

... replied, 'Who are you, whom we find upon our 'Island of Flowers'; and are you at peace with us, or at war?' Then the interpreter replied, 'that they were unfortunate Englishmen, who had lost their ship upon the reef.' In both books presents are sent by the white people to the King of the savages. According to C.: "Mr. Wilson took with him a present to the King of a small piece of blue cloth, a canister of tea, one of sugar-candy, and a jar of rusks." P., *more suo*, expands this list as follows: "Gifts, too, of various kinds were forwarded to King Taril—a present of tea (which his Majesty, as it was afterwards discovered, took in pinches, raw, in preference to the usual decoction), a jar of sugar-candy, a pound of the sweet biscuits, which had given such pleasure to his subjects, and several yards of scarlet cloth."

It would be difficult, and, at the same time, tedious to point out all the coincidences between C. and P. A few must suffice as samples of the rest. At page 195 of C.: "The King's canoe advanced between four others, the rowers of which splashed the water about with their paddles, and flourished them over their heads in a very dexterous manner; and as the King passed, some canoes which had lain to, closed his train, and followed him into the cove, sounding conch shells." P. thus describes the scene: "The King's canoe which was of large size, with a raised platform in the centre, was coming up the harbour, with two others on each side of it, the occupants of which splashed the water with their paddles, and flourished them above their heads in a graceful and dexterous fashion, while at the same time they sounded conch shells, like mermen in attendance upon their sea-king."

At page 194 of C., we find: "Observing that he wore the polished bone of some animal, like a bracelet, on his wrist, the people wished to know on what account it was there; he informed them that it was a mark of great distinction conferred by the King, etc." P. at page 206, says: "Around the wrist of the former was a bracelet of polished bone, which, though of the simplest material and construction, implied in its wearer the possession of the greatest honour, etc." The following incidents are described in both books in a similar way: A flying bird is shot by a white man to the astonishment of the natives; a grindstone excites wonder by its novelty and rapid motion; and the white strangers are invited by the King to aid him with their muskets against his enemies. C. thus describes one of the victories (page 198): "The victory obtained by the King was greater than the preceding one; great execution had been done by the fire-arms, and the enemy could not comprehend how their people dropped without receiving a blow. Though holes were seen in their bodies, they could not devise how they were made, nor by what means they were thus at once deprived of life." P's account of the fight is as follows: "The effect of the discharge of musketry was amazing; the unaccustomed noise, and the flashes of the fire appalled the enemy; and when they saw their people drop without apparently receiving a blow, and perceived that they had holes in their bodies in which no spear was sticking, they broke and fled in the wildest disorder." A comparison of the two following passages will show the relation that C. and P. bear to each other. At page 202 of C. we read: "On his arrival Captain Wilson was invested with the order of the Bone, and formally made a Chief of the highest rank. Raa Kook, having received the bone from the King, anointed the captain's hand with oil, and endeavoured to get it drawn through the bone: other chiefs assisted; all preserving the most profound silence. The operation was difficult; but being at last accomplished, the whole assembly expressed their joy. The King told him that the bone ought to be rubbed bright every day, and preserved as a testimony of the rank he held among them, nor should it be suffered to be torn from his arm but with the loss of life." C's mention that "the operation was difficult," suggested at once to P. some low-comedy business, and accordingly we have the following ridiculous account of the "Investiture," destitute alike of wit, humour, and good taste. It occurs at pages 326, 7, 8: "The King had announced his intention to award the captain the high honour of 'the Bone,' an honour, as has been said, only bestowed upon the greatest chiefs. . . . The King and his nobles stood together apart, while the captain sat in front of them at a little distance; the King's brother advanced with the circlet, and inquired of him which hand he used in common." (Mr. Payn probably means "commonly, usually, ordinarily.") "The left wrist was elected for the proposed honour. Unfortunately, however, the captain's frame was somewhat thick-set, and the circlet not being elastic like a garter, had to be rasped away to fit it. Even then, it would not go on. Strings were therefore attached to the captain's fingers, and his hand having been plentifully lubricated with cocoa-nut oil, the King's brother held him fast by the shoulder, and three nobles, already decorated with the order, were set to work to pull at the strings. The most profound silence was preserved among the natives during this trying ceremony, and was only once broken by the captain, who, as the magic circlet was painfully compressed on the joints of his hand, was heard to murmur, 'Damn the bone.' The exclamation, however, was fortunately drowned in the shouts of applause that hailed the success of the operation. 'You will take care, I trust, said the King with dignified gravity, 'that this token of honour is rubbed bright every day, and preserved as a testimony of the rank conferred upon you; and I adjure you to defend it valiantly, and never to suffer it to be torn from your wrist save with the loss of life.'" In this vulgar style, with a coarse brush and glaring colours, Mr. Payn has bedaubed and spoilt the simple picture of the original artist. The "Antelope," the island of Pelew, and Prince Lee Boo in Dr. Campbell's volume are the prototypes of the "Ganges," the island of Breda, and Prince Tarilam of the novel. Subtract from it these stolen goods, and the remainder is zero. Mr. Payn owes the only "attractive feature" of his story "to sources that he does not condescend to indicate," and his case should be a warning to future novelists.

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

## THE SIREN OF THE WOODS AND WATERS.

THERE'S a dainty nymph within the forest dwelling,  
That I worship with the ardour of a boy;  
Though I woo her with a fond love all-compelling,  
She's inconstant, oft-repellant, shy and coy.

Our trysts we keep not 'neath the moon's cold glances,  
Or the starlight-twinkling beams from Cupid's eyes,  
But she calls me where the sunlight brightly dances,  
And her joyous laughter mocks at lover's sighs.

Do you ask me to describe this fairy creature,  
And, Portia-like, dissect each matchless grace?  
Though in my heart is treasured each loved feature,  
Alas! I have not yet looked on her face.

I seek her in her haunts 'mid ferns and grasses,  
Ask news of her from every living thing;  
Anon I hear a rustling where she passes—  
'Tis but the whir of partridge on the wing.

I watch her light canoe skim o'er the river,  
I hear and see the paddles dip and flash—  
'Tis but the sheen of water's rippling quiver,  
Where rising fish leaps up with sounding splash!

When dreaming on my bed of fragrant cedar,  
Of happy hours on lake or dewy mead,  
I hear a sound as if some gentle pleader  
Whispered "Woo me, come and follow where I lead."

I rush into the night in wild endeavour  
To seize the prize the night-wind bears to me,  
See but the scudding white mist driving ever,  
Hear but the hooting owl upon a tree.

Though phantom-like my grasp she has eluded,  
I see her footsteps printed everywhere,  
By river-side or wooded dell secluded,  
And I'm satisfied to know that she is there.

Shall I tell the little maid whose troth I plighted,  
Of her mystic rival lurking in the wood,  
Whose siren-voice sings in my ear delighted?  
Destroy the charm I would not if I could!

Will she yield her place to this unwelcome stranger.  
Or admit a rival claimant to the throne?  
Must I choose between these loves, and love endanger,  
Or can I hope to make them *both* my own?

Montreal.

SAMUEL M. BAYLIS.

## LOST IN THE SNOWY WILDS OF THE UPPER OTTAWA: MR. W—'S STORY.

ABOUT twenty-five years ago W— was actively engaged in the lumbering business in this section of the country. The scene of his operations was the very furthest back that had yet been reached by any lumberers—there were none behind him, and all around was virgin pinery. His shanty was situated on the Quinze (as this part of the Ottawa where it flows into Lake Temiscaming from the east is called, on account of there being *fifteen* short but dangerous rapids in its course) and was six miles distant from McBride's Post of the Hudson Bay Company, on the extreme northern point of the lake. Here he was doing excellent work, and taking out a famous raft of large white pine.

While thus engaged, he was visited by a younger brother named Wetheral, who was also in the lumber business, though much further south on the Kepewa, which, at that time, was the field of extensive lumber operations by several wealthy firms. Wetheral foresaw that very shortly this country would be stripped of all its good pine, so he resolved to spy out the land further north and secure in time a fresh limit—hence the purport of his visit to his brother Ned.

Ned was delighted to see him, and entered cordially into all his plans; so they decided on having a grand "timber hunt," and made their preparations accordingly. These were simple enough—though the undertaking was, and is still, quite a formidable one even to the rough, hardy sons of the forest—and consisted mainly of blankets and provisions, but, as everything has to be carried on the back, the pack must be made as light and compact as possible. They took one of the W—'s men as a servant, a lusty, powerful Frenchman, called Big Joe, and provisions for eight days.

It was mid-winter, the weather severely cold, and the snowshoeing extremely heavy. For four days they travelled in a direction almost due north from W—'s shanty. They saw many groves of fine white pine, and were much pleased with the main features of the country, in a timber point of view. Satisfied with what they had seen and having gone as far as their stock of provisions would allow with safety, they resolved to return to the shanty. They did not however go back on their tracks; it would be a tedious and profitless business to retrace all their varied windings