

The interview would have closed here, but I detained M. Paladine a moment with a suspicion which at that moment flashed through my mind. I asked him whether he could rely on Nain's complete neutrality during the next six months. "Most undoubtedly. He has given me his word, and that negro's word is as good as gold. He has never deceived me," was the unhesitating response.

I then referred, in rebuttal, to his prowling on the bank and throwing himself into the water after the floating bottle.

"Oh! that is nothing," said M. Paladine. "He did not know what was in the bottle. Depend upon it, he had no afterthought there. I rather think he intended doing a service to you or Ory for whom it was clear that the missive was destined."

"But will his brother Vouduous allow him to be quiescent?"

"They will have to. He is their master."

"Perhaps, however, as he failed in his attempt against me, they might urge him to other mischiefs to repair his defeat."

"His attempt on you is a profound secret to them, as yet. But when they know it, they will absolve Nain for arresting his dagger at sight of the Egyptian cross. They are as superstitious about amulets as they are fanatical in obeying the behests of their leaders."

I was satisfied now. We took leave of each other in silence, but as I moved away M. Paladine muttered these words in deep tones:

"Good-night, Carey. This is the darkest night that has gathered over my head for years."

XII.

BONAIR'S PROGRAMME.

About a week after this conversation, on a pleasant September evening, while I was enjoying one of my Paladine cigars, at the Marguery Rooms, and keeping guard, as Mon. Poup expressed it, during his absence, I was hailed by Djim, who dropped in after his day's work.

"What news with you, old fellow?" I cried.

Djim had always some adventure or other to relate, and he was a capital hand at telling a story.

"Nothing particular," he replied. "It is a busy time with us, just now, and I am awfully tired to-night. But, by the way—yes, you remember that I told you the other day about young Paladine, who had come down on the Mountain boat?"

"I remember, certainly. I have made his acquaintance since."

"I know you have. He told me all about it. I must congratulate you, my good Samaritan. That was indeed a neat little service you did the poor devil down in Rock Bridge hollow."

"Oh! don't mention it," I said modestly.

"Well, I was about to tell you that this Bonair—that name is a satire on the fellow, as a great many other names are, though he is a good creature enough when you know him—this Bonair Paladine came down to the office to-day and I had a long conversation with him."

"Come to settle his accounts, as you told me he would, eh?"

"Yes, he did begin by settling his accounts, and I must say it for him, did it like a tip-top business man. With those other old prairie wolves I have always a world of trouble. They don't know how to keep accounts for one thing—many of them can't even write—and then they have always a lot of claims of their own imagining against the company which give me a deuce of trouble to balance. In fact, we have always to allow them something, though we know they are fleecing us, else we should never come to a settlement. But with this Bonair it was all laid down in black and white. Here is my debit; there is my credit. You advanced me this; I expended that. There is so much in your favour. Here it is. I was prepossessed at once in behalf of the man. But he came down to the office on quite other business, besides settling his account."

"Ah! what was that?"

"He came down to make arrangements for incorporating himself in the company. This was ambitious enough, for the partners are all old men, who have spent years upon years in the fur trade or in Indian life, and he is a youngster who has been out on the plains less than a twelve-month. But he exposed his plans with wonderful clearness, and in a firm, matter-of-course way which won him a full hearing. He had learned that the company purposed establishing a station above Fort Pierre, which is in the Sioux country and higher up the Missouri, so as to secure the trade with the Blackfeet. These Indians do not bear the best reputation for meekness among our trappers, and the company long hesitated to have anything to do with them, but owing to the herding of the buffalo further and further north, right into the Blackfeet country, they were obliged to come to a decision at length. Now, Bonair Paladine offered to take charge of this new fort and that on the most liberal conditions. He bound himself to build the fort at his own cost, furnish it with all arms and munitions of defence, erect all suitable stores and warehouses, and provision it for one year, on condition that he was to have command of it for five years. He left the choice of his men to the company. Half the profits of the fort would likewise go to the company. He calculates that in three years the fort would pay for itself. After that, it would be all net gain and the prospects were good, for at least ten

years, of a trade such as the company never had at any of their numerous stations."

"Well," I exclaimed, "that was a masterly idea."

"So it was, and so the directors regarded it. They did not, of course, return a decisive answer—these old men never do—but I saw from their manner that they were wonderfully tickled with the prospect which young Paladine held before their greedy eyes. They know, of course, that if the youngster is backed by his father there is no financial risk in letting him build the fort. The old man is immensely rich, and it is believed would give a good deal to have his scape-grace out of the way for five years. So that I think the business is as good as settled."

"When does Bonair propose to begin operations?"

"Next spring. He says he has several little matters to put to rights during the winter, but that by the month of March he will be quite free to embark upon his new enterprise. He will go overland to Council Bluffs and on his way buy oxen, mules and horses at better terms than in St. Louis, and at the former place will wait for the Mountain boat which goes up in May. I am so pleased with the fellow's design that I have half a notion of enlisting in his service. Ah! Carey—"

"The wilderness! The silver cornet's blast is not more stirring in the soldier's ear, than is that cry to the adventurous soul of Western youths. The wilderness! A far, where forests wave and billowy prairie roll, and the tall mountain glitters as a star."

"The wilderness! The memories of it come like the sweet echoes of our childhood's home. With sweet of prairie flowers and mountain moss, with the loud trumpets of the unchained blast, with freedom, power, joyance and the loss of youthful spirits on the desert vast."

"There man with danger plays as with a toy: There grimest shapes of terror are a joy And an incentive—the feeblest heart-strings there Are nerve and strengthened by the elastic strain: The weakest health revives in that sharp air, And he who went a coward, returns a man."

"And who hath gone there once would go again, Like the old seaman sighing for the main; It hath the charm of insatiety! Nor scold at those who spend their life therein. They are new voices in the wild that cry, The new precursors of a second reign."

"Hear! hear!" I exclaimed. "You are transported, certainly, Djim. You must have altered your estimate of Bonair Paladine. I understood you to say that he passed for little better than a simpleton."

"He a simpleton? They are fools who told me so. I never was more deceived by anybody in my life. Bonair Paladine is a man of large ideas, and gifted with the spirit to carry them out. He has his father's head on his shoulders. The old man, you know, whatever else may have been said of him, never passed for a fool."

"I am glad to hear this, Djim. My conversation with Bonair took place under such peculiar circumstances that I could not well judge of his mental calibre, though I saw enough of him to be certain of his perfect sanity."

"I'll tell you what, though, Carey, I think the fellow is a hard customer to deal with."

I laughed, but said nothing, for that, too, was my own opinion.

(To be continued.)

BALLADS OF BRAVERY AND BATTLE.

The Harpers of New York are undeniably the first publishers on this continent. No matter how hard the times may be, they are constantly putting forth new books, of every variety, and their boast has always been fulfilled that there is not one of their publications unfit for the drawing-room table. Their long experience has given them such a faculty of adaptability to the public wants, that they know exactly how to regulate their prices, so as to put even the best works within reach of even the most modest purse. Their "Half-Hour Series" is an instance of this. These little volumes may be carried in the pocket and used any and everywhere, and they sell for only twenty-five cents. They comprise all sorts of agreeable literature and appeal to every taste. The last of these, entitled, "Ballads of Bravery and Battle," compiled by W. Gordon McCabe, is a receptacle for a number of old favourites which one is delighted to find thus gathered together, especially as they include many of the best American war-songs. The highest names in our literature figure therein, from Drayton to Tennyson, and from Longfellow to Bret Harte. The selection is restricted to a single poem from each author, which, of course, excludes several familiar ballads, but the choice is, nevertheless, well made. The only fault we might find is that some of the poems are too long, as Thackeray's "Chronicle of the Drum," and "Tyrrrell's Pass," by an anonymous author. Perhaps, too, a better selection from Aytoun might have been made than his "Heart of the Bruce," and from Whittier than his "Barclay of Uri." On the other hand, no salient omission has been made. "Bannockburn" is there, and "Casablanca," the "Irish Brigade," "Bingen on the Rhine," "The Battle of the Bal," "The Burial of Sir John Moore," "The Relief of Lucknow," and "How Sleep the Brave." We welcome "Old Iron-Sides," by Holmes:

"Nail to the mast her holy flag, Set every threadbare sail, And give her to the God of storms, The lightning and the gale!"

We were also glad to see McMaster's weird "Old Continentals":

"In their ragged regimentals Stood the old Continentals, Yielding not, When the grenadiers were lunging, And like hail fell the plunging Cannon shot; When the files Of the Isles From the smoky night encampment bore the banner of the rampant Unicorn, And grimmer, grimmer, grimmer rolled the roll of the drummer Through the morn!"

The "Private of the Buffs," by Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, so well known in Canada, deserves citation. Some Seiks, and a private of the Buffs, having remained behind with the grog-carts, fell into the hands of the Chinese. On the next day they were brought before the authorities and ordered to perform *Kotou*. The Seiks obeyed, but Moyses, the English soldier, declared he would not prostrate himself before any Chinaman alive, and was immediately knocked on the head, and his body thrown upon a dung hill.

Last night, among his fellow roughs, He jeered, quaffed and swore: A drunken private of the Buffs, Who never looked before, To-day, beneath the woman's frown, He stands in Elgin's place, Ambassador from England's Crown, And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught, Bewildered and alone; A heart, with English instinct fraught, He yet can call his own. Ay, tear his body limb from limb; Bring cord, or axe, or flange, He only knows that not through him Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seemed, Like dreams, to come and go; Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed, One sheet of living snow. The smoke above his father's door, In grey soft eddyings hung; Must he then watch it rise no more, Doomed by himself so young!

Yes, honour calls! with strength like steel, He put the vision by; Let dusky Indians whine and kneel, An English lad must die. And thus, with eyes that could not shrink, With knee to man unbent, Unflinching on its dreadful brink, To his red grave he went.

Vain mightiest fleets of iron framed, Vain those all-shattering guns, Unless proud England keep untamed The strong heart of her sons; So let his name through Europe ring— A man of mean estate, Who died, as firm as Sparta's King, Because his soul was great.

Another beautiful poem we are pleased to find in this collection is "The Blue and the Gray," a reminiscence of Decoration Day.

By the flow of the inland river, Whence the fleets of iron have fled, Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver, Asleep are the ranks of the dead. Under the sod and the dew, Waiting the judgment day— Under the one, the Blue; Under the other, the Gray.

We heartily recommend this dainty little volume to all those who are fond of tender poetry connected with war and bravery.

THE GLEANER.

LEON GAMBETTA will visit England in the course of a few weeks. He will be the guest of Sir Charles Dilke.

THE Governor of Victoria, in his speech at the opening of Parliament on the 8th ult., said he believed that the Prince of Wales would visit the Melbourne Exhibition unless prevented by reasons of state.

MR. GLADSTONE is about to make a visit to the continent, where he proposes to spend some time. On his return the right hon. gentleman will place himself at the disposal of the Midlothian Liberal Association.

ONE of the curious results of the inclement season in London is the absolute disappearance of the white hat. No one has had the courage to wear one, even in the city, where it is considered "the thing," and to bestow a sort of aristocratic tone on the wearer.

A PIECE of basalt from Asia, inscribed with characters which belong to no known language, has been added to the treasures of the British Museum. The characters are chiefly representations of trees, crocodiles, &c., but it is believed that "some grammatical system" underlies them. At first blush the inscription reminds one of the very pictorial system of narration in children's books.

A FEW years since a nobleman had a chest all locked up, but marked, "To be removed first in case of fire." After his death the chest was opened by the executors, supposing of course that valuable documents or deeds of property, rich jewellery, or costly plate would be found in it. But all they found was the toys of his little child that had gone before him. Dear objects to him were the toys of his little child.

Sabots are to be fashionable this year. Some are made in ebony and dark brown woods which promise well. They will, of course, only be in use in the morning, and on the shore, and will

be frequently worn without stockings at the seaside. A tiny white, well-shaped foot in an ebony sabot is wonderfully fetching. The idea is naturally French. Some of the *sabots* have the monogram of the wearer delicately wrought in silver on the instep.

CARDINAL MANNING, speaking at a Catholic temperance meeting in Liverpool the other night, said that in Manchester, Liverpool, and London the teetotal League of the Cross numbered 50,000 of the soberest men in England. Drunkenness was affecting the factory hands to such an extent that the Americans who visited England to study the labour question declared that the factory labour of America was more efficient than that of England in consequence of intemperance amongst English factory operatives.

What is understood to be an exposition of the views of the Russian Government on the Central Asian Question has been published at Ghent, in the form of a pamphlet in French, entitled *La Russie et l'Angleterre dans l'Asie Centrale*. The writer kindly suggests that the difficulties between the two Empires should be settled by a partition of Central Asia. Instead of fighting for the plunder like wolves, they should share it like thieves. Public opinion in England is not sufficiently advanced for the extension of this scheme.

Early next year a national pilgrimage of English Catholics to St. Winefride's Well, at Holywell, Flintshire, will probably take place, as suggested by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. Every year pilgrims from all parts of the United Kingdom visit Holywell, but it is considered that a pilgrimage after the fashion of those on the Continent should be made to the famous well with which St. Winefride's name is identified. At Holywell there is a mission of the Jesuit Fathers, who have a church and presbytery there; and some three miles across the hills there is a Capuchin monastery at Pantasaph.

It is not only the Alps that suffer from the prevalence of climbing fever. Somebody has done Mount Argeus, as we saw the other day. And this is not all, either. There are other candidates for immortality. A club has been formed in India, the members of which propose to undertake the ascent of the highest peaks of the Himalaya Mountains, and especially of the Great Dwalagiri, the altitude of which is said to exceed 28,000 feet. We have heard a good deal during the last few days as to the advantage of having a "long drop" whilst you are about it.

At the London Hippodrome, a vast and well-ventilated building, which has this summer been the chief resort of amusement seekers, a really curious performance is now taking place. There are four large omnibus horses of the Percheron breed, one of which is harnessed to a sledge, while a second sits inside it and the two others go behind, their forefeet resting on the back, in the guise of lackeys. Nothing can be more comical. The seated horse has a humiliated air, and casts envious eyes on his comrades as if anxious to change places with them. Rarely has a more original idea been more humorously carried out.

OWING to the small amount of support which M. de Lesseps' project for the cutting of an inter-oceanic canal across the Isthmus of Panama has met with, the issue of 800,000 shares is for the present suspended, and the subscriptions which have been paid will be returned in full. Meanwhile M. de Lesseps has resolved to go himself to the United States, in order to deal with the alleged hostility of the Government to his scheme. The company will not be definitely established until his return. M. Ferdinand de Lesseps has issued a circular to agents of the canal schemes stating that the shares have not been sufficiently taken up, but he is confident of ultimate success.

SIR JOHN SHAW-LEFEBVRE was chiefly remarkable in the eyes of the visitors to the House of Lords for the extreme dinginess of his wig. Although a particularly spruce person out of his official robes, the late Clerk of the Parliament wore the same professional head-dress for twenty-seven years. Its blackness rather increased than detracted from the staidness of his presence, as, after lowly obeisance to the throne on occasions of the Royal assent being given to Bills, he chanted in musical and slightly melancholy tones the mystic phrase, *La Reine le veult*. Sir William Rose's performance, though dignified, is less impressive and awe-inspiring.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full direction for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.