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ORIGIN OF THE ACADIANS.

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(Continued)

“THE principal object of His Majesty in these settlements,” he says, in writing to the Governor of Acadie, “consists in the glory of God and making known the truth of our holy religion to the people of the country.” He then recommends, in a manner too detailed to admit of the entire letter being here transcribed, the greatest vigilance in repressing disorders on the part of the French colonists in the midst of the Indians. To prevent all such immoral conduct, especially the conduct mentioned to him by Denonville, he forbids him to allow the inhabitants to go into the woods or upon the rivers to trade with the Indians; “but they must be content with trading with them when they come to settlements and residences.” The governor was commanded to see that this trading should be done with mildness and good faith, “and above all, he will prevent all bad conduct of the French towards the Indian women.” However, he permits him to grant “a few limited permissions, but with reason, and much caution and care to a few individuals living orderly and edifying lives, on account of their poverty, or to enable them to continue and increase their undertakings in fishing and cultivating the soil. * * * “In case he should allow such trading, he will make known to His Majesty the reasons he had for so doing, and the number of those to whom he granted such permission.” These orders are assuredly minute and formal enough. And all this to

prevent the Acadians from giving scandal to the Indians by living in the woods; to prevent what it was impossible to suppress in Canada. He is not content with recommendations alone: "His Majesty is informed that there are a few individuals pretending to have received exclusive permissions over a large extent of country * * * who, until the present time, have not occupied themselves with the cultivation of the soil, the raising of cattle, etc., and that they are occupied solely in trading in the bays and leading a scandalous life, using violence against the French even under pretext of the said concessions. * * * His Majesty wishes the governor to *send back to France* those who do not wish to work without delay at the cultivation of the land and the fisheries, and those he finds living an immoral life, or in otherwise disorderly * * * and who may not be judged proper persons to contribute to the furthering of His Majesty's designs in making permanent settlements in the country * * * and to give no countenance to idle or immoral individuals."* Among these "individuals pretending to have concessions," etc., and whom the king orders the governors "to send back to France," we may, I think, without hazarding too much, include the Seigneur Enaud and another seigneur who settled near Chedabuctou.

All these reports and advices on the one side, and these orders and instructions on the other, leave no room for suspicion of immoral conduct on the part of the Acadians. The governors, armed with such strict orders and such extended authority as the king gave them, could not permit or tolerate abuses, which would have endangered the success of the entire colony.

The king advises the governor to make known any such abuses to the Bishop of Quebec, and to His Majesty. Such information was given, not only by the governors, but also by the numerous missionaries whom the Bishop of Quebec, by means of a fixed sum from the public treasure, supported at Pentagoët, Ste. Croix, St. John river, Port Royal and Minas, with the missions surrounding these centres, which embraced all the French settlements of less importance, and all the encampments and habitations of the Indians. In these different reports, we find details concerning all that passed in the Colony, and nowhere do we discover that any Acadian, except those mentioned in the census, was united to the

* Instructions of Louis XIV. to M. de Maneval, April 5th, 1687.—3rd Series, Vol. I., pp. 146-7-8, et seq.

daughters of the Souriquois or Abenakis in a legitimate manner, or otherwise. No one will, however, dare say that the missionaries and governors were lenient with regard to such abuses, or abuses of any kind, and disposed to hide rather than expose to the light of day the causes, or seeming causes of complaint, the one might have to make against the administration or conduct of the other.

Frontenac accuses the missionaries of Acadie, "with interfering in matters that did not concern them."* St. Castin accuses Perrot, governor of Port Royal, of collusion with the governor of Boston;† and Villieu accuses St. Castin of sharing the trade in peltry with the English‡ Villieu complains bitterly against Villebon himself, and against the missionaries St. Gautins and St. Cosme.§ On their part, the missionaries were as free, by their letters, in exposing the disorders of the laics as the latter were determined in preventing them from exceeding the limits of what they called their jurisdiction.

In 1694, the children of Pamours, a member of the Sovereign Council, were accused of having taken liberties with the Indians of the St. John River, which were forbidden to the nobles themselves. Immediately an investigation was ordered; and Champigny, who was charged with its prosecution, reported to the Minister of the King, giving the most minute details concerning the accused, together with a certificate from Father Simon, the Missionary of the locality, attesting "that it was unfair to complain to the Minister that the children of Pamours had been leading a licentious life with the Indians, as their conduct was very good," etc.|| It was rumored that the Sieur Bonaventure was living a scandalous life with a girl of eighteen or twenty years of age. Nothing more was needed to have him brought before the authorities at Quebec, and finally to Court. Brouillan, then Governor of Acadie, was compelled to interfere, and in his report to the Minister he gives the lie to all the charges made against the pretended seducer, which he characterizes as false and without the least foundation.¶ Scruples with regard to mixed marriages were pushed so far, that Maneval, writing to the King, 1689, accuses of crime two gentle-

* 2nd Series, Vol VII., p. 169.

† *Ib.* V., 385.

‡ 3rd Series, Vol II., pp. 431-5. St. Castin went to France to seek justice in 1701.
2nd Series, Vol IX., p. 338.

§ 2nd Series, Vol., VII., pp. 131-2. "Some of the inhabitants went even to Quebec to complain." 2nd Series, Vol VII., p. 262.

|| 2nd Series, Vol. VIII. p. 261.

¶ 3rd Series, Vol. III. pp. 618-19.

men of Port Royal, Soulégre and Desgoutins, the former of having incited acts of mutiny against the authorities, the latter "of having foolishly married the daughter of a peasant."* It was, without doubt, this *foolish* marriage which inspired the following lines by Dierreville :

" Plus qu'ailleurs on s'y mésallie †
On ne regarde point à la condition,
Dans son transport on se marie,
Rien ne rebute et tout est bon." ‡

Dierreville visited Acadie in 1699. In the account of his voyage which he has left, written in prose and verse, he presents the ridiculous side of things. Whatever offered matter for blame or commentary did not escape his satire. He relates things that might well create sensation with regard to the unions of Canadians with Indian women. Acadie is hardly treated with more regard. But he has not a word to say of mixed marriages or immoral conduct, even as an offset to what he had said of the Canadians. And Dierreville's work abounds in minute and exact information concerning the condition of Acadie and the Acadians.

Meanwhile Port Royal, weakened by the numerous English expeditions directed against it, and especially by the attacks twice renewed in 1690, rose but slowly from its ruins. On the contrary Cobeguit, Beaubassin and Minas, more retired at the head of the Bay of Fundy, and less exposed to surprises, became of considerable importance. The great fertility of the land, the advantages of the vast, rich marshes every year attracted some emigrants from France; and others, but in much smaller numbers from Canada, to whom was added from time to time some unfortunate inhabitant from Port Royal. This latter town, or rather fort, numbered only five hundred souls in 1693; but Minas already counted three hundred and seven and Beaubassin one hundred and nineteen.

The settlements of the south coast and the east did not show any sensible progress. At Cape Sable the population, composed almost exclusively of the descendants of Latour by his second wife, was thirty-two souls; there were twelve colonists at Port Razoir; § seven at la Heve; seven at Pasamaquoddie; || twenty-one on the St. John River, and twenty Pentagoët, including St. Castin and his seven children.

* Ib. Vol. I. pp. 173-4.

† At Port Royal.

‡ Dierreville, pp. 74-5.

§ Now called Roseway, Nova Scotia.

|| Pasamaquoddy, on the St. Croix.

Small as these different groups of inhabitants may seem, living as they did in different parts of Acadie, they might still have furnished great resources in time of war, if the French government had been careful in fostering their development. But who then thought of Acadie? Colbert was dead; the magnificence of the Grand Monarque left France exhausted and incapable of carrying on the only legitimate war in which she was engaged during this long and glorious reign—the war of the Spanish succession, which was about to begin. Vauban alone traced on paper vast plans for the future success of the colonies, which were never to be realized. In Canada, the commotion caused by the terrible massacre of La Chine by the Iroquois had not yet subsided; and far from being in a position to aid the Acadians, they themselves were on the brink of destruction, and were only saved by the valor of Frontenac.

Despite the state of neglect in which Acadie was allowed to remain, despite the disadvantages of its position, the increase and development of the country were rapid. In 1703, Minas counted four hundred and twenty-seven inhabitants, Beaubassin two hundred and forty-five, Cobeguit eighty-seven; but at Port Royal there were only four hundred and eighty-five. The total population of Acadie was about thirteen thousand.

Unimportant as the result of these figures may seem to the reader, it appeared formidable to the authorities at Boston, who formed their calculations less on the number than the valor of the colonists. So many were not required in 1696 to dismantle their principal strongholds. New England was, moreover, seriously threatened by the Canadians, who, after the great Treaty of 1700 with the Iroquois, had assumed the offensive with alarming results. Hertel de Rouville and Beaubassin had successively marched small army corps from Casco to Wells, from the Alleghany Mountains to Durfield and Portsmouth in Massachusetts, and had left all the forts and villages along their line of march in ruins. Too meek, or confiding too little in their strength, to attack Canada at first, the English resolved to finish at least with Acadie.

The Acadians had foreseen the blow now threatened; they knew that the time had come for deciding on the field of battle to which of the two peoples—English or French—the empire of the New World would belong. But they vainly sought aid, at least some officers to command them, to strike the first blow, invade New Eng-

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land, and take possession of Manhattan.* This heroic determination was neither understood nor seconded. Meanwhile, the English besieged Port Royal.

It does not enter into the plan of my work to give an account of this war, one of the most memorable on account of the resistance of the besieged, which is mentioned in the history of the French colonies in America. I will only remark that the English, with fleets and soldiers more numerous by half than the entire population of Acadie, three times failed before Port Royal. This town had, within its walls, as defenders only fifty soldiers, a hundred and fifty inhabitants, and a hundred freebooters; and outside St. Castin with a small body of Acadians and Abenakis, and sixty Canadians. Preparations for the fourth invasion took three years. Connecticut, New York and New Jersey were drained of men and money. To insure its success General Nicholson, with a regiment of marines, was sent out from England to command the expedition. September 24th, 1710, fifty vessels containing three thousand four hundred soldiers entered the harbor of Port Royal and laid siege to the town. Subercase, governor of the country, had not three hundred men, soldiers and citizens, to oppose to this force, and to add to the misfortune St. Castin was in France. When the blockade had lasted twenty-two days, Subercase was forced to surrender his fort with four bastions to the enemy.

Thus fell the Capital of Acadie after a defence which nearly ruined New England. We may form an idea of the fury with which the English set about destroying this colony by the fact that, according to Hildreth, it had cost them, from 1703 to 1704, one thousand pounds sterling for each scalp taken from the Abenakis.† What had been done for Acadie during this interval? The fall of Port Royal itself hardly attracted the attention of the court, taken

* The population of the English colonies at this time was two hundred and sixty-two thousand, thus divided:

Massachusetts,.....	70,000	New Jersey,.....	15,000
Connecticut,	30,000	Pennsylvania,.....	20,000
Rhode Island,.....	10,000	Virginia,.....	40,000
New Hampshire,.....	10,000	North Carolina,.....	5,000
New York,.....	30,000	South Carolina,.....	7,000
Maryland,	25,000		
		Southern Colonies,.....	87,000
Central Colonies,.....	175,000		

Canada and Acadie both had not a population of eighteen thousand souls.

† Hildreth, Vol. II. p. 253.

up as it was with continental wars, which almost caused France to succumb beneath their burden. In vain did St. Castin's son destroy an English squadron; in vain did four hundred Acadian recruits beg an officer to command them in their audacious project of retaking Port Royal: no one complied with their request, and Port Royal remained in the power of the British garrison, never again to be freed from it. Two years later the Treaty of Utrecht was signed, by which France ceded to England Acadie, "in conformity to its ancient limits.*"

Although the rulers of Acadie changed, the inhabitants remained the same, Beaubassin, Minas, Cobeguit, remained Acadian. Even the village on the River Dauphin, a few miles from the fort, was almost intact. Four hundred and eighty inhabitants of Port Royal alone, including the garrison were sent to France. Some of those who remained, according to all appearances, sought refuge at Cape Breton, where they united with the founders of Louisbourg, and the others probably went to Placentia, Newfoundland.†

Among Nicholson's prisoners must have been a certain Pierre Martin, who, it will be remembered, was married to Anne Oxihnoroudh in 1671. This Martin was the only Frenchman until then married to an Indian woman whose children remained with the Acadians. No other family, excepting his, in Nova Scotia had Indian blood in their veins. Whether he was carried away with his family to la Rochelle in 1710, or sought refuge at Louisbourg, the same result is finally reached, for in 1758 all the inhabitants of Louisbourg were taken to Brest, and the garrison to England. Thus falls, forced to its last entrenchment, the last argument of M. Rameau and of those who believe in the fusion of the two races. Of the five marriages contracted from 1604 to 1686, no trace remains in Acadie after 1710. Those who still wish to find "some drops of Indian blood" in the veins of the Acadians of Nova Scotia, or Acadie properly so-called, Cape Breton, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island must seek for new intermarriages.‡

* Nova Scotia proper. The expression "ancient limits," further on became the subject of fruitless negotiations between England and France.

† Article seventh of the Treaty says: "All those who desire to go to Placentia, in the Island of Newfoundland may do so by the first transport."

‡ Not having at my disposition the nominal census of 1693-98, 1703-7-14, I cannot nominally prove that Pierre Martin and his children were expatriated from Acadie in 1710. However, by the census of 1686, I know that none of his children were

XI.—1713 TO 1755.

THE English government having gained possession of Acadie by the Treaty of Utrecht, was satisfied with maintaining a garrison at Port Royal and did not endeavor to settle farmers in the country, either because it was feared that would revert to the crown of France, or the immigrants dreaded the proximity and concurrence of the Acadians. From Fort George, in New England, to the St. John river and Baie Verte, from Cape Sable to Louisbourg there was not to be found, even in 1719, a single English settlement. Only at Port Royal, henceforth Annapolis, a few families from England settled under the protection of the garrison; there were ten in 1719, and forty in 1739.* On the other hand, the Acadian settlements hardly felt the change of rulers, and entered the path of progress and extension. No longer fearing the attacks and surprises to which they had been continually exposed during the time the French ruled the colony, they enjoyed, too, another advantage, that of not being called on to pay for the support of troops or taxes and impositions of any kind. By the Treaty of Utrecht they were granted the free exercise of their religion. The governors promised the Bishop of Quebec to support one or more missionaries in each Acadian village, with the pretention, however, that they were the source of all their civil and temporal privileges.* They succeeded by diplomatic means in forcing the oath of allegiance to His Britannic Majesty on the inhabitants of Annapolis† river, in 1736, and in 1730 on those of Minas, Beaubassin, Cobequit and other Acadian settlements of less importance.

Relying henceforth on the promise of the English government,

married, at least to Acadians at that time. They all remained at Port Royal with their father, except René, then twenty-three, who was dead or in the forest. Their mother was dead. It will be remembered that, in 1671, there was at Port Royal, besides the Pierre Martin of whom we speak, Barnabé Martin, married to Jeanne Pelletrat, Mathieu Martin, weaver, and another Pierre Martin, married to Catherine Vigneau. In 1866, many of their children were settled and married at Beaubassin and other Acadian settlements at the head of the Bay of Fundy, and doubtless became the ancestors of the Martins in Acadie to-day.

*Governor Philipps' letter to Lord Carterel; Ferland, Vol. II, p. 473.

† This authority claimed by the governors in their relations with the Catholic missionaries became a subject for mutual distrust and difficulty between the English authorities and the Acadians, and prepared the way for the expatriation of 1755.

‡ Formerly called Dauphin or Esquille, near the mouth of which Port Royal was built.

and on the neutrality between the French and English to which their oath bound them, they gave themselves up, without apprehension of danger, to the peaceful tilling of their lands, and the reclaiming of marshes.

With the excess of population of Annapolis river, Beaubassin, Cobeguit and Minas, new and flourishing villages were soon formed at Menondie, Mécan, Napan, La Butte, Les Planches, Wescak, Tintamarre, Beausejour, Memramcook, Petitcodiac, Gedaique (Shediac), etc., not to mention two thousand Acadians, who, according to the calculation of the Abbé de l' Ile-Dieu, emigrated to Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island and Canada.* This extension of the population was owing to its natural increase alone, as emigration from France increased it very little from 1710, and that from Canada not at all.† Save the foundation and first fall of Louisbourg (1713 to 1745) in Cape Breton, and the last and supreme efforts of St. Castin's children and the Abenakis to gain for France the Penobscot territory and the whole country, doubtless a memorable event, the history of the Acadians no longer offers the picture of pillage and burning, lamentable phases and sudden changes of fortune with which the annals of the country are filled during the former domination. The chronicles still relate many tales of generous devotion and splendid traits of fidelity of the French inhabitants of Nova Scotia, and illustrious feats of arms performed by those of Cape Breton; but these belong exclusively to the domain of history, and my humble efforts have no such pretensions. I only set down here such facts as directly or indirectly tend to prove what I have undertaken to establish. To write history as it should be written, more than the aptitude of a compiler is necessary: Rome needed the pen of a Livy; Canada that of a Garneau; Acadie that of a Rameau; and a few errors in facts and figures do not destroy their merit, which, according to Fenelon, is rarer and more precious than that of a great poet. I resume my task by enquiring if the Acadians, less insensible, under English rule, to the charms of the Souriquois women, afterwards bestowed upon them those marks of esteem which, egotists that they were, they shared only with those of their own race during the French domination.

* *Memoire de l' Abbé de l' Ile-Dieu*, quoted by Rameau, Note 15, p. 145.

† M. Rameau makes a long and interesting review of the development of the Acadian race subsequent to 1713, which may be found in his book *La France aux Colonies*.

I have already said, without giving proofs, that no marriages were contracted between the Acadians and English after 1686. Complete and authentic documents still exist, being the census of 1693-'98-1701-3-7, and, for Beaubassin, 1714. My reason for not producing these is that they are in the archives of the Colonial Office, Paris, and consequently, I was unable to consult them. But M. Rameau, who used them in the publication of his book, who examined them minutely to establish the descent of the Acadians, so that more than three-fifths, perhaps, four-fifths of the present population spring from "the forty-seven * families of 1671," and the latter from the half-breeds of Latour and his companions in disorder, does not mention any intermarriages at these dates. This is equivalent to saying that none took place. With the proofs in my possession, without the census taken at the above dates, I might almost affirm the same thing. On what probability does Rameau rely in order to multiply these unions from 1606 to 1671? The small number of European women in the greater number of Indians and the five mixed marriages found in the census of 1671 and that of 1686. Subsequent to 1686, these three bases of suppositions failed him. Women became as numerous as men in Acadie; and an author, one of those on whom M. Sulte relies in order to prove the tradition, goes so far as to say that, after the Treaty of Utrecht (1713), the inhabitants of Port Royal furnished women to the founders of Louisbourg.† In 1686, there were in Acadie three hundred boys and two hundred and twenty-five girls, exclusive of the married women. And if my memory is correct, there was amongst those female figures one maid, Marie Scalé, of the respectable age of sixty-six.

On the other hand, the Abenakis, who were incessantly battling with the English, whom we behold continually fighting, attacking when they were not attacked, saw their ranks each year reduced, St. Castin's, in 1710, was able to muster only forty of them to invest Port Royal, which was then occupied by the English.

However, a few years repose gave them renewed strength. When the Anglo-Americans, in 1720, resolved upon taking possession of their territory, they found them so determined and so redoubtable that they did not carry out their resolution. Losing all hope of intimidating them and not desiring to provoke a new war they had recourse to other means. The Church in the settle-

* Rameau, pp. 153-4.

† Lafargue, p. 96.

ment of Norridgewock on the Kenebec had during the last war been burnt, and the Indians were too poor to rebuild it. The Governor of Boston saw in this an infallible means of detaching the Abenakis from the French and of gaining their friendship for his own countrymen. He called them together and proposed to rebuild their chapel at his own expense, provided that a Protestant minister should occupy it. Unfortunately for him these same Indians had for thirty years been the object of the devotion and zeal of Father Raslé, and their Patriarch, as they always called him, was still with them or on the point of returning. The governor was pained when he beheld his offer rejected with indignation, and when he heard an Indian chief use language such as this:—

“Your words astonish me; and your proposition causes me to admire you. When you came here you knew us long before the French governor. Neither those who preceded you nor your ministers ever spoke to me of prayer, of the Great Spirit. They saw my peltry, my moose-hides, and beaver-skins; and they thought of these alone. They sought them with avidity. I could not bring them enough; when I brought them a great many, they looked upon me as a great friend, and that was all. On the contrary, my canoe having one day strayed away, I was lost; I wandered long until at length I landed near Quebec at a village of the Algonquins where there were *black-gowns*. I had hardly arrived when a black-gown came to me. I was loaded down with peltry; the French black-gown did not deign to look upon my riches. Instantly he spoke to me of the Great Spirit, of paradise, of hell and of *the prayer*, the only path leading to heaven. I listened with pleasure, and I remained a long time at the village to hear him. The prayer pleased me, I asked and received baptism. Afterward I returned home and told what had happened. All envied me my happiness and wished to share in it. They sought the black-gown and asked to be baptized. Thus has the Frenchman acted towards me. If, as soon as you had seen me, you had spoken of religion, I would have had the misfortune to pray like you, for I was unable to judge if your prayer was good. Therefore the Frenchman's faith is also mine; I love it and will preserve it until the world burns and ends. Keep, then, your workmen, your money and your minister: I will no more speak of them; I will ask the French governor, my father, to send them to me.”

Thus repulsed, the governor decided, however, on sending at least the promised missionary, Elliot, being convinced that the words of the Puritan apostle would work the miracle his promises had failed to operate. Unfortunately, as soon as Elliot met Father Rasilé, he, being badly inspired, opened his missionary career by a controversy with the priest touching the worship of images. The Abenakis turned a deaf ear to the arguments of the minister, and the latter, finding no other consolation, went to Boston "to convince his brethren of the importance of removing this "papistical," "idolatrous" Jesuit from the midst of the Indians.

The words of the Puritan minister did not fall in barren soil. The Governor of Massachusetts placed a price on the head of Father Rasilé, "an enemy of mankind," and sent out a corps of two hundred men to attack Norridgewock and capture the missionary, dead or alive. The attack failed. But the governor was consoled by another capture—that of St. Castin's son, who was traitorously seized during a truce and hurried like a criminal to Boston. The Abenakis again attacked their enemies, and with success. Maddened by so many disasters, the Boston folk swore to be revenged on Father Rasilé, whom they looked upon as the author of all their reverses. And, nevertheless, Father Rasilé had, from 1720, twice or thrice prevented the Abenakis, over whom he ruled with supreme authority, from destroying the English trading-posts on the Kennebec, a step that became almost inevitable after the capture of St. Castin.

The 23rd August, 1724, eleven hundred men, Iroquois and English, secretly glided to the very heart of Norridgewock, and gave the signal of attack by a volley of musketry. The Abenakis warriors in the village numbered only fifty. Despairing of victory, they nevertheless threw themselves in the path of the enemy to give the women and children time to escape. The cries, the tumult, and confusion were terrible. Father Rasilé, being aware of the object of the enemy, advanced to meet them in the hope of drawing the full force of the attack upon himself, and of allowing his little flock to escape. A shower of balls did their horrid work. Seven Abenakis, who had hastened to his aid, were killed at his side. The conquerors pillaged the village, burnt the chapel after profaning the sacred vessels and the consecrated particles, and rushing upon the martyr extended at the foot of the cross he had himself erected, they became perfectly furious as they mutilated

his lifeless body, broke his bones, and stained his eyes and mouth in a horrible manner. This inhuman act of barbarism was the cause of a hopeless war on the part of the Abenakis, which ended only in 1727. Too weak to fight any longer alone against the English, and no longer counting on aid from France, they continued to emigrate to Canada, to Bécancourt, and St. François, where a number of their brethren were already living.

The Indians of Acadie properly so-called, the Souriquois and Micmacs never regained their former position, any more than the Abenakis, subsequent to 1710, so great was their defeat. In 1739, they only numbered two hundred in the whole of Nova Scotia, eighty in Cape Breton, one hundred and ninety-seven at Miramichi, and sixty on the Restigouche.* When England took possession of the country, and they no longer fought side by side with the French, they retired to the woods and became taciturn, fierce and intractable. Religion and their hatred of the English still attached them to the Acadians, but it was no longer the friendship of other times. Sometimes, in their fierce hatred they even confounded them with their conquerors, and far from contracting marriages with them, they had become in the eyes of the women, and especially the children, objects of dread and terror.†

Another consideration not less convincing, perhaps, strengthens the fact that no marriage took place between the two races after 1743; the presence of missionaries amongst the Acadians. Each village had one or more of them: Fathers Justinien Durand, Daudin, Godalie, Félix, Breslay, Gaulins, Charlemagne and others whom it is needless to mention, were sent by the Bishop of Quebec. Under their care the Acadians became remarkable throughout the whole of America, for their social virtues, their pure and simple manners, their sobriety, their family affection and their love for their religion. Raynal has produced a book on this subject, which rather resembles a pastoral poem, or the description of a convent of the primitive Christians, than a picture of the manners of a people in the eighteenth century; and Longfellow's delicious poem *Evangeline* is in the hands of every reader. Rameau and Moreau, too, have written charming pages on the home-life of the

* Between Canada and New Brunswick; Ferland, Vol. II, p.p. 473-4.

† In 1732 the Acadians of Minas were ill-treated by the Indians because they had worked at shops the government were building, among others one René LeBlanch—Letter of Gov. Armstrong to the Cabinet of London. Ferland says they sometimes even drove away their cattle in day-time. Vol. II., p. 474.

Acadians.* For one who has read these authors, it is positive that the Acadians have nothing in common with the Micmacs after 1718. It will not be necessary here to enter into details, as the works of Rameau, Moreau, Raynal, Longfellow and Haliburton are in the hands of all who retain a kindly memory of the martyrs of 1755.

Were it necessary to produce other proofs, perhaps still stronger, in support of what is already self-evident, I might bring forward the testimony of the English governors themselves. In the private letters they wrote to their friends and superiors, in the detailed reports they made at different periods of the year, sometimes every month to the British Government—letters and reports in which the inhabitants and missionaries are accused of exciting the Indians to hostile acts against the government, I have in vain looked for any insinuation or imputation touching mixed marriages. Assuredly the governors would not have concealed a fact which would have added weight to their other accusations, and brought discredit on the Acadians. It is true that in 1713 or 1714 an English Colonel (Vetch) wrote to the Lords of Trade that the Acadians had intermarried with the Indians; but this imputation besides being enounced in a general manner, without detail or proof, is explained by the fact that the English recently arrived at Port Royal were not yet aware of the nature of the relations existing between the Indians and the Acadians, and judged of their proximate consanguinity by the force of the attacks they had made on them even after the capture of the fort.† The same illusion caused Mather, in 1690, to mistake three detachments of Canadians for so many *Metis*. However, amidst the accusations of all kinds against the Acadians, which every vessel leaving the port of Annapolis carried to the British Government, there was one especially which always produced a profound impression on the English Lords and from which the Acadians could not free themselves: they had become numerous and rich. Their easy circumstances were, indeed, due to their industry, and the increase in their numbers was the fruit of good morals; but the English had just founded Halifax (1749), and at sight of the opulence of the Acadians they were convinced that it was easier to seize upon

* Rameau, pp. 90 to 106. Moreau, pp. 287 to 298.

† After the taking of Port Royal by Nicholson, young St. Castin with forty Indians exterminated a detachment of from sixty to seventy-five English.

well-cultivated lands, drained marshes, complete villages, than to drain marshes, clear land and build villages for themselves. Very legitimate motives were besides not wanting for dispossessing the Acadians of their property. Governor Philipps had already accused them of being "a pest, an encumbrance rather than an advantage, being proud, lazy, obstinate, intractable, unskilful in the methods of agriculture," and of not having "in almost a century cleared the quantity of three hundred acres of woodland;" he concludes his complaints thus: "as to their disaffection, their being of the Romish Religion, puts that beyond all doubt."*

All the letters of the governors of Annapolis, written from the time of the Treaty of Utrecht until the expatriation of 1755, are only a series of accusations against the Acadians. They represent them as being Roman Catholics, papists, having recourse to their priests in all their difficulties, the priests taking upon themselves to mete out justice to their flocks: all this is set down as a great crime. When the Indians, at the instigation of some faithless Englishmen, Winnet and others, maltreated a party of English miners, and the Acadians working with them near Chignecto, the Acadians alone, in the eyes of Gov. Armstrong were guilty, and reported so to London. Other Indians, spontaneously or at the instigation of the Governor of Louisbourg, St. Ovide, pillaged some fishing establishments belonging to the English in the port of Chedabouctou: the Acadians were again blamed for their acts. When the governors could not find even the shadow of a charge against them, they imagined their most virtuous and loyal acts were prompted by some criminal motive. As an example of this we will only quote a letter of Armstrong to the Duke of Newcastle, dated the 8th December, 1735:

"As for the French inhabitants up the Bay of Fundy, and upon all that coast, I found them, upon my arrival there, very submissive, though I have great reason to believe *it proceeded from policy.*"

But Philipps reveals to the Secretary (Craggs) a still greater crime—a crime whose consequences must at all hazards be prevented, and which justifies the unparalleled rigor of the English authorities in the great drama of 1755: "Being once joined in a body, with the help of the Indians to favor their retreat, they can

* Letter of Philipps, dated 3rd August, 1734, to the Lords of Trade.—N. S. Archives, p. 102.

march off at their leisure, by the way of Bay Verte, with their effects, and destroy (*sic*) what they leave behind."* Carry away their effects! Assuredly this crime is unpardonable, and their condemnation inevitable! But there was still a difficulty in the way to victory: the Acadians were numerous. They were, it is true, peaceable; but the imagination of the English was filled with phantoms caused by memories of 1704 and 1707, which wonderfully troubled their peace of mind. They might boldly attack the Acadians, but by doing so they exposed themselves to their unerring aim, the deadly stroke of their axes, or to a judicial fiasco. Another expedient was thought of and adopted—the arms of deception were employed. The Acadians had taken the oath of allegiance; they feared nothing from the authorities; peace reigned in the land; a trap would certainly succeed, as the Acadians would not fail to fall into it. The principal object was to surprise the men and prevent them from resisting. As to the women and children, the English warriors could afterwards more easily conquer *them*. They accomplished their work in this manner: Governor Lawrence, aided by his two worthy subalterns, Colonel Winslow and Captain Murray, issued the following proclamation:

To the inhabitants of the District of Grand Pré, Minas, River Canard, etc.:

WHEREAS, His Excellency the Governor has imparted to us his determination touching the proposition made to the inhabitants, and has commanded us to communicate it to them in person, His Excellency being desirous that each one of them should be well informed concerning the intentions of His Majesty, which intentions he has ordered us to communicate to them as he has made them known; therefore, we order and strictly enjoin, by these presents, all the inhabitants of the above named district, as well as all the other districts (adjoining), old men and young, together with the boys of ten years, to repair to the Church of Grand Pré, Friday, 5th inst., at 3 o'clock, p. m., that we may make known what we have been ordered to communicate to them; no excuse will be admitted under any pretext, under pain of confiscation of their movables and effects, in default of real estate.

Given at Grand Pré, 2nd December, 1755, the 22nd year of His Majesty's reign.

JOHN WINSLOW.†

* Letter of Philipps to Secretary Cragga.—Nova Scotia Archives, p. 31.

† Not being in possession of the original document, the translator gives an almost literal rendering of the French of M. Peirier. The same has been done in the case of other citations.

This obscure, halting and imperious proclamation possessed all the qualities needed to procure its desired effect; and the place named for the interview, the Church, seemed to the Acadians a guarantee of the good faith of the representatives of His Majesty to whom they had sworn fidelity.

However, the attempt was not everywhere so successful. The Acadians were not ignorant of the dispositions of the English authorities towards them; many of their priests imprisoned and banished; the threats so often ineffectually made by the governors; the presence of newly-arrived vessels and soldiers—all told of some misfortune. A great number of the inhabitants of Annapolis River, Beaubassin and Cobeguit preferred seeking safety in the woods or crossing the frontier to going to hear "the intentions" of His Majesty.

But the district of Minas (Grand Pré, Rivière aux Canards, etc.,) the richest, most populous and most important in all Acadie, against the greatest dissimulation and precaution had been used, fell into the snare.

Nothing more dolorous is narrated in history than the misfortune of this peaceful population snatched from their hearths, husbands separated from their wives, brothers from their sisters, mothers from their children, and then hurried on board different vessels and cast to the four quarters of the globe, without even the poor consolation of a long, tender last embrace, of a last adieu, without hope of looking upon loved ones again; and there is hardly anything baser than the coolness with which the snare was laid, nothing viler than the motive of the action, nothing more revolting than the details of the separation and the embarking of the proscribers. No one can read in Haliburton or Rameau the recital of this infamous deed without dropping a tear over the victims and uttering a malediction upon the executioners.

THE ERLKING.

[Translated from Goëthe's "Die Fischerin."]

WHO rides so late through the night wind wild?
It is a father with his child;
He has his boy safe in his arm,
He holds him firmly and keeps him warm.

"My son, why hid'st thou thy face in fear?"

"Seest thou not, father, the Erlking near?

The Erlking with his train and crown?"

"'Tis only a streak of mist, my son."

"Thou darling child, come go with me!

The loveliest games will I play with thee,
Many bright-hued flowers are on the shore,
My mother has golden robes in store."

"My father, my father, dost thou not hear,
What the Erlking promises in my ear?"

"My child be quiet, and quiet stay!
The winds in the dry leaves only play."

"My gentle boy, wilt thou go with me?

My daughter shall gaily wait on thee;
My daughter leads the night dances throng,
And shall dance thee, and rock thee to sleep with her song."

"My father, my father, and seest thou not,
The Erlking's daughter in that gloomy spot?"

"My son, my son, I see quite near,
The willows old that so gray appear."

"I love thee; thy fair form charms my sight,
And art thou not willing? then I must use might"—

"My father, my father, he seizes me, see!
The Erlking has done some harm to me!"

The father shudders, and urges on,
He holds in his arms his moaning son;
He reaches his home through toil and dread;
But in his arms his child was dead.

Sackville, N. B.

MEMOIRS OF AN EXTINCT RACE;

OR,

The Red Indians of Newfoundland.

BY THE REV. M. HARVEY.

ON a shelf, in the Geological Museum of St. John's, N. F., may be seen a human skull to which a curious interest attaches. It is the only cranium, known to be preserved, of the once numerous and powerful Bethuck or Bœothick tribe of Red Indians, the

aborigines of Newfoundland, now extinct. In all the museums of Europe and America, I believe there is not another skull whose original owner belonged to the vanished Bethucks, once lords of this large island. Diligent search has been made, within the last few years, by more than one traveller, in the burial places of the tribe around Red Indian Lake and other localities, for skulls or other bones, but not even a fragment could be found. So completely has the race whose canoes once glided over the lakes and rivers of the island, and whose hunting-grounds extended from east to west, been "improved off the face of all creation." A few of their arrow and spear heads, and stone implements of various kinds, have been dug up at intervals and preserved; but only a solitary skull remains to tell us what was the conformation of that "dome of thought," that "palace" in which dwelt the soul of a Bethuck. For some years this precious relic lay unnoticed and almost unknown in the dust-covered corner of an apartment occupied by the Mechanics' Institute; and there was some danger that it might find its way to the dust bin. The present writer, however, succeeded in getting it transferred to its present resting-place, where, no doubt, it will be preserved as long as its atoms hold together, and where it begins to attract much attention as the solitary cranium of an extinct tribe. Quite lately it was photographed, in all sorts of attitudes, by a gentleman from London, who brought it under the notice of the Anthropological Society, where it awakened much interest, and led to a discussion on the race to which its first proprietor belonged.

The skull itself is in a good state of preservation. While undoubtedly Indian, it is not very far inferior to the Caucasian type, and indicates no small amount of intelligence. The peculiarities which stamp the American Indian skull are, however, unmistakable—the vertical occiput, the prominent vertex, the low defective forehead, the square form, the quadrangular orbits and the massive maxilla. It is the cranium of a savage, but not one of a low type. The teeth, some of which remain, are strong and sound, and indicate that the wearer was not troubled with dyspepsia. Around it, in the place of its present repose, are appropriately grouped various Indian relics found in the island, formed out of stone. One of these is an oblong vessel of soft magnesian stone, hollowed to the depth of two inches, the lower edges forming a square of three and a half feet in the sides. In one corner is a hollow

groove which apparently served as a spout. There are also two arrow-heads of a hard grey cherty stone, an axe-shaped tool of felsite slate, and a finely-worked and highly-polished gouge-shaped implement of chert, nine and a half inches in length. No little skill was requisite to shape these poor stone implements. At all events they were the best which heads of this type could produce; and our poor brothers, now gone into oblivion, like the workers of Babylon and Nineveh, did what they could in this wilderness, to fight the battle of life against sore odds. Perhaps this handsome polished gouge was the work of some Angelo or Chantry of the Bethuck race, who initiated a new era in stone implements, and gave to his fellows higher ideas of beauty, and marked a step in the upward progress of these rude earth-dwellers. The memory of the mighty gouge-maker may have been cherished and sung in Bethuck rhymes, as we now revere the memory of the inventor of the locomotive. We must not despise the lowly toils of these Nomads, whose ancestors were perhaps hunting the deer and spearing the salmon, in Newfoundland, before the days of Hengist and Horsa, when our own progenitors had not got far in advance of the red men. It may be that they had learned some of nature's secrets which we have yet to discover. At all events, in this skull, now so ghastly and grim in its fleshless condition, beat substantially the same joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, loves and hatreds with which our own heads are throbbing to-day. The poor Bethuck mother loved as tenderly, folded her babe to her bosom as fondly as her civilised and refined sister of the nineteenth century. And we may apostrophise this Bethuck skull fairly enough in the language of a poet:—

“Behold this ruin! ’Twas a skull,
 Once of ethereal spirit full.
 This narrow cell was Life’s retreat,
 This space was thought’s mysterious seat.
 What beauteous visions filled this spot,
 What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
 Nor hope, nor love, nor joy nor fear
 Have left one trace of record here.”

Ethnologists are generally agreed in regarding the aborigines of America as but a single race, from Cape Horn to the confines of the Esquimaux, around the Arctic Circle. But this widely diffused race is divided into an infinite number of small tribes, presenting more or less difference one from the other. Dr. Morton divides

them broadly into two great families—the Toltecan nations, embracing the Mexicans and Peruvians—and the barbarous tribes, including the whole remaining inhabitants of the continent. While every tribe has some characters which mark it as *American*, yet the Toltecan and barbarous tribes differ essentially in their moral and physical characteristics, and also in their craniological developments. A careful measurement of a large number of the skulls of old Peruvians gave but seventy-five cubic inches as the average bulk of brain, while the Teutonic, or highest developed white race, gives ninety-two cubic inches. The mean of Mexican skulls is seventy-nine or five above the Peruvian average. Strange to say, however, the crania of the barbarous tribes of America shows a larger development than those of the comparatively civilised Peruvians and Mexicans, their mean being eighty-four cubic inches. Their development lay mainly, not in the intellectual lobe of the brain, but in those of the animal propensities and passions: and hence while possessing much energy, courage and force of character, they did not approach the Toltecan tribes in the arts of civilised life. The barbarous tribes have been arranged in five groups—the Iroquois, Algonkin and Apalachian, Dacota, Shoshonees and Oregonians. The question arises to which of these groups did the red men of Newfoundland belong? Some writers have regarded them as being Esquimaux, and others as Micmacs; but for neither opinion is there any foundation. With the Esquimaux, who are Mongolians, they have nothing whatever in common; and between them and the Micmacs there are clearly defined points of distinction. Latham, one of the highest authorities in Ethnology, regards the Bethucks of Newfoundland as a section of the great Algonkin tribe. In his "Varieties of Man," he says that all doubts on this subject have been set at rest by "a hitherto unpublished Bethuck Vocabulary with which I have been kindly furnished by my friend Dr. King, of the Ethnological Society. This marked them a separate section of the Algonkins, and such I believe them to have been." The evidences I am about to furnish, regarding their modes of life and peculiar characteristics will be found, I think, to point to the same conclusion. Thus we may safely classify them as a branch of the widespread and warlike Algonkins, whose area embraced the whole of Canada, Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, New Brunswick, Labrador and part of Hudson's Bay territory, together with a large portion of the

United States. In fact this tribe were distributed east and west, from the Rocky Mountains to Newfoundland, and north and south, from Labrador to the Carolinas. Thus the Bethucks were at all events sprung from a respectable stock of red men; and if they were unable to retain a footing on this island before the advancing tread of the white men, they have only anticipated a little the inevitable doom which awaits their brethren in continental America.

At what time the tribe found their way to Newfoundland from the shores of Canada or Labrador, is, of course, utterly unknown. This much is certain—that when, in 1497, Cabot discovered the island, he found these Red Indians in possession of the country. For many centuries previously, in all probability, they had been fishing in its bays and creeks, hunting the cariboo over its vast prairies, gliding along its rivers in their birch canoes, and erecting their wigwams by the placid waters of its inland lakes. At this day there are not perhaps anywhere better hunting grounds than those of Newfoundland; and what must they have been before the coming of the “pale faces” with their destructive fire-arms? One can fancy that the island, with its abundance of wild creatures of all kinds, and its shores and countless lakes swarming with fish, must have been the very paradise of the red men. Unmolested, they pursued the game over a country having an area of forty thousand square miles. Countless herds of the finest reindeer bounded over the savannas of the interior, in their annual migrations from south to north; and well the red men knew how to entrap and smite down the lordly stag; how to capture the beaver with which the ponds were lavishly stocked; and how to bring down the magnificent ptarmigan, of which vast flocks were everywhere to be met. We can hardly doubt that when “monarchs of all they surveyed,” and with all the resources of the island at their command, the Bethucks must have revelled in savage luxury, feasting on venison or the flesh of the wild goose, wild duck and grouse, and clothing themselves in the rich furs which were the spoils of the chase. For tribes who lived by fishing and hunting, it would be difficult to conceive of a more favorable locality than this island; and if the Bethucks had not abundance of physical comforts in those early days, I am inclined to think the fault must have been their own. But for them the evil day arrived. The “pale faces” appeared; and then began the miseries and bloody conflicts which ended in their extermination.

The early historical notices of the red men of Newfoundland are very brief, but serve to give us some idea of their appearance and habits, as they presented themselves to the early voyagers. The earliest reference met with is in Hackluyt, Vol. III., p. 27, where there is an account of the discovery of Newfoundland by Cabot in 1497; and of the aborigines Cabot said: "The inhabitants of this island use the skins and furs of wild beasts for garments, which they hold in as high estimation as we do our finest clothes. In war they use bows and arrows, spears, darts, clubs and slings." It appears that, on his second voyage, Cabot brought away three of the aborigines and took them to England. In Kerr's Travels, Vol. VI., p. 3-10, we find a reference to these three men which indicates that they were by no means difficult to improve: "In the fourteenth year of the King (Henry VII.) three men were brought from Newfoundland, who were clothed in the skins of beasts, did eat raw flesh, and spoke a language which no man could understand; their demeanour being more like that of brute beasts than men; they were kept by the king for some considerable time, and I saw two of them about two years afterwards in the Palace of Westminster, habited like Englishmen, and not to be distinguished from Englishmen, until I was told who they were." Jacques Cartier, in 1534, describes them as of "indifferent good stature and bigness, but wild and unruly. They wear their hair tied on the top like a wreath of hay, and put a wooden pin in it, or any other such thing instead of a nail, and with them they bind certain birds' feathers; they are well clothed with beasts' skins, as well the men as the women, but the women go somewhat straighter and closer in their garments than the men do, with their waists girded." Hayes, who was second in command to Sir Humphrey Gilbert, about 1583, and whose narrative has been preserved in the Hakluyt collection, says "the savages are altogether harmless." Captain Richard Whitbourne, 1622, gives still fuller accounts in his interesting book on Newfoundland. He tells us that "the natural inhabitants of the country, as they are but few in number, so are they something rude and savage people, having neither knowledge of God, nor living under any kind of civil government. In their habits, customs and manners they resemble Indians on the continent." He further describes them as "ingenious and tractable, full of quick and lively apprehensions; willing to assist the fishermen in curing fish for a small

hire." He shows that in their habits they resembled the Canadian Indians, as they constructed canoes with the bark of birch trees, "which they sew very artificially and close together, and overlay every seam with turpentine." He also tells us that they were able to "sew the rinds of spruce trees, round and deep in proportion, like a brass kettle, to boil their meat in;" and, on one occasion, he says, three of his men surprised a party of them enjoying themselves in such a sumptuous fashion that it is evident they knew how to appreciate the good things around them, and had very fair ideas of cookery: "They were feasting, having the canoes by them, and had three pots made of rinds of trees, standing each of them on three stems, boiling, with fowls in each of them, every fowl as big as a pigeon, and some so big as a duck. They had also many such pots so fowled, and fashioned like the leather buckets that are used for quenching fire, and were full of the yolks of eggs, that they had taken and boiled hard and so dried small, which the savages used in their broth; they had great store of the skins of deer, beetners, bears, seals, otters, and divers other fine skins, which were well dressed; as also great store of several goots of flesh dried; and by shooting off a musket towards them, they all ran away naked, without any apparel, but only their hats on their heads, which were made of seals' skins, in fashion like our hats." We ought to feel grateful to this quaint old skipper of the days of Queen Elizabeth, who has preserved these interesting details for us, and supplied the only picture we have of the domestic life of this extinct tribe. Judging from their larder, as here described, they must have been a remarkably well-to-do people, and must have had very fair ideas of making themselves comfortable.

The friendly relations which at first existed between the white and red men in Newfoundland, did not long continue. The savage people speedily began to exhibit a tendency to annex the white man's goods, when an opportunity offered; such objects as knives, hatchets, nails, lines or sails presenting a temptation which to them was almost irresistible. Their petty thefts were regarded by their invaders as crimes of the darkest dye, quite sufficient to justify the unsparing use of the strong arm for their extermination. The rude fishermen, hunters and trappers of those days were a rough lawless order of men, little disposed to try conciliation or kindness on a tribe of savages whose presence in the country was felt to be

an annoyance. That they treated the poor Bethucks with brutal cruelty admits of no doubt. In fact, for two hundred years they seem to have regarded the red men as vermin to be hunted down and destroyed. We can hardly doubt that such treatment provoked the red men to deeds of fierce retaliation, and that at length "war to the knife" became the rule between the two races. The savages, at first mild and tractable and disposed to maintain friendly relations, became at length the fierce and implacable foe of the white man; and sternly refused all overtures for peaceable intercourse, when at length such offers were made by a humane government. Deeds of wrong and cruelty were perpetrated by the invader, and followed by retaliation on the part of the savages. In such a conflict the weak must go to the wall. Bows, arrows and clubs could avail little against the fire-arms of the white man; and gradually their numbers were thinned; they were driven from the best hunting ground—grounds where for centuries their forefathers had trapped the beaver and pursued the reindeer; war, disease and hunger thinned their ranks; and now not a single representative of the red race of Newfoundland is known to be in existence. Their haunts in the interior have been explored, in the hope of discovering some remnants of the ill-fated race, but in vain. Only their graves and the mouldering remains of their huts and deer-fences have been found. Their fires are extinguished forever; and the record of their fate fills another dark page in the history of the white man's progress in the New World. Some believe that a small band of them escaped and took refuge in the wilds of Labrador; but of this there is no tangible proof. It may be regarded as quite certain that in Newfoundland not a single individual of the race now exists. They are gone,

"Like the cloud-rack of a tempest:

Like the withered leaves of Autumn."—

It must be remembered too that the white men were not the sole enemies of the doomed aborigines. The Micmacs, another tribe of Red Indians, invaded their territory from Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, and having learned the use of fire-arms, carried on a deadly war against the unhappy Bethucks, in which the former had an immense advantage. It appears the Micmacs were incited to attack the Bethucks by the French, who, for some reason, had become hostile to the latter, and had offered a reward for the heads or persons of some of their chiefs. Till this took place, the

Bethucks and Micmacs had been in alliance, but afterwards became the deadliest of foes, and carried on a long and destructive conflict. Assailed on the one hand by the white settlers, and on the other by the Micmacs, it is not wonderful that the unhappy tribe were slowly but surely exterminated.

The British Government were at length aroused through the representations of various humane individuals, to take measures to arrest the barbarities of the settlers; but owing to the scattered nature of the settlements and the lawless habits of the early furriers and fishermen, their efforts proved futile. The earliest official notice of the aborigines is in the form of a proclamation by the Governor, and bears date 1769, and seems to have been repeated on the accession of each new Governor. This document sets forth that His Majesty had been informed that his subjects in Newfoundland, "do treat the savages with the greatest inhumanity, and frequently destroy them, without the least provocation or remorse. In order, therefore, to put a stop to such inhuman barbarity, and that the perpetrators of such atrocious crimes might be brought to due punishment, His Majesty enjoined and required all his subjects to live in amity and brotherly kindness with the native savages;" and further enjoined all magistrates to "apprehend persons guilty of murdering the native Indians, and send them to England for trial."

Not content with such proclamations, the government engaged in various zealous efforts to establish friendly relations with the Bethucks. A reward was offered for the capture of a Red Indian; and in 1804 a female was taken by a fisherman and brought to St. John's where she was kindly treated and sent back to her tribe loaded with presents. No result followed; and a strong suspicion was entertained that the presents aroused the cupidity of the man to whose care she had been intrusted to be conveyed to her people, and that the wretch murdered her and took possession of the property.

In 1810, Lieutenant Buchan of the Royal Navy was sent to the River of Exploits, with orders to winter there, and open a communication with the Indians. He succeeded in finding a party of them; and taking two of their number as hostages, and leaving two marines with them as a pledge of good faith, he returned to his depot for presents. During his absence, the fears of the red men were aroused lest, from his delay in returning, he might be

bringing up reinforcements with a view to capture them; and they murdered the hostages and fled to the interior. In 1819, another female was taken by a party of furriers on Red Indian Lake. Her husband and another Indian were with her, and having offered resistance were both relentlessly shot. The woman was brought to St. John's, and was named Mary March from the month in which she was taken. She was treated with great kindness and sent back to her friends with numerous presents, but died on the voyage, having been for some time a sufferer from consumption. Her body was placed in a coffin, and left on the margin of a lake, so that it might be found by her people. They conveyed it to their burying place on Red Indian Lake, far in the interior, where, as we shall presently learn, it was found several years afterwards by the adventurous traveller Cormack, lying beside the body of her murdered husband. Another Indian female was taken at a later date. She was known by the Indian name of Shanandithit. She lived six years in St. John's and died in the hospital of consumption, the fatal disease, as she declared, of many of her tribe, and the same which carried off Mary March. Thus all hopes of atoning by kindness for past cruelties were frustrated.

A final effort to open communications with the Bethucks was made in 1828. In that year a "Bœothick Society," formed in St. John's, having for its object the civilization of the aborigines, organized an expedition to the part of the island supposed to be still occupied by a remnant of the tribe. Mr. Cormack, the traveller, who had crossed the island in 1822, headed the expedition. He took with him three Indians—one an able and intelligent man of the Abenakie tribe, from Canada; the second an elderly Mountaineer from Labrador, and the third an adventurous young Micmac, born in Newfoundland. The party entered the country at the inlet called the North Arm, at the mouth of the River Exploits, and took a north-west course to Hall's Bay, in the Bay of Notre Dame, across the extremities of New Bay, Badger Bay, Seal Bay, &c. On the fourth day after their departure, at the east end of Badger Bay, Great Lake, at a portage known by the name of the Indian Path, they found traces made by the Red Indians, evidently in the spring or summer of the preceding year. They observed a "canoe-rest," on which the daubs of red ochre and the roots of trees used to fasten or tie it together, appeared fresh.

Fragments of their skin dresses, a spear-shaft eight feet in length and recently made, ochred parts of old canoes and a few other objects were found scattered about. The remains of eight or ten winter mamateeks or wigwams, each intended to contain from six to eighteen or twenty people, were also distinctly seen close together. Besides these there were the remains of summer wigwams. The winter wigwams were conical, the frame made of poles covered with skins or birch bark. One difference between the Bethuck wigwams and those of the other Indians was that in most of the former there were small hollows, like nests, dug in the earth around the fireplace, one for each person to sit in. "These hollows," says Cormack, are generally so close together, and also so close to the fireplace and to the sides of the wigwams, that I think it probable these people have been accustomed to sleep in a sitting posture." In addition, each winter wigwam had close to it a small square-mouthed or oblong pit, dug into the earth about four feet, to preserve their stores, &c. Some of these pits were lined with birch rind. Curiously enough too, Cormack also found in this village the remains of a vapor bath which it seems was used chiefly by the old people for rheumatic affections. The Bethuck method of making a vapor bath was ingenious. Large stones were first of all made very hot, in the open air, by burning a quantity of wood around them. After this process, the ashes were removed, and a hemispherical framework, closely covered with skins, to exclude the external air, was fixed over the stones. The patient then crept in under the skins, taking with him a birch-rind bucket of water, and a small bark dish to dip it out. By thus pouring water on the hot stones he could raise the steam at pleasure.

Failing to get any further intelligence regarding the Red Indians at Hall's Bay, Cormack decided on proceeding to Red Indian Lake, sanguine that at that noted rendezvous he should find the object of his search. After a march of ten days over a marshy country, during which no traces of the red men were seen, they obtain a glimpse of this beautifully majestic and splendid sheet of water, more than thirty-five miles in length and five or six in breadth, containing a number of islands. From the hills at the northern end of the lake they looked down on its waters with feelings of anxiety and admiration. No canoe could be discovered moving on its placid surface; no human sounds reached their ears; no smoke from wigwams mounted into the air.

Silence, deep as death, reigned around. They were the first Europeans who had seen Red Indian Lake in an unfrozen state, only one or two parties having preceded them in the depth of winter, by way of the Exploits River. The view was grand, solemn, majestic—an unbroken sheet of water stretching far beyond the limits of vision. "We approached the lake," says Cormack, "with hope and caution; but found to our mortification that the Red Indians had deserted it for some years past. My party had been so excited, so sanguine and so determined to obtain an interview of some kind with these people, that on discovering from appearances everywhere around us, that the Red Indians, the terror of the Europeans as well as the other Indian inhabitants of Newfoundland, no longer existed, the spirits of one and all were deeply affected. The old Mountaineer was particularly overcome."

The party spent several "melancholy days" wandering around the borders of the east end of the lake. Every where they met with indications that this had long been the head-quarters of the tribe, in the days when they enjoyed peace and security. On several places, by the margin of the lake, they found small clusters of winter and summer wigwams in ruins; also a wooden building constructed for drying and smoking venison in, still perfect, and a small log-house, probably a store-house, in a dilapidated condition. Among the bushes on the beach they lighted on the wreck of a large handsome birch canoe, twenty-two feet in length and evidently but little used. The probability is that it had been rent in the way it was found, and that the people who were in it had perished.

The most interesting objects met with were their repositories for their dead, one trait of the Bethucks having been great respect for the remains of their dead. It appears, from Cormack's account, that there were among them four modes of disposing of the dead, according to the rank and character of the persons entombed. One of the repositories met with "resembled a hut ten feet by eight or nine, and four or five feet high in the centre, floored with squared poles, the roof covered with rinds of trees, and in every way well secured against the weather inside, and the intrusions of wild beasts." On entering this structure, their curiosity was raised to the highest pitch. They found the bodies of two grown persons laid out at full length on the floor, wrapped round with deer-skins. But what most astonished them was the discovery of

a white deal coffin containing a skeleton neatly shrouded in white muslin. This was the coffin of Mary March, which had been carried by some members of her tribe from the sea coast to this solitude. In the building were also found two small wooden images of a man and a woman, supposed to represent husband and wife, and a small doll which no doubt represented a child. "Several small models of their canoes, two small models of boats, an iron axe, a bow, a quiver of arrows were placed by the side of Mary March's husband, and two fire-stones, (radiated iron pyrites from which they produced fire by striking them together) lay at his head. There were also various kinds of culinary utensils, neatly made of birch rind and ornamented."

The second mode of sepulture observed here was similar to that of the Western Indians of the sources of the Mississippi. The body of the deceased had been wrapped in birch rind, and, with his property, placed on a sort of scaffold, about four feet and a half from the ground. The scaffold was formed of four posts, about seven feet high, fixed perpendicularly in the ground, to sustain a kind of crib, five feet and a half in length by four in breadth, with a floor made of small squared beams, laid close together horizontally, and on which the body and property rested. A third mode was, when the body was bent together, and wrapped in birch rind, was enclosed in a kind of box, on the ground. The box was made of small squared posts, laid on each other horizontally, and notched at the corners, to make them meet close. It was about four feet by three and two and a half feet deep, and well lined with birch rind, to exclude the weather. The body lay on the right side.

A fourth and most common mode of burying was to wrap the body in birch rind, and cover it over with heaps of stones, on the surface of the ground, in some retired spot. Sometimes the body thus wrapped up was put a foot or two under the surface, and the spot covered with stones. In one place where the ground was sandy and soft, the graves were found deeper and no stones placed over them.

Cormack's party returned by way of the River of Exploits, which flows from Red Indian Lake. From the lake to the sea coast is about seventy miles; and, says Cormack, "down this noble river the steady perseverance and intrepidity of my Indians carried me on rafts in four days, to accomplish which otherwise would have required probably two weeks." "What arrests the attention most

while gliding down the stream, is the extent of the Indian fences to entrap the deer. They extend from the lake downwards continuously on the banks of the river at least thirty miles. There are openings left here and there in them for the animals to go through and swim across the river, and at these places the Indians are stationed, and kill them in the water with spears, out of their canoes, as at the lake. Here, then, connecting these fences with those on the north-west side of the lake, is at least forty miles of country, easterly and westerly, prepared to intercept all the deer that pass that way in their periodical migrations. It was melancholy to contemplate the gigantic yet feeble efforts of a whole primitive nation, in their anxiety to provide subsistence, forsaken and going to decay. There must have been hundreds of the Red Indians, and that not many years ago, to have kept up these fences and pounds." The deer are there in as great numbers as ever, and now pass these fences unmolested; but the red men have vanished "like the snowflake on the river."

With Cormack's expedition the last hope of finding the Bethucks was abandoned. Either they were gradually thinned in numbers by war, disease and want, till at length, perhaps, on the banks of the Red Indian Lake the last Bethuck looked despairingly on the ruins of his race and the graves of his fathers, and then folding his deer-skin robes around him, followed his ancestors to the happier hunting-grounds of the hereafter. Or it may be a little forlorn band, relics of a once numerous nation, took a last mournful look at the desolate scene, and then departed for some unknown retreat, where the murderous arm of the white man could not reach them, but where, with the fatality that follows their doomed race, extinction gradually overtook them.

This sketch of the tribe extends over a period of about three hundred and forty years, commencing in 1497 and terminating about forty years ago. A few of their peculiarities, customs, etc., remain to be briefly noticed. Their method of kindling fire, by striking together two pieces of radiated iron pyrites, is not only original but, as far as is known, peculiar to the tribe. The same remark may be made regarding their custom of making small hollows like nests, around the fire-places of their wigwams, dug into the earth, one for each person to sit and probably sleep in. These nests were lined with dry moss, and doubtless added greatly to their comfort in the cold nights of winter. So far as is known,

the custom was peculiar to the Bethucks. Their bows were of sycamore and sometimes of mountain ash, about five and a half feet in length, the string being of deer's sinews. The arrows were of well-seasoned pine or sycamore, slender, light and perfectly straight. Their intercourse with the whites supplied them with scraps of iron, out of which they made a two-edged lance, about six inches long for the arrow head. Their arrows were "feathered." The deer-fences were made by felling the trees along the ridge of the river's bank, without chopping the trunks quite asunder, taking care that they fell parallel with the river, each tree having been guided so as to coincide with and fall upon the last. Gaps were filled up by driving in stakes and interweaving the branches and limbs of other trees. They were raised to the height of six, eight or ten feet, as the place required, and were not to be forced or overleapt by the largest deer. Their wigwams were conical, and proportioned in size to the number of the family, their beds forming, as we have seen, a circle of nest-like hollows around the fire-place. The frame of the wigwam was composed of poles and covered with birch rind, through which was an opening for the smoke to escape. Slight as such dwellings were, and easily constructed, yet there are instances on record of their having endured the blasts of more than thirty winters. Their canoes, bows, arrows and garments were colored with a kind of paint, made from red ochre and the fat of deer.

I close this brief account, which I believe embodies almost everything of importance that is known, regarding the history, manners and customs of this extinct race, with a few words as specimens of their language taken from a vocabulary which is in the possession of a gentleman in St. John's:—

INDIAN.	ENGLISH.
Dogemat,.....	Arrow.
Bukashamesh,.....	Boy.
Mamshet,.....	Beaver.
Gwashuwet,.....	Bear.
Haddabothic,.....	Body.
Tapathook,.....	Canoe.
Immamooaset,.....	Child.
Berroich,.....	Clouds.
Osweet,.....	Deer.
Mammassaveet,.....	Dog.
Bidesook,.....	Seal.
Isedoweet,.....	Sleep.
Adenishet,.....	Stars.
Thine,.....	Thank you.
Memasuk,.....	Tongue.
Baroodisick,.....	Thunder.

Since the foregoing was written, I have been favored by a communication, dated April 19th, 1875, from Alexander Murray, Esq., F. G. S., in reference to the Red Indian Skull, now in his Museum. He informs me that he has obtained from the Hon. Dr. Winter, of St. John's, full particulars regarding the skull, which completely establish the genuineness of the relic. The Doctor states that in 1834, being then resident in Greenpond, he was called upon by a person who wanted a troublesome tooth extracted. The patient stated that he was convinced that his sufferings were attributable to the fact of his having been in possession of the tooth of a Red Indian who had been killed on the "Straight Shore," and whose body lay buried in a spot which he described. The Doctor extracted the aching tooth, and undertook to restore the Red Indian's grinder to its original owner. He hoped in this way to obtain the skeleton of one of the extinct race; while at the same time he quieted the superstitious fears of the patient. Accordingly he hired a boat and proceeded to the locality described. After considerable labor the grave was discovered, and in it he found the skull, a thigh bone, a shoulder blade and a few other smaller bones; but the remainder had been carried off by wolves or foxes. The skull was in a good state of preservation, except that the cheek bone and the lower part of the socket of one eye had been broken, evidently, in the doctor's opinion, by shot. Mr. Murray states that his specimen is exactly in this condition, thus proving its identity. Underneath where the body had lain the doctor found "a concave circular hole, lined with birch bark, about twenty inches in diameter, and ten inches in depth, at the bottom of which were two pieces of iron pyrites." He also found the shaft of a spear stained with red ochre. Unfortunately these relics have been lost. The skull was presented by the doctor to the St. John's Mechanics' Institute, in 1850, where it was kept till the contents of the Museum were dispersed, when I succeeded in placing it in the safe keeping of Mr. Murray. The doctor has just sent to the Geological Museum the remaining bones which had been in his possession till now. Thus, all that remains of the poor Indian are now once more brought together.

Dr. Winter mentions that the boatman who accompanied him to the Indian's grave, finding that he meant to bring away the remains, refused to trust himself in the boat, declaring that "neither luck nor grace would follow such doings, as robbing the

A STORY OF A LOST BRACELET.

BY CORINNE.

CHAPTER VI.

(Continued.)

"WHAT are you so busy about Howard, that amuses you so much?" asked Joe, the following afternoon after watching him for sometime in silence. Howard quietly handed him the little sketch he was making. Joe laughed and passed it to Winnie.

"Oh, that's Georgie!" she exclaimed.

"It's his figure and attitude as he appeared to me yesterday," said Howard, "I didn't attempt a front view for I was afraid I shouldn't get a good likeness of him, and I wanted too, to bring in the spring and those trees beyond."

"It's capital," said Joe, "not a bad representation of Dignity and Impudence, those two stately forest trees so tall and graceful, and little Importance standing with his hands in his pockets and his air of proprietorship showing in every square inch of his podgy little figure. And the hat on the back of his head too, that's Georgie's favorite style, summer and winter." "And how well you have done the trees and the scene altogether," said Winnie, "those ferns are beautiful, and the water, and stones,—it's the very place itself. It's your favorite bit of scenery dear, isn't it?" she added, turning to Joe.

"Is it?" said Howard, "I didn't know that. I'll make another sketch of it for you, if you like. I am getting my hand in again, a little."

"I think it's a pity you ever left off," said Joe, taking it from Winnie's hand and looking at it again. "Yes, it's my favorite bit of scenery, or rather one of my favorites; there are some beautiful bits farther back in the woods that you have never seen, Winnie."

Winnie half-sighed and checked herself suddenly.

"Poor little woman!" said Joe, detecting the sigh. "You don't see anything new-a-days, do you?"

"Yes," she said, "I see you."

"A sorry enough sight," he answered, smiling but shaking his head. "Well Howard," he added after a pause, "if you bring that

bit of the woods in here for me I shall prize it very highly, for it will be almost as good as going out to see it."

"I'll go and begin it at once," said Howard, going off to find his little guide. He had already written to his partner to say that he wanted another fortnight, explaining that he had accidentally met with some friends, and asking him to execute a small commission for him with all possible speed.

The next two or three days he spent in the woods sketching busily, always taking Georgie with him and bringing home pockets full of all sorts of pretty cones and burrs and acorn-cups for Rosie, and handfuls of ferns and moss and wild-flowers for Winnie. Twice in the afternoons he managed to get Joe and his chair out to the front-door, where he could sit and enjoy the scene and the soft warm air for an hour or two. Poor Joe, no words could express the pleasure that he took in Howard's visit, but the lighting up of his expressive face when Howard received a letter from Mr. Harding and informed them gleefully, like a school-boy out for his holiday, that he had leave of absence for three weeks longer if he chose to take it, spoke eloquently for him.

Two days after receiving this letter, and after a critical examination of the light wagon and the only horse the establishment boasted, he asked Winnie if she could go for a drive with him as far as "Brown's," the place where the stage stopped.

"Why, do you know how far that is?" she asked in astonishment.

"Yes," he said, "it's over six miles, but Tom thinks the horse might not break down even in that distance."

"Now Howard," said Winnie laughing, "you needn't make fun of our poor old steed, but it wasn't of him I was thinking, but of Joe."

"Joe says he can manage very well with Letty and Georgie to take care of him."

"But the baby and Rosie? Rosie might do, though, under Letty's care, but could I take baby I wonder?"

"Yes, to be sure, take him with you. Now, can you be ready in three-quarters of an hour?"

"Yes, easily," said Winnie. "Oh!" she added, clasping her hands together, "it's so long since I had a drive, and it's more than a year since I went as far as Brown's."

"My poor old man!" she said to Joe before they started, "it doesn't seem right to leave you."

"Nonsense, my darling," he said gaily, "you know I never want much attention, and now I can sit up, I don't mind being left alone half as much as I did when I was in bed; besides, Georgie is going to take care of me."

"Yes, pa," said Georgie, manfully driving back the tears that would start to his eyes at the thought of being left at home. His mother kissed him hastily, and ran out to the wagon. Howard helped her in and placed her comfortably, then Letty brought the baby and off they went. The baby went to sleep soon after they started, and slept until they reached their destination. Mrs. Brown, who was glad to see her far-off neighbor Mrs. Gardiner, once more, made up a bed for the baby on the sofa, and then hastened to make a cup of tea for her guests, who were glad of some refreshment, having taken an early, hasty lunch, instead of waiting for dinner, before they started. Howard came in laughing and rubbing his hands just as Mrs. Brown was placing the tea and bread-and-butter and ham on the table. "It's all right," he said.

"What's all right," asked Winnie.

"What we came for," he said, and no more could be got out of him.

When Winnie came out to get in the wagon to go home, she started back in surprise.

"Whatever is that, Howard?" she cried.

"What does it look like?" he asked gleefully.

"It's a wheeled chair, and it's for Joe! Oh Howard!"

"Come, give me your baby and jump in," he said, seeing that she was just ready to burst into tears. "I think I've fastened the thing up securely; I hope we shall not lose it on the way."

The journey home was considerably longer than the other way, and poor Winnie, from having stayed at home so much, began to feel uneasy about those she had left behind. Howard saw the anxiety in her face, and pushed on as fast as possible, but it was up-hill work chiefly, and the horse was a very poor one; so it was quite tea-time when they reached the cottage. The door was opened for them before they stopped.

"Is all well?" asked Winnie, as Letty came to take the baby.

"Yes, ma'am," she answered.

"Did you ask if all were well?" called Joe from his room; "why, of course it is."

Winnie ran in and threw her arms round him. "Oh, my darling!" she said, "I'll never go away and leave you again."

"Yes you will," said Joe, laughing; "for I shall send you. Why, I've been enjoying it almost as much as if I'd been out myself, thinking how much you were enjoying it. I have followed you in imagination every bit of the way. And I told Letty to set the table for tea in here, so that we could have it together, and I could hear all about it."

Winnie smiled to herself as she thought of the pleasure that was in store for him, and that thought, and his unselfish cheerfulness, brightened her and enabled her to get all the good that she wanted out of her trip.

"Why, I shall begin to call you Miss Winnie Roberts by-and-by," said Joe at the tea-table, after looking at her for a long time; "you look like you did the first time I saw you."

"She looks like she did the first time I saw her," said Howard.

"Have I changed much since then, Howard?" she asked half sadly, for she was conscious in part of a change in herself.

"Yes, a good deal," said Howard.

"I wish you would tell me," said Winnie, leaning forward and speaking earnestly.

"Tell you what?" he asked.

"How I am changed."

Howard hesitated. "I scarcely know how to tell you without seeming almost insulting. If I say you are harder and sharper now than you were then, it would seem to make you out an ungentle, unladylike woman now, or a very soft and dull one then; but really I don't think you have changed so much as that the outer crust has worn off, or the inner nature pierced through and discovered you to be a shrewder and braver woman than you at that time appeared."

"Well," said Winnie, with a smile, "you have done your best to put it delicately; but really and truly, I am a harder, sharper woman now than I was then. It is as if I were a soldier's wife then, and a soldier myself now."

"Yes, that's it," said Joe, quickly, "you feel you have to fight for me now instead of my fighting for you."

"And you must fully understand," said Howard, "that I didn't see anything wanting in you then, neither do I see anything to regret in the change." Winnie bowed to him with her brightest smile as an acknowledgment of the compliment, and then adroitly changed the subject.

The next morning was as bright and sunny as could be desired, and as soon as possible, Howard had Joe out and gave him an airing in the wheeled chair. Poor fellow, it was touching to see his surprise and delight at the unexpected treat. His cheeks flushed, and his thin fingers trembled as Howard seated him in the chair and Winnie arranged the pillows and wrappers round him. His only acknowledgment in words was an earnest low-spoken, "my dear fellow, I didn't deserve this."

Howard kept him out until he was tired, and then after helping him back into the house, treated the children to a ride in the "beautiful new carriage," as they called it. After that, each day that was fine was spent by Joe almost entirely out of doors. At first they contented themselves with the road outside the cottage, but afterwards their journeys were extended up the hill-side or down into the valley. Up the hill was Joe's favorite ramble, and Howard felt his heart glow with a real true happiness when he saw the brightening of the poor delicate face as they paused now and then and tried to enjoy the view, and as Joe pointed out to him the different points of interest, and told him how he had hoped to "see a church here and a school-house there," and farm-houses dotted about in different attractive spots. And surely he was more than repaid for his thoughtful gift, when he saw how much stronger Joe grew, and when on the last day of his stay, he walked out, feebly it is true, but with no other help than that of a stick, from his room to the chair. And when he was leaving and the children clung to him and begged him to stay, and Joe clasped his hand and seemed heart-broken at losing him, and Winnie leaned her face against his arm and said tearfully, "Don't think me ungrateful, Howard, but I almost wish now that you hadn't come," he felt a hard lump rise up in his throat and he almost wished he could stay and make this his home that seemed so much more like one than any he had known since his father died, and use his wealth to carry out Joe's pet projects. But he did not, he only resolved to come again, and meanwhile he thought he would try to live like them, and do more good than he had hitherto.

CHAPTER VII.

HOWARD had some business that took him to New York before he returned to Cincinnati, and while there he bought a copy of Holman Hunt's "Light of the World," and a beautiful painting of

some part of the Yosemite Valley, and sent them off to "Clarendon," the grand name that one of the earliest arrivals had bestowed on the settlement. "For Joe's room," he wrote inside the wrapper, intending them to take the place of the little sketches that Winnie had framed very prettily with cones and birch-bark before he left. When he had sent off the parcel he went on feeling that there was an end of the poetry and beauty of his trip, and taking very little interest in anything that he saw or heard. He had to plunge into business with redoubled energy when he reached home, as his partner, Mr. Harding, was waiting for his arrival to enable him to join his wife at the sea-side. Somehow or other, the business and all connected with it had grown very distasteful to him, and though he said that it was the natural result of being out of harness so long, yet he knew in his secret heart that that was not all. There were so many little tricks and turns in the business that he had grown reconciled to, or received as inevitable before, that seemed mean, and almost dishonest to him now. And then, something within him was constantly reminding him that he had not kept the resolution he formed before his return, of living for some nobler end than the mere accumulating of money, but that he was sliding down into the old groove. It was in vain that he told himself he had not time to do good, he knew that he could have made time, but that his old business habits were so strong upon him, and that he had a great repugnance to going out of his way, and giving himself a lot of trouble to hunt up cases of misery that he would rather not see. He made one or two weak attempts at doing good in secret, taking the easiest path to it, the very thing Joe had warned him against, and he succeeded, in almost all the cases, in doing harm instead of good, and at last he came to the conclusion that it was too hard work for him. Well, all this dissatisfaction with himself, and Joe's faithful earnest letters made him pretty miserable, and so the ground of his heart was kept broken up and not allowed to harden into such a crust as would prevent that little seed that had been sown there, from growing at last.

About a month after Howard's return to the city, one of his fellow-boarders married, and a week or two later he went, one evening to call on the happy pair. They were both engaged when he arrived at the house, but sent word begging him to wait a few minutes and they would join him in the drawing-room. He

entered the modest little apartment so designated, and sat down to wait. The "few minutes" lengthened out, and to help pass the time away he took up a book from the table and opened it. It was a biographical sketch of Lord H——'s life, and was a noble, stirring example of the good that one devoted christian might do. Among the many texts of Scripture with which the work abounded there was that word of St. Paul's to Timothy, "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." He had just come to that when his friend Davis entered the room, followed in a minute by his wife, a merry black-eyed girl, and Howard had to be introduced and to offer his congratulations and his present, a pretty little frosted silver and crystal vase; and then the evening passed in merry chat, interspersed with music, Mrs. Davis being a very fair performer on the piano; and then Howard took his leave, but all through the evening those words he had read rung through his mind, chiming in with the music, and forming an undertone accompaniment to the sprightly conversation and seeming to Howard's fancy to give a serious meaning to many of the light words that were spoken. He went home to his boarding-house and to his room, and taking out his seldom used Bible—his mother's Bible—and finding the verse read it over again, as well as the following verses, in which he saw a meaning that he had never seen before. It was just the message that he wanted; being neither promise nor threat; it was no appeal to the baser part of his nature, but to all that was noblest in him.

"Yes," he thought, "there is a discipline that every soldier must undergo before he can be any good to the cause he professes to defend. But what is this discipline? I don't understand the matter at all; but this I do understand, that if I enlist in this warfare I shall have to give up all that is opposed to it, and I don't see how I can do that. I wish I had some one to show me the way."

The next day was Saturday, and Howard was very busy; but through all that he had to do he kept those words in his mind. His partner returned in the afternoon, and on his way from the depôt to his house stopped for a minute at the store. Howard went out to the carriage to speak to Mrs. Harding and the children, and received a very pressing invitation to come and spend the next day with them and hear all about their trip, which had been unusually gay. He thanked Mrs. Harding absently, and went back to his desk. The next morning he went to church, honestly

seeking light on the subject of his thoughts, but the text only increased his perplexities and drove his convictions deeper. It was Joshua's admonition to the children of Israel: "And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom ye will serve." And Howard went home and forgot all about Mrs. Harding's invitation, spending the whole afternoon in his own room. All the next week he was in the same state of unrest, passing almost sleepless nights and wholly uneasy days. He felt that he wanted some one to guide him, and there was no one to whom he liked to go—no one nearer than Joe and Winnie Gardiner. He thought of them, and wished they were nearer, for he felt that he couldn't say all he wanted to in writing; but it never occurred to him to go to them until his partner, noticing his jaded looks, joked him about the attraction up among the hills, and accused him of pining for some fair lady he had met there, ending by telling him to go back, if he wanted to, and spend another week or two there, but to be sure and come home again looking more like himself.

"Do you mean it seriously?" asked Howard; "do you think you can do without me for a few days or a week longer?"

"I do, indeed, mean it seriously," said Mr. Harding; "as to doing without you, of course it won't be easy; but I shall have to do without you altogether if you don't get better. I am beginning to think this life doesn't agree with you."

"So am I," said Howard.

"Well, how soon will you go? This is Tuesday, and Mrs. Harding's party comes off on Thursday, you will stay for that?"

"No, I think not, if Mrs. Harding will kindly let me off. I don't feel equal to parties, and I think I will take the night train this evening; but it isn't what you think at all," he added, seeing Mr. Harding smile at his impatience.

"No? Well, we shall see. Go to-night by all means. And by-the-by I wanted to speak to you about that young Davis. You know him? Well he was here to-day to see if we had a vacancy in the office. He has lost his situation and has only been married a few weeks. Could we take him on for a time until he can get something better? He is steady?"

"Steady! Yes indeed, I don't know any one more so. I am sorry he has lost his situation, but I don't wonder, for the chief of the department he was in is a most unreasonable, unpleasant man. . . . do take him on and he can do my work while I am away."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE daylight was fading into twilight on Friday evening when Howard reached the cottage. He was wearied in body and mind, and all his energies were bent on getting an answer to the question that tormented him night and day. He felt that the matter must be decided now, or never while he lived. He had tried to pray during the two weeks that had elapsed since those words had first met his eye, but the God that he knew, was only a Judge, not a Saviour nor a Father, and he wanted some one whom he knew had walked in the narrow path to show him the way. All was quiet and still about the cottage, and he knocked very gently fearing to startle the inmates. He had to wait sometime, and then the door opened slowly and Winnie appeared. Not with an embrace and a burst of tears this time, but with a pale sad face over which a faint smile broke at sight of Howard. She seemed no more surprised at seeing him than if he had only gone away the day before intending to return. She held out her hand silently, and Howard, grasping it in both of his, burst out with, "Mrs. Gardiner, I have come to ask you to show me how to be a Christian?"

Winnie drew her hand from his, and laying both on his shoulders, looked upward and whispered: "Thank God, He has heard us!" Then taking his arm she drew him down the little steep path in front of the cottage to the margin of a pond in the cleared spot below.

"You have decided?" she asked briefly, when they reached the quiet secluded little place.

"Yes, I have decided."

"Whatever it may cost?"

"Yes, I feel that I must have it at any cost," he answered firmly, after a momentary hesitation.

Then, still leaning on his arm and walking slowly round the mirror-like pond, she tried to set his faltering feet on the first step, repentance, then faith.

"Stop," he said, "I want to get the first step clearly, repentance. I am not sure that I understand that much yet."

"You feel your need of a Saviour?" she said.

"I feel a need of something that I haven't got and you have. I want to know how you can bear all your troubles so cheerfully

and keep down your own desires, and unselfishly devote yourselves to the good of others. I know it is possible for me to do the same, but how?"

"By giving yourself to Christ, and submitting to all the discipline He may think needful for you. And going to Him for guidance in every act of your life, 'He will direct your path.' But you cannot even submit without His grace. Oh, it is hard sometimes to submit! it is hard! but He knows," she sighed deeply.

"Well, Howard," she said, bringing her thoughts back to him, "that reaching after something comes from Him, and don't you feel that He is so pure and holy that you hardly dare approach Him?"

"I feel as if He would not hear me."

"Oh, but He will!" said Winnie, with kindling eyes; "remember, He is not only a God of infinite purity but of infinite mercy too. If you feel your need of mercy, and are determined to find it, let it cost you what it may, you feel repentance, though it may not be full." She drew him on, and from a mind richly stored with great truths and noble thoughts showed him the path of life as much as mortal could. But he stumbled at each step. When Winnie spoke of the loving Saviour he shook his head.

"I understand," he said, "I know and fully believe that this merciful all-sufficient Saviour does exist, but I can't see Him, I can't realize Him!"

Then Winnie knelt down with him and softly prayed that his eyes might be opened. Presently she rose, and bending over him as he still knelt, she softly kissed his forehead.

"Oh, if I could see as you do!" he said,

"You will," she whispered, tenderly smoothing back the hair from his brow, "only persevere and try to have faith. The blessing you want is not far from you. Now I must go back to my dear Joe."

"Joe! is he worse?" cried Howard, springing up in alarm at her tone.

"No, Howard, he has been better ever since you were here before, but our hearts are almost crushed. Our little Georgie—he is gone from us—he was buried to-day."

"Oh, Mrs. Gardiner! when was it?" was all Howard could say.

"That he died? It was Monday. He was ill only five days, and

if I could have got the doctor sooner he might have been saved, but God knows. And His grace is sufficient even now, but it is a trial, and human hearts must feel. Well, Christ knew what it was to grieve."

Howard was dumb before this great sorrow, and he silently led the weeping mother up to the house. Joe was standing at the door looking out anxiously for her, and when he saw Howard his forced composure gave way, and silently grasping his hand, he opened his arms to Winnie, and they wept together; and Howard walked up and down outside in the gathering darkness thinking of the last time he came, and now. How different! and yet affliction was here then, but ah, not death! That is the visitant that all shrink and bow before. And little Georgie, how many times he had thought of the bright, fearless little fellow, so full of life and health that it seemed impossible to realize that he was lying now cold and white, and motionless.

"But it is only his little weary, suffering body," said Joe, when he went in, and they were speaking softly of their darling. "Thank God, he has left all suffering and sorrow behind him in the dark river, but *we* must suffer in giving him up. God never meant that we should not grieve, only we must be careful not to encourage ourselves in mourning for him until we begin to murmur."

"Have you come to stay with us a while, Howard?" he asked after a while.

"I can stay a week or more," said Howard, feeling that he could not go back until he had got what he came for.

"I am glad," said Joe; "it is a great comfort to have you here now. But what brought you again so unexpectedly?"

They were alone, for Winnie had slipped out on remembering suddenly that Howard had had no supper, and after a little hesitation Howard said: "I came to try and find out the secret of your happiness and willingness to suffer. I can't understand it. Mrs. Gardiner has been trying to show me, and I feel, as I told her, that I must find this something no matter what it costs me."

Joe's worn face was irradiated with joy as he listened to Howard's confession.

"You know where to seek it?" he asked.

"Yes, I know, but I seem not to know the way to seek it; or—I scarcely know what it is, but it all seems dark and mysterious to me."

"It is a dark path at present, but there is a hand drawing you on. Only believe. No one ever sought Christ in vain; but you must seek in faith. Remember St. Paul's words; nothing can be clearer or stronger, it seems to me: 'Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' Now, if it be the substance, that is the very thing itself; so if you believe you have what you seek, you have it already. What is your present difficulty, Howard?"

"Why, Mrs. Gardiner said that as I had decided to seek this hidden thing, repentance was the first step for me to take. Now, I don't know that I do repent. Of course, I know that I have not been very good, but I haven't such an overwhelming sense of my own badness as it seems to me I ought to have, and I don't feel sure that I shouldn't do pretty much the same again if I were placed in the same circumstances. And then, though I believe in Jesus Christ as the Saviour of men, and know that I cannot get to Heaven without Him, it doesn't seem to do me any good."

"Now, because it's the understanding of the mind, not the heart, and you will find more and more, as you advance, how imperfect this understanding is. Well, all I can say to you is, pray that you may be *willed* to repent. All this work must be Christ's; you can take no step without Him, not even so much as to pray as you ought. St. Paul felt that when he said, 'But the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.' And don't make the too common mistake of stopping short at the first gleam of light you get; remember the Christian life is a growing one; there are depths of love and grace in Christ that will take all eternity to fathom, and the more we draw from them, the more we want."

Howard was blessed in having two such friends to help him in his own need. Oh, that all seekers of religion could have such to go to! The light did not burst on him suddenly as with some, but gradually his doubts were cast aside; he felt that he did indeed repent, and intend to lead a new life. Many weeks passed before he reached this stand-point, and yet he lingered at the cottage. Mrs. Harding's letters were full of the praises of Mr. Davis, and Howard felt he could be spared better there than here.

"I don't see why I shouldn't stay here altogether," he said to himself one day when he was busy making a box for Winnie to keep wood in, now that fires were becoming necessary in Joe's

room, "if Harding were to take Davis into partnership now, I might stay and take the farm off Joe's hands, and lay out a little money on it, and make it worth while to work it. What a good idea!" he exclaimed, pausing in his work, and leaning on his hammer; "I wonder I never thought of it before. It would set Joe and Winnie up so comfortably and relieve them from so much care, and I believe Ruth would be happier here with them than in Cincinnati in Mrs. Harding's set. Well, I'll think about it," and the hammer went on again vigorously. The result of his thoughts was a long letter that reached Mr. Harding a week later, and caused him no little astonishment.

CHAPTER IX.

"It's a decided case of softening of the brain," said Mr. Harding, the morning after he received Howard's letter, as he sat at breakfast with his wife and her cousin by marriage, Mrs. Price, the widow of a country doctor.

"What is?" asked his wife. "Oh, you mean about Howard Wilmot."

"Yes, why the man's a fool. What motive he can have for giving up such prospects as his to go and bury himself up there, is beyond me to conceive. Why, he can't think to make money there! He, with his ability, to do such a foolish thing!"

"Perhaps he has some better object in view than merely making money, Cousin Harding," ventured Mrs. Price.

"Don't you say anything against making money, Cousin Lydia," said Mr. Harding, laughing. "You Quakers know how to do it as well as anybody." (Mrs. Price had been a Quakeress before her marriage.)

"I said '*merely* making money,'" she answers, quietly turning her mild brown eyes, in which a close observer could detect a gleam of fun too, upon him. "I don't know this Howard Wilmot. What sort of a young man is he? Is he serious and steady? Steady he must be though, by your account of him."

"Steady as a rock! I don't know that he is serious the way that you mean. You mean religious, don't you?"

"Yes."

"No, I don't think there is anything of that sort about him, and yet I don't know, he was uncommonly melancholy before he went away. It might be a symptom."

Mrs. Price gave him a quick glance but said nothing.

"How do you like Mr. Davis?" asked Mrs. Harding, "would you like to have him for a partner?"

"Oh, well, he is a sensible, steady fellow, I think, but he hasn't the push and energy about him that Wilmot has. Wilmot is one of those daring speculators that never miss a chance, and the most lucky fellow I ever saw. Oh now, Cousin Lydia, you needn't pull down the corners of your mouth; he never did anything in the way of business but what one of your ancestors might have been proud of doing."

"You seem to have a great admiration for my ancestors," said Mrs. Price, quietly smiling.

"I always admire successful men," he said, but his manner was so quiet that it would be difficult to tell whether it was in fun or earnest.

"Come, Cousin Lydia," said Mrs. Harding, rising from the table, "let us go into the other room, I haven't had a good talk with you yet."

"Yes, I want to hear about your trip," said Mrs. Price, as she followed her hostess into the charming little sitting-room in which she usually spent her mornings. "It must have been delightful to be by the sea. I have been promising myself that I would take the girls to the sea-side for two or three years, but I have not found it convenient yet."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Harding, springing up from the low easy-chair in which she was seating herself, "you must come up stairs and let me show you all my dresses. I had some of the most lovely things to wear this summer. It was the nicest trip I think I ever had."

She led the way up the broad crimson-carpeted stairs to the large luxuriously-furnished dressing room that seemed to Mrs. Price's modest ideas too elegant for anything, with its easy-chairs, lounges, and mirrors, flowers, and pictures. All one side of the room was filled up by a great wardrobe, and opening its plate-glass doors, Mrs. Harding took out of its vast recesses dress after dress which she displayed to her Cousin with evident delight.

"Isn't that exquisite!" she exclaimed with rapture, as she spread one shiny, lustrous silk, richly trimmed with lace, on the lounge in front of Mrs. Price; "and look here," she said, opening a jewel-case, "I teased Willard for two years to get me a set of emeralds, and just before I went away he sent for these. I didn't expect anything quite so magnificent. Now, aren't they lovely, Cousin Lydia?"

"They are certainly very fine stones," said Mrs. Price. She could not say she did not admire them, but whatever else she had given up when she left the Society of Friends, she retained all her old love of plainness and simplicity, and to her the wearing of jewellery and gay clothes was something very weak and foolish, if not absolutely wicked. She did not adhere closely to the old-fashioned Quaker style, but her rich silks were all of soft, subdued tints, and made perfectly plain; and her glossy brown hair was knotted up closely and shaded by a little white lace cap.

"I wore them for the first time with that dress," said Mrs. Harding, pointing to the one she had spread on the lounge, "at the first ball after I went to M——. Oh, Cousin Lydia, it was the loveliest ball! I danced the whole night—and the most distinguished partners! You know it was the height of the season when I got there, and the place was just full! Oh, it was splendid! Do your girls dance?"

"No," said Mrs. Price, quietly; "they have never learned, and they seem perfectly contented with their occupations and such amusements as they have. I am glad it is so."

"You don't approve of dancing."

"Well, since you have asked me, I must candidly say I think it is rather a silly amusement, and certainly not good for the health, and it involves great outlay in time and money that we cannot well afford."

"Why, I thought Cousin Louis left you very well off?"

"Yes, I am thankful to say he did; but I find uses for all my income," Mrs. Price answered quietly.

Mrs. Harding sat looking out of the window for a few minutes in silence, then turning to her guest, she said, "I suppose you think me very wicked, Cousin Lydia?"

Mrs. Price looked at her kindly. "No indeed, Cousin Emma; I think that, like many women of the present day, you are more weak than wicked."

Mrs. Harding shrugged her shoulders with all her customary vivacity. "I don't like that," she said; "it seems to me I'd rather be wicked than weak. I did feel rather wicked when I took off this dress the morning after the ball, and saw the condition of the lace. Look, Cousin Lydia, how it's torn. Do you think it can ever be mended?"

As Mrs. Price bent her head to look at the tear in the delicate fabric, her cousin noticed the lace cap that covered her hair.

"Oh, how lovely!" she exclaimed, "where did you get such lace out in the country? *You* wearing lace, too! Why, Mrs. Lydia, what are you thinking about?"

Mrs. Price's pale cheek flushed a little at this unexpected attack. "I dare say you are surprised at me," she said, "but to tell you the truth, there is a young girl from England in our village, who is a lace-maker by trade; she has lost both her parents, and is thrown upon her own resources, and she has an incurable spinal complaint, and the only work she can do with any degree of ease or swiftness is lace-making; so I thought it was better to give her some employment and stimulate a feeling of independence, than to give her the money and make her feel that she was living on charity. She made me several caps, and some collars and edging for Martha and Louisa. I thought, under the circumstances, that there was no more harm in wearing lace than plain net or muslin caps."

"Harm? I should think not! It is beautiful! Why, Cousin Lydia, I wish you would get some of her lace for me, and I dare say I could get some of my friends to buy some, too."

"Oh, thank you, Cousin Emma! If you can, it will be doing her so much good, and I shall look upon it as a great favor to myself. It's a great blessing to have wealth if one has the disposition to use it wisely."

"But I am not like you," said Mrs. Harding, soberly, "I can't deny myself, I am bound to buy pretty things when I see them whether it is wise or not, and no matter who is in want. It's a temptation I can't resist."

"But suppose you hadn't the means?" said Mrs. Price, looking at her curiously.

Such a hopeless expression of misery came over the gay little woman's face at the mere thought of such a thing that her cousin mercifully changed the subject.

Let us leave them now and take a peep into the home of Mr. Harding's proposed partner. It is evening, and Mr. Davis and his wife are sitting together at tea, engaged at the same time in earnest conversation.

"Doesn't it seem strange, Charlie?" says Mr. Davis, "that, after waiting so long for your position to improve and then deciding at

last that it was better not to wait any longer but to be married and make the best of it, that this good fortune should happen to us? How pleased mamma will be."

"Yes, doesn't it seem as if we had married just in the right time."

"How rich Mr. Harding must be," said Mrs. Davis reflectively. "I saw Mrs. Harding pass in her carriage yesterday, and oh, she was dressed elegantly, and their house and gardens are so lovely. Of course I know we shall not be as rich as they are, and I don't know that I should care about living in quite as much style, but it will be nice, won't it, Charlie, to have the drawing-room fresh papered, you know the paper is horribly ugly, and the house wants to be a little more thoroughly furnished, and you'll get me some flowers, won't you?"

Charlie Davis smiled at his wife's modest ambition. "Well done, Maggie! fresh papering, and furniture, and plants, pretty well for the first day."

"Oh well, Charlie, you know I don't want to be extravagant. I only want to have things like we used to have them years ago, before papa died. I think I have had good training in economy, but it will be good to feel that one can venture to indulge in a few of the pretty things that make a home so attractive."

"Yes, darling, I am glad we have a chance of being above so much care as you have known; and we mustn't forget our good friend, Howard Wilmot, who has put it in my power to take his place. You know he has offered me a loan of a few thousands at a much lower interest than I could get it anywhere else, and to do that unasked was so good of him.

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

WHY dost thou weep! In thee thy Lord's design
is mercy all, and naught but love express.

Why seeks thy tearful eye yon crimson West!

To thee the world is orient! Why repine!

Are not the stainless springs of pleasure thine?

I know in *blessing* thou art ever *blest*.

What hidden grief invades thy gentle breast?

To thee in pleasant places falls the line.
 What means that soreful sigh, so long and deep,
 That heaving bosom and that longing eye?
 Dost thou want friends? Behold them swarming nigh!
 Why is no solace found for thee in sleep?
 Do friends prove false! Do clouds obscure the sky?
 One heart still beats for thee; why dost thou weep?

HARRY HALIFAX.

DENVER CITY AND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY GEO. J. FORBES, KOUCHIBOUGUAC, N. B.

The Cut-off—Full View of the Rocky Mountains—Denver—Three Card Monte—Gambling Hell—Faro and Chuch-a-Luck—Woman as a Gambler—Our Visit to a Melodeon.

ON leaving the Valley of the Platte, we were led by a gentle ascent to the summit of the bluffs, some forty or fifty feet above it, and then began our journey. The country was parched, sandy and arid in the extreme, and the day being warm, we suffered much for want of water. The rattlesnake seemed too lazy or apathetic to uncoil and serenade us, while the blow-snake—a huge, harmless reptile—eyed us with supreme indifference. About three o'clock we approach a long semi-circular hollow, fringed with trees, which gives promise of furnishing us and our animals a sufficiency of the life-giving fluid. The famished animals are soon unyoked and unharnessed, and unbidden start at a gallop for the place where instinct tells them they will find water. We follow, and are only too glad to drink from the muddy holes, swarming with tadpoles, which is all that is now left of this fitful tributary of the Platte. Now, water swarming with tadpoles may not be very inviting, but we are assured of one thing by their presence, and that is, that the water possesses no deleterious properties. We have often seen old "stagers" refuse to drink from pools which ought to, but did not, contain these reptiles, and they were right, for the water was poisonous with alkali and other ingredients held in solution. We are glad to advance, and towards evening the face of nature changes. We have grassy hills, glades and plains, alternating with the sandy wastes, and see

many antelope quietly feeding with their young. Our dog is wild with excitement, and continually in chase of them. He, like many persons, had much better have staid at home, for he catches nothing, and gets his paws stuck full of the merciless prickly pear-thorns, a shrub which seems to thrive amazingly in these parts. It is from one to three feet in diameter, having layers of thick, fleshy leaves lying horizontally, each advancing layer being shorter than the one below. The points of these leaves are armed with many thorns, which penetrate ordinary leather (upper) with ease, and the ground is covered also with those which are annually shed. From the top of this partial cone a thick, flat, heart-shaped pod stands out—its edges or sides to the horizon, and this is surmounted in proper season by the single pear, from which the plant takes its name. Taken altogether, it is a plant, the sight of which would drive the porcupine mad with envy, and induce the armadillo to reconsider his assertion, that there was nothing like plated armor. After much care and perseverance we extract the thorns from poor "Bull's" paws, and forthwith tie him to the hind axle of the wagon. We may mention that he is a large bull-dog, of a most benevolent appearance and staid demeanour (if antelope are not to be seen), and that he does not belie the imprint of nature. He now trots along under the wagon, and we notice that he is most unaccountably tired each evening. Happening to look under the wagon we noticed him pulling as if the movement of the vehicle depended on his unaided efforts, and so intent is he on his work, that we find it hard to bring him out. We now see the cause of poor Bull's weariness, and are thus forced to cast him on the mercy of prickly pears and antelope once more. It was here that we caught two young antelope—a chase which tired to the utmost the fleetness of both men and dog.

We first saw the Rocky Mountains from the entrance to the Cut-off one hundred and twenty miles distant. Each day we see more and more of them. On the sixth day we begin a long descent towards the Platte, and have the best possible view of them. We have Denver in the distance on the banks of the river, and the mountains towering back. It is one of the most magnificent sights in the world. We have seen mountains more elevated, and fully as bold and grand, but the impression produced in each case was very different. We have traversed seven hundred miles of a country—absolutely flat, taken as a whole—from which these

mountains spring in one majestic and unbroken range. There are no intervening ranges nor detached or isolated ridges to detract from their vastness. They come before you as one mighty upheaval, grand in their proportions, vast in extent, and recall to our mind the fearful throes and convulsions of nature which must have attended the advent of this mighty and conglomerate mass. Well, we have it all before us. We see ridge rise behind ridge as so many huge waves, the general direction being north and south. Each one towers above its predecessor, till finally, the highest, its cones and ranges covered with snow, comes before us. Here and there we see huge shining and glittering peaks rising far above the clouds, and presenting all the colours of the rainbow as the evening sun glances from peak to cavern. In many places the cloud line is elevated, and the whole lies before us. When the eye passes over the first range the others assume a hazy blue appearance. Between the different ranges are abysses, awful in their gloominess and seeming endless depth, and surrounded by a deep and apparently smoky haze. On the elevated peaks the snow line is plain to the eye both above and below, but the highest elevations not thus tipped are lost to view in the dim, hazy-blue of the elevated horizon. Having said so much we will leave them for the present. About four p. m. we arrive at Denver, after thirty-five hard days' travelling from the Missouri, and having encamped on the river we go on a tour of inspection. The situation is fine; a level and dry track on the banks of the Platte. We could not, however, help noting the fact that in case of a flood, a thing by no means improbable in these mountain regions, it would be exposed and helpless. The slope is amply sufficient for the purposes of drainage, and general prosperity in the mining regions is only wanted to make it a place of great importance, as, from its central position, it must be the place from which supplies are drawn for the different mining localities south and west. The town is young, (1861) little more than two years old, and yet it contains five thousand inhabitants or nearly, and has many brick buildings, of which an older city might feel proud. Stores which would do no discredit to St. Louis or Chicago were to be found on the principal street, and the hotel accommodation is excellent. Three dollars per day was about the average charge, and the boarding houses charged ten per week. Every thing in which weight forms a consideration is here sold by the pound, from a potatoe to a grindstone, as the

price paid for freight (seven to eight cents) is far in excess of the original value of the article. This makes provisions high, while the advance on a suit of clothes or a pair of boots is not perceptible compared with many other things.

On turning a corner we come to an open booth around which a large crowd had gathered. We enquire as to what is going on within and learn that the game of "Three Card Monté" is being played with much success (to the gamblers). We elbow our way in and are at once invited by a gentlemanly blackleg to go shares with him in a bet as he has not enough money. We, with many thanks for his kind offer, decline what he demonstrates to us is surely a fortune, and quietly note the proceedings. This is one of the most notorious of western games, notorious for the odds which it gives to the dealer even if honestly played, and for the many phases which it offers by which the unwary and simple may be fleeced. There are three cards which are shewn to you, and then laid down on the table, back upward. They are there manipulated by the dealer who, it is almost unnecessary to say, is an adept and who now offers to bet \$20 to \$200 that no person can point out a particular card. Should none of the outsiders offer to do so, one of his confederates lays down the money and of course, turns the right card, pocketing his money with seeming satisfaction. A bite or two from the green ones speedily follows this, when business grows dull again. A knowing one who sits near the dealer watches his chance and when the latter has his eye turned away marks the winning card conspicuously with a pencil. Two "cappers" have won in succession on this card when the dealer gets out of humour and declares he must send for his spectacles as his eyesight is failing him. This has the desired effect. A man who stood by me, and who showed by his outward manner much inward preturbation now stepped up, without noting the warning glance which we gave him, and offered to bet \$200, at the same time pulling out a plethoric bag of gold dust. The eyes of the dealer fairly sparkle but he suppresses his emotion while the amount is being weighed, when our friend of the gold dust turns the card which *ought* to have been the three of clubs but now unfortunately it happens to be only the deuce. The betting gentleman is evidently bewildered and no wonder. A set of cards, at any time far from reliable, are evidently unsafe when they shed the distinguishing marks with the same facility that the cariboo does his horns. The invitation

to empty the aforesaid bag is not heeded; "better luck next time;" "I lost \$500 before I won the \$1000 which you now see," etc., being so much eloquence wasted on the winds. In the midst of it he walks off and, as a matter of course, a new victim steps in. We saw not less than \$400 taken by these scoundrels in a couple of hours, so that if the gang numbered even a dozen they must be making quite a handsome thing out of it. In this game, in the first place, the gambler has two chances to the amateur's one. There are three cards, one of which he turns and has consequently the other two cards (the gamblers per centage) against him. He can, of course, follow the card with his eye and feel satisfied it is the right one but the turn will speedily undeceive him. Providing it is honestly dealt (a rare event) and the party shuts his eyes he may have some chance; but following the card as it occupies either side or the middle, at lightning intervals, he has none. We came away deeply impressed with the laxity of the town authorities in thus allowing a game, in which the most barefaced swindling was unblushingly practiced, to be openly played and the unwary, whom they were in honor bound to protect, to be publicly entrapped. We should say that such doings must strike deeply at the prosperity of any town, as the gambling fraternity are not the persons to support or further the wholesome pursuits which are the basis of all trade; all the money which passes into their insatiable maw being as good as lost to the orderly members of society.

That evening we visited one of the many gambling hells whose presence disgraces the city. Denver may in this respect be styled a second Hamburg or Baden-Baden in its way. To be sure, the class of gamblers who frequent the two places last named are widely different, but the general results are the same. We have each night a class of visitors led on by morbid curiosity to see the wreck of their fellow-man, and no lack of those who are determined to gain or lose all. It matters little if the amount is one thousand or one hundred thousand—the disastrous and demoralizing effect on the unfortunate man is the same. He either gives himself up to drinking, or lives with the sole aim that he may one day retrieve his loss; or again, allies himself with those who have been his destroyer; that is, if he is possessed of good address, cool self-possession, and a thorough knowledge of the technicalities and mysteries connected with cards, and thus he becomes one of the dangerous class, the curse of society. On entering we had quite a

treat in the shape of good music, there being no less than three instruments. The hall was well-lighted, and tables to the number of sixteen stood in two rows down each side. Bags of gold dust, and a considerable amount of coin, occupied a conspicuous place on each, while a silver bell stood at the "banker's" right for the purpose of summoning the bar-keeper—this last functionary being an indispensable requisite to the running of one of these institutions. The first thing that strikes us is the high average of intellect possessed by these gentlemen. That they are no ordinary men a glance assures us, and we cannot help a feeling of sorrow that they should thus throw themselves away when they might be prominent and useful members of society. The material, if rightly applied is here for the smartest business men of the country; aye, and its professional men also. We are soon deep into the mysteries of Faro. Before the gamblers, and on the opposite side to the "banker," is the pictured representation of a single suit of cards, thirteen in number, on which the money staked is laid. The banker shuffles the cards, and any of those who bet have the privilege of doing the same after him. The cards are then put into a small tin case, open at the top, and from this they are taken one at a time. We could not comprehend the subtleties of the game, but noticed that it made quite a difference whether the money was placed on the cards or between them. Quite a number of cards were taken out before the gain or loss accruing to some of the parties was determined, and their suspense was painful to witness. At another time, on the turn of a card, the croupier reached out and, with a rake-like machine, hauled towards him every dollar at stake on the table. We could not help noticing quite a per centage in favor of the dealer, for on the jack (four in the pack, of course,) coming "in the door," those who were entitled to the full amount at stake only received a half. We were much interested in one of the parties, a fine-looking man, apparently about thirty years of age, who played in what appeared to be a reckless manner. He had plenty of money—some two or three thousand dollars—lying by his left hand, and his eye was fiery and unsteady with suppressed excitement. His brow was feverish and furrowed, and fairly "loomed" over his anxious, care-worn face, while the teeth were "set" as if bracing against some overpowering mental strain, which otherwise must speedily snap the thread of life. He barely breathes, although we can see that

his blood bounds through his veins with terrible rapidity. He sees nothing, hears nothing, but that which is in connection with his interest in the game, not even paying attention to the request of the dealer to "have something to drink." He is evidently no amateur, and we can see that the "banker" knows it, and tries by every means to distract his attention, but without effect, as he plays with what we cannot help noticing is good judgment. Selecting his favorite card, he bets fifty dollars, wins, and doubles his bet; wins again, and still leaves all down. He has now two hundred dollars on the turn of a card, and luck favors him again. Raking the money in he lays down five dollars and loses, much to the chagrin of the banker, who would much rather it had been the time before, and who supposes he will be discouraged. Seeing that we appear to be much interested, the dealer politely invites us to have something to drink, which we decline with thanks, and cannot help noticing that he is disappointed. The unknown has had a run of bad luck in his small ventures, and determines to quit, but before he goes, says he will stake five hundred dollars as his last bet for the evening. His star is in the ascendant, for he is successful, when, gathering up his money, he buttons his coat and leaves. We learn that he is a lawyer of good standing in the city, and when he goes home to his wife, he will, no doubt, have much to say on the severe labor and great research required to work up "that intricate case." Poor fellow, we can plainly see the finger pointing out his doom if he does not speedily see the "error of his ways." His energy is wasted, and his brain taxed beyond endurance, on a pursuit the most demoralizing, accompanied, as it is, by all the minor snares which destroy the most talented of the land. The run of "luck" which has attended his ventures at the faro-bank will be his ruin, as it leads him on, and he thus acquires a passion for the game which only ends with life: a life cut short by dissipation, or ended by his own hand. The "banker" is sure of his money in the end, for no run of "luck" can possibly compensate for or off-set the gamblers' (dealers) per centage, to say nothing of his superior knowledge of cards. We will pass on.

Many games are spread before us. The most fastidious "sport" can choose the means by which he will lose his money. Plain Monté, Spanish Monté, Roulette, Chuch-a-luck and others too numerous to mention. There are quiet tables for those who wish

to indulge in the game of "bluff" or poker, "drawn or straight." The tables are mostly full, as quite a number have come down from the mines where they have done fairly. Chuck-a-luck draws our attention from the noisy platitudes of the dealer. "Come, gentleman, make your game," he says; "fair square game, three to win and three to lose." "Come on gentlemen, everybody wins at this game." These announcements, sufficiently novel in any case, were rendered comical by the strong accent and snappish, short ejaculation of "faderland," to which the gentleman had the honor of belonging. The game is exceedingly simple, and yet we are puzzled. The dealer has the best of it, and ought in all fairness to have announced "three to win and five or six to lose," as the money going pretty much the one way abundantly proves. But how? is the question. The figures, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 occupy a half circle before him, and on these figures the money is staked. A cone shaped tin, the top cut off, and shaped like an inverted funnel, stands before him, and into this he drops three dice of the ordinary kind. If a one, three and six are turned, then the money laid on these figures is doubled, and those who have bet on the other figures lose. This is certainly fair enough, three to win and three to lose according to announcement, but we feel that there is yet something to be explained. Some few have a "run of luck" and are winning, but on the whole, the "pile" of the dealer is augmenting in (to him) a satisfactory manner. We are completely *non plussed* for a time. Ha! now we have it. A half a dollar is laid on each of the figures, and on lifting the tin, two sixes and a deuce are exhibited as the winning numbers. The man who, fortunately, bet on the six is paid double the amount of his bet, the deuce receives half a dollar, and the dealer quietly hauls over the same amount as his clear gain for the trouble of shaking the dice. A short time after three fours were turned, and the lucky individual who chose this figure trebled his money, while the dealer was richer by a dollar. Here, then, is the percentage, and one quite large enough to overcome any run of luck, if the operation is extended over the necessary length of time; nevertheless, we have known parties to "buck" at it for years without being able to see the fearful, or in fact, any odds against them. We need hardly say that each and every game dealt in this establishment would be found to favor the dealer in a like manner. Roulette possesses many attractions for the simple

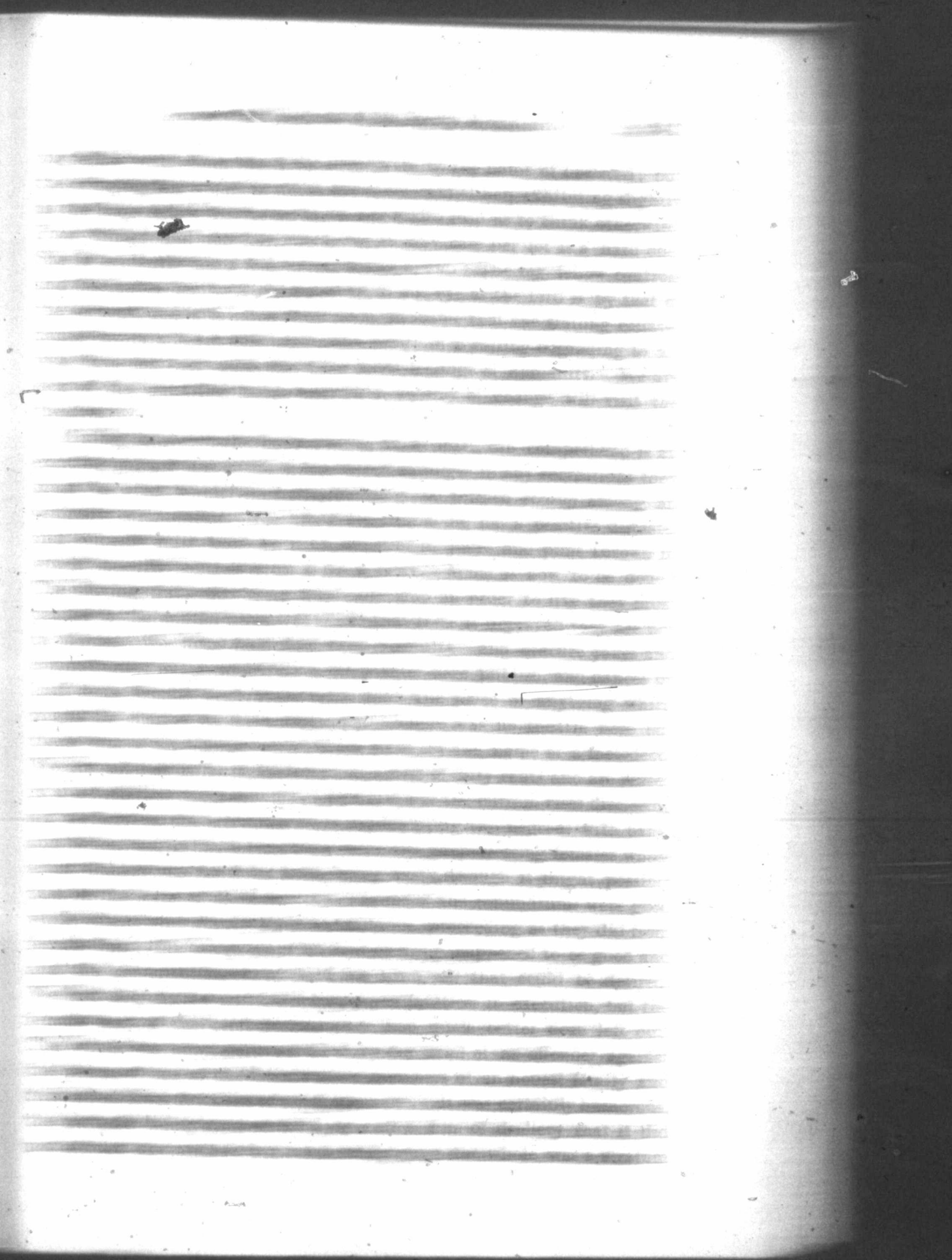
miner. It is essentially the French game of *rouge-et-noir*: the money being staked on these colors, either one of which must necessarily win. The colors being selected, a wheel is set revolving, and in a groove a small ball dances and jumps, finally resting in one of many holes, having determinate colors. If it rests in black, blacks wins, and so on, in regard to others. It is said, that by some means, the banker can incline this ball to the color having the smallest amount staked on it, but for this I cannot vouch. If this is not the case, then it may be considered as offering even chances, but this we very much doubt, from even our limited experience in gambling and knowledge of these gentlemen. They are not the men to throw away their time in the philanthropical endeavour to amuse the honest miner, being eminently practical in their views in regard to the chief end of man. We said that this game offered many attractions to the miner, and the experience which we have acquired from much observation abundantly bears out this assertion. The game is simple, not requiring the intense thought, application and experience which would be necessary to insure even a small measure of success at Faro. Then, again, it is prompt in action, at every turn deciding the ownership of the stakes with a celerity that does away with all suspense, and enriching or impoverishing him as expeditiously as the most ardent digger could desire. If he gains, he is not supposed to give the matter much consideration, and on the other hand, the belief that he had even chances supports him under the most adverse turns of the wheel of fortune. The miner is essentially a gambler. The whole operation of mining is only a game of chance, and the money acquired hastily and without adequate labor is not valued and cared for as if it were the product of many years of industry and economy. It never, for a moment, occurs to him that, if he has been lucky, at least as many have been unfortunate as would suffice to earn the amount which he possesses, at a very moderate rate of wages, and that, consequently, if he loses his "find," the chances against him of again retrieving his fortune are many. It takes many hard lessons to make him heed the sage advice so freely tendered when leaving home, and it is well for him if he is given one last chance, when experience has taught him the real value of money, even in a country where it has not to be acquired through settled pursuits, but is yielded prodigally and *en masse*, to again become the possessor of a

competence. We have seen many men who had lost a fortune three or four times, this fortune having been taken from the mines. They were utterly worthless as regards any settled pursuit, and unless they retrieved it by one effort, and in one entire sum, would never be worth a hundred dollars in their lives. We may mention a case which came under our notice. An old "forty-niner" had labored jointly with us, and afterwards was in our employ for the space of three years. Every Saturday night, having paid his board and washing, he visited the faro-table, and never left while he had a dollar. Some nights he had won as much as five hundred dollars, and in endeavoring to make it a thousand had lost all. We remonstrated with him on the folly of his ways, but without avail. He said that he could not save small sums, and would either make a "pile" or lose all. "Why John," said we, "if you had all the money which you have gambled away in the last three years, you would now have in your possession the sum on which you have set your mind." "Nevv: mind," was the answer, "I'll make a haul some day." "May be you will," said we, "but three years have left you as far from it as ever."

A few evenings after one of these "talks" we went into one of the most noted gambling saloons of the town, and were having a free-and-easy chat with the proprietor, with whom we had some acquaintance, when we noticed a good deal of excitement around one of the tables near the centre of the room. We enquired the cause, and were laughingly told that our old "chum Johnny" "was having a streak of luck." Edging our way to the table we found him, with a pile of gold to his right, betting highly and with uniform success. It is enough to say, that within an hour he rose with three thousand dollars, and next morning started by the overland mail for the "States," saying that he had played his last card. We never heard from him afterwards. We need hardly say that the gamblers reaped a rich harvest for some time after this. Every one who was in the habit of venturing a dollar, and who could raise from ten to fifty of them, saw a prospective three thousand in store for them, and gambling was entered into with a vim and pertinacity which had previously been unknown. It is almost needless to say that the gamblers reaped a rich harvest from the sowing of these fools, and that after a time they resumed their usual employments, wiser if not better men. These establishments generally keep open till midnight, but the inveterate

gamblers only remain after ten to eleven o'clock, at which time the musicians take their departure. Business begins about five o'clock in the afternoon. The whole is under the control of one man, who adjusts quarrels and minor difficulties—the gamblers paying him a fixed sum per night for the use of each table, and also for whatever liquors they may order.

We were unfeignedly sorry to notice one of these tables presided over by a lady—a woman of fine appearance, not that she filled the position with marked ability; but when the conservator of all that is good and noble walk confidently in the road that leads to destruction we may expect to find the story of Adam repeated for where woman goeth, the weaker vessel (man) is sure to follow. The ladies are in a hopeless minority here, and being seen at long intervals, our friend the miner considers one of these fascinating smiles which she bestows on her customers, cheap at five dollars, and willingly steps up to the table for the purpose of being deceived. While she is dealing the cards, we will make her the subject of a few remarks. Her every motion is grace itself, and her few remarks are well timed. When she condescends to make in your favor or ten dollars, it is done in a manner that irresistibly leads to the conclusion she is doing you a favor, and when she asks you to drink she does it in a way that makes a negative answer an impossibility. She can be joocular at intervals if her quick eye detects any one so depraved and disrespectful as to brood over his losses in her presence and, good humor being restored by a general laugh at her fitful pun, business proceeds steady and pleasant. If she loses, you feel as guilty as if you had been caught pocketing teaspoons, for the slightly reproachful glance which is cast at you if you are susceptible and sensitive will induce you to search for the offending coin with all possible diligence. The position which she occupies in the world is not quite so easy to determine as the one she occupies at the gaming table. At the bar she is evidently "second fiddle" or decoy for the big gamester, the fine looking man who sports the "stovepipe" and hangs round at the corner of the table, and who frowns or smiles as her successing to the measure of her success or the ability displayed in the manipulation of her excited, infatuated or half-intoxicated customers. As to the former we have many fears and can only hope that we despise her for the unworthy, unbecoming and unbecoming which she uses to destroy our brother man, that she can do it.



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~~TO~~ ~~LONGFELLOW.~~

BY ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

~~It will save us scandal while you dine,
 All honest talk, and wholesome wine.~~—*Tennyson.*

~~I was present dinner at Longfellow's, and I liked Mrs. Long-
 fellow. The dinner was late and lasted long; so that C—and
 Hawthorne's American Notes.~~

~~the sumptuous and splendid banquet which my Lord
 prepared for Britain's Virgin Queen—or other
 repasts—was that to which I was ushered.
 What an egregious misnomer! How
 my abstemious host
 and innocent ear of his guest with so gross,
 so unseasonable a word—as *supper!*
 he asked me to have. It was the lightest and
 the poet should partake at the
 so grateful to the nostril of tired
 that borrows the odor of its incense from
 then delicate and innocent plant! sweet
 and intellectual leverage! I am in thy
 not wear thee disparaged or evil-spoken of. I leave
 his assail to distract his mind amid his divine
 the quiet, contemplative, though it be
 that linger around the brim of my tea-cups!
 I have heard that the poet keeps, in the cool part of
 of something which an experienced taster would
 excellent flavor; I, however, did not see any of it.
 with drapery white as a wreath of newly-fallen
 were dishes, second only to sea-shells in daintiness,
 in capacity; not as if arranged by elfish hands,
 but by careful housewife fingers, for the accom-
 of sensible, and human beings. There were
 of sea-froth; and biscuits, as succulent and
 the palate required to appreciate them; and, more
 a magnificent silver urn, beside the piled-up cups
 forth concentrated, exotic odors of Cathay.~~

At the head of the table stood a young lady—a blossom of womanhood—whom the poet introduced as his daughter. This was “Edith, with the golden hair.” Yonder, frame-encircled, I see her as she *once* was—with ringlets richly golden, and fresh, round girlish features—entwined with a pair of her sisters. Now she is, in her consciousness, and in reality, in the full blossom of maidenhood, with maidenly manners and graces. She is the companion of her father; for since the lamentable death of the matron of the household, she appears to have presided.

Presently there came into the room, a gentleman, who, if a guest, was certainly a more frequent one than myself. His exterior mould and his address would not have impressed me greatly, had he not spoken; but I soon found him a “man of letters and of manners,” at home in himself, and in the midst of others; though discriminating and sparing in his remarks. We were made acquainted, after which we all sat down, and addressed ourselves to what, with the hungry man, is a matter of interest. Upon inquiry, after our return to the study, my host informed me that the gentleman with whom I had supped was a grandson of the celebrated General Greene, Washington’s coadjutor in the Revolutionary struggle. I was further informed that he was engaged in the composition of a Biography of his famous ancestor, with a view to redeeming the character of that doughty warrior from some ungenerous aspersions inflicted upon it by Bancroft; and that he had taken up his abode in the Poet’s residence while he superintended the publication of the first volume, then forthcoming at the Riverside Press.

While my entertainers were busy with the administration of their hospitalities, and while the graceful fair at the head of the table was pouring the redolent beverage—I mean the tea—I surveyed the apartment in which I found myself seated, more closely than, I fear, consisted with good breeding; and more especially did I then regard a painting which overhung the mantel. It represented a number of Romish cardinals, walking in an inclosed garden; and it impressed me as being a very excellent piece. Longfellow made some observations upon the subject of the work, giving some curious information regarding such papal dignitaries as I beheld represented before me.

We had some cheery tea-table chat, such as intelligent people may condescend to indulge in. Our remarks were harmless, our

hilarity innocent. No man's reputation suffered at our hands,—we were not in a "school for scandal." If any one's words or works were mentioned, it was done in terms of commendation, and in tones of pleasure. The Poet begged I would excuse the lightness of the fare offered me. I protested that it was just such as any one might desire, and assured him that, partaken in the midst of such a "feast of reason and flow of soul," it was to my inferior lips like manna or ambrosia. [Reader, where I cannot hear him: "You must have overtaken your precious mind in the effort of producing so adequate a compliment." Well, I never lost anything by politeness yet.]

Every one who has made himself familiar with contemporaneous literature and its history must remember the severe strictures of Poe and Matthews upon Longfellow's "runic rhymes." The contest was a hot one, and the warm-blooded Southerner went far, and brought with great ingenuity, some very plausible verbal parallels, to make out a case of deliberate plagiarism. I will not say that the criticisms were captious, that he threw "mud-balls," or that he disliked Longfellow, and regarded him as unduly favored and exalted; but I may confidently affirm that if ever there existed any real hostility—anything that pushed its rank roots below the spleen—it is all over. The battle-hatchet has long since been buried, and all wrongs forgiven. I introduced the subject at the tea-table, and although it did not appear to meet the decided welcome usually accorded to topics of conversation, it was not evaded or thrust aside. Longfellow canvassed the matter dispassionately: he said that he took no part in the controversy, either by aiding or abetting it. He spoke in terms of regret and sympathy of the gifted, but unfortunate person by whom it was chiefly conducted. He professed a generous appreciation for the musical verse of the unhappy bard; and does not think more than "two fifths" of him "sheer fudge." There appeared to be nothing unfriendly in his allusions to Poe, and his criticisms; indeed, I am inclined to the opinion of our modern Fabulist,* that

"There is not a bard at this moment alive
More willing than he that his fellows should thrive."

Poe and Longfellow had different conceptions of what a true poetic aim should be, and laid down for themselves different canons of

* J. Russell Lowell—Fable for Critics.

criticism, and rules for composition. Poe, from his mental constitution—his sensitiveness to the pure forms of beauty*—regarded poetry in a light strictly æsthetic. He looked upon a poem as he would upon a painting, a sculptured pix, or a beautiful mosaic, as something to challenge admiration, and elicit emotions of pleasure. To be artistically perfect was the great object of his seeking in his own weird and unearthly melodies; and he was induced to undervalue the humane and moral tendencies, exhibited in the more healthful and sunny muse of his brother poet. The contrast between the colors of their respective brain-fabrics, is the contrast between the hues of their temperaments. The difference between their works is the difference between the men. One gives the effect of the meridian sunlight; the other that of the pallid moon, and the midnight stars. Both as beautiful; yet one is more useful than the other, as in the first there is nothing distorted or deranged.

Here I would crave the liberty of digressing. The world is permitted to boast (if any honor it be,) a school of poets whose peculiar delight it is to find no essentially good thing in humanity. They proclaim their blindness in not seeing the impress of the divine image in man. The moral grandeurs to which we should attain are to them subjects of mockery. They elaborately or facetiously doubt the reality of virtue and the existence of piety. They give only the lustre of commanding genius to atone for falsehood and wantonness. But the deplorable adviser, whether his wisdom be delivered in verse or prose, is the one who seeks to undermine our faith in the heart of woman. We laugh in derision at him who says that

“Every woman is at heart a rake.”

We will not believe it of our mothers—our sisters—our wives! We will not believe it of our daughters! What did ye mean, ye Twickenham churl, when ye befouled the character of her who nourished your infancy! Did ye forget, for a moment, your idolized mother, in some momentary reflection upon slighted love—some delusive, visionary glimpse of the bewitching Montagu—that ye made your prejudice immortal in such a sweeping impeachment of the softer sex? For shame that ye should make *all* to suffer for the caprice of *one*! Whatever be alleged against Longfellow, either in regard to himself or his writings, it cannot be said that he has not a delicate appreciation of the heart of

* Deficient, too, in heart and moral power.

woman. His ideal maiden is white in innocence as she is ethereal in beauty. The mother of his fancy, as of his experience, is a "perfect woman, nobly planned." Indeed, he doubts not the most fallen of the sex, given to be our pride and glory, for he says:—

"I believe
That woman, in her deepest degradation,
Holds something sacred, something undefiled,
Some pledge and keepsake of her higher nature,
And, like the diamond in the dark, retains
Some quenchless gleam of the celestial light!"

Noble faith! So do all the broad, and noble, and generous souls on earth believe it! Inestimable woman! How deeply she can love! How magnanimously can she forgive! How bravely can she endure! "Her price is above rubies:"

When we arose from the table, by the indulgence of my host, I paused, before returning to the study, to examine some pictures at which I had been stealing glances whenever there was a lull in the conversation at the tea-table. I stood first before a gem of portraiture, wrought by some European artist, with the forms of which half the world has become familiar through the magic of photography. I fancy myself standing again, amid the glow of that room and my mind's enchantment, looking at the rosy hues with which the artist had worked those three girlish faces upon the canvas, the poet beside me, pleasantly indicating such particulars of finish and design as I might not readily have recognized.

Who does not know of *Longfellow's Three Children*? Who has not seen them in miniature as here they stand grouped in the painting of which I speak? The white-haired father looks proudly and fondly upon them,—

"Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair."

The poet said much that I have forgotten; but I remember that he asked me if I noticed anything in the form of either of the sisters that impressed me as being peculiar. I replied, after a re-examination, that I did not, except it might be the manner in which they were intertwined; but that their positions were graceful, rather enhancing the general charms of the picture. Pointing to the youngest, who seemed looking with shy and furtive glance from the centre of the group, he asked me if, from the curvature of the shoulder and the hiding of the arm, it would not appear

that that member was wanting. I could then discover it very readily. He said that the deformity was only apparent—existing in the copy, and not in the original—and that the arm was merely hidden by being forced behind her, and being obscured in the embrace of her sister. Yet he added, a little facetiously, that the unfortunate malformation of his little girl was so widely known, and so firmly persisted in, as to defy all contradiction. Everybody pitied her. He did not know where and when so much misplaced commiseration would end.

How difficult it is to reclaim the mind from preconceived notions; especially if the much idolized idea be a mere foible—a whim—a fancy. Poor disenchanted mortals! How tenaciously do they cling to its shadowy skirts as you seek to drag it away! By what glances of security and defiance do they challenge you to rob them of some valuable bit of information with which they have been in the habit of enriching everybody. It would be a wonder if, on opening a lady's album, your eye should not rest on the inevitable copy of this painting. And how often, since that evening, has the fair exhibitor said to me: "and these are Longfellow's children: one has no arms, poor thing!" How am I to contradict what is so taken for granted? I have tried it and given it up as unprofitable. Would you know how it operates, lest you be led by my statements into embarrassing opposition? The mildest of all the fair, not wishing to contradict you with her lips, though she does in her heart, gives you a pitiful look of incredulity as though she felt for your ignorance, and turning the disputed leaf suddenly over, changes the topic of conversation. This suddenly dampens your courageous fires, and you consider further comments unnecessary. Alas! How often our sagacity, like the beauty of our sisters, becomes a snare—a delusion!

Apropos to such animadversions will be an illustrative anecdote my host proceeded to relate, and which is as follows:—

A horse-car was passing the house on a day not long before the telling of the story, when a lady, devoted to the incontrovertible hearsay, looked up and sighed out her soul's sorrow for Mr. Longfellow's armless daughter. Having succeeded in exciting some interest in the minds of her fellow-passengers, and in giving a stimulant to enquiry, she commenced to enlarge and comment upon this modern domestic myth, so impressively as to leave but little doubt in the minds of her incredulous listeners that the fact

upon which she based her discourse was painfully correct. Now, as it chanced, Professor Lowell was likewise a passenger in the car, and sat opposite to the lady. Evidently he was not convinced, for, bowing with that consummate politeness of which he is capable, he informed her ladyship that although he had for many years been intimate with Mr. Longfellow's family, he had never been so happy as to make the acquaintance of that traditional armless daughter, and inferred there must be some mistake about it. Alas! Professor, you have put your foot in it! You, as critic, have cut up trembling authors—especially poets—with a merciless hand. Beware! for you are about to be cut up yourself! The cynic must occasionally be snubbed. The lady scrutinized him fiercely for a moment; then, recoiling, flung the bolt of argumentative destruction: "Sir, I beg pardon, but I had it upon *reliable* authority!" The Poet laughed—not alone—when he told me this; and no wonder.

As if images of gladness and sunshine should have their appropriate foil in shapes shadowy with woe and grief; when the smiles, so suddenly awakened were fading out, a faint penumbra of gloom tinged their waning light in the Poet's face. There was another picture—a single portrait, hanging, as if in maternal guardianship beside the three children—at which we did not pause to look, about which no word was spoken. But there I recognized, (what I had seen less skilfully portrayed before,) the womanly features, no longer a blessing to the poet's home, save through the necromancy of memory; or, as here they gazed upon him with unvarying eyes. The imaginary companionship of one departed! How it impresses the fond and faithful mourner, though it be merely the traces of the artist's pencil that solicit his brooding gaze! Lips voiceless! cheek colorless! all that remains forever mute, immoveable, unchanging! Every spark of animation the eye lingers with morbid fondness to discern—gone! gone forever!

Can the pensive husband ever look upon that calm brow, upon which the brown hair is so smoothly pressed; or into the pictured eyes, from which the clear, swimming lustre that dwelt in their orbs has forever departed, without thinking mournfully of that day which began auspiciously amid the bustle of preparation, and the prospect of summer holidays, and ended fearfully in mourning, disaction and heartbreak?*

* I had some account of the death of the poet's late wife, from the lips of one who was at service as a domestic, in the house at Cambridge, at the time the lamentable

No indeed! For after the blow, the scar remains uncalloused. There comes but a thin tissue of healing over it, like the brittle skim of ice over the ponds in autumn, which is soon broken. A damp and rainy sky, or even a few moments of sunshine, will melt it away. Rend asunder the oaks that have knotted their roots together, and grown to maturity in concert; and perchance the lone monarch of the trees, under the burden of the wintry blast, bides it but poorly. The two were a mutual defence and support; but when the familiar stay is withdrawn from either, there is a crash and a tottering to the ground. The human heart—certainly, if it be the heart of a poet—after the shock that blasts it, feels at intervals the painfulness of vibration; hears the recurring echo of the stroke that crushed and benumbed and laid it prostrate.

I recall a pleasant evening hour spent with a young physician—now in good practice in the neighboring city—in which our conversation turned upon the darker and sadder phases of our poet's experience. We remarked how that domestic sorrow had become his familiar visitant, until, perhaps, it was welcome; until he might gently solicit it with words of gracious invitation—

"Wilt thou live with me,
No casual mistress, but a wife,
My bosom friend and half of life?"

But whether welcome or unwelcome, we noted that Sorrow had taken her abode with him, and made him a partaker of her cup of tears, and all the melancholy paraphernalia of woe, from his earliest manhood.

Years ago—as the doctor's story ran—the poet was abroad, seeking the advantages of travel and foreign culture. It was the early days—the palmy time of life, when he was, in the mellow phrase of Charles Lamb, "in the day-spring of his fancies, with hope like a fiery column before him—the dark pillar not yet

event transpired. The family, at least its senior members, were making arrangements preparatory to passing the warm summer days in their sea-side cottage at Nahant. Mrs. Longfellow was in the study, sealing some letters with wax, when, dropping an unextinguished match upon the floor, a light, gauzy skirt in which she was arrayed, ignited, and suddenly enveloped her person in flames. She rushed in terror up the stairway in quest of assistance. The poet came to her rescue, and burned himself severely in the unavailing attempt to give her relief. Before the flames were quenched the unfortunate lady was so mortally injured that she soon expired. The poet was driven almost to distraction, overcome by mental and physical suffering, and kept in his room in solitude and silence. The children were either absent from their home at the time, or were for a period deprived of all knowledge of the great affliction which darkened their home, and cast a shadow over their lives.

turned." He bore with him the wife of his youth, and the human sweetness their united lives had exhaled—a rosy child. Passing through Europe; they entered the dusky land of the Pharoahs and the pyramids, and paused to breathe strange airs beneath the warm, unclouded sky. Leaving his fair companions in a hotel at Grand Cairo, he accompanied a few adventurous, scientific companions in a boating expedition on the river Nile. Little did he dream that the Angel of Death had dogged the footsteps of his little family, else he had not forsaken them for a single moment. After an absence of several days he returned to the hotel where he had left them in fancied security, to learn with indescribable sorrow and dismay, that the grave had been closed over his loved ones. Could it be true? Was it not a horrible dream that pressed like a nightmare upon his heart? Alas! it was too real. A malignant fever had suddenly smitten them, and he was bereft. There is something exquisitely touching in the precious mementoes that remained to testify that they had had a mortal existence. Two locks of hair—one belonging to the head of the mother, the other to that of the child. Read, after this mournful recital, what tender meaning lives in such plaintive singing as this:

"Yet oft I dream, that once a wife
Close in my heart was locked,
And in the sweet repose of life
A blessed child I rocked.

"I wake! Away that dream—away!
Too long did it remain!
So long, that both by night and day
It ever comes again.

* * * * *
"Two locks—and they are wondrous fair—
Left me that vision mild;
The brown is from the mother's hair,
The blonde is from the child.

"And when I see that lock of gold;
Pale grows the evening red;
And when the dark lock I behold,
I wish that I were dead."

But a truce to such sombre recollections. These are things vainly remembered. The wizard fancy that conjures the vanished forms of our household, can only mock us with suggestion and resemblance, and awaken longings that it cannot satisfy.

"Memory, thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain."

We passed quietly back into the study, but we did not sit down. The poet seemed inclined to walk about the apartment for a few minutes, and there were other wonders to solicit my curious attention. I felt that I could not converse intelligently upon many matters, about which I would gladly have had information. I found "a safe retreat" in silence, however, and managed to keep my unpolished lips from utterances of vulgar surprise and rustic admiration, such as we sometimes hear from the uninitiated—persons who take æsthetics more to the heart than the head. One, like the hero-worshipping countryman, who accosted the poet in his garden with the significant intimation that he "wanted to see Longfeller." Well, the poet thought they might go and look for him; but, as he was not just then to be found, it was proposed to examine the house, which pleased the gawky mightily, as he "was telled that *Wash'n'ton* lived thar once." The fact was admitted. "And *this Longfeller* lives here *neow*?" He passed through the house, his curiosity growing wilder every moment. He stared, till every sentiment and emotion became engulfed in prevailing wonder. "Wall, I wan't t' know! That's *mighty purty*!" These were the sum total of his comments, patriotic or literary, whatever might have been the excess of his admiration. When every other source of satisfaction had been exhausted, the visitor asked: "Neow, ken I see Longfeller?" He was assured that he might, if he would only take a good look. "What!" said the man in homespun, earnestly, "be *yeou* Longfeller?" Never, in all the painful and perilous process of interviewing, had the poet entertained so unsophisticated a visitor.

A pair of book-cases—perfect gems—from the work-shops of some Italian cabinet-maker, contribute to the adornment of the poet's study. Wrought in durable and costly material; exquisite in design and finish—all polished, pannelled and filigreed. They were not specimens of your modern air-castle furniture, squeezed through machinery into a rickety existence; but antique, rich, artistic, massy and substantial. The poet said they had frequently been admired, and they were certainly worthy of admiration. Both were crowded with books—most choice volumes, particular friends whose company was always desirable. One of these repositories of lettered treasure, however, was peculiarly attractive and interesting to me. It contained copies of the poet's works, in different editions, presented, in elegant bindings, by their respec-

tive publishers. This goodly multitude, to one who does not realize the extent to which these works are circulated, will be matter of astonishment. There were several shelves completely stocked: Longfellow in English, Longfellow in French, Longfellow in German. Indeed, there is no more conclusive evidence of the unbounded popularity of these poems than a peep into this book-case; and I blame not their worthy author for indulging the glow of honest pride whenever he exhibits them.

I took down a *Nimmo* that, arrayed in vest of gilt morocco, greeted me first, from the centre of the array; remarking that it had a pleasant air of familiarity about it. It was the edition I was then most accustomed to. He said the letter-press and paper were of good quality; but that the portrait was execrable. His remark was, that it made him "look like a *sheep-stealer*." We turned to the reproachable vignette, and it certainly did belie its celebrated original in looking a little *sheepish*.

"But what can these be?" I asked, pointing to a row of still more bulky and substantial volumes, dressed in leathern uniform, and gold lettered, with very familiar titles. I was bidden to examine them. I turned to the light, with a volume labelled *Evangeline*, and opened it half in wonder, half in pleasing expectation. It was my favorite in manuscript! Yes, the original, with the subsequent corrections, interlineations, and additions. Here were the tracings of the poet's hand—the crude and the more polished gems of thought; the artist's work with and without the finishing touches. I was delighted. I could have spent a whole night, forgetful of sleep, to note those fair ideals, which have become part of our common life, as they first shaped themselves in the poet's mind. Yet, this was, in all probability, the final draught as it went into the hands of the publishers. "*The Voices of The Night*," "*Hiawatha*," "*Hyperion*," all were there; but I had not time to examine them all, as I could have wished.

We stepped into the hall—the first apartment I had been admitted to after my arrival—where some fine paintings were hanging. One was a scene under the sunny sky of *Italie*. The subdued splendor of an oriental twilight, which taxes the powers of the truest artist, seemed beaming out of the canvass with some of the effect of reality. The picture might seem, in line and color, what Byron's voluptuous verse does in language:—

"It is the hour when from the boughs
 The nightingale's high note is heard ;
 It is the hour when lovers' vows
 Seem sweet in every whispered word ;
 And gentle winds, and waters near,
 Make music to the lonely ear.
 Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
 And in the sky the stars are met,
 And on the wave is a deeper blue,
 And on the leaf a browner hue."

I looked around upon the dark old hall, that had resounded to the tread of a departed generation—that bore the dints and impressions of more than a century; and it seemed to my imagination that the faint echoes of a hundred mingled voices might be heard from its distant corners, and along its ceiling. This would be the place for musing, were I again alone. Here Romance might take up her abode with Genius and Patriotism. Here the inner eye of the mind might find traces of what it loves and admires. The pleasant greeting of Hawthorne, the mild benignity of the entrance of Emerson, the merry salutation of Holmes, the sunny smile and silvery laugh of Irving, the peaceful and reverent salutation of the Quaker Poet; how might these walls tell us of them if they could speak! Yea, and of a date more distant, of an antiquity more remote in their history, how much might they tell us!

"Once, ah, once, within these walls,
 One whom memory oft recalls,
 The Father of his country, dwelt.
 And yonder meadows broad and damp
 The fires of the besieging camp
 Encircled with a burning belt.
 Up and down these echoing stairs,
 Heavy with the weight of cares,
 Sounded his majestic tread ;
 Yes, within this very room
 Sat he in those hours of gloom
 Weary both in heart and head."

Patient reader, after this your long-suffering—if you are still pursuing my eccentric and excursive flight—would it not be well to follow your game a little farther, while, emboldened by our friendly intercourse, we ask the Poet under what benign influence, and by what facility of suggestion, his more familiar poems were composed. However attractive a figment of the richest genius may be in itself, it resides in a more "heavenly light" when we

can connect it with the circumstances which occasioned it, the particular facts and incidents, and the mental condition of the author at the time of its production. Every poem that goes out of the heart into the heart, has a history, if the poet would think to tell it: and often it is that we fail to accord the worthy minstrel the tribute due his song, only because we do not discover his scope, or comprehend his spiritual and physical condition. Without the sympathy which arises from a knowledge of these matters, we cannot fully appreciate an author.

I expressed myself, I doubt not, very warmly in my admiration of his "*Evangeline*." I told him—not very instructively, I fear—that its incidents were felicitous, its flowers perennial, its images immortal, its language household words. I assured him that it had improved my heart, enriched my intellect, consecrated my home with the benediction of its poetry, and cast the lustre of romance around the most historic scenes belonging to my native land. As far as a critical dictum was concerned, I was willing to accept that of Mr. Lowell, and prepared to relish the terms in which it was expressed. I thought there would be many to hold that—

" Its place is apart,
Where time has no sway, in the realm of pure Art."

I reflected that, in the event of a visit from him, there was only wanting a poet's cottage in our beautiful and happy valley, however humble; and a poet's welcome, sincere, however unostentatious. The poet smiled, and thought such things would be at once suitable and pleasing. But, I continued, the tender bosom of Nature, the vernal shades, the streams of limpid crystal, the rude, but warm and manly hearts—these might be found, if ever their favorite poet should come to tarry for a time amongst them. But, I said, if it would not be too much to ask, I should be pleased to know how he was led to dignify and adorn with the splendor of his genius so appropriate and pathetic a legend and so unstoried a land. Would he tell me how it was. This he cordially consented to do, and he told me as follows: His friend, Mr. Hawthorne, in company with a gentleman whose name I have now forgotten, came from Concord over to Cambridge on business, and stayed with the poet to dinner. At the table their talk ran upon literary topics, and suitable subjects for composition. Hawthorne's companion thought he could suggest to him a good subject for a

romance, and proceeded to tell him there was a legend current, that when the Acadian settlers were removed from the Province, now known as Nova Scotia, a young couple, newly married, were separated amid the confusion of embarkation; that they travelled in quest of each other for a number of years, and finally met under the circumstances subsequently described in the poem. The matter was canvassed, and the incident was held up in its various lights and bearings. Hawthorne was not so enamored of the raw and scant material as to wish to urge a prior claim to it; but Longfellow, seeing, as Mr. Fields says, "all the essential qualities of a deep and tender idyl," solicited a monopoly of the subject, which was cheerfully granted him, and in a short time the poem was produced. Be assured, Hawthorne did not need to meddle with the matter, thinking, as he did, that it was done sufficiently well.

The poet made some inquiries regarding the physical and geographical features of that portion of the country so adequately delineated in his exquisite verse. I averred that my descriptive facilities were none of the brightest, but for the most perfect account that could be given in so few words, I would refer him to a celebrated modern poem, entitled "*Evangelina*." We dwelt upon some particulars in which he might, from his limited sources of information easily have fallen into error, where he must be accorded praise for the minutest fidelity. Witness this passage:—

"Vast meadows stretched to the eastward
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dykes that the hands of the farmer had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountain
*Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.*"

I added that, for a number of years, I had been in the habit of noticing the Cape—as it formed a prominent and picturesque feature in the familiar landscape—under every hue of sky, and through every possible variation of light and atmosphere, and used during idle hours, in harmony with youth's romantic mind, to fancy myself standing upon its clay-red cliff, raving like a more dark-souled, impassioned Giour than that of Byron; or sitting

upon the steep of my wished-for "Lunium," with my song blending with wind and wave, in "mutual murmurs." I remarked that it was strange, yet attractive to observe in the early evening of a calm and beautiful summer day a white fold of misty cloud hovering over the purple brow of the distant headland, with the Bay placidly sleeping around it like a sheet of polished silver.

There was lying on the table, a poem in a foreign language, printed on a single leaf of paper. The poet informed me it was "*Excelsior*," translated into the mellow numbers that suit so aptly the Italian tongue. It had been sent to him from some native friend in the Land of the Myrtle. The version was said to be very correct, and had much of the spirit of the original. I ventured to suppose that he had written this most excellent piece under the influence of Alpine inspiration. Resting by night, perchance, in some lonely chalet, "while down the mountain gorge the wind came roaring." He replied that "*Excelsior*" was written before he had ever seen the Alps. I manifested some surprise, and related that Newman Hall, after his return from beneath the very shadows of those icy monarchs, recited that noble poem to his congregation, as the most effective description he could give them of the grandeurs he had witnessed. If the poet did not rise superior to compliments, he might accept this as given in sincerity.

As Mr. J. T. Fields has, in his own pleasant vein, given an account of the origin of this poem, I shall not attempt to supersede it, having his words before me:—

"One of the best known of all Longfellow's shorter poems is '*Excelsior*.'—The word happened to catch his eye late one autumn evening in 1841, on a torn piece of newspaper, and straightway his imagination took fire at it. Taking the first piece of paper at hand, which happened to be the back of a letter received that night from Charles Sumner, Longfellow crowded it with verses. As first written down, '*Excelsior*' differs from the perfected and published poem; but it shows in its original conception a rush and glow worthy the theme and the author."

In the course of his interesting lecture on the poet, Mr. Fields gives particulars touching the origin of several of his friend's poems, which come as freshly to me, as they will to my readers. Their truth may be relied upon;—

"The '*Psalm of Life*' came into existence on a bright summer morning in July, 1838, in Cambridge, as the poet sat between two windows at the small table in the corner of his chamber. It was a voice from his inmost heart, and he kept it. It expressed his

own feelings at that time, when he was rallying from the depression of deep affliction, and he hid the poem in his own heart for many months. He was accused of taking the famous verse, 'Art is long, and time is fleeting,' from Bishop's poem, but I happen to know that was not in his mind, and that the thought came to him with as much freshness and originality as if nothing had been written before.—'There is a reaper whose name is death' crystallized at once, without effort, in the poet's mind, and he wrote it rapidly down, with tears filling his eyes as he composed it. 'The Light of the Stars' was composed as the poet looked out upon a calm and beautiful summer evening exactly suggestive of the poem. The moon, a little strip of silver, was just setting behind Mount Auburn, and Mars was blazing in the south. That fine ballad, 'The Wreck of the Hesperus,' was written in 1839. A violent storm had occurred the night before, and as the poet sat smoking his pipe, about midnight, by the fire, the wrecked Hesperus came sailing into his mind. He went to bed, but the poem had seized him, and he could not sleep. He got up and wrote the celebrated verses. 'The clock was striking three,' he said, 'when I finished the last stanza.' It did not come into his mind by lines, but by whole stanzas, hardly causing him an effort, but flowing without let or hindrance. * * * * On a summer afternoon in 1849 as he was riding on the beach, 'The Skeleton in Armor' rose as out of the deep before him and would not be laid."

One of the noblest and most heartfelt of his minor poems is, perhaps, the "*Village Blacksmith*." It sounds a note of encouragement and inspiration to every devotee to honest toil. I feel a quick response to anything that tells the laborer that there is dignity and happiness—if anywhere—in his fancied low estate. O for more songs that beat with the rhythm of labor! O that some of our complaining ones would study contentment in these affecting numbers—in this faithful picture:

"He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man."

It shows how a great heart can beat in a brown bosom; how the dust of the forge cannot choke, nor its red fires dry up the living fountain of manly tears. It shows the hardy man with the tender soul of womanhood, in mellow melting mood. He has a space in the sober realm of Thought, in the dewy vale of Memory. There is a vanished angel of the household: a chair that is vacant, a lip that is silent. The musical voice of his child, chiming with the church choir,

“Sounds to him like her mother’s voice
 Singing in Paradise?
 He needs must think of her once more,
 How in the grave she lies;
 And with his hard rough hand he wipes
 A tear out of his eyes.”

From my earliest youth I have been familiar with this poem. I have caught the burden of its melody from household voices, and it is as dear to my heart as a favorite friend. The scene is laid in Cambridge. The chestnut tree has gone; the smithy is no longer there; and the smith, whose “face was like the tan,” and whose hair was “crisp, and black, and long,” lifts up his voice in Paradise with the gentle companions of his earthly days.

And what a perfect poem is “*Endymion*.” It has a Tennysonian finish. For an almost lace-like delicacy of conception; for exquisite fineness of touch; for subdued splendor of coloring; and for the warm outbreathing—though in the realm of fable—of the tenderest humanities, it cannot be surpassed. Yet the first editorial eyes it met were blind to its superior beauties. And so “*The Rainy Day*” comes to us like a universal human experience. It was written out of its author’s heart, as it rarely fails to awaken a responsive answer, or to cling tenaciously wherever it lodges.

Peep, curious reader,—through my eyes, if they suit you,—into yonder dim recess of the poet’s study, and see what *seems* the veritable prototype of “*The Old Clock on the Stairs*.” It stands there, ticking with grave regularity, under its dark case—it may be of “massive oak”—repeating the invariable story of Time, which passes never to return. We commend Burns for his wonderful success in treating the homely subjects of a Scottish country-side, as though genius always nibbled a glittering bait. Who would expect to fetch poetry out of an *old clock*, rather than a *mountain daisy*? Yet, by some necromantic authority, its truest spirit has been evoked from the musty recesses of the family time-piece. But the poet informs me that the clock in his study is not the identical one that stood “half way up the stairs.” It was one in the old home that suggested his popular ballad.

(Conclusion next month.)

THE STRANGER COUSIN;

OR,

Rash Judgment.

BY GENEVIEVE.

“OF course we shall be ashamed of him.”

“And it wouldn't do to keep him out of company, or treat him unkindly.”

“Certainly not. But for him to come just at the height of the season, when so many distinguished persons are visiting here, is almost unendurable.”

“I wonder if he goes into company much,” said the first speaker.

“It is not at all likely, as he has lived with Aunt Godiva ever since his parents died, and you know as well as I, the lectures she used to give us for going out so much.”

“Aren't you a little too hard on our respected aunt?”

“Not a bit; nor her hopeful nephew either. I expect he will be as awkward as if he had been brought up among—well, I was going to say Indians, but I suppose it won't be as bad as that. He will be old-fashioned at all events, and I expect will bore us continually with some of the lectures he has heard from his precious aunt. If he does, I shall take the liberty to tell him that he might as well save his eloquence for more appreciative hearers.”

The scene of the above conversation was the little w/ering place of Rantwell, which was just rising into notice. The time was a fresh, bright morning in July. The speakers were Cora Linburn, and her brother Horace, who were lounging away the hours in the pretty little drawing room of their lodgings, but were just now looking over a letter which had come by the morning's mail, stating that a cousin whom they had never seen, was coming to spend a few weeks at Rantwell, for the double purpose of seeing them, and recruiting his health.

The Linburns were what are generally known as fashionable people, and intensely abhorred anything out of style, either in dress, manners, or mode of living. They dreaded the advent of their unknown cousin, for the all-sufficient reason, that he lived with his aunt, a lady who was considered *old* fashioned, and ardently hoped that something would prevent his proposed visit,

and relieve them from the mortification of presenting to their gay friends their awkward "country cousin."

All unconscious of the by no means flattering comments which his letter had called forth, Raymond Linburn was preparing himself for his journey. It does not always follow that one must be like those with whom we live, nor did it follow that Raymond Linburn, as his cousins thought, must be like his aunt, who to tell the truth was rather strict in her notions, but really an excellent woman, and well fitted to bring up the little orphan committed to her care. Raymond was not "awkward" as Cora had said; on the contrary, he had the manners of a Chesterfield. That he was a little old-fashioned must be admitted, for he took his rules of etiquette from a very old-fashioned book, which it is to be feared the arbiters of politeness in the present day sometimes forget. Some of the rules were: "Be courteous. In honor preferring one another. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Let all things be done decently and in order. I beseech you by the gentleness of Christ. Be an example of the believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in purity. Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if these be any virtue, and if these be any praise, think on these things." Raymond did think on these things! The book in which they were to be found was his daily companion, and it was his constant aim to observe the above rules, and imitate the grand model which was set up before his admiring eyes as a standard of perfection: Let the same mind dwell in you which was in CHRIST? He did not practice "lecturing," as Cora had anticipated, but strove to make his *life* one grand sermon which was more effectual than the most eloquent preaching.

The day on which Raymond was expected at Rantwell found the Linburns in a state of hopeful anxiety, for they knew their cousin was really coming; but what to do with him, and how to treat him, were most perplexing questions. Mrs. Linburn, who was as stylish as her daughter, "regretted very much that he was coming just then, but they would keep him out of the way as much as possible, and perhaps he would not stay long."

At four o'clock in the afternoon a carriage drove up to the door, and Horace went out to welcome their guest. Cora and her mother

sat by the window to see how their "country cousin" would behave. A gentleman stepped out, and introduced himself to Horace as his cousin Raymond. Horace concealed the surprise he felt as he cordially returned the grasp of his hand and bade him welcome. The young man before him was not a modern Apollo. His features were not formed in the classic mould, but having seen that face once, you would instinctively turn to look at it again. It was a face on which a noble mind had stamped its impress; one on which inflexible firmness and winning gentleness were so blended that it commanded at once both respect and esteem. His manners and dress were alike faultless, and Horace felt a little chagrin as he led him into the house. Mrs. Linburn and Cora, from their stand at the window, experienced a little of the same feeling, as they thought of their rude remarks, and saw that they had made a mistake. Their reception of their "awkward cousin" was, as may be expected, very different from what they intended, and a blush of shame overspread Cora's face as she looked at the really noble, really elegant young man before her, and remembered what she had said to her brother, "Of course we shall be ashamed of him."

Raymond was soon introduced to the pleasure-seeking celebrities at Rantwell, and many a happy hour he spent with them roaming on the beach, or sitting in their houses. He did not shun society, but courted it; and endeavoured, by every means in his power, to elevate its moral tone, which he found was not such a hard task as is generally supposed, if he took care to *adorn* his profession instead of being, or seeming ashamed of it.

Among the visitors at Rantwell were Judge Geoffrey and his family. The Judge was a thorough man of the world—a devoted worshipper of Mammon—who looked upon religion as pitiful and mean, and its professors with hearty dislike, which changed into something like admiration, however, when he found one who would valiantly defend its principles and carry them into everyday life; but woe to that person who imagined he would gain praise from him by neglecting his duty or failing to speak boldly for what he considered right, though all were against him. He was made to feel the force of the Judge's cutting sarcasm and contempt, and very often learned a lesson of honesty and candor, even from the worldling.

"What a nice fellow your cousin is, Miss Linburn," said the

Judge to Cora, coming to where she sat reading, as he strolled along the beach one bright afternoon.

"Do you think so, sir?" returned she, pleased that such an important person as Judge Geoffry should notice Raymond.

"I do; and am glad he has come here this season. I consider him a very interesting young man. *Very,*" he repeated, as if speaking to himself.

"His ideas of right and wrong are somewhat different from yours, are they not?" ventured Cora, scarce knowing how the question would be received.

"My ideas of right and wrong are somewhat of the mistiest" replied the judge, with a doubtful smile; "and for that very reason I like to see others decided. As you say, your cousin's views differ from mine, and I am glad of it. I only wish I were more like him." And having made this confession he bade Cora good by abruptly, and continued his walk, leaving her to ponder over his words.

"Aren't you afraid you offended Judge Geoffry to-day?" said Horace Linburn to Raymond one evening about a week after, as with his sister and cousin he was returning home from a boating excursion.

"Do you think I did?" was the quiet answer.

"I did think so at the time, but he seemed to think better of it afterwards. But what made you go against him for such a trifle?"

"Because I did not think it a trifle."

"Why, he only said he did not think it did one much good to read the bible."

"And do you call that a trifle?" asked Raymond, fixing his earnest eyes upon his cousin.

"Yes—that is, what he said about reading the bible was of course not true, but why not let him enjoy his own opinion about such a little thing."

"I think the judge expected me to answer," said Raymond; "and besides, as he is a man of considerable influence, I was afraid of the effect of his words on those young people who were listening to him so attentively. To them it was not a little thing, and I am inclined to think that what we call so, are sometimes the most important, as by them we can determine character better than by the great things of life, which are often prepared for a certain occasion, and do not show one's self in a true light, as only a part is seen, and that part sometimes highly colored."

They had now reached the house, and the conversation ceased.

The season at Rantwell was now drawing to a close, and the visitors were preparing to return to their own homes. The Linburns were among the first to leave, and with real sorrow they parted from their cousin. The season had been a pleasant one. The place possessed all the requisites of a summer resort, and they resolved to return the next year, having received a promise from their cousin to join them if possible.

"I wonder if Raymond will get here to-day," said Horace Linburn the day after their arrival at Rantwell, as, with the assistance of a servant, he was trying to reduce to something like order the confusion of trunks and boxes which everywhere met the eye.

"I guess so," returned Cora. "He will not be likely to forget his promise."

"Not he," said a familiar voice behind her, and turning around she encountered the pleasant face of Judge Geoffrey.

"Why, Judge!" exclaimed she, shaking his hand. "This is quite a surprise. I did not know you intended coming to Rantwell this season."

"I did not, until I heard your cousin was coming. I wanted to thank him for his kindness to me."

"Kindness!" repeated Cora, quite at a loss to understand his meaning.

"Yes; kindness in not allowing me to have my own opinion of certain matters without opposition, when I was wrong."

"What were the matters in which you differed enough to make you thankful for it?" inquired Horace.

"They were very many," returned he; "but I refer especially to that discussion about reading the bible, the day we went boating on the lake. I said what I did on purpose to draw him out, but he came down on me so hard that I was almost inclined to be offended."

"I thought so," put in Horace.

"I remembered what he said, however, and read the bible for myself, to see if it would do me good. I find it has, and henceforth it shall be the rule of my life," continued the Judge. "But I must go home and look after my luggage, too. Bring your cousin to take tea with us to-morrow night," and bidding them a "good afternoon," he left the house.

"Do you remember the day we got Raymond's letter last year?" said Horace to Cora, when they were once more alone.

"I was just thinking of it."

"And what we said, too, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"What would you say now?"

"That I am glad he is coming."

"And what would you say about what you said last year?" asked her brother archly, as the remembrance of the little dialogue passed through his mind.

"I would say," replied Cora, looking up earnestly, "that I am 'ashamed' of myself, and will take care in future how I make such rash judgments."

Current Events.

MR. BLAKE has become Minister of Justice of the Dominion of Canada. His acceptance of office will for a time at least satisfy public curiosity as to his motives and his movements. We think he is in the right place, and feel glad that he has at length been prevailed upon to give up the less responsible position of an independent friendly member, for that of a Cabinet Minister. No one can doubt the fitness of Mr. Blake for the place. His refusal to go on the Supreme Court Bench has demonstrated that he is not the man to be dazzled by high position. Mr. Mackenzie evidently has felt the very undesirable state of affairs in carrying on Government, with his political friend outside, and has done well in prevailing upon him to accept his present position previous to the Premier's departure for England. A great many profess to find fault with Mr. Blake for his alleged "sentimental" notions upon the desired "relations" of the Empire. It is significant, to say the least, that two such men as Howe and Blake should cherish the same views upon such an important matter, and what to-day may be regarded as sentiment, may to-morrow become a tangible, living reality.

THE Hon. Alexander Mackenzie has sailed for England. While in England, we have every reason to believe he will do good work for Canada in informing the statesmen of the motherland upon the

progress and prosperity of the country. All seeming little differences with respect to British Columbia and other matters, will be readily explained and adjusted. Mr. Geo. Brown follows the Premier in a few days, and will return, it is said, to his adopted country as Sir George Brown.

THERE are many things which indicate that Mr. Gladstone may at no distant day again become Prime Minister of Great Britain. Mr. Disraeli is becoming old, and it is said feeble. His party is not so strong as it was a short time ago. His ostensibly two main pillars of strength—"beer and the bible"—will not always support him as well as they did during the last general election. The *Nation* newspaper of Toronto pertinently says:—

"Circumstances court Mr. Gladstone's resumption of his command. For the close division in the Burials Bill and the change in the results of by-elections are not the only things which indicate that the political tide in England begins to turn. It can no longer be doubted that the Government, though on ordinary occasions it retains its great majority in the House, is rapidly losing the confidence both of Parliament and of the nation. Its legislation will evidently come to nothing this session, as it did in the last: and though the nation is far from being in an earnest or strenuous mood, and in fact discarded Mr. Gladstone for being earnest and strenuous, it does not like to see mere failure. A shrewd and cool observer says: 'The superstition prevalent in England and, like many more deeply rooted superstitions, sedulously fostered by the Tory party and the Tory press, that Mr. Disraeli, in the rôle of Lord Palmerston, is a heaven-born leader of the House of Commons is fast dying out. People are awakening to serious doubts of his infallibility. It does not require a Political Expostulation to proclaim it to the world. He makes small mistakes almost every night and large ones almost every week. But he has the knack of recovering himself by a happy hit from time to time, and these recoveries prolong the death-bed superstition of his infallibility.' It seems doubtful whether, even if his health holds out, the Conservative Premier will get through a third session without foundering; and in that case, whether Mr. Gladstone is still 'The People's William' or not, he is William The Inevitable, and we shall see him in power again. Of the suspicion of Popish leanings, which did him much harm with the masses, he has pretty well purged himself; while the Publicans and the other 'harassed interests' have had time to forget, if not to forgive."

THE frequent and destructiveness of fires in centres of population point strongly to the urgent need of greater precautions and

increased efficiency in extinguishing the destroying flames. We look upon it as a gross and culpable negligence for those responsible to permit even one day to pass, in which a water supply could not be had. Tens of thousands of dollars are apt to be lost in this way, to say nothing of individual suffering and privation. Take for instance the recent fire in Carleton, St. John. The reservoir was allowed to remain out of repair, and this notwithstanding the especial precautions which should obtain to protect that place. A fire came—no water could be had—and as a result almost one hundred thousand dollars' worth of property destroyed. Who is to blame for this? Certainly not the people, for they pay taxes to provide against such contingencies, and employ officials to see that the laws are carried out. In this matter "some one has blundered." This should be a warning, if warning were needed, to the officials of all cities and towns, that too great care cannot be taken to prevent the destruction of life and property by fire. The smoke of the Carleton fire had not disappeared before another and more calamitous conflagration visited the Town of Portland. Fully a quarter of a million of dollars' worth of property was destroyed by the Portland fire. The fire-fiend seemed to revel in the dreadful havoc and misery it so suddenly brought to hundreds of destitute and unfortunate sufferers. One human life was lost, and that too in the praiseworthy effort to save the property of another. The people of Portland will not readily forget the 28th of May, 1875, for on that day they lost by fire over seventy dwelling houses, besides shops, stores, manufactories, a large church, ships on the stocks, and a vast amount of other valuable property. This fire will entail a heavy loss on the insurance companies, but they are all staunch, and can pay promptly.

Still another destructive fire visited the City of St. John proper on the morning of the 30th of May last, or night of the 29th. Although not near so calamitous as the Portland fire, yet it is rare that St. John witnesses such a destruction of property by fire. Ten or twelve dwellings were destroyed, entailing a probable loss of twenty thousand dollars. At this fire there were clear evidences of an attempt at incendiarism. It is almost sufficient to make one's blood run cold to think that any community can contain miscreants capable of such a dastardly and diabolical act. The man who can deliberately fire a building in the still hour of

night, when its inmates are locked in sleep, all unconscious of danger, is a greater villain, and more of a murderer in his heart, than the man who sends a bullet or a dagger into the heart of his victim in an open brawl. Such men are nothing less than fiends; they deserve the severest punishments, and should be hanged as high as Haman.

These fires have developed one serious defect in the organization of the fire department in St. John. We allude to the lack of system in removing and preserving household and other effects from burning buildings. Furniture might as well be devoured by the fire as be smashed to pieces by an excited crowd of men on such occasions. The desirability of organizing a force of men in connection with every fire department, whose especial duty it shall be to prevent the wanton or negligent destruction of property at fires, must, we think, be apparent to every one of our readers. We hope soon to see the scheme perfected and put in force.

A GREAT stringency at present exists in the money market in these Provinces. People should not, however, draw wrong conclusions from this state of affairs. We have had a long period of unexampled prosperity. Our staples have found ready sales in the markets of the world, and our ships have obtained high freights. The tide of commercial prosperity does not flow continually in the same direction. We should be prepared occasionally for its ebb. At present, unfortunately for us, the lumber market of Europe is overstocked. Prices are ruinously low, and it is far better for those who can afford it to hold over present stocks until the glut is abated. We believe this stringency is only temporary. Our people in the meantime must economize, live less expensively, and patiently wait for a change for the better. It is notorious that our people are living too extravagantly, and in many cases far beyond their means. This is to be deplored. The question how this is to be remedied, naturally suggests itself to the reader. We think the very best means of inducing people to return to graceful simplicity, would be for persons of acknowledged affluence to set the example. Once get the idea abroad that it is evidence of uncultured vulgarity to bedeck the person in extravagant dress, and the desired end is reached. Who will begin by setting the example?

There is another feature of this present monetary stringency

which we cannot pass by without notice. We refer to the system pursued by the Banking Institutions. These corporations are directly responsible for much of the present difficulty. When business is brisk, and exports are going forward, they are exceedingly anxious to discount paper, almost *ad infinitum*, and by that means encourage merchants and others to embark in commercial enterprises they would never otherwise dream of. We admit that every man should have sufficient discretion to lay his plans so as to be ready for adverse currents. But we also know that the majority of men, while enjoying the "trade winds" of prosperity through easy discounts and other favoring circumstances, forget what they ought to do, and do just the reverse. When, then, the Banks encourage over-trading and over-production by excessive discounts, they should be prepared to assume some of the responsibility, and not "shut down" upon unsuspecting and it may be indiscreet customers. It may be replied that Banks are corporations trading for their own exclusive gains. We are willing to admit that Banks should be conducted for the benefit of stockholders, but they, from their peculiar relations to the entire trade and commerce of the country, also owe a duty to the public. Engaged in business vitally affecting all interests, it should be the sacred duty of their management to prevent over-trading, at least so far as their concurrence or connivance is concerned. They should be conducted with a view to preserve the financial and commercial credit of the country in the best possible condition, and we venture to assert that such a policy will, in the end, best conserve the interests of the stockholders.

HIS Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, has been gazetted a Field Marshal. No political significance attaches to this appointment. We mention the fact to show the difference in policy between Queen Victoria and her grandfather, George the Third. It will be remembered by our readers that the then Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Fourth, held no higher position in the army than a Colonel of Dragoons, while his Royal brothers were advanced to the highest command—the Duke of York being Commander-in-Chief. The Prince of Wales chafed under this exclusion from active military rank, and a spirited correspondence took place between the King, the Prince, and Duke of York. But the King, from what motives we know not, refused to give the Prince

high military position. At the time of the threatened invasion of England by Napoleon, the Prince a second time renewed his application, but unsuccessfully. A wiser and we think sounder policy prevails now. The Prince of Wales, as the successor to the crown, has, if possible, a deeper interest in the efficiency of the army and navy than any other individual, and it is only just and proper that he should have some official position in that force designed to protect the Throne and the Kingdom.

PRESIDENT GRANT has set speculation at rest, as to his probable candidature for a "third term," by his recent letter to the President of the Pennsylvania Republican Convention. He states that he will not be a candidate at the next Presidential election. This will be pleasing news to those ambitious ones aspiring to the White House. The Republican party will now have to find a new candidate. The amount of wire-pulling, caucussing and speechifying required before the "coming man" is selected, will be almost appalling. One great desire is that a statesman of broad and liberal opinions, a man delighting in peace and fraternity among the nations, will be the successor of President Grant. Gen. Grant has, notwithstanding the many charges of nepotism brought against him, managed to preserve friendly relations with other Powers. He has seen enough of war and its horrors to desire peace. May the motto of his successor be, "Let us have peace."

MR. C. FLOOD has recently published "Anna Dale," written and composed by J. NEWTON WILSON, Esq. The song is very pretty, and the air is in harmony with the sentiment. We understand that other songs by the same author are about to be published by a Boston firm.

OUR next number will be embellished with a cabinet-size view of New Brunswick Scenery, by Mr. McCLURE.