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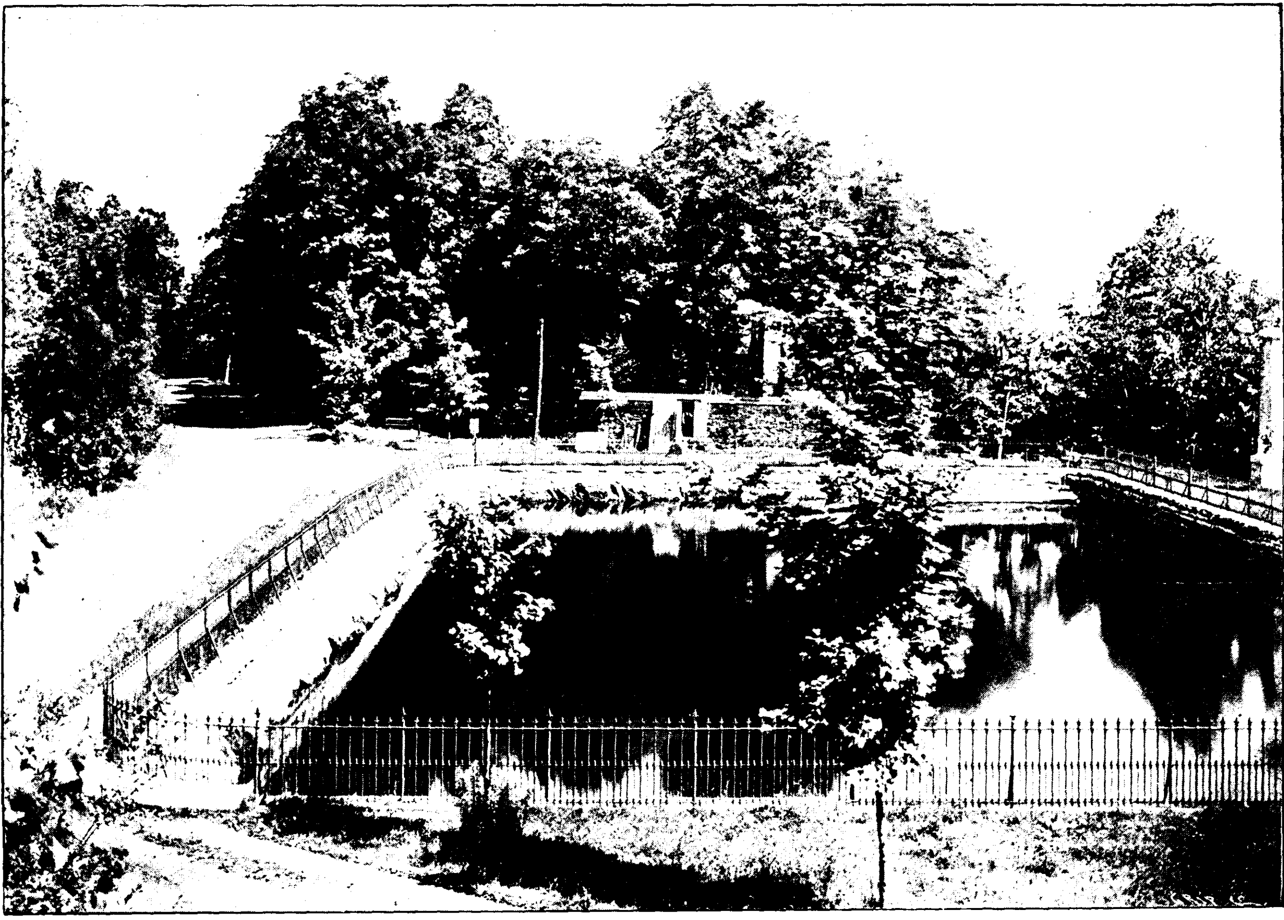

IN MOUNT ROYAL PARK, MONTREAL.

G. R. LANCEFIELD.

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN; WHAT AND WHENCE.

BY JOHN CAMPBELL, LL.D., F.R.S.C.

SINCE the discovery of this continent, the American Indian has been a subject of ethnological study. Military adventurers, and the chroniclers of their deeds, wrote descriptions of him. Missionaries committed to paper and to the printing press, grammars and vocabularies of his various tongues. And enthusiasts, from the time of Father Duran, in the end of the sixteenth century, derived him from Israel's Ten Tribes, or such other ancient stock as pleased their fancy. A volume would not suffice to set forth all their theories and the arguments by which they sought to justify them. The Spanish colonists of Mexico, and notably the ecclesiastics among them, were the first to gain an extensive acquaintance with the many types presented by the Red Man, in physical appearance, religion, culture and speech. Jedidiah Morse, A.M., whose famous *History of America*, or Geography of the United States, was given to the world in 1789, contended that the Americans were descended from many different nations, inasmuch as in Mexico alone thirty-five different languages had been discovered. Travellers and missionaries,—Spanish and Portuguese in Central and Southern America, French and English in the North,—yearly added valuable fragments of information concerning the aborigines. In 1782, Court de Gebelin finished his *Monde Primitif*, in which he instituted a comparison between the languages of the New World and the Old, without any satisfactory result. This was followed in 1797 by B. Smith Barton's *New Views of the Origin of the Tribes and Nations of America*, published in Philadelphia. Early in the present century appeared two important works, Dr. Prichard's *Physical History of Mankind*, and Adelung's *Mithridates*. The first of these is the foundation of modern books on physical ethnology in the English language. The second, which derives its name from Mithridates VI., King of Pontus, who is reported to have spoken twenty-two languages, gives a view of all the known languages of the world, and among them of those of North and South America. Vater, of Berlin, and Balbi, of Paris, followed up the *Mithridates* with similar works. Then the scientific study of our aborigines fairly began. While the artist Catlin was travelling among the Indians of the United States, painting their portraits and collecting their traditions, and while Samuel Drake was amassing the materials for his *Biography and History of the Indians of North America*, five eminent workers in the field of American ethnology appeared, — Duponceau and

D'Orbigny, Gallatin, Schoolcraft and Hale. These are the pioneers of modern scientific research among the native tribes of America, and one of these, Mr. Horatio Hale, of Clinton, Ont., survives among us, an honored fellow of the Royal Society of Canada.

Really valuable treatises on the American Indian, his language, folk-lore, manners and customs, and antiquities, have passed beyond the range of hundreds. A special magazine, *The American Antiquarian*, has devoted its pages to him. He shines in the anthropological department of *The American Naturalist*. The Bureau of Ethnology, under the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, publishes annually large volumes, profusely illustrated, dealing with him, and with him alone. Other books, hardly inferior in appearance, are those entitled *Contributions to North American Ethnology*, under the auspices of the U. S. Geographical and Geological Survey of the Rocky Mountain Region. Mr. Hubert Bancroft, of San Francisco, has produced a most elaborate work on *The Native Races of the Pacific States*. In Paris, there is a society doing good work, entitled the Société Américaine de France, and, under its organization, there is held annually, in different cities of Europe, a Congrés International des Américanistes, who are now on a par with the once famous Orientalists. Ludewig's *Literature of American Aboriginal Languages* is being superseded, so far as North America is concerned, by the complete bibliographies of Mr. J. C. Pilling, of the American Bureau of Ethnology, including those of the Iroquoian, Algonquian, Muskhogean, Siouan, Athapascan, Chinookan, Salishan, and Eskimo languages. Nor has Canada been idle. Besides the many learned treatises of Mr. Horatio Hale, including his *Iroquois Book of Rites*, the French missionaries, from the time of Lafiteau in 1724, have enriched our nascent literature with such works as Maurault's *Histoire des Abenakis*, Lacombe's *Cree Dictionary*, the Algonquin and Iroquois studies of the Abbé Cuoq, those of Petitot on the Eskimos and the Tinneh, and many more, equally worthy of mention. Side by side with Cuoq's *Algonquin Grammar* appears Dr. Patterson's essay on the extinct Beothiks of Newfoundland, in the transactions of the Royal Society. The Rev. A. S. Morice, like Father Petitot, takes the Tinneh, Athapascans, or, as he calls them, the Déné, for his theme, in the Transactions of the Canadian Institute. The Dominion Government has published Dr. Rand's *Dictionary of the Micmac*, and the collections of Drs. Tolmie and George Dawson on the Indians of British Columbia, have seen the light under the auspices of the Geological Survey of Canada. In the latter field, Dr. Franz Boas has been working for many years in the interests of the British Association. This work has lately been carried on by Dr. Chamberlain, whose report on the Kootenay Indians of south-western British Columbia is worthy to rank with his monograph on the Mississagas of Lake Scugog. Dr. Boyle in Toronto, and Dr. Bryce in Winnipeg, have done a great deal in the way of exploring and excavating in ancient sites of aboriginal life, and their example has been followed by many local antiquarians, who have contributed to their collections. The Ontario Government publishes Dr. Boyle's reports in connection with the Canadian Institute ; those of Dr. Bryce and his colleagues appear in the transactions of the Manitoba Historical and Scientific Society. Articles of interest, statistical, antiquarian, and linguistic, have a place in the transactions of the Historical Society of Quebec and of the Natural History Society of Montreal, as well as in the Canadian Propaganda, or missionary magazine of the Roman Catholic Church. It is thus evident that there is no lack of material for gaining an acquaintance with the Indian in all his various relations.

In Canada, we have about 100,000

Indians, as against 260,000 in the United States, exclusive of Alaska. The 100,000 are very far from being homogeneous in physical characteristics, culture, language and religion. They represent a large number of tribes, once regarded as entirely distinct in origin, but now, for many years, classified by ethnologists into groups or families.

The two groups with which Canadians are generally familiar are the historical Indians of early colonial days, namely, the Algonquins and the Huron-Iroquois. Under the generic name Algonquin are grouped the Ojibbewas, or Chippewas, the Crees, of whom the Montagnais of the Lower St. Lawrence are an offshoot, the Mississagas, the Munceys, the Abenakis, the Micmacs, the extinct Beothiks of Newfoundland, and the Blackfeet of the far west. The Huron-Iroquois family embraces the six nations of the Iroquois, and the Hurons, and with these Mr. Hale has lately classed the Cherokees of the United States, on perfectly legitimate philological grounds. The Canadian group that follows next in point of dignity, if not in that of numbers, is the Dakotan, or Siouan, of which the Assiniboins, whose name is Algonquin, and the Dakotas, or Sioux proper, are the chief Canadian representatives, although their tribes are numerous across the border. They dwell along the banks of the Assiniboine river. North and west of the Western Crees, Dakotas and Blackfeet, extend the lodges of the Tinneh or Athapascans up to the Arctic circle, where they are the terror of the Eskimo, west into Alaska, and southwest into British Columbia. Their best known tribes are the Chipweyans and Athapascans proper, the Carriers, Coppermines, Beavers, and Dogribs, but they are a family of many divisions, and their offshoots are found in California, and even in Mexico, where the dreaded Navajos and Apaches still make their raids. Along the sterile shores of the northern ocean rove the Eskimo, also a people of many tribes, extending from Greenland in the east to the Asiatic seaboard of Behring's Straits in the west.

Out of our 100,000 Indians, more than 35,000 are natives of British Columbia, many of whose tribes are comparatively unknown. Exclusive of the Tinneh, there are no fewer than ten families of aborigines in the province. There are the Thlinkits, also found in Alaska, a fierce people, who render themselves more hideous than nature made them by the use of the lip ornament; the maritime Haidas of Queen Charlotte's Islands, whose Fijian features are depicted in Mr. Poole's book on these islands, while their Polynesian-like carvings in wood are illustrated in Dr. George Dawson's report upon the same; the equally maritime Ahts, of the west coast of Vancouver, who boldly attack the whale; the Tshimsians, far north along the coast between the Nass and Skeena rivers, who made war upon the Thlinkits in ancient days; the Salish, long known as Flatheads, a name more appropriate to the Chinooks, and who are inlanders, dwelling east of the Fraser river; the Niskwallis in the southwestern corner of the province, of whose language Mr. George Gibbs has furnished a very full vocabulary; the less known Kwakiools, Bilhoolas, and Kawitshins; and finally the Kootenays, another inland people, dwelling under the Rocky Mountains, along the shores of the Kootenay and Columbia rivers, who have lately been described by Dr. Chamberlain. The Kootenays have a tradition that they came from the east side of the mountains. If this be true, they must have been driven westward by their nearest eastern neighbors, the Blackfeet.

It is very amusing to read so-called portraitures of the American Indian based upon very partial observation. No such portraiture could be given of a German, an Englishman, or a Frenchman; neither can it be truly given of an Indian. When it is considered

that his complexion is darker than that of a European, and that his hair is *almost* invariably straight and black, there is no other feature to add that applies to the whole race. All pure-blooded Turanian peoples, that is to say, not Indo-European, nor Semitic, are more or less dark of complexion, and have straight black hair. Such is the type of the Northern Turanians of Siberia, Corea, and Japan, and such is the Malay Polynesian of the South. Some of them artificially bleach and frizz their hair, but by nature it is straight and black. Professor A. H. Keene, an authority in ethnology, finds a difference in the laminæ, or molecular build of native American hair, as compared with that of Asiatic Turanians, but, until we know more of the vagaries of the American climate, we will do well to attach little importance to this microscopic distinction. Dr. Morton, the late Sir Daniel Wilson, and other eminent men, have sought to locate the American skull and have failed. There are short heads and long heads, boat-shaped heads and flat heads among our aborigines, just as there are all the world over, so that craniology goes for next to nothing. Sir William Dawson compares the palæocosmic skulls of Cromagnon, Engis, Neanderthal, with that of a Huron, or Iroquois from the site of Hochelaga, and finds the ancient Montrealer as capable as European prehistoric men. Look at Catlin's famous pictures of many Indian types! There is the sleek Algonquin, impassive of aspect, of oval face, and moderate stature. There is the larger, more burly, broad-faced, shaggy-haired Iroquois, resembling the lion-like men of Moab whom Benaiah slew. There again is the dandy warrior of the Dakotas, over six feet in height, with hair so long that he can set his heels upon it, with a face like a half-moon, and with his aquiline nose, as unlike either of the others as well could be. The squat, grinning Comanche, a prince of horsemen, is another type; and the Napeolonic chief Petalesharo of the Pawnees; and the brave, but fair woman-like Osceola of the Seminoles.

Their characters are different. The Stoic of the woods, the man without a tear, is the Algonquin, a Malay of the Malays, who will not take the liberty of putting his hand on his brother even to awake him when danger threatens. There is no humor in that man. But, see the Athapascan, full of fun, laughter, and knavery; or the polite, courtly Huron, eager to be on good terms with all the world; or the sport-loving Choctaw, who revels in lacrosse and chungke. There is an element of gloom and cruelty in almost if not all pagan religions, which has been imported thence into peculiar forms of Christianity, and this element was most intense among the Mexicans of old: yet the big, good-natured Patagonians, until recently, had no other faith. Few people could be more unlike than the once civilized Quichuas and Chibchas of Peru and New Granada on the one hand, and the always savage Tupis and Guaranis of Brazil on the other. One of the most widely spread aboriginal stocks of Mexico is the Othomi, whose name has passed into a proverb, as did those of the Bœotians in Greece, and the Abderites in Thrace, so that the more intelligent Aztec calls a clumsy person "as stupid as an Othomi." Chateaubriand's picture of the Natchez is doubtless overdrawn, but the wide difference in culture between them and the neighboring tribes on the lower Mississippi is generally conceded. That nomadic horseman, the wild Navajo, roams over the plains in the vicinity of the walled towns or Pueblos of the civilized Zunis. Even within the limits of one family marked differences appear, so that Catlin imagined the fair and hospitable Mandans, who were unequivocal Dakotas, to be descendants of Prince Madoc and his Welsh followers. Among the Huron-Iroquois, the Onondagas were cultivators of the soil, the Tionontates, or

Tobacco Indians, were traders, and the Mohawks, simply warriors.

Similar variety appears in their arts. No remains of aboriginal architecture, properly so called, are found north of the States of Nevada, Utah, and Colorado, nor in the States to the south-east of these. What are found throughout a great part of the region destitute of true ruins, are mounds artificially constructed, many of which, used as tombs, contain a burial chamber, generally built of logs, but occasionally of stone. In these chambers skeletons have been found, along with implements of stone and copper, pottery, gold and copper ornaments, pearls, fragments of native cloth, and specimens of maize and other vegetable products. Some of the larger mounds seem to have been fortifications, and were probably crowned with palisades that have long crumbled into dust. But most of the large mounds were foundations for an ancient wooden architecture that included temples, royal palaces, fortified camps, and communal villages. The perishable wood has disappeared in North America, as it has from the mounds of Japan and Siberia. The foundation mound is very wide-spread and very ancient, having its origin, in all probability, in the country between the Euphrates and the Nile. Erected almost universally on the modern alluvia of rivers, they, of necessity, belong to historic time, and in America cannot date much more than a thousand years into the past. That the mound served the double purpose of a precaution against inundation and a defence against hostile attacks, is not unlikely, but, whatever the original motive may have been, the erection of those structures seems to have become a traditional custom in native architecture. Three commencements of mound-building have been found; the most northerly in Alaska, the second in Vancouver, and the third on the banks of the Columbia in Oregon. The route of the first or most northern mound-builders, was southward into British Columbia. That of the second was eastward and across the Rocky Mountains, where it struck the branches of the Saskatchewan, and so passed along the shores of Winnipeg, and the smaller lakes adjoining, to the copper fields of Superior. In Wisconsin this line of mound architecture reached its highest northern development. The route of the third line was also eastward, along the Columbia to the watershed whence flow the tributaries of the Missouri, and by way of these to the Mississippi. Thence it divided, one branch following the great river down to the Gulf of Mexico, the other keeping to the Ohio and culminating in West Virginia. There must, however, have been many offshoots, for some mounds have been found in Western Ontario, and Professor Cyrus Thomas, the great authority upon these structures, in his *Catalogue of Prehistoric Works East of the Rocky Mountains*, enumerates several thousands occupying the area from Canada to Florida, and from Massachusetts westward to Dakota. Mexico also has its mounds, and the route of their builders can be followed through Central America, and far into the southern part of the continent.

In the western part of North America, remains of ancient architecture in stone begin to appear in the States of Nevada, Utah, and Colorado, and thence extend into Mexico and Central America, finally culminating in Peru. In the Western States, and in northern Mexico, there are in addition to mounds, three classes of architectural remains,—Cliff-dwellings, Pueblos, and Casas Grandes. In Wyoming and Colorado, the Colorado river takes its rise, and flows through Utah and Arizona into the Gulf of California. This river and its many tributaries may be termed underground streams, as they flow through cañons, or deep rocky valleys. Little by little, during ancient ages, they have worn their way through from

four to six, and, Major Powell says, in some cases ten, thousand feet of rock. The cliffs thus created on either side of the rivers, are not, as a rule, perpendicular, but, owing to the varying hardness of the rock formation, are broken into terraces, sometimes of considerable width. Up in these almost inaccessible terraces, driven, it is said, by savage Utes and similar tribes of the roving Paduca family, a now extinct or emigrated race of cliff-dwellers took refuge. They carved their dwellings out of the rock, like the Kenites of Petra and Mount Hor, according to Balaam's parable, and faced them with detached blocks of stone, showing no small architectural skill. Some of these houses are eight hundred feet above the valley level, and must have been reached in part by ladders. Interesting relics of pottery and other manufactures have been found in them, which by their general character claim relationship with the work of the existing Pueblo Indians.

In the report of the Bureau of Ethnology at Washington, for 1886-87, is an elaborate treatise by Mr. Victor Mindeleff, entitled *A Study of Pueblo Architecture in Tusayan and Cibola.* In 1540, Coronado described the seven cities of Cibola, but until recently they were entirely lost sight of, so that the lost cities of Cibola were regarded as myths akin to Plato's Atlantis and the Arabian Gardens of Arim. At last they have been found, with many buildings of a similar character. Mr. Mindeleff says:—"The remains of Pueblo architecture are found scattered over thousands of square miles of this arid region of the southwestern plateaux. This vast area includes the drainage of the Rio Pecco on the east, and that of the Colorado on the west, and extends from central Utah on the north, beyond the limits of the United States southward, in which direction its boundaries are still undefined. The descendants of those who, at various times, built these stone villages are few in number, and inhabit about thirty pueblos, distributed irregularly over parts of the region formerly occupied." From the thirty inhabited pueblos came the specimens of graceful aboriginal pottery that in public and private collections now vies with Etruscan and Japanese ware.

What is a pueblo? Literally, it is a village, but, in reality, it is a walled town of peculiar construction. Zuni, the typical pueblo, situated in western New Mexico, is built upon a knoll covering fifteen acres, and, according to the late Mr. Lewis Morgan, once contained five thousand inhabitants. Its walls are not distinct from its houses, so that it resembles Jericho of old, from the house wall of which Rahab let down the spies into the open field. Professor Short's brief description is, "the town is built in blocks, with terrace-shaped houses, usually three stories high, in which the lower stories do service as the platform for those immediately following them. Access is obtained by means of ladders reaching to the roof or terrace formed upon the first story of each of the houses. The whole is divided into four squares, and the houses in each are continuously joined together. The building material employed is stone, plastered with mud." Finally, the Casas Grandes, or great houses, are found in Arizona on the Gila River, and in the Mexican province of Chihuahua. They were ruins when the Spaniards discovered them, and, of course, are such to-day. They were built of blocks of adobe, or unburnt brick, and the largest was originally 500 feet in length, by 250 in width, and 50 in height. They consisted of three or four stories, with a central tower, or citadel, and were evidently fortified castles, differing entirely from the pueblo. The pottery found in them is superior to that of Mexico proper, although one of their traditions bears the name of Montezuma.

There are some ancient stone buildings in Mexico of a different type, such as the pyramids at Tehuantepec, and the palace at Mitla, but most of the architecture of the Aztecs seems to have been in wood. In the area of the Huastec-Maya-Quiche family of Yucatan, Chiapas and Guatemala—there are many noble stone ruins, such as those of Palenque, ruins exhibiting remarkable skill in masonry, sculpture and painting. Their analogies are with Easter Island and other points in the Pacific, the general style of which can be traced back to Java and the Malay Archipelago as a whole. The next stone area is that of Peru, whose cyclopean buildings have been described by Rivero and Tschudi. These buildings, challenging comparison with those of ancient Greece, are said to have been the work not of the Quichuas, or ruling tribe, but of the Aymaras, who, at Tiahuanaco, near Lake Titicaca, set up an American Stonehenge. Like the Irish giant's dance and the erection of Wiltshire, it is fabled to have been set up in a single night by an invisible hand. All of these buildings are found accompanied with works of art, attesting a considerable degree of aboriginal culture, and, even where the wooden civilzation has disappeared, as in Panama and New Grenada, these minor records of culture are still exhumed to be the ornaments of many museums. In the report of the Bureau of Ethnology for 1884–85, Dr. W. H. Holmes has an article of much interest on *Ancient Art of the Province of Chiriqui, Columbia*, which will be a revelation to many readers.

High as was the civilization of the early dwellers in Mexico, Central America and Peru, it has been asserted over and over again that they did not possess the art of writing, save in the rude pictographic stage. On the foundation of this *a priori* assumption, several inscribed stones, found in mounds or elsewhere in Iowa, Ohio, West Virginia, Massachusetts and Nova Scotia, have been pronounced forgeries. There is no limit to the follies and falsehoods of which an *a priori* dogmatist may be guilty. As a matter of fact, there was not, in the United States nor in Canada, when these stones were discovered, the knowledge requisite to forge them. For such forgery involved two things: the one, an acquaintance with the antecedent inscriptions of Japan and Southern Siberia; the other, a knowledge of the Archaic Japanese, which they yield when read. With slight variations, arising from rude execution, the characters of the stones indi cated are the same as those of ancient Japan and of Siberia. In America, as in the Old World, the inscriptions were the work of a priestly caste of scribes, originally Buddhists. Many investigators of American antiquities have found traces of Buddhism on this continent in various forms, and have asked whence they came. The answer is that they came from the Turanian Kitas, who, expelled from India in the fifth century of the Christian era, carried their Buddhism first to the banks of the Yenisei in Siberia, thence to Corea and Japan, and finally, from the eighth century onwards, into America.

It may be asked, What traces of Japanese language and culture are found in this country? a very pertinent question, and one, therefore, demanding an answer. In regard to language, that extensive family called the Muskhogean, which embraces as its chief members the Creek, or Muskhoge, the Choctaw, the Chickasaw, and the Seminole, had its speakers been found in Asia instead of America, would have been affiliated at once with the Japanese, the Loo Chooan, and the dialect of the people of the Meia-co-Shimahs. In grammar and in vocabulary, the Muskhogean dialects are simply dialects of Japanese. The following brief comparison of some Choctaw and Japanese words indicates the identity of root and the dialectic variation of the two languages:

	Japanese.	Choctaw.
Man	*hito*	*hattak.*
Here	*ima*	*himak.*
Sand	*suna*	*shinuk.*
Day	*nitchi*	*nittak.*
Star	*foshi*	*fichik.*
Grass	*kusa*	*kushuk.*
Finger	*yubi*	*ibbak* (hand).
Hollow	*kara*	*choluk.*

The variation in the last example is accounted for by the fact that, while Japanese has no letter l, Choctaw has no r. The Muskhogean family has preserved more purely than any other American stock the classical, or written, language of their ancestors; but, in spite of many variations in grammatical and lexical forms, that same speech can be traced in those of numberless tribes from the Eskimo of the Arctic Circle to the Fuegians of Cape Horn. In Asia, the Koriak and Tchuktchi, the Yeniseian, Yukahirian, and Kamtchatdale are classed with the Japanese, although differing as widely from it in their present form as any American language of the class which I have named Khitan. The Tchuktchis and the Choctaws, or, as they call themselves, Tchekto, are really one tribe, yet the language of the Siberian division is far more divergent from the Japanese than is that of the American Tchekto. Concerning the Tchuktchis and Koriaks, Mr. Kennan, in his Tent Life in Siberia, says they bear the closest resemblance to our wild Indians. The Dakota bears a modified form of the Tchuktchi name, and is of the same race. Nor are our Huron-Iroquois of any other stock. As the individual Yeniseianscall themselves *Khit*, a man, thereby claiming alliance with the Japanese *Hito* and Choctaw *Huttak*, so one of their chief tribes is that of the *Kenniyeng*, or flint people, and they are the brothers, far removed, of the Mohawks, whose true name is *Kanienke*, the flint men. Arioski, the war god of the Koriaks and the related Siberians, is the Huron-Iroquois Areskoui, as was indicated by Mr. J. Mackintosh, in his *Origin of the North American Indians*, published by W. J. Coates, in Toronto, in 1836. Mr. Mackintosh's book, published, like those of many original students, in advance of his age, is a perfect thesaurus of facts connecting part of our Indian population with that of Siberia.

The mounds of Siberia and Japan, and notably the burial mound or chambered tumulus, are identical with those of the American mound builders. From Siberia came the snow-shoe, the birch bark canoe and lodge, bead and quill work, wampum belts and many things looked upon as the peculiar property of the American Indian. The editor of this magazine has kindly communicated to me the experience at a lacrosse match in Montreal of two strangers, a Frenchman and a Welshman, who had just come from Yesso in Japan, and who, never having seen Indians, nor the game before, in America, recognized both as of Japanese origin. Martin Sauer, in his account of Billing's exploring expedition in 1785, mentions a game of the Tchuktchis of Behring's Straits, which he compares with that known as Prisoner's Bars, and this may have been the Canadian national game. The Basques of the Pyrenees who are now generally allowed to be most closely related to the Iroquois, and other Khitan tribes in point of language, play lacrosse to the present day. Ancient folklore indicates that the game is as old as the Pyramids of Egypt. The illustrious Humboldt, in his New World studies, found many Old World analogies. In his Views of Nature, he has compared the religion, the government, and the circular gold plates that passed for money, of the Chibchas of New Granada, with the same among the Japanese. In the account of Commodore Perry's expedition to Japan, the astronomical system of the Japanese is declared to be identical with that of these Chibchas. Turning to religion, it appears

that the national religion of the Japanese, and the related peoples of Southern Asia, is Sintoism, a form that the intrusive principles of Buddhism never conquered. It is Polytheism, the worship of many gods, or divine ancestors, at the head of whom stands the Sun. It was very likely that this worship originated in Egypt, where the Pharaohs of old called themselves Sons of the Sun, and was thence transferred to India, in which there were Solar and Lunar dynasties. Our great Algonquin family never worshipped the lord of day, nor did the equally extensive Huastec-Maya-Quiche family of Central America, nor the Mbaya-Abipone family of the Gran Chaco of South America. The same may be said of many other Indian groups of tribes, both north and south. But the Huron-Iroquois and the Dakotas were sun-worshippers, and such were the Muskhogeans, the Paducas or Shoshonese family, the Pueblos, the Sonora Indians of Mexico, the Aztecs, the Chibchas, the Peruvians and the Chilenos. All the great warlike tribes of America are or were sun-worshippers. The ancient Huron, Natchez, Chibcha, and Peruvian kings or head chiefs were revered as the Sun's descendants, just as the Pharoahs, and the Japanese monarchs were. Moreover, the Royal or Solar family of Loo-Choo, a Japanese colony, were known as the Anzis, a term corresponding to that denoting the same gens in Peru, namely the Incas. The resemblance in government indicated by Humboldt is that by two chiefs, the one sacred or priestly, the other secular or warlike, which no longer obtains in Japan, but which once characterized many American communities, besides the Chibchas of New Granada.

Man is naturally a historian, an enquirer into, and a chronicler of, the records of the past. History, whether it be told in prose or in verse, engraved upon a monument, or committed to memory, is the earliest form of literature. Did our native Indians preserve any such records? It has already appeared that the mound builders, whose work attests their kinship with the former inhabitants of Siberia and Japan, possessed and made intelligent use of the Siberian alphabet, or rather, it should be said, the Siberian syllabary, inasmuch as every character denotes a simple syllable composed of a consonant and a vowel. Very few inscriptions in this character have come to light, but it is not improbable that the finders of others have wisely kept silent regarding their discoveries, which, in the present temper of American archæological dogmatism, would only win for them the odious reproach of forgery. Those that have been published reveal the fact that the art of writing with syllabic characters existed as late as the thirteenth century. But, at the time of the Spanish Conquest, the Mexicans were found in the possession of an extensive literature, of which many codices or manuscripts survive. The characters they made use of were hieroglyphic representations of parts of the human body, of animals, birds, vegetable forms, and implements. These were not employed alphabetically, as were most of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, nor ideographically, as were some of the Egyptian, and all of the Chinese; but syllabically. The Spanish missionaries mastered the Mexican system, and made use of it in teaching their converts the prayers and other offices of the church. To write the first two words of the Pater Noster, it being remembered that the Aztec or Mexican has no r, they used the hieroglyphics *flag, stone, Indian fig, stone.* A flag is *pantli*, an Indian fig, *nochtli*, and a stone, *tetl*, nevertheless these hieroglyphics were not read as *pan, tetl, noch-tetl*, but as simple syllables of two letters, *pate note.* Some of the Aztec codices that have survived are puzzling pictographs of which Lord Kingsborough and others have given fanciful interpretations, but there should be no difficulty in deciphering those

written in the ordinary hieroglyphic. The peculiar Aztec combination *tl*, as in *tetl*, a stone, *tepetl*, a mountain, *tlalli*, earth, is really not peculiar to that language, for it is found in the north-western parts of the United States, and also in Siberia, and in the Caucasus. On comparison with related dialects in the Old World and the New, it is found to be an expedient for the sound of the missing r, and at once the Aztec falls into the category of the Khitan languages.

It is strange that no remains of writing have been found among the cultured Peruvians, who are said to have recorded events by means of knotted cords called *quippos*. That they must once have possessed the art is plain from the fact that their *amautas*, or wise men, corresponded precisely to the *amoxoaques* or scribes of the Mexicans. In Central America, the countries of Yucatan and Guatemala, the homes of the highly civilized Huastec-Maya-Quiche family, yielded large numbers of manuscripts, the larger part of which fell to the fire, like the books of curious arts at Ephesus, through the iconoclastic zeal of Bishop Landa, and like-minded prelates. The few codices that survive are in characters similar to those sculptured on monuments at Palenque, Copan, and Chichen Itza. They are hieroglyphic, and the hieroglyphics are purely ideographic, thus differing entirely from the graphic systems of the Aztecs, and the mound-builders. The codices have not been read, but the supposed much more ancient monumental records go back little farther than the middle of the fifteenth century, telling the story of the rise of the Cachiquel empire upon the ruins of those of the Mayas and Quiches. The hieroglyphics of the Huastec-Maya-Quiches are most nearly akin to those found on Easter Island in the Southern Pacific, which are depicted in one of Lady Brassey's books, and elsewhere, and which Dr. Carroll, of the Polynesian Society of New Zealand, professes to have translated.

The only two genuine systems of ancient writing yet found in America, are the Khitan in its hieroglyphic or Mexican form, and in its current or mound-builder character, on the one hand, and the Central American, or Huastec - Maya - Quiche system of grouped ideographic hieroglyphics on the other. These two systems set forth two radically distinct groups of languages, of which the former claims kindred with Japan and Northern Asia, the latter with Polynesia and the Malay Archipelago.

Aboriginal Authors is the title of a too-little known but most interesting little book, by Dr. D. J. Brinton, of the University of Pennsylvania. Nobody in America has such a collection of Central American native literature, or knows it as he does. His own volumes in the Library of Aboriginal American Literature, entitled, *The Chronicles of the Mayas*, *The Annals of the Cachiquels*, and *The Comedy Ballet of Güegüence*, written in the Nicaraguan jargon, are evidences of his Central American scholarship, but one is surprised to find him the author of another volume of the series, namely, *The Lenape and their Legends*, with the full text and symbols of the *Walum Olum*, or History of the Delawares. In the same list of publications appear Mr. Hale's *Iroquois Book of Rites*, and Mr. Gatschet's *Migration Legend of the Creeks*. The Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, in his *History of the Civilized Nations of Mexico and Central America*, refers to a perfect library of texts, Aztec, Maya, Quiche and Cachiquel texts written by natives, after the conquest, in the European characters they learned from their Spanish teachers, but translated in great part from hieroglyphic originals. Still another great store-house of information regarding this ancient literature is found in the historical collections of Mr. Hubert Bancroft. One can hardly think that Garcilasso and Montesinos, with those who furnished Acosta and Lopez with their

material for the history of Peru, depended altogether upon memory for their facts, although the *Walum Olum* of the Delawares and the *Iroquois Book of Rites* were, so far as is known, first written in European characters, having been previously circulated from mouth to ear. Of such a nature is all the American literature outside of Mexico and the central part of the continent. It is, of course, almost altogether in the shape of folk lore, but few are aware how extensive our aboriginal folk lore is. Fragments of it are found in the writings of Charlevoix, Catlin, Kohl, Powell, Gatschet, Dawson, Chamberlain, in *Brinton's Hero Myths*, and similar publications, but it is now a library. Rink and others have told the tales of the Esquimaux; Petitot and Morice, those of the Tinneh; Schoolcraft is the authority on the Algonquins; Morgan, Johnson, and the late Mrs. Erminie Smith, on the Iroquois; Dorsey and Riggs on the Dakotas; Matthews and Stevenson on the Navajos; Cushing and Mrs. Stevenson on the Zunis; Grinnell on the Blackfeet; Dunbar and Grinnell on the Pawnees; Leland and Rand on the Micmacs and Penobscots; Brinton on the Mayas; Brett on the Indians of British Guiana; Harte on those of the Amazon; Markham on the Peruvians, and so the list might go on indefinitely. Our aborigines have spoken through the ears and the pens of many laborious students of many lands, and their stories, like those of Ossian, are of the days of old.

A selection of aboriginal American classics would include the *Book of Rites* of the Iroquois; the *Walum Olum* of the Delawares; the *Migragration Legend* of the Creeks; the *Mexican Chronicles* of Ixtlilxochitl and Tozozomoc; the *Maya Chronicles*, or *Books of Chilan Balam*; the *Popol Vuh* of the Quiches; the *History of the Cachiquels*, or Memorial of Tecpan-Atitlan; the Nicaraguan *Comedy Ballet* of Güegüence, and the Peruvian *Drama of Ollontay*. In all of these the native mind has expressed itself, and it is worth while knowing what that native mind was capable of. For a long time the world was in ignorance of the treasures of Celtic literature, Irish and Gaelic, Welsh and Cornish and Breton. It is not long since the Finnish *Kalawala* and the Esthonian *Kalewipoeg*, two northern epics, came to light. So at last it is known that America has a native literature, a literature that may be called crude, and at times to European ears grotesque, but that is lacking neither in thought nor in dignity. Nor are our aborigines foreign to the literature of the world. The greatest poet of the United States, in his ethnologically confused but poetically consistent and unique *Hiawatha*, has dealt solely with the Red Man's tradition. Chateaubriand, in his *Natchez*, and Marmontel in his *Incas*, have found him a fitting subject for their prose poems. And he has an epic, all his own, in the *Araucana* of Ercilla, which Voltaire placed beside the epics of Homer and Virgil, of Tasso, Camoens, and Milton. Doubtless the author of the *Henriade*, anxious to give all great nations an epic, by selecting this Spanish poem, softened his own fall. The *Araucana* may take its place with the *Henriade*, and with Lucan's *Pharsalia* in the second rank. Ancient texts are being discovered continually in Egypt, in Palestine, in Asia Minor, on the banks of the Euphrates and Tigris. There is no reason why research should not bring to the light of day more ancient documents than we yet possess written by our aborigines, materials for the complete history of man on the American continent, which every true student of humanity longs to have before him.

Voltaire said that as the Almighty made the flies of America, there is no reason, why He should not have made the men also. Certainly, there is no reason, *a priori*, but scientific investigation furnishes many. The evolutionist finds in the absence of anthropoid apes on the American continent

an argument for deriving its population from the old world. The Biblical anthropologist argues against the theory of American protoplasts from the doctrine of the unity of the human race, and anthropologists in general believe in the unity of the species. The most cautious philologists find no radical diversity between the languages of the two hemispheres The archaeologist discovers identity of design and execution in the work of the prehistoric peoples of the east and the aborigines of the west. Three questions, therefore, remain, questions that have already been answered in part. These are: How many original stocks furnished our American population prior to the appearance of the European, whether Norseman or Spaniard? Where did they come from? and Where did they settle? In answer to the first question, it may be said that if we knew the languages of all our aborigines, not only in vocabulary, but also in grammatical forms, and could assert that none had lost their original speech, as so many European Iberians and Celts have done, we could answer it. As it is, the question can only be answered approximately. We know a great many Indian languages in the way indicated, and these fall into two great divisions which are logically and therefore grammatically distinct. The ordinary reader of a European language, English, French, German, Latin, or Greek, calls a certain class of words denoting relation by the name *preposition*, and he does so rightly, because in the overwhelming majority of cases they are placed before the word they govern. Very rarely appear such constructions as the Latin *mecum* and *tecum*, the English *the whole night through*, and the German—

> "Noch harrte im heimlichen Dämmerlicht
> Die Welt dem Morgen entgegen."

They are rare exceptions in all Indo-European languages but the Sanscrit, therefore a word denoting relation is a preposition. Now, it is a strange thing, yet true, that probably half the languages of the world do not use prepositions; they employ words denoting relation, but they place them after the governed word, so that they are no more prepositions but postpositions. This distinction is as old as the Tower of Babel. The ancient Egyptian and the Semitic of Chaldea and Palestine were prepositional languages; the Turanian, whether Accadian, Susian, or Hittite, were postpositional. The Egyptian, the Assyrian, the Celt, the European, the Polynesian, the Algonquin, and the Maya gave, and, so far as they survive, have given prominence or the first place to the abstract term or preposition. The Hittite, the Basque, the Japanese, the Iroquois, and the Aztec give prominence to the concrete term which is the word governed. This radical distinction in the order of thought runs all through the system of the respective tongues; but this is not the place for teaching comparative grammar. According to this distinction the best known American languages must be classified.

The best known prepositional languages in America are the large Algonquin family, in the east of Canada and the United States, the Huastec-Maya-Quiche family in the east of Mexico and Central America, and the Mbaya-Abipone family to the east of Chili in South America. To the Huastec family belonged the now extinct aborigines of the West India Islands. Why are all these in the east? Did they come from the east to America? The answer must be in the negative, for the people speaking these languages have few affinities with the natives of Africa or of Europe. Their languages, in grammatical and verbal forms, are Malay-Polynesian, and such are their insular heaven, their gods, their creation myths, their tribal names, their rites, manners, customs, and their character. I venture to say that an intelligent Tonga islander, familiar with dialects, would have little trouble in understanding an Abipone. The

architecture and civilization of Yucatan and Guatemala connect with Java and other islands of the Malay Archipelago through the Caroline, and Gilbert Islands, Navigators, Marquesas, and Easter Islands, in all of which similar works are found. A northern Malay-Polynesian route was that of the Ladrones,Marshalls,and the Sandwich Islands, which also contain remains of ancient art. Driven step by step from their island refuges by hostile tribes, the emigrants finally found their way to the western shores of this continent, whence they were, in time, expelled by stronger warrior bands descending from the north, who compelled them to withdraw to the eastern parts which they now occupy. Their present position, therefore, is the result of displacement. These Indians of insular derivation were not originally scalpers, although the Algonquins soon learned that savage art, but were decapitators like their Malay ancestors, and as the Beothiks, the furthest displaced of all the Algonquin tribes, continued to be till the end. In the prevalence of the rite of circumcision, the use of an intoxicant prepared like the *cava*, in the almost total absence of pottery among the Huastec-Maya-Quiches, and in many similar things, they differ from the warriors who descended from the north to displace them, and agree with the inhabitants of Polynesia. The Algonquin, by more intimate contact with these warrior tribes, became, more or less, assimilatad to them in customs and in arts, yet all his affinities are with the peoples of Central America and the Gran Chaco.

Already a large number of Indian tribes have been associated with the Japanese family of north-eastern Asia, through their postpositional syntax, their vocabulary, tribal names, worship, government and arts. The only Asiatic works that shed any light upon the cause of their migration, are those of Japan primarily, and secondarily, those of Corea and China. The brief monumental records of Siberia and Buddhist India also afford information. It appears that from the time marked in Europe by the irruption of the barbarians, that is, in the fifth Christian century, there was a constant pressure of warlike tribes, expelled from Persia and India, upon those that had previously migrated into Central Asia. These latter were driven in three directions, north, into Siberia, east, into China, and west into Europe, where, among other names, they were known as Huns and Avars. When the latter were expelled from Europe, they pressed in succeeding waves upon their Asiatic kinsmen, until a large body of them, known to the Chinese and Corean historians as the Khitan, took possession of the Chinese Empire and ruled there, the Chinese say, from before the middle of the tenth century till 1123. The Chinese date is wrong, for the Corean historians state that the Khitan were in possession of Liaou-Tung in northern China between 684 and 689, and that they invaded Corea. The dated Buddhist inscriptions of the Khitan, in Siberia, range from 493 to 784 A. D. The Mexican historians also place the beginning of Toltec sovereignty in 717 A. D., and the dated Mound-Builder inscriptions go back to the eighth century. Corean and Japanese history are full of the story of successive invasions, revolts of various tribes, and banishments, such as led to the peopling of the Loo Choo Islands, and the Meia-co-Shimahs between them and Formosa. To these successive expulsions, not of barbarians, but of civilized warriors, possessing war junks of considerable size, belong the civilized Khitan of America, including the Peruvians, the Mexicans, and the Mound-Builders. Other less historical waves of population came, as the records of the Creeks and Choctaws denote, by way of Kamtschatka and the Aleutian Islands.

When tho Khitan landed on the Mexican coast they found it already occupied by the Huastec-Maya-Quiche

peoples, whom previous disturbances in south-eastern Asia had driven to sea in their large war prahus. How long they and their congeners in other parts of the continent had been in their American seats, it is, in the absence of positive information, hard to say. We only know, from the fact of their displacement by the Khitan, that they had preceded them as colonists. The Malayan histories do not tell when Brahmanism and Buddhism in degraded forms were first brought into Malacca and the islands, leading to religious wars and expatriation. There is no trace of either of these creeds among the Polynesians or their American descendants, which is a proof that they either migrated before these wars or in consequence of them. The Chinese Buddhist pilgrim, Fahian, helps us a little by the information that, in the extreme end of the fourth century, when a storm drove his vessel into Java, he found the Brahmans in strong force, while the religion of Buddha was not practised. It is safe, therefore, to say that the period of expulsion was at least as early as 350 A.D., and may have been a century or two earlier. How long it took the Malay Polynesian emigrants to reach the American shores is a question which the Maya and Quiche documents do not answer. However, the first invaders from Northern Asia to encroach upon them were the Toltecs, who, according to Mexican history, began their civilized American existence in 717 A. D. In 1062, the Toltecs were expelled to the south by their Khitan brethren the Chichimecs and Aztecs, and in that same year Peruvian monarchy is said to have begun. The Toltecs are on this account supposed to be the same race as the Peruvians, all of whose affinities were with the people of the Loo Choo Islands. The Japanese and Loo Chooan histories relate that Tame Tomo, a rebel of the royal family of Japan, being compelled to emigrate, took possession of these islands in 1156. It can be proved, however, from the Siberian monuments of Sagota, that Japanese chronology is far astray. These monuments are dated 493 A. D., while Japanese history places him between 810 and 823, a difference of between 317 and 330 years. Allowing for the error, the date of Tame Tomo's immigration is brought down to a point between 826 and 839 A. D. This is still more than a hundred years too late to enable us to recognize in him the colonist of Mexico, nor is it necessary to do so, for the history of Loo Choo states that, on his arrival in the islands, he married the younger sister of the Anzi whose ancestors had reigned there some thousands of years.

There is every evidence from Mexican history that the Toltecs came in vessels to the west coast of Mexico. Whether it was they or the Chichimecs, now represented by the Shoshonese, who found the stupid Othomis already in possession of that country, is hard to determine, as the historians were not of Toltec but of Chichimec, Aztec, or Nahua ancestry. These latter are the mound-builder tribes, that, pressed in part by new invasions of the migratory Khitan, were driven south and westward, until, gathering strength, they overcame the Toltecs in 1062, after a supremacy of almost three hundred and fifty years, and drove them into the south, there to displace tribes of insular derivation. To follow up the various waves of conquest and migration would be a pleasing task, but one far too long for the limits of a magazine article. Suffice to say that, through the troubled middle ages, such waves followed in rapid succession, until at length the great warrior tribes from Alaska poured down upon the mound-builders who remained—first the Muskhogeans, then the Huron-Iroquois and Cherokees, and finally the Dakotas, sweeping them into the south or out of existence, as if they had not been brothers of the same unhappy race. The story of the Indian, whether his ances-

tors came from the islands of the ocean or from the Asiatic main, is, to the unprejudiced student, an inexpressibly sad one. There is no evidence that on American ground there lived and taught a Quetzalcoatl or a Hiawatha. These names were not myths, but they belonged to very ancient days in far distant eastern seats. No such aboriginal reformer before the conquest successfully preached the doctrines of peace and brotherhood. Blood stains the whole of Indian history—blood shed in endless wars, blood poured out in wanton cruelty, blood offered on the altars of their unhallowed gods. As races they had sold themselves to do the Devil's work, and when the white man came they received the Devil's pay.

ON THE CONTENTS OF A CERTAIN COMPARTMENT OF A LIBRARY.

Now this, now that, in desultory wise,
  The spirit hath stirred—a coil in the state—a war
  Renew'd, of theories giving rude jar
To common thought, bewildered by surprise.
Tractates and tomes, arraignments and replies,
  Shot to and fro, till soon, the ferment o'er,
  Into disfavor laps'd the casual lore,
And well sufficed the old authorities.

Records of issues dead these shelves contain ;
  Of many a wordy bout behold the wrack ;
  Bones to whose cell the marrow comes not back,
Flint flakes whence fire will ne'er be struck again.
So, in Swiss glen, the stones of the moraine
  Show to this day the vanished glacier's track.

S.

THE SCHOOLS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY ONE OF THE BOYS.

FEW things can awaken more pleasant or more sad emotions than to look back over a period of half-a-century and recall the many joyous faces of those who occupied the high benches found in the school-houses of that period. These benches were occupied for a few months in each year. Usually the morning was pleasanter than the afternoon, for the unsupported feet and the tired dorsal muscles drove smiles from the face and gladness from the heart. And when four o'clock came and the high seat was abandoned and the fresh air once more breathed, the weariness and the aches were forgotten, and young hearts were again happy, as much so as the prisoner who, after a long confinement, hears from the Bench, "Nothing has been found against you—you are at liberty to go." The sense of freedom at once found expression in shouts of gladness and of song.

The school-house of the early settler was not a gem of architectural beauty, and so did not awaken the æsthetic sensibilities which are a part of our mental constitution, and which enable us to recognize the beautiful in Nature and in Art. In mediæval times the true ideal of church architecture possessed the minds of those who created the great cathedrals of Europe. Those massive edifices combine beauty with sublimity and strength. We are not only pleased with the exquisite harmony of design but with the beauty which we behold in these structures. We are profoundly impressed with the lofty columns, the high spreading arches, the subdued light, and the elaborate carving, and so we exclaim,

"The Lord is in His holy Temple.
Let all the earth keep silence before Him."

The thoughts and character of a people are sometimes shown in the character of the works they leave behind them. A great cathedral seems at once a place of security and a place of worship. It unites the citadel with the altar, and so gives expression to the profoundest thoughts of its age. The school-house is to our day what the cathedral was to peoples of the mediæval period. It is the visible expression of a different state of mental progress. In the old cathedral the place is the master of the man. There he laid aside his freedom and trusted not to himself. Its walls were those of a celestial citadel, guarded by invisible legions, who saw that no enemy came nigh the multitude who worshipped at its shrine. Everywhere within those lofty walls men were impressed with the idea of their own helplessness, their own insignificance, and their own dependence upon Him to whom they paid their devotions.

But the modern school-room expresses the thought of man's relation to man and to the world about him. Beauty, order, light, cheerfulness and self-reliance are the habits and thoughts which it expresses. He who has dwelt within its walls does not say, "I am nothing," but "I am a man!" "I have dominion." "I go forth to conquer." He does not say, "Here I have no continuing city; I am a wanderer camped for the day, taking my departure for a better country when the sun has gone down and the night has come." On the contrary; what he says in act is, "Here is my home; I have come to stay, and I purpose to replenish the world and to have dominion over it. I intend to cultivate it and to dress it until the waste places are made fruitful, and the soli-

tary places become 'as the garden of the Lord.'" The modern school-house has hope in this life and in man's ability to overcome want, suffering, and all other obstacles which impede or mar human happiness, and which stand in the way of human comforts. This is the ideal of to-day—not that presented by the actual school-house of the first settlers of the province. The difference is one rather of circumstance than of thought. The school-houses of our fathers were not made attractive by numerous conveniences contributing to health, comfort, and high intellectual improvement. One can truly repeat of them the well-known lines of Tom Hood—

> "There I was birched,
> There I was bred,
> There like a little Adam fed
> From Learning's rueful tree."

I can myself recall the many who occupied those uncomfortable forms in the old school-house where I began my study of the subjects usually pursued in the common school. I can recall their faces, their tears, their smiles, their dog-eared books, their successes, their failures—all these come back to me with the distinctness of events which have just transpired, and for the moment my own heart again partakes of their hopes, their pleasures, their vexations, and once more I am a boy. The old dead schoolmaster, like Samuel, comes forth from his grave, takes his place again at his desk; bald-headed men and women, wrinkled with age, are again transformed into children, and are once more seated upon their high forms, engaged in their old studies, and are amusing themselves at their obsolete plays. 'Tis but a pleasing illusion—a phantom of the imagination and the heart. The dial of time will not go back, and we are compelled to march ever onward in the direction of old age and the grave.

I remember how we labored to show how near we could come to the border-line of disobedience without being the painful cause of spoiling a birch. But how little we know at any time how much of life still remains to us! The vast majority of my school-mates sleep their last sleep, and the few who still remain are scattered far and wide over this broad continent.

I can recall to mind how we chased the butterflies till we tired ourselves and spoiled our hats; how we climbed the lofty trees not far away in search of bird's eggs—there was no Audubon Society at that time—and left part of our clothes high up among the branches. We were interested in the structure of the nests, the number and color of the eggs, and the habits of the birds. How we tempted the teacher into flogging us to see which one of us could endure it best without dancing about, crying, or scratching where he was hit! The boy who pranced time to the strokes of a switch —in a kind of Irish jig, was a disgraced boy, and was looked upon as one belonging to an inferior race. The flogging invited and secured was a kind of initiation into the society of braves, and the boy who winced or pranced or rubbed himself where he was hit could not graduate in that society with first-class honors. But this spirit of bravado was not long dominant. A bid for initiation into the family of heroes went out of fashion, and other means of distinction were sought. I remember well a deaf old Irish schoolmaster, who had served his fourteen years in the British army, who was the occasion for much amusement. The more advanced pupils learned but little by his aid—they learned much on account of his infirmities. He was very deaf, and we misread our lessons to him in a tone of voice as loud as we well could use without being detected by him in our nonsense. This practice often afforded infinite amusement to all the school, and the old schoolmaster was never able to understand why it was that all the junior pupils took so deep an interest in the reading of his senior

class. I can still recall much of the rhyme we wrote and read, instead of that put down in the book. I have never doubted, since I became a man, that we made a profitable use of our time, and although we were not much instructed, yet our minds were educated and our intellectual faculties were developed and strengthened by the literary amusements in which we were then engaged.

These were the only exercises in composition that we had under the deaf old master. Once we began, we sought to excel. Each endeavored to produce something that commended itself to the approbation of others. Our rivalry was keen, though I believe it was generous. I dare say that had our parents known just how we occupied a part of our time they would have thought it misspent. That would, indeed, have been an erroneous judgment. We had no prizes offered us as incentives to improvement. Our chief stimulus was the amusement which it afforded us, and that it afforded others who were still younger. We also took a pleasure in doing what before we began we did not know that it was in our power to perform.

In the summer days we stretched ourselves on the greensward, under the spreading branches of a gigantic walnut that stood in the cross-road on a hill not far away from the schoolhouse, and there composed parodies of our poetical lessons in Lindley Murray's English Reader. The summers of childhood have gone by for ever; the great walnut tree, which was seven feet in diameter, was long ago riven by the lightning, and has all been taken away. The vast majority of those who composed and read and wrote have been gathered to their fathers. A few years hence not one of them will remain. Yet, what I still remember of that time is a pleasant prospect, in which no barren spots are seen, upon which no shadows fall, and which the light of the afternoon sun beautifies. I cannot tell you with how much pleasure, with what tender regard, I recall those schoolday amusements and the memory of those who were partakers in them; nor can I withhold a tear from my recollection of those whose merry laugh can never again be heard, whose kindly greeting can never again be given, and whose generous hearts are still for ever. They had in life cloudless mornings; ere noon was reached their suns had gone down.

I have referred to our literary compositions at the school. Some of them have engraven themselves indelibly upon my memory. They were so often read and recited, that I can recall the very tones in which many of the class read them, and I can see before me the general attention and amusement of all. Nothing delighted the pupils more than to hear the deaf old schoolmaster compliment the reader, put his hand upon the boy or girl's head, and predict for him or her a great future, although it was obvious to all, that the old man could not have distinguished a word that was said.

Our reader contained the couplet:

"'Tis education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

But it was not so read in the class to the deaf old man. When the words in a parody were just the same as the words of the original poem they were shouted in a voice loud enough for even the deaf old master to hear, and then, in lower tones, were repeated lines of the most ludicrous character, set off by the most extravagant gestures, which excited the admiration of the teacher and provoked the general merriment of all his pupils. One parody of the above quotation read:

"Just as the twig is held in Baldy's hand,
Some fretful urchin hears the call to stand;
Old Baldy ever seems with birch inclined
To make his mark upon some boy behind.
Old Nick himself, in truth, this man bewitches,
He bends his twig on those with linen breeches."

The old schoolmaster was perfectly bald, and for this reason the name of

Baldy was given him in the parody; and it was one of the mysteries which he was never able to solve why it was that it took so long to recite this couplet. The old man was never tired having his senior class recite Cowper's poem of "The Bears and Bees." The poem, as my readers remember, begins as follows :

"As two young bears in wanton mood,
Forth issuing from a neighboring wood,
Came where the industrious bees had stored,
etc."

But the rhyme recited before the old schoolmaster, was of a very different character. It underwent many variations during the summer. All the school listened whenever it was recited; and all heard it except the old schoolmaster. The old man was highly pleased because he saw that it entertained others. Somehow or other, he felt that it added to his own importance; and when the recitation was over, he would relate something about the genius of Cowper which no biographer has recorded, and he insisted with a great deal of vehemence that as long as the English tongue remained a living language, neither youth nor old age could lose interest in this greatest production of the poet's genius,—the poem of "The Bears and the Bees."

Little did the old man suspect the source of his pupils' amusement. The parody as it was originally written was in this form:

As two young bears without a cent—
Upon a high old time were bent—
Thought the subject o'er with care,
Said honey would be good for bear.

They ranged the wood, they climbed the trees,
They sniffed, and ran in search of bees.
At length the rascals found a swarm ;
The tree was high, the day was warm.
These two young bears, now filled with glee,
At once began to climb the tree.
They reached the place—an end to fun ;
They saw their work was but begun ;
They labored hard, without success,
To leave the poor bees honeyless.
They scratched and gnawed, but learned with pain
That all their labor was in vain.

The angry bees, in great alarm,
Came flying forth, a numerous swarm.
The little insects full in view,
About their ears vindictive flew.

Hungry, and tired by their toil,
The bears fought fiercely for their spoil.
They clapped their paws, they rubbed their ears,—
Their eyes were bunged and filled with tears.
They wildly fought,--I need not tell
How from their lofty perches fell
These bears. The bees came, too ;
The rascals scarce knew what to do ;
Rolled in the leaves, and brushed their hair,
For well they knew the bees were there.

They shook themselves ; they waltzed about,
As if they'd turn them inside out ;
Stood on their heads in sheer despair,
And raised their hind feet in the air ;
It did not take them long to find
That bees could sting a bear behind.

The old she-bear came forth alone
In search of them ; she heard them groan.
She said, " My cubs, why don't you run—
Your education's well begun.
This morning each went forth a fool,
But both have been a day at school ; "
A boy to learn requires years—
One summer is enough for bears.

I give these examples to show the kind of occupation in which a senior class of boys and girls, from twelve to fifteen years of age, engaged half a century ago, when they had a very deaf old man of very moderate attainments for a teacher. The only geography the old man knew, he had learned as a soldier in the British army. He could tell much of interest about Portugal and Spain, Gibraltar and Malta, Calcutta and Cape Colony, and of the United Kingdom. Of other parts of the globe he knew next to nothing, and his pupils had to depend upon themselves in mastering Woodbridge and Olney.

There was one incident connected with his school, which none who witnessed it are ever likely to forget. It was by far the most impressive of any associated in my mind with this old man's school. It arose from a trick played upon a fierce old Indian named Rufus Turkey. I cannot say to what tribe Rufus Turkey belonged ; but this I know, he lived much by himself, and had the reputation of being vin-

dictive, although his character was unknown to the pupils who were receiving their instruction from the deaf old schoolmaster. This Indian had obtained whiskey from some quarter. He had drunk deeply. He had, early in the day, lain down upon the roadside, under the shade of a spreading butternut tree. He must have slept for several hours, for when noon had come, the shade had left Turkey, and he lay on his face asleep in the summer sun. Somehow he escaped notice until it was near one o'clock. He was at length observed by some of the boys. They called to him, but he did not move: then some of them ventured to him and shook him, but it was impossible to disturb his slumber. At this time a boy arrived with a paper of cayenne pepper, which he had purchased by his mother's direction at a little grocery, and which he was to bring home with him after the school was over for the day. The boy purchased the pepper at noon, as the grocery was west of the schoolhouse, while the boy's home was in the opposite direction, and, by buying the pepper at noon, he would be in the company of the other children, living eastward of the schoolhouse, in returning home after the school was over for the day. A mischievous boy, known in the school by the name of Boston McDonald, to distinguish him from the McDonald boys of another family, persuaded the small boy with the pepper to give him the package, and he would use so little of the pepper that the boy's mother would never miss what had been taken. The little fellow reluctantly yielded up the pepper, and Boston McDonald started to use it on old Rufus Turkey. Some of his school-fellows, seeing what he was about to do, tried to dissuade him by telling him that the Indian would certainly kill him, and for a moment he hesitated. But a young man, a blacksmith's apprentice, observing what was going on, and seeing that McDonald hesitated, encouraged him to proceed in his mischief—told him not to be afraid, as the Indian was not a Pottawattamie. The boys were all under the impression that the Indians of other tribes were not fierce and revengeful, and that, so long as an Indian was not of the Pottawattamie tribe, they had nothing to fear; and so Boston McDonald, encouraged as he was by the blacksmith's apprentice, powdered well old Rufus Turkey with the cayenne pepper. It was really marvellous to observe the effect of the pepper on the old Indian. It was another illustration of the transformation of forces. We have often heard of drunken men being made instantly sober by a great mental shock. But this old Indian was changed from a condition of profound drunkenness to one of perfect sobriety by the external application of a very small quantity of pepper.

Rufus Turkey slept on undisturbed for two or three minutes. Then he seemed suddenly seized with the notion that he had been surprised by the enemy; and he leaped to his feet, not only wide awake, but perfectly sober, and, with a war-whoop that fairly shook the ground, and thrilled with terror every child's heart, he shouted "fire," and fiercely demanded, "*who burny Injun?*" He leaped into the school-well, which did not contain more than three feet of water, and which was not, altogether, more than four or five feet in depth. Before he came out of the well, the children were called in for their afternoon work. Rufus Turkey remained in the well but a few minutes; and when he came out he walked a short distance to a blacksmith's shop, where he painted his face with charcoal dust, and striped it with white chalk; and with a knife in his belt, and a tomahawk in his hand, he set out for the school-room. Before he entered the school-house, the school was unusually quiet. The yell of the savage old Indian, when he leaped up from his drunken slumber, had produced a most

terrifying impression. It frightened each little heart, as though it had contained the doom of death; and the impression which had been made was still upon the children when he unceremoniously walked into the school-room, and demanded of the old schoolmaster, "*Who burny Injun?*"

The tomahawk was one of a kind often carried by the Indians of that day; it was both tomahawk and pipe. Boston McDonald, when Rufus Turkey first started from his drunken slumber and leaped to his feet, anticipated danger, and he implored the rest of the children not to look at him, for, if they did, the Indian would be sure to suspect him, and if he were suspected he would certainly be murdered. They were all too profoundly impressed with his danger not to comply with his wishes.

Many a child was appalled at the terrible aspect of the savage. Nor were their terrors diminished when they heard the Indian with vehemence fiercely demand of the old school-master "*the rascals who burny Injun.*"

The old school-master was wholly in the dark. He had received no hint, from any quarter, that any trick had been played upon the powerful savage; and the demand of Rufus Turkey he did not understand. The Indian was resolved to discover the mischievous rascal who had wronged him; and he was far too keen an observer not to notice that the old schoolmaster was giving him no aid in discovering the culprit. Old Turkey knew that the old master sometimes drank to excess, and he was by no means sure that the old teacher was not, himself, the author of his sufferings. The Indian assumed a threatening attitude towards the old man. He held his tomahawk in his right hand, and his face wore an expression of the fiercest malignity. The charcoal and the chalk gave it a most infernal aspect. The children could not have been more terrified had one suddenly appeared in their midst from the lower regions. There was a hickory poker, about four feet in length, which had lain on the top of the stove since the summer began; this the old schoolmaster seized in the middle, twirled it rapidly around above his head, pranced into the centre of the school-room, and giving a wild yell, leaped more than two feet high, as he faced old Rufus Turkey. It was a real Donnybrook movement. No child present had ever seen such a motion with a stick before. The old schoolmaster began singing the battle of the Baltic, which, I have no doubt now, the Indian must have supposed was his death song. All the children were more than ever frightened, for it looked as if war had been declared by North America against Ireland, and that Ireland was ready for the contest. Two or three of the children fainted; two of the boys had jumped through the windows. The rest were very pale and silent. Those that had escaped ran to the blacksmith shop. The smith had just returned from his dinner, and was informed by the two boys that an Indian was in the school, and was going to tomahawk the old master and all his pupils. The blacksmith went at once with the two boys to the school-house, not because he supposed there was any real danger, but because he knew from the boys' aspect, that the children were greatly alarmed. He was a good-natured man, and knowing that the Indian had been intoxicated in the morning, he supposed that he was still under the influence of whiskey, and was amusing himself by frightening the children. But when he entered the school-room he found a much more serious state of things than he had anticipated. The children had all retreated behind the great desks that extended along each side of the school-room. The old teacher was still twirling the poker over his head, and the Indian was not only in his war paint, but in a towering passion, looking into the face of each greatly-frightened boy, as well as into the face of the schoolmaster, to discover, if he

could, the one who had so warmed him with the pepper.

The Indian had often asked the blacksmith for tobacco, and on this occasion the blacksmith, without waiting to be asked, offered him a large plug and advised him to smoke from his tomahawk, but to no purpose; old Turkey was far too angry to be appeased in that way.

The Indian knew the blacksmith well. They had often hunted the deer together in the forest, and the wild ducks upon the Rond'Eau Bay. The Indian had a great regard for the blacksmith, and at once told him of his wrongs; how he had been the victim of a practical joke that a savage would only practise on an enemy. The mind of the old schoolmaster was enlightend; the eyes of his understanding were opened, and he became fully alive to the wrong that had been done the Indian. He was not, however, such a fool as to institute an inquiry to discover the miscreant. He knew right well, if he did, that it would probably lead to instant murder. He pretended to be very angry and denounced the wrong-doer. He affirmed at the same time he had no pupil who was such a rascal as to do such a thing. He was very careful not to encourage any child to volunteer information. The deaf old teacher said to the blacksmith:—"You were just in time to raise the siege. It was a most opportune arrival of reinforcements. Had you not come, that villain would have tomahawked me and my pupils. I never saw a more demoniacal face, or more deadly eye, and nothing but my skill with the stick kept him at bay. I did not know at what moment he might step back out of my reach and brain me with his tomahawk. You know what skill he has in throwing it." The old man said, "I was at the siege of Badajoz, at Salamanca, and at Ciudad Rodrigo, where men fell all around me; but I was a young man then, and had become inured to danger, but I never felt nearer the gates of death than when that old Indian raised his tomahawk and tried to step out of my reach to use it."

Old Rufus Turkey, before this conversation between the blacksmith and the schoolmaster took place, had come to the conclusion that the trick might have been played by some passer by. No one ever ventured to enlighten him, for all believed that whoever did so would certainly be a party to the murder of young McDonald.

No one who was at the school that day, ever after favored the playing of practical jokes on Indians; and all the boys were convinced, beyond any room for doubt, that there were other Indians than Pottawattamies might become dangerous enemies.

When old Turkey was gone away from the schoolroom, and the blacksmith returned to his shop, the business of the day was begun for the afternoon; but there was, for the remainder of that day, neither mirth nor mischief. All were remarkably quiet, and when the school was over for the day, Boston McDonald called the children together and begged of them to say nothing about the use of the pepper on old Rufus Turkey, for if it were talked about, the Indian would be sure to learn all about it, and he would be certainly scalped. Boston McDonald, who was very fond of boasting of his achievements, was never heard to boast of this one. The event had been far too terrifying ever to be made the subject of jest. It was not a thing to be be spoken of, lest the effect might be as terrible as the cry of "Old Bald Head," to the Prophet, had been to the children who joined in it.

The old schoolmaster, Robert Reid, Sergeant of His Majesty's 104th Regiment,—is long since dead. Rufus Turkey, more than forty years ago, left for the happy hunting ground of his ancestors. The blacksmith has gone, and so, too, has his apprentice. The old tavern-keeper is dead. Boston McDonald, if still living, is now nearly seventy years of age, and of the forty

odd children, who were then enjoying the springtime of life, not more than a dozen now remain to recall the amusements of the school and the terrors of that day.

DAVID MILLS.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

The beautiful religious myth of Orpheus and Eurydice is almost too well known to need recapitulation. Orpheus, inconsolable for the death of his wife, Eurydice, followed her to the infernal regions, where his passionate prayers and the witching strains of his lyre so far prevailed on the most inexorable of deities, that he consented to allow Orpheus to take his wife back to earth, on condition that he should never once look back at her till he reached the upper day. The condition, unhappily, was not kept. The faith of Orpheus failed, and he looked back to see whether she were really there; and, so, lost her. The suggestive Grecian myth is an instance of the truth of Keble's line, that

"Thoughts beyond their thoughts to those old bards were given."

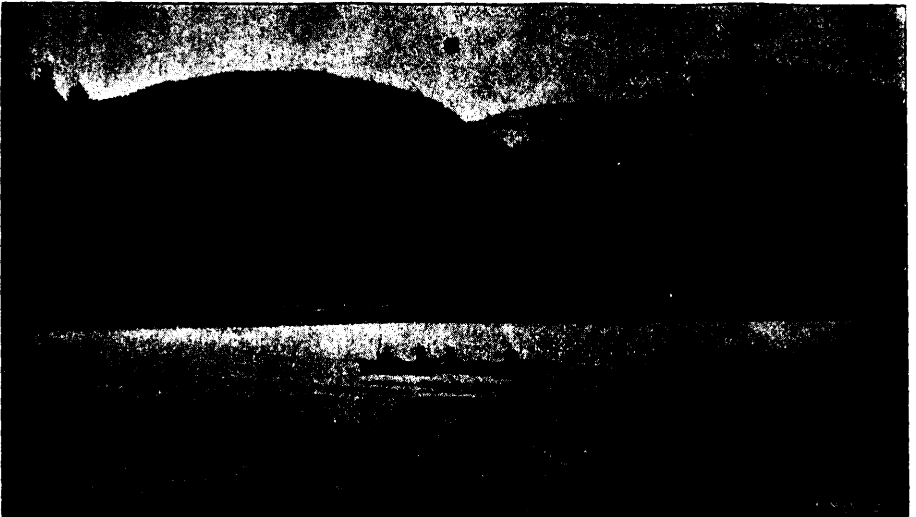
But the following lines suggest a different ending to the parable:

Press on! true heart, in all the strength of love,
And faith and hope, let not thy courage fail;
The pure, sweet air and light are just above,
Beyond this sulphurous vale.
Turn not to look upon the fair loved form,
Let neither hot simoon nor blinding storm
Avail to make thee swerve aside or stay,
Till thou hast reached the happy realms of day.

Full well, full well, thy prayers and tears have wrought,
Yet, haste thou onwards towards the growing light,
With her, whom thy great love through darkness sought,
And found her, in the night.
Oh! look not back into that vale of doom,
Where grinning spectres follow through the gloom,
Not e'en to see the face thou lovest best,—
Onward and upward! there are light and rest!

Press on! Press on! The powers of death are strong,
And strong the grasp with which they hold their prey!
Naught save thy deathless love and heavenly song
Could win her for the day!
Yet keep thy face straight set unto the light,
Turn not one glance back, on the swallowing night,
On, strong in faith; *above* are light and rest;
There thou shalt see the face thou lovest best!

AGNES MAULE MACHAR.
(Fidelis.)



DEER PARK, LOWER ARROW LAKE.

THE ELDORADO OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BY E. MOLSON SPRAGGE.

FINE weather, rude health, good company! These three requisites to the pleasures of travel were all present on my trip to the principal mining district of British Columbia in West Kootenay. The weather was at first, I must admit, an uncertain quantity. Days of rain, unusual in the summer, rain in heavy but persistent showers, had reduced both the barometer and the individual to a state of chronic depression, from which transient gleams of sunshine were unable to elevate them.

It was amid an atmosphere of damp and dejection that I quitted Donald in the Columbia Valley for Revelstoke, eighteen hours east of Vancouver, whence the Columbia River is navigable down to the American boundary. There I embarked at midnight on the 20th of June, upon the *Lytton*, one of the fleet of fine stern-wheel steamers belonging to the Columbia & Kootenay Navigation Company, which ply upon the rivers of the same name, and provide excellent accommodation for the tourist, at very reasonable rates. The soundest of sleepers is not proof against the rattle of machinery, the crash of gongs, and other indications of departure, unexpected at daybreak, but I was too old a traveller to rise at dawn —a remarkably chilly dawn in the mountains—for the contemplation of scenery which I knew I could enjoy at a more reasonable hour on my return trip. The steady thud of the big stern wheel, when once revolving, had a soothing effect and soon lulled me to rest. Nor did I approach the beauties of nature until I had dispatched a very good breakfast and the *Lytton* had passed out of the Columbia River proper into an extension of its body of water, called the Upper Arrow Lake. I found myself in the best of company, with a Judge of the Supreme Court of British Columbia, from Victoria; the Sheriff and Barrister of East Kootenay, who were on their way to the assizes at Nelson; two artists, Mr. Brymner of Montreal, and Mr. Hammond of St. Johns, N.B., together with the usual local mixture of miners, prospectors, ranchers, commercial travellers and real estate agents.

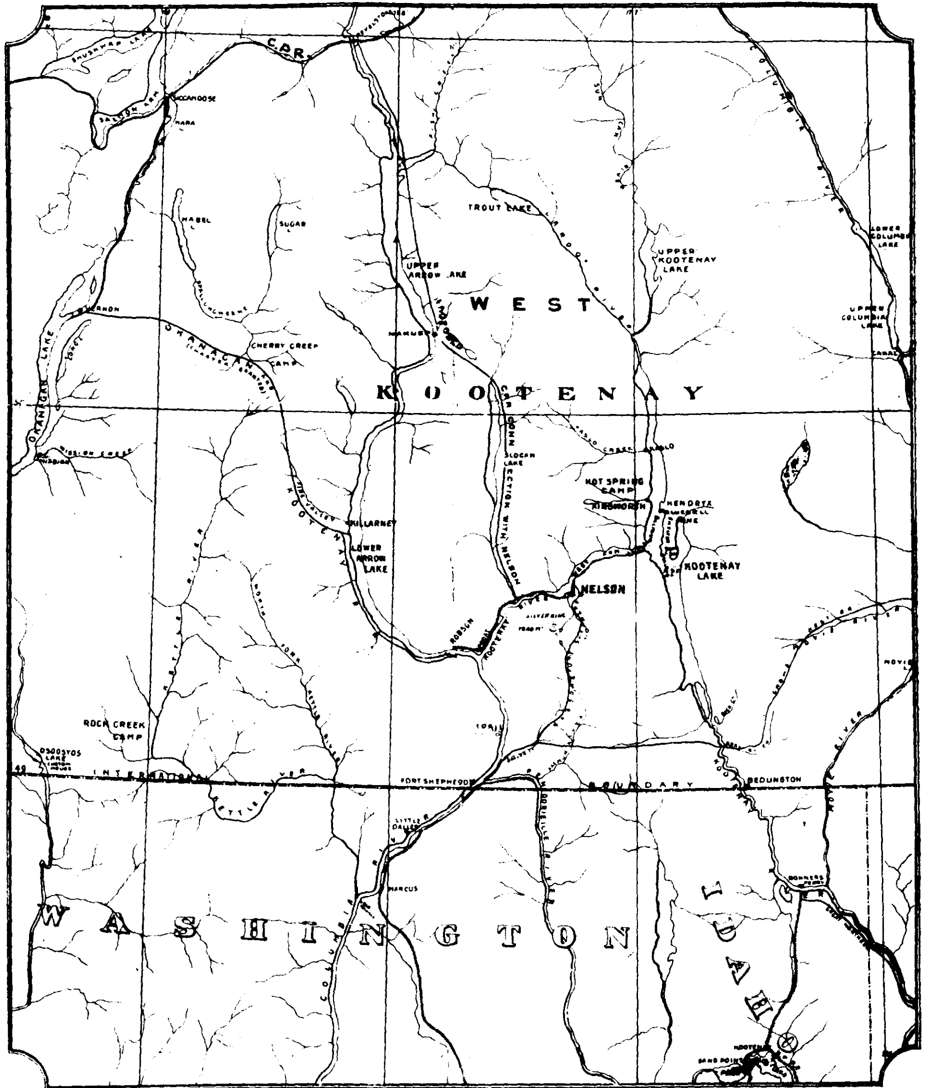
When I stepped on deck, the elements were still unpropitious; over-

head a dull grey sky, beneath it a steel-blue expanse of white-capped water, with indigo mountains bounding the horizon on all sides. Yet the Upper Arrow Lake had picturesque charms of its own, in spite of its neutral coloring, as it stretched away for 40 miles, a vista-of silver distance, towards which point after point of wooded promontory converged in receding heights and pearly shades of soft grey haze, those near the steamer clothed to the water's edge with poplar trees in all the wealth of their tender spring foliage, a delightful contrast to the hard perpendicular lines of the eternal pine. Near the end of the lake we drew into the town site of Nakusp, which had been laid out just a month before, and was fast developing the usual "boom" in corner lots. Wooden houses in every stage and style of construction asserted themselves in all the aggressive rawness of unseasoned lumber. Nakusp is beautifully situated on a level plateau carved out of the forest, above the lake which it faces, and which looks like some inland sea in its 2-mile width, the opposite shore being densely wooded and bounded by high mountains, their fastnesses, as well as most of the surrounding country, as yet unknown and unexplored. Behind the town itself there is a valley leading to the newly discovered mining district of Slocan, 18 miles distant. Up it the Canadian Pacific Railway Company are now building a line to connect it with Nakusp, whose population numbers 200. As the Arrow Lakes are navigable all the year round, south to Robson—at the end of the lower lake near its junction with the Kootenay River—whence a short C. P. R. road runs to Nelson, there will be direct communication between the main line and Nelson, by way of Revelstoke, Nakusp and Robson, the branch of the C. P. R. between Revelstoke and the Upper Arrow Lake being completed this spring; and thus the drawback to the southern portion of West Kootenay during the winter months obviated. Nakusp will naturally become the distributing point for the rich Slocan country behind it, with its numerous and extensive mining camps, and its practically undiscovered resources in minerals, timber limits, and agricultural districts. Lots on the water-front were selling at $300, those at the back at $150. Streets were being graded, and work in general pushed with the rapidity which characterizes town sites. The *Lytton* remained several hours at Nakusp, unloading enough lumber to build a city, while her passengers rambled about among the blackened stumps and burnt earth and ashes which represent untold wealth to the investor. I did not, however, invest, which I may possibly live to repent; and finding the delay exceedingly monotonous, was much relieved at midday, when the steamer backed away from the gravel beach of the embryo town, and continued her way down the lake, which describes anything but a course suggestive of its name.

In an hour's time we were in the narrows between the Upper and Lower Arrow Lakes, a stretch of water presenting a view of apparently submerged telegraph poles, rising from four to six feet above the surface, at irregular intervals. These, I was informed, were snags, which they certainly did not resemble in their familiar features of straggling roots and branches. The snags of the Lower Columbia were a new type. Snags of all kinds I have seen, and even met, upon the water ways of British Columbia—snags at home, snags abroad, snags afloat, snags aground, snags head on, snags stern on; but snags upright, and bare as my arm, were an unknown quantity. Their situation and number render the navigation of the narrows impossible after dark, as some are just of the right height to pierce a hole in the steamer's bottom if she ran upon them unawares.

In due course of time, without anything but a modified current to mark

the change, we passed out of the Narrows into the Lower Arrow Lake, where we were still surrounded by mountains of less imposing contours—more rounded and granitic in formation, with now gentle, now abrupt, declivities to the water's edge.



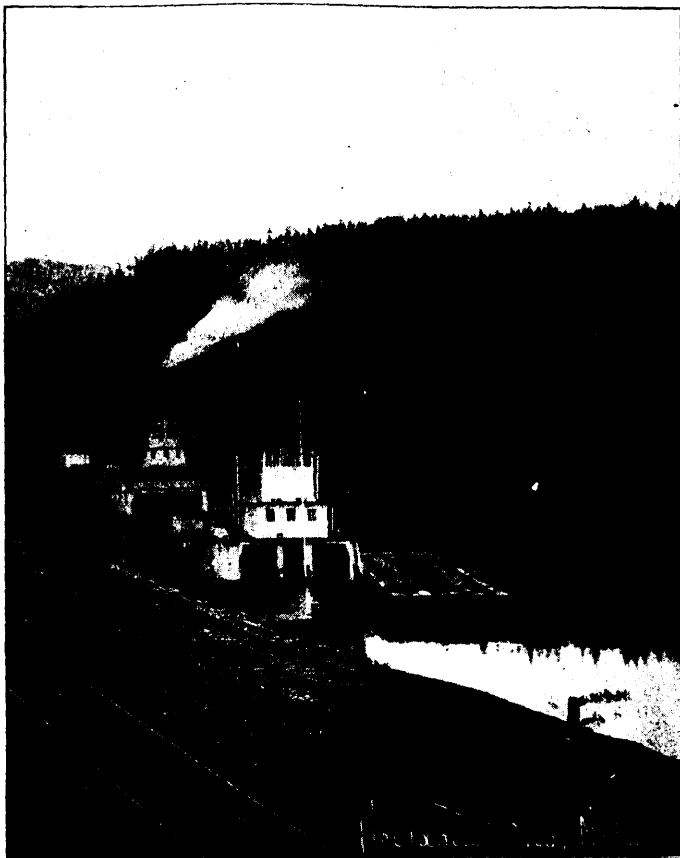
WEST KOOTENAY.

As we steamed on we encountered one of the black squalls which make these lakes so dangerous to small boats, and have consigned many a bold mariner and prospector to an early grave. The storm hung over a narrow bit of the lake ahead of the *Lytton*, like an orange veil. The setting sun, invisible to us behind the mountains, shot its gauzy tissues of falling rain, with golden glories which were reflected in the water we were fast approaching, turning it into sheets of

molten flame. The squall floated over before us like a transparent curtain, trailing its ragged edges down in the lake with an effect as striking as it was artistic. It lasted but a few seconds, then passed away over the mountains, and revealed Robson behind a projecting point.

Here we left the steamer, which proceeded on her way down the Columbia to the Dalles, in the United States, where connection is made with the Great Northern Railway, via Spokane Falls.

It was too dark to see anything but the lights of the expected train, in which we seated ourselves and rolled away to Nelson, the metropolis of West Kootenay, where we arrived at midnight, Nelson was all darkness, and muddy from excessive rain, but a kind friend who knew the ropes had whispered in my ear to make a dash for the *one* omnibus. I accordingly dashed, by the light of a lantern dimly burning. Now, an omnibus properly constructed is an elastic vehicle; it is hard upon its powers, however, to squeeze sixteen people into the space allotted to twelve, especially when some of them burden themselves with valises which they have to nurse. The crowd, like all western crowds, was good-natured, and embraced grips and babies, either their own or other people's, indiscriminately, so long as they got inside. After one final effort at accommodation, which resulted in depositing a young woman upon the driver's knee, we got off. Uphill we went at an incline which threatened to discharge babies, valises and passengers out of the rear end of the conveyance. We all stayed with it, however, and at last the lights of the Hotel Phair, on an apparently dizzy eminence, came into view. After ascending numerous steps, we found ourselves in a spacious hall, and with a prospective struggle for sleeping accommodation. The building is beautifully situated, new, well furnished throughout, and most comfortable in every way. It possesses, moreover, a very obliging proprietor, an advant-



ON THE COLUMBIA, AT ROBSON.

NELSON.

age which cannot be too much appreciated in a province disposed to personal independence. Daylight proved that the Hotel Phair was by no means inaccessible, being on one of the main streets of Nelson, close to the water and the station. From its drawing-room and wide verandah there are lovely views both up and down the Kootenay river, which flows past the town. Nelson looked peaceful and prosperous; it has 800 inhabitants, and its corner lots are held at high prices. There are many substantial blocks of shops already built, and there are others in course of erection. Nelson must be the commercial centre of the west Kootenay district; it is the terminus and headquarters of the Columbia and Kootenay railway now in operation, and the northern terminus of the Nelson & Fort Sheppard railway connecting with Spokane Falls, Washington, via the Spokane Falls and Northern Railway, which practically gives the entire American Transcontinental Railway system an entrance to the town; it is also the distributing point for the Great Silver King and other valuable mines on Toad Mountain, distant only eight miles by wagon road. The Columbia Steam Navigation Company have placed five steamboats on the waters of the Kootenay district, all centering traffic at Nelson. The banks of Montreal and British Columbia have established agencies here; there are electric lighting plants and waterworks, in fact, every indication of a large and wealthy city. There is excellent boating on the Kootenay river—a smooth body of water without any very strong current. The sale of the celebrated Silver King mine on Toad Mountain to an English syndicate, for over a million dollars, was completed on the advice of an expert who was at Nelson with me. This mine,

when working, will give Nelson a pay roll of at least 50,000 dollars per month. It is expected that operations, which were suspended owing to the fall in silver, will be commenced in the spring of 1894. In the meanwhile, on my visit, things were quiet, and the principal characteristics of the place which I noticed were men's pockets bulging with ores and men's tongues with town lots. There are wags in Nelson, too. Close to the Hotel Phair stands a small 12 x 6 shack, which bears upon its wooden door in immaculate chalk the legend, "Hotel de France. Terms per night, $1.50. Passengers without baggage will call on the night clerk and be promptly fired. Hot and cold baths within. Guests requested not to blow out the gas on retiring."

Curiosity prompted me to open the door. The one room within was occupied by six bunks on each tier—three on the upper and three on the under tier. All were filled with brown marsh hay except one, which was in possession of a large box stove.

There is a good Government wagon road out to the Toad Mountain mines. On the way to these, I was told, lies a small lake full of brook trout, some of which I found excellent eating at the hotel. Indeed, Nelson struck me as a very good place to spend a few weeks in. The fly fishing below the Falls of the Kootenay in August and September is so fine that the C.P.R. have, at the best points, built for the enterprising angler three small fishing-houses which they are prepared to rent for a week or more, with cooks and all necessary furniture.

FALLS ON THE KOOTENAY, BELOW NELSON.

The Falls are twelve miles from Nelson, on the railway between it and Robson. I went down to them one afternoon, but, alas! in the end of June the water was too high for fishing. I was rewarded for my exertions, however, by the view of two of the cascades, over which an immense volume of water is precipitated through rock-bound defiles. It is in the pools below these that the trout abound. A twelve mile journey back on a handcar was not the least enjoyable part of this expedition, for if one understands how to sit this machine so as to take in the scenery, without taking off personally, it may be thoroughly appreciated. I was propelled by five lusty section men, hungry for their suppers, and made about as good time as the train does.

From Nelson, trips also can be made by one of the C. K. S. Navigation Co.'s boats round Kootenay Lake to the towns of Balfour, Pilot Bay, Ainsworth and Kaslo, all in the new mining districts; and down the same lake and river to Bonner's Ferry, below the American boundary. The *Nelson*, a boat as large as the *Lytton*, plies in these different directions on alternate days.

I struck the Kootenay Lake by day, and embarked at 8 o'clock one morning upon the round trip. We went up the West Arm, as it is called, to Balfour, a small town site with three horses and four cows; it did not look promising or prosperous, but I believe real estate has a considerable value there. Balfour lies close to this outlet of the Kootenay river from the lake; and nearly opposite to it, three miles across the water, is Pilot Bay, where a large smelter was in course of erection. A real estate agent went up to this spot the day before I did to sell town lots at figures up in the hundreds, and we left him there. The place looked busy, with numbers of workman employed upon the foundations of the smelter. From Pilot Bay we steamed up the Lake to Ainsworth, nine miles away. It lies on the side of a mountain, and will require cable cars; it has about twenty houses. Its aspect is cold and bleak, as it is exposed to all the winds which blow up and down the hundred and thirty miles of Kootenay Lake.

Between Ainsworth and Kaslo, on the opposite shore, are the Blue-bell and Tam O'Shanter mines, remarkable for being down on the water's edge, instead of up on the mountain side like common, ordinary mines. The Blue-bell is a round-topped promontory of solid galena, which I was told rises from the lake in masses of dark blue rock; we did not go near enough to it to distinguish this characteristic, so I cannot vouch for its truth. The Tam O'Shanter, owned in Montreal, is being worked by a tunnel into the mountain and close to the water; the dark mouth was distinctly visible from the steamer's deck. Kaslo, the turning-point of the *Nelson's* career, is the most attractive of all the town sites; it has a floating population of a thousand, and in point of situation leaves nothing to be desired, commanding as it does an extensive view up and down Lake Kootenay. Behind the town lies a

KOOTENAY LAKE, FROM KALSO.

sheltered bay, where a large saw-mill was in course of erection. Kaslo was decidedly booming. It claims to offer the best and easiest approach to the Slocan country, but has, I fear, a dangerous rival in Nakusp. However, there may be room, work and population for both. Nakusp, lying to the north, will be built up by the C.P.R. branch line from Revelstoke, and its interests, commercial and otherwise, will be fostered by the main road, while Kaslo, lying to the south, may easily derive support from and through the United States, with which it has easy and direct communication by way of Bonner's Ferry, but a few hours distant. That it has confidence in its own future is evident from the following prominent signs taken at random from the buildings which met my eye :—

"Temporary office, Kaslo & Kootenay Land Co., Limited."

"Land agents office, Kaslo & Slocan Railroad Co."

"Chief Engineer's Office."

"B. H. Lee & Co., Real Estate & Mining Brokers.
Leases & Agreements of all kinds drawn up."

"John B. Wilson, Headquarters Miners' Supples."

"Furnished Rooms."

An odd mixture of cause and effect.

At Kaslo, I walked through the real primeval forest reaching from the outskirts of the town to the end of the bay, whither the *Nelson* adjourned for a supply of wood. The trail led through a wood of gigantic cedar trees with trunks like silver grey pillars, which seemed almost tropical in size and vegetation. From the town we steamed back to Ainsworth, where we took on board *another* cow for Balfour, and two very frisky animals for Pilot Bay, then by these embryo cities, made our way back to Nelson, where we arrived at half past 6 o'clock.

At the end of a week I returned to Robson by train, and travelliug, as I did, only by daylight, the scenery along the Kootenay river, which I had missed before, could be appreciated. After leaving Nelson, the road runs near the river, whose dark green waters are, near the town, calm and unruffled like a lake, then become gradually, as the river narrows, swifter and swifter, till they break into white-crested rapids, and dash in sheets of creamy foam beneath the railway bridge which spans the Kootenay. Further on, two of the falls come into view, the third being invisible from the line, which diverges from the river. We stopped at Slocan crossing, the nearest approach from Nelson to the Slocan mining district. Here there were some small wooden shacks and a large corral, full of pack horses, whose raw backs were most distressing; we deposited such an amount of miners' supplies, including a gigantic smelting bellows, to be transported thirty-three miles to the town of New Denver, on Slocan Lake, which has 250 inhabitants, it made my heart ache. On again, past Sproat, a deserted town site, with fast decaying houses, whose owner paid the price of exorbitant land grabbing by having another locality selected for a town site by the C. P. R., at Robson, which suited them equally well. Here I alighted at five o'clock, partook of an excellent supper at the one house, fortunately a hotel, which Robson possesses, then embarked later upon the *Columbia*, the finest and fastest steamer of the fleet, for Revelstoke. She left the wharf so quietly, at dawn, that my slumbers were undisturbed, and daybreak found us well upon our homeward way.

The scenery ascending the Columbia river is far finer to my mind than descending it, for the Selkirk mountains, which were behind us in going down, now faced us in vistas of snow-capped heights and dark blue valleys. Finally, as we swept out of the Upper Arrow Lake into the river proper, the

views were perfectly entrancing. The vast extent of the lovely winding lake, which we had just left, stretching away into a wealth of azure distance; the Columbia unrolling before us in wooded slopes and rugged rocky precipices, bounded by the bold silver-topped peaks of the Selkirk range, which grew nearer and grander as we approached Revelstoke. There the *Columbia* landed me safely on Sunday afternoon, and my trip to British Columbia's El Dorado, with all its pleasant memories of fine weather and good company, remained only an experience of the past.

TO THE ALL FATHER.

Our Father,—for no other name
Can fit Thine everlasting Love,—
Forgive us if we slowly move,
Whose hands are weak, whose feet are lame.

We would not all of life were light,
Narrow the path and smooth the way,
For here on earth each livelong day
Seems brighter from the bygone night.

We toil from morn to set of sun,
Along the rugged steep of life,
Beset with thorns of sin and strife,
And something leave unreached, unwon.

Grant us the strength still to aspire,
To leave behind us guilt and sin,
To strive those nobler heights to win,
And through our sinking mount the higher.

Through night and storm lead Thou us on,
Until we reach Thy perfect day;
Forgive us when we go astray,
And not our will but Thine be done.

—A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

DUNFERMLINE ABBEY.

BY FRED. T. HODGSON.

"The King sits in Dunfermline town
Drinking his blude red wine;
Oh, whaur will I get a skeely skipper,
To sail this ship o' mine?"—*Old Ballad.*

DUNFERMLINE, known as the "Auld Grey Toun," is the largest in the county of Fife, containing, as it does, some 16,000 or 17,000 souls, and may be considered one of the oldest, having been founded in prehistoric times, as exemplified by the recent discoveries of ancient cemeteries on the estate of Pilreavie, in which were found a number of beautifully formed urns covered with more or less artistic ornamentation. The urns measure from five to twelve inches in height, and are hand-made, and are of the type known to archæologists as "food-vessels." All these urns contained calcined human bones and vegetable charcoal, both in dust and in pieces. Other evidences of a prehistoric origin of the town exist in abundance.

The Abbey of Dunfermline, in some respects, held the same relation to the Scottish nation, previous to the Union, that Westminster Abbey did to the English during the same period. Founded shortly after the death of Edward the Confessor, and by one of Scotland's greatest kings, it became a royal cemetery, and, like its great prototype, soon after its completion, became a great place of resort for devout pilgrims, who wished to offer up their prayers at the Shrine of the gentle Saint Margaret.

Malcolm Canmore was crowned King of Scotland, at Scone, in 1057, and the sacred stone upon which the royal coronation took place is now in Westminster Abbey, carried there by Edward I. It is generally supposed that the tower, known as "Malcolm's Tower," some ruins of which still remain, was erected by Malcolm between the years 1057 and 1068, and the following story would seem to favor this supposition:

The Saxon royal family of England was driven from their country by William the Conqueror, soon after the battle of Hastings, in 1066. Among the members of the family were Edgar Atheling and his fair sister Margaret. According to Buchanan, these fugitives had embarked for Hungary, of which country their mother was a native, and where Margaret was born; but by stress of weather they were driven upon the coast of Scotland. They anchored in a bay about four miles from Dunfermline, called St. Margaret's Hope; so called, because when reaching this place, Margaret exclaimed: "I hope we shall be saved yet!" Malcolm Canmore, or Malcolm of the big head, hearing of their arrival, sent the party a very kind invitation, which, it is needless to say, was gladly accepted; but royal though they were, they were obliged, it seems, to proceed to Dunfermline on foot, and the stone on which the Princess Margaret rested is still called St. Margaret's Stone. This has recently been placed on a pedestal, bearing a suitable inscription, in front of which is a bench for "ye wearie way-farer." Reaching court, the exiles were received with the most open-handed, large-hearted generosity, but, to the king—rough and wild as he of necessity was—the arrival at his court of such refinement and culture was a dream, a revelation from another world. Margaret had that rare, spiritual beauty which, exhibited in a far less degree, had been the charm of the court of Edward the Confessor. Her blue eyes, her golden hair, graceful figure, pleasing manners,

RUINS OF DUNFERMLINE ABBEY.

gentleness of soul and purity of spirit, made a profound impression on Malcolm and his court. He soon learned to love and worship her with the deep, earnest and passionate devotion of his gloomy Celtic nature. They were married, according to Fordun, in 1070, not far from the bay where she landed, and the event was magnificently celebrated at the Castle of Dunfermline, which Malcolm had recently built and fortified. Historians do not agree as to the reason of the royal Saxons going to the court of the Scottish king. Mr. Freeman, in his "Norman Conquest," states that after the defeat of Edgar Atheling at York, by the Conqueror, Edgar with his sister Margaret and their retinue, went to Monks-Wearmouth, where Malcolm was then with his army; and hearing from Edgar's own lips the helpless condition of the Saxon cause, advised Edgar to sail directly for Scotland, and take up his residence with him in Dunfermline. The advice was taken, and the illustrious exiles set sail for Scotland in the month of October, 1069. The place of their disembarkment was to the west of Queensferry, in that part of the Firth known now as St. Margaret's Hope. It was supposed that they landed at the promontory on the north side, now occupied by the Castle of Rosyth—anciently, "Rosythe," or Queen's Landing-place.

Sir James Balfour, Lord Lyon King-at-Arms, in his "Annales of Scotland," referred to the marriage of the Princess Margaret with King Malcolm as having been "accomplished with grate solemnitie at his village and Castle of Dunfermeling in the Woodes, in the 14th yeire of his rainge, in Anno, 1070."

The exact date of the founding of the Abbey is not known, but there is no doubt concerning its being founded and completed through and by the influence of Margaret. Being profoundly religious, of singular beauty of character and kindliness of disposition, her influence became paramount at the Scottish Court, and possessed it with a higher civilization than it ever before attained. Not only did she establish the church on a better footing, and secure respect and veneration for its ministers, but she also established schools and asylums, and learning flourished. Her husband aided, somewhat blindly, perhaps, but al-

ways with the same spirit of profound faith, in whatever she undertook to perform. Many stories are told of the gentle, womanly influence Margaret had over her uncouth, rugged lord, but nowhere is it on record that this influence was exercised to the disadvantage of the people, or for her own personal benefit. Canmore's hands had held the sword too long ever to hold the pen; and to his eyes the mystic scrolls called books never took definite meaning. It is related of him that he put the most implicit confidence in all Margaret told him of religion, and believed all he could not understand. His reverence for her prayer books and other properties pertaining to religion amounted almost to idolatry, and when handling them he would often kiss them before he would lay them down. It was this spirit of devotion to his wife and to religion that built the Westminster of Scotland, and eventually changed—for the better—the whole character of the Scottish race, and made Edinburgh a Saxon city. From this time out, a Saxon dialect—the Lowland Scotch—became the language of the court; the royal burying-place was removed from Iona—the Sacred Isle—to Dunfermline, and the church was more and more confined to the Roman model. The Celts then, and some of their sons of to-day, may, perhaps, have regretted the change; but it cannot be denied that it placed the civilization of Scotland on a higher and truer basis, and gave a firmness and purpose to the national life which it never afterwards quite lost.

The historian Burton, writing of this period, says: "This good Queen Margaret had an influence on the destinies of Scotland much greater than her husband, who, indeed, obtained on her account the deference that made him powerful. She held rank in the Roman Church as a canonized saint, and even the opponents of the old Church have had a good word to say for her from time to time. There had been a great scarcity of distinguished religious persons in Scotland for centuries before her day. The country does not seem to have been blessed with one saint since the time of Adamnan, who was, like Margaret, not a native of Scotland. She holds a more legitimate rank than those old missionaries whose sanctity was established by a sort of popular vote, since her canonization was formally completed, and the adjustment of the day appropriated to her in the calendar received the special attention of the holy college."

Malcolm died as a warrior was expected to die. He was slain at the siege of the Castle of Alnwick, in 1093, and his eldest son, Prince Albert, died three days afterwards, in consequence of a wound received during the flight of the Scottish army from Alnwick. Margaret, confined by illness in the Castle of Edinburgh at the time of her husband's death, was so affected with grief at the sad news, that her strength and spirits gave way. She made confession, received the holy sacrament, gave her dying blessing to those of her children around her, and, one of the sweetest and most amiable of souls that ever visited the earth, winged its flight to eternal bliss.

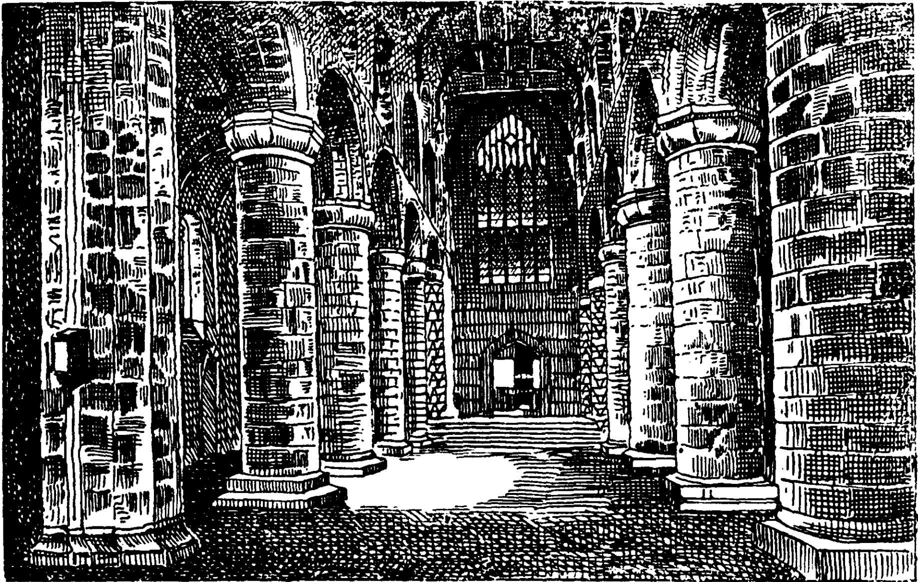
According to the chronicles, Malcolm was buried at Tynemouth, but his bones were afterwards taken to Dunfermline where she also was buried. In the year 1250 her remains were removed or translated from their grave to a shrine richly decorated with gold and jewels. The ceremony was attended by King Alexander III. and a brilliant concourse. The Breviary of Aberdeen tells us that as they were conveying the shrine with its holy contents to the tomb in which they were to be enclosed, at a certain point they had to stop, for they could convey their burden no farther. Much confused, they took to prayer for a solution of the mystery, when a voice, as if from heaven, told them that they were passing the spot where the bones of King Malcolm lay; that as the

sainted Queen and he had been one in life, so should they be in death, and no human power could convey her dust beyond her husband's resting-place. The alternative was obvious. Malcolm's bones were laid beside his wife's, and both rested in a new tomb.

To-day the old Abbey is a venerable and substantial pile, though over eight hundred years have elapsed since its erection; and it bids fair to stand for centuries yet, if kept in repair. On entering it, we tread upon hallowed ground. Here Scotland's kings, nobles and great men of "ye olden time" worshipped for centuries. Here, many of her monarchs, princes and great men in their generation, lie interred. These heavy walls have witnessed the coming and going of many generations, and here

"Through long-drawn aisles and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swelled the note of praise."

within hearing of the good Queen and of many succeeding kings and princes, and of the great Bruce, and of the mother of the patriot hero of Scotland, Wallace, and we have good reason to believe that Wallace of Scotland himself worshipped within these walls. Here the great Bruce himself is taking his everlasting sleep, and not far from him rest the bones of that quaint and shrewd old Scotch poet, Robert Henryson, whose memory deserves some notice. Lord Hailes tells us that "Henryson acted as preceptor in the Benedictine convent of the time." But little is known of his history. He seems, however, to have been in comfortable circumstances and honored in a humble way by his townsmen. He wrote a number of poems, but is best known by his fables, which evince so much good common sense and quiet humor, and are rendered with such forcible expression as to make them well worthy of their place in early Scottish literature.



DUNFERMLINE ABBEY. INTERIOR.

King Robert Bruce died at Cardross, Dumbarton, May 30th, 1329, and was interred in Dunfermline on the 7th of June of the same year, his funeral being attended by

"The grate and the good and the brave of the daie, and the weeping of the multitudes, insyde and outsyde, added solemnitie to the rite."

The King was honored by an eloquent oration, after he had been laid in his tomb, in the choir of the Abbey, delivered by Sir Gilbert Hamilton, one of the seven knights, who kept the King's person in the battle of Bannockburn.

> "For he was ane grate and naturale
> Oratore, who could exprime maist
> Matter in little room."

Bruce on his death-bed gave explicit directions as to the affairs of his kingdom, and bethought himself with regret of his grievous sacrilege in the murder of the Red Comyn in a church, and he confessed that he had long cherished a desire to go on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, but, as we all know, affairs at home prevented the journey from ever taking place, so he left a command to his vassal and friend Sir James Douglas, to take his heart from his kingly body, and convey it to the Holy Land, and deposit it in the Holy Sepulchre.

How faithfully Douglas attempted to fulfil the trust, every one knows. The heart of Bruce, after Douglas's death in battle against the Saracens in Spain, was taken back to Scotland, and deposited in Melrose Abbey, where Sir James himself also lies. As is before stated, Bruce was buried in Dunfermline Abbey, this being proved beyond a doubt by events that occurred during some preparations for building which were made in 1818, when some workmen came upon a vault, which they supposed to be that of some distinguished person. The vault was laid open, and found to contain another, and, in that inner vault, lay the remains of a very large body, cased in lead, which had been wrapped around it like a cere-cloth. Fragments of some cloth, interwoven with gold, by means of which its texture had been so long kept together, were found, thrown loosely over the lead as a shroud.

Something like a crown was observed upon the head. Vestiges of mouldered oak lay strewn about the bottom of the vault, indicating the former existence of a coffin. Several fragments of marble, cut and gilt, and several silver nails, were picked up. The tomb was then closed and left so until November, 1819, when, in the presence of some of Scotland's greatest men, the tomb was re-opened. It was found that the breast-bone of the King had been sawn, longitudinally, from top to bottom, acording to the awkward mode adopted in those days for reaching the heart. This, with the evidence afforded by history regarding the exact spot where Bruce was said to have been buried, the appearance of the tomb, and the other evidence which the skeleton presented, did not leave a doubt in the minds of the scientific and legal gentlemen by whom the investigation was made, that this was, indeed, the grave of King Robert, the Bruce. A cast of the skull is now in the Antiquarian Museum, Edinburgh. After the remains had been viewed by thousands of patriotic Scotchmen, and others, it was re-interred, and it was intended to erect a monument on the spot, and the late Dr. Gregory wrote a Latin inscription for it, but the monument was never built, and the inscription is not yet in marble. The inscription however, may be of interest. It runs about as follows :—

> "Here, amidst the ruins of the old, in building a new church, in the year 1818, the grave of Robert Bruce, King of Scots, of immortal memory, being accidently opened, and his remains, by sure tokens, recognized, were, with pious duty, again committed to the earth by the people of this town. A distant generation, four hundred and eighty-nine years after his death, erected this monument to that great hero and excellent King, who, with matchless valor in war, and wisdom in peace, by his own energy and persevering exertions re-established the almost ruined and hopeless state of Scotland, long cruelly oppressed by an inveterate and powerful enemy, and happily avenged the oppression, and restored the ancient liberty and glory of his country."

Near the extreme end of the abbey church, outside, in what is called the "Lady's Chapel," is one of the large stone slabs of Margaret's tomb—the

only vestige remaining of the royal tombs of which there were so many at one time. The tomb has recently been enclosed by an iron railing by Her Majesty's Board of Works, who are now custodians of the abbey and palace. The remains of the Queen were removed from the still older portion of the church to the present tomb on the completion of the eastern church, in 1250.

The architecture of the old abbey is Anglo-Norman, and is impressive from the massiveness of its pillars, and the solid beauty of its groined arches. The pillars nearest where was the high altar, are, like those of Durham Cathedral, deeply cut obliquely, with a spear's head at every intersection. The eastern portion, which was erected in 1250, was almost destroyed at the Reformation, when the Reformers came

> "Wi' picks and spades,
> And wi' John Knox into their heads,
> Dinging the abbeys down."

So that all that now remains of the eastern portion of the church is that around it—Margaret's tomb. The following is a copy of a warrant, dated 1560, for the destruction of the abbeys:

> Traist friendis, after maist hearty commendacion, we pray you faill not to pass incontinent to the Kyrk of . . . and tak doun the haill images thereof, and bring furth to the Kirk zayrd, and bvrn them oppinly. And siclyk cast down the alteris, and purge the Kyrk of oll Kynd of monuments of idolatyre. And this see faill not to do, as ye will do us singulare empleaseyr, and so committis you to the protection of God. Faill not bot se tak guid heyd that neither the dasks, windocks nor durris be ony ways hurt or broken, either glassin-wark or iron-wark. Fro Edinburg . . . 1560.
>
> (Signed) AR. ARGYLE.
> JAMES STEWART.
> RUTHVEN.

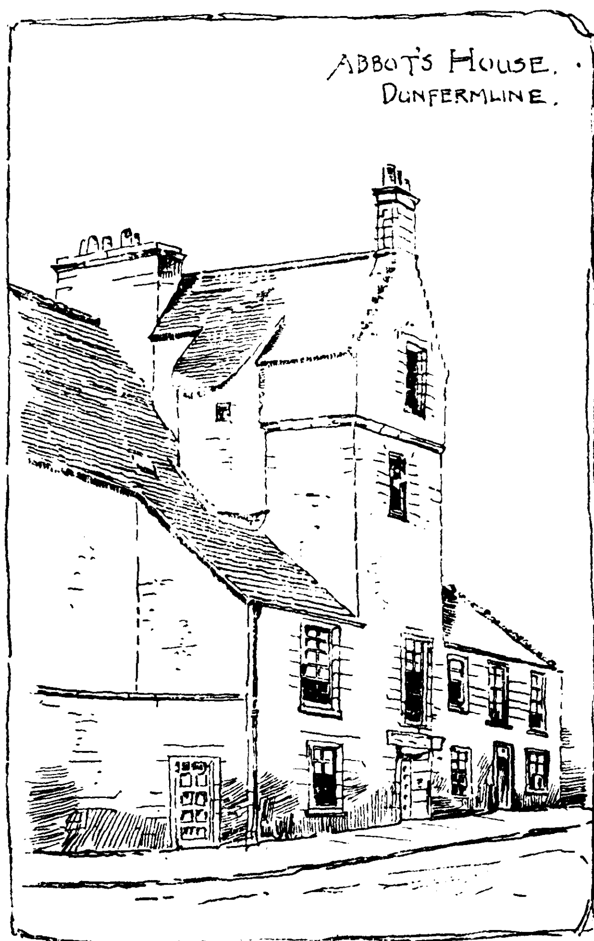
The monastery was situated to the south of the church. The only remaining portions are the south and west walls of the refectory, or Fraters' hall. In the west wall is a large and handsome window, seemingly of fourteenth century work. In the centre of the head-lights there is a peculiar figure, somewhat resembling a heart, a crown, or a monogram, but no satisfactory explanation of its true meaning has yet been arrived at. At that point there is a connection between the monastery and the palace, in the form of a massive pended tower, underneath which the public road now passes. The ground to the north of that "pend" was the palace yard, a large open space between the abbey and the palace, and upon which both fronted. At the north side of that yard there was another pended tower, in which was the north gate of the palace. Very little now remains of the palace, but the west wall, built upon a steep slope, at the bottom of which was the water of Tyne, or "Tower-burn." Charles the First was born in this palace, in 1600, but since that time the structure has gone to decay rapidly.

The refectory, or Fraters' hall, was a very large room at one time, as the walls now standing show, the south wall being one hundred and twenty-one feet in length, and three feet six inches in thickness throughout. The great window spoken of before is quite entire, and is sixteen feet wide by twenty feet three inches high, with six mullions. An English historian, speaking of the abbey and its monastery, says of the latter: "The limits of the monastery were so great as to contain, within its precincts, three caracutes of land (as much arable ground as could be tilled by three plows in a year), and so many princely edifices that three distinguished sovereigns, with their retinue, might be accommodated with lodgings at the same time, without inconvenience to one another."

Edward I., of England, and his army, paid a hostile visit to Dunfermline, in November, 1303. They took up their quarters in the monastery and royal palace, and remained through the winter. When they left, in the spring, they set fire to both monastery and palace. The monastery, though afterwards repaired, never again attained its former magnificence.

Several explanations have been ventured as to the origin of the name Dun-

fermline. One authority gives it as derived from Doun (down), ferm (the rock), linn (the burn)—Down the rock, the burn—Dun-ferm-line. Dr. Robertson, however, says the etymology was the gaelic *Dun-fiar-linne*--the castle by the crooked stream. It is likely that this is the correct meaning of the name.



THE ABBOT'S HOUSE.

The Abbot's house is near the centre of the town, and, though somewhat modernized, is still quaint and picturesque. It is a many-gabled structure, long and irregular in its plan. Over the main entrance is placed an "advice stane," on which is carved the following admonition :—

"Sen. Vord. Is. Thrall. And. Thocht. Is. Free.
Keip. Veill. Thy. Tonge. I. Coinsell. Thee."

an advice that is always in order, and which, being rendered into modern English reads :—

"Since word is thrall, and thought is free,
Keep well thy tongue, I counsel thee."

It is recorded that this quaint inscription was placed there by Robert Pitcairn, Archdean of St. Andrews, and secretary to James VI., as a caution to the inhabitants against talking too much. This building, according to Dr. Henderson, in his "Annals of Dunfermline," dates back to the thirteenth century, and was used as a convent of Blackfriars.

Recently, the west window of the abbey has been filled in with stained glass, at the cost of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who, by the way, was born in the town of Dunfermline. There are four prominent ideas in the four lights of the window—Unity, Piety, Liberty, and Victory. The left centre light represents Malcolm Canmore. Under him Scotland became united. That unity cost murder, suffering and death. Malcolm's father, Duncan, was assassinated by Macbeth; his grandfather, Malcolm II., was murdered, and his great-grandfather, Kenneth, was murdered also, and at last, Malcolm Canmore and his eldest son were killed at the siege of Alnwick, as before stated. The right-centre light represents Queen Margaret with her hand on the Bible—representing personal piety. The other two lights are filled with figures of Wallace, who represents Liberty, and Robert the Bruce, who is a symbol of Victory.

At the unveiling of the window, in 1884, the following letter from Mr. Carnegie was read :

"MY DEAR MR. ROBERTSON,

"As I am not to be present at the unveiling of the window, I beg you, on my behalf, to hand it over formally to the proper authorities.

"I believe the people of Dunfermline will find in this window a work of art not unworthy of the dear old Abbey, nor of the great artist, their distinguished son, whose heart has been in the task throughout. I rejoice to say that in the selection of the characters to be commemorated, Sir Noel and myself were equally enthusiastic. Our patron St. Margaret taught others to read, and the book she holds tells the secret of Scotland's glory. She has educated her children for centuries, and these in turn have placed to her credit a greater amount of solid achievement than any other aggregation of four millions of people will pretend to claim. You have The Bruce, after repelling foreign aggression, sheathing his sword, and, Wallace protecting lovely Scotland, who, cowering at his feet, craves his aid. In this man, neither king nor noble, but one who lived snd died one of ourselves, a man of the people—a man whose fame grows greater and greater as his deeds are studied and the history of his time is unfolded ; a character which realizes our loftiest ideal of patriotism—it is in him, I trust, as I did in my youth, the young men of my native town will find their true hero.

"I am gratified beyond measure that I have been able to add an attraction to the old Abbey of my love.

"Very truly, your friend,

"ANDREW CARNEGIE."

It is said that Sir Noel Paton received $10,000 for the design of the window, and that Messrs. Ballantine were paid $1,700 for the glass work. To these amounts may be added some $5,000 for other repairs on the Abbey, paid for by Mr. Carnegie. It is stated that the total gifts of Mr. Carnegie to Dunfermline during the last twenty years amount to something like $100,000.

The application of superfluous wealth to the preservation of historical buildings is to be commended, and, next to building and endowing educational or charitable institutions, should be encouraged, as by such acts of generosity true patriotism and love of country are fostered and made stronger.

A SONNET.

"I cannot sleep," she moaned, "I cannot sleep,
There is no noise, and yet I hear the sound
Of dead men in their coffins underground.
I hear the black night's dusky garments sweep
About my grave and o'er that wooded steep
Which hangs above a little narrow mound
Where love so late I lost, and sorrow found.
A little sleep, O God, a little sleep!"
Up to the wintry stars that wandering prayer
Mounted on angel lips; all Heaven was stirred.
Then slower came the labored, fevered breath ;
The patient eyes grew dim ; we waiting there
Knew that some God that piteous cry had heard;
And sent, not Sleep, but his twin brother Death.

—ALAN SULLIVAN.

ON BOARD THE AQUIDABAN.

BY MADGE ROBERTSON WATT.

THE memory of last spring's naval parade dwelt long in the mind of fickle New York. And we, who were not of New York, and could therefore afford to be entertained without consciousness of unbecoming simplicity, will not forget—ever—our personal part in this great demonstration. The editor has asked me to write of my experiences on board the different war ships at that time assembled in the Hudson River, and especially of a visit I was fortunate enough to make to the now famous *Aquidaban*, Admiral Mello's rebel flag-ship. There was, then, no special interest attached to this vessel. The great *Blake* absorbed astounded American attention, to which Britain's easy superiority was a mortifying revelation. And the French *Jean Bart*, the wickedest looking vessel of the fleet, and the Russian *Dimitri Douskoi* (as nearly as I can give it in English characters) excited popular interest by reason of differences of make and equipment. The Italian, Cuban, Dutch and German ships received their compatriots living in New York daily and, in large numbers. No one considered the American vessels of any moment. There are, I suppose, comparatively few Brazilians resident in the Empire State, and consequently the *Aquiduban* received but few of the more or less pleasant visits of curious sight-seers. The accident of our visit was due to the humiliating fact that at the 34th street wharf, opposite which the Brazilian ships were anchored, a boatman was captured who would take us to the *Aquidaban* or *Republica* for one dollar each, while two dollars was the fare up-town to any of the other vessels. This rate, on the day we set out to "do" the fleet, appealed to us for reasons which need not here be stated, and which have become common enough since to half America. He was a genial, whole-souled-looking Irishman, but he exacted full return fare on the way over. Whether this was a reflection on our appearance, or whether he was even then meditating the treachery of not returning for us, I am unable to say. At all events, he made us vastly uncomfortable by reiterating that he was much too honest a man not to come back for us if he said that he would. We were invited to ask any boatman along the west side for corroborative evidence in regard to his character.

When we drew near the *Aquidaban* we waxed uneasy. It was Sunday morning, and whether the boat was open for inspection or not was doubtful. It is not cheerful to lie in doubt as to one's reception when one wishes to visit, and we stepped out by no means jauntily on to the ship's ladder, not much reassured by the boatman's advice to "go on up now and I'll be back for ye in an hour shure." At the head of the ladder an officer came forward with a pleasant interrogation in his face. He knew as little English as we Portuguese, and but for the fortunate foreknowledge that the officers of any war vessel speak "the language of diplomacy," we might still be exchanging dumb courtesies. As it was, the polite little request from one of us—how easy it is to be polite in French!—that we might be allowed to see over the ship, brought a relieved "Mais certainement, Mademoiselle!" and a graceful ushering of us to the fore part of the vessel. Here another officer met us, my officer, as in relating the story I have always called him. He was first lieutenant (*primeiro tenente*) and the last of his four names

on his card is de Barrios. Our guide explained to him elaborately and with many bows that we spoke French perfectly, thus leaving us with the pleasant obligation of so doing. My lieutenant led the way into what we subsequently discovered was the wardroom of the officers, an easy-chaired cabin, off which the officers' rooms opened. Here half a dozen officers were gathered and rose at our approach, and welcomed us as if we were expected and honored guests. The warm courtesy of the south at once shewed itself in many ways. I had my choice of at least three chairs and as many officers. We were assured over and over again of our great goodness in visiting the *Aquidaban*, and of the everlasting obligation her officers were henceforth under to us. It was a matter of deep regret that this not being their reception day the vessel was not togged out in her best. But we were very, very welcome a thousand times. It was all rather bewildering to an ordinary Canadian girl—these dark-skinned, be-mannered and be-decorated men bowing and smiling and lavishing compliments on everything complimentable, one's good heart, one's French, one's courage in mounting the ship's ladder, one's condescension—and withal, the indefinable deference and keen interest of southerners and intelligent strangers. Presently wine was brought out and odd little biscuits—and here a little incident which, at the risk of being personal, I must relate, because it illustrates the delicate courtesy of my officer. Some one asked me what sort of wine I should have, naming two or three, and I, because I should have much preferred not taking any, but not liking to refuse (indeed being warned in an English aside not to do so), took the first named and then held the glass in my hand, it not occurring to me to drink it. Another officer of whom I shall presently have to speak, "the first-lieutenant of the torpedo-boat," Gabriel de Mello, hovering about anxiously, was concerned that I was taking no refreshment. Was there anything else? *du liqueur?* I was rather nervously evading his inquiries when my officer overheard his query and in a quick undertone asked him not to urge me: "Don't you see she has merely taken the wine to show respect to us? It is not usual for her." That is one of the reasons I shall not forget the first lieutenant of the *Aquidaban*.

Presently some one offered a toast to the Republic of America, and one of us said quickly "*à l'Aquidaban*," and another "*à la republique de Brazil.*" That was drunk as heartily as if they were not all now endeavoring to upset it. Then other complimentary references to the States were following, when we interrupted proceedings by explaining that we were from Canada.

'Ah!" came from half a dozen voices, "that explains the French." Further explanation was necessary, and we found that they knew considerably more about Canada than we about Brazil, in spite of her annual revolutions. They were in fact much better informed than the majority of Americans. They did not think we lived in a land of perpetual snow and ice, as do a third of the people one meets even in New York.

A pleasant five minutes was spent in a mutual interchange of opinions regarding the superiority of Canada and Brazil over other civilized nations. And through all, rapid conversation in French sparkled and darted in bewildering quickness. It is not easy for one whose French is college-born to follow three or four people talking to one at once, and each expecting a witty answer such as they had been led to expect from Canadian girls. Some one asked me if I objected to smoking, and in my confusion I replied that Canadian women did not smoke, which brought on a grave explanation from my officer that Brazilian women did not either, and that I had misunderstood. It was for permission to smoke

they had asked. The male representative of Canada who sat near me was unable to speak French, but he was not long in accepting the famous Brazilian cigarettes which were lavished upon him. He assured us afterwards that their strength had not been over-estimated.

When it was considered that we had sufficiently rested from the arduous labor of being conveyed to the ward-room, almost the entire company announced their intentions of escorting us over the ship. I was looked after by my officer and Gabriel de Mello, the latter a fair man with a light-colored beard, who was pining for ladies' society. He did not speak English, he said mournfully, and they did not speak anything but English, so when he walked on shore it was all alone. There was an indescribable pathos in the last two words. He went up to Central Park, and it was wonderful; yes, no doubt, but to go through it with an intelligent lady—ah, that would be heaven! He did not know one in New York, and those he had met at dinner could not speak to him. I remembered the Tammany Hall dinners the unfortunate visiting officers had been given, and the pure Irish of the hosts and their relatives, and I did not wonder. It was all so lonely. Mademoiselle would never understand what a pleasure she had given. Mademoiselle had considerable difficulty in sustaining an expression of sympathy, and raked over her French in order to change the subject.

There was no lack of topics for conversation. All about us lay evidences of another world. The difficulty was to ask questions about weapons and machinery of which we did not know the names. It was singular, too, that the man of the party who did not speak a word of French, understood quite readily all about the guns (everything from a cannon down is a "gun" on board a war-ship), while the women, who could all follow the explanations given, did not understand in the least. But our obvious misunderstanding did not interfere with the eager explanations we received of everything and everybody on ship-board. The search-lights, the revolving guns, one of them, I believe, a very famous one—everything shining spick and span. A war-ship is a frightful place. All the accoutrements of war surround us. All that human ingenuity can devise of the deadly order, is here brought to perfection. All that skilled workers in fire-arms of any nature can execute, is here, ready for use. Some one told me that the *Aquidaban* (which is of English make) carries one of the most formidable batteries of any modern man-of-war, and I can easily believe it. I was greatly interested in the little place in the bow, where the Admiral can stand during an engagement, safely protected from any kind of onslaught or missile, and manage the whole combat, from the steering of his vessel to the firing of its biggest gun. A wonderfully well-arranged system of electric bells and tubes communicates with the entire ship to its remotest parts. A projecting roof over this small space protects, and yet allows, a view commanding the whole range of water on every side. What I thought was particularly to the point was the fact that the men need not stay on deck to be shot at while the Admiral is thus enjoying the scenery. But all of this one can see, in the same kaleidoscopic view, of great guns, search-lights, sentry on guard, signal watches, electric bells, swarming sailors, big bales, boilers, and complicated machinery, on board of any man-of-war. But the other things we saw in addition were swarthy sailors, almost as black as negroes, many of them quite so, in picturesque dark blue and white, standing gravely with hands at their caps saluting the officers, much too polite to stare at us, and the odd furnishing of the numberless kinds of cabins on board. It was clearly a foreign vessel; none could

mistake that. The rules in Portuguese, the odd, foreign words passing quickly from officers to men, the pictures here and there of "the River of January," as their beloved capital is translated, the pretty clay water jars, which have the quality of keeping the water cool for an indefinite period, the slow movements of the sailors—all spoke of a far-off mother-land.

We were shown first into the room of the Commander (the Captain), a quiet, unassuming man, who received us courteously, and shewed us his pretty saloon, off which his bedroom and bathroom opened. There were quantities of flowers on the table and desk, the lovely American Beauty and English violets predominating. The Admiral was in his apartments, but so soon as he went away to New York (as he should do) for lunch, we should see them also, the Commander explained in a tone as serious as if it were a Presidential audience bespoken. From thence we went all over the vessel, up stairs and down rope ladders, examining a shining gun-room, watching the sailors' mess, seeing them mending their kits, avoiding stepping on others fast asleep on the floor, some on chests, some in hammocks—anywhere!

My officer had to leave me for a time, for which separation his apologies overwhelmed me. It was absolutely necessary that he go on duty for a few minutes only until the Admiral should have left the ship. So, with the first lieutenant of the torpedo boat, who was delighting in the long-desired society of ladies, and several others, we climbed aloft to watch the Admiral's departure. Sailors lined his passage; the Admiral's own steam launch awaited him at the bottom of the ladder down the ship's side. His officers were grouped at the head of the ladder. Sailors leaned from the rigging, for a moment suspending their labors. The Admiral stepped out of his quarters, walked quickly through the line of saluting sailors to where his officers, with bared heads, stood ready to receive him. Shaking hands with them all, he exchanged a brief "Good-bye," and, followed by two of the officers, went down the ladder, his stern profile turned toward us for a moment only.

Then my officer returned, and we set out for the Admiral's quarters. We saw a great many interesting photographs, a very elaborate one of Rio de Janeiro as the seat of government, and one of President Peixoto, of course in the place of honor; a great many books, and a great bunch of Maréchal Niel roses in the centre of the dining-room table. Passing out of here we came out on deck, and an excitable little officer, whose name I never discovered, who alternately scurried about us and ran up and down the stairs, implored us to be seated, hurried after more chairs, and presently dashed up again with a sailor bringing us coffee. Surely there is no limit to the hospitality of the *Aquidaban*, we thought. The coffee was of a flavor which one does not forget, and which many Canadians, possibly, tasted at the Fair. It was very strong and sweet, and one had to drink it quickly or one's will power would give out.

It was while we were taking our coffee that another pleasant little incident happened. One of the officers "A de Lima Torres," I have forgotten the rest of his name, had been standing by when we were looking interestedly at the water jars, and he now came up to me with a parcel in his hand.

If Mademoiselle would only be so good as to accept this little remembrance of the *Aquidaban*, she would confer a great favor. He was grieved that it was only a water-jar—*mais pour souvenir de l'Aquidaban*. Mademoiselle would understand. He would put his card inside, if Mademoiselle did not object. Would Mademoiselle be good enough to accept?

Mademoiselle accepted, and it will go hard with the person whoever even chips that water-jar.

But our visit was almost over, and we re-descended to the ward-room. Once again the jolly company closed in upon us, and bright speeches again bewildered. The cabin doors were open, and we flitted from one to another of the officers' quarters, filled with books and photographs, foils, clubs, pictures, boxes, and the uncomfortable-looking beds. It was all very novel and interesting, and I fear we asked a great many questions.

But there was one thing which happened, and that is why I say "my" officer. The others, when I told them of it, conceded their claims at once. I was alone for a moment in the centre of the ward-room when Lieutenant de Barrios came up to me and asked if Mademoiselle would have the supreme kindness to go with him. I followed him into his cabin, and he took a photograph out of a drawer and showed it to me.

"It is my little daughter," he said, as I took the sweet baby picture in my hand. "She has blue eyes," he added, proudly.

"This is very, very good of you," I said; but, some one else coming in, he quietly put the picture away and went on talking. Then, when the newcomer had gone, he turned to a curtain at the head of his bed.

"And this," he said, putting it aside gently and tenderly, and shewing the photograph of a beautiful woman, "is my wife."

There are compliments one feels humbly grateful for, and this was one of them, I think. The photographs were always, I felt, carefully guarded, and to show them to me was a rare compliment—one for which I could not sufficiently thank Lieutenant de Barrios.

We regretfully took leave of the officers of the *Aquidaban*, promising each other that it should not be for long. But only a few weeks have passed, and several of our party have gone through the deep waters of sorrow and death, and all of those kindly men are embroiled in the horrors of war.

They insisted upon sending us to shore in the Admiral's launch. Needless to say our boatman had never returned. And we got into the little craft, and looking back, as we steamed across the water, waved what I fear is a last farewell to the men who had treated us right royally. In the launch with us were two gentlemen in civilian's clothes who bowed to us, and one of whom I fancied I had seen before. When we reached the landing and took the nearest street-car, we noticed that they had got in before us. They took no further notice of us, and I thought I must be mistaken. However, when the man of the party went to pay our fares, he discovered that they had been paid. The gentlemen who came from the *Aquidaban* had paid for us This was highly embarrassing, and I spoke to the one whose face seemed familiar and told him that we were much embarrassed by his kindness. He answered in French, after a moment's hesitation, that he was the surgeon of the *Aquidaban*, and further attempts to thank him he either did not or would not understand. At last, after an unsatisfactory five minutes, he seemed to realize, and said, simply, "You are so kind as to visit our ship; we escort you as far as possible."

To such kindly courtesy as this there was no objecting, but the man of our party gets much vexed still when you speak of it. If only he "had known who they were and got ahead of them!" is his lament. We felt, indeed, that it was an embarrassment of kindness—that we, total strangers, should be beholden in these many ways to these gentlemen, and men whose courtesy was the outcome of real kindness.

Where the wrong may lie in this dreadful war I do not know. But I know where our sympathies are, and that we who made that visit watch eagerly the *Aquidaban's* fortunes. It

is saddening to think that even now the grave surgeon may be tending the wounded among his brother officers; that gallant De Mello may be in deadly peril; that Lieutenant de Barrios' beautiful wife may be anxiously awaiting tidings; that the kindly "A. de Lima Torres" may have fallen! And all of these and the friendly others are in danger! That they may escape the dread enemy!

SONG.

Worlds on worlds,
And all complete
To the setting of a star;
But what is a world
Complete, complete,
But a world where lovers are?

When without sound
A star shoots down,
Is it out of its element, think?
Like a flaming draught
From a cup alight
Spilt over the azure brim—
'Tis a love-wine quaffed
By the throat of night
Athirst for the fiery drink.

Worlds on worlds,
And all complete,
Though falleth many a star;
But what is a world
Complete, complete,
But a world where lovers are?

Oceans of water,
So deep, so deep,
Rolling from bottomless caves;
Who but the moon,
When the world's asleep,
Knoweth the secret of waves?
How their heart is her own,
As she gloats from her throne
On the mighty homage of waves;
Oceans of water,
One heart and one eye,
Aleap and agleam
At a glance from the sky.

Worlds on worlds,
These things must be;
Love rules the sea and the star;
And what is a world
To you, to me,
But a world where lovers are?

—Blanche Bishop.

THE SOUL-SNAKE.

BY FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

THE castle of the old counts of Hornberg stands on a lonely rock in the centre of the Black Forest. Every year it grows more ruinous, and its paved courts and empty halls re-echo the fall of no human foot. The fountains are dry, and the pleasure-gardens are bare even of vines and weeds, and only the raven, of all the birds, will dare to alight upon its broken towers, for the place is under the blight of heaven's anger, and it is said that at midnight, writ in letters of fire over the low, frowning portal of the fortress, may be seen the words of the curse, "*Lamentation, and Mourning, and Woe.*"

Two hundred years ago the earth wore a different aspect. Then, all was gaiety and joy within its walls. The gardens were lit with bright flowers; the fountains flashed with sparkling waters; gay birds flitted thro' the sunlit courts, and nightingales sang dreamily in the moonlight, under the heavy-perfumed boughs of rich exotics. The bravest and most beautiful in the land flocked to its masques and hunting parties, and the shepherd at night, far away on the lonely hills, has had his heart cheered by the snatches of song, or martial music, which the wind has brought him in fitful gusts. Count Friedrich von Hornberg had just come into the possession of his ancestral land, and was in full enjoyment of his power, but he cared solely for the gratification of his own pleasure. He cared for no religion; he bowed to no authority. He feared neither God nor man, and loved no one but himself, but he was handsome and affable, and squandered his money freely among his boon companions; his entertainments were more popular than those of any other of the nobles. In his state, he imitated the splendor of an emperor, and as six heralds in silver armor rode before his chariot down the valley roads, the simple country folk would stand afar off, and behold the pageant with awe and admiration. The crest of the counts of Hornberg was an eagle with its face turned up to the meridian sun, and a golden eagle surmounted the flag-staff on the central tower. Deer were plentiful then in the forests which the Count owned, so the hunting parties at the castle were numerous. Young Count Friedrich was a dashing rider, and always led the chase, and was foremost in attack. His gold-sheathed hunting-knife had been warmed by the touch of the living heart of many a noble stag. On hunting days, the company of knights and ladies, attended by their servants, could issue forth in the early morning, and when the chase was over, after partaking of refreshments by some cool mountain stream, under the overhanging trees, could return to the castle about three of the clock in the afternoon.

It was after a morning spent in the manner described that Count Friedrich came home one day, flushed with wine and the excitement of the chase. He went up to his room to attire himself for the masque which was to be held in the castle on that evening. Upon entering his chamber, which was covered with the gold of the afternoon sun, he was surprised and somewhat startled to find a gentleman lounging carelessly across his favorite couch. The stranger smiled to see the Count's surprise, but made no attempt to rise, or pay the common tributes of courtesy.

"Sir," said Count Friedrich, as soon

as he had recovered from his astonishment, "may I hope that tho' unbidden by, and unknown to me, you are enjoying the hospitality of my poor home."

"You may, Count; I am enjoying myself extremely," said the stranger with the utmost *sang froid*.

"That is well," said Count Friedrich, sarcastically, the color mounting to his cheeks.

"It *is* well," the stranger replied, quite undisturbed by the signs of rising passion in the Count's face.

"Sir," said the Count, trembling with rage, "your impertinence amazes me. If you do not leave instantly, I will call my servants, and they will eject you forcibly. Otherwise, I fear that I shall be unable to restrain myself from falling upon a man under my own roof."

"Friedrich," said the stranger slowly, as he sat upright on a couch, "don't be a fool. Sit down and listen to what I have to say to you."

There was something in the tone of his voice, and his manner, which the Count could not resist. He obeyed like a child, and sat before his curious visitor upon the broad window sill, with his back to the sunlight. There was silence in the room for a moment. Then the stranger began.

"Count, you are a great man. You are proud of your birth, proud of your position, as one of the nobles of the Holy Roman Empire; proud of your power, your wealth, your popularity, your good looks. You are indeed a great man, but you sit in the presence of a greater. A minute or two ago, you would have turned me out of your house. You little knew then to whom you made so bold a threat. Behold in me the emperor of half the human race. My word is sure and swift as lightning; my mandates are as irrefragable as the laws of nature, and the current of my will as irrevocable as the tides of ocean."

The Count smiled a bitter, sarcastic smile at what he considered the empty boasting of his visitor.

"You smile, I see," said the latter, "you do not believe what I say. Perhaps I may be able to prove it to you, so that you will never doubt my word again. Now, Friedrich, look me full in the face and note every feature, till the remembrance of my countenance be graven upon your mind."

The Count looked the stranger full in the face , and saw nothing in it to cause either wonder or fear. It was that of a man in the prime of life. The eyes were of a light hazel; the features were regular and handsome, and the upper lip was adorned with a light moustache. Fair, curly hair fell over the forehead.

"Do you think you could now remember my features distinctly if they were to be withdrawn ?"

"I think so," said the Count, becoming slightly alarmed at the conduct of the man.

The stranger rose and stood before Von Hornberg.

"Give me your hand," said he, "and I will tell you who I am, and reveal my power."

Friedrich, unable to resist. did as he was bidden. He held out his right hand, which the stranger grasped, in such a way that his cold fingers lay along the pulses of the Count's wrist. A deadly numbness instantly pervaded the arm, and spread from thence over the Count's body. He sat there rigid, and unable even to utter a cry. The sense of paralysis increased until the daylight flickered before his eyes and went out, and he was grasped in the power of a dark-dream. Then from the wrist of his right hand came bounding pulses of all the passions that sway the heart of man, love, hate, pride, anger, ambition, and the hunger of gold. Sweet, haunting faces, and illusory dreams of greatness passed before him, and as his will goaded him on to follow, or plunged him into the madness of indulgence, suddenly there would flash across his path the mocking features of the stranger, and he would recoil in terror, for the lips

would open and say, "Thou art mine," and he would sink down, down, down, thro' rings of darkness into infinite abysses.

The hand on the wrist was withdrawn, and the Count regained his consciousness to find the stranger seated on the couch as before.

"Well," said the latter, "you perhaps know me now. You believe in my power. Doubtless you can repeat my name?"

"I can," said the Count, "it is Satan."

"Ha, ha! you know me well. I have had dealings with you before. We shall have more in the future. There will be many opportunities of cementing our friendship, and deepening our mutual obligations in the centuries which lie before us."

"Hideous fiend," shrieked the Count, "is there no power which will drive thee from me. By this Holy,"—but the Count's hand could not make the sign of the Cross,—"in the name of"—but the Count's lips refused to utter the Holy Name.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the fiend, "your piety won't avail you now. I should not have revealed myself to you if I had not been sure that you were in my power. It is too late to struggle."

"You lie," cried the Count, "I *will* be free."

'Try it."

The Count tried to move, but his limbs were cased in iron. Outside, the heralds in the court gave a flourish of trumpets as the Grand Duke arrived for the masque, but up in the sunlit chamber his host sat powerless before the fiend.

"Friedrich von Hornberg, I will tell you the secret of my power. It is in *yourself, in your own heart.* There fastens upon every infant's breast, after baptism, a demon parasite, which we in hell call a 'soul-snake,' but which the theologians, who do not understand it, call 'self.' This soul-snake, in the beginning, is but a minute germ, but it is, when well fed, of rapid growth, and, as it grows, it assumes more and more the shape of the being it inhabits. I have said that the soul-snake is a parasite. *It lives on the passions of a man's heart. There,* in the centre of his being it lies, and sucks, and sucks, and maddens him with its thirst for sin, and waxes stronger by the heart's indulgence of sin, and ever as it grows, it makes greater demands upon the heart, till the insatiable appetite can no longer be appeased, and the soul is crushed by its own emptiness. The only hope for man lies in *starving* the demon. *Then,* it will get smaller and smaller, and perhaps die away. But when, as in your case, the parasite has been fed for years upon a rich diet of unbridled passions, it becomes a huge darkness, filling, and even enveloping the body. To me, you do not appear the gay, sparkling being the world takes you for. The shadowy scales of the soul-snake cover you with the murkiness of hell, and emit a poison which contaminates all around you. Go where you will, do what you will, the monster will grow and grow, and you will have to plunge deeper each year into excess in order to satisfy its unconquerable cravings. You are in its power; *you are mine.* As soon as the shadow fills the whole body of a man, and bursts outward beyond the flesh, I know that that man is mine. He can hope no longer to finally escape me. Then, I come to him, as I have come to you to-day, and welcome him into my kingdom. Have no more fear. Struggle not to be free. Drink deeper, love more madly, hate more fiercely, fight more cruelly, corrupt more artfully. Look down your limbs, behold round your hands and feet, and over your whole body, the black shadow of the demon.

The Count looked down upon himself, and lo, a darkness enveloped him, which he had never perceived before.

"You see the soul-snake now," said

the fiend. "It will grow day by day, till it becomes a giant shadow of yourself, filling the world with evil. Guard it, support it, continue to give it meat and drink, if you would have even temporary peace."

The fiend paused and rose to depart. He held out his hand to the Count.

"Friedrich," he said, "there may still remain in you some desire to be free. Cease the futile struggle, and abandon yourself utterly to my service, and *love me.*

The Count looked up into the strange face bending over him, and a new love filled him with a furious joy—*the love of sin for its own sake.*

"I will," he said; and the compact was closed, and Count Friedrich found himself alone. He rose and attired himself for the masque, but at every turn he saw round him the scales of the demon parasite, whose hungry lips were fastened upon his heart.

Night after night there was mad revelry at the castle. The Count was gayer and more fascinating than ever. The company were intoxicated by his presence, and lingered in his enchanted palaces. The mountains and valleys re-echoed the merry minstrelsy, and the clatter of tournaments and jousts.

But the shadow grew larger round Count von Hornberg, and desire became more insatiable. The monster was devouring him, for the pressure upon him was a burden and a pain, and its hunger was as the sting of death.

Years passed away, and the presence of the demon had become so palpable that even the outside world was conscious of it, and all living things shrank from the owner of Hornberg castle as from the angel of the plague. Wherever he went, the shadow was round him, and poisoned the world to him, and crushed him with its unquenchable thirst for deeper draughts of sin. At last even his servants fled from him, and on one dark night, in his fortress castle, the Count found himself alone. He lighted with all the shining candelabra, the haunts of former splendor, and wandered from room to room, gaunt and grizzly as a skeleton. He knew that the end had come. He could no longer quaff the wine of sin; his lips were withered and dry, but the thirst was there still, the stinging thirst of the parasite, like the fire of an equatorial desert. He staggered feebly down the brilliant corridors, past the sparkling fountains, thro' the odorous gardens, and back again into the gorgeous salons. Nothing living met his sight. He called the old familiar names of his servants and his dogs, but his voice died away down the halls, and there was no response. The end had come, and he was alone. Shrunken and shrivelled in the heart of the monster he had nourished with his own soul, Von Hornberg sank down upon an ottoman, and sat there biting his long claw-like nails, till the lights died out in the massy candelabra, and the flowers faded in the empty gardens, and the flesh fell from his bones, and his bones crumbled into dust under the crumbling towers. But the end of the end never came, for he despaired on and on forever, and hungers still with a hunger which cannot be appeased, "Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

THE COCOANUT PALM.

BY ALLAN ERIC.

Member of the Institute of Jamaica.

NOWHERE in tropical America is there a tree so graceful, so pleasing to the eye of the traveller, as the cocoanut palm; and no tree is so typical of the tropics. To visit the tropics for the first time is like being transported into another world, for it is utterly beyond the limit of human imagination to conceive the wonders and the beauties that a tropical landscape unfolds and spreads out before the eye. Every one has previously formed an idea of what the tropics are like, pictured in his mind's eye the wonderful vegetation, the plants and flowers and the trees; but an actual realization proves so far beyond anything which he could imagine that he gazes in speechless wonder. But one feature of the landscape will not at first surprise the traveller. He has, from his earliest recollection, associated with the tropics in all parts of the world, the palm, a tree of grace and beauty, towering above all surrounding tropical giants; and as this tree is the most prominent feature in his imaginative tropical landscape, so it will be in the real one, and he almost feels as though he had been accustomed to see palms all his life. But he never tires at gazing at the lovely palms, with their tall, slender stems, crowned with feathery leaves, always gently waving in the steady, soft, trade zephyrs of tropical latitudes.

I presume there is no quarter of the globe where there are so many cocoanut palms as in the West Indies. I devote this article to the cocoanut palm, because it is by far the most plentiful of all palms in tropical America, particularly in the West Indies; because it is, to my mind, the most beautiful of all, and because its uses are the most manifold to the peo-

ple who inhabit the countries where it grows.

Jamaica may well be styled "the Land of Palms." Indeed it is a beautiful garden of palms, where nature, it would seem, has located her special palm nursery to show her fairest and most wonderful works in the vegetable kingdom.

There are several other varieties of palm in Jamaica, among which are the oil palm (in limited numbers), occasionally a Royal palm, and in the more elevated parts of the island, "cabbage palms" are plentiful. The Jamaica blacks call the oil palm "macca fat," the word "macca" referring to the long, sharp spurs with which the trunk of this tree is covered, and "fat," referring, of course, to the oil which the tree yields. But the typical palm of the island is that which bears the cocoanut. It is by far the most plentiful, and anywhere in Jamaica one cannot lift his eyes, or gaze in any direction, without seeing from half a-dozen to a score or more of these wonderful trees.

Before proceeding further I will insert a brief scientific description of the cocoanut palm. "It is the species *Cocos mucifera,* perhaps once a native only of the Indian coasts and South Sea Islands, though now diffused over all tropical regions. It belongs to a genus having pinnate leaves, male and female flowers on the same tree, the female flowers at the base of each spadix." It has a cylindrical stem, about two feet in diameter, and from sixty to one hundred feet high, with many rings marking the places of former leaves, which curve downwards, and which are from twelve to thirty feet in length. The flowers proceed from within a large pointed spathe. I have now in my study one of these spathes, dried. It is about three and a half feet long, and will weigh, I think, five or six pounds—and would weigh fully twice that when green. The nuts grow in short racemes, which bear, in favorable locations, from five to fifteen nuts; and ten to twelve of these racemes in different stages may be seen at once on a tree, about eighty to a hundred nuts being its ordinary annual yield.

The tree bears in from seven to eight years from the germinating of the nut, and continues productive from seventy to eighty years. It defies storms and hurricanes, and its graceful form, with its evergreen foliage, towering above all other trees, with its leaves swayed to and fro by every breeze, make it a conspicuous feature, not only along the tropical coasts, but in the villages not very far inland.

The timber of the tree is utilized for many purposes,—for building houses and for rafts,—while the natives make use of the leaves for roofing their dwellings, thus securing immunity from the heavy rains that are so common in regions near the equator. I said that the uses of the cocoanut palm are many, and they do not, by any means, cease with the wood and leaves. A medicine said to cure kidney troubles is obtained from the trunk. It is a liquid secured by boring a hole in the trunk of the tree at a certain stage of its growth, afterward permitting the liquid to ferment for several hours. This liquid, when subjected to heat, supplies a crystallized sugar, and, by distillation, alcohol is obtained. In many places where the cocoanut grows, the natives make cups for various purposes by cutting the shells of the nuts in halves, often carving and decorating them in a most beautiful manner. The new nut contains a certain proportion of white liquor, somewhat resembling milk, which to the traveller in the tropics is very refreshing and healthful, and is much esteemed and often drunk by the natives themselves. When the nut is just ripe, the edible part, which is seen in the north only as a hard kernel, is simply a soft jelly-like pulp, which may be eaten with a spoon. This jelly is very delicate, but I always found it insipid, and I generally experienced a sickish sensation

after eating it; nevertheless it is much esteemed by many. This substance produces a white fat which will, in melting, and under pressure, give a kind of grease, in quantity about two-thirds its own weight. This material is used in the manufacture of butter, candles, and many other articles. The ripe kernel, as we see it in the north, when ground and subjected to a high pressure produces cocoanut oil, which is used as the basis for high grade perfumed oils, and there are many other uses for the husks and the fibrous wood near the roots.

But I will mention one more use to which it is put, a use which I was much interested in while in Jamaica. The floors in the houses of the better classes are always beautifully stained a rosewood color. It is done in this wise:—A black woman gets down upon her knees on the floor, and carefully washes it. She then chews some roots of a certain tree, which produces a rich red liquid; this she ejects from her mouth upon the floor, covering the surface evenly with a rag. She then takes the half of a cocoanut husk, that is, the covering of the nut, sawed in two at about one-third the distance from the end. This fibrous covering, flat on the sawed surface, is used as a polisher to the floor, which is given by smart rubbing a bright polish, bringing out the color of the dye and the grain of the wood. So, if, on account of ants and other insects, they can have no carpets in Jamaica, they have about the most beautiful floors in the world.

In developing a cocoanut plantation, land is selected as near the sea as possible, for the cocoanut tree flourishes best near the salt water. The planting is done by taking the young sprouts (which are obtained by piling up a quantity of ripe nuts, and allowing them to remain for some months, until the young shoots emerge from the eyes of the nut, or by gathering nuts that have fallen from the trees and germinated of their own accord), and placing them in holes dug in the ground, about twenty or twenty-five feet apart each way. The plantation then needs but little attention, except to keep pigs away from the young shoots until the tree has raised itself far enough above the ground, and become strong enough to take care of itself. It begins to bear nuts in from five to eight years, according to the weather. The cocoanut tree has a strong affinity for the salt water, and, therefore, grows best in near proximity to the sea. Indeed, it is said that the root, after breaking through the eye of the shell, turns at once in the direction of the nearest salt water, no matter what the original position of the nut may have been.

When the nuts are ripe, they are gathered by natives, who climb the trees, going up as it were "on all fours," clasping their arms about the trunk, and clinging, with their toes, to the knots left by previous leaves. It is very interesting to see a black boy go up a cocoanut tree in this way, looking more like a monkey the higher he gets. When at the top, he sits astride the bases of the great leaves at the crown, selects those nuts that are ripe and throws them to the ground.

The blossom of the cocoanut palm is a very beautiful and peculiar work of Nature's art. Appearing at the base of the long ragged leaves, it is a long pod-shaped sheath, green in color, and standing erect until its own weight causes it to bend downward, when it hangs until the stems it encloses, which are to bear the nuts, are sufficiently matured to proceed in their growth without further protection. When this outer covering splits, it reveals a cluster of ragged stems, upon each of which will be found miniature cocoanuts, which require about fourteen months to mature and ripen.

In Jamaica, cocoanut palms are made use of for reclaiming swamps and marsh land near the coast. I saw such an enterprise in the various stages of its development, near Port

Antonio. There being no tide in the Caribbean—at least no more than in the Mediterranean—salt marshes take the place of flats washed by the ebb and flow of tides. In reclaiming a swamp with cocoanut palms, the soil or mud of the swamp is heaped up, at intervals of twenty-five or thirty feet, forming mounds six or eight feet in diameter, and three or four feet high. As soon as the surplus water has drained from the mounds, leaving a moist, rich loam, a germinated cocoanut is planted in the centre of each. The shoot soon begins to reach toward the salt water, and to grow luxuriantly, until about eight years old, when it begins to bear nuts. It is then that the swamp begins to cease to be a swamp, and as the cocoanut palms become large and bear more nuts, requiring much water—like the proverbial milkman—to store away in the form of "milk" in the nuts, the ground round about becomes less moist, the whole swamp begins to get dry, so that mule carts may easily be driven over it; the lesser vegetation changes, and in ten years a flourishing cocoanut plantation covers the land which was once a useless marsh. It is interesting, but only one of Nature's many wonderful chemical accomplishments, that, no matter how stagnant, how fever-laden, may be the water which feeds the roots of the cocoanut palm, the liquid in the nut is always pure, limpid and refreshing.

The cocoanut palm is certainly one of the most useful trees on the globe, and its uses to man are many. It furnishes him with food and shelter, medicine, household utensils, and even clothing, for a rude but excellent fabric is woven from a fibre which covers the bases of the leaves of a young tree, and which, as the leaf grows, falls downward, looking like a yard of canvas exquisitely woven on nature's loom.

As the voyager enters the tropics, and passes among the coral isles and tiny bays, he is first made aware that he is in the regions of romance, of bold buccaneers, of hurricanes and tornadoes, by the cocoanut palm, which adorns these minute emerald dots in the azure southern sea, where oftentimes no other tree could find room enough to grow. It defies hurricanes and tornadoes, but yields to one other less violent but more persistent form of the elements—the trade winds, which gently press the young tree as it grows, until, when it has attained its full height and completed beauty, its touching, slender stem, always inclines to leeward, and a perfectly straight cocoanut tree is never seen except in a sheltered valley ravine.

BEN SHALOM.

Ben Shalom read one night from out a roll:
  "Vessel of honor! consecrate! ('O soul!')
  Prepared for every worthy work! and meet
  For the Master's use!"
              And, finger on scroll,
He prayed aloud: "Make me His silvern bowl!"
Lo! Emeth at his side, God's angel fleet:
  "Yea, in His mansion here; and when unfold
  The everlasting doors, chalice of gold
  Brimming with His great love—heaven's vintage sweet!"

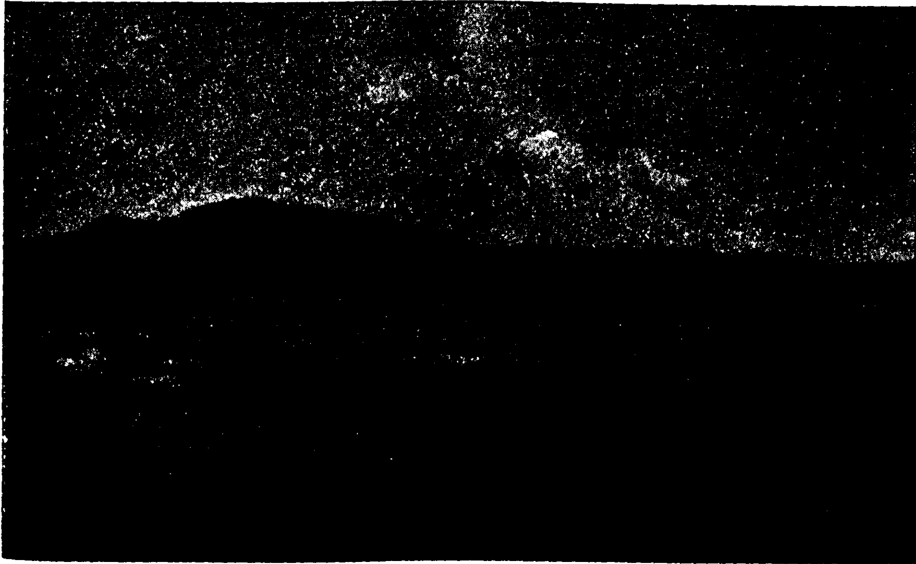
McMaster University. —Theodore H. Rand.

MEN AND THINGS IN MEXICO.

BY ALLAN LEIGH.

We reached El Paso, Texas, about noon on Monday, and had two or three hours to stroll about this noted town of the South-West, before starting on our trip into the land of Cortez.

El Paso lies on the north side of the Rio Grande, a river forming the dividing line between the United States and Old Mexico, but which, in November, is simply a river bed, the water being dried up. The town is a mixture of the modern and ancient style of architecture, retaining the latter from its old Mexican inhabitants, while the modern is well represented by blocks of stone and brick, amongst which is the new post-office, a fine building recently completed. The houses of the poor whites and Indians are almost entirely built of adobe, a brick, not burnt as our bricks are, but simply sun-dried, and which every man wishing to build makes for himself. They stand the weather fairly well, and better than usual in this part of the country, where it rains seldom, and the sun is very strong. El Paso boasts of two banks, several hotels, and, as in all western towns, innumerable saloons.



ZACATECAS, FROM MEXICAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

It did not take us more than an hour to view the whole place, including luncheon at the "English Kitchen," which is conducted entirely by Chinamen, from proprietor down to the waiters. The rest of the time we spent at the railway station, promenading the platform or taking our turn at sitting on the one small bench provided by the railway company for the convenience and comfort of passengers.

At last the Mexican Central train backed over from the Mexican side and took us across the Rio Grande, to the fine station of Ciudad Juarez. There we were requested to alight and

PLAZA MAYOR, MEXICO.

attend to having our baggage examined by the customs officials. These gentlemen, being the first we had seen of Mexicans at home, somewhat impressed us, so that we did not wait for a second invitation, especially as they were well furnished with revolvers, knives, etc., to say nothing of their hats, which were fully two feet high. We learned afterwards that, to the Mexican, the hat is all important, and, as we noted later, a man might be barefooted and scantily clad, but he invariably had on his sombrero. These hats range in price from ten to sixty dollars, according to the amount of silver or gold trimming on them.

After the customs farce, gone through in much the same manner as in Canada, our baggage checked, and tea taken in the railway dining room, we boarded our Pullman, and started on the journey south.

During the first three hundred miles from Ciudad Juarez, nothing happened to interest the traveller. The country is barren, and the natives, chiefly Indians, that are seen, are about as miserable a class of humanity as could be found anywhere. Fortunately, through this part of the country, the restaurants are run by Chinamen, and, as a rule, are bad enough, but in the art of cooking, incomparably better than any Mexican native restaurants.

The first day out we took breakfast at Chihuahua, a city of about 25,000 inhabitants, and possessing a very fine cathedral.

Among other points of interest between Chihuahua and Zacatecas are the hot springs of Santa Rosalia, which, I believe, have made some wonderful cures of rheumatic complaints; and Torron, the town at which the Mexican International Railway joins the Mexican Central.

Our next stop was Zacatecas, in the heart of the silver mines, and a place of 75,000 souls. The output of silver from the mines about Zacatecas has, since the time of their discovery, amounted to an almost fabulous sum. A great many pleasant trips may be made from here, notably the one to Guadaloupe, to see the church and the beautiful paintings and frescoes it contains.

From Zacatecas south, the country begins to appear more fertile, and farming begins to occupy a prominent

position amongst the industries. The Century, or maguey, and the cactus, are also largely grown. From the former they make pulque, the favorite drink of the lower classes, which, when fresh, resembles buttermilk, and when fermented, is like cider. The cactus plant bears a pear-shaped fruit and is usually black in the inside.

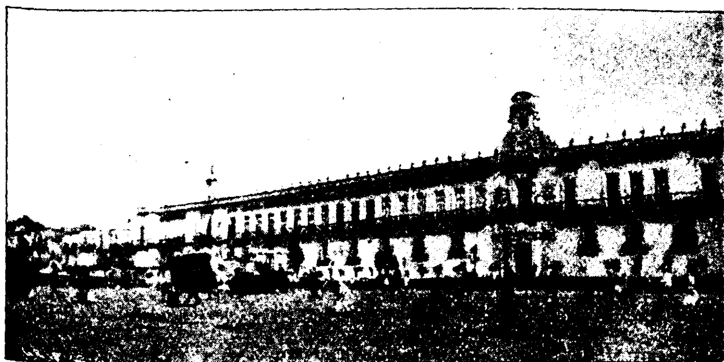
After leaving Chihuahua, and until reaching the city of Mexico, the passengers are beseiged by natives at every station, who try to sell something. Every town has its specialty. At one place they sell oranges—another strawberries—another kid gloves, then, at another, basket ware, and so on, the articles of all descriptions, but all home-made or home-grown. The Mexican is a most persistent vender. One can rarely shake him off without making a purchase, although he does not understand a word of the English language.

Next in interest, after Zacatecas, comes Aguas Calientes. As its name implies, it is situated near hot springs. It is a popular health resort on this account—besides, it is a commercial centre and a fine city. A branch line of the Mexican Central runs from here down to Tampico, a seaport town on the east coast. We did not leave the train at Aguas Calientes, but only stopped for dinner. That same evening we passed Irapuato, otherwise known as "Strawberry Station." No matter at what time of the year one may happen to go there, he will always find the natives waiting for him with their baskets of beautiful strawberries. And the berries are comparatively cheap—a basket containing a quart being sold for about ten or fifteen cents, basket and all.

Then comes Celaya, an extensive cotton manufacturing town; and Queretaro, one of the old towns of Mexico, founded sometime in the fifteenth century by the Aztecs. It was here that Maximilian was taken prisoner and shot by the Republican forces.

We reached the city of Mexico in the morning, three days after leaving El Paso. The accommodation on the whole journey was excellent, and the railway officials were very polite and obliging.

Having been recommended to stay at either the Hotel Jardin, or Hotel Eturbide, we took a look at both, and decided on the latter. This hotel was formerly the palace of the Emperor Eturbide, a general in the Mexican army, who seized the throne during a revolution, He was afterwards shot when the opposite party gained the upper hand. The Hotel Eturbide is on the Calle San Francisco, one of the principal streets, and is an enormous structure of rough stone, the whole covered with a coating of cement, colored in about all the shades of the rainbow.



NATIONAL PALACE, MEXICO.

We were received and assigned rooms by the proprietor, a Spaniard, in much the same manner as in our own country. The hotels are conducted on the European plan. One thing a little odd was that on one side of the

office hung a large blackboard, with the number of the rooms in the house, and our names were inscribed thereon for the proprietor's own convenience and the information of the public.

After breakfast, we started for a stroll about the town. But a word regarding Mexican cooking. From an English standpoint it is simply vile. The bread is coarse, the flour seeming to have been freely mixed with bran. Butter is a luxury, and, unless imported, is made from goat's milk, which gives it a peculiar flavor. The meats, vegetables, and in fact everything, are cooked in a style which is anything but agreeable to the palate.

CATHEDRAL, PLAZA MAYOR, MEXICO.

Our first place to visit was the Plaza Mayor, situated in the heart of the city. With its many fountains, walks, and flower beds, it is a really beautiful spot. On the north side of this square is the cathedral, a huge pile of stones and mortar. On the east side is the National Palace, containing the Government offices and an observatory. The Plaza Mayor seems to be the centre of everything. The principal streets lead from it, and the street railway lines make it their starting-point for all directions. The remaining two sides of the Plaza are occupied by shops.

The street railway methods of Mexico are worthy of notice. Not only in the city of Mexico itself, but in all the other cities and towns, an excellent system prevails. The cars are all built in England or in the United States, and are similar to the ones we use. Donkeys constitute the motive power, and little things they are, too —one would not suppose them capable of drawing the loads they draw. The cars are of two classes, distinguishable by their color: the yellow are first-class, the green or blue second-class. One kind immediately follows the other, so anyone may take his choice, The first-class fare is just double the second, and the latter is intended for the poor people and Indians. Baggage cars are also run on all lines, at intervals of about an hour, and afford a cheap mode of transportation.

The public carriages, or cabs, are of different grades, or classes, just as the street cars are. There are three classes of cabs, distinguished by the color of their wheels—yellow, red or blue. If you take a carriage having yellow wheels, it costs you one dollar per hour; but, should you choose the red,

EAST WING, CATHEDRAL, PLAZA, MAYOR.

you will pay seventy-five cents per hour, or, if the blue, only fifty cents. The difference in price is due to the difference in the horses. A yellow wheel cab will go just about twice as far in an hour as a blue one, so that, if going a long distance, there is no economy in taking a cheap cab.

Among the many short trips to be taken, within easy distance of the city, is the trip to Guadalupe, which can be made by carriage, or by the street cars. The latter way is preferable, owing to the pavements being chiefly cobble stones. The cars will take one there in three-quarters of an hour, and will charge only one real ($12\frac{1}{2}$ cents). The shrine is, of course, the main point of interest at Guadalupe. It is called the holiest in all Mexico, and is supposed to be the scene of the Indian tradition of 1531, in which the Virgin of Guadalupe appeared to the Indian, Juan Diego. The shrine is a series of connected buildings, built on the side of a hill, the top chapel overlooking the whole country around about. On this part of the hill is erected the sails of a ship, cut from stone. It was placed here in gratitude for the safe arrival of a ship supposed to have been lost at sea. Pilgrimages to Guadalupe from all parts of Mexico are made by the Indians, it being their chief place of worship.

Other trips may be made: to Chapultepec, the country residence of the President, built by Galvez, and once occupied by the Emperor Maximilian; and to the Floating Islands, another which need to be seen to be appreciated. The journey to the Islands is made in a gondola, through various canals, in a truly Venetian fashion.

By strolling down to the Paseo, a wide boulevard running from the Alemeda to Chapultepec, any afternoon between five and six o'clock, the fine horses and carriages of the Mexicans may be seen, for at this hour the heat of the day is over, and the evenings are not yet chilly, as they are at later hours. The Paseo, is fully one hundred feet wide, and is lined with statues, the chief, the equestrian statue of Charles IV. of Spain, the largest single casting in the world.

No heavy traffic is allowed on the Paseo, which is reserved for pleasure-driving and riding.

The Alameda, at the foot of the Paseo, a large public garden, beautifully laid out with flowers and tropical plants, is to the city of Mexico what Central Park is to New York. The military bands play there every Thursday and Sunday forenoon, and to the fair sex, who desire to "take in" the fashions, the Alameda, after church, Sunday morning, is a most desirable resort.

Our last excursion from the city of Mexico was to Pachuca, to see a real Spanish bull-fight. Most of the Mexican States have declared against this brutal sport, and among them the State of Mexico, in which the city of Mexico is situated. But it is not so with the town of Pachuca. There the bull-fights occur every Sunday, and are attended by thousands from all parts of the country.

PUBLIC SQUARE, PACHUCA.

We left Mexico at nine o'clock, a.m., on a special train crowded with bull-fighters, sports and spectators, and among the last, the fair sex was well represented. Some men had their whole families with them, down to the baby in arms. It is thus that the children grow up to look upon the bull-fight as quite a natural, and in no way a cruel, pastime.

The distance to Pachuca was only fifty-four miles, but it took over three hours to traverse, and we were all ready for luncheon when we arrived. On the way out, some of the passengers bought roasted goat, which was offered for sale at the different stations we passed, in the shape of chops, to be, of course, eaten with the fingers. It looked rather good, but none of our party cared about trying its quality, although we were invited to do so by several of the bull-fighters and others.

A word here on the hospitality of the Mexican. Whatever he possesses, he wants to share with some one. His heart is almost as large as an Irishman's. If you want any information, he will not only give it to you, but will go out of his way to do all he can to assist you.

After a stroll about Pachuca we adjourned to the Plaza de Toro. The building is circular, the bull ring from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet in diameter, while there is seating capacity for three or four thousand people. Although the performance was not to begin for an hour, the place was well filled, so anxious are the people to secure good seats.

Another odd, but practical, way of deciding the value of the different seats, is according to the position of the sun. Seats sold in the shade (*a sombra*) are worth just about three times as much as seats in the sun (*a*

BULL FIGHT WITH PICADORS, PACHUCA.

sol). Of course, a person sitting with the sun in his eyes cannot see nearly so well as if seated in the shade,—to say nothing of the heat.

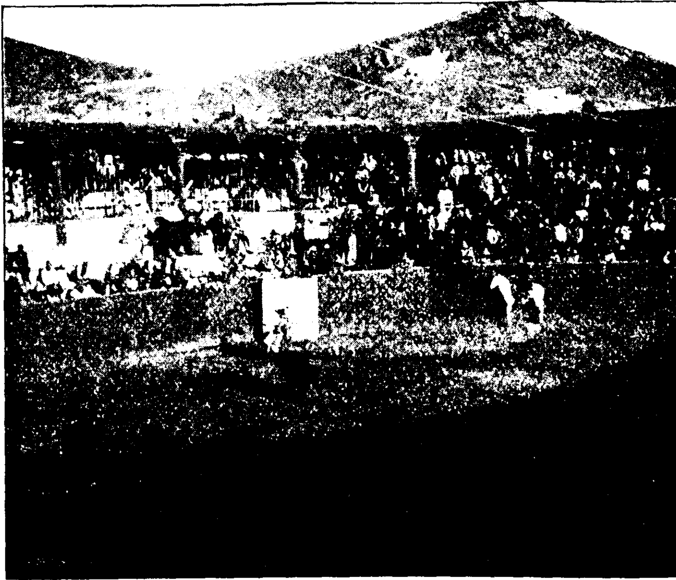
In one part of the gallery sits the Governor of the State with his family and staff, and at his side stands a bugler from one of the regiments. It is the Governor who presides at the fight.

The bands play—the bugle sounds—the people cheer. The gates are thrown open and the first act in the cruel spectacle begins; in files the procession, headed by ten or a dozen men on horseback.

Their costumes are of velvet of various shades, and fairly glittering with gold and silver lace. The trappings of the horses match. These leaders of the procession are the Picadors, armed with long lances terminating with a spike. Next to them come the Bandoleras, on foot, in about the same costumes and numbers as the Picadors, carrying in their hands sticks about three feet long, having a hook in one end, very like a good-sized fish hook, but straight, the other end ornamented with paper flowers of all shapes and colors.

Then comes, with his long sword, the Matador or Toreador,—the lion of the day! The people cheer, he bows acknowledgment — they cheer again. He is their pet—in their minds the first man in the Republic. They would make him President if they could. The procession is finally ended by three mules abreast, gaily decorated. They are to take out the dead.

The bugle sounds—all, save the Picadors, leave the ring. Another gate is opened, and in rushes the bull midst a perfect din of bands playing and people shouting. He sees the horses and in an instant has charged one. Down goes bull, horse and rider, —a dreadful mingling—in the dust

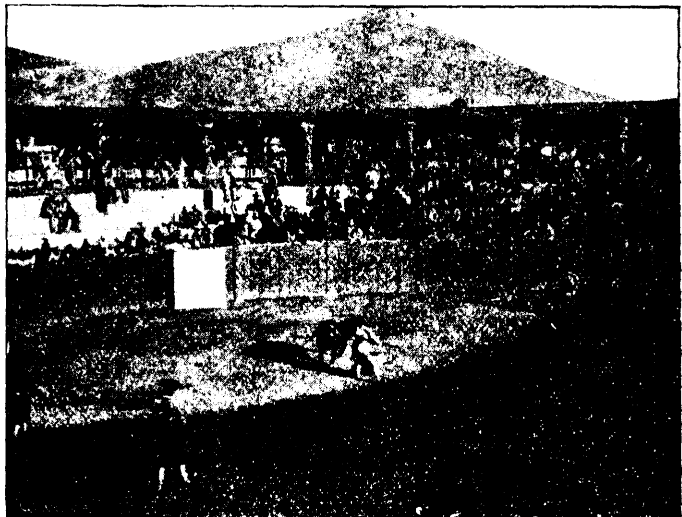


BULL FIGHT WITH BANDOLERAS.

But now in comes the Matador, again welcomed by shouts from the whole assembly. He has the bull and the arena all to himself, everyone else leaves it.

On his left arm hangs his shawl, in his right hand he carries his sword. He plays with the bull and endeavors to further and further enrage him, meanwhile awaiting his opportunity to make a home thrust. The bull rushes and is nearly upon him—the Matador does not move—the moment has come; the bull is upon him. He reaches over the animal's head; he strikes; the sword has pierced to the hilt. The bull quivers and falls. Then, 'mid the wild shouting and cheering, in come the three mules and, in the popular phrase of the day—they do the rest.

The bull is on his feet in a moment; other riders approach; he charges them, they all the time spearing him with their spikes. He becomes frantic; he bellows; he raves; he tears the ground up in his rage. Catching a horse, by his horns, he literally tears him to pieces. This part lasts from fifteen to twenty minutes. The bugle sounds again—a gate is opened, the Picadors, who have horses still alive, ride out and the Bandoleras take their place. With their scarlet shawl they madden the bull, and, when he charges them, they step lightly aside, and when he passes they plant in his back their bandeleros, which once placed never come out. Six bandeleros are generally placed in each bull.



BULL FIGHT WITH MATADOR.

This performance was repeated again and again until four noble-looking animals and seven horses were laid low.

Needless to say we did not remain until the end of the day's sport, it not taking long to satisfy our desire to witness a bull fight.

THE JOURNAL OF A SOLITARY.

(A thrilling experience of the Franco-Prussian War.)

BY ALPHONSE DAUDET.

TRANSLATED BY HELEN HICKS.

THE HERMITAGE, SEPTEMBER 3.

It is six weeks, yesterday, since I broke my leg. It was the very day on which war was declared. While M. de Gramont was creating so much disturbance and enthusiasm in the Senate, I, on my way home from a fishing excursion, stumbled over a stake hidden in the grass on the bank of the Seine, and was carried back, in a woodman's cart, to my hermitage in the forest of Sénart.

After six weeks of fever, and suffering, rendered more acute by the news of war, I went out for the first time this morning. I have had nightmares caused by distant battles, and the ominous dispatches from Forbach and Reichshoffen are still confounded in my mind with the pain of my injury, the heat of the plaster bandage, and that powerlessness to move while in a state of agitation, which is the cruelest of corporal punishments At last it is over! After having, for so long a time, looked at nothing but the tree-tops, and those great spaces of blue sky over which wings alone pass, I was entirely happy to be able to set my feet on the ground and descend, ever so hesitatingly, my staircase. But how feeble I was! My leg, immovable for so many days, had forgotten how to move and balance itself. It seemed to me no longer a part of myself; I seemed no longer the master, to direct it. However, slowly and with that extreme lack of confidence, which redoubles infirmity, I was able to go as far as the poultry yard and to push open its little latticed gate, buried behind the tall grass. It was a pleasure to me to go in! During my absence, the woman in charge, my neighbor, has cared faithfully for all this little world, which looks at me with eyes at once astonished, bright and familiar. The rabbits came, one over another, to the edge of their cage, with their ears pricked up and quivering. The hens eternally pecked among the grass, which was dry as little pickaxes. The more demonstrative cock spread his wings with a resounding crow.

Then I sat down on the old stone bench, green and worn, which, with the wall, full of gaps, and two or three moss-grown apple trees, dates from the time when my house and the close surrounding it were part of an ancient monastery built in the forest. Never had my garden seemed to me so beautiful. The fruit-walls, beginning to lose their leaves, were heavy with ripe peaches and golden grapes. The gooseberry bushes stood in bright clumps, scattered over with occasional red spots; and in this autumnal sunlight which ripens all the berries, splits open the husks, and shakes down the seeds, the sparrows followed one another in unequal flight, with baby cries in which one detected, across the strip of garden, the recruiting of new

broods. From time to time the heavy wing of a pheasant passed above the ruined wall and alighted in a field of buckwheat. In the top of a big tree a squirrel frolicked and cracked nuts. The gentle warmth, in which everything stirred so softly, lent to this little rustic nook a peculiar charm. I forgot the Prussians, the invasion, . . .

Suddenly the keeper and his wife came in. It was so surprising to see Père Guillard at the Hermitage during the day—he the eternal *coureur du bois*—that I knew there was news.

"Read that, Monsieur Robert," the good fellow said to me.

Drawing from his capacious vest a number of the *National*, crumpled and badly folded by hands little accustomed to handle newspapers, he held it out to me with an air of dismay. On the first page was a black border and these ominous words : "THE FRENCH ARMY HAS CAPITULATED." I read no more.

Dazzled and with closed eyes, for some five minutes I continued to see that little line surrounded by specks and gleams as if I had just read it on a white wall in the bright sunlight. Then, full of despair, I thought: "The last barrier is broken down; it is the invasion, the great invasion." The keeper believes that in eight hours the Prussians will be among us.

"Ah, my poor master, the downfall is evident, even on the roads. Between here and Paris it is choked up with troops and wagons. Everybody is on the move—fleeing. At Champrosay there is nobody left. Only farmer Goudeloup remains, and he didn't want to go away. He has sent away his wife and children, and loaded his two guns, and is waiting."

"And you, Père Guillard, what do you intend to do?"

"I, sir! I am going to do the same as Goudeloup. Our bosses have forgotten to give us orders. I am going to take advantage of it to stick to my post and take care of my forest till the last moment. When the Prussians come we will barricade ourselves in the Hermitage, and I'm pretty certain you'll not go away either—you with your bad leg. And then if they attack us — well, we'll defend ourselves. You'll fire through the casements, I'll guard the Pacôme gate, and Mère Guillard will load the guns. Won't you, mother?"

Worthy man! My heart grew warm to hear him speak. In spite of his sixty years, the Indian, as he is called throughout the countryside, still makes a fine soldier, with his tall figure, broad shoulders, and bright eyes full of life and cunning. Looking at him, I thought there truly would have been something to employ one in such a fellow's company. One might have lain in wait on the edge of that forest which he knew so well, and demolished some of the Prussians as they passed. But then the feeling of my weakness and uselessness suddenly came back to me and rent my heart.

When the keeper and his wife had left me, I remained alone, sitting on my bench meditating. A strange distress was mine, feeling within me that need of excitement and vital expenditure which the approach of danger gives, and not being able to take ten steps alone in this little garden! How long would I remain so? The physician says I have two months more of it, at least. Two months! Horrors! The wind was freshening, my leg was making me feel ill. I went indoors and dined dispiritedly. After dinner the keeper came, as he has done every evening since my accident, to smoke his pipe with me. He was more than ever determined to remain at the Hermitage. While he was describing to me in a loud voice his plans and projects for defence, I was listening at a distance, by the open window, to the ordinary twilight sounds, wheels creaking in the carriage-ruts, trains in motion, the rustling of the leaves in the thicket; and now and again another sound, composed of all those mingled and aug-

mented, seemed to me to mount to the sun, and follow the course of the river and the little hills against the horizon, — growing, growing always greater. It was like the united tramp of a marching army, hastening at evening to find a halting-place, while the first moonbeam lights up the barrels of the guns and the gilded points of the helmets.

Suddenly a hollow detonation close to the earth startled us. Mère Guillard, who was clearing away my little meal, felt the pile of plates she was carrying tremble in her hand.

"It's the Corbeil bridge being blown up," said the keeper.

That pretty country place, where I used to go so often to breakfast on hunt days, seemed to have receded fifty leagues from us. We looked at one another for a moment, all three of us, without speaking. Finally, Père Guillard rose. He took his gun and his lantern, and with a heroic gesture, speaking through his clenched teeth, said: "I am going to close the Pacôme gate."

To close the Pacôme gate! That means something. However, I am afraid the good fellow will have trouble. For almost a century the old cloister gate has stood half-open, and the forest has taken advantage of the opportunity to glide into the intervening space, its inquisitive brambles clambering over all the clefts in the disjointed planks. If we have a siege to undergo, I do not count much on that gate!

September 5.

For a long time I had been looking for a solitary spot, not too far from Paris, and yet where the Parisian did not come too often.

One day while crossing the forest of Sénart, I discovered the Hermitage, and for the last ten years I have spent all my summers here. It is an old monastery of the Cordeliers, which was burned in '93. The four great walls remain standing, slightly impaired, with gaps caused by the falling stones. These make rough mounds in the grass, which are quickly recovered by the rich, usurping vegetation, wild poppies, oats, rapidly growing plants with regular pointed leaves, losing their way among the stones like inlayings of metal.

One gate opens on the main road; the other, the famous Pacôme gate, opens on the thicket, and on little, faintly-traced paths, full of balsam and wild mint, where on misty mornings I have often seemed to see the cowl of an old monk looking for simples.

Up and down the whole length of the walls, little low posterns, closed for centuries, shed long rays of light through the darkness of the old forest trees, as if the cloister enclosed all the sunlight in the woods.

Within are unconfined grounds, covered with scorched grasses, little peasant gardens, orchards fenced off with lattices, and two or three houses built of the same red sandstone found in the quarries in the forest. The keeper lives in one of these houses; the other is always to let; mine, a sort of turret, irregular and queer, is distinguished chiefly by a hop-vine, which completely covers it. I have cut away just so much of it as was necessary to allow me to open my windows.

Leaving intact the kitchen, with its great worm-eaten beams, and doorstep worn with use, I have contented myself with raising the roof of a hay-loft in the attic, and letting a window into the side; and this has made me a splendid atelier, where I have nothing but pigeons' and magpies' nests, poised on the tree-tops, for neighbors.

When I am there, the forest surrounds me with a solitude like that of the sea,—with the surging of leaves, the backward and forward swelling of the wind, the murmur of calm days.

On summer afternoons, at the hour of deep and drowsy heat, a bumblebee passes regularly, and, attracted by its brightness, hurls himself against my window; then, like a rebounding ball,

he shakes the golden dust from his great wings, and goes on to lose himself amid the scents of honey in the privet-hedge. That bumblebee is my clock. When he passes, I say to myself: "Ah! it is two o'clock." And all is well with me.

In fine, it is a wonderful place to work in, and I have done some of my best pictures there.

Ah, how I love it, this old Hermitage! For ten years I have adorned it with my best.

Here I have brought what I call my riches: my books, my sketches, my collections of etchings and old weapons. And now I would have to give up all this and abandon my home to these bandits! For what? To go and shut myself up in Paris? But since I cannot walk, of what use would I be to them there? They have too many useless mouths already.

Well then, I shall not go. Decidedly that man is right; we must not leave here. *Pro aris et focis!*

Not being able to defend my country, the least I can do is to defend my hearth.

SEPTEMBER 6.

This morning the keeper came into my bed room. He was in full dress, as on the fifteenth of August,—green coat, cap, shoulder-belt and hunting-knife,—altogether a fine figure of circumstances as solemn as his demeanor.

"Bad news," he said, planting himself before my bed. "All the keepers in the forest are called to Paris, to be formed into a company at the custom-house. We are going immediately."

He spoke with emotion, brave Père Guillard. As for myself, I was agitated by the sudden announcement of this departure. I dressed hurriedly and we went down. The chief guard was below, on his way, with some twenty game-keepers and road-makers — all the men employed in the wood—as well as women, children, and setter-dogs, and two great wagons filled with furniture, rabbit cages, and chickens tied by the feet. Mère Guillard was going and coming before her open door, looking out what she should leave or take with her, for the wagons were full, and those who had started first had taken up all the room. The perplexity of the poor housewife was a thing to be seen as she ran with one piece of furniture and another, dragging a great bureau as far as the door and leaving it there, and forgetting the most useful things, to gather together things which were of no value save as remembrances—such as the old clock with its globe, some incredible portraits, a hunting-horn, a distaff, all full of dust, that good dust which is an appurtenance of family relics, each grain speaking of youth and fair days passed.

"I hope you're not going to stay here, Monsieur Robert," the good woman called to me as she was crossing the court. "You can be put on a wagon."

And then, to finish convincing me, she said:

"First, if you stay, who will do your cooking for you?"

In reality, these worthy folk were a little ashamed of leaving me. This departure, although it was involuntary, seemed to them a treason. I tried to reassure them on my account, taking the same occasion to reassure myself also. After all, who knew? Perhaps the Prussians would not come that far. Besides, the Hermitage, buried in the forest, was not on the line of march; consequently there was not the least danger. A few days of solitude, to be sure, but that did not alarm me.

Seeing me so determined, the keeper shook hands with me.

"Good luck, Monsieur Robert! The wife is going to leave you our key. You'll find wine and potatoes in the cellar — take what you like. We'll settle when we get back. Now then, mother, off we go! The fellows are getting in a hurry. Above all things, you know what I said to you, try and don't cry."

Yet she had a mind to do it. Turn-

ing the key for the last time her hand trembled, she compressed her lips. At that moment a formidable hee-haw made the Hermitage ring. The keeper and his wife looked at each other in consternation.

"Its Coloquet! What's to be done with him?"

This unhappy Coloquet that they had forgotten in the trouble of leaving, was their donkey, a pretty little grey donkey with a frank and ingenuous eye. Some days before, he had been stung in the nose by an adder, and had been put out to grass in a little field of stubble; and now there he was watching his owner's going away and looking, with his swelled head resting against the hedge, like a beast out of the Apocalypse.

How were they going to take him away? He would die on the road; and the veterinary surgeon had promised to save him. The fate of the poor animal, not unlike my own, touched me. I promised to watch over Coloquet and put him in the stable every night. Then the good folk thanked me and departed.

A sorrowful departure! The heavy, overladen wagons, creaking over the pebbles, slowly followed the main road into the forest. Alongside ran the children, animated by the unexpected journey. The men, all old soldiers, well trained and inured to war, filed along the border of the wood, guns on shoulder. Behind them, scarcely stepping aside to listen to the flight of a pheasant or scent the track of a rabbit, followed the dogs, uneasily and with lowered heads. Domestic animals are not fond of being taken to a strange place, and they followed, in the track of the wagons, the now itinerant households. Mère Guillard came last, carrying her magpie's big cage in her hand. Now and again she turned round.

Seated on the mile-stone near the great gate, I watched them till the whole convoy disappeared beyond the perspective of the lengthening roads. I saw the glimmer of the last gun—I heard the creaking of the last axle. Then the dust of the great roads engulfed them all in an eddy. It was ended! I was alone. This idea has left me with an inexpressible anxiety.

SEPTEMBER 7, 8, AND 9.

This is a novel life, and would not be devoid of charm, were it not troubled by an agony, an unrest, a strange expectancy, which renders all artistic labor impossible. I can occupy myself, only as the beasts do, with those details of the material life of which I have always had a horror, but to which I must resign myself now that I am my own domestic. Should I acknowledge it? This nonsense does not annoy me greatly. I can understand the recluses who amuse themselves by carving roots and plaiting baskets. Manual labor is a great regulator for lives encumbered with leisure and freedom. So every morning I begin by making a visit to the poultry-yard, and when I feel the warmth of an egg under the straw, I am happy. Then, leaning on a stick, I slowly make the round of the garden and gather the ripe fruits; and then, in the great dry branches burned by the sun, I gather the Haricot beans, the pods of which suddenly burst open and shell between my fingers. One would laugh to see me seated before my door, cutting up the bread for my soup, or washing my salad, full flood. In all these things I experience a well being which is slightly infantile; but is not convalescence itself an infancy—a recommencement of life?

To avoid going up and down stairs with broken, irregular steps, I have made my bed in the hall on the ground floor. That room serves me for drawing-room, bed-room and kitchen. During the mild weather, the door stands wide open to the garden all day long. I hear the noise of the fowls, always busy and chucking—the little steps on the sand, the rustle of the straw. At the side, in the keeper's enclosure,

I see poor Colaquet stretched out, shaking off the flies, and idly, as becomes his rôle of invalid, lolling his tongue, quite violet with innumerable bunches of Lucerne. When evening approaches, it is with difficulty he comes up to the fence that separates us. I, too, drag myself there. I wash his wound, give him fresh water, and throw a blanket over his back for the night, and he thanks me by shaking his long ears.

What costs me most in the state of suffering in which I now am is to go and bring the water from the old convent well at the extreme end of the close.

When I get there, I am forced to sit down for a moment on the edge of the broken curbstone, intergrown with foolish grasses. The cast-iron ornaments of the fine old curb have the appearance, under the corroding rust, of climbing plants despoiled by autumn. This melancholy appearance is in harmony with the great silence of the Hermitage, and the air of desertion surrounding me. The bucket is heavy. Returning, I pause two or three times. Down at the further end is an old gate that slams in the wind. The sound of my footsteps re-echoes and fills me with terror. . . . O Solitude!

SEPTEMBER 10.

I have just breakfasted on the lawn—an excellent breakfast, indeed!—fresh eggs, and grapes gathered from my beautiful crimson vine. There I sat abstracted, surrounded with light and warmth and silence, and very much interested in watching the smoke of my pipe, and my decorated plates, where a stray wasp was exciting himself over the empty clusters. Around me I was sensible of the same absorption—the same drowsiness in everything, in that clear autumnal day, under its deep and pure blue sky, lovelier than the skies of summer, which often appear clouded and sickly through the warm mists. . . . Suddenly a temendous detonation, quite close, made the house tremble, shook the windows and the leaves, and evoked distracted flights of birds, cries, and starts of terror—a panic! This time it was not the Corbeil bridge, but our own—our pretty Champrosay bridge—which had just been blown up. That meant that the Prussians were there! Immediately my heart stood still; a veil passed before the sun. Then this thought came to me: to-morrow, perhaps to-night, the forest roads will be invaded, they will be black with these scoundrels, and I shall be compelled to find shelter behind some earth-work, to go out no more. And I had wanted to see my dear forest, from which I had been shut out for two months, once more.

The forest alleys, wide, free from tall summer grasses, were wonderful, with their branches opening away above one's head, and gleaming in a long luminous line. In the open places, flooded with sunlight, slightly faded prairie-roses were blooming in clusters; and in the thicket among the black trunks, like a little forest beneath the great one, the ferns reared their strange-foliaged, microscopic trees. And what silence! Usually a thousand vague sounds come to us from afar:—the moving trains that mark the line of the horizon, the quarrymen's mattocks, the axles of wagons turning slowly in the ruts, whistles resounding through the ridges. To-day there was nothing. Not even that continuous murmur which is like the breathing of sleeping forests, not even that stirring of foliage or insect humming, or that pretty rippling noise, like the unfolding of a fan, which birds make among the leaves. It seemed as if the sudden report had paralyzed nature.

Slightly wearied, I was sitting under a great oak when I heard a crackling in the branches. At last! I was expecting to see a hare or a buck skip across the path, but when the leaves parted a great ruffian all dressed in

black, with a gun on his shoulder, a revolver in his belt, and an immense Tyrolese cap on his head, bounded within ten paces of me. I was terrified. I thought I was about to have an encounter with a Saxon or Bavarian sharpshooter, but, instead, it was a French sharpshooter belonging to the Parisians. There were a score of them in the forest at that moment, receding day by day before the Prussians, and lying in wait to watch their march and occasionally dismount a Uhlan of the advance guard. While this man was talking to me, his comrades, coming out of the thicket, joined us. They were nearly all old soldiers, workmen in the suburbs of Paris. I took them to the Hermitage, and gave them something to drink. They informed me that the division of the Saxon prince had reached Montereau, just one halting-place from here. I also learned from them what works of defence had been commenced around Paris, and what the organization of the troops was; and to hear them speak with that tranquillity and confidence, and above all with the Parisian accent, warmed my heart. Ah, brave fellows! If I had only been able to go with them, wear their ridiculous habit, and fight in their ranks under the walls of the good city! But, unfortunately, my leg is swollen and I am in pain from having done no more than take ten steps in the wood. However, it is all the same! The parting with them affected me. These are the last Frenchmen I shall see, perhaps for a long time. They went away in the evening, enlivened by my wine. I gave them one fowl, but they carried off four.

SEPTEMBER 11.

Nothing.

SEPTEMBER 12.

Still nothing. Why? What is happening? Will they be forced to retreat? This suspense is truly unbearable.

SEPTEMBER 13.

I have bread enough for only two days more. I noticed this this morning when I went to open the chest where Mère Guillard used to put my weekly amount—six great loaves, floury and golden, whieh she took out of the oven for me every Sunday, How am I going to manage? I have an oven, 'tis true, and a kneading-trough, but not a bit of flour. Perhaps I might find some at the Champrosay farm-house, if Goudeloup remained, as he intended. But how could I get there in my present state of weakness?

Sitting on the garden-bench before my door, I was reflecting sadly enough when I heard the sound of a gallop in the keeper's field. It was Colaquet—Colaquet, usually so indolent, gambolling around the close, heaving up little tufts of grass under his hoofs, and turning up his four shoes in the air in the contentment and joy of living! At my call he came with two bounds and leaned his head, reduced to its normal size, on the trellis; and the shaking of his long ears, the language of which I am beginning to understand, expressed to me his happiness at feeling himself free, released from suffering and weakness. Lucky Colaquet, he is cured before me! While I was looking at him with an envious eye, I remembered that down in the shed there was an old cart which Père Guillard used to make use of on fête days to take parties of Parisians about the forest. If I put Colaquet before the cart we could go and bring the flour. Away I went to rummage in the shed. Among rusty pick-axes, hay-rakes, and worn-out harrows, I succeeded in unearthing a worm-eaten jaunting-car, abandoned and idle, with its two shafts on the ground. With some nails and ends of strings, I put it partially into condition. That took me until evening, but what delightful work! I was enchanted with searching about among these old nails and worn-out pegs. Once or twice I was surprised to find myself whistling while I worked. A fine way to wait

for the Prussians! Now all is ready—the cart, the harness. To-morrow morning, if nothing new happens, I am off for Champrosay.

SEPTEMBER 14.

I have sworn to keep a journal entirely faithful to the strange and terrible life I am living; if I have many days so disturbed and dramatic as this one, I shall never get to the end. My hand trembles, my head is on fire. However, let me make an effort.

When I left all went well. The weather was superb. I had put a bundle of hay into the cart and Colaquet, although his eyelids were still swollen with the sting, drove well enough; he had travelled over that route so many times to carry bundles of linen to the river. In spite of some little jars, I found the drive charming: not a suspicion of the noise, not the least sign of a pointed helmet or a gun glittering in the sunlight. But when I reached Champrosey, this profound silence which had impressed me so strongly while crossing the wood, now seemed more significant. The pheasants' little houses were unrecognizable, roofs without pigeons, closed doors and silent courtyards. Above rose the clock in the little church, vigilant, mute, with hourless dial-plate. Farther away, all the villas which bordered the road, with parks running back to the forest, were also securely closed, Meanwhile their summer *parure* continued to blossom, and beneath the rows of yoke-elm, the paths, bright with warm sand, had scarcely even any dead leaves. Nothing better imparted the idea of enforced departure, of flight, than these deserted houses, guarded behind their high gratings. A living warmth was felt there, like a vibration, and sometimes turning down the paths I had visions of straw hats, lifted umbrellas and goats tethered in the accustomed place, in the middle of the lawns.

What seemed really dead was the road—the great Corbeil road, which I had left so full of life, with its coming and going of carts, coaches, greengrocers wagons, itinerant poultry-yards full of cackling and scolding, carriages borne away in the gust of wind caused by their own swiftness, or fluttering in quieter time with veils and ribbons, and those high hay-carts filled with scythes and forks, leading a great shadow across the path. Now there was nothing—nobody. In the filled-up tracks, the dust had the peaceful look of a fall of snow, and the two wheels of my cart glided along without the least noise. The farm house which is at the end of the *pays* seemed, from a distance, close and silent from the foot of its walls to the highest tile in its windowless mansard. Had Goudeloup, too, gone away? There was the main gateway before me. I knocked; I called. A window was opened above the dairy, and I saw the slightly savage, weather-beaten head of the farmer appear, his beard bristling, and his round, suspicious little eyes in ambush behind great eyebrows.

"Ah! It's you, Monsieur Robert. Wait; I'm coming down."

We went together into the little lower hall where the teamsters, harvesters and threshers came usually to get their pay at the end of the day. In one corner I noticed two guns ready loaded.

"You see," Goudeloup said, "I am ready for them. If they leave me alone I'll not budge, but if they are unlucky enough to touch the farmhouse—look out!"

We conversed with hushed voices as if in the enemy's country. He handed over to me some loaves, and a sack of flour. Then, everything piled in to my cart, we parted, promising soon to see each other again. Poor man!

Having seen nothing of the Prussians, I had the curiosity, before going back, to go down the little lane which leads along the walls of the farmhouse to the Seine. A painter's fantasy! The river is the soul of the landscape. It is that which above all

gives life to the landscape, with its waves in constant motion, with all that passes along it during the day, and that enlargement of nature by reflection,—the double banks and the setting suns deep as abysses of fire. At that time the water reflected well the melancholy surroundings. The broken bridge, its fallen piers heaped up on both sides in fragments of white stone, the iron cords dipping in the water, all appeared against the horizon like a great rent, speaking of invasion. More boats, more wooden rafts. The river becoming again wild, was wrinkled with open currents, rapids and eddies around the remains of the bridge, bearing only bunches of grass and roots on which the wagtails, tired with flying, abandoned themselves to the course of the stream. Above each steep bank there was still standing wheat, squares of vineyard, and freshly cut fields, where the high ricks were surrounded by shadow—all a lost, abandoned harvest.

I paused a moment to look at this great disaster when I heard two gunshots, followed by cries and roars. It seemed to come from the farm-house. Quick, let us go and see. As I approach the cries redouble.

"Help! Here!"

I recognize the farmer's voice in the midst of a frightful jargon of other angry voices. I strike Colaquet with the whip, but the hill is rough and he makes no advance. One would say he is afraid. He lays back his ears and presses close to the walls. With that the lane turns and I cannot see what is passing above on the main road. Suddenly, through a breach which the falling of the neighboring bridge seems to have made in the wall expressly for me, all the interior of the farm appears—courtyards, sheds, men, horses, helmets, long lances, sacks of flour ripped open, one dismounted horseman stretched full length before the walls in a pool of blood, and the unhappy Goudeloup, pallid, terror-stricken, horrible to look upon, howling and struggling between two gigantic Uhlans, who have knotted a cord around his neck, and are in the act of hoisting him with the pulley of his hay-loft. Impossible to describe what passes in me—indignation, pity, revolt and rage. I forget that I am disabled and unarmed. I make a sudden effort to leap through the gap and rush upon those scoundrels. But my foot fails me. I hear something like the crackling of dry wood in my leg, followed by a horrible pain. I see everything revolve—the courtyard, the sheds, the pulley——

I found myself before the Hermitage door, stretched out on the hay in my cart. The sun was setting; the wood was silent. Colaquet was tranquilly browsing the grass through the chinks in our wall. How did I get there? How did I succeed in evading the Uhlans, of whom the main road was full, unless Colaquet conceived the idea of taking across the fields and gaining the forest by the quarry road? The fact is, the noble beast raised his head proudly and shook his ears in the air as if to say to me, "I've got you out of a fine scrape!"

I was suffering greatly. To get out of the cart, unharness, and get into the house, required genuine courage. I thought I had broken my leg a second time. However, after an hour's rest I have been able to rise, eat a little, and write these pages. Already the pain is not quite so severe—no more than a great weariness. It makes no difference: I believe I shall sleep but little to-night. I know that they are prowling about; that they are there; and I have seen their work. Oh, that ill-fated peasant, assassinated in the courtyard of his own farm, dragged and hung to the walls!

September 20.

From the four corners of the horizon, in the far distance of those courses which the wind in passing takes to bear it to my ears, there is a confused but continued rumbling—the noise of

a dull and monotonous flood which envelops the forest and rolls slowly away towards Paris, there to pause where the great roads terminate in the immense zone by which the city is invested. Up to the present the inundation has spared me, and here I am, crouching anxiously in my Hermitage, listening to the rising flood, like a shipwrecked man on a rock surrounded by water.

Luckily for me, if the country is invaded it is not yet regularly occupied. Troops pass and do not remain. However, two or three times already I have heard mounted patrols passing the Hermitage walls at night. At the beginning of the hunts the gendarmes of the forest used sometimes to pass thus, pausing a moment under the gateway to call out a resounding "Good evening!" to the keeper's little house. The dogs used to bark and crowd panting against the kennels. Then a door would be opened and Père Guillard would bring out to the road a great jug of wine, sparkling in the moonlight, which they would empty without dismounting. How different from these phantom patrols, who make my heart throb! They pass in silence. From time to time the click of a sabre, the snorting of a horse, some whispered words in a rough, barbarian tongue, sounding harsh against the mist—that is enough to keep me awake the entire night.

During the day, shrill clamorous trumpets come to me in swells in the little garden, with drum beats loudly marking the feet of a skipping, irregular rhythm, which seems to lead a dance of cannibals. And it is to the sound of these savage drums that all the northern races—the Goths, the Visigoths, the Ostrogoths—defile over our beautiful highways in the Isle of France, where this supurb autumn dazzles them with an unknown sun and an incomparable sky. All this time I am living as secretly as possible. In order to cut off the smoke, which makes the roof noticeable, and gives it the appearance of being lived under, I no longer make a fire in the fireplace. I no longer go out, even into the courtyard. I am sure there is grass growing across my threshold, and that the encroaching forest is already barricading me. Lastly, to assure my safety, I have killed my cock. That was a hard sacrifice. I loved that brusque reveille at early morn, that call to life and labor that the cock, erect on his battle-spurs, with a great flapping of the wings, launched at the whole horizon. But the Prussians could have heard him. Now I have in my poultry-house only three or four silent and tranquil hens and some rabbits, which I cannot run the risk of shooting.

SEPTEMBER 21, 22, and 23.

I am writing this at night by the light of a little fire of dry turf—a kind of brazier lighted on the tiled floor in a corner of the hall. I have no longer either oil or candles. It is raining. All around the Hermitage I hear the water streaming over two leagues of foliage. The wind is blowing. I have my revolver ready loaded near me, and a fowling-piece loaded with buckshot, and I am waiting till the bandits return, for they have come.

I received the first visit from them three days ago, on the afternoon of the twenty-first. Heavy steps on the cloister pavement made me open my dormer-window a little, and I saw five or six great red-faced brutes in Tam o'Shanter caps, with mean and ferocious countenances, like the assassins of Goudeloup. They were whispering and advancing timidly, cowardly as thieves. I would have had only to fire on them to put them to flight, but the alarm once given, they would return in greater numbers. I waited. Thanks to the wild appearance of the house; to the vines and ivies which closed it in like a ruin, the bandits passed without stopping. However, one of them, the last, bent down a minute to the lock. Standing upright behind my door, re-

volver in hand, I listened to his breathing while I held my own. Perhaps he had seen the light of my fire, already burned down to cinders, and almost extinguished. At any rate, the miserable scoundrel did not go away, but commenced to fumble about my lock with his bayonet. Fortunately his comrades called to him—

"Hartman! Hartman!"

Then he went to join them, and I was able to look into the enclosure through my dormer.

They had just forced open the keeper's door. Poor Mère Guillard! That was the penalty of trusting me with the key. Soon after, roars of delight announced the discovery of the cellar. In order to drink more at their ease, they carried a cask of wine into the yard, and hoisted it on a large stone bench. The head staved in, they began to drink out of their caps and their hands, shouting and bullying one another. The bending heads disappeared in the hogshead, and came out smeared with lees, and others quickly took their place. The new, black, grape wine, hard and sour, soon made all these beer-drinkers tipsy. Some were singing and dancing round the barrel; others went into the keeper's house, and as there was nothing there to tempt them, that they might satisfy their desire for pillage, they threw the furniture out of the window, and made a fire with a walnut wardrobe, the boards of which, dry and impaired with age, lighted up like a bundle of straw. Finally they went away drunk, through the beating rain. Before the gateway there was a quarrel. I saw the gleam of bayonets, and a man roll heavily into the mire, and get up bleeding, his uniform soiled with the yellow clay of the quarry. And to say that France is at the mercy of these brutes!

Next day they came back, the same ones. I understood by that that they had not noised abroad the secret of their windfall, and I was slightly reassured. Meanwhile, here I am, virtually a prisoner. Quite near, in a bit of enclosed wood, I have shut Colaquet up, lest his gallopings may reveal my presence. The poor beast takes his captivity very well, sleeps part of the day, and occasionally shakes himself all over, surprised at no longer feeling the fresh air around him. At evening the Prussians went away drunker than before.

To-day I have seen nobody. However, the cask is not yet empty. I am expecting them.

SEPTEMBER 24.

This morning there is a furious cannonading. They are fighting below Paris; the siege has begun. This has given me a feeling of pain and rage impossible to describe. They are firing on Paris, the wretches! It is the brain of the whole world they are aiming at. Oh! why am I not there with the others?

On the instant all my apprehensions of the evening before disappeared. I was ashamed of my mole's life. I, who for eight days had drunk only cistern water, went expressly to fill my jug at the cloister well. I do not know why, but it seemed good to run some risk. Passing, I looked into the Guillards' house, and my anger was still more excited before this little dwelling, torn to pieces, the furniture destroyed and burned, the windows broken. I thought of what they were doing to Paris, if they had got in. . .

I had just closed my door when I heard footsteps in the courtyard. It was one of my scoundrels of the previous day, the same who had fumbled so long at my lock. He looked to see if there was any wine remaining in the hogshead, and, after filling his flask, began to drink, lying stretched out on his stomach on the stone bench, his head propped up by his elbows. As he drank, he sang. His young, vibrant voice filled the cloister with a strain in which the month of May—*mein lieb, lieb Mai*—recurred again and again. I had him just opposite my dormer, quite within range of my revolver. I remained a long time look-

ing at him, and asking myself if it was necessary to kill him. In the direction of Paris, the cannonading rolled continually, shaking my heart with a terrible emotion. After all, perhaps by killing this man I would be saving others—myself, those who were falling there on the ramparts.

I do not know but that the unseen, hostile look, which went from me to him, did not end by troubling him—giving him a warning. For suddenly he raised his head—a head with rough, shaggy locks, albino eyes, and reddish moustaches, through which the teeth laughed fiercely. He looked around him an instant suspiciously, and, after readjusting his belt, and filling his flask, went away. As he passed near my window I had my finger on the trigger. Well, no ! I could not. To kill for the sake of killing, with perfect certainty, and almost without danger, was beyond my power. It is not so easy as one thinks to take a life in cold blood.

Once out of the Hermitage, escaped from that vague impression of fear, the rogue recommenced his song more lustily, and I heard him in the distance, trolling to all the trees in the wood his "*mein lieb, lieb Mai.*" . . .

Sing on, my lad, you have well escaped the seeing it no more,—your merry month of May.

OCTOBER ——

What day ? What date ? I no longer know anything about it; everything is confused in my head. Meantime, it appears to me that we are in October. The days, uniform for me, are growing shorter and shorter, the wind colder, and the great trees around me grow thinner with every blast. The incessant cannonading in the direction of Paris forms a lugubrious accompaniment to my whole life—a deep, heavy bass unceasingly mingled with all my thought. It must be that the Prussians have work there, for my marauders have not returned. I no longer hear even those rumblings of wagons and drums that used to resound along the roads about the wood. I have again made a fire in the hall, and I wander across the court freely.

From day to day material life grows more difficult. Everything is gone—bread and wine, and oil to burn. For a month, with sunlight, open doors, and the beneficent presence of heat, the privations were endurable ; but now it is hard. In the poultry house there are only two hens left, hidden under the beams from the gusts of the continually driving rain. I make brushwood of the branches of the fruit-trees that break and fall, fragile since the leaves no longer protect them. The apple trees have golden mosses the plum trees long lines of clear gum under the resinous bark, and these give me great, merry fires, retaining a little sunlight in their heat. I have also gathered the last of my apples, all red with the frosts ; and I have succeeded in making a little bad cider, which I hoard in place of wine. As for the bread, it is more difficult. With the ill-fated Gondeloup's flour, I tried to knead some dough in the bottom of a drawer of the chest, which answered for a kneading-trough ; after which I manufactured, under the ashes between the hot bricks, some thick bannocks, of which the crust was burned and the inside scarcely baked. It reminded me of those little rounds of dough which, when a child, I used to put between the pinchers to make little loaves, the size of lozenges.

Occasionally a windfall comes to me. Thus, the other day, while ferreting in the keeper's house, I found on the shelf of a cupboard, mouldy with the damp, some bottles of nut-water, which had escaped the pillage ; another time, a large sack, which I opened with beating heart, believing it contained potatoes. I was much distressed when I drew from it magpies' beaks, vipers' heads, dry and grey as dust ; squirrels' tails, with fine, reddish fur, and tails of field-mice, like silken tresses. They were the little gains of the forest-

keepers, who were given so much a head, or tail, for mischievous animals. They guard these trophies of the chase very religiously, that the government may buy them every month.

"That always pays for the tobacco," as the worthy Guillard used to say.

I swear that at that moment I would willingly have given all that ossuary for some packets from the excise office. I have not had any tobacco for two or three days, and that is in truth the sole dearth that alarms me. The forest is for me an inexhaustible larder. When my poultry-house is empty, I shall be able to snare some of those beautiful pheasants that come about the Hermitage to peck up the grains of buckwheat buried in the moist soil. But tobacco, tobacco!

I read a little; I have even tried to paint. It was the other morning, with a beautiful red sun in an atmosphere opaque with fog. Under the cart-house, there was a pile of apples that fascinated me with their brilliant colors, varying from the tender green of the new leaves to the warm tones of the dead ones. But I was not able to work long. After a moment the sky grew dark. It rained in torrents. Great flocks of wild geese, with flapping wings and outstretched necks, passed above the house, presaging a hard winter and early snow, by the white down which fell from their wings.

THE SAME MONTH.

To-day a great excursion to Champrosay. Re-assured by the silence of the surroundings, I harnessed Colaquet early, and we set out. In default of the human face, I found the country as deserted, as silent, and as lugubrious as on the last occasion. The Prussians had only passed, but everywhere they had left their mark. I imagined I saw an Algerian village after a rain of locusts—something bare, stripped, gnawed and riddled; houses open, doors, windows, even the gratings of the dog-kennels, and the lattice-work of the rabbit-hutches. I went into some of the houses. Our peasants are a little like the Arabs. They are seen in the fields, in their courtyards, or on their doorsteps, but it is not without difficulty that they admit a Parisian to their homes. Now I was able to rummage to the bottom these unknown lives, these abandoned dwellings.

The customs were still evident, showing on the mantel-piece of the soot-blackened fire-places, hanging from cords in the little courts where the washings dry, fastened to the walls with vacant nails, and discernible in the walnut table by the marks made with a wanton knife—notches which had been dug between mouthfuls. All these village interiors resemble one another. I visited one, however, which had one luxury more than the others: a drawing-room, or at least something that wanted to be a drawing-room. In a little tiled room behind the kitchen, green paper had been put on the walls, colored glass let into the windows, gilt andirons, a centre-table, and a large fauteuil, covered with warm chintz introduced. All the ambition of a country life might be felt there. Surely this man must have said to himself: "When I am old, after I have run up and down and drudged, I shall be a bourgeois. I will have a salon like the mayor, with a good *fauteuil* to sit down in." Poor fellow! They had fixed it for him—his salon!

I left Champrosay with a heart full of distress. The sadness of these deserted houses had seized and penetrated me like the cold that falls from the walls of a cellar. So to get back to the Hermitage, I made a long detour across the wood. I needed air and nature.

Unluckily, all that side of the forest has a wild and deserted look, which is not very enlivening. Worked-out quarries have left obstructions of rock there, and a general scattering of small stones make the soil more dry and sterile. There was not a blade of grass on the roads. Lonely

wall-flowers, brambles and ivies, climb up these great gaping holes, all their roots grappling to the rough edges of the stones, and in this interlacing of leafless branches the quarries seemed still deeper. . . . We go on for a moment across the rocks. Suddenly Colaquet halts, and his ears begin to tremble with fright. What is there? I lean over. I look. It is the corpse of a Prussian soldier, who has been thrown head foremost into the quarry. . . . I vow I shuddered. On the main road, in a field, this body would have startled me less. Where there are so many soldiers coming and going, anticipated death seems to wander all day long; but here in this hole in the corner of the wood—that had the appearance of assassination, of mystery. While looking, I thought I recognized my marauder of the other day, him who sang the month of May with so good a heart. Was it a peasant killed him? But where would this peasant come from? There is no longer anyone in Champrosay, Minville, or Meillottes. More likely some quarrel between comrades, one of those drunken brawls such as I had witnessed from the Hermitage windows.

I hastened home, and all the evening I kept thinking that I had for my sole guest my sole companion in the great dreary forest, that corpse stretched out on the red sand of the quarries!

DATE UNKNOWN.

It rains, it is cold; the sky is dark. I go and come all alone in the Hermitage, making fagots and bread, while the cannonading resounds incessantly, and (a singular phenomenon) shakes the ground more than the air. With my prison-like labors, my self-centred and silent life in the midst of this terrible drama, I appear to myself like an ant, deaf to the sounds of humanity, which is too great for its littleness, and surrounds it without causing it trouble. From time to time, for a distraction, I undertake a journey to Champrosay, fearless of the Prussians, who have undoubtedly abandoned the Corbeil route and advanced on Paris by way of Melun and Villeneuve-Saint-Georges. Two or three times, however, the gallop of a horse has forced me to take refuge in some shed, and I have seen the *estafette* passing rapidly, crossing the country only to bind it again to headquarters, to take possession of the route and mark it with the shoes of Prussian horses.

This deserted village, with wide open houses, interests and charms me like a sort of Pompeii. I go about in it: I rummage it. I amuse myself with re-constructing the lives of all these absent people.

ANOTHER DAY.

Something very extraordinary is passing around me. I am not alone in the forest. There is evidently some one in hiding near here, and some one who is an assassin. To-day, in the *lavoir* at Champrosay, I found a second corpse, a Saxon, stretched out, with his blonde head lying on the wet curbstone above the water. As for the rest, he was well buried, cast into oblivion, in that little *lavoir* surrounded by copse, as surely as the other down there had been thrown into the forest quarries. I had accidentally led Colaquet down to drink. The appearance of that great motionless body thrilled me. Without the pool of blood which deluged the stone around his head and mingled in the water with the last rays of a purple sun, one might have thought he was sleeping, so calm and tranquil were his features. I have often remarked that on the faces of the dead. For one gracious moment he had something more beautiful than life—a serenity without a smile, a sleep without a sigh, a rejuvenescence of all being which seemed like a halt between the agitations of life and the surprises of the yet-to-be-revealed unknown.

As I was gazing at this unfortunate creature, the evening fell. In the twi-

light, clear yet not dazzling, a great softness descended upon all things. The roads stretched away straight and regular, and already more luminous than the sky. The wood spread abroad in sombre masses, and beneath me a little vine-path gleamed vaguely in the moonlight. On this Nature, reposing after its day of fatigue, on the silent fields, the mute river—on all this calm landscape, softly withdrawing into the night, there was the same air of contemplation and expansion as on the face of the soldier assailed by death.

ANOTHER DAY.

Between Champrosay and the Meillottes, in the midst of a park which lies along the Seine, there is a fine Louis XV. house, of the time of the Marquis d'Etoilles and Mme. de Pompadour. Two rows of yoke elms, straight and thick, lead down to the river, in summer showing at the tips of the bending green foliage a mirror of blue water lost in the blue of the sky. All the shadow of the old footpaths seems to be escaping through these two apertures of light. At the entrance, near the gates, a wide ditch borders the lawns, and a circle of mossy lime trees, with posts indented by carriage wheels, telling the antiquity of this discreet house. I had a fancy to go into it the other day.

Up a winding path I suddenly reached some flights of steps. The doors were open, the shutters broken. In the grand salons on the groundfloor, where panels were taken out of the entire length of the white wainscoting, there remained not a single piece of furniture—nothing but straw. Among the carvings of the balconies fresh marks, slight scratches, witnessed to the descent of the furniture through the windows. The billiard-room alone remained undisturbed. The Prussian officers are like ours—they are fond of billiards. Only, these gentlemen had fired at a mirror for a target, and with its grooves, its radiating cracks, and little round holes showing black in the light, this glass resembled a frozen lake furrowed by sharp skates. High window-casings, broken in by bayonet thrusts and gun-butts, admitted the wind, which was scattering dead leaves upon the floors. Outside, forgotten, on the pond under the nave of yoke elms, floated a large boat full of broken twigs and gold-colored willow leaves.

I followed the paths to the end. There in a corner of the terrace was a red brick lodge rising above the river. As it was buried among the trees, the Prussians could not have seen it. However, the door stood half open. I found within a little salon, hung with a bright chintz bearing a leaf pattern which seemed a continuation of the Virginia creeper clambering between the window-shutters. A piano with scattered music, a book, forgotten on a bamboo folding-chair, were in this room, which overlooked the Seine, and in the dim light made by the closed blinds, elegant and sombre in its gilt frame, was the portrait of a woman. Wife or maid? I do not know. Dark and tall, with an ingenuous air, enigmatic smile, and eyes of varying color—those Parisian eyes that change according to the flame that lights them,—it is the first face I have seen for two months, and so lifelike, so proud and young in its gravity! The impression this portrait has made upon me is singular. I dreamed of the summer afternoons which *she* must have passed there, in that corner of the park, in search of coolness and solitude. The book, the music, bespoke a refined nature, and there remained in the half light of this nook, as it were, a perfume of the ended summer, the departed woman, and a vanished grace, all included in the smile of this portrait.

Who is she? Where is she? I have never seen her; I shall probably never meet her. And, meanwhile, though I know not why, I feel less alone while looking at her. I have read the book that she was reading,

delighted at finding marks in it. I do not pass a day without thinking of her. It seems to me that if I had that portrait here the Hermitage would be less dreary; but to complete the charm of the face it would be necessary to have the climbing vine of the summer-house, the reeds at the water edge, and the little wild plants in the moat—the bitter flavor of which comes back to me while I write these lines.

ONE EVENING, ON RE-ENTERING.

Found another dead Prussian. He was lying in a ditch beside the road. This is the third. And always the same wound—a frightful gash in the nape of the neck. It is like a signature always in the same hand.

But whose?

NOVEMBER 15.

For the first time in many days I am able to put a date to my journal, and know partly where I am in the confusion of uniform days. My life is entirely changed. The Hermitage no longer seems to me so silent, so dreary. There are now long whispered conversations over hidden fires with which we fill up the chimney of the hall. The Robinson of the Sénart forest has found his Friday, and under some such circumstances as these.

One evening last week, about eight or nine o'clock, just as I was about to roast a fine hen-pheasant, on a spit of my own invention, I heard some gunshots in the direction of Champrosay. This was so extraordinary that I remained on the alert, all ready to put out my fire, to extinguish that little glimmer that could betray me. Almost immediately I heard heavy, precipitate steps on the gravel of the road, followed by the baying of a dog and furious galloping. It gave me the impression of a man transformed into a wild beast, hunted down, with horses and furious dogs at his heels. Possessed by that living terror which I felt coming towards me, I tremblingly set my window ajar. At that moment a man entered the moon-lighted close, running towards the keeper's house with a certainty which arrested my attention. Certainly he was acquainted with the surroundings. As he passed, I was not able to distinguish his features. I saw only the peasant's blue blouse, disarranged in the excitement of a mad race. Through a broken casement, he leaped into the Guillards' house, and disappeared into the darkness of the empty dwelling. After him a great white dog appeared at the entrance of the cloister. Baffled a moment, he paused there, with quivering tail and distended nostril, then laid his whole length down before the old gateway, baying to attract the hunters. I knew that the Prussians often had dogs with them, and I waited to see a patrol of Uhlans appear. The villanous beast! how willingly would I have strangled him if he had been within reach of my arm. Already I saw the Hermitage invaded and my retreat discovered; and I felt a grudge against this unhappy peasant for having come to take refuge so near me, as if the forest had not been big enough. What sentiment is there so egotistic as fear?

Happily the Prussians were not in large numbers, and the night, and ignorance of the forest intimidated them. I heard them calling back their dog, which kept up his howling before the door—his little cries like those made by a setter. Finally, however, he decided to go away, and the sound of his leaps across the branches and dead leaves was lost in the distance. The silence which followed froze me. There was a man opposite me. Through the round aperture of my dormer-window, I tried to pierce the darkness with a look. The guard's little house was always gloomy and silent, with its ominous black holes of windows on the white façade. I pictured to myself the unhappy creature cowering in a corner, chilled, perhaps wounded. Was I going to leave him without succor? I did not hesitate long. But just at

the moment when I was softly opening my door, it received a violent push from without, and someone precipitated himself into the hall.

"Don't be afraid, Monsieur Robert. It's me—it's Goudeloup."

It was the Champrosay farmer—he whom I had seen with the cord about his neck, ready to be hanged in the courtyard of his farm. By the light of the fire I recognized him instantly, although he had changed somewhat; pale and thin, and with encroaching beard, his keen look, and lightly compressed lips, made a person very different from the happy, easy-going farmer I had known before. On a corner of his blouse he was wiping the blood from his hands.

"You are wounded, Goudeloup?"

He had an odd little laugh.

"No, no. It's one of those fellows I've just been bleeding down there, on the road. Only, this time I had no chance. Some more of them came while I was working—But that's all right. That one won't get up again."

And he added (always with his fierce little laugh, showing his teeth with spaces between like wolf's teeth):

"This is the fifteenth I've despatched inside of two months. I think that's pretty well done for one man alone, and with no other weapon than that."

He had drawn from beneath his blouse, a pair of pruning-shears—those great gardener's-scissors, which are used for clipping rose-trees and shrubbery. I looked with a shock of horror at this assassin's tool in that bleeding hand; but I had been so long deprived of communication with a human being that, after conquering my first impulse of repulsion, I made the miserable creature sit down at my table. Then, in the comfort of the little hall, the warmth of the brushwood, and the scent of the pheasant, which was being colored a golden brown before the flame, his dismal face seemed to soften. His eyes, accustomed to the shadow of long nights, squinted slightly, and in a quiet voice he told me his story.

"You thought I was doomed, Monsieur Robert! Well I thought so myself. Fancy! when the Uhlans arrived before the farmhouse, I first tried to defend myself. But they didn't even give me time to discharge my second gun. I had hardly fired the first shot, before the door was forced open, and I had thirty of those bandits on my back. They put the granary rope around my neck, and up I went! For a moment I was giddy at no longer feeling the ground under my feet, and I saw the farmhouse turn round me, and the sheds and kennels, and those great red faces laughing as they watched me, and you yourself I spied down there in the gap in the wall, pale as a ghost. It seemed to me like a dream. Then all at once, while I was strugging, I don't know what idea came to me to make the masonic signal of distress. I had learned it in my youth, at the time when I belonged to the Grand Orient Lodge. The bandits immediately loosened the rope, and I again found the ground under my feet. It was their officer, a big fellow with black whiskers, who had had me taken down for nothing but my gesture.

"'You're a Free Mason,' he whispered to me in very good French. 'So am I, and do not like to leave unassisted a brother who besought me. Fly, and don't let us see you again.'"

"I went out from my home with lowered head, like a beggar, Only, I did not go very far, as you may guess. Hidden under the wreck of the bridge, living on raw radishes and wild plums, I witnessed the pillage of my own estate, the emptied granary, with its pulley grating each day as it let down the bags, great wood-fires lighted in the open courtyard, around which they drank my wine, and pieces of my furniture and also my cattle going away along the roads. At last, when there was nothing left, they went away,

setting fire to the house and driving my last cow before them. That evening, after I had made the tour of my ruin, when, thinking of the children, I calculated that in my whole lifetime I should not be able to again collect such a property, even if I killed myself working, I grew mad with rage. The first Prussian I met on the road I leaped upon like a wild beast, and I struck him in the neck with this.

"From that moment my one idea was to hunt the Prussians. I kept on the look-out night and day, attacking stragglers, marauders, *estafettes* and sentinels. All I kill I carry into the quarries, where I throw them into the water. That's the hardest part of all. For the rest, it's as gentle as a lamb. I've done enough to say what I like. However, the one to-night was stronger than the others, and then it was that cursed dog that gave the alarm. And now it's going to be necessary to keep quiet for a bit; so with your permission, Monsieur Robert, I will spend a few days with you."

While speaking, he again assumed his sinister look, and that singular fixity which his terrible practice of lying in wait had given to his expression. What an ill-favored companion I was going to have!

NOVEMBER 20.

We have just passed a terrible week. For eight days Prussian patrols have never ceased to scour the forest in every sense. They went along the walls of the Hermitage, even entered the court; but the guard's little house, pillaged and wide open, and the ivies and brambles which give mine so dilapidated an appearance, have saved us. My companion and I remained all the time secluded, muffling our steps in the hall and our voices near the fireplace, and making a fire only at night.

If they had discovered us this time, it would have been death. I felt a slight grudge against Goudeloup for having made me his accomplice by taking refuge here. The peasant understood it, and has repeatedly proposed to go away and seek shelter in some other place. But I have never been able to consent to it. To thank me for my hospitality, he does me a crowd of little services. Assiduous and adroit in all the duties of practical life of which I am ignorant, he has taught me to make eatable bread, genuine cider, and candles. It is a pleasure to see him busy all day, restricting to the narrow sphere of our single hall his faculties for work and management to which he formerly gave scope in directing his great farmhouse and fifty acres of land. Otherwise, he is gloomy and silent, sitting motionless for hours in the evening, with his head in his hands, like all those desperate laborers in whom, the physical life overworked, the moral life sleeps; and yet I smile sometimes, remarking, that in spite of the dramatic circumstances in which we live, he has retained his habit of leisurely eating, and makes a pause between each mouthful. Such as he is, this man interests me. It is the peasant in all his native ferocity. His land, his property, represent to him something other than home and native land. He tells me quite innocently the most monstrous things. If he hates the Prussians it is only because they burned his house, and the hatefulness of the invasion does not move him except when he thinks of his lost harvest, and his waste fields, with neither labor nor seed.

NOVEMBER 22.

To-day we had a long talk together. We were under the shed sitting on a ladder, and in spite of the cold of the rain-charged air which reached us from the forest, laden with scents of moist wood and soaking soil, we managed to breathe the pleasure of two marmots coming out of their burrow. Goudeloup was smoking a queer pipe which he had made out of a snail-shell, and he assumed an exaggeration of com-

fort and content which was not without malice. In spite of my great longing to smoke, I have several times already refused to help myself to his tobacco, knowing well how he obtains it and always expecting to see in it little flecks of the blue cloth of which the Prussian uniforms are made. Detecting my open nostril inhaling that good smell of smoke, he smiled that cunning peasant's smile which wrinkles the eyes and lends an evil thinness to the lips, and said:

"Oh, now! so you don't smoke?"

"No, thank you. I have already told you that I do not want your tobacco."

Goudeloup—"Because I took it out of their pockets? But that was my right. They robbed me of enough for me to rob them in return, and a few handfuls of bad tobacco are not going to pay me for all my wheat and oats."

I—"With the difference that these people left you life, while you—"

Goudeloup—"Yes, it's true they left me life, but they burnt my house—my poor house! I built it myself. . . . And my cattle and my crop, ten *ares* of crop. It was all insured against hail, fire and thunder, but who could have told me that so near Paris, with so many taxes as we are obliged to pay to have good soldiers, it was necessary to insure myself against the Prussians? Now I have nothing any more. Are not such catastrophes worse than death? Oh, yes; they left me life, the wretches! They left me life to go from door to door and hold out my hand to the wife and children. You see, when I think of that, red fury comes over me. I long for blood, for——"

I—"What? Have you not killed enough of them?"

Goudeloup—"No; not yet. I am just going to confess everything to you, Monsieur Robert. You are a good fellow—you have entertained me well, and a fireside like yours, at such a time, is not to be despised. But all the same, there are times when I am tired of your place. I want to fly away and begin my watching at the roadside again. It is so amusing to wait for one of those scoundrels passing, watch him, follow him, say to myself, 'Not now'; and then, hoop! to spring on him and throw him down. . . . One more who will not eat of my wheat!"

I—"And how can you, whom I have known to be so gentle and quiet, speak of all that with composure?"

Goudeloup—"It must be that at the bottom of me there was an evil beast that war has brought out. But I ought to say that the first time it did scare me. It was that soldier on foot whom I met the night of my ruin. I stamped with all my might on the uniform without considering that there was a man underneath; then when I felt the body give way, and that blood and living warmth surging over me, then I was afraid. But all at once I thought of the bags of flour burst open and ripped up in my courtyard, and I had no more fear."

I—"Since you hate them so much, why do you not try to get back to Paris or join the provincial army? You could fight openly and kill the Prussians, without treachery, on a battle-field."

Goudeloup—"Go to war, Monsieur Robert! But I'm not a soldier! My parents paid dear enough to prevent my being one. I am a peasant—an unhappy peasant, who takes *vengeance*, and needs nobody to assist him."

According as he talks, I see the ferocious creature whom I took in one evening reappear in him. His eyes—those of a madman—come closer together. His lips are pressed hard against each other. His shrivelled fingers feel for a weapon.

NOVEMBER 28.

He has gone; I might have expected it. The miserable creature was tired of murdering no longer. With the promise to come some time at night and scrape on my door, he plunged into

the shadow, which seemed less sinister than himself. Well, brutal as he was, I miss him. Solitude leads at length to a torpor, a sluggishness of existence, which has something morbid about it. There is something in speech which sets the ideas at work. On the strength of speaking to this peasant about home and native land I re-awakened in myself all that I was furiously bent on calling out in him. I feel very different now. And then my recovery, my consciousness of strength returning day by day! I should be in action—fighting.

NOVEMBER 30, DECEMBER 1 AND 2.

Frightfully cold weather. In the direction of Paris the cannonading resounds with all the dryness of the ground and air. I have not heard anything to equal it before. This must be a genuine battle. At times it seems to me to come closer, for I distinguish the fire of the platoons, and the horrible rending of the artillery. All about here there is a general agitation, as it were the rebound of the battle. On the road to Melun there is a continual moving of troops. On the Corbeil road terror-stricken *estafettes* file at full gallop. What is happening? In spite of the cold I walk, I move about, seeking the roads in the forest, where the cannonading comes to me most distinctly.

Sometimes I dream in this fashion: Paris comes out over the ramparts behind which she is a prisoner; the French troops arrive at this exact spot; the Sénart forest is full of red trousers, and I myself join them to fight the Prussians, reconquer France, and ——Lord!

DECEMBER 5.

To the incessant cannonading of these last days there has succeeded a silence as of death. What is happening? I am in horrible anxiety. If Paris had come out from her walls and was now marching along the roads, the Prussians, disbanded and driven back, would be stopping up the country and changing their encampments. But no; since yesterday I have done nothing but scour the four leagues of forest surrounding me like a wall, and in vain I examine the surrounding paths, which are as silent and dreary as usual. Afar off, towards Montgeron, I spied through the branches a company of Bavarians drilling, to the detriment of an immense field. Outlined gloomily against the low yellow sky, they were mechanically tearing up the soil of that dead, seedless earth. Evidently Paris has not yet made her opening: but neither has she surrendered, for these soldiers had a pitiful air for conquerors.

Over their heads, circling companies of crows were passing, going in the direction of the great city, crying, and settling occasionally on the uneven rises of the ground. Never had I seen so many, even in peaceful winters when all France was sown with wheat.

This year it is another harvest which draws them.

DECEMBER 6.

God be praised! Paris is still standing and among the living. I have had a delightful proof of its existence. This morning I was at the well in the cloister when I heard a sharp discharge of musketry in the direction of Draveil. Almost immediately after, an odd sound like the flapping of a sail in open sea, and the tension of cordage creaking as it stretches, passed in the air above me. It was a balloon, a fine yellow balloon, quite distinct against the sombre tint of the clouds. From where I was it seemed to me to float at the tops of the trees, although in reality it was much higher. I cannot tell how much the fragility of this balloon, the texture of the covering which I saw quite plainly, has moved and roused me to enthusiasm. I thought that, in very truth, above all that vanquished France, there still hovered the soul of France, a living force stronger than all the Krupp cannons combined; and I, a Parisian, was proud of it. I wanted to weep, to

call out, to cry aloud. I raised my arm in air towards two motionless black spots on the edge of the car, two human lives tossed by every breath of heaven, above rivers where drowning was possible, precipices where one might be shattered to atoms, and Prussian armies appearing from above like immense congregations of ant-hills close on the ground.

A slender black line was visible beneath the balloon. I heard in the branches a sound of sand being emptied, and the vision was lost in the clouds.

DECEMBER 9.

What am I doing here! Verily, I am beginning to be ashamed of my inaction. To-day I had bread to bake, and I have not had the courage to do it. All those details in which I took pleasure—like recluses and lonely men, those egotists in disguise—I now find contemptible. Here I am, quite cured, with the exception of a few aches during the days of intense cold. I have no right any longer to remain at the Hermitage. My place is on the rampart there, with the rest. But can I manage to rejoin them? The investment seems to be very close; it appears that from one sentinel to another there is only the range of a gun. If I only had a companion, or at least someone belonging to the country, who knew the roads well! I think of Goudeloup. I should not have allowed him to go away. Who knows where he is now? Perhaps hanging to some wayside cross, or dead of cold, in the bottom of some quarry. However, the other evening I heard a cry in the direction of Meillottes—nothing but a cry, but horrible, long, despairing, like a sob; and suddenly I thought, "There is Goudeloup!" Yes, that man is an assassin. But at least he bestirs himself, he grossly satisfies a need for vengeance and justice which is in him. As for me, I eat, keep warm, and sleep. Of us two, which is the more contemptible?

DECEMBER 10.

Returned from Champrosay through a freezing cold. The houses along the road, blind with all their dark windows, looked like mournful beggars. I again saw the park, the summer house at the brink of the stream, and the smiling portrait that dwells there. The cold had not impaired the reposeful countenance nor the soft colors of the summer gown. But the expression seemed to me to be firmer, more severe, as if it contained a reproach. On the threshold I understood that I was no longer welcome there. Discreetly I closed the door and descended the steps covered with frozen moss. And all night the clear gaze of that Parisian girl pursued me like a remorse.

DECEMBER 11.

This morning on going to take up the snares at the foot of the garden, I found a pigeon. It astonished me. The common pigeons do not stay about deserted houses, and up to the present I had snared only wood-doves. This was a domestic pigeon, quite large, with rose-colored feet and beak, its wings mixed with russet and white. The snare had not injured it; it was only benumbed by the cold. I carried it into the house to the fire, and holding it in both hands, while like a tame animal it made not the slightest effort to escape, I distinguished on one of its wings a printed number—523, and below, *Société de l'Espérance.* Then under the feathers I found a quill a little stronger than the others, from which trembled a little closely-rolled leaf of foreign paper. I had snared a carrier-pigeon. Did he come from Paris or from the provinces? Was he carrying victory or defeat, good news or bad? For a long time I gazed at him with a religious tenderness. Free in the hall, he moved about, tranquilly pecking between the tiles. Little by little his feathers puffed out in the warmth, and his strength returned. Then I opened wide the window, and set him on the edge. He remained there a moment looking at the sky, stretching his neck, and trying to recover his bearing. At last he mount

ed straight into the air; then at a certain height, white against the dark sky, he turned abruptly towards Paris. Ah! if I could take the same road as he.

DECEMBER 15.

It is settled; we leave to-morrow. I say "we," because Goudeloup has come to find me again. I saw him come yesterday in the dusk of evening, more emaciated, more frightfnl than ever. The unhappy creature is at his *twenty-first!* However, his vengeance is beginning to have enough of blood. Frankly, he is entrapped. Lying in wait is growing very difficult. I have even had difficulty in persuading him to undertake the journey to Paris with me. We are going to leave to-morrow night in my boat, which was left down on the Seine, moored to its buoy under the willows on the bank. It is Goudeloup's idea. He thought that with a very dark night we could gain the Port-a-l'Anglais by water, and from there, crawling along the tow-path, reach the first French barricade. We shall see. I have prepared my revolver, blankets, two or three loaves of bread, and a large gourd of brandy.

Of a certainty, the adventure is hazardous, but since I have resolved to attempt it, I feel more tranquil. Instead of troubling, the cannon of Paris electrify me. They affect me like a call, and every time they roar I long to reply: "I come!" I think the portrait in the summer-house has resumed its calm picture-face, and is smiling on me from its gold frame. My sole regret on leaving the Hermitage is, what will become of my poor Colaquet? I am leaving the stable open, so that he can find his living in the forest. I pile up near him my last bundles of straw, and making these preparations, I evade an encounter with those kind, astonished eyes, which seem to say to me reproachfully: "Where are you going?"

And now, open at this unfinished page, I leave my journal on my table, with these words, which doubtless will end it: "*En route* for Paris!"

WRITTEN WHILE GROPING MY WAY, AT NIGHT.

I am returning. Goudeloup is dead—journey proved abortive.

DECEMBER 26.

Ten days! I have been away only ten days, and it seeme to me that with the multitude of images, silhouettes and impressions, confused and terrible, which I bring back from my short journey, there would be enough to fill several lives. Now, that since my return within the limits of my Hermitage, all these remembrances haunt and torment me, I am going to try to write them down, one by one, to rid myself of them.

Went away on the night of the 16th. Night very cold, with no light in the sky—lighted only by the ground, white with hoar-frost. The frosted trees looked exactly like great hawthorns blooming before the coming of the leaves. We passed through Champrosay, dreary and silent as the frost that fell and gathered on the bleak roofs, instead of melting softly at the edge of the eaves with the heat of the lighted fires. Not a Prussian on the horizon; and fortunate it was, for on the great, bare plains, our two silhouettes were very distinct. I found my boat in a little creek, hidden between the banks. It is a very light Norwegian. The oars muffled with linen, we embark noiselessly, alone on the river, struck from time to time by pieces of ice which float level with the water, like blocks of crystal. Oftentimes, in years past, I had embarked on nights as dark and cold, to go to pose or visit my *verveux*. But what life was in motion on the river around me then! A slightly mysterious, pensive life, impregnated with silence in the surrounding slumber. The long wooden rafts, with their fires fore and aft, silhouettes standing upright near the helm, floated slowly down towards

Paris, passing through all this rural shadow to enter openly the noisy and crowded quarters of Bercy at daybreak. On the bank, wagons were passing; the night express unrolled itself like a fiery-eyed serpent along the winding way. And one dreamed of all the reasons, lugubrious or pleasant, these people had for thus leaving their homes. Farther and farther, on the bank of the river, which carries its moisture almost to their walls, sluice-keepers' houses, ferrymen's boats, and inns for seafaring men, reflected in the uncertain water the lights of their hazy panes.

Now, there was nothing of that. We had before us, as it were, a new river, dark and deserted, and rendered unfamiliar by all those broken marks changing the currents. Meanwhile, I steered our little Norwegian well enough, taking strokes enough only to keep the middle of the stream and avoid the submerged islands marked by the tops of some willows.

"That's well done," whispered Goudeloup to me.

At that moment the sound of an oar falling into a boat reached us from the bank; then a strong southern voice cried across the night:

"Come, ferryman, hurry up!"

"It's the doctor from Draveil," murmured my companion.

I, too, had recognized that worthy man's voice, heard night and day on all the country roads, ever urgent and encouraging. How did he come to be there? Had he, then, remained at Draveil? I wanted to call: "Good evening, Doctor!" but one thought restrained me. A happy thought indeed! for almost immediately we crossed a heavy wherry passing from one side to the other, with a lantern in the stern, and I perceived beside good Dr. R. and his eternal felt hat, wet with all the rains of the Seine-et-Oise, some gleaming helmets.

We were, fortunately, beyond the ray of their lantern, which made the shadow where our boat glided the more obscure, and we passed unperceived. Another danger, not less grave, awaited us a little further away—the railway bridge, three arches of which had been blown up and were blocking the river with the gigantic débris. Truly I know not how, without being submerged and crushed, we succeeded in overcoming this sinister obstacle. At Port Courcelles similar difficulties menaced us in the enormous knotted willows, like two islands, forming in the darkness so many stumbling blocks that we were fortunate in evading them.

Here at last is Ablou and its weir. Here the cannon of Paris, distinct and terrible, send us each moment the fiery gleam of their thundering. We have to wait here—the weir is closed. Fortunately our boat is light, and together we are able to hoist it, as I have so often done, up the steep bank, and pass to the other side of the dam. We come alongside of that little flight of steps where the Ablou innkeeper skins his eels on Sundays in the summer-time, and where anglers install themselves in the flooding sunlight, with the point of their bargemen's hats at their *espadrille*-booted feet. It is astonishing how danger changes the appearance of things. When I reach the lowest steps of the flight, I perceive, ten paces from me, in the darkness, a sentinel walking up and down the quay. Lower down, the sluice-house, transformed into a Prussian post, has all its windows alight. I wish to go down again quickly, re-embark and gain the other bank; but Goudeloup does not listen to me. His eyes remain obstinately fixed on that shadow, outlined against the mist, which walks whistling above our heads. I try to drag him away. He escapes me, makes a bound. . . . I hear a dull thud, a stifled cry, the sound of shoulder-belts shaken off, and the heavy fall of a body.

"Twenty-two!" says Goudeloup, sliding breathlessly along the bank.

But the unfortunate soldier, whom

he has just stretched out on the bluff, before dying has found strength to discharge his gun. The report throws both banks into commotion. Impossible to keep to the edge. We quickly gain the middle of the stream, and vigorously resume the oars. It is like a bad dream. The wind, the current, both are against us; and, while from the weir a boat lighted with a great lantern is detached which plunges, reappears awaits us and comes straight from our bank, another boat approaches from the opposite direction.

"To the dredge!" says Goudeloup in my ear.

Near us, moored' fifteen or twenty metres from the shore, a dredging-boat rears its sombre mass above the water, with its paddle-box, and grappling chain for drawing the sand. The Seine, now very high, half submerges it, breaking noisily against its stern. We come alongside it, but in our haste to take refuge on this wreck we forget to fasten our Norwegian, which drifts off on the swell, with the blankets and provisions she contains. That it is which saves us. Five minutes later a formidable "hurrah!" tells us the Prussians have just found our boat. Seeing it empty they must believe us drowned or swallowed up, for after a moment the lanterns gain the bank and the whole river returns to its silence and darkness.

It was a genuine ruin, that dredge on which we found ourselves. A strange refuge, creaking and groaning in every part, and beaten by the raging river! On the deck, covered with remains of wood and bits of casting, the cold was unbearable. We were forced to take refuge in the engine-room, where happily the water had not yet come. It was very near it, though, for in several places the partitions of the room were broken through almost to the height of the waves, and we found ourselves lighted by the glassy reflection of the night on the water. What hours of foreboding we passed there! Hunger, fear, a terrible cold in which our limbs were seized by a torpor of slumber against which it was necessary to struggle. . . .

All around the water bubbled, the wood moaned, the rusty links of the chain ground together, and up above our heads something like the cloth of a drenched banner flapped in the wind. Impatiently we waited for daylight, not knowing just by what distance we were separated from the land, nor how we should manage to reach it. In that state of half-slumber, pre-occupied with the thought of escape, and with the tossing of the dredge, and the sound of the water around us, I had the impression sometimes of a distant voyage, and a tempestuous night in mid-ocean.

When, through the holes in the room, which were blackened and rent as if by a bombardment, we saw the river paling under the wan light of a short winter day, we sought to discover our exact location. The Juvisy hills rising out of the mist, which the tall trees pierced with their dead tops, appeared above the more distant shore. On the other side, twenty-five or thirty metres from the dredge, the bare, open fields leading to Draveil spread away without a soldier. Evidently it was in that direction we must flee. The prospect of a cold bath in mid-December in this water, deep, yeasty, and furrowed with currents, was sufficiently dreadful. Fortunately the iron chain that fastened the dredge to the bank still held fast to its ring, and we had the alternative of clinging to it and being guided by it. While we were deliberating, the report of a cannon, coming quite near, proceeded from the Juvisy heights. The whistling of a shell, its fall into the water near us, followed almost immediately. Some seconds later, and before our astonishment had abated, a second shell fell near the dredge. Then I understood the reason of that flag, those remains of wood and splinters of iron-castings, and that smell of burnt powder which we had noticed in the cabin. The

abandoned dredge served the Prussians as a target for their cannon exercise. We must get away speedily. The coldness of the water and its danger were no longer of any account. Away! I grasped the chain with both hands, and slipped into the river, Goudeloup after me. With fingers blistered with the friction of the iron, we advanced slowly, paralyzed by the current, the freezing water. A fresh cannon-shot came to redouble our energy. Look out, there is the shell! This time it falls full on the iron-plated prow of the dredge, shivers it into pieces, and covers us with débris. I hear a great sigh behind me. No, never shall I forget the final movement of that chain as I feel it tremble, struggle a second, then quickly rise on the water, loose, abandoned and light between my hands!

I turned round, there was nobody, nothing but a bloody bundle that the stream was carrying away. The unhappy man must have been struck in the head by the shot. A great despair seized me. This comrade slaughtered beside me, my inability to aid him — for nothing I, too, would have let go the chain. The instinct of preservation bore the feeling away, and some minutes later I reached the bank. But I was not able to go far. After ten steps, succumbing to emotion, fatigue, and that terrible cold which penetrated me through all my wet clothes, I allowed myself to fall on the road-side in the dry grass of the ditch.

The well-known trot of a horse, the whirling of an old gig, and the good voice of Dr. R——, roused me from my torpor.

"How! This you? What are you doing there?"

In a twinkling he had wrapped me in his cloak, and buried me in the straw under the carriage apron, and we went speeding towards Draveil, where the worthy man had transformed his house into a field-hospital. From the gig I went into the coach-house. There, with dry clothes and some piping hot grog, I was soon revived. I remained there till evening without venturing to stir, knowing well, although the doctor had said nothing of it to me, the great risk he ran in taking me in. The house was full of soldiers and attendants; boots sounded on the pavement of the little courtyard, and all around resounded loud laughter, sabre-strokes, and that rude German speech, still accentuated by insolence. I heard all this with closed eyes, enervated with comfort, retaining still a vague recollection of the past danger, and the cold sensation of the river, and the heartrending sigh of poor Goudeloup still ringing in my ears.

At night the doctor came to release me, taking me to the bedroom belonging to his children, whom he had sent away at the approach of the Prussians. Here, next morning, I re-opened my eyes. After the horrible scenes of the previous day, these three cots surrounded by white curtains, the children's playthings scattered pell-mell in the room, with school-books,— even the faint odor of the dispensary exhaling from acupboard where the doctor keeps his drugs under lock and key,—everything was well-suited to calm me, and compose my overstrained nerves. A cock was crowing in a neighboring courtyard; a donkey began to bray; the village was beginning to awake. Suddenly a ringing of bells, breaking in on these peaceful sounds, recalled to me the sad reality. There was going and coming, slamming of doors. . . . I went to the window. The doctor's house looked on the street, above the flower-beds of a narrow garden in front. It is familiar to everybody in the country; and the little bell—a brass button standing out in relief against the white, newly-painted wall—and the furniture of the little salon, visible on the ground-floor, gave it a modest bourgeois look. Hidden behind the closed Venetian blinds, I saw the street black with lines of Tam O'Shanters,

calling, numbering, ready to leave. Among these caps, some Bavarian helmets appeared. They were the quarter-masters, running from house to house, marking numbers with chalk on the doors, and preparing lodgings for the new troops coming. Soon came the regiment, appearing to fall back at the sound of the drums, while, from the opposite side, the Bavarian clarions noisily approached. For three months matters had stood thus in the ill-starred village. The straw of the encampments had not time to get cold between the departure of one regiment and the arrival of another.

The doctor, who had just entered, made me leave the window.

"Take care, M. Helmont; do not show yourself. There is a government at the *Commandantur*, set up by some inhabitants remaining in the country, and they watch us all. After eight o'clock in the evening, nobody, except myself, has the right to go out. There have been so many Prussians assassinated in the neighborhood! Draveil suffers the penalty of it. We are requisitioned three times as often as the others. At the least word they imprison; at the least revolt they shoot. Our unfortunate peasants are terror-stricken. They spy upon and denounce one another, and if one of them found out that I was hiding anyone in my house, he would be capable, in order to escape a requisition, of going and warning the *Commandantur*. What would await both of us I can imagine."

He was so fearful of my imprudence, this poor doctor, that during all the time of my stay with him, he kept the key of my room in his pocket. The closed windows and Venetian blinds gave me a dungeon-like daylight, barely sufficient to read in. I had some medical works, some old translations of the great Panckoucke collection, and from time to time a copy of a French newspaper, published by the Prussians at Versailles. This also was a traducement of the French—our defeats, true, or false, related sneeringly, with gross pleasantries, awkward and dull.

When I had read enough, I looked at the street through the interstices in the Venetian blinds. It was a genuine country-town street, the houses in a row along the pavement, having little gardens in front, and showing in the space dividing them, branch-woven trellises, the trunk of a big elm, and horizons of field and vine, ill hid by the low roofings. Then sheds, stables, a fountain spouting up from an old well, and a great farm-gate beside the notary's spruce white house, decked with scutcheons. Upon all this was the mark of occupancy: woollen nets drying on the gratings and on the window shutters, great pipes at all the windows, and boots, boots! Never had I conceived of so many boots. Opposite my casement was the *Commandantur*. Every day peasants were brought there, urged on with strokes from gun-butts and sabre-sheaths. Women and children followed weeping, and while the man was dragged inside, they remained at the entrance to explain their business to the soldiers, who listened disdainfully with set teeth, or laughing a great brutal laugh. No hope of pity or justice! All at the good pleasure of the victor! They knew it so well, these unhappy villagers, that they scarce dared go out or show themselves, and when they did venture into the streets, it was heart-rending to see them skulking along the walls with wary eye and bent back, obsequious and despicable as Oriental Jews!

Something heart-rending, too, were those ambulances drawn up before our door, in wind, cold, rain and snow, and those groans of the sick and wounded, leaving the ambulances, at the mercy of the arms that bore them. At evening, to close this awful day of melancholy, a Prussian bugle-call sounded under the leafless elms, with its slow, measured rhythm, and its last three notes like the fern-owl's

cry thrown into the advancing night. At that moment the doctor came into my room, draggled and weary. He took me to sup with him, and with his usual good nature recounted to me his journeys, his visits, what he had heard from Paris, the sick who had been brought to him, and his disputes with the Prussian major, who had been associated with him in directing the hospital, and whose Berlin pedantry exasperated him. We spoke in whispers, sadly. Then the worthy man bade me good-night. Left alone, I opened my window softly, and breathed the night air for a moment. In spite of the intense cold it was refreshing to me. In slumber, the country became itself, once more resuming its appearance of prosperity. But soon a patrol's step, the moan of a sick man, a cannon-shot resounding on the horizon, recalled me to the reality, and full of rage and anger, I returned to my prison. After a time, this cell-like regimen in the midst of occupation became unbearable. Having lost all hope of being able to get into Paris, I regretted my Hermitage. There at least I had solitude, nature. I was not tempted, as here, to mix myself up with injustices, brutalities and endless vexations of the street, at the risk of compromising my host. I resolved to leave.

To my great surprise, the doctor did not even attempt to turn me from my project.

"You are right," he said, quietly. "You will be safer there."

On thinking of it I have always believed that some neighbor must have spied me behind my blinds, and that my host, without wishing to confess it, feared denunciation. We decided then that I should leave Draveil next day, in the same way as I had come. Night having fallen, I went down to the stable. I cowered in the straw in the gig, with the doctor's cloak over me, and away we went. The distance was covered without obstacle. Every two or three hundred metres a sentry-box, built at the expense of the commune, rose by the wayside.

"*Wer da?*" cried the sentinel to us, cocking his gun.

The doctor replied.

"*Lazareth!*"

And the little gig rattled on over the stones. At the edge of the forest he halted. The road was deserted. I leaped quickly to the ground.

"Take this," said the excellent man, holding out a basket filled with bottles and provisions. "Shut yourself up and don't budge. I'll come and see you soon."

Then he whipped up his horse, and I plunged into the thicket. A quarter of an hour later I was inside the Hermitage.

JANUARY 3.

For some days a fine snow has been falling in thick clouds. The forest is shrouded with it. Around me the silence is such that I hear the soft rustle of the flakes as they are heaped up. To go out is impossible. I watch this snow whitening everything as it falls from the yellow sky. Famished birds come even to my threshold. Deer have taken refuge in my stable, in place of my poor Colaquet, of whom I no longer know anything.

JANUARY 10.

A visit from the doctor. The news is bad! Paris ever surrounded, the provinces in a disastrous condition. And the conquerors, weary of so tardy a victory, multiply the humiliations and brutalities. At Draveil, on Christmas night, five or six Bavarians, drinking in a tavern with old Rabot, the late forest keeper, cracked his head with a pistol-shot. The brother of the unfortunate man, living opposite, runs up at the report, and falls in his turn, shot dead. Another man of the same family was seriously wounded. As many as came they would have slaughtered, the wretches! The affair having created a great disturbance, a semblance of inquiry was instituted, and the whole matter was settled by an

indemnity of *forty thousand francs* which the commune of Draveil is condemned to pay to the Bavarians.

JANUARY 15.

This morning the staff of the Prince of Saxony had a great beating for game in the forest. Hearing the firing so near me I was greatly excited. I believed it to be the arrival of some French advance guard; but from the atelier windows, which command the whole wood, I saw between the leafless branches swarms of fellows in Saxon Tam o' Shanters, beating the bushes and running and calling in the thicket, while the sportsmen, bedecked with gilt and plumes, were in ambush at every turning of the path. At the cross-roads of Gros-Chéne a great bivouac fire blazed before a tent. There the sportsmen came to breakfast at the sound of a flourish of trumpets. I heard the clinking of glasses, uncorking of bottles, and the hurrahs of the drinkers. Finally the massacre of roes and pheasants recommenced. Ah, if Père Guillard had been there, who knew so well the number of his game and the favorite walk of his deer, and overlooked coveys and terriers—how pained he would have been to see all this jumble! The pinions hesitated in the air, no longer knowing where to fly to escape the shots. The dismayed hares and rabbits fled between the egs of the hunters, and in the midst of the rout one wounded roe came to take refuge in the courtyard of the Hermitage. The eyes of hunted animals have an expression of astonishment and tenderness which is truly heart-rending. This one made me pity her, pressed close to the curbstone of the well, scenting the wind, marking the soil with her bleeding feet. I felt a redoubled indignation against these pillaging people who fling themselves, with the voracity of locusts, upon vanquished France, her vineyards, houses, wheatfields and grand trees, and after razing the country exterminate even the game in order to leave no living thing.

I shall never forget that hunt, hand in hand with war, under that lowering and sombre sky, in that landscape white with frost, where the golden gleam of helmets and horns passing among the branches, the galloping and the halloaings, recalled the Black Huntsman of the German ballads. At the fall of day files of carts came to pick up from the roadside all this piteous, moaning game. It was sinister as a battle night.

JANUARY 20.

All day they have been fighting below Paris. But the tumult of the artillery did not reach me so distinctly as on the second of December. I found that there was in the sound of that distant battle I know not what impression of weariness and discouragement.

JANUARY 30.

It is ended. Paris surrenders. The armistice is signed.

FINAL REMARKS.

I here conclude this journal, into which I have attempted to put the impressions of my five months of solitude. To-day I returned to Draveil in the doctor's carriage, but this time without hiding. The roads were full of peasants returning to their homes. Several have already recovered their land. All the countenances are sad, but no complaint is heard. Is it fatalism or resignation? In the village, which is still occupied, the Prussians display their triumph, tranquilly insolent. Meanwhile, they appeared to me to be less fierce with the residents. I saw that those going away were holding country children by the hand. There was a sort of impulse to return to their forsaken homes and their sluggish life which had been disturbed by this long war. . . . Returning in the evening I saw, at the threshold of the keeper's house, Mère Guillard in deep mourning and scarcely recognizable. Poor woman! her husband dead, her home in ruins! It is complete misfortune. I heard her weeping as she

tried to set the remains of her household in order.

Now all is silent in the Hermitage. The night is clear; the air is soft. Surely the spring is already under this snow which is beginning to melt. The forest will not be late in budding, and I expect soon to see the grass blades springing above the dead leaves. From the great tranquil fields below rises an incense like the smoke of an inhabited village; and if anything can offer consolation for the war it is this repose of man and nature, this universal calm of a bruised land repairing its strength in slumber, forgetting the lost crop to prepare the harvest of the to be.

GABLE ENDS.

PIONEER LITERARY ENDEAVORS IN WESTERN CANADA.

DURING the Toronto Industrial Exhibition, there has been displayed, now, for several years in succession, within the building known as the Pioneers' lodge, a collection of printed matter of a rather unique character, calculated to throw light on what we may term the incipient literatureism of Western Canada. In addition to the early views, maps, plans, portraits and soforth adorning the interior of the lodge, a group of books has been set out in a separate compartment and distinguished by the homely title of the *Log Shanty Book Shelf*. In each successive year the group has been a different one, but on each occasion the books have consisted of promiscuous gatherings likely only to be considered of importance during a primitive era in the history of a new country. In each group, however, additions, similar in character, have been made from time to time subsequently. A pamphlet catalogue of each shelf was prepared, and at the head of each list was a brief explanatory preface containing many particulars of local biography and history which will be likely to interest future enquirers. The subjects of the catalogues, in general terms, were the following, respectively:

Number 1, for 1887. Pioneer School Books. Aids to Self Culture and General Knowledge.
Number 2, for 1888. The Collection of a not Forgetful Pioneer Emigrant from Devonshire. Tracts, Pamphlets, Guide Books, Legends, Dialects, Local Histories and Maps relating to the West of England were eagerly secured and carefully garnered by the collector.
Number 3, for 1889. Some Pioneer Bibles.
Number 4, for 1890. Specimens of Pioneer Typography.
Number 5, for 1891. Relics of a Pioneer Anti-Obscurantist. (Erasmus o Rotterdam.)

This department of the Book-Shelf originated in the use of the Colloquies of Erasmus as a class book at school. The young scholar thus became an admirer of Erasmean ideas and a collector of Erasmean books. Rejoicing in the check given by Erasmus to the prevalence of Dark Age doctrine in the 16th century he aimed to be within his little sphere an anti-obscurantist himself.
Number 6, for 1892. Pioneer Shakespeare Culture in Canada. (An early collection.)
Number 7, for 1893. Books of a Sententious Character, Proverbs, etc. (A pioneer gathering.)

The preliminary observations explanatory of the last mentioned catalogue are the following, and these may serve to exemplify the kind of information prefixed to each of the seven groups just described.

"In the great dearth of general literature in these parts in the old pioneer days, any books or pamphlets which furnished forth a supply, however scanty, of proverbs, pithy sayings, aphorisms and similitudes, were very acceptable to any one having the least inclination for reading and study. Such expressions seemed always to contain so much in so small a compass. The local almanac generally supplied a few proverbs, adopting occasionally the style and even the language of Franklin's 'Poor Richard'; sometimes the local newspaper furnished a few, even when its columns in other respects were very scantily supplied. These were all conned over with gratitude, in the absence of other matter for consideration. With homely primitive folk, a small stock of proverbs is found to be very useful in many emergencies of the head, heart and hands. In short, the compact set of sayings thus stored up might be compared to the old-fashioned pocket-knife which young lads aforetime were so proud to possess, containing in its handle, besides several blades, a great variety of little imple-

THE STUDY, NO 6, TRINITY SQUARE.

ments—a corkscrew, button-hook, gimlet, turnscrew, tweezers, pincers, fleam or lancet, etc. Don Quixote, when a copy was secured, of course became a favorite, especially for the sake of the utterances of his garrulous companion. Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress and even Robinson Crusoe came to be especially valued for the sake of the many aphorisms contained therein. Solomon's Book of Proverbs was easily accessible and became more and more appreciated, as also were the many sententious conclusions to be observed in Ecclesiastes, the Psalms and other books of the Bible. Even the apocryphal books began to be examined for the sake of the sayings of the wise son of Sirach. In point of fact, the whole Bible had assumed more or less of a sententious appearance since the days of the famous French printer, Robert Stephens, to whom is due, since 1556, the modern familiar divisions of chapter and verse. From every line of Scripture, whether embracing an aphorism or not, the commentator, Matthew Henry, could draw pious conclusions. To him, happily, the familiar words of the psalm were a reality:

> "The judgments of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether."
> "More to be desired are they than gold, yea than much fine gold, sweeter also than honey and the honey comb."
> "Moreover, by them is thy servant taught, and in keeping of them there is great reward."

"But it was from the Proverbs of Solomon that Matthew Henry's deductions always seemed especially inviting and instructive, rendering the contemplation of the whole character of Solomon and his comprehensive grasp of all things most interesting. It was not only in the area of Palestine but throughout all the regions of the east that Solomon's fame as an author of sententious wisdom prevailed in the olden time as well as in the present day. Solomon's wisdom, we are told (I. Kings iv. 30), excelled the wisdom of all the children of the east country, and all the wisdom of Egypt.

THE STUDY, NO. 6, TRINITY SQUARE.

' For he was wiser than all men; than Ethan the Ezrahite, and Heman, and Chalcol and Darda, the sons of Mahol, and his fame was in all nations round about.
"And he spake three thousand proverbs, and his songs were a thousand and five.
"And he spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall; he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes."

"No wonder, then, that the written relics still extant of the wise king took a strong hold on the youthful imagination, and numerous books allied thereto in style and spirit began soon to be collected.

"Sometimes an antiquated English dictionary in use in the house, a bit of salvage from the home in the old country, was found to contain proverbs as well as mere words, and was prized accordingly. This was the case with Nathan Bailey's Dictionary, and at a little later period with Maunder's, each page of which was garnished on its four sides with proverbs. Ordinary school books also furnished a few pithy precepts, and, as time went on, in the old district grammar school, first under Dr. Strachan, then under Mr. Armour, and then under Dr. Phillips (its curriculum embracing Latin and elementary Greek), the grammar and other class books abounded in aphoristic matter, furnishing to some young minds much food for thought. The Greek Delectus and the Latin Delectns, in fact, consisted of brief excerpts from writers of note, and appended to the ever-to-be-remembered Lexicon of Schrevelius were copious collections of Greek moral sentences including the sayings of the seven sages of Greece. The mottoes subjoined to coats of arms in heraldic books likewise attracted attention, as also did the curt Latin sentences attached to printers' devices in title pages, emblems, impresas, etc.

"In the case of the gatherer of these specimens, even before the migration from the old land, his childish ear was captivated by the shrewd sayings, maxims and tales of one, known as a wise man or wizard, over the whole countryside in the neighborhood of the very rustic villages of Dunkeswell and Luppit, in Devonshire, Jan Baker, as he was

called, whose intellectually-formed head might, under other conditions, have been that of a divinity professor; while subsequently after the transfer across the Atlantic it was his lot to come within earshot of the talk of another primitive character who was ever formulating phrases and rules of conduct, such as would at a later period have been not unworthy of Artemus Ward, Mr. Joshua Billings, or Abraham Lincoln himself, and giving those in contact with him the benefit of the same,—and this was a curious hermit of a man dwelling in a sort of cave, on the banks of the Don, in a portion of what is now Riverside Park. Early settlers will remember Joseph Tyler, a mysterious stray squatter here from the Southern States, who acted as ferryman on his own account, at this point of the river, by means of a large canoe constructed by himself, formed of two long logs, hollowed out and dovetailed together. To the very successful cultivation of melon and maize, it may be remarked in passing, Tyler added that of the tobacco plant. Under varied stimulants of the kinds described, the taste for sententious literature was evoked and sustained, and the foible thus early indulged continued latently to subsist, and was humored from time to time, and to this day a book of sage summaries and aphoristic conclusions is enjoyed. Thus commenced, the collection was catalogued, and thus it grew to its present dimensions.

"Looking at the vast heritage of packed and preserved practical wisdom which we have in such form derived from our forefathers, it is to be hoped that whatever developments in this direction may hereafter take place within the bounds of our young Dominion, and whatever institutions and policies amongst us may be based thereupon, they will be such as shall be worthy of the great and understanding nations from whom we have sprung."

HENRY SCADDING.

GAUN TAE GLASGOW.

MAN, Wullie! arna' thae trains a bother? Last Thursday, Betty an' me thocht we wad tak a sma' trip in haun; juist over tae Glasgow tae a great meetin' o' the coal carters, which I had heard wis tae be there on Saturday.

So I gaed doon tae the station-man tae get our tickets the day before, so as tae hae nae bother, ye ken, when we wantit tae get awa. Havin' got the tickets, I askit him when oor train wis tae gang. He pitched a sma', blue bookie at me an' says: "Tak that, it'll tell ye."

I wisna vera sure aboot it, but I took it an' said naethin', an' then I saw by the cover o't that it wis a Time Table; so I thocht I wad tak it hame an' let Betty see't, for I could mak nither heid nor tail o't, an' I didna like tae ask the man onything mair aboot it, he lookit sae angry. I think surely some ane had been botherin' him ower muckle that day.

Weel, I gaed hame, an' Betty an' me set tae wark tae study oot when oor train wis tae lave. Gosh, man, bit it wis a job! Betty seemed tae understan' a' aboot it, but she wis sae crabbit whenever I wad ask her onything, that I whiles made up me min' no tae gang at a'. At last she gaed it up, an' lookin at me vera sternly: "Auld blockheid!" says she, "ye've let him gie ye the wrang Time Table: that's no the thing at a'. Every train hit's on that is comin' *frae* Glasgow, an' we want tae gang *tae* Glasgow."

"Weel," I says, "dinna be sae flechtit, Betty; it's no me fault; I juist took what he gaed me, for I thocht he wad likely ken better nor me. He's back and forad that way on the trains mair than iver I wis, am sure."

"It's nae difference," says Betty, "ye should niver tak onything hame without lookin' at it."

But tae mak a long story short, I gaed asleep on the chair; for it wis gettin' gay an' late; an' in a little, I wis wakened wi' Betty cryin' at the top o' her voice:—

"Sandy, I've fund it! I've fund oor train."

"Fund it at last!"

"It laves at 8.05 i' the evenin'."

"Losh, Betty," I says, "it canna be i' the evenin', surely."

"Sandy Robison," says she, "d'ye think I dinna ken what I'm readin'?"

Then I explained that we widna be there near early eneuch for the meetin'.

Then she lookit again an' says: "No, it isna' i' the evenin'. What am I sayin'?

It laves at eicht meenits after five i' the mornin'."

"Aye ; that's mair like it," I says.

"An' ye ken naethin' aboot it," says Betty, "for if I hadna thocht an' stoodied that Time Table, we'd niver hae gotten tae Glasgow."

Weel, we fixed up our best claes ; so as tae hae naethin' tae dae i' the mornin', an' then I lookit ower the Time Table an' gaed tae bed, no feelin' vera sure whither oor train left at five meenits after eicht, or eicht meenits after five. Man, Wullie, why canna they let thae trains gang at eicht, or nine, or ten, an' no pit a body tae sik a heap o' trouble for the sak o' five meenits? Am sure five or ten meenits is neither here nor there.

Neist mornin' I wis up gay an' early ; for tae tell ye the truth I sleepit vera little that nicht ; an' sure the boy cam roon wi' the cart, for I had made arrangements tae drive tae the station, so as no tae file oor good bits o' claes wi' walkin'.

It had rained a' the nicht afore, an' the road wis a' in a gutter, an' whiles when the driver wad flourish his big whup, I wad hae tae dodge the great lumps o' gutter the horse wad fling up wi' his heels. Ance, a great piece o't I had successfully dodged struck Betty richt on the nose ; fer ye'll no hinder her tae be sittin' richt ahint me, i' the back end o' the carriage.

Man, but she wis wild aboot it! I tell't her I couldna help it, but my certy, that made her waur than iver. "I really believe, Sandy, ye'd rejoice if I wis kill't." says she. She scoulded awa for a lang time, while I, wi' great presence of min', made nae answer, but lookit oot ower the front o' the carriage at the puir horse, wha, at the meenit, wis dooin' his vera best to get up a extraorinar steep hill.

We were juist at the tap o't, when I thocht I heard somethin' fa' vera heavy. I lookit roon, an' losh!—the end-boord had come oot o' the cart-box, an' there wis Betty rollin' awa doon near tae the bottom o' the hill. She couldna stop, for the hill wis sae steep. I was sae frichtit I couldna be expected tae dae onything.

"Whoa! Whoa! Betty! Stop! Whoa!" I cries, wi' great presence o' min'.

But the horse couldna stop until he got tae the top o' the hill. I jumpit oot, an' pickéd up the umbrella. It wisna muckle the war. Then I fand her bonnet, which she had juist bocht the day afore, an' which Mrs. Jeemison thocht becam' her the best o' ony bonnet she iver had. Doon the hill I ran wi' a' mi micht, pickin' up her basket, then her shawl, an' her pocket handkerchief wi' the money in it. I was glad tae see she wisna muckle hurted.

"Sandy," says she ; "I wish I'd niver seen yer face. Ye've alwas dune yer vera best tae shorten me days. Ye kent vera weel 't yon boord wisna solid—or, at any rate, ye could hae grippit me afore I fell."

But tae mak a lang story short, Betty widna get i' the cart again. So, after brushin' aff her claes as well's I could, we startit oot tae walk tae the station. 'Twisna faur noo, sae we thocht we could mak it oot a' richt.

Noo, Betty's fa' had delayed us, an' when we turned the corner at the station, there wis oor train juist beginnin' tae move.

"Rin, Betty, rin!" I cries, "or we're left. Gie me the basket. Mischief's i' the driver, disna he see we're comin'? Hi! Hi!"

It gaed vera slowly for a little, but whenever we wad get near, it wad gie a start, an' lave us ahint again. Twa or three times, when I wis rinnin' wi' a' me micht, I juist touched the back end o' the caur. Then I made a desperate effort, an' wis juist ready tae grip the railin', when I gaed heels ower heid intae ane o' those confoondit holes i' the track—cattle-guards, I think, they ca' them. Betty was richt ahint me, an' afore I could tell whaur I wis, she fell on the tap o' me, an' there we war, like twa big turtles, in aboot three feet o' water. I scrambled oot, an' pood Betty up as quick's I could. Man, Wullie, but we war a sicht—baith o' us fairly drookit. The crood at the station were a' cheerin' an' lauchin'. Oor train wis gaun puffin' awa' up the track, an' sae we had tae gang hame. Wullie, I niver wis sae mortified in a' me days, an' Betty says noo she'll niver gang tae Glasgow.

SANDY.

(W. ROBERTSON.)

BOOK NOTICES.

Venice and other Verse. By ALAN SULLIVAN.

This little work of about fifty pages, printed beautifully by The J. E. Bryant Co., Toronto, is a welcome addition to the poems which Mr. Sullivan has already given us in similar form. Mr. Sullivan has undoubted poetic genius, and, although young, has avoided both imitation of other poets in form and manner, and the prevalent vague and obscure treatment, which in poetry may be likened to the impressionist school in painting, and which is one of the defects of much of the American poetry of the day, and of not a little of the Canadian, including the poetry of some of our best writers of verse. The tone is wholesome, vigorous, non-pessimistic, and the subject matter is very varied. From the exquisite beauty of the *Lago di Como*, and chastened sentiment of the English Cemetery at Rome, he turns and treats with equal grace of the lumbering scenes of Canadian backwoods, or addresses in witty metaphor :

Fair Nocotia,
" While her dull priest, O brier brown of mine,
His fading red morocco cloister keeps."

There is the spirit of joyousness, which, while characteristic of the youthful period of life in which the author now is, also seems to be a characteristic belonging essentially to his mind, and which will probably be marked through all his future life. Pensive sadness, too, is asked in many of the poems, and in one at least, *Then and Now*, the strongest and tenderest of sorrows is expressed with a passion and beauty not often equalled in Canadian or other verse. An intense love of beauty pervades the poems, as for example in *Venice* and *Villa D'Este.* spiritual strength is shown in eminent degree in *Oceans Twain.* *The River Drive* has a true Canadian ring, with the colors of the woods, and the rough vigor of pioneer life about it. The little volume is modestly presented to the public in *L'Envoi:*

"Take friend, the lines, though phrase and rhyme
Lack subtle turning, finer skill,
Expression of a thought sublime,
Record of deed sublimer still.

If something of that pure deep tone,
The west wind whispers to a pine
When all its tasselled top is blown,
Be woven in a song of mine,

Or, if I catch the peace that sleeps
In stormy depths, or silver lake,
When the white moon her vigil keeps,
And all the Northern Lights awake,

Or, if one kindly thought be stirred,
One moment's rest be found from pain,
If memory lingers on one word,
It has not all been writ in vain."

We hope for much from Mr. Alan Sullivan.

The Paradise of the Pacific: Sketches of Hawaiian Scenery and Life. By Rev. H. H. GOWEN, late Chinese missionary in Honolulu London, Skeffington & Son, 163 Piccadilly, W. Crown 8vo., 180 pp.

This is an interesting book, characterized by the descriptive ability which is so marked in the magazine and other writings of the author. The views taken by the author, of Hawaiian life and affairs, are broad and sympathetic. Many details of Hawaiian life are given, which at any time are interesting, but especially at present, in view of the prominence into which recent political changes have brought the islands. Altogether the work is that of a close and intelligent observer, and it presents much that is new to the public, especially with regard to the foreign elements of Hawaii, and their influence on the national life and character.