

and with only a small fire burning, they found themselves very comfortable.

They never encamped except beside some good spring or river, and in a place of pleasant aspect. In summer their lodges changed shape, for, in order to have more ventilation, they made them wider and longer than in winter; they also covered these summer wigwams with bark, or with mats made of delicate reeds—mats much more flexible and soft than those made by the French cut of straw, and so well woven, that, when suspended, the water trickled from top to bottom, without penetrating them.

They procured their food by hunting and fishing, and did not till the ground at all. In January they chased the seal, which animal spawned on certain islands about this time; its flesh was as good as veal, and they made from its fat an oil which served them for a salve during the year. They filled with the oil many bladders of the Canadian elk, and these constituted their vessels of reserve.

In the month of February, and until the middle of May, there was a great hunt of beavers, otters, elk, and cariboo. If this season were favourable, they lived in great abundance, and were as proud as princes; but if the season were a bad one, they often perished of hunger. The season was unfavourable when it rained a great deal, and did not freeze, because the savages could chase neither elk nor beaver; the same when it snowed a good deal, and did not freeze on the surface, for then they could not bring their dogs to the chase, as the animal sank, while the men wore snowshoes, and did not flounder. But with too much snow, and an unfrozen surface, the men could not travel in search of game as much as was necessary.

In the middle of March the fish began to spawn, and to ascend from the sea to certain streams, and often in such numbers that the rivers were alive with them: and one could not put his hand into the water without meeting with a fish. Among these fish the esplan came first; next about the middle of April the herring; much at the same time as the herring arrived the bustards from the South; these were twice the size of those of France, and built their nests on the islands; two of their eggs were as large as five of a hen. At the same time the sturgeon and salmon made their appearance. Then commenced a hunt for eggs on the islands mentioned above; for the bird fishers (*oiseaux pescheurs*) repaired to these places in great numbers, and often covered with their nests the localities in question.

From May to September the savages were without anxiety as to their food; myriads of muscles were to be found on the shores; they had small fish and other fish in plenty, and could fall back on the French ships for provisions. During this season of abundance they were very haughty, and in order to induce them to trade the French found it necessary to make them presents, and even to harangue them, just as if they were solicited to grant a treaty. It was further necessary for the French to give them a *tabagie*, or banquet; this done, they would dance, make speeches, and sing, "*Adesquidez*" that was to say, that they were the good friends, allies, associates, confederates and compeers of the King of France.

In the shape of game, water fowl abounded, but there was not much land fowl, unless at certain times birds of passage, such as grey and white geese. There were grey partridges, having a very beautiful tail, and twice as large as those of France. There were swarms of pigeons, which came in the middle of July, to eat the strawberries. There were also many birds of prey, and some rabbits and hares.

In the middle of September the savages retired from the sea to the little rivers where the eels spawned, and of these they made provision. In October and November they had a second hunt of the beaver and elk, and then in December came a fish they called *ponamo*, that spawned under the ice. The tortoises, moreover, brought forth their young about the same season.

They computed by moons, and gave thirteen to the year. Such now is a sketch of savage life, as it presented itself to their European visitors some two hundred and fifty years ago.

THE BLACK MAN: A LEGEND OF BAYSWATER.

CHAPTER I.

MY husband and I were married at the cathedral in Calcutta in the month of May. Not long after, his health became delicate, and he was compelled to apply for leave of absence, so that the following February found us in our native country. George laughingly said that he was much obliged to his liver for giving him the opportunity of exhibiting his newly-wedded wife before his friends and relatives in the pride of her youth. But I did not sit down to write about myself; nor, indeed, about George, although, if I once begin to speak about him, I can't leave off, he is such a dear good fellow. My sisters had the impudence to call him plain, but they don't understand the expression that lights up his face when he is animated. But enough of this—I took up my pen to tell you a story—a rather curious affair that happened when I was staying in London.

We were on a visit to my husband's maternal uncle, Sir Peter Peckover, the great railway director, who lives at No. 9 Turtle Gardens, Gormandy Square—that is to say, I was on a visit there, for George very soon got tired of the long wearisome dinner-parties, and indeed I am sure they were very bad for his darling stomach; so he went twenty miles into the country to see an old schoolfellow, a clergyman, who has some excellent fishing, and left poor me all alone with his grand relations. I did not like it much, for Sir Peter is very stiff and pompous; Lady Peckover ever so kind, but rather fond of keeping everybody in order; and as for Julia, with whom George was so anxious that I should cultivate an intimacy—well, we have not an idea in common, except on the subject of Venetian point-lace, which we both adore.

One reason why I don't like Julia is, that she has such a dreadfully bad opinion of her fellow-creatures. She thinks deception is the rule, and sincerity the exception, and refuses to believe anything except what she calls the evidence of her senses. This, however, does not prevent her believing in spirit-rapping. I will give you an instance of her incredulity; it appears trifling, but it leads naturally up to the story which I wish to tell.

One day Julia and I had been to the London Crystal Palace to buy some useless little ornament or other, and were returning on foot. Just as we entered Gormandy Square, I cried out: "O Julia, there's a native of India sweeping a crossing? Poor man! I should so like to speak Hindustani to him, and give him sixpence. How cold he must be, this biting March day!"

"My dear child," returned Julia, with an air of superior wisdom, "you were brought up in the country, were you not, before you went out to India?"

"Entirely," I answered.

"Well, then, take the benefit of my metropolitan experience, and don't waste your sixpences on so unworthy an object. If your sixpence is burning in your pocket, give it to mamma for her 'Laundresses' Mutual Benefit Club.'"

"But it would be such fun talking Hindustani to a native in London," I pleaded.

"You would only be encouraging laziness and vice," said Julia severely. "This man, if really a native of India, must be a Lascar, and ought to have returned home with his ship. But I don't believe he is an Indian at all. He is probably an Irishman."

"An Irishman! my dear Julia; look at his dress and his complexion."

"The effects of walnut-juice," replied Miss Peckover sternly. "If you were to come behind him unawares, and run a pin into him" (Julia said this with quite a relish, as if she would really like to do it), "the bad language which he would infallibly make use of would be in the Irish dialect."

Julia had dragged me along while we were talking, so that by the time she had spoken this last sentence, we had reached home.

Two gentlemen called that afternoon—one was Mr. Fishplate Gage, who is said to be a very

clever person, but I don't care the least about him, for he talks of nothing but railway matters; the other, Mr. Arthur Long Bowman, a barrister in the Temple, who never gets any briefs, but lives partly on his father, and partly on his contributions to the magazines. He is very amusing, and we had a most agreeable conversation together while Julia and Mr. Gage were solemnly discussing the prospects of the bill which the Great Extension Railway had brought before parliament for a line between Pedlington Parva and Stoke Pogis.

"A propos of the number of foreign nationalities settled in London, Mr. Bowman," I said, "do you believe there are any Hindu crossing-sweepers? My cousin Julia declares they are all Irishmen."

"Miss Peckover must be extra-sceptical, then, even in this sceptical age," replied Mr. Bowman. "Why, there is an unmistakable Hindu who sweeps a crossing within two hundred yards of this house."

"The very man whom I noticed as my cousin and I were coming home! In Gormandy Square, is he not?"

"Yes. Now, I am not skilled in oriental languages, but I have not the least doubt he is a genuine native. Besides, I have studied the crossing-sweeper, as an interesting variety of the human species, in all his phases. I have watched him slink homewards with his broom under his arm; I have seen him, having deposited that valuable tool in his humble garret, re-emerge in a pea-jacket, with an independent bearing, for the purpose of purchasing the tripe, or the sheep's-head, or the savoy which forms his savory evening meal. As for the Hindu in London, my dear Mrs. Miles, he is a wonderful creature—wonderful for the tenacity with which he clings to the customs of his fatherland. I could take you, if it were a fit place for a lady to visit, to an oriental colony in the far east of London, where, but for the difference of buildings and climate, you might conceive yourself in Calcutta. No. 11 in that street (I like to be exact), to outward appearance an ordinary house, is in reality a heathen temple, chock-full of idols, where, regardless of the clergyman of the parish, the expatriated Hindu does solemn *poojah*; while in the back-yard, aided by the poles and lines of a conniving washerwoman, the dread ceremonies of the *churruck* are inaugurated. You know what I mean?"

"Of course: swinging with hooks fastened in their flesh."

"Precisely. Nay, I have heard, but will not vouch for the fact," continued Mr. Bowman, gravely, "that on one occasion, a worn-out Blackwall omnibus was purchased at Aldridge's Repository by a number of Hindus. Can you guess their object, Mrs. Miles?"

"I can," I answered with a shudder—"for a Juggernaut-car."

"Just so," said Mr. Bowman. "The massive figure-head of a condemned East Indiaman served for the god; while the omnibus, crammed with yelling devotees, was driven up and down the confined space of that back-yard. To depict such a scene, with its combined elements of grotesquerie and horror, would require the pencil of a Fuseli."

Compared with this exciting conversation, how tame and prosaic sounded our neighbours' dialogue!

"The only real opposition proceeds from Jackson," I heard Mr. Gage say. "Everybody else has been bought off. We've offered him a station close to his park-gates, if he likes, but he won't listen to it."

"His ideas must be very old-fashioned," observed Julia quietly.

I forgot to say that Mr. Gage and Julia were lovers, and that this was their way of courting. When I think of my dear George, and remember his romantic sentiments, his chivalric enthusiasm, so accordant with my own feelings, I cannot be too thankful that—but I will say no more on that subject.

For a wonder, there was no dinner-party that night, and we passed a very pleasant and quiet evening: that is to say, Sir Peter dozed comfortably in an arm-chair by the fire, with an anti-macassar over his head; Lady Peckover exam-