

THE BOIS-BRULÉ.*

Wouldst hear of Raoul, the Bois-brulé?
A life full fraught with daring and romance—
List then whilst I endeavour to portray
This hero of the wilds, this child of chance.

"Who is this Raoul?" reader, you would ask,
"His place of birth, his race, his pedigree?"
To answer truly were no easy task.
His sire—n'importe—his mother was a Cree.

From infancy Raoul has been a rover.
His earliest inclination was to roam
The spreading prairies, his wide world, all over;
The plain, his country, and his saddle, home.

He's scouted, chased the buffalo, driven dogs;
Has fought and killed a foe, without remorse;
Has voyaged, trapped and fished, and rafted logs,
And, when occasion served, has stolen a horse.

He'll stake his all on any game of chance.
Would rather starve than be disgraced, and die.
He's fond of rum and music, and the dance—
(He'll ride a hundred miles for one wild jig.)

Of Christianity he has a knowledge crude.
He questions not its precepts, it is true;
But when in danger, or in lack of food,
Invokes his mother's God, the *Kitchie Manitou*.

In his amours he rivals Don Quixote—
Too many they to number or describe—
For, from the Rocky Mountains to Ontario,
He has a dusky mate in every tribe.

He's ever prompt to aid a fellow creature,
When in distress, or penny, or pain;
Sweet charity's his most commending feature;
His sire is but the fashion of the plain.

Alas! too soon we'll miss his kindly face.
His occupation's gone, his race is run;
Improvement—trade—now follow him apace
And ruthless drive him to oblivion.

FRANK J. CLARK.

JOHN WESLEY'S CHAPEL AND GRAVE.

The cable recently announced the partial burning of the famous chapel of John Wesley, in London. The cable accurately speaks of the "Wesleyan Chapel in City road." American visitors to London who look up the antiquities of Methodism are often shown another "Wesleyan Chapel" in Kentish Town to the north of the Midland Station, another near Lincoln's Inn Fields, another near Islington near the Agricultural Hall, and one near the extreme East End of London, in East India road. These chapels are all more pretentious in architecture and decorations than the little modest building in City road, opposite to the entrance of the Burnhill Fields Burying Ground and between Finsbury Square and the Grecian theatre. It stands about a hundred feet back from the street, and of a simple and utterly unambitious appearance. It is fronted by a church yard of about seventy feet square, through which runs a broad walk. In the yard are several old trees, and portions of it are laid out with flower beds. The chapel also has a graveyard of no mean proportions in the rear. The chapel was finished in 1778. The corner stone was laid the year before by John Wesley himself, and in it was inserted a brass plate inscribed with his name. Upon that occasion Southey tells us that Wesley said, "Probably this plate will be seen no more by any human eye, but will remain there till the earth and the works thereof are burnt up." In this chapel, excepting when travelling, John Wesley preached during twelve successive years. The great apostle of Methodism himself was buried March 2, 1791, in a vault in the churchyard, within a few feet of the street frontage. Over the vault is seen by every passer-by a plain square white marble monument, surmounted by a shaft which rises to a point, and altogether only about twelve feet high. It bears his name and all the necessary dates, and also inscriptions in memory of his mother and his brother Charles, the "sweet singer," whose remains, however, rest in the Burnhill Fields Burying Ground, immediately opposite. Into this chapel, according to Wesley's last request, his body was carried in a plain coffin after being shrouded in plain woollen cloth. Over the shroud were put his gown, cassock and band. On his head rested the familiar clerical cap. In one hand a Bible was clasped and in the other a white handkerchief—such as he had always carried in the pulpit. Within the chapel the remains repose one whole day and were visited by such immense crowds that it was deemed—in expectation of the greater crowds which might come the next day—to have the remains interred by day-break on the ensuing morning. This was done in strict accordance with the dying directions of John Wesley—"Let me be borne without hearse, coach or escutcheon by six poor men, who shall each receive a burial fee of a guinea. In place of pomp I wish the tears of them that love me and who are following me to Abraham's bosom;" but notwithstanding the change of the hour of interment, many hundred persons heard of it and filled the churchyard during the brief but impressive services. Many other historical reminiscences are associated with this old dissenters' burial ground of Burnhill Fields. Within its confines repose Dr. Thomas Goodwin, the preacher who attended Oliver Cromwell's death bed; Dr. John Owen, who preached the first sermon before Parliament after the execution of King Charles; Lord Deputy Fleetwood, Cromwell's son-in-law, who married the widow of General Ireton, John Bunyan, Daniel Defoe, Dr. Isaac Watts, William Blake, the painter and poet;

* Bois brûlé, burnt stick, a name given to the North-West Half breed.

Thomas Stothard, Thomas Hardy, the Radical, and many other distinguished "Nonconformists." It was originally called Bonehill Fields, because thither during the reign of Queen Elizabeth were conveyed "nigh upon a thousand cartloads of bones removed from the charnel of old St. Paul's." Several years ago the burying ground was laid out in walks, planted with shrubbery and flowers, and furnished with seats, and it is always thronged, while it stands open, throughout every day.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, March 15.—The Ferry education bill, minus clause 7, was passed by the French Senate, by 187 to 103. The Afghans have met with a slight success, routing the English garrison at Charikara village, 50 miles north of Kabul. From St. Petersburg comes the news that the Nihilists are at present quiet, yet it is felt that there is an under-current of hostility which may at any time manifest itself. The Anglo-American Cable Company are about to lay two new cables—one from Valencia to Heart's Content, and the other from Placentia to Sydney, touching at St. Pierre. Affairs are again assuming a critical aspect in South Africa. The Basutos are anxious to strike a blow for independence, and the Colonial Government will insist upon disarming them. In military circles it is considered that this will be followed by a widespread and bloody insurrection.

TUESDAY, March 16.—Despatches from Kabul confirm the victory of Abdur Rahman Khan over the Governor of Turkestan. Officials from the ammunition department of the Royal Arsenal are coming to Canada to instruct in the manufacture of powder. It is contemplated to fit out the *Great Eastern* as an emigrant ship, in view of the expected large emigration from the United Kingdom. General Melikoff's system is meeting with approval in Russia, as he is showing himself less of a brutal tyrant than his predecessors, and, moreover, he means what he says, a rare thing in Russian society. In Russia, the municipal councils have signified to the Czar the impossibility of their co-operating to maintain order, owing to the restrictive measures under which the nation is placed. Liberty and education is their cry.

WEDNESDAY, March 17.—To render the volunteers in England more efficient, they are on all possible occasions to be brigaded with the regular troops. The Indian Government has resolved to re-enlist the native pensioners, on account of the failure of the recruiting system. The quadrennial election for a new President in Uruguay, to replace Col. Larrea, whose term expired on the 1st inst., resulted in the return of Dr. Vidal. Russian operations against the Turcomans are to be continued on a small scale. General Skobeloff will command the expedition, for which a force of 10,000 men will be detailed.

THURSDAY, March 18.—Lord Hartington is too unwell to address the constituencies at the coming elections. Should Col. Comaroff's assassin not be punished with death, Russia will discontinue diplomatic relations with the Porte. Austria remonstrates against Turkey's demoralization of the silver coinage, as injurious to Montenegro and Herzegovina. An investigation has commenced in Russia having reference to the immediate objects and condition of the disaffected classes. In the German Reichstag, the committee on the anti-Socialist Laws has reported to prolong their operation till the end of September, 1884. Italy denies the statements of the *Cologne Gazette*, which asserted that Russia had made overtures to her for an alliance, and adds that she is not making any warlike preparations.

FRIDAY, March 19.—A treaty has been concluded between China and the United States, considerably modifying the Burlingame treaty. The Oxford and Cambridge boat race, which was to have taken place this morning, was postponed till Monday on account of the dense fog. Lorillard's "Parole" came in first in the Liverpool Spring Cup yesterday, but the owner of "Advance" having claimed a foul, the race and stakes were awarded to the latter horse. Referring to the Panama Canal and the action of the United States in connection therewith, the *London Times* says the Monroe doctrine has never been admitted into the law of nations.

SATURDAY, March 20.—H. R. H. Princess Louise was out for the first time since the accident. The Gluznee Chiefs have signified their willingness to General Roberts to meet him near Kabul to negotiate terms. The Italian Chamber of Deputies has passed a vote of confidence in the Ministry by a vote of 220 to 93. In England the electoral campaign is prosecuted with increased activity. The papers are filled with Mr. Gladstone's speeches. A number of students of the Ecclesiastical Academy at St. Petersburg have been arrested by the Russian Government. Numerous arrests have also taken place at Kiel. A despatch from Cork says Parrell was enthusiastically received by his admirers on his arrival in that city, but that none of the influential citizens took part in the demonstration.

THE REFLECTIONS OF A WASTE PAPER BASKET.

It may appear at first sight strange that such an humble article of furniture as I am should presume to make any reflections, much less to offer them to the public; but I am presumptuous enough to believe that I have something to say, and that from long familiarity with the errors of others I have learned how to say it. My literary acquaintances are very numerous, though I cannot say much for their ability; I am so well acquainted with their mistakes that I flatter myself I shall be able to avoid them. My motive in writing is purely benevolent. The heart of every well-conducted waste-paper basket must necessarily overflow with pity for the human race. It is a mournful office that I have to fill. To become the daily grave of youthful hopes and fond ambitions and wasted labours is in itself quite sufficient to give the most sombre tone to existence; but most of all I pity my master. I take a hasty peep at his table before he arrives, and give an involuntary sigh as I see the great pile that awaits his arrival. When he takes his chair I look up from his feet, and, as I remember how much has to be done and how short the time in which to do it, even a waste-paper basket cannot refrain

from dropping a tear of sympathy. Then, as my emptiness becomes rapidly filled with fast-falling communications, I laugh and weep by turns.

How can even a waste-paper basket refrain from laughing at the daily exhibitions of human weakness, selfishness, meanness, and vanity which are ever before its eyes? Some of these people must imagine that the holy simplicity of an editor is like to that of a new-born infant. I often wonder what the gratuitous advertisers must think my master is made of, that he should not see through their little game. A Smith cannot appear in the list of bankrupts, or a Jones figure in a police court, without three or four other Smiths or Joneses writing to assure the world that the person in question is not identical with them, nor is to be counted among the sisters, or the cousins, or the aunts of the eminently respectable firm of Smith & Jones, who still carry on their extensive business at the well-known address. No doubt it would be highly agreeable to Messrs. Smith & Jones to obtain a paragraph advertisement at nothing per line, but it won't do, my clever friends! Your well-merited fate is to be waste-paper basketed, and when your frequent communications come, like Death in Milton's great epic, I grin horribly a ghastly smile as I welcome you to oblivion.

Messrs. Smith & Jones have their counterparts in the literary world. There is one writer of books in an east-end suburb in particular, who never issues a new work, or a new edition, indeed, but he floods the newspaper press with paragraph advertisements which he hopes to palm off to editors as literary gossip. Other authors, through the medium of their publishers, are content to honestly advertise their wares; not so he. If he has a book that has run to a second edition, he expects that the whole British public is interested in learning the fact, much more if he has an old work to be republished in monthly parts. If he cannot work the oracle in that fashion, he will then try to get a letter inserted which may keep his name and his work before the public. Can he really imagine that any editor is so obtuse as not to see through his little game?

Next to the gratuitous advertisers come the people who are utterly incapable of understanding the laws of proportion. A man has a grievance which is chiefly, perhaps exclusively, personal. His wrong is unquestionable, but to place his case before the public he demands as much space as can be allotted to the leading topic of the day, in which the whole nation is interested. Had he asked twenty lines of space and five minutes' hearing he probably might have obtained it; instead of that, like a recent unsuccessful applicant in a libel summons, he writes a letter of thirty-two pages of which I become the necessary recipient. Why cannot people when they sit down to write their thoughts upon a fourth-rate question, or upon some personal grievance, reflect that every day a dozen questions are clamouring for notice, and that people with grievances are always a legion. Your men of one idea forget that there are plenty of other people with one idea, quite as earnest, quite as clamorous, quite as intolerant; and on the opposite side to all the people of one idea stands the great British public, with its multi-form wants and tastes.

A numerous class of letter-writers are those who simply repeat badly what has been well said already. They have neither fresh facts nor new arguments. They seem to think that the public will be satisfied if to-day's paper is a weak repetition of the paper of the day before yesterday; but the British public do not care to dine upon hashed meat. Almost as numerous are the casual readers who write to urge upon the editor the desirability of pushing to the front a subject upon which he had a leader three days before. St. Paul's thorn in the flesh could not be more irritating than people of this class, who, knowing so little, obtrude their superfluous counsels upon an editor's time and patience.

One class of correspondents fill me with indignation. I tremble with rage when I think of them. These are the illegible writers. On such dolts as these I would have no mercy. Oblivion is not sufficient punishment; they ought to be severely fined as the swindlers of that time which to every busy man is quite as valuable as his money. Every few days I receive into my capacious maw a mass of blotted manuscript, accompanied by an envelope bearing the Newcastle postmark. Save the address on the envelope, these communications are utterly unreadable. In the afternoon, when I am more at leisure, I have sometimes pored over a page or two of this stuff, to endeavour to ascertain what it is all about. I have never been able to make out a single sentence or a single important word; and whether the writer treats of the vagaries of Mr. Cowen on the Eastern Question, or of the operations of the Cattle Diseases Act in the Northern ports, or of any other subject, I am still unable to discover. When will newspaper correspondents understand that their first duty to an editor is to write so that their letters can be read? It was said of Horace Greeley that his writing resembled a tangango danced upon the paper by a hen and chickens with sooty feet; but at that time Horace Greeley was one of the most successful journalists in the United States. Ye young and unknown aspirants for journalistic fame, let me assure you that the law of the survival of the fittest nowhere obtains more exclusively than in the office of a daily paper; and if you are too careless or too lazy to write intelligibly, you have no chance at all. Charles

Lamb once objected to look over the manuscript of a friend because it was raw; how can you expect your manuscript to be read by a stranger when it is frozen?

Of one class of correspondents I know but little—the active local men, who occasionally have valuable information to impart, more especially political information. Of this class we have a few, I believe, but they are too valuable to become acquaintances of mine. From the casual observations I hear now and then, I fancy my chief wishes they were more numerous. When he does come across a man who has something to say on a live subject, and knows how to say it in a few words, that man is not likely to be turned over to my tender mercies.

This is the first time I have broken silence; I venture to hope that it will not be quite the last. I know that I daily receive a large quantity of chaff; but it has occurred to me that I can occasionally sift out a few grains of wheat. If my chief will allow, I am quite willing to undertake that humble but laborious duty. I am quite aware that the task is one requiring no ordinary patience, but, as *Ethelock* observes, "Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe;" and if I can find occasionally, as Arthur Hugh Clough says—

Mid all this budding silver, little worth,
The one thin piece that comes, pure gold."

then I, for my part, shall be well content.

THE POST-OFFICE WAG.—A writer on "some recent advances in telegraphy" gives the following amusing instances of blunders caused by the alteration of dots and dashes in the code now in use. A dot will convert the word "save" to "rave," "pound" is easily transposed into "found," and the words "dead" and "bad" are made up of precisely the same number of dots and dashes, the only difference being the insertion of a space. After reading this, none will be surprised that, when a party of young ladies was announced as having "arrived all right," the message was delivered as "arrived all tight," and that also, when a husband went to Brighton to secure apartments, and arranged with his wife that if he found apartments he would telegraph for her to come, but if unsuccessful would return home, he telegraphed, "Home to-night," but she received the message, "Come to-night," and the result was that they crossed on the road. Again, a gentleman was in Manchester, and his only child was at home unwell—with the measles, he suspected; his wife telegraphed, "Rash all gone," but he received a message, "Cash all gone."

PRESENCE OF MIND.—It is related as an illustration of Mr. Wallack the American actor's great presence of mind that a year or two ago, while he was playing in the drama of "Home," and just after appearing in the disguise of Col. White, and being ordered from the house by his father, who does not know him, and even while he was engaged in repeating the lines of his part expressing disgust at this treatment, a number of persons in the audience shouted excitedly, "Look behind you! Look behind you!" Mr. Wallack turned quietly and noticed that on the stage mantelpiece the candle had burned down almost to the socket, and had ignited the paper which was wrapped around it. This was in a blaze, and a curtain which hung above it was on the point of taking fire. The danger was imminent, but the actor was equal to the occasion. Without the least show of excitement, he drew the candlestick away from the curtain, and held it while the burning wax fell fast upon his unprotected hand, and all the time continued to repeat the lines of his part, thus reassuring the alarmed audience. When the danger was past, to loud applause he said simply, "Well, the governor has turned me out of his house, for which I am exceedingly sorry, but I at least have the satisfaction of knowing that I have been instrumental in saving the establishment from destruction by fire."

FISHY.—Not only are the French people fond of dining and connoisseurs in dining, but they may be appealed to on their gastronomic side. For instance, nothing pleased them better in M. Thiers than his well-known partiality for the good things of life. M. Thiers' great weakness was a dish, strictly Provencal and essentially vulgar, called *brandade*, consisting of salt cod and oil skilfully combined. Doctors in late years forbade M. Thiers to eat cod in any shape or form, and much as he wished for it, Madame Thiers was inflexible. But M. Thiers had an ally, M. Mignet, and from time to time this gentleman used to reach the Hôtel St. Georges with a voluminous parcel under his arm. He would bow rapidly to the ladies, and pass into the great man's study. Then an urgent plea of important work was put forward, the doors were locked, and intruders sent away. Directly they were alone the two friends undid the parcel, which was simply a tin box wrapped in a newspaper, and containing an unctuous *brandade*, made by the best Provencal cook in Paris. With lingering delight the friends consumed this forbidden delicacy; and, when the box was entirely empty and the doors were unlocked, Thiers would be heard exclaiming, "My dear Mignet, it is the masterpiece of human genius!" And every one thought he referred to some great literary achievement. But Madame Thiers one day caught the two culprits at their work, and reproached M. Mignet so severely that after that he never dared enter the hotel with a parcel under his arm.