

handspikes are brandished a moment in the air, and at once the serene stillness of the morning is broken and the battle fairly begun as onward they rush at the loud shouts of "gee" and "haw" to the cattle, with the rattle of the chain and the noise of the axe from the axeman as he hurries to sever a half cut log in two. The scene now before one takes the shape of the utmost apparent confusion, but it is not so, there being system in every half-turn of the immense logs. The driver spots in a moment the best position for the pile, so as to economise labour, commencing generally at the end log of one of the larger trees, thus saving the time and difficulty of hauling it, giving it merely half a cant. The largest logs at each end are then hauled close, thus forming a good foundation to the pile. The men divide themselves around, one following the driver to hitch the chain to any log he may want to haul in, and one chopping away any encumbrances by way of small stumps and cutting any limbs that are buried. The rest of the gang remain close to the pile, rolling together and up the timbers as they are brought alongside of it. Very often the chain is attached to the top of a tree whose branches were only partially cut off, and a lively scene ensues, as the cattle make a jerk to disentangle it, and the situation becomes exceedingly dangerous to those around, as the cattle maddened by the noise and resistance of the log, make a desperate pull, and the huge top gives way, dragging logs with it and moving them in all directions, the men having to jump and run for their very lives sake,—the top sometimes striking a stump, canting over and getting jammed between two of these solid obstacles. The axeman is shouted for to cut it loose, the cattle still being attached to the log, making strenuous efforts by sundry jerks to loosen it. At last it is clear again; the same danger threatens all those around, until at last it is brought up to the pile. While this is going on, with the driver and his men the others have not been idle. That would not do; they too are rushing onward, lifting up and carrying every log that is possible to be removed without cattle. If one of them should object that it is too heavy, the others would soon overrule the objection, and laugh him immediately out of it by telling him if it was pudding he would eat it, or some other such like chaff. As the pile gets high each log is accompanied with heavier work, the power of the handspike is somewhat lost, the weight of the log hangs heavily on the men, some of whom have to partly bear it on their shoulders while a fresh hold is procured. Great energy and activity are required now to avoid accident and every one is for the moment thrown on his whole mettle. The silent but firm grip and extended muscles of the men tell the tale as it is hoisted or slid up higher by inches, until at last the skid can be raised, when relief comes immediately and the log is at once rolled home, one or two perhaps taking care it does not roll over on the other side.

After all the light logs are rolled up, any remaining rubbish is thrown up on the heap, to start the fire when required, and thus roar and dust, din, smoke and noise go on unabated, except for a moment as the canteener of the field advances with the demijohn of whiskey, which creates an immediate attention, causing a momentary lull while they slake their thirst with fire-water as the Indians call it. Should it be a temperance bee the pail of buttermilk has the same effect, with much better results, however. Dinner time past, the war wages more furiously than ever until evening sets in with the shouts of the victorious team as they rest on their handspikes and light their pipes with satisfaction at the end of the clearance. The other teams are not far behind, however, they having a few heavier logs in their section than the others, causing their delay. The whole party now is returning to the house; alas! are they the same men that started out in the

morning bright and clean. They are now blacker than Ethiopians and some of them as ragged too—perhaps, one with sleeve ripped open, others with the leg of their pants in shreds as far as the knee, and all, even the cattle, looking considerably worse for the day's work. The group centres next round the wash-tub, previous to returning from labour to refreshment for the last time that day. In a few weeks will be given a double page illustration of this scene sketched on the spot by the writer, also a description of log burning and branding, &c., &c.

COLONEL JOHN HAY.

Colonel Hay, who has succeeded Mr. Seward as Assistant American Secretary of State, is a native of Salem, Indiana, where he was born in 1840. His father was a physician, who removed the family to Warsaw, Ill., when John was in his infancy. When fifteen years old he entered the university at Providence, graduating three years later with the Class poem. He then began the study of law at Springfield, and, while so engaged, became acquainted with President Lincoln, who took him to Washington as private secretary at the time of his first inauguration. In 1863, wishing to participate in field service, he was appointed aide-de-camp to General Hunter, then operating in South Carolina, and subsequently he joined the staff of General Gilmore as Assistant Adjutant-General. While so serving, Mr. Lincoln recalled him to Washington, where he remained until after the assassination. After this he was promoted to the rank of colonel, and granted leave of absence to accept the position of Secretary of Legation in Paris, where he remained two years. Shortly after returning to the United States he was appointed Secretary of Legation at Madrid, under the Ministry of General Siskles. Since then he has been engaged purely in the literary field, writing, besides his "Castilian Days" and the stories in verse in "Banty Tim" and "Little Breeches," many papers and editorials on Spanish affairs and politics. He is well qualified for his new position, and will adorn it gracefully.

THE CAPTIVE KING CETEWAYO.

The deposed King of Zululand continues to reside in the Castle at Capetown, where he is for the present kept in custody, till Her Majesty's Government shall have sent out definite instructions regarding him; and he is gradually becoming acquainted with many British and Colonial fashions or habits of life. Though, before leaving his native country he knew perhaps more than he liked of some of the military corps, it was but lately, at Capetown, that he was personally introduced to the gallant 91st Regiment, Princess Louise's Argyllshire Highlanders, who had nevertheless done good service in the war. An officer of that regiment, Lieutenant H. A. Schank, Instructor of Musketry, who had the opportunity of visiting King Cetewayo at the Castle, on the 21st ult., invited him to hear the martial music of the Highland pipers, with which the Zulu monarch was very much pleased, taking off his Kilmarnock cap and waving it as an applauding salute, while expressing, in his native language, thanks and approval of the treat they afforded to his ears. There used to be a piper in the Transvaal, who was temporarily attached to the suite of "The Gunn of Gunn," in the days of the Lydenburg Company of Volunteers; and of whose performances an amusing story is told by Dr. Rowland Atcherley in his "Trip to Boerland." But that musician, if he ever crossed the Zulu frontier, had no opportunity of proving his skill in the Royal presence of Cetewayo; and it never occurred to Sir Bartle Frere, probably, to try the effect of such a "concert of sweet sounds," by way of conciliating the formidable potentate with whom England has taken so much trouble in the recent most costly war.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

The last number of the *Canadian Illustrated News* has surpassed itself in its illustrations. The Lynch cartoon is especially rich in its delineations. The Solicitor-General is represented in a brilliant costume in a defiant attitude, armed cap a pie. He is holding his revolver in his right hand, whilst in his left is extended a vacant noose to be hooked on to the branch of a tree where he has already strung up three of his enemies, Messrs. Tremblay, Fisher and Joly whose distorted features and inert forms fully testify to the thoroughness of the job. A little in the rear of the executioner is still another tree from whose sturdy lower branch hangs another victim of his wrath. Poor Mr. Marchand hangs there limp, languid and lifeless. The cartoon reads thus: "Lynch Law in 'Brome.' Bill is a good fellow mostly, but when he is 'riled,' my snakes! how he dances about!"

ST. JOHN, P. Q., News.

The last number of the *Canadian Illustrated News* contains a very well written article on "The Educational Institutions at Wolfville, N. S." We are pleased to see this influential paper devoting its columns to making its numerous readers in all parts of the Dominion acquainted with our village and the Literary Institutions in our midst. We commend this paper to all who wish a first-class illustrated weekly.

THE STAR, WOLFVILLE, N. S.

MUSIC FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS.—A counter at DeZouches displays treasures of musical lore and literature, and what more appropriate gift could be offered for the Holiday? The variety is all that can be desired, the classical and the common place, the popular and the profound being represented.

ST. HELENA'S ISLE.

THE SMALLEST OF THE BRITISH POSSESSIONS AND ITS SINGLE CELEBRITY—AN UNINVITING LOCALITY—OLD RESIDENTS WHO REMEMBER NAPOLEON.

The Island of St. Helena, Oct. 20, 1879.—I don't suppose that letters dated from this island very frequently find their way in American prints. Therefore, I deem it rather a privilege and pleasure to be able to tell you something of it. The passage in June last from America to Liverpool on the steamship *City of Berlin* was a very delightful one, the ocean being as smooth as a pond, and the trip up to London was perfectly charming, but my visit to Paris, which occupied two weeks, is one of the never-to-be-forgotten events of my life. I never enjoyed myself so thoroughly in so short a space of time. I left London June 27 for St. Helena, on the steamship *Dunrobin Castle*, and reached Funchal, Madeira, on the 1st of July, went on shore and strolled around the town for five hours, then re-embarked and pushed on to Cape de Verde islands, reaching there on the 7th of July, but owing to very heavy weather our ship did not put in. From Cape de Verde to St. Helena our passage was comparatively smooth, and we arrived at this blessed island on the night of July 13. I found upon my arrival that the United States flag ship *Ticonderoga* was anchored off the island, having run up here from the African coast about three weeks previous to my arrival, on account of sickness on board, about sixty of the crew being down with coast fever.

Commodore Shufeldt gave me an invitation to go on board his ship, which I accepted. After being introduced to all the officers I was escorted through the ship by Commodore Cromwell, then to the Commodore's cabin, where the gallant old officer entertained me in first-class order. I found the officers to be a splendid set of gentlemen, and it did me a great deal of good to have once again a few hours' conversation with my own countrymen. With a little stretch of imagination I could almost fancy myself back in America. On the 19th of July the *Ticonderoga* put to sea, and after having experienced very heavy weather, reached Cape Town on the 4th of August, all the officers well and the men improving.

Having rather slightly sketched my passage, I am going to tell you something of my future home. St. Helena, whose reputation consists only in the celebrity that accrued from the short but dreary sojourn of Napoleon, is an island standing grim and forbidding-looking in the blue waters of the South Atlantic Ocean, 1,200 miles from the African coast. There is no other land nearer than Africa, save the still smaller island of Ascension, 760 miles in the north-west direction. St. Helena is one of the smallest of the British possessions abroad, having an area of only forty-seven square miles.

The island is ten and a half miles long and six and a half miles broad, and is situated in latitude south of the equator 15 deg. 55 min. 26 sec., and in longitude west of Greenwich 5 deg. 42 min. 30 sec. It was discovered by Juan de Nova Castella, commodore of a Portuguese fleet, returning from India, May 2, 1501, the anniversary of Helena, mother of the Emperor Constantine, and was named in honor of her. It was first inhabited by a Portuguese nobleman and a few negro slaves in 1512. The Portuguese abandoned the island in 1645, and the Dutch colonized it in the same year. The Dutch, however, deserted the island in 1651, and it was then taken possession of by the English East India Company, and confirmed in their possession April 3, 1661, by a charter from King Charles II. of England. Although King Charles issued a charter to the East India Company in 1661, the British Government did not take full possession of the island until August 28, 1603.

Nothing can present a more desolate and unfriendly appearance than the island when first seen from the sea, and even after landing, the sides of the ravines to the height of some 700 feet present little less than a region of barrenness, relieved only by struggling cottages imbedded in pathless jungles of prickly pear and bramble. A visit to the higher regions of the interior, however, discloses many pleasing landscapes of hills and valleys clothed with verdure.

The central range, of mountains, of Dianaia peak on the east, of High peak on the west, are the culminating points dividing the island into two parts, the northern or leeward side and the southern or windward side. Plantation house, Old house and Longwood and other comparatively fine residences are to be found agreeably situated, surrounded by large gardens and well-cultivated grounds, and adorned with different kinds of trees and shrubs brought from all parts of the world. The barracks, in which are quartered about 200 soldiers, are situated on the right of Jamestown, on what is now called Ladder Hill, and a small fort is erected on the hill on the left side of the town, called Rupert's Hill. Jamestown is the principal town on the island. It is situated in James valley, and contains about 200 houses. The population of the town at present is about 1,000, six or seven hundred of which are negroes or half castes. The population of the whole island is not more than 3,200, all told. In 1871 it was nearly 6,000, but the opening of the Suez Canal ruined the island in a business point on account of vessels previously going to India and Australia, which stopped at St. Helena for fresh water and vegetables, now going the shortest and quickest

route, in consequence of which the island became much impoverished, and most of the inhabitants emigrated to Cape Town. The only business carried on here is furnishing vessels with provisions and fresh water.

I have met with some old residents who remember the death, burial and exhumation of Napoleon, and I know original and authentic accounts of the smallest items connected with the life of that wonderful man will be appreciated. I take great pleasure in sending you an account of all that I have gleaned.

Napoleon arrived at St. Helena, October 15, 1815, in the ship *Northumberland*, commanded by Sir George Cockburn, and was attended by Gen. and Mme. Bertrand, Gen. and Mme. Montholon, Count Las Cases, Gen. Gourgand and suite. The next day he went on shore, and stopped over night in Jamestown, and on the following day the Emperor, in company with Admiral Cockburn and Count Bertrand, visited Longwood, the spot which had been selected for his future residence, the house intended for him being then occupied by the lieutenant-governor of the island. The Emperor requested permission to stop in a building called the "Briars," which request was granted, and he remained there a little over two months. From the "Briars" he was removed to Longwood, and there occupied what is known as the "Old House." In 1819 the British Government commenced the erection of a large, commodious residence for his reception, but before it was finished Napoleon I. was no more. On the 5th of May, 1821, the conqueror of a hundred battles, creator of kings and princes, the legislator and hero of the age, died at Longwood, aged fifty-two years. The disease which caused his death is alleged by some to have been hereditary ulceration of the stomach, and by others gastro-hepatitis. On the 8th of May he was buried in Save Valley, Longwood.

The governor-admiral and staff, all the garrison and about one-half the population of the island attended the funeral. The pall-bearers were Count Bertrand and Montholon, Marchand (the faithful valet of the Emperor) and young Napoleon Bertrand. The household of the late Emperor sailed for England May 21, 1821, on the storeship *Camille*. On the 8th of October, 1840, Prince de Joinville and suite, including Gen. Bertrand, Montholon, Baron Las Cases, former companion of Napoleon's exile, arrived at St. Helena in the frigate *La Belle Poule*, accompanied by the corvette *Favorite*, for the purpose of conveying the remains of the Emperor to France; and on the 15th of October, at midnight, just twenty-five years from the day he landed, the exhumation took place, the coffin was lifted and conveyed to a tent, where it was opened and the remains fully identified, being little changed in appearance from what some of the mourners had gazed upon nearly 20 years before. The coffin was closed, and the remains were deposited, with funeral honors, in the *La Belle Poule*, which sailed for France on the 18th of October. Upon their arrival in Paris, the mortal remains of the First Napoleon were deposited under the dome of the Invalides, where they still remain.

From all accounts his life here was most dreary. Among the archives of the island are the original papers that were to have been sent to France, giving plans of easy landing places and the manner in which he was to have been rescued; but through the inquisitiveness of his valet's parents fell into the hands of the Governor, Sir Hudson Lowe. After that the strict surveillance and indignities that were heaped upon him broke the spirit and heart of the man that had defied the world. The original paper from the King of England, ordering that Napoleon should be addressed as general and not emperor, is still here.

By ordinance Sir Edward Drummond Hay, Governor of St. Helena, dated March 18, 1858, ratified and confirmed by order of the Queen May 7, 1858, the lands in the Island of St. Helena forming the site of the tomb of the Emperor Napoleon, also the lands forming the site of the tenement of Longwood and its appurtenances, formerly the residence of Napoleon, was vested in his Majesty the late Napoleon III. and his heirs for ever, as absolute owners thereof in fee simple.

In 1859 the French Government sent an officer of the Legion of Honor to St. Helena to look after and take care of the house and grounds. The present officer (Major Marchen), who is an officer of the Legion of Honor, also is a most obliging and courteous gentleman; he has very little to do, but for all that he does not like living so far away from Paris, and proposes to leave for France soon on a leave of absence for one year. There are a good many little reminiscences of Napoleon's exile that neither reflect credit on himself nor the representative of the English Government, Sir Hudson Lowe.

ARTISTIC.

MR. H. N. HYNEMAN'S beautiful picture, "Deadmona," which figured in the Paris Salon of 1879, and which is now on exhibition at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, has been sold for the sum of one thousand dollars.

The drawings of Ruskin, the distinguished art-writer, are just opened for exhibition at the American Art Gallery, Madison Square. They are under the care of Professor Norton, of Harvard University, to whom the most of them were sent by Ruskin to help the advance of art-study in this country, especially among the students of Ruskin's works. As more pictures they make no claim.