

when and where I had heard that singular name before.

"But, Ory," said I, "there is a Gaisso who is queen of the Voudous."

"It is she," was the calm reply.

"That is impossible. It is Gaisso, your friend. The handsome, lady-like companion of your solitude is not an —" I hesitated to pronounce the word.

"You may finish your sentence, Carey. Yes, my Gaisso is an Octoroon."

I was astounded. This woman—she whom I had seen in such peculiar circumstances of pathos and tenderness in the cave of the quarry—was the same whom I had heard invoked in the hollow to fire the vengeance of the Voudous against me. And now I thought of it, was not the name of Bonair roared in my very ear on that same terrible night, when the black assassin had me down and was aiming the dagger at my heart? Those two names, associated then, had they not some connection now? Bonair had come home. Gaisso was going away. And why all this mystery about her going? How did Ory know the precise steamer on which she went, and why did she thus come down to see her pass, ostentatiously choosing a moment when her brother was deeply engaged with her father?

All these thoughts flashed through my brain like lurid gleams. I would have pressed the theme further, but a wave struck the side of my boat, heaving it up on the shingle.

"Come," said Ory. "I like to be rocked in the swash of the great steamer. There is just peril enough in the exercise to make it agreeable. Get ready; bend to your oars; I will steer crosswise direct for the vessel."

I made sorry work of it with the oars, much to the amusement of my fair pilot. As we were constantly up and down, and I could not calculate the breadth of each wave, I struck the blades in the air when we sank into the trough of the water, and buried them in the volumes of the rising surge when I should have feathered. The consequence was that we were rudely knocked about, and that several times the boat was within an inch of upsetting. If we had been going from mid-stream to the bank, driven by ever decreasing waves, there could have been no danger, but as every ridge we met was higher than its predecessor, I had serious fears that we might come at last to be swamped for our pains. I took good care of course not to impart my anxiety to Ory, who seemed quite unconscious of peril. It was already enough that I was red in the face and out of breath with rowing. To have betrayed any apprehension would have robbed me of all my prestige with the brave girl, and perhaps even tended to make me ridiculous in her eyes. At length a tremendous wave, the great-grandfather of all the others, struck our bows with an echoing thud, raising it high in air and drenching me with spray.

"Ah!" said I, "that must surely be the last. We shall now glide to the other side of the gulf made by the steambot."

And so it proved. But Ory seemed to take no heed. Though her hand remained firm on the tiller, her eyes were more keenly attached than ever to the receding vessel. Something unusual must be going on there, but I could not tell what it was, as my back was turned.

Suddenly she gave a wrench to the bar, and beckoned me to turn.

"Look!" she exclaimed. "Gaisso has been signalling something which I could not understand. But now I see what it is. She has thrown something into the water and she wants us to make after it. Quick!—we must overtake and pick it up."

I rested a moment on my oars to make sure of the new direction which I had to take. The steamer was fast vanishing in the distance, and the sun, which had withdrawn behind the trees, left the broad river in shadow. Ory improved the opportunity of my pause to sweep the liquid expanse with her glasses.

"I see," she said, "a small dark object lying in the wake of the vessel. It rises and falls like a cork. That must be it. Let us hurry."

It was smoother water now and I did better pulling. We had a splendid run of about a mile before either of us spoke. At length Ory cried out:

"It is being washed to the starboard shore. If no counter-current diverts it, we shall get it without having to run much further down. Give us a dozen more, Carey, and I think that will do."

I presumed that she wanted me to make a spurt, and I did so with a will. The boat whizzed through the water, but after it, the breath was nearly all gone out of my body and the muscles of my arms were as flaccid as india-rubber.

"Well, Ory," I said, gasping, "we cannot be far from that wail now, unless it turns out to be a will-o'-the-wisp."

"It is too bad," she replied, after a moment's pause. "I fear we are going to lose it after all. It has been caught in a current which will prevent it from reaching the shore. And now that it has ceased drifting shoreward, it will go down stream much faster than ever. We will have to give up following it. It would be trying your strength and your kindness too far. And besides, darkness is coming on. Before we get back to the boat-house it will be quite dusk."

While Ory was speaking I happened to cast my eyes on the bank, and thought I saw a figure running behind the trees which lined the water's edge. I took no notice of it further than to observe that its flight was southward, as ours had been.

"And still," continued my companion, "I

would have so much liked to gather up this last token of poor Gaisso. Who knows? Perhaps it contained her last wishes, some important message which she had forgotten when we parted. Alas! I felt so sure we should overtake it. My only hope now is that some one will pick it up between this and the Delta, before it loses itself in the Gulf of Mexico, and deliver it to whom it is addressed. Who knows, again? Perhaps it is addressed to you, Carey."

These last words struck me. It might be that the fugitive—for such I now considered Gaisso to be—on seeing me with Ory, had bethought her of something intended solely for me, which she hastily committed to paper and intrusted to the waves. This supposition inspired me with a new resolve. I proposed to Ory that I should land her at the nearest point, whence she could safely return home while it was yet daylight, and that I alone would pursue the floating object. I had no doubt that I could catch up with it, and, of course, it would make no matter at what late hour I got back. If the distance were too great, I could go ashore anywhere, hire a conveyance and ride to The Quarries with the boat.

I had hardly made the proposal when Ory, who had been following the wail with her glasses, exclaimed:

"Oh! dear me, what does that mean! A black something has just leaped into the water opposite the point where the object is floating. It has disappeared completely under the water. But no. There it is again. I see its head. It is a black man. He stretches his hand to it. He has seized it. Yes, he has it; he has it. He is turning now, and making ready to swim back. Look, Carey; tell me what it means. It is very singular."

I directed the lenses to the place indicated and distinctly saw a lustrous black figure swimming in to the bank.

"Don't you know who it is?" said I to Ory, returning the glasses.

"Surely not," she replied. "Who can it be?"

"It is Nain!" I said, with a smile.

Her eyes opened wide with wonder and her face grew very pale.

"Let us row home at once, then," she murmured.

IX.

GAISSO'S MESSAGE.

We were at a considerable distance from our starting point, but, strange to tell, I felt little or no fatigue in the continuous rowing upstream. I had acquired a great deal of skill, too, in my afternoon's practice, so that we reached the boat-house in good time.

Ory had stepped out under the willows while I was engaged in putting away the paddles. She had been thoughtful and silent all the way up, and was still under the influence of some painful feeling, for she no sooner heard a slight rustling of the bushes behind her than she exclaimed, in a trembling voice:

"Who is there?"

"It is I, missus Ory," answered a voice which I distinctly recognized to be Nain's.

"What do you want?" she demanded in a slightly altered tone, betraying resentment.

"Would you please step back this way for a moment?"

Ory hesitated an instant, but looking at me as if to reassure herself, retired behind the hedge without saying a word.

I remained where I was, neither advancing nor retreating. I thought it my duty to stand ready for any emergency, though, of course, I did not anticipate that my services would be required. From my place I could hear all that was said between the young mistress and the slave.

The negro spoke first.

"Here, missus," said he, "is a little bottle I just picked up in the river. It was thrown overboard by Gaisso."

"I know," replied Ory, curtly.

"I judge," continued the negro, "that it is intended for you, as it is one of your perfumery bottles."

"Break it open," said Ory, "and show me what is in it."

I then heard the crackling of glass on a stone.

"There are two papers," remarked Ory. "One is addressed to me; the other to Mr. Gilbert. Here, Nain, while I read mine, bring this to Mr. Gilbert, whom I left in the neighborhood of the boat-house."

"Oh! missus," exclaimed the slave, "spare me that, I entreat you. I dare not face Mr. Gilbert."

"Yes, yes," interrupted the young mistress, "I did not reflect. I will give him the paper myself. You may go now, Nain, and beware of whispering a word of this to any one."

"Ah! Missus Ory, there is no fear of that—after all you have done for Gaisso and for all of us, I would be the last to put any obstacle in the way of the good you still meditate for the poor girl."

The language itself, and the soft, modulated tone in which it was uttered, were such that if a stranger had been there to listen he would have attributed them to a high-toned gentleman, instead of a negro slave.

Ory immediately afterward made her appearance, handed me the paper without a word of comment, and then walked away in the direction of the house, in order to give me an opportunity of reading my missive unobserved and at leisure.

The note was written on the fly-leaf of a book,

and with a lead pencil. The writing itself was very hurried, so that I could not fairly judge from it of the writer's education. The spelling, however, was correct throughout. The following were the contents of the paper:

TO MR. GILBERT:

RESPECTED SIR—The sight of you in company of Ory has given me an inspiration. It is to write to you a request, which I would not have dared to address to you by word of mouth. You know now who I am. Ory must have told you, as I made her promise to do, the first time she saw you after my departure. Yes, I am queen of the Voudous. It is primarily for me, only secondarily for Ory, that you were hunted, attacked, and nearly assassinated. I did all I could to save you through her. I gave her the black cross, which she afterward presented to you. Though I have suffered (several words illegible here) * * * more now. I am banished. I will never return. Don't tell Ory. Tell him I love him still; am always his slave, but will give him up if he says I must. But then I die. The queen of the Voudous will then become their victim.

Your wretched, humble serv't.,
GAISSO.

It took me some time to make out the meaning of this letter—to discover the precise message which was alluded to in the last lines. But at length I understood that there was a question of a lover, to whom she was attached even to slavery, from whom she was banished, whom she was required to give up, and whom she could renounce only at the peril of her life. This fact she wished me to make known to her lover. For this one request the whole letter was written. Voudou influence was at work here too. Even she, the queen, must fall a victim to it, if she presumed to run counter to it in any way.

(To be continued.)

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

I.

THE VICE-REGAL PROGRESS IN ONTARIO.

We continue in the present number our sketches of the Vice-Regal progress through Western Ontario, full particulars of which have already appeared. The Citizens' Ball at Toronto was one of the most enthusiastic demonstrations that ever took place in the Queen City, while the military review took first place as an event in all Ontario. In the Ambitious City nothing was left undone to keep up the spirit of loyalty, and our two illustrations—that of the reception at the Great Western Railway, and the procession to the Gore,—show that the whole population had turned out for the festive occasion. Their Excellencies visited London, Guelph, Berlin, Cobourg and several other important points along the lines of railway, everywhere receiving the same cordial welcome. A novel feature connected with these festivities and the great Toronto exhibition, was the special kiosk set up in the exhibition grounds by the *Mail* newspaper, a sketch of which we publish to-day. The energy and success of our contemporary were displayed on that occasion, as on many others. The improvements, material and literary, which have lately been introduced in the *Mail*, are the subject of congratulatory comment everywhere. It was met that the Ministerial party should have an organ of the first-class in Ontario, and the *Mail* is supplying the want in the most efficient manner, being now second to no other journal in the Dominion. The friendly rivalry in newspaper success is one in which we most heartily join, and our *congratulations* on the *Mail* are entitled to the praise which they have earned.

II.

N. M. S. TOURMALINE.

We present our readers to-day with two views of this beautiful vessel—one representing the gun drill on board and the other, from a photograph by Mr. E. R. Turner, of Beaver Hall Hill, showing her as she lies moored at Hochelaga, opposite St. Helen's Island. The *Tourmaline* was built at Middleborough-on-Tees, and launched in October, 1875. She is of the "Gem" class of ships, Tourmaline being a precious stone. Her total cost with alterations was £100,000; her extreme length is 282 ft.; between perpendiculars 220 ft.; breadth, 41 ft. 2 in.; depth in hold, 13 ft. 6 in.; displacement in tons, 2,162. On full speed trial, 26th June, 1876, she made 13½ knots; with screw raised, under sail, she has proved herself a very fleet vessel. The *Tourmaline* has seen considerable service. She was first commanded by Commodore Sullivan, C.B.A.D.C., on the 25th Oct., 1876, and served on the Cape of Good Hope and West Coast of Africa Stations, until July 28th, 1877. She left England again under Captain C. R. F. Boxer on 31st January, 1878, and remained in the West Indies until the remainder of the year. On the 30th August, 1878, Capt. Dennistoun replaced Capt. Boxer, and with his vessel has been stationed at Bermuda and Halifax during the present year. On one occasion the *Tourmaline* saved the crew of the Royal Mail steamer *Tasmanian*, wrecked at Pon-e. She was at Santa Cruz at the time of the revolt, when the colored people rose and burned the town of Frederikstaed, and her presence had the effect of quieting the disturbance and protecting the town. Her crew comprises 228 men. The officers and crew are delighted with their sojourn in Montreal, where they will remain until about the 15th October.

III.

THE ENCENIA AT KING'S COLLEGE, N. S.

The closing exercises at this wellknown and popular seat of learning were of unusual brilliancy this year. After calling them eating to order, the President briefly explained the leading features of the progress of the institution during the past year. He said that the educational outfit of the College as respects philosophical apparatus, was equal, if not superior, to any similar institution in the Dominion of Canada. Since last meeting of the convocation four members have died—Dr. McCauley, Dr. Stiefel-hagen, Mr. Fred. Allison, and a student from P. E. Island. He paid warm tributes to the memory of those "dead upon the field of honor," dwelling particularly on the loss the College had experienced in the death of Dr. McCauley and Mr. Frederick Allison. He announced that the governors had instituted during the year a system of local examinations after the example of the great English Universities. After the distribution of prizes, the recital of a Latin poem by Mr. Vroom and the delivery of the valedictory by Mr. Watson, the President proceeded to confer on Admiral Edward Augustus Ingfield, the degree of Doctor of Civil Law, according to the forms and ceremonies of the University. He also conferred on Rev. Heber Bullock the degree of D. C. L.; and on Rev. Mr. Partridge the degree of B. D. The graduating class, consisting of three gentlemen, Messrs. Thomas Fraser Draper, Charles Whidden Brown, and Francis Gordon Forbes, were then introduced and received the degree of B. A. The degree of Bachelor of Engineering was conferred on Mr. Robert Fitzgerald Uniacke. His Excellency Dr. Ingfield then delivered a very appropriate address. After speeches by Sir William Young, Rev. Dr. Hill and His Lordship Bishop Benning, the proceedings were closed by the singing of the National Anthem. Accompanying this sketch, we publish also an exterior view of the celebrated Wolfville College building which replaces that destroyed by fire in 1877.

IV.

EXHIBITIONS.

We give a view of the Exhibition Building at Halifax received from Mr. Twining, but the particulars of the show did not reach us. With regard to the splendid display of the Montreal Horticultural Association we reserve an account of it for next week in connection with a review of their annual report.

EPIHEMERIDES.

The celebrated French humorist, M. Charles Monselet, has made a curious collection of what he terms landscape in politics. What he applies to French public men may, *mutatis nominibus*, be applied to our own statesmen. In the first place we have the *political horizon*, a famous stereotype. Then come the *sunburst of progress*, the *dawn of our liberties*, the *noontide of prosperity*. Descending from heaven to earth, we next have: The *field of conjecture*, the *area of free trade*, the *burning sun of polemics*. Monarchy is a tree with an *elder* and a *younger branch*. It is exposed to the *wind of revolutions*. Joe Rymal is an *inexhaustible fountain of fun*. Sir John has risen on the *current of public opinion*. The Ministry have embarked on the *stormy sea of protection*. The Legislative Council breast the *popular tide*. The *Parliamentary tempest* is not over at Quebec. The Government are assailed by a *deluge of applications*. The *torrent of passion* carries off most of our politicians. *Clouds are gathering* in the political firmament of Great Britain.

I had the impudence to ask for information, a fortnight ago, about the Montreal Bicycle Club and my indiscretion went so far as to apply directly to Mr. Horace S. Tibbs, the Secretary and Treasurer of the same. I have received from that gentleman more than I bargained for in the following communication:

"The Montreal Bicycle Club was formed by the present Captain and Secretary on 2nd Dec., 1878, which fact was announced at considerable length in the *Herald* of the 9th idem. and in other journals. The first annual meeting was duly advertised and held in the Montreal Gymnasium on the 29th May this year.

"The Montreal Lacrosse Club presented a gold medal for competition at their spring games on 9th June. The undersigned and several other members habitually ride down to business; and on every fine morning or Saturday afternoon our roads are always sure to be travelled by several riders of the "Double-Wheel." Hoping that this will satisfy the doubts and fears of "A Steele Penn," whose circle of athletic acquaintance must be small, I am, Sir,

Yours, &c., &c.

The last paragraph of this letter, cruelly reflecting upon the smallness of the circle of my athletic acquaintance, must have been an after-thought, but I have let it stand because I regard it as decidedly the best part of the epistle. I have much more information about the Montreal Bicycle Club, but shall take good care not to print it, as it would still further prove the "smallness of the circle," &c. Indeed, every other man I have met vouchsafed information, until it seemed as if I were really the only man in the city who did not know of the existence and public exercise of the Montreal Bicycle Club.

A STEELE PENN.