

enough she kept both the meetings and the silent greetings to herself. And the "prying" mind, to which Lamb alludes, of the young lady would not have been easily satisfied, I take it.

Then Mr. Dudley shows me, by drawing out a genealogical chart, how Hester Savory's great-nephew is the present Lord Mayor of London, whose sister, by the way, is wife of Sir George Elvey. Another great-niece married Dr. Thomas Scott of Bournemouth, nephew of the architect, Sir Gilbert Scott, and friend of Stevenson who dedicated one of his books to his dear doctor. I don't know whether any of Hester's family will profess "the Quaker rule." The sect is dying out, there is no doubt of it; and the children of "Friends" join the Church of England as did Bernard Barton's daughter, and Quaker garments no longer whiten the streets in May as when Lamb was young. 'Tis the rarest thing to see the quilted bonnet and straight cloak, the broad-brimmed hat and gaiters. Indeed the costume will soon be as dead as powdered hair and periwigs.

Spode, predecessor of Minton and pupil of Wedgwood, made Hester's charming cups and saucers over which to-day Mr. Dudley gossips so kindly. Delicate brown country views on creamy china testify to the taste of the young wife, who so long ago set forth, for the last time, this tea equipage. There is something touching in the homely relics, carefully kept. I think if the first owner were to have come into the studio this afternoon she would have been pleased to see again the well-remembered broad-lipped cream jug and pretty plates and cups. And if she could have heard the talk! This young girl must have made something very perfect of her life when, near a hundred years after her death, her name is still remembered with a most affectionate regard, inherited from the lover-husband of her youth.

Loath to leave the blazing, cheerful painting-room, I linger to look at a dozen of gay sketches on the walls; but the last view I see is that which stands opposite Mr. Dudley's sea, and is by a younger hand. It is only a country churchyard where a sombre yew tree spreads its broad branches over the graves, and the moorland stretches beyond the lych-gate away to the horizon, dyed with the colours of the setting sun. The pathetic notes, skilfully touched by the Academy student (about whose churchyard-piece are woven all manner of rainbow hopes as regards a coming prize), form a sort of epilogue to the story of Hester Savory, who on "that unknown and distant shore" may have met again, as heretofore, our dear St. Charles. "Not all the preaching since Adam," says Mr. Lowell, "has made Death other than Death," and this is a truth which mocks at Consolation. "Not all the preaching since Adam has made Death other than Death."

WALTER POWELL.

RONDEAU.

In Shadow-land when Death shall fling
His gloomy veil o'er everything
I'll sing of Heaven's brightest blue
And earth's fair flow'rets as they grew
When we of love went whispering;

I'll sing of larks upon the wing
That made the sunny meadows ring
Till slumbering echoes wake anew
In Shadow-land.

I'll conjure all the past to bring
Its tale of love's awakening
And then unto the ghostly crew
I'll sing my heart's delight of you
Till thy name every soul shall sing
In Shadow-land.

SAREPTA.

ON THE MARCH AT CHRISTMAS-TIDE IN INDIA.

IN the year 186— the regiment to which my husband belonged was stationed at Fort George, Madras, and was under orders, at the time of which I speak, to hold itself in readiness to proceed to Bangalore, and to encamp there on the Arab lines, awaiting further orders for the march (there being no railway in those days) to Bellary—its ultimate destination.

We had been expecting the arrival from Burmah of the regiment to relieve us, but it had been delayed by a tremendous cyclone, in which their ships had been nearly lost. They had reached the Madras "roads" just when the storm began, and were driven out by stress of weather: great anxiety was felt for their fate, but they returned after several days "under jury masts," after having suffered terribly.

The windows of our quarters overlooked the sea, and during the cyclone the great wooden shutters had to be put up, and strongly barred, to keep out the awful wind, but we bored holes in them with an auger, large enough to see through. Truly it was a sight never to be forgotten; it seemed as if the fort might be taken up bodily and blown away at any moment.

I cannot attempt to describe the appearance of the sea; it would require a "Clark Russell" to do so. All ships had been signalled to leave (as there is no good anchorage there) and only one was too late to get off. We watched

her with intense interest, as it became evident that her anchors were dragging, and she was unmanageable. At last they put up sail and drove her straight on shore through the wild surf. She appeared to fly at it like a great bird, and we were almost afraid to look at her. However, she came through on the top of a wave, and was left almost high and dry, with a broken back, but with crew and cargo safe. On Advent Sunday the expected regiment arrived, and we received orders to leave by train the same afternoon. So we left for Bangalore, where we arrived in the early morning.

We spent three delightful weeks in Bangalore, where we received every kindness; it is one of the best stations in India, having a very healthy climate. Ours was a double tent, with a sort of hall between the inner and outer "walls," where all baggage was placed, and where the servants slept. The room was twelve feet square, and was prettily arranged; with an easy chair which formed a couch, a sofa, a table and ordinary chairs, which, with books, flowers, needle-work and a guitar, made a very cheerful little apartment. Beside, we had another smaller tent for a dressing-room, which was to be sent on in advance with the quartermaster's party, to be pitched in readiness for us on reaching the camping ground.

Three nights before Christmas we set off, at 1 o'clock a.m., the bugle sounded, and all was instantly in a sort of orderly commotion. I looked out and saw the tents all standing, white in the moonlight, the next moment, at the sound of a bugle, they all sank down at once, and in an incredibly short time were packed on the camels and elephants. Just at the last a "few particular friends," who knew that I was to accompany my husband, came to our tent (the only one left standing) for hot chocolate, which arrangement, by the bye, became an "institution." Then the men "fell in" and were marched off, the drums and fifes playing cheerily. My own bullock-bandy slipped in between the main body and the quarter guard. It was a very pretty picturesque scene. We used to march each night (resting the whole of every third night) until about sunrise, and it was delightful when tired and dusty we reached the new camp, to see Dr. O— (who had gone in advance with the quartermaster's party) standing in his tent door waving a battered, almost spoutless old teapot (but oh! what charming tea was brewed in it!), the tea came to us in jugs, which were passed round! Half way on the night's march there used to be a stall prepared, with hot coffee for "all hands"; one or other of the men of my husband's company always brought me some in his tin, and very refreshing it was. I have always found soldiers most civil and thoughtful for one's comfort.

Christmas eve was a lovely night, the moon so bright that I could distinctly see everything—even the dear little gazelles that would come quite near, watching us with great startled eyes, and suddenly bounding off when alarmed. We passed many shepherds, some leading their flocks (as in India they always do) others sitting by little fires, wrapped in their brown blankets, their flocks scattered round them. I suppose the "Shepherds abiding in the fields, keeping watch over their flocks" 2000 years ago, on the night of the Nativity, must have looked like these.

At this time I knew so little of the language of the people that I could not talk to them, or find out what they thought about Christmas; but early on Christmas day the butler came in with wreaths of flowers for our necks, and with "plenty salaam," wished us a "happy Christmas." All the other servants followed, some with flowers, some with gilded limes, others with native sweets; but each with some gift. We asked the butler what was our part of the performance, he replied, "Native man making Captain-Sahib and Mem-Sahib present. Now, Captain-Sahib and Mem-Sahib making native man present." Accordingly we made our presents, and they retired well satisfied, with endless salaams. Col. H— came in to tiffin, bringing with him various "Europe articles" to make it a festive affair. He was the district magistrate, sent to see us through the Mysore territory; and, our very kind friend; he did everything he possibly could to make it pleasant for me, the only lady with "our wing." We had a bright little service under a tope of cocoa palms, with hearty singing. As there was no chaplain with us, there could be no celebration of the Holy Communion, our first Christmas without that privilege. After our siesta, we (that is "the specials," as Col. H— called the "few particular friends," ourselves and Col. H—) went to visit a lovely old garden, where we were given roses (some of which are still in my possession), strawberries and green figs. On returning to the tent, we found a beautiful "Europe iced cake," for which Col. H— had sent coolies back all the way to Bangalore, in order that we might have something that looked like "Christmas at home," even on the march. In the evening we all sat round our tent door, listening to the cheerful chorus-singing of the soldiers, for whom everything possible, under the circumstances, had been done to make it "A Merry Christmas." Afterwards we told ghost stories, sang glees and carols, and talked of absent friends, until very late, as there was to be no march that night, and so ended Christmas day.

Col. H— was always arranging some little expedition, in the cool of the evenings, to any places of interest within our reach. Once we went to see (at Seerah) an old fort, a wonderful old place, which has, of course, a ghost, there was a gruesome moat, so deep, that, if you threw a stone in, you had almost time to forget you had done so, before you heard the very faint splash it made in the water. The sides were over-grown with creepers,

and there were quantities of bottle birds' nests. To my great terror one of the Peons climbed some way down by the creepers, and brought some nests up, which I kept as curiosities and mementoes. I used often to go to see the elephants fed. They had piles of branches to begin with, and then huge puddings made of cholum. They were very susceptible to kindness; one of them had such an affection for one of our corporals that when he had to pass him on the march, he would stand still and refuse to move until the corporal had greeted him kindly, when he would go on quite contentedly. Another took such a dislike to his driver, who had been unkind to him, that one day, coming back from the water, he lingered behind the others, and then seized the unfortunate man with his trunk, and beat him to death on his knee. During the march I expressed a wish to see what a baby elephant was like, and one afternoon, a few days later, I was lying on a charpoy in my tent, when I was roused by hearing a tinkling of bells, sweet and small, and a pattering of many slippered feet. Looking out, I saw a procession of natives approaching, escorting a baby elephant, almost as big as a cow, with a saddle cloth of crimson silk edged with deep fringe, and many tiny golden bells, which rang prettily as the baby walked. Wreaths of flowers were around its head and neck. The procession stopped at my tent, and a Peon dressed in scarlet and white, presented himself, with salaams, and said "H— Sahib sending small elephant for Mem-Sahib with plenty salaam." He was a friendly baby, and allowed me to rub his head; peeping into the tent, he saw upon the table a basket of sugarcane and plantains; whereupon he became excited and trumpeted loudly, his voice being somewhat suggestive of a boy's when it is changing. We gave him some, which made him quite happy. I had been a little disturbed by a fear that the baby was intended for a present, and was wondering what we should do with the novel addition to our household, when I was relieved by the Peon saying it belonged to a small temple under a Mango tope not far off, and was sacred, and was only allowed to pay this visit as a courtesy to Colonel H—, and at his request. On account of the position Col. H— held he had great influence with the natives, and was much honoured by them. At another resting place the Amaldah of a village sent us a pudding for a present; it was in a quaint looking dish, with a white napkin around it, and four spoons standing in it, all ready for us to begin immediately—which we did as the messenger waited. It was quite nice, tasting of honey and vermicelli; it agreed however, but indifferently with some of us, two of our number being unable to march that night! We, of course, sent back a present to the Amaldah. "Native man always liking present" the butler said. So we marched on and reached Bellary, in three week's time. One of our friends in the right-wing (which had preceded us) sent out his Gorra-wallah with the pony carriage to meet us, and invite us to breakfast. So we drove, for the last stage, in the carriage; parting with great regret with good Col. H— who had done so much to relieve the tediousness and monotony of our march at Christmas-tide, in far-off India, so many years ago.

A. H.

PROMINENT CANADIANS—XXXII.

SKETCHES of the following Prominent Canadians have already appeared in THE WEEK: Hon. Oliver Mowat, Sir Daniel Wilson, Principal Grant, Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B., Louis Honoré Fréchette, LL.D., Sir J. William Dawson, Sir Alexander Campbell, K.C.M.G., Hon. William Stevens Fielding, Hon. Alexander MacKenzie, Sir Samuel Leonard Tilley, C.B., K.C.M.G., Alexander McTachlan, Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Sir Richard Cartwright, K.C.M.G., Sandford Fleming, C.E., LL.D., C.M.G., Hon. H. G. Joly, Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, Sir William Buell Richards, Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, M.P., Hon. Honoré Mercier, Q.C., Hon. William Macdougall, C.B., Rev. Principal MacVicar, D.D., LL.D., Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, M.A., George Paxton Young, M.A., Hon. Auguste Real Angers, Principal Caven, D.D., William Ralph Meredith, LL.D., Q.C., M.P., Sir William Pearce Howland, C.B., K.C.M.G., Senator the Hon. John Macdonald, the Hon. John Hawkins Hagarty, D.C.L., Chief Justice of Ontario, Lieut.-Col. George T. Denison, Sir Antoine Aimé Dorion and His Grace Archbishop O'Brien.

CHARLES MAIR, F. R. S. C.

THE subject of this sketch was born at the village of Lanark, in the Province of Ontario, on the 21st September, 1840. That district was then the scene of extensive lumbering operations, Mr. Mair's father being one of the pioneers of the square timber trade on the tributaries of the Ottawa. From his earliest youth Charles Mair was surrounded by the beauties of Canadian rural scenery, and the nature of his father's business made him thoroughly acquainted with the streams and lakes, the forests and wild flowers of his native land. The effect of these early associations is clearly to be seen in his writings, which show in almost every page a deep love of nature and a keen appreciation of all her manifold wonders.

Mr. Mair was educated at the Perth Grammar school and afterwards at Queen's College, Kingston. He subsequently studied medicine for a short time, and in 1868 was temporarily employed to make some researches in the Parliamentary Library for the Hon. William Macdougall, in connection with the proposed transfer of the Hudson Bay Territories to Canada. Circumstances arising from this temporary occupation caused him to abandon his medical studies, and, changing the whole course of his life, led him to become an active participant in some of the most stirring episodes of our Canadian history. Being at this time only twenty-eight years of