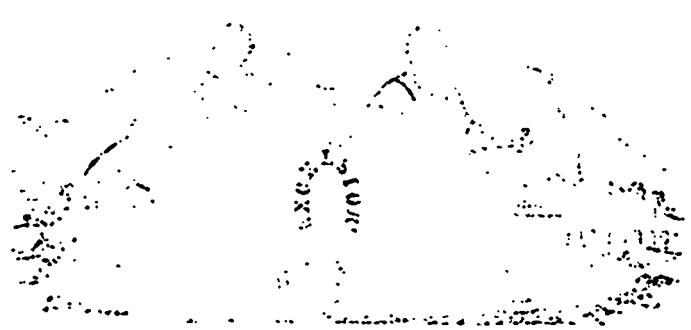


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CONTENTS.

	Page.
Soldiering in North Carolina	54
Home from the Colonies—A Trip to Fairyland	60
Dont Stand upon Ceremony	65
At Home with the Esquimaux— <i>Harper's Mag.</i>	66
Give the Devil his Due	77
Story of Mr. Touch-All	78
England and English Christianity	81
Massachusetts State Prison	83
A Thrilling Narrative	87
The Prairie	88
The Good Old Times— <i>Examiner</i>	89
Change	93
Diamonds and other Gems— <i>Harper's Mag</i>	95
The Artist—Original Poetry, by E. N. L.	99
<i>Poetry</i> —A Hundred Years to Come—Great Thoughts	101

THE
Progress Magazine.

VOL. I.

FEBRUARY, 1867.

NO. II.

Soldiering in North Carolina.

BY AN ISLANDER.

It has been said that man is essentially a "fighting animal,"—that in this "world's broad field of battle," his life, from the cradle to the grave, is one continued struggle against want and its attendant circumstances,—and that he is the greatest who, be his position what it may, acts well his part. If this be true—and I think it is—then the man who goes to war only exchanges one mode of strife for another—"the whips and scorns of time," for interminable drilling, "hard tack and salt horse,"—"the oppressor's wrong," for the hardships of the march and the dangers of the battle,—"the proud man's contumely," for the murmurings at home that he does not "clean out" the rebels in a week or two,—"the law's delay," for the tedium of garrison and camp life,—"the insolence of office," for the rule (not always gentle or humane) of men placed over him,—and the "bare bodkin," for the sword and the bayonet. And yet—and yet—

"Ah me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron,
What plagues mischiefs and mishaps
Do dog him still with utter claps!"

The severe checks and disasters experienced by the Union arms in the Spring campaign of 1862, culminating in the "seven days' fight" before

Richmond, and the retreat of McClellan's noble but suffering and crippled army to James River, while it spread sorrow and mourning throughout the land, had the effect of awakening those in power to a full sense of the nation's peril. When the President called for more men, thereby giving effect to the wishes of the loyal people of the North, I was one of those who helped to swell the volume of that mighty response which echoed back from the hills and prairies, cities and villages, town and hamlets: "We are coming, father Abraham, three hundred thousand more."

On the 4th of August, 1861, I started to enlist. A recruiting officer for the 17th, who had an office in Boston, took me willingly, and after being examined and sworn in, I was packed off, with some twenty other recruits, to Camp Cameron in North Cambridge. It was late in the evening when we arrived there, and no preparation being made for us—owing, I suppose, to the constant and rapid influx of recruits, which taxed to their utmost the various departments to fit out and provide for,—we had to turn in, supperless, to a bunk of downy boards, with no covering but our thin citizens' summer clothes. I thought it was a very uncomfortable resting place at the time, but it was nothing to what I have since known in the way of sleeping accommodation. The next morning I had leisure to

look around me and take a survey of the mass of human nature that there commingled for the first time. And truly it was a heterogenous compound of representatives of nearly every race of people in Europe, and plentifully sprinkled among them was the leaven of the whole—smart, shrewd, intelligent, quick-eyed and quick-witted Americans. And such a confusing babble as prevailed I never heard before. Wrangling and swearing, drinking and eating, talking and laughing,—all continued to give me no very agreeable foretaste of what I had to expect in my new vocation. I noticed others, new, like myself, to such scenes, who seemed mentally dumfounded, or unconsciously comparing the quiet routine of the life they had led at home to the new one they had assumed, and, no doubt, to the great advantage of the former and dislike for the latter. But happily for us all, being the creatures of circumstances, the plainness of our natures leads us to be quickly reconciled to our lot, whatever it may be. The change of life from a citizen to that of a soldier is so radical that few like it at first; but by degrees it becomes endurable, and finally, often, desirable. The many cases of enlistment prove this.

There were several "characters" among the recruits in camp, to whom, if I could, I would devote a few pages, as well as to the management of the camp and the method of dovetailing a little *innocent* private business into that of the public, as practiced by some of the little-great men in authority there; but as the space I intend to take up is limited, I am warned that I must leave out here and condense there, which is not so pleasant after all.

Men were arriving every day in squads of from twenty to fifty, and leaving at intervals in detachments of

from 100 to 500, to be distributed among their respective regiments at the seat of war. At length our turn came. It was on a Friday.—Now, Friday, though generally considered by superstitious persons an unlucky day, has often proved a lucky one for me. I was born on Friday; was married on Friday, and now I started to go to the war on Friday. I shouldn't wonder if on some Friday in the future I would die—and that will be another great event in my life. Well, we started on a Friday afternoon, and taking the cars at the Old Colony depot in Boston and the boat at Fall River, found ourselves next morning in the city of New York. We were quartered in barracks on White street, furnished with filthy beds, miserable "grub," and allowed free range of the city. A Lieutenant (from Haverhill, I believe) had charge of our squad, which numbered about a hundred, and some of his enthusiastic admirers in the crowd presented him with a sword. There was, of course, a presentation speech, enthusiastic, pathetic, patriotic and warlike, and a response suitable and sentimental. It made a good impression on me at the time; but then I had yet to learn the difference between what an Indian would call "talk fight" and "fightem."

On the following Monday afternoon, with all "traps" snugly bestowed and knapsacks strapped on, we were drawn up in front of the barracks, when the lieutenant stepped out in front and proposed three cheers for the barrack-master, which were given; but I did not join in, even in dumb show, having too much conscientiousness to outrage the finer feelings of my stomach by cheering for an individual who had cheated and abused it. We then took up our line of march for the transport, and went along almost unnoticed save by a few

patriotic individuals who bade us a fervent God-speed and wished that good-fortune might attend us wherever we went; but the great mass seemed hardened to the sight of their fellow-men going away from amongst them to explore unknown fields of danger, and to purchase with their life's blood a continuance and perpetuity of that nationality which has made the United States of America the first among nations. As these thoughts entered my mind, they suggested the picture of the hundreds of thousands of devoted men who passed through this great city, with all their hardest and most bitter experiences—hardships and dangers, sickness and death—before them, many, very many of them to return again no more; and I began to realize that, though still in a land of peace and plenty, a few days would bring me out upon far different scenes and into circumstances that would require a bold heart to meet as they ought to be met. Luckily for us all the future cannot be penetrated, or we should be mourning calamities before they befall us; dreading dangers before they threaten, and finally become unattended at the awful prospect impending over our future. Still there is in the expectancy of danger something that is fascinating, and something, too, that even while we dread we seek; and this feeling, the result of a strange curiosity, enlivened by hope and the love of excitement, is what often keeps up the spirit of the soldier and urges him on, even when worn out with fatigue and well-nigh exhausted, to renewed energy and more determined acts of bravery.

The transport we embarked upon was a dilapidated steamer called the "Haze" (who that ever took passage in her to or from Dixie can forget the old tub?), a miserably appointed vessel, whose officers and crew seemed

better fitted for the penitentiary than for the station they held. It was in this vessel that I first learnt some of the hardships and inconveniences of a soldier's life. Just before the hawser was cast off, an Irish apple-woman came on board, her basket well laden with fruit, and said—"Come, me boys; it's not many of these ye'll get in the place ye're goin' to—so help yourselves! 'Tis all I have to give ye, except me blessin'—and may God bless ye all, and bring ye safe back agin to the friends ye have at home!"

She then proceeded to distribute the apples (and fine ones they were) to the boys, many of whom, thinking more of the apples than the blessing, rushed eagerly, in saying, "bully for you, old lady!" nearly overturning her in their desire to possess as much of the fruit as possible. As for me, I was content to let them have the fruit—the blessing and good wishes of the warm-hearted old woman was all-sufficient for my desires. She stepped ashore, and as she disappeared in the crowd on the pier, I heard one of the lucky ones, who was inuring in the fruits of his scramble, remark to another lucky one, "Davo! good apples!—that's a bully old woman.—how did you like her malediction?" "Big thing," was the response.

The hawser was finally cast off, and, backing slowly out of the dock, the steamer was soon under full headway down the bay. What my emotions were as I gazed (perhaps) for the last time upon the surrounding scenes, I will not tire the reader by giving expression to,—doubtless they resembled in a manner those of thousands of others who had gone the same road before me. My comrades, however, as a general thing, were merry, and talked of the promised land (Dixie) in a tone that showed

how high their hopes ran; but presently, as we passed Sandy Hook, and the regular and continuous swell of the ocean set in, many who were before lively as kittens became tame and wretched-looking enough. It was dark before we passed the Highlands, and, though we could not see the Jersey shore we heard of it from the breakers, here and there catching glimpses of lights which told us that even among its barren sands many had found homes. But let Jersey pass, and Delaware, and Virginia's eastern shore—"away, away down South in Dixie" we go. But how few, comparatively, of our detachment were now so eager, after encountering one enemy, to meet another? And yet, I verily believe, many of these poor fellows would prefer at that time to run their chances in battle (if only on the land) than be tossed about at the mercy of the waves and so thoroughly sea-sick. As for me, whose somewhat eventful life had often before sent me "down to the sea in ships," I had no feelings of nausea, and consequently enjoyed the surroundings, the fresh, bracing sea air seeming to instil new vigor into my frame, which twenty years of toil in a printing office (with short intermissions) had tended to impair. Thus situated I could look about me, and I observed some who were formerly the jolliest of our band now the saddest and most forlorn. One in particular (a fine young fellow, whom we dubbed "the colonel") who had been the life of our party, now pale and sad, with not a word to say, lay doubled up inside the coils of a law-ser, as forlorn as the Wandering Jew (by Eugene Sue). I was no more, with him, "Away daw South in a few days—hooray!" We passed the Chesapeake, (Fortress: Monroe.) Cape Henry and the dismal coast beyond, and on the third evening

neared land to the north of Cape Hatteras—But such land! A long, low bar of sand, stretching away as far as the eye could reach, relieved at intervals by huge hammocks covered with a stunted growth of trees, whose ragged and forlorn limbs and inclined position made them appear as if a fierce hurricane all the while tore through their branches, threatening to uproot and cast them away forever. "There," said I to the 'colonel,' who had come upon deck when he heard we were near Hatteras, and stood beside me grasping the rail,— "There is Dixie, my jolly 'colonel.' We have come 'away down South in a few days,' haven't we; and how do you like the lay of the land? What—can't you even say 'hooray?'" But only a faint smile was the answer. Shortly after dark we descried Hatteras light, which we neared about ten o'clock; but the captain would not venture in, and so we had to lay "off and on" till daylight, which was no pleasant job, for "the wind rose and the rain fell," and gave those who selected the deck for their sleeping place (myself among the number), with the assistance of an occasional dash of salt water, a pretty thorough soaking. As soon as it was clear day our craft heaved for the "swash," the wind blowing a small gale, the rain coming in squalls as if some infernal genius presided over this unhappy coast, and the waves running in shore like race-horses, spreading their foam in a thin grey mist over the narrow line of sand, which seemed endeavoring almost in vain to keep its back above the water. To our right, and north of the inlet, were the forts taken by Gen. Butler in his first Coast Expedition. Only one of these, Fort Hatteras, is now used. The other has either sunk into the sand or been almost wholly destroyed by the action of the waves. Fort Hat-

teras is an earthwork, but so admirably situated as to prove an almost impassible barrier to anything but ironclads. Beyond and around the fort on the land or sand side, were a few buildings used for quarters for the garrison and for the ordnance stores. Anchored in the Sound, near by, were supply ships, transports, and old hulks; while here and there rows of disconsolate timbers, lifting their dripping heads above the tide, told the fate of many a noble ship of the glorious Expedition of Gen. Burnside. We "hove to" after entering the Sound to deliver the mails for the Fort; and the change from the violent rolling, tossing and pitching was such as to inspire even my friend the 'colonel' with something of the spirit he was wont to display ere old Neptune changed his tune. After taking a look at the Fort and its surroundings, I turned my eyes to the opposite shore of the inlet, when lo, there stretched out in an almost straight line from the point into the Sound a troop or flock of—what? There was the puzzle to my mind. Were they huge gulls or windbags, cormorants or cranes, devils or dogfish? Fowl, flesh, or fish? I watched them with close attention while asking myself these questions; but ere my cogitations were finished they separated, spread their wings and took flight, apparently, but it seemed strange they did not rise from the surface of the water. They neared us presently, and I made them out to be, instead of birds, small sail-boats. "Love launched a fairy boat," &c. No love for us there, I guess, was my mental comment. "Pilots," I heard some one say. They came fluking towards us, their comparatively large sprit-sails hurrying them along at no contemptible rate of speed. There were about fifteen of them, and it seemed evident

all could not get a job from our bazy skipper. "That's Jeff's navy," remarked one.

"Hooray for the boat that's ahead!" sang out the 'colonel.'

"Bully for the little fellow with the big sail!" exclaimed another.

"I'll bet on the cross-gaffed, giraffe-colored one!"

"Bully for the rip-staving roarer that wins!"

"Aint she a-ripping up the old salt water canvas, scaring the sharks and astonishing the sea serpents?"

"I'll bet Jeff's in that boat, and he's coming to ask us to dine with him in Richmond!"

"Beauregard's in the second one!"

"No, *sir*, that's Stonewall Jackson!"

"D— Stonewall Jackson, or any other man!" and remarks of a like character attested the interest felt in the novel contest by others as well as myself. The boats were pelting away in fine style, each having a loose rein. Then hurrah, my hearties! the lucky man wins, and "first come first served!" Two of the number were distinctly ahead of all the rest, and one of these slightly ahead of the other.

"But Cutty Sark, before the rest, Hard upon noble Maggie prest—"

so that when they came up it was difficult to say which was first, and both came aboard to dispute the point, while the remaining unsuccessful ones kept on, as if philosophically resigned to a fate they could not overcome. Our bazy skipper, who was not very particular about expenses when Uncle Sam had to foot the bills, and to end all disputes, took both pilots—a piece of diplomacy I hardly expected his thick head capable of conceiving. The anchor was hoisted, and away we sped over the dark, swampy waters of Pamlico Sound. Roanoke Island lay to our right, and ever and anon we caught glimpses of the low, swampy

lands of Hyde and Plymouth counties. To the left or south we beheld a continuation of islands, and shortly after the main land of Cartaret county became visible. It seemed almost wholly unsettled, the wilderness appearance being only here and there relieved by the small clearing of a turpentine plantation, fishing establishment, or the ten-acre field of a "poor white."

We soon made Neuse river—a noble stream, upon the banks of which turpentine, pitch, rosin and tar enough might be made to supply the markets of the North. As we ascended the river the signs of habitation became more numerous although seeming "few and far between" to the eye accustomed to the more frequent settlements on Northern rivers, and the sombre hues of the pine, cedar and cypress forests were occasionally enlivened by the brighter foliage of persimmon, walnut and fig trees, the last flourishing here in great luxuriance, bearing two or rather a continuation of crops of delicious fruit in a season, and may be seen on every farm or plantation in patches of from a few trees to orchards of twenty-five acres in extent. We could also trace the courses of the many "branches" or creeks from the lighter foliage of the gum and other water-loving trees.

In the afternoon we passed Slocum's Creek, where Burnside landed his troops the evening before the battle of Newbern, and soon the spires of this city, and the shipping hove in sight: and towards the close of the day, after a sail of ten hours, during which time we steamed eighty or ninety miles, we drew up at the pier and prepared to disembark, thankful that we could again set foot on land and leave forever the accursed "Haze" and her brutal captain and crew.

"Mind, I tell you," said one of the latter, "had as you think the old 'Haze' is, you will before long be glad to be

on-board of her again—if you'd be t-t!"

He was laughed at: but I doubt not many of them, ere six months elapsed, wished themselves anywhere else than where they were. Still they could not see it then, but felt happy, like young bears, with all their troubles before them.

The dilapidated and seedy condition of the wharves, and the ruins of houses, mills and turpentine factories, impressed me with a premonition of what I should yet witness of the ravages of war in this fair land.

The city of Newbern bears the appearance of some age, is regularly laid out, the streets intersecting each other at right angles, and well protected from the merciless heat of summer by fine old elm trees, intermixed here and there with the chaney and other trees the names of which I do not recollect. The city is located at a point of land formed by the junction of the Trent river with the Neuse, and has altogether an imposing appearance viewed from the approach by water.

The Mass. 23rd Reg't, Col. Kurtz, (who was provost,) was then doing provost duty in the city.

When the order for landing was given, each scrambled ashore with the whole of his household furniture upon his back. After passing through a part of the city, we struck the railroad bridge, (destroyed by the rebels after their defeat, but rebuilt by our forces,) crossing which, and marching a mile or two, halted at the encampment of the 15th on the Trent river, where we were welcomed by the men of the various companies, many of whom found friends and acquaintances among the "raw recruits." My comrade had friends in the Malden Company (K), of which we were henceforth to form a part, and we received a hearty welcome from the members

of mess 5, some of the good-natured ones of which taxed themselves to the amount of nearly a dollar to procure from the sutler something more palatable for our first meal than hard tack and salt horse.

After 'taps' the lights were put out, and we disposed ourselves upon the tent-floor to sleep, in the manner of spokes of a cart-wheel, our feet toward the hub, which consisted of the gun-rack around the tent-pole, there to revolve in the circle of dreams of home and friends far distant. Before closing our eyes, however, and while inquiries were plied and answered thick and fast, one of the mess startled the newcomers by exclaiming—

"A rat! A rat! I have him!"

"Pass him around!" was the general cry.

"Now I've got him!" another exclaimed. This was followed by a gurgling noise, as in the first instance.

The 'rat' came nearer, and presently I smelt him. There was no mistaking that 'rat,'—he came from Jersey and was surnamed 'lightning,' and cost the fourth part of a soldier's pay for one month. Being eagerly pressed to taste him, I did *taste*, but that was all—the smell was enough, and I passed him over to the next man.

Sleep at length overcame me, and I dreamed of rats made of glass, squealing "Jersey lightning! Jersey lightning!" until morning, when I awoke to find myself surrounded by comrades busy eating breakfast. Beside me stood a dipper of smoking hot coffee, some hard bread and salt beef, provided by one of the most thoughtful of my new friends.

After guard-mounting (9 A. M.) the recruits were drawn up in line, assigned to the various companies, examined by the surgeon, and, after a few words of encouragement or

advice from their captains (and mayhap a glass of whi-ky), returned to their quarters, feeling relieved, no doubt, that the affair was over.

Thus, in the course of about an hour, the recruits were disposed of, and duly incorporated with the regiment—to share in its marches and marches, its skirmishes and scratches, its picket duty and plunder, its whisky and quinine, its tents and hospitals, its hard tack and salt horse, its pea soup and pea coffee, its baked beans without brown bread, its pride and its perils, its glory and its graveyards.

Home from the Colonies.

A TRIP TO FAIRYLAND.

"We did not go to Fairyland upon the day appointed.

In Morumbidgee, where, when it rains, it rains, and the hail-stones are at times so large as to kill birds, and even young lambs, we can promise our visitor fine weather, as one takes lodgings, 'for a month certain;' but in England, in respect to all projected out-of-door entertainments, there is, even in summer, the greatest uncertainty. Man proposes, but the heavens settle it. It was wet for days; and, moreover, I was not in a fit condition for an excursion of pleasure. There are few colonists who do not bring back with them some remembrances from their adopted land in the shape of a disease. The 'little present from India' is liver complaint; from the Gold Coast and the West Indies, it is a *ague*; and although Australia is but a poor country for diseases, yet not to be altogether behind the rest, it gives us a liability to influenza. I was laid up in half moon Street with an attack of that most ridiculous ailment—the eye-cruiser, the mouth-opener, that enemy of distinct pronunciation, which confuses *p*s with our *b*s.

During this affliction, nothing could exceed at first the courtesy, and afterwards the attentive kindness of my new-found friends. Their names, I learned, were respectively Charles Martin and Angus Layton; but it suited our humor to call one another X, and

Y, and Morumbidgee, as we had begun. They procured for me the newest books, and even read them to me aloud when I was unable to amuse myself in that way; and when I was too prostrated to rise, they came up into my room—of which they had made quite a flower garden—without their beloved cigars, and did me more good by their pleasant talk than I could have extracted from a whole medicine-chest. In vain I protested that such conduct was not in the bond; that they had undertaken to show me life, but not to tend me in hospital.

'That is true,' admitted X; 'but then, on our own parts, we cannot afford to lose a new sensation. We are not accustomed to sick people.—Try a little lemonade; you can taste it, can you? Come, that shews that you're getting well—and you afford us a most curious and interesting study, I assure you. Don't he, Y?'

'Most certainly,' assented the other; 'it couldn't be better—unless, indeed, it were a surgical case. I have often been going to see an amputation, but I never did it. Perhaps, when he gets over this bout, he will be good enough to meet with a compound comminuted fracture of some sort or other. Ah, here are those strawberries come at last. There is nothing objectionable about them, as there was in the cherries.'

I coughed like a sick sheep at this, intending to laugh; for it was Y's theory that I was not really ill, but only disordered and thrown out of gear by finding everything in England contrary to what it was in Australia. I had not been able to eat certain cherries that had been provided for me, and he averred that I had set myself against them because the stones were not outside the fruit, as in Morumbidgee. He was always apologizing for the scent in the flowers, and for the song of a caged thrush that hung in a window opposite—Australian flowers being for the most part scentless, and the birds without song; and he insisted upon placing a cuckoo-clock outside my door, that I might hear that persevering note at night, as in the under-world.

As to thanks, these young gentlemen would have none of them, protesting that all kind offices of theirs were but my due, since in the Tables of Atlinty the Advertiser occurred in the same

line with one's Brothers and Sisters; and indeed,' added Y, 'considerably before one's elder brother, if the property is entailed.'

I could not help getting rapidly well under such circumstances as these, nor did I regret the indisposition which had evoked such evidences of good feeling in those with whom I had so curiously cast in my lot.

'Morumbidgee,' said X, one evening as I was returning to my room, 'you are getting well and strong now, and it is time that we should commence our campaign. To-morrow is, for certain reasons, peculiarly suitable for a trip to Fairyland; the glass at last promises us fine weather; and——'

'Hush!' interrupted Y mysteriously; 'don't annoy him, or he won't sleep. The barometer ought to fall, you know, according to his reckoning.* He has been quite pleased with the weather lately, because it has been like winter, as June in all well-regulated climates ought to be. For goodness' sake, don't let him know that it's the longest day tomorrow, for it ought to be the shortest. It would quite spoil his pleasure.'

The next morning a barouche and pair conveyed us early through the south-western suburbs of London. Their amazing extent fatigued as much as they astonished me. However mean and vile the out-kirts of our colonial towns may be, at least one soon gets out of them. A poor man may there sleep in an alley, and yet breathe mountain air before breakfast. But here, were it not for the Parks, tens of thousands would never behold a tree or a blade of grass. We drove through miles of melancholy streets, where every other shop was either an emporium for tippos or for cheap literature; the principle, it was set forth in their wares, was Small Profits, and I should think that it must be their practice also. After a great while, however, we arrived at what seemed to be a country town (which, however, was London still), and eventually at the country. This country consisted not of open fields, but of great walls, over which, when lower than common, or through the bars of jealous iron gates, we caught occasional peeps of

*In Australia, the barometer rises before bad weather, and falls before good.

exquisite gardens, parks, and shrubberies, and of the mansions they surrounded. In the land from which I come, when I drive by any country-seat such as these, it is probable I know who lives there. Upon inquiry, I can easily learn whether he made his money by gold or by sheep, and even some scandal about his father having emigrated at the government expense with a ring round one of his ankles. But the proprietors of the splendid places I was now looking at—Jones of the Stock Exchange, Brown the contractor, Robinson who finds the rag-and-bone line mysteriously remunerative—these men of two thousand a year and upwards were nobodies. Society, of which they would be shining lights in Melbourne, is here unaware of their existence. As we emerged from this region into the campaign, a mighty glimmer of light flashed upon us through the trees. The top of the eastern hill seemed clothed in fire as for another sunrise. It dazzled me for a moment, and was gone; we were travelling on an elm-set English highway only, amidst a chequer-work of beam and shade. Then the trees ceased, leaving a great interval, and through it I beheld a magnificent palace of light, with towers and pinnacles tipped with flame. It was like no building wrought by the hand of man, and I looked for it to fade like a vision before my unsatisfied eyes.

'It is the Palace that was made by enchantment out of a single diamond,' exclaimed X, 'by the good genius Fock-sanendasar. It is open to mortals six days in the week; but on the seventh only to Shatholdas the unfortunate—to whose griefs its garden, planted by Prince Packstumeddin, is sacred.'

In another moment we had entered the crystal portal, and I found myself in the distant tropics, among lustrous birds and giant vegetation. The atmosphere would have been oppressive but for Siens who scattered coolness through the place from a mighty fountain, in which grew the rice plant and the sugar-cane, and one with tall green stems and fibrous leaves, upon which the eye gladly rested, as a relief to the surrounding splendours.

'It is the papyrus,' observed X, 'which supplied note-paper to Rameses the Great, from whose temple came yonder statues.'

I turned, and through an avenue of palms and sphinxes, perceived two figures seated, so colossal that I had entered between them without perceiving either.

'These were hewn out of the solid Nubian rock,' continued X, 'more than fifteen hundred years before the Christian era.'

'It is appalling to contemplate the off-spring of a period such as that,' said I; 'it is like standing face to face with eternity.'

'And yet that opposite cedar—look you—was centuries old before Rameses was in the arms of his dusky mother, and once stood proudly up four hundred feet in air in the Sierra Nevada, in California. These things perplex you, Morumbidgee, because you attempt to reason about them. Give yourself up into my hands. I possess the enchanted carpet which Prince Houssain bought at Bishnagar for the Princess Nourounihar; and it shall carry us whithersoever you please. In an instant of time you shall be in the halls of Sennacherib, guarded by the winged Assyrian bulls; or in that red palace above Granada where the Moor held regal state in defiance of Christendom.'

The Court of Lions in the Alhambra rose before me while he spoke, a mass of gold and colour, with the stucco roof of the Hall of the Abencerrages beyond. The solitary splendor of the place—its gilded halls and inlaid ceilings; its silent fountain, its dim-distant, inviting dreamy ease—enchained my tongue. It seemed as though I could have lived here with the memories of the Cid, a lifetime. But X said: 'Behold!' and drew a-side a curtain.

I know not what I saw, but if that scene had been peopled by Peris, I know I should not have wondered. A vision of whiteness, of things too bright and beautiful to be real set in a realm of crystal; a mingling of statues and foliage; a murmur of music and voices.

'Be calm, O son of the under-world. Lo, here is ancient Greece!'

Before us stood the temple of Jupiter at Nemea, and through the colonnaded entrance I caught a glimpse, I thought, of the Athenian Parthenon. Within were all the statues that have marred the world since art was born—the Farnese Juno and the Laocoon;

the Discobolus and Ariadne from the Vatican; and in the centre, as though to receive the homage of the rest, the matchless Milo Venus. I was looking at the living frieze upon the wall—that long procession of man and horse that reaches through so many centuries—when twilight fell upon my eyes.

'This darkness is Egyptian,' murmured X; 'we are in the tomb of Beni Hassan, on the Eastern Nile.'

On the wall without there were sunk relief of pious offerings from kings to gods, and hieroglyphics weird and mystical, and columns of black granite with capitals of lotus-leaf and palm.

'My friend,' said I, 'my brain whirls; take me hence into the English air, I pray.'

'Yet first come under ground,' returned X gravely.

I was in a roofless court, with colored walls and tasseled floor. On every side were shady chambers, and in the midst of that in which we stood a marble bath. At the entrance of this costly place was inscribed *salve*—welcome.

'This, then, is Rome,' said I.

'Not so,' said X, 'although the men that lived here were Romans, before the burning flood came from the hill, and made them dust. It is Pompeii. For sixteen hundred years, this house, and thousands like it, lay covered with white ashes ere man began to dig for these memorials of his fellows. This was the summer dining-room; here the travellers were reclining, doubtless, when their red doom went forth; this was the *Xystus*, or flower garden.'

'A flower-garden!' cried I passionately; 'oh, how my dizzy eyes would love to look upon a simple flower.'

In a moment we stood upon a range of terraces, below which smiled a hundred gay parterres, with marble vases, filled to the brim with flowers, amid-green-ward and trees—a mass of bloom and verdure, interspersed with white statues and long flights of marble stairs. Innumerable fountains, not as yet in motion, but 'with beaded bubbles winking at their brows,' in act to rise, made silver throbbing round us, while in the distance lay a wooded landscape sloping to green hills. Beyond those lay, perchance, the common world, but all within sight was Dream-land—Paradise. Then, while we looked,

the beaded bubbles grew; and high and higher leaped the water-falls, and intermingling at the highest point one with another, flashed above the trees; and lo! a broad white stream went tripping down a marble channel, which I had taken for stairs, and out of the roofs of the summer temples gashed the flood, to fall in a silver veil round the Naiad who stood in the shrine within. The heat of the noon-day was quelled, the faint odors were freshened that came from the rosary beneath, and the tempest spray touched our hot brows, falling far through the blue.

'Happy fountain,' ejaculated a languid voice beside me; 'when they work, they only play.'

This was Y, whom we suddenly came upon, stretched on the sloping green-sward, and smoking a cigar.

'And so you deserted us, when we started upon the enchanted carpet,' observed I, reprovingly.

'Not so,' said he; 'I would have shewn you the *omnium gatherum* with the greatest pleasure, but unhappily Fate decided against me.'

'We tossed,' explained X laughing, 'and I lost, that is all. If it had been tails, Y would have been your cicerone instead of me; as it is, I am the Interpreter of the Palace of Crystal and of the Garden of Delight. Do you not hear something, Morumbidgee?'

'I hear the fountains, although their voice grows faint and fainter.'

'Do you hear nothing else?'

'I hear the birds renewing their interrupted song, as after rain.'

'The Golden Water and the Talking Bird you can scarcely have missed,' said X; 'but if you hear no more than these, you must have stuffed your ears with cotton-wool, even as did the Princess Parzade when she started on her search after the Singing Tree.'

Upon listening more attentively, a low melodious thunder seemed to steal out of the Fairy Palace behind him, which, gathering strength, arose, and presently rolled out of doors like some vast embodied spirit of melody, to whom even those Crystal walls were too much like a prison; and then it again grew faint, and wailed and waned all about the air, as though it would fain re-enter, but could not. Most unmistakable music, the harmonious crash of human voices, here broke forth triumphant, 'as when a

mighty people rejoice with shawms and cymbals and hurps of gold, the jubilant cry, as it seemed, of an enfranchised nation.

"It is the Hallelujah chorus," murmured X with bated breath; "and sounds like the very echo of heaven."

"Let us go in," said Y, dropping the end of his cigar; "our tickets are for Block G."

Musical festivals upon any great scale are things which colonists cannot be expected to compass. England herself, when I left her, had but one such entertainment in half a century. This was held at Westminster Abbey in 1834, and about six hundred performers only were employed in it. Since then—thanks mainly to Mr. Hullah—the nation has become intensely and well-nigh universally musical. Few other countries could produce an orchestra such as that which was now before me, numbering some four thousand singers and players. No other country could certainly have offered them a building suitable for their performance. Yet here, in their vast amphitheatre, stood this harmonious multitude, their music-books fluttering white as doves' wings, or poplar leaves in storm; and in front of them were twenty thousand eager listeners, with room enough and to spare, beyond whom the far-stretching crystal naves on both sides could have accommodated ten times their number. All this great company were on their feet as we entered, following the good old fashion of George III., who always rose at the Hallelujah, as having at least an equal title to that mark of respect with the national anthem; and their sitting down, amid rustle of silk and swaying of ermine, was of itself a musical spectacle. Then a female singer came to the front of that gigantic platform, and filled all the shining space with one clear voice.

Let the bright sera shim in burning

row

Their loud, uplifted, angel trumpets
blow,

sang she; and at those words the trumpeter by her side blew long and shrill.

"I like those melodious illustrations—that fitting of sound to sense," observed X, for my part, although I believe it is not held to be the highest art. The *Creation* is, to my mind, the

first of oratorios, because it is the most descriptive."

"What a row there must be, then, when the Dumble Bee is made," quoth Y drily.

Here, fortunately, there was a delicate but universal clapping of gloved hands as the singer ceased, which hid our laughter; and then the conductor became electric in his motions, giving promise of some great thing. His enchanted wand moved this way and that way with wild velocity, and the basses stormed, and the sopranos made complaint, as though all the world had quarrelled with his wife, and were "having it out together for our benefit. Some said it was one thing, and some another, for it is not to be denied that there is a certain sameness about choruses, and that most of them, to an uneducated ear, have a very striking resemblance to *God Save the King*. When there was music without voice, the difficulty of identification was even greater.

"What is that, if you please, sir?" inquired an enthusiastic but indiscriminating old lady in our neighborhood, of the unimpassioned Y.

"I believe, madam, it is the Overture to *Samson*."

"The *what*, sir?" reiterated this lady sharply, who carried about with her an accompaniment to the drum of her ear in the shape of an ear trumpet. "Whose overture, did you say?"

"I believe it was Delilah's overture, made to the Philistines," responded Y with gravity.

"Dear me," responded she, making a note of this. "I am fortunate indeed in sitting next to a gentleman of such information."

There could be no doubt in any mind concerning the piece that followed. Over even that scene, so instinct with life and color, there seemed to fall an impalpable gloom with the notes of the *Fred. Heron in Sash*. The Fairy Palace itself might have been a funeral vault while that far-off farewell of the dead was echoing through its aisles. The chorus from *L'Allegro*, again, one would have thought, was equally unmistakable; but this was not universally the case.

"Do you not hear people laughing, sir?" exclaimed our inquiring neighbor with indignation; "people who want to laugh should not come to an oratorio."

'Madam, in that I most entirely agree with you,' returned Y earnestly; 'but it is the chorus itself which is laughing in the present instance.'

'Then, sir, they ought to be ashamed of themselves—that is my opinion—when persons have paid twelve-and-six to listen to them. And what are they all getting up and going away for? That is not a piece in the programme of this Rehearsal, that I am aware of.'

'It is the Retreat of the Four Thousand, madam. The singers go before, and the minstrels follow after—to lunch.'

Y's information was munificently recompensed to himself and friends in some excellent refreshments, which the old lady had brought with her in a basket which might have served for Moses's cradle in the *Israel in Egypt*. She was, for her own part, charmingly communicative, and expected others to be equally ready with their remarks, turning her trumpet suddenly upon you like a subscription-box, and awaiting your observation with some impatience. When we talked among ourselves, she listened, omitting, from motives of delicacy, from joining in the conversation, but colloquising upon the various subjects as they arose, aloud. When X, for example, was praising, with some eloquence, the indisputable basses, the thunders of the musical Vatican, as being in every sense the 'great guns' of an oratorio, she gave in her adhesion thus: 'Yes,' said she, making the observation to space, 'I like them basses: I can hear them.'

During the second part of the performance, there was suddenly a commotion in the place, caused by the rising and the departure of the Pacha of Egypt and his suite, who were among the company.

'Them foreigners care nothing for music,' remarked our old lady peevishly. Abraham Pacha always said he liked the tuning better than anything that was played afterwards.'

'Nay, madam, his High Mightiness is offended,' explained Y; 'this *Israel in Egypt* is, of course, a painful subject for him to listen to. He says, you observed, when the chorus began to express their pleasure that the horse and the rider were thrown into the sea. His patriotic feelings were wounded; he could not forget that Pharaoh, with

all his weaknesses, was a pacha like himself. The *Times* says that it is of the greatest importance to England that he should be kept in good humor. Let us therefore follow, and make apology to him, O Mourbridgee.'

Under this ingenious pretence, we escaped from the patient throng, and from the old lady of Block G, and once more sought the garden, fair to wander in, but fater to look down from some wide-open window after a feast. We banquetted in a pavilion of crystal, and from it watched the returning crowds pass by, for whom the Fiery Dragon waited below, and thousands of whom would have to wait for the Fiery Dragon.

'Oh, never come to the palace of Focksandasar,' said X, 'and, still more, never return, by any such means. The Dragon would gladly swallow every victim that is offered to him, but his maw is quite inadequate. The devotees, desirous to be first, fight with one another like fiends. Women and children are disregarded and trodden under the foot by Selfishness and Brutal Strength.'

'True,' said Y; 'genteel society without its 'company manners,' in a railway crash, is one of the ghastliest sights I know.'

But we ourselves, like gods above the thunder, though not as them; I trust, 'smiling in secret,' heard these things unmoved, for our baron had awaited us. We watched the shadows lengthen on the lawns, and evening quench the latest western flame that lingered on the palace pinnacles. Most true it was, we spent that day in Fairyland.

A goodly place, goodly time,
As e'er were in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alashid.

Don't Stand Upon Ceremony.

Archbishop Whately, according to his daughter, did not like men to stand upon the order of their going; but when the door into the other room was thrown open and dinner announced, he would sometimes call out, if he observed delay for such punctilio, "Now then, bundle in curates, rector, archdeacons, deans, bundle in, bundle in!" He certainly held no man's person in admiration because of advantage.

At Home with the Esquimaux.

It will be borne in mind that Mr. Hall, while in his Western home, became convinced that there was reason to hope that some members of Sir John Franklin's expedition might be still living; or that, at all events, authentic information as to their fate could be gathered among the natives of the region where they disappeared from all human eyes except those of the Esquimaux. Although the expedition was fruitless as far as the main object was concerned, it has produced rich results in other respects. Foremost among these is the absolute proof which it furnishes that white men can live year after year in the Arctic regions. Mr. Hall passed two successive winters there, and instead of returning, as did the lamented Kane, only to die, he brought back with him the same robust frame with which he set out. This exemption from the fearful agonies endured by Kane and his party was owing to the fact, that, instead of attempting to carry the habits of the temperate zone into Arctic latitudes, he had the good sense to conform to the modes of life adopted by the natives. Still there is enough of peril and privation recorded in his narrative to give it a place among the most interesting books of our day, so rich in records of adventure. Much of the peril, and almost all of the privation, might have been avoided had he gone out with anything like an adequate outfit. As we write these pages Mr. Hall has set out upon a second expedition, more amply provided, and with undiminished faith in the convictions which first led him from the banks of the Ohio to the shores of Frobisher's Bay. By the time these pages meet the reader's eye, we trust that he will have reached the region which he proposes to explore. We

know that the God-speeds of thousands will go with him.

It will be borne in mind that Mr. Hall in his former expedition sailed from New London, Connecticut, on the 29th of May, 1850, on board the whaling bark *George Henry*; that the bark was accompanied, as a tender, by a schooner now called the *Amaret*, but which had once borne the name of the *Rescue*. She had been of the "United States Grinnell Expedition," in search of Franklin. Returning from that voyage she had been employed as a whaler, and made seven perilous voyages, this being her last, for she was driven ashore, a total wreck, in a fearful storm, on the 27th of September, 1850. Her carcass lay on the rocks for almost a year; at last it was swept off from its rocky bed, and for days after was seen drifting ghost-like among the ice-floes, borne hither and thither by the changing tides and currents. The sailors on the *George Henry* had a superstitious dread of her; they fancied that she brought bad luck to every body who had any thing to do with her. The last ever seen of her by mortal eyes was when Mr. Hall found her fast aground, with a part of her bows above water. By dint of much labor he succeeded in fishing up from her hold a couple of baskets of coal, which proved a valuable acquisition.

Mr. Hall sailed from New London on the 29th May, 1850. He returned to the same port on the 13th of September, 1852; this expedition thus occupied in all nearly two and a half years, of which fully two years were spent in the Arctic regions. The crews of the two vessels numbered, officers and men, twenty-nine souls. The exploring expedition, at starting, consisted of Mr. Hall and an Esquimaux, named Kudlago, who had come to the United States on board a whaler, and was now about to return.

Mr. Hall had hoped to find him of service as an interpreter; but the poor fellow died on the voyage, without coming in sight of his native ice. Thus this Arctic Exploring Expedition consisted only of Mr. Hall himself.

The outfit was hardly on a more imposing scale than the personnel. Here is the list: A boat 28 feet long, 7 feet beam, 29½ inches deep, and drawing 8 inches when loaded with a crew of six persons and their stores; 1 sledge; ½ ton of pemmican; 200 pounds Borden's biscuit; 20 pounds "Cincinnati cracklings"—*pork scraps*; 1 pound preserved quince; 1 pound preserved peaches; 250 pounds of powder; a quantity of ball, shot, and percussion caps; 1 rifle; 9 double-barreled guns, covers, and extra fittings; one Colt's revolver complete; glass beads, a quantity of needles, etc., for presents to the natives; 2 dozen pocket knives and choppers; some tinware, 1 axe, 2 picks, files, etc.; a good supply of tobacco and pipes; wearing apparel for self, and red shirts for presents; a supply of stationery and journal books, etc.; 1 common watch; 1 opera-glass; 1 spy-glass; 1 common sextant and 1 pocket sextant; 1 artificial horizon, with an extra glass and mercury; 1 azimuth compass; 1 common compass; 1 pocket compasses; 3 ordinary thermometers and 2 self-registering ones. Some navigation books and several Arctic works, with a Bible and a few other volumes, formed the library.

The boat was destroyed in the storm which wrecked the *Rescue*, and for his explorations by water, which embraced a thousand miles of coast line, Mr. Hall had to depend wholly upon a rickety whale-boat, the only one which could be spared to him by his good friend, Captain Buddington of the *George Henry*. Overland excursions

were performed by the aid of sledges drawn by dogs.

In due time, towards the end of November, the whaler was fairly "beset" in the ice, and was shortly after laid up in winter-quarters, and Mr. Hall had abundant leisure to cultivate the friendly acquaintance, which had been before commenced, with his Esquimaux neighbors. His visits to them were paid when the thermometer indicated a temperature of which we can hardly conceive. "The month of December," he writes, "came in with a great calm of four days, and though the ice was then very much broken up, making a transit to the shore difficult, I continued to frequently land for exercise and to see more of Innuït life. On the 8th, at noon, the thermometer was at zero, and on the 9th at 15° below zero, 47° below the freezing-point. Yet strangely to me, the cold was not felt so much as I should have supposed. Visits from the Esquimaux were made daily, and often we had several sleeping on the cabin floor and on the sea-chests in *improvisu beds* made of sails, thick wearing apparel, etc.; and a curious picture it was thus to see them. Frequently, accompanied by some of these visitors, I went to their village, and to the islands around us, always being received by the natives in the most friendly manner."

The acquaintance thus auspiciously begun ripened in more than one case into cordial friendship. For two years Mr. Hall lived more like the Esquimaux than a native of a warmer climate; and during a considerable part of each winter he adopted their habits almost entirely. This came rather hard at first; but in due time he reached the conclusion that in all essential points their mode of life is the true, and in fact the only one, for their climate. In minor details we can teach them something; but

the man who expects to live as the natives must do as they do. Whoever does so may fairly hope for as long life within the polar circle as in a temperate zone.

The Esquimaux—or, as we shall hereafter call them, the *Innuits*, using the only term by which they designate themselves, equivalent to "Our Folks"—are among the most interesting of the uncivilized races of the globe. It is indeed hardly proper to class them among the uncivilized races. They show such a wonderful power of adapting themselves to the exigencies of their lot; procure so much substantial comfort from what appear to be the scantiest materials; seize so eagerly and apply so dextrously every means of amelioration which fortune throws in their way; and, above all, develop so many of the higher moral traits of humanity, that we may fairly hesitate to rank them with the uncivilized races. But as high authority has affirmed that the civilization of any people is to be measured by the quantity of soap which they consume, and as the *Innuits* scarcely know the use of this lavatory compound, we are forced, under protest, to class them among the uncivilized races.

"As a general thing," writes Mr. Hall, "the *Innuits* are strictly honest among themselves; and also, with some modifications, with strangers. No people can excel them in kindness of heart. Take, for instance, times of great scarcity of food. If one family happens to have any provisions on hand these are shared with all their neighbors. If any man captures a seal, though his family may need it all to save them from the pangs of hunger, yet the whole of the people about, including the poor, the widow and the fatherless, are invited to a seal-feast. On the

whole, their word is entitled to great credit. They despise any one who will *shuy-la-voo*—tell a lie."—In a word, they are, according to Mr. Hall, kind, honest, and truthful.

The two model *Innuits*, Ebierbing and his wife Tookoolito, will appear to most readers like pure inventions—Arctic "Uncle Toms." Quite undesignedly, however, Mr. Hall brought with him means of verifying his pictures: he brought the originals. Thousands of Americans have within the last three years seen "Joe" and "Hannah." They have accompanied Mr. Hall on his visits to various parts of the country, and sat at good men's tables. Few who have met them even casually can have failed to observe the quiet self-respecting aspect of the man, and the modest ways, pleasant smile, and marvelously sweet voice of the woman. "Joe" is Ebierbing, and "Hannah" is Tookoolito. They were true friends to Mr. Hall during the two years which he spent with their people; they came with him on his return, remained with him while he has been preparing his narrative; and they went back with him to their northern home, and are to accompany him during his proposed three years' explorations. This visit to the United States was not their first experience of civilized life. They had been taken to England seven years before, where they remained two years, were presented to the Queen, and met with great favor in English society. Ebierbing is an excellent pilot, a noted seal-hunter, and a remarkably ingenious mechanic. With no other implements than his sharply-pointed seal-spear and his long snow-knife he will mend a broken sledge or put up a snow hut in half the time that a European would require for considering how it should be done.

He is a sturdy, square built man of some 2.5 feet two; his wife is quite as tall and much stouter. To see her in her neatly fitting calico dress, smooth hair as black as coal, one would suppose that she was a German "Bairn"—a class which for the want of a better we designate as "peasants," but which corresponds in effect to our farmers.

Poor Tookoolito has sad cause to remember her visit to America. A few months after her arrival her child, Tukeliketa, "Butterfly," aged a year and a half, died. "I never saw," says Mr. Hall, "a more animated, sweet-tempered, bright-looking child." For days the mother was unconscious or delirious. Then she longed to die, so that she might be with her lost "Butterfly." The corpse of the little Inuit was placed in the beautiful burial-ground at Groton, Connecticut. Upon the grave were laid, according to the custom of his people, all his childish playthings. They were sacred to the dead. The mother went to the spot a while after, and found that one article—a gaily-painted tin pail—had been taken away. She was almost inconsolable at the discovery. How poor little "Butterfly" would miss his beautiful pail! The love of parents for their children is a notable trait in Inuit character. If we may judge from casual notices scattered through Mr. Hall's narrative, no more tender mothers or loving fathers are to be found in the world than among the Inuits.

Mr. Hall's first interviews with Tookoolito form a pleasant episode, which shall be related in his own words, with slight abridgment:

"November 2, 1860.—While intently occupied in my cabin writing, I heard a soft sweet voice say, 'Good-morning, sir.' The tone in which

it was spoken—musical, lively, and varied—instantly told me that a lady of refinement was there, greeting me. I was astonished. Could I be dreaming? No. I was wide awake, and writing. But had a thunder-clap sounded in my ear, though it was snowing, I could not have been more surprised than I was at the sound of that voice. I raised my head. A lady was indeed before me, extending an ungloved hand. The doorway in which she stood led from the cabin into my private room. Directly over this entrance was the sky-light, admitting a flood of light, and revealing to me crinoline, heavy flounces, and attenuated toga, and an immensely expanded 'kiss-me-quick' bonnet; but the features I could not at first make out. On turning my face, who should it be but a lady Esquimaux! Whence, thought I, came this civilization and refinement? In a moment I was made acquainted with my visitor. She was the Tookoolito I had so much desired to see. She spoke my language fluently, and I had a long and interesting conversation with her. Ebierbing, her husband, was also introduced to me, and though not speaking English so well as his wife, yet I could talk with him tolerably well. I gleaned many interesting particulars of their visit to England, and learned that they had dined with Prince Albert, who treated them with much consideration. Ebierbing thought the Queen was 'very pretty,' and that Prince Albert was 'a very kind, good man.' Tookoolito, speaking of the Queen, said: 'I visited her, and liked the appearance of her Majesty and every thing about the palace. Fine place, I assure you, Sir.' As Tookoolito spoke I could not help admiring the exceeding gracefulness and modesty of her demeanor. Simple and gentle in her way, there was a

degree of calm intellectual power about her that more and more astonished me. I felt delighted beyond measure because of the opportunity for becoming better acquainted with these people through her means, and I hoped to improve it toward the furtherance of the great object I had in view."

When paying this visit Tookoolito had got herself up in a very tolerable imitation of "civilized" costume. She wore a dress—of what material Mr. Hall omits to tell us—"with heavy flounces; an elegant toga made of young reindeer fur, deeply fringed, and a bonnet of the style invented on the principle of 'cover the head by a rosette on the back.'" Not long after Mr. Hall returned the call. He found the lady at home in her tent, dressed in native costume, which her visitor thought more becoming than the one in which she had called upon him. She was engaged in the domestic occupation of knitting socks for her husband—a most un-Esquimaux accomplishment which she had acquired in England. It may be added, by way of parenthesis, that she has a remarkable facility in mastering the details of feminine domestic operations. While in America ladies often showed her intricate specimens of the arts of crocheting and netting. She seemed to catch, as if by instinct, the marvelous mystery of the "stitch."

"Before I was aware of it," continues Mr. Hall, "Tookoolito had the tea-kettle over the friendly fire-lamp, and the water boiling. She asked me if I drank tea. Imagine my surprise at this question, coming from an Esquimaux, in an Esquimaux hut. I replied, 'I do; but you have not tea here, have you?' Drawing her hand from a little tin box, she displayed it full of fine-flavored black tea, saying, 'Do you like your tea strong?' Thinking to spare her the use of much

of this precious article away up here, far from the land of civilization. I replied, 'I'll take it weak, if you please.' A cup of capital tea was soon before me—capital tea, and capitally made. Taking from my pocket a sea-biscuit which I had brought from the vessel for my dinner, I shared it with my hostess. Seeing she had but one cup, I induced her to share with me its contents. Tookoolito says she and her husband drink tea nearly every night and morning. They acquired a taste for it in England, and have since obtained their annual supply from English and American whalers visiting Northumberland Inlet."

We must not suppose, however, that this is a specimen of Innuite life. The food, clothing, and dwellings of the people are peculiar to themselves, and adapted to the necessities of their condition. Their food is almost entirely animal; the flesh, fat, blood, and viscera all coming into use. Contrary to the received opinion, there is no region which so abounds in animal life as the waters and shores of the Arctic zone. *Ookook*, the big seal, and *Nutchok*, the common seal, are the Innuite staples. To them these are what corn and coal are to the European, or rice to the Asiatic. *Ninoo*, the bear, *Tuktoo*, the reindeer, the walrus, and the whale, are important auxiliaries in the way of supplying food and clothing. *Kimmick*, the dog, their only domesticated animal, is to them what the camel is to the Bedouin, and the horse and ox to other peoples.

During a part of the year seals and other game are so plentiful that an abundant supply of food can be obtained almost without labor; but during another part of the year the animals are scarce and shy. If the Innuits would only during their harvest season lay up stores for the winter, they would always be well

supplied. Taking the whole year together, a family wastes and consumes twice the necessary amount of food. But they are improvident, rarely laying up supplies in advance; and the consequence is that they are often reduced to the sorest straits of hunger. By way of showing what may be accomplished in sustaining life in the Arctic regions at the proper season we give the results of a single hunting expedition. Mr. Hall started with two Innuits. By way of provisions they took five pounds of bread and as many of salt junk. They had a rifle, a gun, a pound of powder, thirty balls, and two seal-spears. They were absent about ten days, and killed one bear weighing 1000 pounds; a large seal, 1500 pounds; and nine small seals of 200 pounds each: in all, something more than two tons of fresh meat, besides skins for clothing, and oil for fuel and light. With the exercise of ordinary forethought, there can be no doubt that all the wants of life can be fully met in the Arctic regions.

Nutchook, the seal, and his big cousin, *Ookyoak*, are among the wariest and most cunning of animals. They may well be so; for they have to be on the constant watch against their great enemy *Ninoo*, the bear, who has a special weakness for seal-blubber. It is play to stalk a deer or track a chamois compared with catching a seal. Mr. Hall, who is no contemptible sportsman, acknowledges that he was never able to get within rifle-shot of a seal when basking on the ice. Yet the Innuits get within a spear's cast of him. They own that all which they know of seal-hunting has been taught them by the bear. The way *Ninoo* proceeds is this: he sees afar off on the ice a black spot which he knows to be a seal, resting at the edge of his hole, taking a succession of "cat-naps"

hardly ten seconds long, lifting up his head between times, and narrowly surveying the whole horizon. *Ninoo* flings himself on his side, and hitches along when the seal's head is down. The moment the head is raised the bear stops short, and commences "talking" to the seal. The sound which he utters is wholly distinct from his ordinary voice. The seal is charmed, suspects no harm, and down goes his head for another nap: forward hitches *Ninoo*; and so on for a long time until he gets within leaping distance; then one spring, and it is all over with *Nutchook*. The Innuits say that if they could only talk to *Nutchook* as cleverly as *Ninoo* does they would catch many more seals. *Ninoo*, it is said, sometimes catches a young seal at the mouth of the hole, and holding him by a flipper, lets him play around in the water, the dam comes up, and the bear slyly draws the young one toward him; the mother follows until she comes within reach of the bear's paw; he gives a grab, and secures a dainty meal. Mr. Hall also tells us that the bear sometimes discovers a walrus basking at the foot of a cliff, and flings down a big rock upon him with wonderful accuracy; then, if the walrus is only stunned, the bear rushes down, seizes the stone, and hammers away at the head of the walrus until the skull is crushed in. Then *Ninoo* has a feast of fat things: for unless he is very hungry he will touch only the blubber.

In the winter, when the seal lives under the ice, his capture requires great skill and patience. He has a breathing-hole through the ice, to which he must come at intervals for air. This will be hidden by a thick covering of snow. The Innuit, aided by his seal-dog, discovers the place of this hole, pierces through the snow with his spear, and seats himself by

the opening until he hears the animal puff, then darts his spear, and, if he has good luck, secures his prize, which means not merely food, but light and warmth in his lonely snow hut miles away. It is often weary waiting by a seal-hole. Thus Mr. Hall mentions almost incidentally that poor Kudlago contracted the disease of which he ultimately died by watching at a seal-hole continuously for two days and nights in the coldest weather. Again it is noted in his journal: "Ugarug has just returned from sealing, having been out two days and one night over a seal-hole. All the reward he had for his patient exertions was the seal coming up and giving a puff; then away it went. Ugarug bore his disappointment very philosophically. He merely said, 'Away I go to-morrow morning again.'" This expedition was likewise unsuccessful, and Mr. Hall going to his hut found the family without food or light. An infant was wailing with hunger: "Me got no milk," said the mother; "meat all gone—blubber too—nothing to eat—no more light—no heat—must wait till get seal."

Not long after Eiberhing, who had been sent to the ship for supplies, came back, bringing a seal. The manner of its capture is worth mention. In going to the ship his dog had scented a seal-hole covered by two feet of snow; he marked the spot by leaving upon it a mouthful of tobacco juice and hurried on. Coming back he found his mark, and determined to try for the seal. Thrusting his spear through the snow, down to the hole in the ice, he wrapped himself up and took his station by its side. The night was dark; but there he waited patiently until early morning when the welcome puff of the seal was heard, and by one lucky thrust the prize was secured. His nose got touched by frost while watching, but a good smoke cured that; the seal was brought home in triumph. A seal-feast to the whole encampment followed. "I supped," says Mr. Hall, "on the seal-soup, with about two yards of frozen seal's entrails (very good eating) as a finish to the affair."

A "seal-feast" is conducted thus, or at least this was the manner of this one: "The first thing done," writes Mr. Hall, "was to consecrate the seal, the ceremony being to sprinkle water over it, when the host and his assistant proceeded to separate the 'blanket' (that is, the

blubber with skin) from the solid meat and skeleton of the seal. The body was then eviscerated and the blood scooped out. This blood is considered very precious, and forms an important item of the food largely consumed by the Esquimaux. Next came the liver, which was cut into pieces and distributed all around, myself getting and eating a share. Of course it was eaten raw—for this was a raw-meat feast—its eating being accompanied by taking into the mouth a small portion of delicate white blubber which answered the purpose as butter with bread. Then followed distributing the ribs of the seal for social pickling. I joined in all this, doing as they did, and becoming quite an Innuut save in the quantity eaten. This I might challenge any white man to do. No human stomach but an Innuut's could possibly hold what I saw these men and women devour. Directly the feast was over the company dispersed. Tookoolito then sent round bountiful gifts of seal-blubber for fire-lamps, also some seal-meat and blood. This is the usual custom among the Innuuts. They share each other's successes, and bear each other's wants. Generally if it is found that one is short of provisions it may be known that all are. When one has a supply all have. After the feast and the gifts were over we had leisure to attend to ourselves, and in what great good-humor we were soon to be found, our lamps were all aglow, and our hunger satiated."

As a pendant to this description of a seal-feast we give Mr. Hall's account of a reindeer feast. The date is December, the season of scarcity. Four months before Mr. Hall's journal is filled with notices of the abundance and fatness of the game around him. Deer especially were so abundant that they were killed only for the sake of the skins and tallow. The skins at this season are in the condition to be most useful for clothing and bedding. A reindeer skin seems to be the best non-conductor of heat known. The Innuuts never are more than one for bedding in the coldest weather—the thermometer 70 degrees or more below freezing-point. Mr. Hall says he has slept under a dozen of the best wadded blankets and been almost frozen, while a single reindeer skin kept him abundantly warm. Of the condition of the game this season let the following paragraph speak. The scene is at the head of Fr. bisher Bay:

"I never saw in the States, unless the exception be of the prairies of the West, more luxuriant grasses on uncultivated lands than are here around me. There is no mistake in this statement that pasture land here for stock can not be excelled, unless it be cultivated or found in the great West. The land animals here are fat—as fat as butter." The paunches of the reindeer are filled to the utmost capacity with grasses, mosses, and leaves of the various plants that abound here. The animal just killed was very fat, his rump lined with *foodnoo* (tallow), which goes much further with me than butter: superior it is, indeed, as sweet golden butter is to lard. The venison is very tender, almost falling to pieces as you attempt to lift a steak by its edge. So it is with all the reindeer that have as yet been killed here. Rabbits also are in fine condition. Not only are they so now, but they must be nearly in a good order here in the winter; for God has given them the means to make their way through the garb of white with which he clothes the earth here for their subsistence."

But in December hard times had come on. One day an Inuit came back to the snow village with a portion of the bodies of two deer frozen as hard as rocks. A general invitation to a *tuktoo*-feast was given out. The guests, thirty in number—the whole population of the village—rushed in. The giver of the feast acted as master of ceremonies: "He first made the ladies on the bed give way so as to clear a space whereon he might do the carving; then he placed on this spot the table-cloth, a huge seal-skin, and upon that put the carcass of a large deer; he then took a boat hatchet and began to carve the deer. Slabs of its side were chopped and peeled off, chips of ice flew here and there into the very face of the guests at each stroke of the axe. As fast as Sampson rolled off the venison other men took the pieces, and by means of a saw and seal-knives reduced them to a size adapted for handling, then Sampson distributed these bits, one to each, till every mill had grist to grind. Thus for half an hour Sampson carved then his hatchet handle broke off close up to the head. Another axe was sent for, and meanwhile, with the help of a saw, the two saddles were divided into the proper number of pieces, ready for distribution; the carcass was then once more attack-

ed, and the shell was broken, split, and sawed into pieces. In it was the 'kernel,' to which all looked with anxious eyes; this was at last divided into as many pieces as there were pieces of saddle, and then one of each was given to every guest. I received my share with gratitude, and with a piece in each hand began eating. I bit off a mouthful of the saddle-piece; it was good. I took a morsel of the other; it was *delightful*; its flavor was a kind of sorrel acid; it had an *ambrosial* taste! it fairly melted in my mouth! When nearly through, I had the curiosity to crowd my way to a light to see what this delicious frozen food was, for where I sat I was shaded by large forms between me and the fire-light. I looked at it, rolled it over, and looked again. Behold, it was the contents of a reindeer's paunch! On this discovery I stopped feasting for that night."

Had Mr. Hall been accustomed to the precious delicacy of woodcock's "trail" he might have been less squeamish in the matter of reindeer paunch *glacee*, *au naturel*. He did indeed get over many of his prejudices in the way of food. Seal's blood "smoking hot" he declares to be "excellent," although drank from a dish which went the round of the whole company, each one in succession taking a long "s-o-o-o-p" at it, and then passing it to the next. The skin of the whale "three-quarters of an inch thick, looking like India rubber, is in its raw state," he says, "good eating even for a white man, as I know from experience; but when boiled and soured in vinegar it is most excellent." The "gum" of the whale, that is the substance in which the so-called "whalebone" is set, is a special Inuit delicacy. It looks like coconut meat, and tastes like unripe chestnuts. Mr. Hall could not fully appreciate this; yet, he says, savingly, "If the struggle was for life, and its preservation depended upon the act, I would undoubtedly eat whale's gum until I got something better to my liking." Once a substance which looked like a choice bit from a turkey's breast was handed to him. He thought he had stumbled upon a delicacy. He vainly tried to masticate it, but after half an hour's vigorous chewing he found it more solid than when he began. The substance was the ligament lying between the vertebrae of the whale, and he had made a mistake

in the way of disposing of it. The Innuits mode is to take a huge piece into the mouth, lubricate it thoroughly with the secretions of the salivary glands, and then swallow it whole, as a boa-constrictor swallows a deer. Again, Mr. Hall remarks, "My opinion is, that the Esquimaux practice of eating their food raw is a good one, at least for the better preservation of their health. To one educated as we whites are, their custom of feasting on uncooked meats is highly repulsive; but as the twig is bent the tree's inclined; and this is as applicable to food as to any thing else. When I saw the natives actually feasting on the raw flesh of the whale, I thought to myself, 'Why can not I do the same?' The answer was, because of my education." To our apprehension the man who has "swallowed the camel" of raw oysters, need not "strain out the gnat" of uncooked steak, whether beef, bear, whale, or seal. Mr. Hall, later in his Arctic experiences, speaks more favorably of raw meat; but we believe he never quite comes up to Mansfield Parkyns, of Abyssinian fame, who assures us that no one can have fathomed the gustatory possibilities of a beef-steak, until he has eaten one raw before it has had time to get cold.

So much for Innuits feasting. Of their times of fasting, when any thing that can by any possibility be edible, assumes the place of a delicacy, we have not space to speak. Mr. Hall, during his two Arctic winters, had occasion frequently to mention these hard times.

In the far north clothing and shelter are as indispensable to life as is food. The winter dress of the Innuits, commencing with the feet, is thus composed: Long stockings of reindeer skin, with the hair next the person; socks of eider duck skin, with feathers on both sides; socks of seal skin, with the hair outside; boots, the legs of reindeer-skin, fur outside, the soles of seal-skin. The jacket is of reindeer-skin, fitting to the form, but not tightly; those of the women have long tails, reaching almost to the ground. The ornamentation of the female dress depends on the taste and means of the wearer. One "very pretty style," noted by Mr. Hall, had a fringe of colored beads across the neck; bowls of Britannia metal tea-spoons down the front flap, and a double row of copper cents, surmounted by a bell from an old-fashioned clock, down the tail,

which was bordered by a beading of elongated lead shot. This jacket has no opening before or behind, but is slipped on over the head. These women's jackets are provided with a hood, which serves a variety of purposes, especially that of carrying the children. The breeches reach below the knee, and are fastened by a string drawn tightly around the waist. Mittens are used; the females usually wearing but one, on the right hand, the left being drawn under the sleeve. "The costume of the females is completed," to borrow the phrases of our respected Fashion Editor, "by the addition of finger-rings and head-bands of polished brass." Among their "accomplishments" is playing upon the *Keeloun*, a kind of tambourine, made by stretching a thin deer skin or a whale's liver upon a hoop. This is held by a handle, and the player strikes not the skin, but the hoop; and generally accompanies the music by a rude dance.

The Innuits of the present day are a nomadic people. Their wanderings, however, appear to be confined to the region of the coast, never extending far into the interior. Their dwellings are, therefore, for mere temporary occupation. Indications, in the form of trenches and excavations, are not wanting to show that they formerly led a much more settled life. Ever since they have been brought into even casual contact with the whites, their numbers seem to have been gradually diminishing. How this has been brought about is at present a mystery. The Red Men of America have been destroyed by "fire-water" and the occupation of their hunting-grounds. The natives of the South Sea Islands have been eaten up by nameless diseases contracted from their licentious white visitors. We find scarcely a trace of either of these destroyers among the Innuits. Consumption appears to be the destroyer among them; but we can see no reason why this should be more prevalent now than it was generations ago. But be the explanation what it may, the fact is certain, that they are a race fast passing from the earth.

Their summer dwellings, or *tupics*, are tents covered with skins. Their winter dwellings are *igloos* or snow huts. These are admirably adapted to the requirements of their situation, and in the construction of these they show great dexterity. They are indeed vastly

like the dwellings of the seal, which are called by the same name. It may almost be considered a mooted question whether the Innuits taught the seals, or the seals the Innuits. About the middle of November, when the snow has become thick and compact, the Innuits begin the construction of their *igloos*. The manner in which this is done may be fairly shown by the following abridged description of the building of one by a small party in one of Mr. Hall's journeys:

Sharkoy and Koojeste proceeded to build an *igloo* in the regular manner. They first sounded the snow with their seal spears, to find that which was suitable for the purpose. Then one commenced cutting out snow-blocks, using a hand saw. When they are not provided with this implement their snow-knives of bone or iron answer the purpose. The blocks were about three feet long, eighteen inches broad, and six inches thick. They look very much like the blocks of white marble with which our New York houses are faced. In building, these blocks are set up edgewise, so that the walls of an *igloo* are six inches thick. In this case seventeen of these blocks, laid in a circular form, composed the foundation, making the diameter of the structure about seventeen feet. Upon these blocks others were placed, not in tiers, but laid spiraling, and also inclined toward the centre, where they almost met. The key-stone, or rather snow, was then dropped in, and there was a regular dome, about seven feet high at the apex. The two builders were on the inside, those without handing them the blocks. When the whole was done, they were completely walled in. A hole was then cut in the side, through which snow cut fine was passed in. This was built up into a bench or platform running clear around the interior. Over this bench, which answers the purpose of bed, chairs, and table, herbs were spread, and over them were laid the reindeer skins. A covered passage three feet high and some yards long was then built leading from the door, and the *igloo* was complete. Three or four Innuits, working moderately, will build such a hut in two hours, or, if need be, will do it in half the time.

Dogs play a very important part in the economy of Innuit life. They not only draw the sledges, but aid their masters in hunting. Without them

even the keen-sighted Innuits would find it impossible to discover a seal-hole beneath two feet of snow. A good seal-dog is an acquisition. When a puppy is found to possess more than usual intelligence and sharpness of scent, he is trained as sedulously as we train a likely colt for the race-course. The instinct of an Esquimaux dog for the seal is as keen as that of our terriers for a rat. When harnessed to a sledge, if they scent a seal there is no restraining or guiding them. The whole team dashes madly away regardless of ice-chasms or rifts. When the driver wishes to hurry them on he finds that the cry of *Ookgook!*—"Seal!" is more efficacious than his walrus-skin whip. A single dog will not frequently capture a seal of twice his weight. Two or three of them will assault a bear, and worry him into standing until their master comes up and settles the matter with his spear. Mr. Hall had a famous dog named Barbekark, of whose courage and cunning he tells many curious anecdotes. On one occasion he set out hunting on his own account, and actually succeeded in killing a large reindeer, biting his jugular through as cleanly as though it had been cut with a knife, and then guided his master to the spot where his victim lay. Barbekark, after passing two winters with his white master, accompanied him to the States. Here he died, and his skin stuffed to the life, after standing for a while on guard by our editorial table, much to the alarm of nervous visitors, has now found a resting-place in the "Arctic Room" of Henry Grinnell, the fast friend and liberal supporter of Mr. Hall in his two expeditions.

A sledge-team of dogs numbers about twenty—and a most troublesome team it is to manage. According to Mr. Hall's observations the Innuits treat their dogs kindly—quite as well as we treat our horses. They have some peculiar notions about feeding them. They are thought to work better if not fed during a journey, even if it lasts several days. Their standing food consists of tough India-rubber-like skin of the whale and walrus. This instead of being cut up into "chunks" is given them in strips a yard or two long. These are swallowed whole. The dog swallows his whale-skin much as a Neapolitan Iazaroni does his long strings of macaroni. The Innuits say that the food taken in this

form "stays in until the goodness is all got out of it." Of course in times of scarcity the dogs suffer with their masters, and when a sledge-load of food comes in there is like to be a pitched battle between bipeds and quadrupeds—the latter, in spite of clubs and spears, generally managing to secure their share. It is a doubtful question whether an Inuit or his dog can, after a long fast, bolt a larger quantity of food in a given time. We think, however, that no biped could equal the following exploit in this way which we find noted in Mr. Hall's Journal: "The dogs are very hungry. Last night they ate up the whip lash, which was thirty feet long. I witnessed a sight some days since of a hungry dog swallowing down a piece of *kwé* (walrus hide and blubber) one inch and a half square and six feet long in seven seconds. The act I timed by the chronometer."

The treatment of the sick and dying, as we have said before, forms a marked exception to the general kindness of the Inuits toward each other. In our previous article was related at some length the case of Nukerton, a woman who was left at the point of death in a solitary *igloo*. This was by no means a solitary case within Mr. Hall's own observation. One other, to which brief reference was there made, must here be told somewhat more in detail.

Mr. Hall learned that a company of Inuits had been driven by starvation to abandon their camping place, and had left a woman, the wife of one of them, behind in an *igloo*. She was sick, they said, and unable to help herself. Mr. Hall was at the time "at home" on board the *George Henry*. He proposed to raise a party at once to go to the rescue of the woman. The mate, Reuben Lamb, and four of the crew volunteered for this work. They set off through the deep snow, walking in Indian file, each alternately breaking track for the others to follow. No one but Lamb and Hall could hold out for more than five minutes at a time in this fearful labor. One man after another gave up and returned. Hall and Lamb determined to persevere till the last moment. But it was of no avail. The very dogs, of whom they had four—the noble Barbekark being one—at last could not get on; and, writes Mr. Hall, "I was reluctantly obliged to turn my face toward the ship, having decided that it was my duty to return to save

the living rather than to strive to reach one who might be already dead. Never had I experienced harder work than in traveling back. The condition of Lamb was such that I feared for his life if we did not soon get on board. Every few steps the snow had to be broken down to make a passage. It was of God's mercy that I had strength enough to hold up, else both of us must have perished. Occasionally I threw myself down on the ice or snow thoroughly exhausted; then I would start up, rouse Lamb, who seemed to be verging toward that sleep which in cold regions becomes the sleep of death, and once more battle onward. During this hard passage back to the vessel my noble dog Barbekark, was like a cheering friend. As now and then I lay almost exhausted upon the snow for a moment's rest he danced around me, kissing my face, placing his side by my side, where I could pillow my head upon his warm body. No one who knew his characteristics could fail to perceive that he realized the critical situation of Lamb and myself. He would bound toward me, raise himself on his hinder legs, place his paws upon my breast, and glance from me toward the vessel, from the vessel to Lamb, then leap away, leading the sledge team on a distance ahead, there to wait till we again came near, the few dogs and the soft state of the snow preventing us from riding. I was indeed a happy man as I walked into the gangway of the *George Henry*, and learned that all my company were safely back to its shelter."

This attempt failed. Four days after it was renewed by Mr. Hall, accompanied only by Eberbing and a dog team. The cold had meanwhile grown intense, and thus the traveling was improved. They worked desperately to keep their hands and feet from freezing. At length they reached the site of the deserted village; but not a hut was to be seen. They were all covered by an expanse of smooth snow, without a visible mark. Eberbing's practiced eye at length fixed upon a spot beneath which he was sure there was an *igloo*. But the Inuits have a superstitious dread of touching even a hut within which is a corpse. Hall, with his snow-knife, dug down through the snow and the roof, and found the *igloo* vacant. Another was discovered, opened in like manner, and found empty also. One more was to be discovered and opened.

There was nothing to show its place. The Innuït pierced through the snow with his spear time after time in vain. At last he struck a roof, and then withdrew to a distance, leaving the work of exploration to Hall. He dug down through the snow, and came to the roof. But the heat of the fire which had once burned within had partly melted the snow-blocks, and the cold had transformed them into masses of solid ice almost as hard as stone. In trying to cut through this the knife was broken. Hall took the spear, and at last succeeded in piercing the roof. He shouted through the opening; but there was no answer. The inmate might be either dead or sleeping. He descended, and found the woman lying on the snow bench. He placed his hand on her forehead. The icy walls of her tomb were not colder. She was dead. There were indications that she had lived for some time after she was abandoned. Reverently closing up the opening which he had made, Hall and his Innuït friend retraced their toilsome way to the ship.

Mr. Hall is confident that he discovered many ancient relics of the expedition of Martin Frobisher made almost three centuries ago. We have not space to do more than indicate a few of the leading arguments which led him to this conclusion. He found a tradition current that many years ago white men had visited a place which still bore the name of *Kalluran*, or "White Man's" Island. He traced these traditions diligently, comparing and collating them. One of his principal sources was an old woman named Oukijoxy Nimoo, the grandmother of Ebierbing, noted as the oldest Innuït living. Mr. Hall believes her to be a hundred years old. She had heard the story told by her grandmother. Seated at the entrance of her *tupic*, Tookoohito acting as interpreter, he questioned and cross-questioned her. Her story was wonderfully like the printed accounts—three hundred years old—of Frobisher's expedition. It was confirmed by a score of others, all of whom professed to have heard it from their forefathers. Mr. Hall at length visited the spot which was designated as the place of the white men's encampment, and found many things which had evidently been left there by white men. Among other things was a heap of coal, amounting to several tons. Every thing was

covered over with moss, which showed that they must have been there for ages. The relics are of little importance in themselves; and we believe that there is much question among Arctic authorities whether they belonged to Frobisher's expedition. We think the evidence, so far as it goes, is greatly in favor of Mr. Hall's hypothesis in respect to these relics.

Assuming that Mr. Hall is correct in referring these traditions to that expedition, the bearing upon researches into the fate of Sir John Franklin is evident and important. If the Innuïts have preserved from generation to generation, for nearly three centuries, a tolerably accurate account of this expedition, it is almost certain that they have in their possession, and can be induced to communicate, the details of the fate of Franklin's expedition, which occurred within the present generation. If any of these men are still living there must be Innuïts who know it, and can tell where they are to be found. If all have perished—since it is almost certain that they were not lost at sea, but met their doom on shore—there must be Innuïts who can tell how and when they died. To solve these questions is one of the motives which have led Mr. Hall to undertake his second expedition to the Arctic regions.

Giving the Devil his Due.

Dean Swift, having preached an assize sermon in Ireland, was invited to dine with the judges; and having in his sermon considered the use and abuse of the law, he then pressed a little hard upon those councillors who pleaded causes which they knew in their consciences to be wrong. When dinner was over, and the glass began to go round, a young barrister retorted upon the Dean; and after several alterations the councillor asked him, if the devil was to die, whether a parson might not be found who, for money, would preach his funeral sermon. "Yes," said Swift, "I would gladly be the man, and I would then give the devil his due, as I have this day done his children."

—An editor, at a dinner table, being asked if he would take some pudding, replied in a fit of abstraction: "Owing to the crowd of other matter we are unable to find room for it."

The Story of Mr. Touch-All.

Frederick Dolby was a student at one of the royal colleges of France. During one of his vacations he was accompanied to his father's house by his tutor, Mr. Verdun, who had been invited to spend a few days there. Being received with much kindness by Mr. Dolby, Mr. Verdun was glad to be able, with truth, to assure him of the improvement and good conduct of his son. However, he thought it his duty to inform of a fault in the boy which, if not checked, might cause him to forfeit the good opinion to which his education and manners would otherwise entitle him. Frederick's fault was one which parents and teachers do not in general reprove with sufficient severity. Though he had no dishonest intention of appropriating other person's property to himself, yet he liked to touch things that did not belong to him, to examine them, to put them out of their place. Now, as Mr. Verdun feared that this habit proceeded from idle curiosity, or from a love of mischief, he requested that Mr. Dolby would assist him in correcting this failing while it was yet but a growing one.

Mr. Dolby, upon bearing the tutor's request, sighed deeply. He took his son by the hand, and requesting his guest to take a seat near him, began as follows:—

"My dear Frederick," said he, "I am about to make a confession. I had not a tutor sincere enough to tell my father of my faults, but you have, and a father also who will acknowledge his own errors, and their consequences, in order that you may avoid them. In the school where I was educated, my companions gave me the nickname of Mr. Touch-all. This appellation fully expresses the tendency of my habits. I was dread-

ed by those of my schoolfellows, who loved order and neatness in their desks or clothes-presses. If our master happened to leave his snuff-box, or book, or anything else, upon table, he was sure to find it in my hands on my return. One day an usher was showing us a map of ancient geography, traced on parchment, and embellished with drawings and illustrations. My companions and I were grouped round a table upon which it was unrolled. A prohibition not to touch it roused my unhappy propensity. The master had placed an ink-bottle upon one of the corners of the map to keep it open. It was quite full. I touched it; the parchment rolled back, and upset the ink-bottle; the map was covered with ink, and entirely spoiled, as all the master's efforts to repair the mischief were useless.

"Many attempts were made to correct me. At that time people were much interested in the discoveries in natural philosophy made by Dr. Franklin. One day the principal of the college had left the door of his room half open; I peeped in, and saw a bottle as bright as silver, with a brass rod, terminated by a ball. I wished to touch the bottle, and take away the little shining ball. I did so, and screamed loudly. I felt a pain as if a hammer had struck my arm, and at the same time shouts of derision proceeded from the lobby. The master had given me a lesson. I then learned that I had been electrified, and that the bottle which had communicated the shock to me was the apparatus known by the name of the Leyden bottle.

"It happened," continued Mr. Dolby, "that I sometimes received severe warnings, which ought to have corrected me sooner. Our master had a very handsome country residence, where we often spent our holidays.

During an excursion there we were forbidden to go into a certain copse wood, or to touch any wires which we might chance to see on the ground. I left my companions to wander where they pleased, and ventured alone into the thickest part of the wood. After walking some time I caught sight of one of the wires which we had been desired not to touch. There were some leaves collected in a heap near it, which appeared to conceal something. I went up to this heap and knelt down that I might see better, pushing the leaves asunder with my hand. In a moment I heard a noise, as of the snapping of a spring, and saw the glitter of two bars of steel. I uttered a scream of pain, and fell, fainting, to the ground. My hands had been caught in a trap set for foxes. In the evening, the under-master, contrary to custom, did not call the roll, so that my absence was not noticed. My school-fellows went off without me, and I was not released till after a night of torture, when a farmer, attracted by my cries, came to my assistance. I might have been killed had I been caught by one of the larger traps, which were armed with teeth, and being more raised, might have crushed my head; but God willed it otherwise, and preserved me for severe trials, the remembrance of which, even after the lapse of many years, still fills me with sorrow.

"The great revolution of 1789 broke out in France while I was pursuing my studies. My father, who resided in a village situated near the borders of La Vendée, was a man respected, even in those times of violence, by the different parties which distracted the country. I was eleven years old at the time the events which I am about to relate occurred. One of my father's tenants had a son named George, who had been chosen to serve in the republican army. He

was no coward: his heart throbbed with feelings of patriotism when the glory of France was spoken of; yet he refused to serve. At that period the difference of the color of a cockade made the children of the same country violent enemies to each other. The courage of the soldiers was expended in fighting Frenchman against Frenchman. George could not bear the idea of exposing himself to the chance of shedding the blood of kinsmen or friends; he concealed himself in the woods that surrounded his native village; he kept up communications in the country, and his relations, by means of preconcerted signals, gave him notice of the movements of the soldiers who were appointed to pick up recruits. It had been settled that a white ribbon, fastened to a wooden cross which stood in a village churchyard, would announce the arrival of the republican soldiers, and the danger he would incur were he to show himself. One day George's father and sister had taken care to fix this signal in the appointed place, and had returned to their cottage, praying that God would soon remove the soldiers and restore their dear fugitive to them again. In the evening George went to kneel at the foot of the cross, and seeing no ribbon fastened to it, gaily took the road to the village. The unfortunate youth did not know that I had passed that way, and indulging my unlucky propensity of touching everything, had unfastened the ribbon and placed it out of his sight. George had scarcely gone a few steps, when he was surrounded by the republican soldiers and taken before their commander, who placed him in charge of a police officer, with orders to convey him the next day to the chief town of the province. My father heard of this event with grief. I confessed to him my involuntary

fault, and he told me that he depended on me to repair it. 'If George is taken to Angers,' said my father, 'he will be tried with the rigor of republican law immediately; the police officer is a man who will not fail in his duty. He has promised to take George to the town tomorrow, and to start at noon. He will go, as he always does in the morning, to the inn kept by Mrs. Louis, whose daughter he is going to marry. If Fanny can detain him till one o'clock, George will be saved, for by that hour the royalists will be able to rescue him. 'Go,' said he to me, 'ask Fanny to help in this matter; George is her cousin, and I am sure she will do all she can for him, and will find some means of delaying her lover's departure.' 'You may conceive,' said Mr. Dolby, 'the joy I felt at the idea of being able to undo the mischief I had occasioned. I hastened to the inn, told everything to Mrs. Louis and Fanny, and both of them set their wits to work to find out the means of effecting our object. I did not return that night to my father's house, which was at some distance, but slept at the inn. The next morning I was up at daybreak; Fanny came to me and said, 'Make your mind easy, Mr. Henry, we have thought of a plan; do not stay here for fear of exciting suspicion, but go away and come back again like any other traveller.' My heart bounded with joy and hope. I had scarcely gone out, before the police officer came to pay his usual morning visit to the innkeeper and her daughter; he asked what o'clock it was, and added, 'I must start at noon precisely.' He never thought of mentioning George, for at that time arrests were so common that little notice was taken of them. 'I will tell you when it is half-past eleven,' said Fanny, looking at the clock, which then

pointed to the hour of ten. The police officer mechanically glanced at it, and then sat down at the fire to light his pipe. Fanny immediately opened the door of the clock, and stopped the movement of the pendulum. Her lover was a little deaf, and she thanked the cannon for having made him so, as it might be the means of saving her unfortunate cousin. Fanny's plan might have succeeded; she intended not to put the pendulum in motion again for some time, and thus a delay would have been gained. Unhappily she left the room, and unhappily I went in. After taking two or three turns in the apartment, not knowing Fanny's plan, and not hearing the usual ticking of the clock, I opened its door, touched the pendulum, and then went away, without being aware of the mischief I had done. When Fanny came back, she found the police officer standing opposite the clock. 'It is getting late,' said he, 'I must be off.' She heard the ticking and nearly fainted. I went in again; Fanny told me what she had done, and I was obliged to acknowledge for a second time, that the mania of touching everything had again brought poor George into danger, for the hour named for his departure was on the point of striking. The only hope which now remained was in my father. I hastened to throw myself at his feet, and tell him all the circumstances of my recent fault. George passed by me, escorted by the officer. They both saluted me; I had scarcely power to return their civility. My father made use of the influence he possessed with the authorities to obtain George's release. If the young man would have consented to serve in the ranks of the republic, his pardon would have been granted, but the answer to the proposal was, 'I will serve against the enemies of my country, but never against

Frenchmen.' As it would have been dangerous to make an exception in his favor, which others might obtain in their turn, it was considered necessary to condemn George as a deserter. My father obtained permission to see the prisoner, and I went with him to beg his forgiveness for having caused him so much misery. A jailor conducted us to his cell. George was calm; his countenance bore the expression of resignation and serenity which can be experienced only when conscience absolves from the crime which men condemn. My father was not a man to urge George to alter his determination of not serving against his countrymen. He spoke to him of religion, of the strength which that alone can impart in misfortune. Meanwhile I was occupied in examining the prisoner's food. 'Oh! poor George,' thought I, 'what nasty black bread he eats!' I took it in my hand to look at it closer, when to my surprise, it separated in two parts; one-half was hollow, and a long piece of rope appeared. 'A rope ladder for making his escape!' exclaimed the jailor, and instantly ordered us to leave the cell. "He is lost!" said my father, as we left the prison. "And by my fault again," added I. Three days afterwards George was condemned to be shot. A ball fired from the musket of a Frenchman entered the heart of him who choose to die rather than slay one of his countrymen. His mortal remains were laid in the village churchyard, near the spot where his poor sister had placed for his safety, the signal which I had so disastrously taken away. George was mourned for, and I was pitied. His father and mine did not long survive."

"And what became of George's sister?" asked Frederick, in a saddened tone.

"She became my wife and your

mother, Frederick. In taking her as my companion for life, I felt that I was fulfilling a duty, and atoning as much as possible for my grievous fault."

This story deeply moved both tutor and pupil. Frederick threw himself into Mr. Verdun's arms, and this action was a mute but eloquent expression of determination to avoid in future a repetition of the habit to which he had been addicted.

England and English Christianity.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* writes as follows on the 1st of Dec.:—Everyone will, I am sure, be glad to hear that M. de Montalembert, after passing through a tedious and painful illness, which has kept him for some months to his bed, or to his room, is now convalescent. His recovery is somewhat slow, but there is a recovery. M. de Montalembert has been long engaged on a work, which to him is a labor of love, the 'History of Monks of the West.' The first two volumes appeared sometime since. The third has been in print for more than a year, and was not to have appeared without the fourth and fifth, which are exclusively occupied with the conversion of England to Christianity, but which the long malady of the distinguished author has prevented him from finishing. It was thought better, however, to delay the third volume no longer, and it is this day published. It is inscribed in a short but graceful and affectionate dedication, in Latin, to Lord Duarven, who accompanied the author during his visits to Iona, 'from which,' as Sir W. Scott observes, 'the light of Christianity shone forth on Scotland and Ireland,' and to other ancient sanctuaries in England and Scotland. The volume opens with a sketch of the English nation in five or six pages, vigor-

ously and eloquently written, which I have thus translated:—

“There exists in modern Europe, at seven leagues distance from France, within sight of our northern coasts, a people whose empire is more vast than was that of Alexander or the Cæsars, who are at once the freest and the mightiest, the richest and most manful, the most undaunted and the most orderly that the world has known. No study is more instructive than the character of this people; none present so original an aspect, or stranger contrasts. Liberal and intolerant, pious and inhuman, loving order and security as much as movement and renown, they feel a superstitious respect for the letter of the law, and practice the most unbounded personal independence. Conversant, as none others are, with all the arts of peace, and yet unconquerable in war, of which they sometimes are even passionately fond, too often strangers to enthusiasm, but incapable of faint-heartedness, they know not what it is to be discouraged or enervated. At one time they count all by the measure of their gains or their caprices, at another they get heated for a disinterested idea or a passion. As fickle as any other race in their affection and their judgment, they always know where to stop, and they are gifted at once with a power of initiative which nothing astonishes, and a perseverance which nothing turns aside. Eager for conquest and discoveries, they wander or rush to the utmost boundaries of the earth, and they return more attached than ever to their home and more resolute in upholding its dignity and perpetuating its ancient stability. Implacable hate: of constraint, they are yet voluntary slaves to tradition and to discipline freely accepted, or to prejudices handed down to them through generations. No people have been oftener con-

quered, but none have so absorbed and transformed their conquerors. None have persecuted Catholicism with more unrelenting and sanguinary hatred; even at this day none appear more hostile to the Church, of which yet none have more need: none have been more wanting to it; none have left in its bo-om a more irreparable void: but none have lavished on our proscribed bishops, priest- and monks, a more generous hospitality. Inaccessibile to modern convulsions, that island has been an inviolable asylum for our exiled fathers and our Princes, not less than for our most violent enemies. Neither the selfishness of these islanders, nor their indifference, too often cynical, towards the sufferings and the servitude of others, should make us forget that in their country, more than any other, man belongs to himself and governs himself. It is there that the nobleness of our nature develops itself in all its splendor, and there attains its highest perfection. It is there that the noble passion of independence combined with the genius of association, and the constant practice of self-control, have given birth to these prodigies of energy, of indomitable vigor, of stubborn heroism which have triumphed over seas and climates, over time and distance, over nature and tyranny, and have excited the envy of all peoples and the haughty enthusiasm of the English. Loving liberty for her own sake, and loving nothing without her, they owe little to their kings, who were nothing but through them and for them. On them alone rests the formidable responsibility of their history. After undergoing as much, and more than any other nation of Europe, the horrors of political and religious despotism in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, they were the first and the only people who threw it off once and for ever. Re-

instated in their ancient rights, their proud and brave nature has ever since kept them from delivering over to any one their rights, their destiny, their interests, or their free will. They themselves know what to resolve and what to do; governing, raising up, inspiring their great men, instead of being seduced, led astray, or made the matter of traffic by them. The English race has inherited the pride, as it has inherited the grandeur of the people whose rivals and whose heirs they are, of the Roman people—not the vile Romans enslaved by Augustus, but the sterling Romans of the Republic. But that race, like the Romans to their tributaries, has been fierce and rapacious in Ireland, and has inflicted, even down to recent times, the servitude and degradation which it repudiates with horror for itself. Like ancient Rome, often hated, and too often deserving of hatred, it will always excite even among its most favorable judges, more of admiration than of love. But, more fortunate than Rome, and despite of a thousand inconsistencies, a thousand excesses, a thousand foul blots, the English race is of all modern races, and of all Christian communities, the one which has best preserved the three fundamental bases of every society worthy of man—the spirit of liberty, the spirit of family, and the spirit of religion. How has this nation, in which pagan pride still survives and triumphs, and which has yet remained even in error the most religious of all the nations of Europe, how came it to be Christian? How, and by what hands, have these imperishable roots been implanted? The question is surely the most important of all those which history make mention of, and its interest is the more important when we consider that on the conversion of England depended, and still depends, the con-

version of many millions of souls. English Christianity was the source of the Christianity of Germany. From the depth of Germany the missionaries formed by the Anglo-Saxons carried the faith into Scandinavia, and among the Slaves: and day after day, at the present moment, either by the fruitful expansion of Irish orthodoxy, or by the stubborn impulsion of Protestant propagandism, Christian societies are created, speaking English and living English life, through the whole of North America, in both the Indies, in vast Australia, and among the islands of the Pacific. Over nearly half the world Christianity has flowed, or will flow, from the source which first gushed out from the soil of Britain. To that question we are enabled to reply with rigorous exactness. No people on earth have received the Christian faith more directly from the Roman Church, and more exclusively through the agency of the monks, than the English."

Massachusetts State Prison.

To the mere casual observer the sombre fortress-like walls of a prison present anything but a cheerful aspect. The emotions of the passer by are far from pleasant, and as the forbidding structure passes from his view he breathes more freely, and inwardly congratulates himself that "he is not as (some) other men are." Yet in spite of the horror which naturally attaches itself to institutions of this nature, there is, after all, a sort of melancholy interest in them which one cannot avoid feeling. You are led irresistibly to peer through the strong iron gates which shut in from the outer self-satisfied world, so much misery and crime. Even the little child, when told in response to her innocent interrogatories, that it is the abode of bad men, persists in gazing

as she shudders. A cloud of the darkest melancholy seems to hover over and pervade the whole establishment. The very air seems surcharged with the foul miasma which penetrates into every nook and cranny of the building. But every cloud has its silver lining, and it is no difficult matter to cull from these gloomy receptacles of lost humanity a few good things—to detect amid the general darkness a few gleams of sunshine.

The history of the Prison may be briefly stated: Up to 1782, there was no place in this State for the reception and confinement of convicts, except the common jails. The needs of such an institution, however, was strongly felt, and in 1785 an Act was passed by the General Court, providing that Castle Island, within the harbor of Boston, should be used for this purpose. The unsuitableness of this place, however, was soon apparent, and in 1803, another Act was passed to build a State Prison, and about five acres of land, including flats, was purchased in Charlestown, for the purpose of erecting a penitentiary "for the reformation as well as punishment of offenders," and in 1804 the old prison was put up. It consisted of two wings, each one hundred feet long, forty-four wide, and thirty-eight high, with a centre forty-six feet in height. It had ninety cells, intended to accommodate from four to sixteen in each, and was pronounced one of the best and strongest in the world. But time compelled changes in this as in other departments of life, and in 1828 the present prison was erected, and, with the addition of a new wing in 1850, now stands a monument to the wisdom and benevolence of the citizens of Old Bay State.

Entering the Prison from the East, the visitor finds himself in the hall,

on the opposite side of which are doors opening into the various offices, and just at his right a glass pannelled door, through which he passes into a large octagonal room, called the guard-room. This is on the first floor, and of the same size and form as the main building, the ceiling being on a level with the upper tier of cells, and the floor, which is of stone, on a level with the second tier. The whole room is open on three sides, thus commanding a good view of all the cells in the north, south and west wings. The extreme dimensions of this room are seventy-three feet wide from north to south, by sixty-five feet wide from east to west, and twenty-nine feet in height. In the middle of the floor are tastefully arranged several pots of flowering exotics, the effect of which is a pleasing contrast to the grim iron bars on every side. Pendent from the ceiling is the bell rope, the slightest touch of which will arouse all the inmates, while on either side of the door through which the visitor entered, two rival clocks beat off the weary moments—wears alike to prisoner and guard. The furniture, as might be expected, is very plain and scanty, but as plenty and as good as could be looked for in a place designed for punishment and atoning labor.

From the guard-room, under the guidance of a warden, the visitor passes out of the ponderous iron door on the opposite side from the entrance, and descending a dozen or more massive steps, enters the yard, a square of about half an acre of ground, around which are situated the various work-shops, in which are carried on some dozen branches of industry, and through which the institution has become a self-supporting one. Over the whole of this enclosure not a single blade of grass is seen. Even the solitary pebble that accidentally

finds its way above the surface, is raked up with the most scrupulous exactness.

As the party stood for a moment, listening to the busy hum that issued from the different shops, a half dozen of the "boys in blue" filed out of a door at the right, and at the order of *la militaire*, "Forward march!" marched in single file, and lock step across the yard towards the bathing room. Their only music was their own footfalls, which, to say the least, was not very inspiring. This method of marching the prisoners to the bath is always practiced. Only six at a time are taken from their work.

At the left of the yard, alongside of the foundry, arranged in successive rows, were the prisoners' buckets, some five or six hundred in all, which the prisoners carry into their cells at night, and bring out as they go to their work in the morning.

Of the workshops, the foundry is the first in order and the largest in size. The building was originally occupied as the "stone shed," but through the influence of the present Warden, who is ever making improvements, it was, a little over a year ago, taken possession of by the iron contractor, remodelled and fitted up as an iron foundry, which, for neatness and adaptation for all the purposes of such work, cannot easily be surpassed. The only articles now turned out are lamps and chandeliers, in the manufacture of which some sixty-four men are now employed.

Next is the shoe shop, in which twenty men are busily engaged in performing the different operations necessary to the completion of a perfect shoe. This, and all the remaining workshops, with the single exception of the whip shop, are all of nearly the same size, about one hundred feet long by fifty wide, and all admirably adapted for the different uses to

which they are put. In the extreme end of the shoe shop is the barber's shop, tenanted by three black knights of the razor, one of whom "shaves de officers, sah," the other two being itinerant members of the craft, and plying their vocation in the different shops. Here is also the wash-room, where five men are constantly employed, and close by the tubs, of which there are six, some twenty or more sliding racks, on which the clothes are dried by steam. A large iron press supplies the place of the universal clothes wringer.

Next is the chair shop, in which, at the same time of our sketch, thirty-three men were employed. In the same building is the carver's room with a working force of forty-five men. The varnish room has twenty-five men. The cabinet shop is next in order, three stories in height, one story having been added since the fire. The first floor is devoted to sawing and turning, at which thirty-five men are employed. On the second floor is the upholstering room, which has also 35 men. The third floor is used as a store room for stock.

The brush shop is about half the size of the other shops, has thirty-five men, and turns out all kinds of brushes of every conceivable form and style. There is also a lamp-finishing shop containing thirty lathes, and employing fifty-eight men, where the rough castings from the foundry are finished into lamps of the most unique and pleasing styles. It is the intention of the present contractor to send samples of these to the "Great Exposition," and arrangements are being made in the guardroom to place them on exhibition prior to their removal.

The whip shop, which has already been remarked, is considerably larger than the other work shops, being about one hundred and fifty feet in length, keeps eighty men busy.

The machines used for braiding the silk are curious pieces of mechanism, and well worthy examination. Twelve hundred dozen whips have been turned out here in a single week. Last in the series of workshops is the blacksmith's, where are made iron bedsteads.

The machinery in the different manufactories is carried by three engines of 15-horse power each. A steam blower has recently been introduced, which enables them to burn any kind of fuel. They are now making use of coke. This completes the list of manufactures, which form one of the peculiar features of this establishment. The work in the different shops is all let out to contractors who fit up the shop, furnish the necessary tools, and pay the convicts a stipulated price per day. Contracts are usually made for five years, and seldom if ever less.

The prices paid the laborers vary from 50c to \$1 per day. The aggregate receipts for the past year amounted to \$61,573 36. Every shop has its director and overseer, and no one is permitted to remain unemployed for a single moment.

From the manufacturing department the visitor enters the basement of the main building, which is used for the cook room or kitchen. It is ten feet high, about the same size and shape as the guard-room above. Ten men are assigned to this department, and the wholesale method of preparing food is worthy of note. As to the food the variety is not the most extensive, but the diet good and wholesome.

Each prisoner's share is placed in a separate dish, which he takes; he passes to his cell, where he must eat his frugal meal in solitude, no other condiments being allowed him than the cud of his own bitter fancies.

There are now three distinct wings,

called the North, South and West, in which are arranged, in tiers four deep, the cells of the prisoners. These cells vary in size in the different wings, the average size being about four feet by nine, and contain the printed rules, an iron bedstead which turns up by the side of the wall, a palm-leaf mattress and pillow with cotton sheets, pillow slip, blankets and spread; a small table and stool, a shelf, Bible, catalogue of the books in the library, a bottle of vinegar, pepper, salt, knife and fork, and spoon.

A peep into these cells give positive proof that misery makes strange bedfellows. Suspended on the white-washed walls were engravings of prominent generals, and other distinguished personages, Gen. Banks being the best appreciated, apparently, as his stern features graced the walls of several cells.

The former social status of the prisoner is easily determined from the appearance of his cell. The baser class keep their cells as they find them, while those whose lives were formerly cast in refined circles continue, by various little gifts from friends, engravings, flowers, &c., to give to their rooms quite an attractive look.

The old north wing has 304 cells, the west wing 100, and the south wing 150. Besides, in the upper arch there are twelve more cells for solitary confinement. There is a library of 1,600 volumes, mostly of the lighter style of literature, to which the prisoners have access twice every week. The hospital is a pleasant room, containing fourteen single and two double cells, the latter intended for the accommodation of those requiring watchers. At the time of the visit here described, there were only six patients, which, considering the unusually large number of prisoners—531—shows a re-

markedly good sanitary condition of the prison.

Although everything is done that can consistently be done for the accommodation and happiness of the convicts, yet everything goes to show that "the way of the transgressor is hard."

The daily routine may not be uninteresting here. In Summer, the prisoners leave their cells at five o'clock in the morning for the workshops, where they wash, &c., work till half-past six and then return to their rooms for breakfast; thirty-five minutes is allowed for this purpose; they then repair to the chapel; the daily service consists of reading the scriptures, with occasionally some suitable remarks from the Chaplain, prayer, and singing by the choir comprised of convicts; returning to the workshops they remain till twelve o'clock; an hour is allowed them for dinner, which, like their breakfast, is eaten in their rooms. At six, p. m., their work is finished for the day. They are shaved twice a week, hair cut once a quarter, bathe once a week, in Summer, those who prefer it, in the salt water, in a large tank or basin capable of accommodating from twenty-five to thirty at one time, into which the tide flows. At these times all restraint is thrown off, and for fifteen or twenty minutes they are allowed to enjoy themselves by diving, swimming, and such games and gambols as suit their taste. On Sunday they leave their cells at seven o'clock, in the morning, going to the workshops to wash themselves, returning take their breakfast, and are locked up till ten o'clock; at that hour the Sabbath school commences. At eleven, services are held in the chapel, closing at twelve; they then take their dinner and supper with them and are locked up for the remainder of the day.

Of the 531 prisoners now working out their sentences, between fifty and sixty are "in for life." The principal cause of conviction is theft. The prison, since the Warden assumed the management, has been greatly improved, and is now a model institution. As has been stated, it is self-sustaining, a fact which can be said of few others in the country. The discipline is sound and strictly enforced. Labor is required of all, and thus the numerous idle brains, which have been called the workshops of the devil, are put into active co-operation with the hands—and, when the prisoner's term has expired, he goes forth into the free world with the means and skill to earn an honest livelihood for himself.

A Thrilling Narrative.

As early as 998 Errick Roude, an Icelandic chief, fitted out an expedition of twenty-five galleys, at Sentell, and having manned them with sufficient crews of colonists set forth from Iceland to what appeared to be a more congenial climate. They sailed upon the ocean fifteen days, and saw no land. The next day brought with it a storm and many a gallant vessel sank in the deep. Mountains of ice covered the ocean as far as the eye could reach, and but few galleys escaped destruction. The morning of the 17th was clear and cloudless; the sea was calm, and far away to the northward could be seen the glare of ice-fields reflected on the sea. The remains of the shattered fleet gathered together to pursue their voyage, but the galley of Errick Roude was not there. The crew of a galley which was driven further down than the rest, reported that, as the morning broke, the large fields of ice that covered the ocean were driven past them, and that they beheld the galley of Errick driven by resistless force

and speed of the wind before a tremendous field of ice; her crew had lost all control over her, and were tossing their arms in wild agony. Scarcely a moment had elapsed ere it was walled in by a hundred ice hills, and the whole mass moved forward and was soon behind the horizon. That the galley of the narrator escaped was wonderful; it remained however uncontradicted, and the vessel of Erriek Roude was never more seen.

Half a century after that, a Danish colony was established on the western coast of Greenland. The crew of the vessel, which carried the colonists thither in their excursions in the interior, crossed a range of hills that stretched to the northward; they had approached nearer to the pole than any preceding adventurers. Upon looking down from the summit of the hills, they beheld a vast and interminable field of ice, undulating in various places, and formed into a thousand grotesque shapes. They saw, not far from the shore, a figure of an iced vessel, with glittering icicles instead of masts arising from it. Curiosity prompted them to approach, and they beheld a dismal sight. Figures of men in every attitude of woe were upon the deck, but they were icy things then; one figure alone stood erect, and, with tugged arms, leaned against the mast. A hatchet was procured and the ice split away, and the features of a chieftain disclosed,—pallid, deathly, and free from decay. This was doubtless the vessel, and the figure and form, of Erriek

Benumbed with cold, and in

his men had fallen

a spray of the ocean

as they lighted

ered each figure

which the short-

land had not

Danes gazed

with trembling

eyes. They knew not but the same might be their fate, too. They knelt down upon the deck, and muttered a prayer in their native tongue for the souls of the frozen crew, then hurriedly left the place, for night was closing around them.

The Prairie.

The passing cloud which had swept over the prairie in the morning had left nothing but beauty. A cool freshness exhaled from the tall grass glittering with its water beads. The rich though parched foliage seemed to have given place to a young and luxuriant growth of the richest green. The clusters of flowers which had worn a dried and feverish look now rose in renovated beauty, as if from their bed of sickness, and spread their perfumes through the morning air.

In the spring of the year, these prairies are covered with a profusion of pale pink flowers, rearing their delicate stalks among the rough blades of the wild grass. These were too fragile to withstand the scorching heat of summer. They had disappeared, and their stalks had also withered. Others had succeeded them. There was a gorgeous richness in the summer apparel of the prairie. Flowers of red, yellow, purple, and crimson were scattered in profusion among the grass, sometimes growing singly, and at others spreading out in beds of several acres in extent. Like many beauties in real life, they make up in the glare of their colors what they want in delicacy: they dazzle but at a distance, and will not bear closer scrutiny.

There is a sensation of wild pleasure in traversing these vast and boundless wastes. At one moment we were standing upon the crest of some wave-like hill, which commanded a wide view of the green desert before us. Here and there were

small clumps of trees, resting, like islands, upon the bosom of this sea of grass. Far off, a long waving line of timber, winding like a serpent over the country, marked the course of some hidden stream. But a hundred steps of our horses carried us from the point of look-out. Passing down the sides of the hill, we splashed through the water at the bottom, tore a path through the grass, which frequently rose in these hollows to the height of eight or ten feet, and the next moment stood upon the crest of a hill similar to the first. This was again cut off as we descended a second time into the trough which followed the long surge-like swell of the land.

Such is the prairie,—hill follows bill, and hollow follows hollow, with the same regularity as the sweeping billows of the ocean. Occasionally a high broken bluff rears its solitary head in the midst, like some lonely sentinel overlooking the country. Upon the tops of these we frequently saw an Indian, standing in bold relief against the sky or seated upon some pleasant spot on its summit, and basking in the sunshine, with the air of lazy enjoyment which characterizes the race.

Hour after hour passed on; the prospect was still the same. At last a loud cry from our guide announced that we had come in sight of the cautionment.

There was a stony speck resting upon the distant green; behind it rose a forest of lottly timber which shadowed the M'souri. This was Leavenworth. But, still, many miles intervened; for the prairie is like the ocean,—the view is wide and boundless; and it requires an eye trained by many months' residence in these regions, to measure accurately the distance of objects.

It was mid-day when we first caught sight of Leavenworth, but it

was near sunset before we arrived there. About a dozen whitewashed cottage-looking houses compose the barracks and the abodes of the officers. They are so arranged as to form the three sides of a hollow square; the fourth is open, and looks out into a wide but broken prairie. It is a rural-looking spot,—a speck of civilization dropped in the heart of the wilderness. There was nothing here to tell a tale of war; and but for the solitary sentinels on their posts, the lounging forms of the soldiers, who were nearly worn out with their labors to kill time, or the occasional roll of the drum, as the signal for the performance of some military duty, we would not have known that we were in the heart of a military station.

The Good Old Times.

The Good Old Times and the wisdom of our Ancestors are favorite subjects of admiration with a great many persons. They never cease lamenting that their lot is cast in our degenerate day. Perhaps no prejudice has done more harm than this superstitious review of antiquity. Among politicians abuses the most glaring have been defended and maintained on the sole ground of their being sanctioned by the wisdom of our ancestors. Theologians have adhered to the most bigoted, narrow and intolerant maxims for no other reason than that these maxims were stamped with antiquity, and handed down from our venerable ancestors. Proceedings have been held in which fictions, and arbitrary rules which fret justice and afford canery and fraud allowed long to of their ridicu. they were prog.

Times that gave birth to John Doe and Richard Roe. There are even in our days many worthy people who will tell you in the most solemn style of moralization that the men of the present day have no fixed principles of honor like our ancestors—that politics have degenerated into selfishness and snobocracy—that true religion has either altogether fled the earth, or is so much mixed up with error as to be no longer the Simon Pure article that prompted the burning of the Lollards and the witches of New England—that, in short, public virtue has almost wholly left the earth. At what precise period this calamity passed upon mankind the worshippers of antiquity are not quite agreed. Some say that the decay of public virtue was contemporaneous with the decline of classical literature,—others make it exist about the time the last of the Apostles suffered martyrdom. Some assert its departure at the rise of the Reformation,—others trace its last flicker about the time of the death of George III., or the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act. Be the precise period when it may, to them it is palpable and notorious that the present is a most degenerate irreligious age—that the world is not somehow as good as it used to be, and that the people who inhabit it are pigmies, intellectually and physically, with little honor, honesty or godness.

The vaunted wisdom and perfections of our ancestors will be found more imaginary than real by any one who takes the pains to inquire where superior wisdom consisted. In what particular period were many, more comfortable than the present? When did the best period called the golden age begin and end? At what undefined period did that undefined and better Chris-

tians than their degenerate descendants of to-day? At a time when religion, or rather scholastic theology formed the principal, almost the only subject of study or of thought, and when all intellectual energy was exerted in speculation on that one topic, we might naturally expect to find people devout. We are told that the time was when a knight, whenever present at mass, held the point of his sword before him, while the Gospel was read, to signify his readiness to support it. But this warlike devotion led to more lamentable consequences, inasmuch as it led the devotee to look upon deviation from orthodoxy as a thing not to be tolerated. He first stigmatized Doubt by the odious name of *Heresy*, and then punished it as a crime. In our day, when every civilized man allows every other man to pursue his thoughts on religious and profane subjects to any extent of speculation, we can scarcely appreciate the blessing of such liberty, and are apt to forget the horrors of the stricter orthodoxy of our forefathers. Further argument on this subject may be avoided by referring to one horrible writ devised by the wisdom and enforced by the piety of our ancestors: so common as to be one of the legal forms given in elementary Books of Practice, and so long and lately cherished by our wise forefathers that a Protestant Sovereign repeatedly executed it, deliberately and literally, against harmless and obscure Baptists. Being now rarely printed, and not well known to the heterodox of our degenerate day, it will not, perhaps, be amiss to submit it for their perusal, in the hope that it may excite an awful reverence for the ages when Sheriffs enforced virtue and godliness through the land by its grim authority:

"The Queen, &c., to the Mayor and Sheriffs of London, greeting:

Whereas the Venerable Father Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England, &c., with the consent and assent of the Bishops and also of the whole clergy of his province in his Provincial Council assembled, the Orders of the Law in this behalf requisite being in all things observed by his definitive sentence, pronounced and declared William Sawtre, sometime chaplain, a manifest Heretic, and decreed him to be degraded, &c., and hath decreed him the said William Sawtre to be left and hath really left him to the secular court, according to the laws and canonical sanction set forth in this behalf, and Holy Mother Church has nothing further to do in the premises: We, therefore, being zealous for justice and a lover of the Catholic Faith, willing to maintain and defend the Holy Church and the rights and liberties thereof, and (as much as in us lies) to extirpate by the roots such heresies and errors out of our Kingdom of England; and to punish heretics so convicted with condign punishment; and being mindful that such heretics, convicted in form aforesaid and condemned according to the law, divine and human by canonical institution, and in this behalf accustomed, ought to be burnt with a burning flame of fire—COMMAND you most strictly as we can, firmly enjoining that you commit to the fire the aforesaid William Sawtre, being in your custody in some public and open place within the liberties of the City aforesaid, before the people publicly, by reason of the premises, and cause him really to be burnt in the same fire, in detestation of his crime, and to the manifest example of other Christians; and this you are by no means to omit at your peril. In witness whereof, &c., &c.

This is even worse than Distress for Rent!

Neither is it at all clear that the morals of those primitive times were loftier or purer than those of our own day. It has been well observed by a modern historian that whatever we may imagine concerning the usual truth and sincerity of men who live in a rude and barbarous state, there is much more falsehood and even perjury among them than among civilized nations. Public virtue is nothing

but a more enlarged and more cultivated reason, and never flourishes to any degree, nor is it founded on any principle of honor except when a good education becomes general. When perjury was cultivated by the ridiculous habit of obliging those suspected of crime of being compurgators—by requiring 72 witnesses to convict a bishop, 27 to convict a deacon, and only two to convict a layman; when litigated points were settled by the combat of chosen champions—it is hard to form a very high estimate of the morals of those who volunteered their oaths as compurgators in a strange cause, or their prowess to elicit the will of Heaven concerning a dispute of the merits of which they were totally ignorant. The morals of compurgators and champions must have been on a level with the wisdom of the law. The History of Literatures especially that of English Literature, proves that public morals improve with the spread of knowledge and civilization. The gross licentiousness of a great portion of the most magnificent literary productions of the classic authors is at once a proof of their genius and immorality. From the days of Wycherly and Congreve down to the present the moral tone of our own literature has been steadily improving. The writings of Dryden and Pope, Smollet and Fielding, are infinitely chaster than the writings of the authors of the Restoration.—yet some of their productions are too indelicate and sensuous for the purer morals or better taste of the present generation. A day's reader of *Peregrine Pickle* *Count Fathom* will be at Smollett's boasts. himself that he has adventure, phrase that could be to delicate reader i rules of decorum

provement of public morals in recent times is well illustrated by a story related by Sir Walter Scott. A grand aunt of his, who lived to an old age with unabated vigor of intellect, asked him if he had ever seen Mrs. Behn's novels, and expressed a wish to see them, as they were much admired in her younger days. Mrs. Behn's works, approaching too near the manners of Charles the Second's time, Sir Walter sent the book sealed and addressed, "Private and confidential." The next time he met his venerable aunt she returned the book properly wrapped up, with these words—"Take back your bonny Mrs. Behn, and if you take my advice put her in the fire, for I found it impossible to get through the very first novel. But is it not," she said, "a very odd thing that I, an old woman of eighty and upwards, sitting alone, feel myself ashamed to read a book which sixty years ago I have heard read aloud for the amusement of large circles, consisting of the first and most creditable society in London?"

Temperance people complain that vendors of strong drink in our day follow the calling in a manner not very conducive to public morals, but men of the last generation have recorded that it was a custom of publicans in their younger days to entice their customers with notices painted on their signboards, to the effect, "You may here get drunk for a penny, dead drunk for two pence, and have clean straw for nothing."

In proof of the superiority of our age over ancient and mediæval times we are apt to dwell to excess on the great strides we have made by mechanical inventions and discoveries—the wonders of steam and electricity—the comfort resulting from the accumulation of wealth—the universal spread of

education among the people. But a little reflection will convince us that this superiority is owing almost as much to what we have lost as to what we have gained—is owing as much to our having abandoned the barbarous practices and credulous theories of our ancestors as to the acquirements of more rational ones of our own. We no longer judge a man for his opinions and burn his body with a "burning flame of fire" for the good of his soul. Devout dignitaries like St. Louis, no longer, for the salvation of his own soul and those of his ancestors, "release to all Christians a third part of what was owing by them to Jews." Courts of justice have ceased to extract evidence from witnesses by the thumb-screw and boot; Catholics are no longer forbidden to have their children educated in their own religion; nor are they disqualified from holding or inheriting land by reason of their not subscribing the Declaration against Popery. People no longer buy wind and rain from wizards; nor are old women burnt alive for riding the wind on a broomstick. Formularies for exorcisms are no longer prescribed to protect the innocent of both sexes from the pollution of intercourse with infernal fiends. The Devil no longer attempts to throttle those he cannot vanquish in argument, as he repeatedly did with the redoubtable Martin Luther. Dutch women no longer bring forth sooterkins—no Rob Roy, if McGregor steals cattle he was too lazy to rear;—daring Freebooters and Borderers, who, in their day, achieved historical notoriety, would now be convicted as thieves or hanged as murderers. Our moonlight has no fairies, and the darkness has no ghosts. Men's lives are not endangered by the influence of comets, or rendered miserable by the response of the augurer or the interpretation of a

dream. We may still have vices to curb and errors to correct, but a review of the superstitious credulity of our ancestors will surely convince every unprejudiced man that our race has outlived a great mass of folly and error that rendered mankind miserable by exciting unfounded fears, and punishing as crimes speculations and opinions that are now properly considered not amenable to legal correction. The long and arduous struggle for liberty by the people of every country in modern times has been one continuous contest with intolerant and oppressive legislation and absurd maxims, fabricated in the Good Old Times by the Wisdom of our Ancestors, and perpetuated by the selfishness and prejudices of those who reverently and blindly followed in their footsteps.

When we remember the vast amount of ridiculous nonsense our forefathers believed, and the prolific source of misery that their credulity and ignorance were to mankind, it is astonishing that any measure should be now supported merely because it recommended itself to the wisdom of our ancestors. The mass of nonsensical beliefs and crude theories, now happily exploded, proves that our ancestors were far from being paragons of wisdom—that they were scarcely moderately wise. Nor is the distant past the *Old Times*—it was but the infancy of the world—the green age of our nation's youth, when our forefathers, ignorant of things now familiar to little children, groped their way in undiscovered regions of experiment to search at haphazard for results which their knowledge did not enable them to arrive at by an act of reason. The Good Old Times indeed! The Good Old Time—the best Old Time that ever dawned upon the world is the Present. We are older because we number more years

from the creation. We are wiser because we have the experience of all ages as a lamp to our feet. The Present is the Good Old Times, hoary with age, learned, in all knowledge, wise in the accumulated wisdom of all the sages of the past. Instead of foolishly worshipping the imaginary perfections of by-gone days, let us rather be thankful for the excellent mercies of the Present, and look forward to the Good Time Coming; for,

"There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming."

Worth not Birth shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger;
The proper impulse has been given:
Wait a little longer."

Change.

The first great law under which the universe exists seems to be that of change. The subject is so vast and so minute, so extended and so individual, that, after the deepest consideration, we feel that we have only approached the confines of thought; it opens up and prepares an inexhaustible source of interest, and, it may be, improvement.

History is but the record of the passing away of dynasties and systems, the fall of empires, the change of political economy.

Revelation records the bringing in and removal of dispensations—the antediluvian, Mosaic, prophetic, and Christian; and the coming of yet greater events.

We know that races of men, and classes of animals, have become extinct. Not only have we ever-varying but proof that climate, in various parts, undergoes constant change. Coal formations exhibit that no longer our mountain animals require to our present observation suffers change children will

count.

and u potatoe, in its perfection

Not as a pleasant myth.

vestigat: interesting subjects of in-
cesses wh may be found in the pro-
prepares for: by nature reproduces, and
inands. The future exigencies and de-
by which steric slow and gradual means
becomes fertile, a sand, or a barren rock,
habitation for man and in due time a fit
described by Dr. S and beast, is thus

"First, upon the sand:—

naked rock, the spongy warm sand, or
vegetable life, the henc structure of
ble to the eye, fixes itself, almost invis-
by the breeze. Its gene almost possi-
ly understood; it boasts this are:
which require time for their flowers,
ment, or food for their secretion, develop-
struggle through their ephemeral. They
ence, either upon the confines of the exist-
snow, or upon the scorching region
tho torrid zone; they find the gener
law of nature; they die, but in their death
they are the harbingers of life; they de-
compose; the particles of which they
are formed unite with the oxygen of the
air; an acid is the result, which eats its
way into the crevices of the rock, or
insinuates itself amid the sand, when
its other particles form new combina-
tions, and, burying themselves, become
a first layer of vegetable mould. Cracks
and crevices are thus formed, in which
moisture is deposited, these become
enlarged, either by the expansion pro-
duced by heat, or by frost; the granite
mass is burst asunder; or slow disinte-
gration occurs. In the thin stratum of
mould a tribe a little higher in the
scale of vegetable life is developed, prob-
ably some elegantly-formed moss,
which bears a miniature resemblance to
trees and shrubs; these, too, run
through their destined course; they die,
and leave behind their remains for the
birthplace of some more perfect plants,
such as the grasses, the saxitrages, the
worm woods, and plants with small
slender stems. The
mould now deepens, genera-
to generation; plants of
structure, of higher sta-
and bushes, begin
or sand, now no
le mass; and at
chs of the forest
cad over an im-
chance, a single
ind borne by

some flood, or swallowed by some ani-
mal, and thus prepared for germina-
tion, is the means by which the new
generation bursts into birth, and changes
the face of nature."

As the age of man is much more
limited, so are the changes in his phys-
ical and moral being far more rapid.
The infant becomes the child; and year
by year some record may be kept, some
sign may be treasured up, of his ex-
ternal growth, or his mental develop-
ment. We may have some faint idea of
the importance of the influences about
him, but the only thing that we cer-
tainly know is that he is changing.
From the moment when the little hand
makes its tentative grasp at that which it
cannot hold, to the time when it loses
its hold of everything, the process is
going on. The joyous child is snaking
his curls at you—a few months, the
curls are cut off,—he is at school, con-
quering his difficult task. A year or two,
the difficulty is gone; his frame is de-
veloping, his intellects are strengthen-
ing; his former pursuits and interests
are passing away, and he is still chang-
ing. It is well known that every part
of every body is constantly renewing,
its elements passing off, so that
stance is related the whole corporeal sub-
stance is changed once in seven years.
But who can estimate mental altera-
tion?

If we examine
thoughts, and see the working of our own
shall see how change to ourselves, we
estimates of life, and finally our views and
change; how domestic realities undergo
political events, change relationship and
views and intention or modify pre-
certain influences, the way how, under
make a circle of opinion, and seems to
turn to the point from whence, only to re-
—it may be, again to come on its state-
journey. This is not the plain
on the only subject that is de-
unchangeable. Thank God,
has had that which is the most
ant, and that we know where
records are to be found. We have en-
vored to suggest an interesting subject
for thought,—it will be a serious one,
we remember that the change that is
going on within us must either be for
good or evil.

"Of chance or change, oh! let not man
complain,

never cease to wail."

Diamonds and Other Gems.

In the first place, the price is a *prima facie* guide. Diamonds are sold by the carat of four grains, 15 1/2 carats to the ounce Troy. A pure diamond weighing one carat is worth in New York from \$95 to \$125, according to its brilliancy and the merit of the cutting.

If it be imperfect, flawed, or stained, or not wholly colorless, its value is considerably less. Bright blue, green, or rose-colored diamonds, if perfect otherwise, are worth as much as white diamonds; but they are rarely seen in this country. If therefore a jeweler offers to sell perfect diamonds, weighing one carat, for less than \$55, the presumption is that his gems are paste. Diamonds of smaller size, say of 1/4 carat and under, sell at the rate of \$39 a \$60 a carat. Over one carat, the price advances in the square of the weight. A 2-carat stone sells here for \$150 a \$350; a 3-carat stone for \$300 a \$1000; a 10-carat stone for \$10,000, and so on.

If the price suggests no suspicion, the test of the file may be applied. No genuine precious stone can be marked by the file. If the jeweler objects to have his stones filed the presumption is that he is a rogue, and the less you have to do with him the better. In applying the file to a diamond care must be taken to apply top or table, and to the bottom, not to the sharp edge, and the girdle. The latter is sharp enough to chip, if the file be roughly applied. But on the table or culet, if the stone be genuine, the file may be applied for a month without leaving a mark.

Diamonds may further be tested by the aid of a sapphire. The true diamond will scratch the sapphire; nothing else will. Lastly, the specific

gravity of the diamond is 3° 4 to 3° 6. To obtain specific gravity of a gem jewel weigh it first in air, then in water and divide the weight in air by the difference between the two. This empirical method will answer the purpose. A gem which under this process shows a less specific gravity than 2° 4 or more than 3° can not be a diamond.

Diamonds are bought not only for personal adornment but for investment. They are the most compact form of portable property. When a Turkish pashaw screws a fortune out of his pashalic, he straightway invests half of it in diamonds, and sews them in the seam of his undershirt. Bagdad merchants have always thus invested a considerable portion of their capital. They are the only currency which is at par throughout the world, and of which a quarter of a million dollars can be carried upon the person. Nothing affects their value materially but revolutions. These, strange to say, sometimes depress them enormously, and sometimes cause them to advance enormously in price. During the first French revolution, so many noble and wealthy families were robbed of their jewels, and so few people had money to invest in objects of luxury, that diamonds fell twenty-five per cent. in a few weeks. In the course of six months the decline was recovered, and the issue of assignats having commenced diamonds were wanted as investments, and advanced at Paris far above their value where. In the revolution every rich man in Europe feared diamonds and bought diamonds advanced 25 a 30 days, and such the trade the shi and from

safety, and misdirected, lay knocking about on the London docks for many days without a claimant. The regret of the dock-sieves, when they subsequently discovered the value of the case that had lain so long within their reach, must have been poignant. A marked advance in the price of diamonds took place here in 1863 and 1864, when gold rose above 200. Many men who had always despised jewelry, were seen to sport large diamonds, which they bought as a hedge against the currency. Many a pretty girl whose papa had opprobrious tendencies became the owner of a diamond brooch or drops through paternal distrust of Uncle Sam's greenbacks. Fair diamonds of 3 to 4 carats sold to a considerable extent in this country in 1863 and 1864 for \$3500 a \$4000 each.

The land of gems—India—gave us the first diamonds known to commerce. They were found in various parts of Hindostan, in Africa, and in some of the Indian Islands; above all, in the territory of the Nizam, sometimes called Golconda, after a powerful fortress. Of this country a Sultan died, in the time of the crusades, bequeathing 400 pounds weight of diamonds to his successor. This little legacy, assuming all the stones to have been small, would have been worth at the present day \$42,000,000, and if, as is probable, many of the gems exceeded 1 and 2 carats in weight, more than twice as much. A century and a half since diamonds were found in Brazil; and for nearly

almost all the new diamonds come from thence. Most of the mines, as well as the Boraco, long famous in Golconda, are now being treaded the same way as the precious logs of Brazil. The washers in

troughs, much after the method of the early California gold-hunters; and the diamonds, if any, are found among other pebbles at the bottom of the trough. The work is mostly done by negro slaves, who occupy long sheds with troughs on each side. Upon elevated seats sit overseers, who watch over the men and receive the diamonds when found. When a slave finds a diamond he raises his right hand and shouts; the overseer approaches him, receives the diamond, and rewards him. If the diamond is over 17 carats in weight the lucky finder receives his freedom, is crowned with flowers, and is allowed to look for diamonds hereafter for his own benefit. For gems of lesser weight lesser rewards are given. Innumerable precautions are taken to prevent thefts by the workmen. The men are stripped before they leave the shed, and leave their working clothes in the hands of the overseer. On the least suspicion attaching to a man he is rigorously purged. His mouth is examined, and his whole naked body undergoes a survey by men skilled in detecting strange hiding-places for diamonds. Similar precautions were adopted in India with regard to visitors who went to see the diamond mines. They were such that no female was likely to visit them twice. For all this it is believed that fine diamonds are constantly stolen by the Brazilian slave, and no doubt their Indian brethren are equally light-fingered.

It is not clear that diamond-hunting is, on the whole, more profitable than raising pigs or potatoes. You can easily hide in your closed hand the entire product of a lucky year's labor by five hundred men in the diamond-producing district of Brazil. It is the history of gold-hunting over again. Valuable diamonds are found about as often as big nuggets, and on an

average of years the diggers or hunters find that they have made poorer wages than carpenters or masons.

Diamonds are said to have been found in many parts of the United States. A theory is entertained in some quarters that wherever gold is found diamonds may be looked for. Partisans of this theory maintain that diamonds abound in California, but have thus far been neglected by the miners through ignorance of their value. It need hardly be remarked that the coarse stones advertised as California diamonds are merely rock crystal, which is found every where, and possesses no quality in common with the diamond except that it is discovered in the form of crystals, more or less translucent. There is but one well-authenticated instance of a diamond being found in this country. This was the famous stone picked up a few years since at Manchester, opposite Richmond, in Virginia. It weighed some 24 carats when found, and 12 carats after cutting. But it was not clear, and so much doubt was entertained of its genuineness that it could not be sold for \$2000 or \$3000, whereas a fine Brazilian brilliant of 12 carats would have commanded over \$10,000. It is now believed to be in the possession of Professor Dewey.

It is quite possible, however, that diamonds may exist in this country. When first dug up the diamond is covered with an opaque crust, which conceals its brilliancy and its crystalline form. Such pebbles might lie in every field without being detected. Boys might play with them for weeks together, or, as was the case in Brazil, they might be used for gambling counters.

When diamonds are found in Brazil they are carefully packed in cases and shipped to Paris or Amsterdam. There competent mechanics

lay the stone bare by removing the outer crust, and then a jury of diamond-cutters sit upon it to decide how it shall be cut. Diamonds are cut in four shapes—the brilliant, the rose, the table, and the brilliolette. It is hardly necessary to describe the two latter, as they have gone out of fashion and are now rarely seen. The rose diamond is flat on the under surface, and cut into innumerable facets on the upper. This form of diamond is rarely seen in this country. It is, however, the best form in which to cut diamonds of small depth, and has been adopted for some large gems, such as the *Orloff* and the *Florentine*, with fine effect. Rose diamonds give a larger display of surface brilliancy, in proportion to their cost, than brilliants. But ninety-nine of every hundred diamonds sold in the United States are what are called brilliants.

The form of these gems would be better understood by illustration than by verbal descriptions, but this we cannot give. They have a top called a table; from thence the jewel expands, on innumerable facets, to an edge called the girdle; from thence it recedes again to a blunted point called the culet. Fixed laws govern the proportions of brilliants. Thus a one-carat stone, with a diameter on the girdle of nearly 5-16 inch, should have a depth of nearly 3-16; a four-carat stone, with a diameter of $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, should have a depth of $\frac{1}{4}$ inch; a ten-carat stone, with a diameter of $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, should have a depth of over 5-16 inch. If these proportions are not observed the value of the stone is reduced. Diamond-cutters should attempt to convert a rough stone with a rough surface into a brilliant, that is, a portion of the surface of the gem is of first-class

"Diamond cut diamond" is one of the few peculiar proverbs which rests upon a basis of fact. Nothing but the diamond will cut the diamond. In order, therefore, to cut a rough diamond into a brilliant it is set and soldered firmly into the end of a stick, and held against a wheel, which revolves with great velocity, and is armed with diamond dust. It may be split by a sharp blow from a chisel along "the line of cleavage"—that is to say, in the plane of the crystals. But workmen are so art, in performing this delicate operation, to ruin the gem that it is seldom risked, and the slow but surer agency of the diamond-dust wheel is generally employed. It is a tedious business. At Mr. Costar's shops in Amsterdam diamonds are ground steadily for a whole day without any perceptible effect upon their surface. It took two years' steady work to cut the Pitt diamond. But art is long, and diamond-cutters are patient. Sometimes two rough diamonds are made to cut each other; as fast as one faced is completed the solder is melted out of the stick, and the diamond replaced in a different position.

The great diamonds of the world are as famous as the great mountains or rivers. Who has not read of the *Koh-i-noor*, the "Mountain of Light," which has been stolen from sovereign by sovereign for near a thousand years, its last proprietor being her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria? They say she knows that the *Koh-i-noor* belongs to the god Krishna. "O helpless god!—it is I, Krishna, thy chief, who have stolen it from thee!" he said to him by Allah. In 1739, by Baber Aurunzebe it was taken from the Shah of Persia. The *Koh-i-noor*, like the better diamonds, is a gem of the East. Un-

happily, the diamond-cutter who received it in charge was unskillful. From 793 carats the blockhead cut it down to 186. Aurunzebe was for cutting him down on the same scale, beginning with his head; and really, in the interest of art, one can not but deplore the fellow's escape. It should have weighed at least 400 carats, and been worth say \$500,000,000. As it is, it would not fetch more than the value of a couple of stout cities. A mere pebble. Nadir Shah stole it when his turn came; from his descendants by Achmet Shah; from his son it was extorted by Runjeet Singh; and from his people it was "conveyed" by British troops, who loyally presented it to their Queen, who showed it to her people at the Great Exhibition of 1851. Her Majesty was not satisfied with its brilliancy, and had it cut again, this time by the great diamond-cutter, Costar, of Amsterdam, who reduced it to 106 carats.

Proverbs.

They embrace the wide sphere of human existence; they take all the colors of life; they are often exquisite strokes of genius; they delight by the airy sarcasm of their caustic satire, the luxuriance of their humor, the playfulness of their imagery, and the tenderness of their sentiment. They give a insight into domestic life, and open us the heart of man, in all the various states which he may occupy. A frequent review of proverbs should enter into our readings; and, although they are no longer the ornaments of conversation, they have not ceased to be the treasure of thought.

—Feed the land before it is hungry; rest it before it is weary; and weed it before it is foul.

THE PROGRESS

THE ARTIST

Walking out with an artist,
While fitful breezes sigh ;
Listening to words of worship,
While vapors cloud the sky,

Forth goes a beauteous maiden,
From misty Newfoundland—
An artist, from brave old London,
Gallantly asking her hand.

Down by the Province Building,
Up by the Poplar grove—
Under a large umbrella—
Whispering tales of love ;

Watching each tranquil feature,
Catching each murmur'd tone—
Feeling of heartfelt friendship
Blending two souls into one ;

Peering into the future—
Picturing out "Sweet Home ;"
Or, the spot where the wild Niag'ra
Leaps to its chasm of foam,

In colours which only an artist
Can successfully use ;
And pressing a suit on the ear
A maiden could not refuse

But down comes the misty vapor,
 Down comes the pattering rain,
 And the artist and maiden have parted—
 Never to meet again!

Thus are the fond hopes satter'd,
 That o' t' young hearts unite;
 Thus is their bright sun darken'd,
 And sets in the mists of night;

Thus, ere a heart was treasured,
 All that a heart could know,
 The gloom of life's dreary winter,
 Drifting its wreaths of snow,

A sadness brings to the bosom—
 A feeling akin to pain—
 Telling us, "Never, oh, never
 Will spring buds blossom again,

For the heart, by the frosts of winter,
 Is stripp'd of its early bloom,
 Till the form, in immortal beauty,
 Comes from the mouldering tomb."

Halifax, May 1, 1863.

ak, break,
 t of thy crags, O Sea!
 er grace of a day that is dead

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

Who'll press for gold this crowded street
A hundred years to come ?

Who'll tread yon church with willing feet
A hundred years to come ?

Pale, trembling age and fiery youth,
And childhood with its brow of truth,

The rich and poor on land and sea,—
Where will the mighty millions be

A hundred years to come ?

We all within our graves shall sleep.

A hundred years to come,

No living soul for us shall weep

A hundred years to come.

But other men our lands will till,

And others then our streets will fill,

And other birds will sing as gay,

As bright the sunshine as to-day,

A hundred years to come.

GREAT THOUGHTS.

Who can mistake great thoughts!

They seize upon the mind; arrest and sear

And shake it; bow the tall mind as by

Rush over it, like rivers over reeds,

Which quaver in the current;—leave

A rocking and a ringing;—glorious

But momentary, madness that it