

Some infamous white man had taught them to make whiskey from molasses.

They drank the liquor, quarrelled with one another—which ended in the murder of four men, one of whom was a chief. Mr. Crosby had warned them against using the drink, told them they would kill each other, and seeing that his words came to pass they are now ready to listen to his counsel. A few years before this occurrence, several Tongass children of high rank in the tribe had died suddenly of some contagious disease. According to their custom a slave must be put to death and buried with them to attend them in the life beyond. There was a band of American soldiers near their village, so the people feared to put the slave to death openly. So the slave was taken down to the beach covered over with a blanket, and they literally trampled him to death. What a change has come over this people! They love now to sing the praises of God and to worship Him in His temple. They are clean, and decently dressed, both male and female. But they are without a missionary or teacher, which is the case with many tribes at the North.—*Outlook.*

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA'S DAUGHTERS.

“HERE is luck in odd numbers.” This is the expression invariably used by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, when referring to his five children—his two boys and three girls. Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise is the most amiable of the three, and is a miniature copy of her mother. The Princess Victoria, her father's pet, has a temper of her own, impetuous, ardent, hot, smiling through tears like a sunbeam in showers, while Maude, whom Queen Victoria idolizes, has a disposition somewhat like that of her right royal grandmother. None of the Princesses fear the Queen, although everybody else has a wholesome dread of Her Most Gracious Majesty. The daughters of the Prince of Wales, after the first formal deep curtsy down to the ground is made, romp with their grandmother as they would with one of the *gouvernantes*; and it is a matter of apprehension to the Dowager Marchioness of Ely, who, with the exception of the late Duchess of Sutherland—the Grand Duchess—is most intimate with the Sovereign, when the young princesses pounce upon the Queen, and dare to pull about the ruler of an empire upon which the sun never sets. The Princess Louise is the most talented, the Princess Maude the smartest. All three have a talent for languages, and are always delighted when their uncle, the Crown Prince of Denmark is with them, as then they chat in Danish. He is said to be their primo favourite, and as they dearly love a romp, the good-tempered uncle indulges them with the *dan* of a lad of fifteen. The Princesses are all musical, inheriting this taste from their mother, who is a superb pianist, but who never plays outside of her own immediate family circle. She is a devout follower of Rubinstein, and performs that wonderful waltz after a fashion that would have enchanted the *maestro* could he but have had the pleasure of hearing her play it. The Princess of Wales carefully watches the musical

education of her daughters, and nearly every day, after Mademoiselle Gay-mard-Pacini, the *premiere* pianist of the age, who is their instructress, has concluded her lesson, she asks her each demoiselle acquitted herself. The Prince is no musician. “I leave all that sort of thing to Edinburgh,” he laughs. The young princesses having been promised a visit to the Tower of London in May last, which they were nearly crazy to see, the Rev. Teignmouth Shore, one of the Queen's chaplains, was ordered to act as their escort. “I won't go if I can't go like any other little girl,” said the Princess Maude. “I have to have great big soldiers saluting, and everybody bowing down to the ground! It's no fun, and I want to go like any other little girl.” The Princess Maude carried the day, having been warmly supported by her sisters, and the happy trio did the Tower “like any other little girls,” to their unbounded satisfaction. The princesses are made to keep early hours; five a.m., in summer finds them out of their beds, and in flannel suits for calisthenics. Their breakfast is very simple, as much stirabout, oatmeal, and milk as they like to eat. No hot rolls, no heavy meats, consequently no dyspepsia: Their dinner at two is equally plain. A nutritious soup, a fish and a joint, with vegetables and one pie or pudding. The Prince when away writes to each of the girls in turn. The writer was amused at seeing a letter,—a charming, affectionate letter, too—on the envelope of which was written:—

H. R. P.,

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA OF WALES,
A. E. SANDRINGHAM.

and although the initials of the heir to the throne were in the left-hand corner, because he had failed to attach two postage stamps instead of one, the post-office stamp 2d for extra weight was sprawled all over the envelope. What radical but will rejoice at this! The letters from their brothers while cruising in the *Bacchante* are always sources of unbounded delight to the young princesses. George is the favourite, and such exclamations as “Oh, won't we have fun when George comes back! What romps we'll have with George!” were to be heard all through July, both at Marlborough House and Osborne, whither the little ladies were invited to assist at the debarkation at Cowes. The princesses are incessant talkers. They rattle away from rosy morn to dewy eve, and the resident governesses, extremely elegant ladies, are occasionally driven to the verge of despair by the incessant prattle of these little royalties. The elder governess they call “Mam,” the younger “Selle,” dexterously cutting the word *mademoiselle* in two. They are admirable mimics, and every new “swell” who arrives is pretty certain to have his or her “precious weakness” admirably reproduced by these natural and charming children. They are very fond, like other children, of inspecting visitors from the regions of the staircase, and a favourite rarely escapes without some furtive recognition. When *en famille* the young princesses are always despatched by their parents for the wraps of the guests when the latter are about to take their departure “Louise, run and get Lady So-and-so her cloak,” “Maude, where is Mrs. —'s shawl?” “Victoria, go and find the Duchess' wrap.” The Princess of Wales dresses her daughters in the

plainest possible way, calicoes, gingham, muslins, and flannel being *de rigueur*. No corsets, no tightness of any kind, and as for ornaments, such as rings, earrings, or *brace-lets*, Her Royal Highness would be astounded if such an idea were so much as mooted. She is very particular about having the girls instructed in sewing, embroidery, and all manner of woman's domestic work, and continually holds up her sister-in-law Lorne as a model in that respect. Little does the passer-by imagine, as he glances up at the lightest window of Marlborough House, that behind the blind is seated the future Queen of England, lovingly surrounded by her daughters, to whom she is reading some refined and instructive story, while her husband, his cigar in his mouth, gazes at this homopicture with a pleasure appreciated only by a father's love.

ELEPHANTS MINDING THE BABY.

HERE is nothing by any means uncommon or incredible in the stories which have been reported, says Buckland, about the children of a mahout being cared for by the mahout's elephant. It is always expedient to employ a married mahout if you can, with a hard working wife and two or three children. The whole family become, as it were, parasites to the elephant by whom they earn their living. It is only a question of degree to what extent an elephant may be trusted with a baby; but I have seen a baby placed by its mother systematically under the elephant's care, and within reach of its trunk, while the mother went to fetch water, or to get wood or materials to cook the family dinner. No jackal or wolf would be likely to pick up and carry off a baby who was thus confided to the care of an elephant; but most people who have lived a life in the jungles know how very possible it is for a jackal or a wolf to carry off a baby, even when lying in a hut, when the mother's back is turned.

The children thus brought up in the companionship of an elephant become ridiculously familiar, and take all kinds of liberties with it, which the elephants seem to endure on the principle that it does not hurt her, while it amuses the child. You see a little naked black imp, about two feet high, standing on the elephant's bare back, and taking it down to the water to bathe, vociferating all the time in the most unbecoming terms of native abusive language. On arriving at the water, the elephant ostensibly in obedience to the imp's command, lies down and enjoys itself, just leaving a part of its body, like a small island, above water, on which the small imp stands and shouts, and shouts all the more if so be that he has several companions of his own age also in charge of their elephants, all wallowing in the water around him. If the imp slips off his island, the elephant's trunk promptly replaces him in safety. These little urchins as they grow up become first mates to mahouts, and eventually arrive at the dignity of being mahouts.

The wife of a mahout is almost always a great favourite with her elephant, and I remember a case in which the wife of a mahout who was killed by his elephant (I believe more by accident than from actual malice) succeeding in quieting the beast, which

seemed to understand the poor woman's anguish at the death of her husband, and endeavoured in its elephantine way to make amends for its offence. It is nothing new to say that the elephant is the most sagacious of animals, and those who have had most to do with them cannot help liking and admiring them.—*Christian Weekly.*

GRANDMOTHER TENTERDEN.

MASACHUSETTS SHORE.

BY BRET HARTE.

MIND it was but yesterday,—
The sun was dim, the air was chill;
Below the town, below the hill,
The sails of my son's ship did fill,—
My Jacob who was cast away.

He said, “God keep you, mother dear,”
But did not turn to kiss his wife;
They had some foolish idle strife;
Her tongue was like a two edged-knife,
And he was proud as any peer.

Howbeit that night I took no note
Of sea nor sky, for all was drear;
I marked not that the hills looked near,
Nor that the moon, though curved and clear,
Through curd-like scud did drive and float.

For with my darling went the joy
Of autumn woods and meadows brown;
I came to hate the little town;
It seemed as if the sun went down
With him, my only darling boy.

It was the middle of the night,
The wind it shifted west-by-south;
He piled high up the harbour mouth;
The marshes, black with summer drouth,
Where all abroad with sea-foam white.

It was the middle of the night,—
The sea upon the garden leapt,
And my son's wife in quiet slept,
And I, his mother, walked and wept,
When lo! there came a sudden light.

And there he stood! his seaman's dress
All wet and dripping seemed to be;
The pale blue fires of the sea
Dripped from his garments constantly,—
I could not speak through cowardness.

“I come through night and storm,” he
said;
“Through storm and night and death,” said
he,
To kiss my wife, if it so be
That strife still holds 'twixt her and me.
For all beyond is Peace,” he said.

“The sea is His, and He who sent
The wind and wave can soothe their strife;
And brief and foolish is our life”
He stooped and kissed his sleeping wife,
Then sighed, and, like a dream, he went.

Now, when my darling kissed not me,
But her—his wife—who did not wake,
My heart within me seemed to break;
I swore a vow! nor thenceforth spake
Of what my clearer eyes did see.

And when the slow weeks brought him not,
Somehow we spake of aught beside;
For she,—her hope upheld her pride;
And I,—in me all hope had died,
And my son passed as if forgot.

It was about the next spring-tide,
She pined and faded where she stood;
Yet spake no word of ill or good;
She had the hard, cold Edward's blood
In all her veins,—and so she died.

One time I thought, before she passed,
To give her peace, but ere I spake
Methought, “He will be the first to break
The news in Heaven,” and for his sake
I held mine back until the last.

And here I sit, nor care to roam;
I only want to hear his call;
I doubt not that this day next fall,
Shall see me safe in port where all
And every ship at last comes home.

And you have sailed the Spanish main,
And knew my Jacob? . . . Eh! Mercy!
Ah, God of wisdom! hath the sea
Yielded its dead to humble me!
My boy! My boy! Nay Jacob—turn
again!