



URIEL; Or, the Chapel of the Holy Angels.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE AUSTRALIAN DUKE; OR, THE NEW UTOPIA," ETC.

CHAPTER X. A SHIPWRECK.

It is not our purpose to give the reader a circumstantial journal of Mr. Julian Wyvern's residence at Laventor, which Geoffrey persuaded him to make his headquarters; nor minutely to follow the progress of his plans for the restoration of Merylin Chapel. Suffice it to say that the plans were made and approved, not without many visits to the castle and prolonged consultations with Sir Michael and his daughter. Mr. Gules came down from London, and was glad enough to accept Julian's orders and carry out his designs. The paintings of the young man were resolved personally to superintend, and he had already conceived the idea of restoring the wall paintings of the seven angels, and executing them himself in fresco. It was an ambitious thought, but he prepared for carrying it out by first making cartoons of the angelic figures, with their appropriate emblems. In this he was not a little helped by Father Segrave, who supplied him with information, and was a frequent visitor at Laventor whilst the work was in progress. Six of the cartoons were already roughly sketched, but over that of Uriel, Julian could not satisfy himself. Perhaps the associations attached to the name gave him a special desire to succeed in the delineation of the angel, whose appearance as the "Light of God," had so fired his imagination. "The Light of God!" he said; "what a wonderful name, and how to depict it!"

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encourage, and Gertrude to criticise and make fun; whilst Geoffrey would stand by, lost in wonder how people could be found in the world so amazingly clever—a feeling in which his excellent mother heartily shared.

But it must not be supposed that Julian's interest in the chapel of the angels had driven the life-boats out of his mind. His was a head that could carry many ideas in it at the same time, and not a few were the expeditions he undertook during the winter months to various stations on the Cornish coast in hopes of inducing the authorities to adopt his improved model. At some he was successful, at others he failed. He was especially mortified in the rejection by the Chelston and Tremadoc authorities of his proposal for improving the appointments of the lifeboat station at the latter place. Mr. Marmaduke Pendragon's influence prevailed with the Chelston Corporation, and he was an advocate for "economizing the public money." There was a station at Penmore, a village within seven miles of Tremadoc, admirably supplied; and to spend money on fitting out another so close, was thought to be superfluous. Besides, argued the economists, Tremadoc possessed a boat of the old construction, which answered every purpose. What more could all the wise men of Chelston desire? Rodolph Beresford lent his wit in ridicule of the notion that Mr. Wyvern should be indulged in his whim for making life-boats as common as blackberries—though he had not suggested the means of making them so cheap; and so the plan was negated. All that Julian could obtain was the acceptance of his reforms by the authorities at Penmore, where he had the satisfaction of seeing one of his new boats manned by a brave and skilful crew.

Those who know the Cornish coast do not need to be informed that, more perhaps than any other part of England, it is the scene of pitiless storms and terrible shipwrecks. The early part of the winter had been comparatively calm, but shortly after Christmas a tempestuous season set in. Julian had the consolation of learning that on various occasions his boats had worked well; and more than once he had been on the spot when their services were called for, and had taken part in some of their expeditions, in order the more thoroughly to satisfy himself as to their real powers and requirements. This, in fact, was no new thing with him. During the years he had devoted to the study of this particular subject he had frequently accompanied the lifeboat crews, and had thus acquired a considerable amount of skill and practical knowledge. One day towards the end of January the heavy sky gave unmistakable warning of an approaching hurricane, and before the close of the day it fell on the coast with wild and terrible fury. Julian was debating within himself the advisability of his betaking himself to Penmore with the view of being on the spot should occasion call for the launching of his new boat, the "Speranza," when word was brought to the Laventor household that mischief was at work, much nearer home. Myrtil Castle stood, formed a bold promontory, which on one side protected Tremadoc Bay, often sought as a harbor of refuge by small fishing vessels in distress. The sharp rocks which terminated this promontory were continued at intervals far into the ocean, and formed a kind of reef, exceedingly dangerous in stormy weather. On this reef a vessel of considerable size had struck, having become utterly disabled in the storm; and the event created all the more excitement from the fact that vessels of such a size and character were rarely seen off that particular part of the coast. Geoffrey and Julian did not wait to hear more, but hurried to Tremadoc, where they found the intelligence too true. It was a large steamer, French, as it appeared by its build, and everything betokened that its condition was utterly hopeless. Guns of distress were being fired from time to time, and there seemed a certainty that many hours could not elapse before the luckless vessel would have beaten to pieces upon the rocks. The one thought was how to bring relief to the distressed crew—but what ordinary boat could live in that frightful surf? and, thanks to the economists, the much-needed new lifeboat was wanting.

"We must telegraph to Penmore at once," said Julian, "and meanwhile see what can be done with our Tremadoc resources." The old boat was dragged out and launched, and at Julian's call ten brave fishermen were found ready to man it. He was standing, directing its equipment, when he was startled by a voice beside him. "A reward of fifty pounds if the ship is reached," Michael Harris, said Aurelia Pendragon, speaking to one of the men who acted as coxswain. A cheer from his companions was the only reply, whilst Julian felt a sort of consternation at beholding the young girl at such a scene, and exposed to such a tempest. "You here, Miss Pendragon!" he said, "in such awful weather, and in view of so awful a spectacle; surely it is hardly prudent."

Aurelia turned towards him her pale, calm face, in the lofty strength of which there was not a shadow either of haggardness or severity: "You came here to do your duty, Mr. Wyvern," she said, "and I must do mine. I care nothing for the weather." "Let her be," said Geoffrey; "it's her way. She waits to take charge of the downing. I've known her do it dozens of times."

And, in fact, Aurelia had come down from the castle, bringing with her everything requisite for the restoration

of the sufferers who might be rescued, and their conveyance to proper shelter. She looked and acted as one perfectly accustomed to such critical scenes, and with a presence of mind entirely devoid of excitement.

The boat was ready, and the ten men leapt in; but an eleventh was wanted, Michael Harris had taken the helm, and one of the ten oars therefore was left unmanned. Without a moment's hesitation Julian sprang in, and desired them to shove off. "For the love of heaven," exclaimed Aurelia, fearing for another when she did not fear for herself; "yet why should I stop him?" she added. "All good angels protect him this night!"

It is needless to say with what eager eyes and beating hearts those who were gathered on the shore stood watching the gallant efforts of the little crew to reach the scene of disaster. Twenty times they approached the reef, to be whirled away again by the billows before they could come near enough to cast a rope to the sufferers, some of whom had already been washed away by the hungry waves, which broke over the deck of the vessel. Geoffrey stood watching it all through his glass, and thought he could make out the forms of women as well as men. "Poor souls!" he said; "what a fate! The boat can never reach them, even if it can live in such a sea!" But just then through the roaring of the wind and waves came the sound of distant cheering. Yes, the life-boat had certainly come within distance and a rope had been shot over the wreck. The suspense was terrible. Amid the blinding storm and the increasing darkness of the evening it was difficult to make out what was going on at the wreck. Some thought they could see dark figures dropping from the vessel as though jumping into a life-boat; then came a cry—a tremendous sea had broken over all—and once more the life-boat had burst from its holding and was carried far among the breakers. "What are they doing—returning? It can't be," said Aurelia. "Yes, all right!" replied Geoffrey; "they are bringing back those they have saved—but, alas! how few!" Seven individuals, passengers as it would seem, had in fact been rescued, and among them one lady, whose speech bespoke her of foreign extraction, and who, in those who stood around her that her daughter was still upon the deck of the ill-fated vessel. Her words were incoherent charge of the poor stranger, had insisted on her being the first to make use of the means of escape; that the danger was imminent, and that "brave monsieur," moved by her agony, had leapt from the life-boat on to the deck of the steamer and was in the very act of lifting her daughter into the arms of those below, when the great sea had come and swept them far away—and her daughter, together with her brave deliverer, had been left behind. "It must have been Julian," said Aurelia, and she looked at the crew of the life-boat, and discerned too surely that her surmise was correct. Only nine men stood to their oars; the tenth was wanting!

"They would return again; there were more lives to save. They would rescue the brave young gentleman who had risked his life so nobly—another fifty pounds if he were brought back alive!" Aurelia's words and the magic of her presence put new life and courage into the hearts of those she addressed, and with a ringing cheer they prepared for a second adventure. But, alas! the struggle with those awful waves had strained the old boat, only half sea-worthy; and though the men did their best it had become unmanageable, and their utmost efforts threatened to be unavailing. Some dreadful moments passed. "The wreck is breaking up," said Geoffrey. "Merciful heaven, what will become of Julian?" Aurelia hid her face in her hands and could look on the last consummation of the disaster. But at that moment another cheer, and yet another, broke from the fishermen on the shore. "She is coming!" they cried; "it is the life-boat from Penmore; the brave young gentleman's own boat, the gallant 'Speranza!'" Aurelia looked up, and there it was: the great powerful life-boat, manned by a sturdy and numerous crew, was doubling the headland, and flying through the breakers to the scene of danger. They succeeded at last, after many efforts, in getting within the required distance; the men and women were being saved, that was clearly discernible; then came a peal of thunder and a flash of blue forked lightning, which seemed to strike the very spot on which all eyes were fixed: something dark leapt up amid the lurid light; then came a crash, and when they looked again the wreck was no longer visible; its last fragments had broken away, but the life-boat, with its precious freight, was coming homeward.

Was Julian safe? was the poor stranger's daughter rescued? The minutes seemed hours till those questions could be answered. At last the boat had reached the shore, and those of the crew and passengers who had been saved from the wreck were being landed. Some were much injured by blows from broken spars, and one young girl was lifted out insensible. The mother's cry of joy mingled with anguish told who she was; and Aurelia at once took possession of her as her own charge. "And Julian?" She only waited to behold Geoffrey rush into the surf and support his friend's exhausted form as he helped him to reach the place of landing. He was safe, and she asked no more; and

without another moment of delay she gave her whole attention to the service of the sufferers.

THE FLINT WORKERS—A FORT-GOTTEN PEOPLE.

Very Rev. Wm. R. Harris, Dean of St. Catharines, in the Buffalo Express, March 28.

On the farm of a man named Chester Henderson, close to what is known as the Talbot Road, and about three miles inland from Port Stanley, on the north shore of Lake Erie, a little over one hundred miles west of Buffalo, there is a circular rim of earth enclosing about two and a half acres of land. On the 29th of last September, accompanied by Mr. James H. Coyne, who has written a valuable monograph on the early tribes of this section of the country, I visited this historic embankment and secured photographs, which, unfortunately, give but a feeble idea of its height and extent. Within the fort and north of it the trees are still standing, but it is only a few years ago since the primeval forest shrouded it from profanation. Routed on the raised earth are venerable chronological witnesses of its great age. On the stump of a maple we counted two hundred and forty rings, and on that of an elm, which measured four feet in diameter, were two hundred and sixty-six. The average height of the bank was three feet, and allowing for the subsidence of the soil, it was probably at one time four feet high. A small stream runs along this elliptical enclosure, which for about half its course has cut for itself, before leaving the general level. To the south, where this stream trickles through an opening, there is a rude and desolate gateway. The walls terminating at this entrance are squarely shouldered, and show a deftness and skill of no mean order on the part of the builders. These embankments are familiarly known as the "Southwold Earth-works," and are probably the best ruins of an Indian palisaded village to be found in Western Canada. The plan of the fort is purely aboriginal, and the labor involved and patience required in its construction must with their primitive tools have been very great. A plaster model of the fort is now in the museum of the Canadian Institute, Toronto. In the ash heaps and kitchen-middens in its immediate neighborhood there was not found anything that would give the slightest hint of European presence. Flint spear and arrow heads, stone casse-tetes (or skull crackers), fragments of pottery, clippings of flint, rubbing stones, pipes of steatite, and clay and meal stones have from time to time been dug up; but no article bearing a trace of copper or iron was found.

More than two hundred and fifty years have passed away since the fort was constructed, and the hardy settlers of the region still look with wonder and curiosity upon the relic of a vanished people, whose origin is to them as much a mystery as the law of gravitation. Indeed, the little that the students of ethnology and archeology know of this peninsular tribe is gathered from the writings of the early missionaries, and collected from the embankments, mounds, ossuaries, separate graves and village sites. From the tools and weapons of bone, instruments of horn and stone, we are left to draw our own conclusions, and reduced to the necessity of surmising and guessing. The prehistoric Neutrals are in the age of the world but of yesterday, yet it is easier to present the lover of technological lore with illustrations of the arts and industries of Egypt and Assyria, than to illustrate from actual specimens of household utensils, working tools and ceremonial implements, the social and domestic state of this North American tribe. If Sanson's map be accurate, within these earthwalls was the Neutral village of Alexis, visited by the heroic Breboul and the saintly Chamoumot in the winter of 1640-41.

But let us reconstruct the village, and people it as it was when the devoted priests entered the gateway already mentioned. When the chiefs of the eighty or ninety families composing a Neutral village selected this site to be their abiding-place for twelve or fifteen years, they examined with characteristic sagacity its savage surroundings. Its seclusion in the gloomy forests, the fertility of the land, the gurgling brook winding through and around the giant elms; the abundance and variety of berries, and the succulent beech nuts, that fell in showery every autumn, promised them years of indolent repose. They are satisfied with their selection, and begin at once their new village. The ditch around the town is dug with primitive wooden spades, the earth carried or thrown up on the inside, trees are felled by burning and chopping with stone axes, and split into palisades or pickets. These are now planted on the embankment in triple rows, that are lashed together with pliable twigs and strips of elm bark. Sheets of bark are fastened on the inside to the height of six or seven feet, and a timber gallery or running platform constructed, from which heavy stones may be cast, or boiling water poured upon the heads of the attacking Iroquois or the enormous labor expended upon its construction, this fortified embankment scarcely deserves the name of a fort, but it is at least as strong and well built as those of the enemy. Within the inclosure cluster the lodges of the tribe, formed of thick sheets of bark fastened to upright poles and cross-beams, covered with bark and skins. Many of the lodges house from

eight to ten families. The fires are on the ground on a line drawn through the center, with openings in the roof, which serve for chimneys and windows. Here grizzly warriors, shriveled squaws, young boys aspiring to become braves, and girls ripening into maturity, noisy children and dogs that never bark, mingle indiscriminately together. There is no modesty to be shocked, no decency to be insulted, no refinement of feeling to be wounded; for modesty, decency and refinement of feeling were dead ages before the tribe began its western wanderings. In these ancient wilds clearings are made, branches hacked off from the wind-felled trees, piled around the standing timber and set on fire, or the trees girdled, through whose leafless branches the sun ripens the Indian corn, beans, tobacco and sunflowers, and whose seeds were probably obtained in the remote past from Southern tribes. The people who inhabit this village are Atti-wandaron, or members of the great Neutral nation, whose tribal grounds stretched from the Genesee to the Detroit Narrows.

But before entering upon an epitomized history of this populous and formidable nation, one of whose fortified towns we have just resurrected, it will be expedient rapidly to outline the territorial and tribal divisions east of the Mississippi, when in 1612, Champlain entered the St. Lawrence and began the ascent of the Ottawa. All the nations whose tribal lands drained into the valley of the St. Lawrence river were branches of two great families: the roving Algonquin, the Bedouins of the mighty wilderness, who lived by fishing and hunting, and the Huron-Iroquois, hunters and tillers of the soil, whose warriors were the boldest and fiercest of North America. The Algonquins were divided and subdivided into families and tribes. The Gaspians, Basques, Micmacs and the Papiachois or Laagers roamed the forest on both sides of the Great River, as far as Tadoussac and Cacouca. Along the banks of the gloomy Saguenay, and into the height of land forming the watershed towards Lake Nemiskam, the Mistassini, the Montagnais, the Tarapicapi, and Whitefish hunted in that desolation of wilderness and fished in its solitary lakes and streams. Ascending the Ottawa river to the Almet islands, tribes of lesser note paid tribute to the One Eye nation, called by the French, "Du Borgne," from the fact that for three generations their war chiefs had but one eye. They held the Ottawa and exacted tribute from other tribes passing up or down the river. On the borders of Lake Nipissing dwelt the Nipissings or Sorcerers, while to the north and northwest were the hunting-grounds of the Abitibis and Temisamingues, after whom Lake Temisamingue is named. North of Lake Huron, running from the mouth of French River and circling around the coast of Sault Ste. Marie, roved five or six hordes of Algonquins. The writings of Brother Gabriel Sagard, the map of Champlain, 1632, that of Duce-dex, 1680, the Jesuit Relations, and the Memoirs of Nicolas Perrot certify to the hunting and fishing grounds of these Algonquin Bedouins. The Bruce peninsula and the great Manitoulin, "The Island of Ghosts," were the home of the Ottawas, or Lange Ears, called by the French, Cheveux-Rouges (Raised Hairs), from the peculiar manner in which they wore their hair. Further west were the Amikones or Beavers, the Santeurs or Chippawags, including the Mississaugas and Saugeens. The roving hordes that stretched from the headwaters of Lake Superior to the Hudson Bay, the Wild Oats, Paunats and Pottawatimies, the Mascoutin, or Nation of Fire, the Miamis, the Illinois, were all branches of one Algonquin tree. The great Huron-Iroquois family included the Tionyats or Petuns, the Hurons or Wyandots, the Andastes of the Susquehanna, the Tuscaroras of North Carolina, the Five Iroquois nations, the Eries and the Atti-wandaron or Neutrals. The tribes of this family were scattered over an irregular area of inland territory, stretching from Western Canada to North Carolina. The northern members roved the forests about the Great Lakes, while the southern tribes lived in the fertile valleys watered by the rivers flowing from the Alleghany Mountains.

A problem of ethnology, which will, perhaps, never be solved, confronts us in the study of the aboriginal people of this section of our country. What were the causes that led to the migration and settlement of the tribes in Western New York and South-western Ontario? At what time did the Iroquois separate from the Hurons, and the Atti-wandaron or Neutrals claim independent sovereignty? When did the exodus of the Neutrals occur, and what was the route followed by this adventurous clan?

Mr. David Boyle, the Canadian archeologist, in his "Notes on Primitive Man," claims that the Neutrals were among the first to leave the main body. "Regarding their movement," he continues, "there is not even a tradition, but their situation beyond the most westerly of the Iroquois, and the fact they had no share in the Huron-Iroquois feud, point to an earlier and wholly independent migration. It is known also that their language varied but slightly from that of the Hurons, which there is reason to regard as the parent tongue, and the inference is that their separation must have taken place from the Wyandot side of the mountain down by the sea long before the great disruption compelled the older clans to seek a refuge on the Georgian Bay."

Dr. Hale, in his "Book of Iroquois Rites," expresses the opinion that,

centuries before... the ancestors... the St. Lawrence... increased dissen... swarmed and ba... off to the west a... the south shore... ascending the St... bodies of the I... known as the N... reached the Ni... remaining here fo... ally rounded thro... and in the course... ent possession of... the south of Geo... while they were j... who followed the... however, is but a... there is nothing... migrations and b... trails along the... Erie, and eastw... the country of t... authentic mentio... nation, we find... ings, where, he... when he visited... region, they w... ally alliance wit... Andastes, and... on the Nation... lands extended... far east as Detr... was on a visit to... pressed a wish... it was intine... life would be un... better not under... 1626, Father Da... Franciscan Ord... the tribes of w... when he received... LeCaron, the... him to visit the... Atti-wandaron... the saving tri... Joseph de la Roc... of extraordinary... "as distinguished... "for his noble b... was remarkable... piety, who aban... glory of the wor... and poverty of... the aristocratic... society tendered... come; the army... were opened to... corresponding a... his, when he... shocked society... by declaring his... a member of the... for a religious... beggars. The... clergy offered h... a mire, and the... hat. His family... in the State, hi... Court, his own t... of an aristocrat... for him promotio... friends in vain... associate himse... priesthood, and... that he was not... resolution to join... had asked to be... wilds of Canada... side himself. I... full flush of his... and, for the lo... entered upon the... all probability v... grave. On the... reached Quebec... spring accompan... and De la Nou... the flotilla, whos... the Huron hunti... forests. When... letter, he was... western coast of... where he open... Gabriel. In oth... of his superior... French traders... lee, he left Hur... and on the Hur... entered a villag... were astonished... dressed as a I... I desired nothing... invited them to... to heaven, mak... and receive the... Meeting with a... advised Hrenali... turn to Huron... them some dist... Glimroy Sha, a... wrote for the... History of Ame... that he crossed... visited the vill... Dailion states... that a deputat... eastern branch... as Ogiabarash... upon him bea... their village... march or abot... land of the Iro... to do so. Notwithstand... authority of G... opinion that D... Niagara river... isle, which he v... fulfill, there is... led to be bellig... eastern villag... the Neutrals o... ing with the... that he himsel... a guide con... trading post... quois. Differ... satisfied that... Lake St. Peter... It was... Cape Massaroc... by Champlain... allies. On t... directly oppo... Dr. Richelieu... referred to by... plain says th