesterday, you would have beheld two pages, gentle and pink as girls, playing among their comrades at home. Now, with their visors down, and harnessed in mail, they look like two ghosts of steel. Behold! They fight—body to body—black, speechless, dogged and in wrath. They fight so near, with low mutterings, that their warm, quick breath stains their breast-plates. Foot presses foot—sounds clash—helmets ring—pieces of hauberk and falchion bound, at every moment, into the grass or stream. The boatmen, in fear, allow their bark to drift, and gaze from far upon the scene. The combat goes on the whole day and all through the night. The sun rises and sets the second day, and still they fight. Rises and sets the third day, and still they fight. Rises and sets the fourth day, and still they fight.

Dews sparkle, birds sing, flowers blossom, breezes play, and in that still landscape fearful is the sound of clanging steel.

III.

The sun rises on the fifth day, and still they fight. Their casques are dented with blows, their breastplates checkered with sword thrusts, but the impenetrable mail is unhurt. The sun reaches the noon, darting his fierce fire on their crests, but they do not stop. The day begins to wane, when suddenly Oliver, stirred by a strange fancy, stops short and cries:—

"Roland, we shall never end this fight. We may go on for days and nights, and never come to a term. We are not wild beasts whose rage is insatiable. Were it not better for us to be brothers? Hear me! I have a sister, Maud, the blue-eyed. Wed her!"

"With all my heart!" Roland replied. "And now let us drink a health together."

The health was:—

"A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER."

And the saying has gone into all tongues.

The warriors twain their good fortune laud,
And thus the brave Roland espoused the fair Maud.

JOHN TALON-LESPERANCE.

LITERARY NOTES.

M. Frechette, the poet, is going back to militant journalism as editor of *La Patrie*.

M. Beaugrand, ex-mayor of Montreal, journalist and author, leaves within a few days for a three months' trip in Europe.

Pamphile Le May, of Quebec, and translator of "Evangeline," read a new poem before the Ville-Marie Cercle, in Montreal, last week.

The French journalists who went to France lately, on their yearly holiday, are enjoying themselves very much. Faucher de St. Maurice has run over to Algiers.

The most complete collection of old dramatic works owned in the Western States is the property of Guy Magee, a leading Chicago newspaper man. Guy is a Canadian, and has a host of friends in Montreal.

It is proposed to give a special course of lectures at McGill in the evenings to business men on matters which are likely to arise in every day business. The practical side of law will be brought to the front.

The untimely death of J. C. Dent, at the age of 47, is a distinct loss to Canadian letters. Besides his voluminous contributions to journalism, he was the author of "Eminent Canadians," "The Last Forty Years in Canada," and a "History of the Rebellion of 1837."

"A Legend of Marathon" is the title of a poem, printed for private circulation only. The author is one of the most distinguished judges of Ontario, composed the verses fifty years ago, and is now a septuagenarian. From the extracts given in the *Mail*, we agree with that journal that the poem should be set before the public, with the name of the poet.

The graphic despatches in the New York *World* from Florida, descriptive of the yellow fever, were written by a volunteer special correspondent, Mr. Francis R. King Hall, lately on the staff of the *Star*, and well known in Montreal. This young Englishman is not the first of his family to achieve distinction in fighting Yellow Jack. An uncle of his in the British navy was promoted for bravery in bringing a fever ship safely into quarantine. Mr. King Hall, although dissuaded from his purpose, persisted in his request to be allowed to go to Florida for the *World*.

ADIOUX AMONG THE SIOUX.

Now trouble brioux among the Sioux,
Because the whites their rights abioux,
The sky is red with battle hioux,
Big Injun, squaw, and young pappioux
Are on the war-path by the slioux;
They're filled up with fiery clioux,
They swear their lands they will not lioux,
The thought of it gives them the blioux,
To yield an inch they will refioux.
They'll kick against the white man's yioux,
And vow they'll raise the worst of stioux;
"War to the knife" is what they chioux,
And they'll shake some one out their shioux
Before the later Autumn dioux,
If they don't from their lands vamioux.
So it is certain as the Jioux,
That whites would better mind their quioux,
According to the latest nioux.

[This "skit" upon the sensational reports of revolts and raids of Indians in the Canadian and American Northwest, is not bad and has a smack of originality. It is from the pen of A. W. Bellaw, in *Puck*.—Editor DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.]