

ornaments made of flowers and lace called 'bonnets.' They also wore very high heels to their shoes, by way of penance for the sins committed by them when young. But what struck him most was the singular habit of the women in appearing undressed at the grand parties given in his honour. He was informed that this was a regular custom, but that they were always properly clothed when at home. He found that we were not in the habit of paying wages to our servants, for they were always asking for money—to purchase food he presumed. He was much impressed with the magnificence of the liveries worn by some of the footmen, but it sometimes caused him much inconvenience, as he could not always distinguish between the servants and the guests, and on one occasion took the arm of a livery servant while promenading the grand saloon at Windsor Castle. He did not think much of the Houses of Parliament, but thought they were well situated, because when the members were tired of a speaker they could tie him up in a sack and fling him from one of the windows into the river. He says that when a speaker pleases his hearers they cry 'yer, yer,' and sometimes 'eye, eye,' at the same time turning their ears or eyes towards him. This is the reason why their ears are sometimes so long. There is a man called the 'Speaker' because he does not speak at all. He has before him a great heavy mace of metal, for the purpose of killing those who show him any disrespect. There is also a Lord Chancellor, but he could not understand what were his duties, but he believed that he wrote letters to the papers describing the chances of the various horses running in the 'Dherbee,' for the English were great lovers of horse-racing, and whenever a jockey won he was always made a lord or a marquis, which explained why so many of those noblemen were to be seen at races."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Theresa Yelverton, who is now residing in Edinburgh, is preparing a second volume of her travels, which will shortly be published.

Messrs Chatto and Windus announce a new book by James Greenwood, entitled *The Wilds of London*, with twelve tinted illustrations.

It is announced that Mr. Gladstone intends to supplement his paper on Ritualism by another dealing with points suggested by various criticism.

"A History of Advertizing, from the Earliest Times," Illustrated by Anecdotes, Curious Specimens, Biographical Notes, and Examples of Successful Advertisers, by Henry Sampson, is just ready abroad.

Messrs Longmans will publish during the present month *Three Essays on Religion*, by J. S. Mill, and a revised edition of *The Origin of Civilization and the Primitive Condition of Man*, by Sir J. Lubbock.

Mr. Henry Blackburn, formerly editor of *London Society*, is promoting the establishment of the Illustration Company on an independent footing, to enable publishers and others to avail themselves of the newest and best processes of illustration.

Mr. Baring Gould, whose researches among old religious documents have been very extensive, will soon publish *Lost and Hostile Gospels*, being an account of two Hebrew gospels circulated among the Jews in the Middle Ages, with a critical examination of the notices of Christ in the Talmud, in Josephus, and in Justus.

Mr. J. E. Harting is preparing a new edition of *White's Selborne*, which will shortly be issued by Messrs Bickers and Son. The text will be carefully collated with the first quarto, and illustrated with numerous engravings by Bewick; a feature which will distinguish it from all other illustrated editions, and render it alike acceptable to naturalists and admirers of that renowned engraver.

Oliver Wendell Holme's dater verses have been collected and published by James R. Osgood & Co. in a volume entitled "Songs of Many Seasons." The collection includes all the poems published by Dr. Holmes since 1802, and among them will be recognized many of the delightful lyrics that were first introduced to us by the "Professor" and his successor, the "Poet," at the Breakfast Table of the *Atlantic*.

Mr. Bailey, the clever editor of the *Danbury News*, has recently returned from a scrutinizing journey through Europe, and wherever he went he ferreted out things about newspapers. He thinks that "they are rather slow concerns, are the London dailies. They crowd their advertisements into repulsive limits; they mix up their matter without any regard to classification; they publish but a beggarly handful of American news; they report in full the most insignificant speeches, but they don't seem to realize that there is such an attraction as condensed news paragraphs; they issue no Sunday paper, and but one or two have a weekly; they ignore agriculture and science, personals and gossip; they carefully exclude all humor and head-lines, and come to their readers every weekday a sombre and mournful spectacle that is most exasperating to behold."

Mr. Froude has left home for some time because his wife is dead. He is busy collecting materials for Mr. Carlyle's biography, and Mr. Carlyle is assisting him. He is with Mr. Carlyle nearly every day when they are both in London, and they may be frequently noticed together in the streets or parks. Mr. Froude will do his work well. It is absolutely necessary that it should be done sympathetically, and of all the writers of the present generation who have been drawn under Mr. Carlyle's influence, not one has evinced a deeper sympathy with him, or shown greater ability than Mr. Froude. The materials for his task are exceedingly rich. They embrace correspondence with great men like Goethe, and with humble unknown students seeking advice. If only a selection from the letters be printed, it will be shown that Mr. Carlyle has been the object of a discipleship deeper than is to be found outside any religious movement.

The October number of the *North American Review* contains among other notable contributions, the first of a series of articles by Charles F. Wingate, describing the history of the late Tammany Ring. The subject is one which has not yet lost interest, though it is now nearly two years since the Ring was broken up. This lapse of time makes a historical study of this unprecedented episode in municipal government both possible and desirable, as hitherto no complete or thorough sketch of the Ring has been attempted. Mr. Wingate has had special facilities for obtaining the truth about the Ring, and these articles are the result of much labour. He has had the valuable assistance of Charles F. Adams, Jr., who has taken the facts furnished by himself and added to them occasional comments throughout the articles, with the view of showing the philosophy of the whole affair. Probably no writer in the country is so well qualified as Mr. Adams to undertake such a revision, and while the articles are signed by Mr. Wingate alone, they owe a large share of their value to the vigorous and clear-sighted comment of his coadjutor, Mr. Adams.

MISCELLANY.

THE PLAINS—A PROPHECY.

Go ye and look upon that land,
That far vast land that few behold,
And none beholding understand—
That old, old land which men call new—
Go journey with the seasons through
Its wastes, and learn how limitless.
The solemn silence of that plain
Is, oh! so eloquent. The blue
And bended skies seem built for it,
And all else seems a yesterday,
An idle tale but illy told.
Its story if of God alone,
For man has lived and gone away
And left but little heaps of stone.
Lo! here you learn how more than fit
And dignified is silence when
You hear the petty jeers of men.
Its awful solitudes remain
Thenceforth for aye a part of you,
And you have learned your littleness.

Some silent red men cross your track;
Some sun-tanned trappers come and go;
Some rolling seas of buffalo
Break thunder-like and far away
Against the foot-hills, breaking back
Like breakers of some troubled bay;
Some white-tailed antelope blown by
So airy-like; some foxes shy
And shadow-like move to and fro
Like weavers' shuttles as you pass;
And now and then from out the grass
You hear some lone bird cluck and call
A sharp keen call for her lost brood,
That only makes the solitude
Seem deeper still, and that is all.

That wide domain of mysteries
And signs that men misunderstand:
A land of space and dream; a land
Of sea-salt lakes and dried-up seas;
A land of caves and caravans
And lonely wells and pools; a land
That hath its purposes and plans;
That seems so like dead Palestine,
Save that its wastes have no confine
Till pushed against the levelled skies;
A land from out whose depths shall rise
The new-time prophets; the domain
From out whose awful depths shall come,
All clad in skins, with dusty feet,
A man fresh from his Maker's hand,
A singer singing oversweet,
A charmer charming very wise;
And then all men shall not be dumb—
Nay, not be dumb, for he shall say,
"Take heed, for I prepare the way
For weary feet;" and from this land
The Christ shall come when next the race
Of man shall look upon His face.

JOAQUIN MILLER,
In Harper's for November.

A LONELY NIGHT.

"Good-bye, old fellow; keep up your spirits!" was the farewell shout of my comrades as they disappeared among the thick undergrowth that half hid the narrow trail through the bush. A minute more and the last echo of their footsteps had died away, and I felt myself to be really alone. The change from the chatty intercourse of but a few moments before to the heavy sense of desolation which now made me its prey, was so depressing that but for the rising pride which forbade it, I verily believe I should have rushed after my friends and rejoined them almost before they were out of sight. But the thought of backing down from my resolve was not to be entertained, so, gloomily and silently, I turned back to the camp.

We were four friends just out from England. Intent on seeing something of bush life, we had come up direct into the north country, making our way almost to the extreme limit of surveyed territory, and, pleased with the wild and picturesque country, we decided to set up in life on our own account as genuine backwoods settlers. Four hundred acres were selected in the most out-of-the-way and utterly uncivilized locality that could be found, and the settlement was duly approved by the courteous agent of the Crown Lands; though that functionary wore, I remember, a look of puzzled bewilderment when we four crowded into his little parlour and demanded to be recognized as squatters under the terms of the Free Grant Acts. If the reader will take a map of Upper Canada, and in the great triangle enclosed by the shore line of Lake Ontario, Ottawa River, and the Georgian Bay, select a point as nearly as possible equi-distant from its three sides, that point will indicate, within a few miles, the locality we selected.

Having obtained the aid of a friendly neighbour in giving us a start with the chopping, an acre or two of land was speedily cleared, and we then devoted our energies to the erection of a small shanty wherein to store tools, or take shelter during rain. Meanwhile our headquarters were established at a tavern on the colonization road some five miles west of our location. But on the eventful night to which this narrative relates the writer had undertaken—partly, it is to be feared, out of mere bravado—to remain alone at the shanty for the night, on the plea that by thus dispensing with the long walk to the tavern he would be in better trim for the work of the following day.

The shanty in question was not an imposing structure. Still it was our first attempt, and we regarded it with indulgent eyes. Its dimensions were just ten feet by seven; it was about five feet high at one side and a trifle over six feet at the other. The walls were poles averaging about eight inches in diameter, with open intervals varying from two to six inches between them, affording the fullest possible facilities for the ingress, egress, and regress of such speculatively minded mosquitoes as should feel impelled by curiosity to inspect its retreats. The roof was a work of art which emanated exclusively from the brain of this present writer. A sufficient slope having been obtained by throwing off the upper-

most log off the one side and adding an extra thick one on the other, some forty or fifty saplings were laid side by side across the edifice and covered in with large sheets of basswood bark.

Inside, a dozen smaller saplings stretched across one end about five feet from the floor, resting on the side logs at either extremity. These, covered with a thick layer of hemlock boughs, cut small and trimmed with the knife, were to form my bed. There was no window, but we had a doorway formed by the inexpensive process of sawing a hole three feet square in the farthest end wall, which might be closed by the equally simple plan of hanging a blanket across it. Round the end where my bed came we had "chinked" the wall with moss and bark, closing up the crevices sufficiently to prevent the mosquitoes from making a too vigorous attack upon me in the early dawn, when they are reputed to be most vigorous. But the remainder of the "chinking" had to be deferred for some other time, as we could not find sufficient moss; so I beheld with dismay, as I looked round my roosting place for the night, at least two-thirds of the shanty walls perfectly open and accessible to my winged tormentors.

However, having made up my mind, I was not going to be frightened out of my intention, so, when my comrades had departed, I diligently made preparations for the night.

It was only six o'clock, and as the longest day of the year had but just passed, there were two clear hours of daylight before me. Much could be done in that time even by so thorough a greenhorn as myself. I repaired to our "clearing," which was distant a few paces to the side, and, after half an hour's work with the axe, got together a supply of nice handy logs for my camp fire, sufficient, I calculated, with the aid of some heavy maple boughs that were lying near, to keep up a good blaze all night. It was tough work "toting" all these to our camping ground, but I managed at last to get it done, though at the cost of blackening myself from head to foot with the half-burnt bark until I looked like a disreputable chimney sweep. This done, the next step was to collect a quantity of dry bark and turf for a "smudge," or smouldering fire, inside the shanty, without which a wink of sleep would be an impossibility. That took a longer time than I expected, and after I had run down to the spring and fetched a pail of water (how villainously those mosquitoes did bite that evening down by the stream!) the evening was almost gone.

As the dusk came on, I stirred up the campfire, put a few fresh logs on, and made myself a cup of tea. A couple of eggs and a slice of pork toasted at the glowing charcoal, with a few crackers, made my supper, and I began to feel a little less lonesome. As the darkness increased, it was strange to see how everything seemed to close in upon me. The little circle around the shanty grew less and less; the sky seemed to lower until it appeared as if a dark pall rested overhead at the level of the tree tops. The maples and hemlock clustering round seemed like a solid wall shutting me in, and a sense of prison-like confinement began to depress me still more and more. Strange that such a sensation should be possible in the wild freedom of the woods!

Supper over, before it became actually pitch dark, I mounted to the top of the shanty and sat down to contemplate the changed appearance of the bush around me. It was a remarkable metamorphosis that had come about. All the green and life of nature had vanished, and in its place all around was the sombre dark shade, lit up ever and anon by the sparkling camp fire, but presenting the lifeless caricature of nature that is seen in ill-taken photographs of landscape scenery. The feeling induced on my mind was most oppressive.

There was something almost supernatural, too, in the stillness and calm which seemed to accompany the nightfall. All day long the air had been vocal with insect music, the chirp of the grasshopper, and the song of innumerable flying insects; there had been a gentle breeze which had caused the pleasant rustle of the leaves to be in our ears all the day, the birds and squirrels and all the varieties of animated nature in the woods had contributed to the vocal strain which never ceased while the sun shone.

But now, as the dusk deepened into total darkness, there came a sudden stillness, all in a moment. As I lay listening for some friendly sound, not the slightest flutter of a leaf or the smallest movement of any living creature struck my ear. The sounds of day were gone; those distinctive of the night season had not yet commenced.

To break the spell that was stealing over me, I jumped briskly down from the shanty top, ran to the fire, piled on two or three heavy logs and some hemlock bark, and soon had a great roaring fire flaming up like a triumphal bonfire. Then I made up my mind to go to bed.

But first I must defeat the schemes of the mosquitoes, which had taken advantage of my absence to ensconce themselves inside the shanty in great numbers. Collecting a quantity of bark and chips on the centre of the earth floor, I piled some dry turf on the top and then set fire to the whole. In a few moments the hut was filled with dense suffocating smoke which drove out the most of my enemies, leaving the rest in a semi-torpid condition clinging to the walls. Hastily groping through the thick smoke, I made my way to the further end of the shanty, and, after a struggle like that experienced the first time of getting into a hammock on board ship, succeeded in ensconcing myself in my berth.

But not to sleep; at least not just yet. The novelty of the position, and the physical discomfort to which I was exposed, were sufficient of themselves to account for the extreme wakeful-

ness which I experienced for the next few hours. But there were other considerations, too, which tended to produce a similar result. As I lay there in helpless unrest, all the stories about wolves and wild cats that I had ever heard in my life came crowding to my memory. How incautious I had been (I thought) in exposing myself to an attack from some ferocious denizen of the woods, alone, without means of defence! I had not even a shot gun with me. All at once I appreciated the propriety of my comrades' practice of always carrying their revolvers slung at their belts when out in the bush—a custom I had laughed at and ridiculed often enough in broad daylight, but which now began to appear a very proper and common sense precaution. To be sure I had four axes and a big carpenter's chisel, but what sort of a defence could one make to a night attack with such weapons as these?

How I wished that, before my friends went I had insisted that they should aid me in rigging up some kind of a door. A few half-split saplings nailed across the open doorway would have been a comfort. I began to think that sleeping out in the bush was a very risky thing for a solitary unarmed man like myself to do. Had I not been just frying pork by the camp fire, the very thing to make scent strong enough to draw the wolves upon me from miles around?

The sense of insecurity grew upon me so steadily that I hastily descended from my perch, wrapping a blanket round me and seizing an axe, determined to pass the night seated by the camp fire outside. That was a good idea I thought; the fire was company, and as I stirred up the embers, and pushed the logs together, the scene brightened up wonderfully and my spirits rose proportionately. There were now some sounds of life in the woods, which made it seem less lonely. Occasionally I could hear the cry of the loons on Wolf Lake, two miles away; a strange eerie, horrible cry to hear in the dead of night. Nearer, a whip-poor-will had taken his station on some lofty pine, and from time to time sung out his night call to his mate. It was the first time I had heard that singular bird; indeed I had not known before that it was found in this country.

Once my ear caught the faint echo of a distant bark. How friendly that familiar sound appeared; it seemed to remind me that I was not so far out of the world as I had thought. I now remembered that, only a mile to the south, there was a small clearing and shanty tenanted by a settler and his wife. As I reflected on this, it really made me feel somewhat less out of the pale of human sympathy than before. I began to think that after all, it was not so disagreeable a thing to be out in the woods alone, and that the night was passing quite as satisfactorily as could have been expected.

I believe I was beginning to fall into a snooze, when I suddenly started up with a sense of newly found danger vividly impressed upon my mind. Just across the camp fire, only a dozen paces from where I sat, there stood a huge hemlock, standing probably a hundred and fifty feet high. A quantity of dry bark had been stripped from it for our fire during the day, and it had struck me that the tree must be dead and rotting. That, in open day had carried with it no presentiment of danger; but now, in the stillness of night, the thought struck me that the tree might come down. We had chopped several trees around, and I knew that the big hemlock was therefore more likely to fall, if it really was rotten.

The suspense arising from this fancy was overpowering. I made my way to the tree, picking my steps among the dead branches lying round as carefully as though each concealed a dozen snakes. The hemlock was as rotten as touch-wood; where the bark had been stripped, I could actually poke my finger an inch or two into the wood. I looked up, and as I saw its enormous height soaring grimly up into the darkness, the reflection forced itself upon me that if it fell in the direction of our campfire, it would crush our shanty to atoms, and have at least a hundred feet of its length extending beyond. As I looked it became evident to me that the tree inclined somewhat in that very direction, and now that my eyes were becoming a little accustomed in the darkness, the reason of this became apparent. Another tree, at the back had fallen into a slanting position against the hemlock and was resting on with its whole weight. The hemlock might fall at any moment! Fortunately the tree which rested against it was only a small one, comparatively; but I felt convinced that even if its weight were not sufficient, the first puff of breeze that came would send it over, and necessarily in the direction in which it was already inclining.

In the presence of this new danger I became utterly unnerved for the moment. The campfire by which I had previously been so comfortably seated had no attraction for me now that I knew it lay just in the path where the monster hemlock must fall. The shanty lay beyond a little to the left; the hemlock, should it fall across the fire, might only catch the corner of the hut, might even fall clear of it, almost as likely as that it would fall right across the centre of it.

I thought of that miserable man who in a neighbouring township, who had been pinned by the bough of a falling tree, and in that position was roasted slowly to death, so that when his friends sought him they found but a crushed and charred unrecognizable trunk from which head and limbs had been burnt off. I thought of that other settler up by the lake shore, just a few miles north, who, roused from sleep by a loud creak from a pine tree close by his shanty, flung himself out of bed and through the doorway just in time to see his roof crushed flat to the ground by the falling tree, escaping so narrowly that as he fled for his life he received a blow on the head