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"OUR" CIVIL SERVICE. (Page 195.)

From a Photograph by Notman & Sandham.

New Dominion Monthly.

AUGUST, 1878.

LIFE IN GLENSHIE.

BEING THE RECOLLECTIONS OF ELIZABETH RAY, SCHOOL TEACHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY YOUNG MASTER," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,
O life not death for which we pant,
More life, and fuller that I want.

TENNYSON.

Walter intended to have me board with a farmer near to Mr. Ramsay's, but neither Mr. Ramsay nor his wife would hear of such a thing. "Your sister will come here, of course, and make her home with us, if she can content herself," they said kindly. Mr. Ramsay's family met me with a largeness of welcome that surprised me. I seemed to have come into a place where kindness and hospitality were practised on a grand scale. The family lived in abundance, there seemed no want of anything under heaven. It was a royal, wholesale kind of life, that suited with the magnificent proportions of the country, its boundless forests, its mighty rivers, that made all the rivers I ever saw before dwindle into streams, its mountain ranges, blue in the distance, that caused Demish, Devis and the Cave Hill, the only mountains I knew anything about, to shrink into hillocks. I dare say, people's ideas of the fitness of things expand or contract to suit the country they live in. The profusion in the housekeeping department, the *carte blanche* given to servants, (there was real supervision with the apparently boundless liberty), would have put Aunt Henderson crazy. The prodigal abundance, which she would have characterised emphatically as "doonricht waistrie," would have killed Aunt Mattie in a week. I wondered first at the great quantities of things provided in such prodigal measure, then at the provident care that let nothing go to waste of all this plenty. I wondered most of all at the executive ability of the household. Aunt had a large family and kept but one girl, but the bread came from the baker's, soap and candles from the shop, cake and that sort of thing, required only for occasions of state, from the pastry cook's, while all our good dresses, bonnets, and Uncle's shirts, were made by tradespeople. Mrs. Ramsay's house, on the

contrary, was like a manufactory. Bread was baked in the house for the family, and for the workmen also, who were round the house in a swarm; pies and cakes were made in batches that would have made Aunt stare; the preserves and jellies, things pickled, and canned, and dried, labelled and put away for future use in the store-closet, would have stocked a shop. Aunt made jams and jellies every year, but she mounted guard over them, and dealt them out like medicine, giving them away abundantly, however, in cases of sickness. They were as necessary as daily bread here.

Mrs. Ramsay made her own butter and cheese—would not eat any other; made soap and candles enough for her own use, and to spare for her poorer neighbors; wool was spun: stockings, flannel, blankets, and coarse cloth, were made under her supervision. All the household sewing was done in the house. All this Mrs. Ramsay and her daughter accomplished, besides the care of a small flower-garden, the pride of their hearts, with one servant and an occasional sewing girl or spinning-maid for a week or two. Seeing that I was interested in the household industries, Mrs. Ramsay showed me the piles upon piles of home-made blankets and quilts that she had laid away in her closets for future use, and the winter dresses of homespun, making me notice the fineness of the texture, and the brilliancy and durability of the dyes, which were all her own handiwork. Enjoying my admiring wonder, she showed me a very nice cap and gauntlets of otter skin which she had made herself, tanning the skin also, as a present for Mr. Ramsay at last New Year's day. Mr. Ramsay thought at first she had sent to Montreal for them and was very proud when he knew they were produced by her own skill, as well he might be. I made myself useful to Mrs. Ramsay, by showing her old country fashions, helped her with dresses and bonnets, embroidered a waist for baby's christening robe, showed Charlotte Ramsay different stitches of fancy work, taught her to write the angular hand, which had come into fashion for ladies, and helped her to make ornamental trifles for the drawing-room.

The spirit of the country came over me, and I attempted things boldly that I had never tried before, and with a measure of success, too. And so a good while passed. I was still wondering what path would open to me that would lead to independence. My life in Mr. Ramsay's, though pleasant in its diversity of occupation, reminded me too much of my position of betwixt and between in Aunt's household. They were as good and kind to me, and as respectful as if I were a dear friend. I was useful, I knew, but I could not feel independent. I wanted to do something that would be acknowledged work by Walter and the world.

One day, I was sitting with Charlotte Ray on the verandah, teaching her a stitch for a sofa-pillow, when a bright-eyed man, in a respectable suit of homespun, came up to the house and asked for me.

I said, "I am Miss Ray." He immediately stepped up briskly and shook hands with me like an old acquaintance.

Charlotte, with a little smile on her lips, said, "This is Mr. McLennan, from Glenshie, Miss Ray. Walk into the house, Mr. McLennan."

"Thank you, Miss Ramsay. It is just as pleasant here, this fine evening."

Miss Ramsay brought him a chair, and he sat down beside us. After remarking a little on the weather and the hay harvest, he leaned back, and making his chair rear up on its hind-legs, took out a large pocket-knife, caught up a little bit of stick, and began to cut and carve at it, as a mark that he was at his ease, and then spoke his errand.

"I have come to see if you would

hire to teach our school, Miss Ray. We want a teacher, and I saw a letter you wrote for the girl here, and I came over to see you about coming to teach in the school."

Here was such an opening as I sought, an opportunity of trying what I could do by myself, but what were the duties? "I have never taught, I am quite inexperienced. I would like to teach very well, but would prefer being an assistant until I am older, and have some knowledge of the duties of the place," I said to him, hesitatingly.

"If you are sure you will come, you will soon learn what to do. The school is small, a new section cut off from the old one, where the children got too many. It is easy to teach them, they are beginners," Mr. McLennan said, with a persuasive air.

I was perplexed; this seemed a providential opening to that independence for which I longed,—but if I should try and fail! Neither Uncle nor Aunt Henderson taught me to place a high estimate on my abilities. When Aunt summed up the list of my awkwardness, carelessness, stubbornesss, and ingratitude, with the final ending that I was of no earthly use to any one, and how thankful she was that she was not my mother, it had a depressing effect. The more I hesitated, the more eager Mr. McLennan was to secure my services. At first his keen, dark eyes looked me all over with the expression, "How young you are? How little you are? I doubt if you will succeed." While he urged me to accept the situation, Mrs Ramsay joined us on the verandah.

"I am come to look after Miss Ray's interests, Mr. McLennan," she said. "You must not coax her away from me, unless you can make it worth her while. What salary will you give?"

"We will give her as much as twenty pounds currency for the first, and her board, if she will board round. We will give more again, maybe, if all things go well."

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"It means that you will board at one house for a week or a fortnight, and then go to the next, for the same length of time, and so on, till you go round the section, and then begin again," said Mrs. Ramsay, laughing.

"I would not like that. I should have no home," I said quickly. "I would not do that at all."

"Of course you will do no such thing," said Mrs. Ramsay, decidedly. "If the section is not willing, Mr. McLennan, to board her at one place and try to make her comfortable, she shall not go at all. I do not wish Miss Ray to leave us, but if she would like to try teaching for a while, she can; but you must take good care of her and find a nice home for her where she will be as kindly treated as she deserves to be."

"That is quite right and kind of you, Mrs. Ramsay, to speak for the interests of the young girl. I am an old man and have girls of my own, and I will be kind to her, and look after her as if she were my own child."

As they talked about the board, my mind was taking stock of what I knew. I glanced doubtfully at my arithmetic, complacently at writing and history, and hopefully at other studies, and wondered if my knowledge of fancy-work would be of any service. Then I said, answering the language of his eyes, that I was afraid I was too young to manage growing boys. "They will stand in no awe of such a little person as I am," I said, irresolutely.

But Mr. McLennan overruled all my objections, and it was decided that if a comfortable boarding-place was provided, I would try the school for six months. I did not understand the relative value of money, and I thought twenty pounds a good deal. I heard when at home that the teacher of the poor-house children had fifteen pounds a year with board, and it was consider-

ed so desirable a situation, that there was a host of candidates, and the successful one had powerful friends who interested themselves in her case.

I knew that Mrs. Ramsay was a little sorry to part with me, and I was glad that they felt kindly towards me, but I preferred to go to work. Mr. McLennan said, as he prepared to go,

"Now, if I undertake that you shall board in one place, have a room to yourself, and be as comfortable as we can make you, you will surely come? There are two more trustees besides myself, but they agreed that they will consent to what I do. I will come for you in two weeks. Before then you will need to go to the school superintendent, Minister McGillivray, at Blair Athol, and get a certificate, and be ready when I come for you. It is not easy to get away in harvest-time, so be you ready when I come for you." So shaking hands with all present, in high good humor with himself, he mounted his grey horse and rode away.

I thought that getting a certificate was a mere matter of form, but found that it had to be preceded by an examination, more or less severe, according to the nature of the examiner. It was a dreadful ordeal, but when I had undertaken to teach, I must go through with whatever was necessary.

I had to go alone, for it was hay harvest, and neither Mrs. Ramsay nor Charlotte could be spared to accompany me. I was directed to go straight on through the Gledbury Settlement till I came to a cross-road, which would take me to the Blair Athol Settlement, and the first large white house I came to would be Minister McGillivray's. I set off with the comfortable assurance ringing in my ears that the distance was a mere nothing—only seven miles. Seven miles seemed a mere trifle of distance to these Canadian people in their large country, but to me, who had never been farther than a mile or two from home on foot by myself, seven miles in harvest heat, over an unknown country, was a serious undertaking.

The roads about Gledbury were innocent of the great McAdam, and they were not so tiresome to the feet as the roads at home; besides, the miles were, or seemed to be, shorter, and there was a border of grass on each side of the road, which was soft and springy to the feet. I walked on briskly through the Gledbury Settlement, found the cross-road, struck into it, and, after walking for some time, I forgot the distance I had to go, and gave myself up to enjoyment. I travelled through miles of hardwood bush. I was among the sugar-maples for the first time. Lofty and beautiful trees almost over-arched the road with their thick branches. The way was so grassy and so lone that it reminded me of a path through a gentleman's plantation. I wondered that this pleasant place, these stately trees, forming green arcades, opening cool vistas into shady places, rich in every variety of leafage, afforded no passing glimpse of a great house. No quaint porter's lodge pleased the eye, and suggested that all this loveliness had a lordly proprietor. I came to a sluggish little stream, encroached upon by brushwood, half choked with submerged logs and bushes, and spanned by an old bridge of logs, which were moss-grown at the ends. Here was a beaver meadow, and by the little stream, where it crossed the meadow, was a row of great drooping elms, splendid aristocrats of trees, that could not be improvised on short notice. There was an old clearing on the slope beyond the beaver meadow partially grown up again. The second growth of trees, basswood and maple, elm and oak, quivering aspen and feathery sumach, had sprung up as Nature ordered; some singly, showing off every leafy spray to the best advantage; some in massed clumps of solid leafiness, others in stately natural avenues, leading off to open spaces where there might have been a lordly

tower, a lady's bower, or anything else lonely and romantic.

Never before had I known anything of Nature's landscape gardening on such a grand scale. What a splendid deer-park this would make, I exclaimed, sitting down to enjoy the scene on pretence of resting myself. I thought, with a little twinge of regret, that this spot of delight probably belonged to some sturdy yeoman who would clear the magnificent trees off without a thought to make way for tasselled corn, or golden wheat,—who would have no eye for Nature's beauty only for utility. And it is well. This Canada is surely the land of promise for the people —the hard-handed diggers and delvers of the soil.

Perhaps, said I to the listening chipmunks, who were whisking and scampering about and enquiring in shrill chitterings what business I had to be moralizing there, perhaps this spreading Canada contains an answer to the agonized question which humanity in want of work and want of bread wrung from Ebenezer Elliott:

> "When wilt thou save the people,
> O God of mercy, when?
> Not kings and lords, but nations;
> Not thrones and crowns, but men?"

The chipmunks are witnesses that, there and then, I wished for every man willing to work and only asking leave to earn bread for his little ones, a home and a farm under the maple trees of this splendid Canada. Every true worker here will, while carving out for himself individual wealth, help to create an empire!

With this magnificent wish I got up from my log seat and wandered on, enjoying the gay green wood and the costless generosity of my own thoughts. At the same time, by a vigorous use of a green branch, according to instructions given, I tried to keep the clouds of mosquitoes at bay, I wonder if the Egyptian flies were mosquitoes, singing a song of triumph over their power of tormenting? If they would bite and not sing, or sing and not bite, either would be sufficiently annoying, but with both together it is insufferable. And those treacherous black flies, that draw blood before you know you are bitten, I wonder if they boast to one another of an ancestry that came over from the banks of the Nile? By and by I began to wonder how long seven miles was. I knew I must have walked a good long piece. True, I had walked slowly, but I had started early, and only sat down once to enjoy the scenery. It was certainly past noon, at least I thought so as I peered up at the white sun, and no sign of Blair Athol or the white house of the minister. The road stretched on, bordered with stately trees, but no clearings, no fences, no houses, nor signs of human occupation. Coming down a little hill, I came suddenly on two deer browsing on the underwood. They looked up with great startled eyes, and then bounded off instantly, their funny tails waving white in the air. I walked on, and seeing no more deer, I began to realize that I was very tired. I had left the large trees and the high land behind me; the road now lay along the bank of a muddy sluggish little river and the trees were dark evergreens. I was in a pine swamp. I began to think that I must have lost my way. The road now swept round a sharp turn, following the bend of the river, and when I turned the corner I saw a little clearing among the pines. A little shanty was built close to the fence, so small and low that it seemed too miserable for a human habitation. Two or three tattered and sunburned little children were playing merrily before the door in the sand, fat and contented. It was dreadfully hot here, the encircling pines fenced in the heat and fenced out every stirring breath of air. A man was mowing in the clearing, dressed in a home shirt, a coarse straw hat, and—nothing more. A wo-

man and a young girl were busily engaged in raking hay. They both stopped working, and leaning on their rakes, stared at me. I felt the heat walking along the road; these people, hard at work in the hot sun, felt it too, I am very sure. The woman and the girl, her daughter I suppose, with the exception of broad-leaved straw hats, were dressed in the same style as the witches of Kirk Alloway. I was going to enquire about the way, but was frightened at so much undress, and so passed on, leaving the whole family looking after me, an expression of dirty contentment underlying the surprise they felt at a light muslin dress and a white bonnet in company with a stranger passing alone through these forest solitudes. A few acres more and I felt like turning back to ask my way of the slightly dressed people when the road came abruptly to an end at a saw mill. I perceived that I must have missed my way, though I was not aware of it, not having noticed any road branching off. I stood bewildered, looking across the muddy little river. The mill was on the other side, and there was no way to cross but on a stick of timber thrown over at the edge of the slide. I did not think I was as sure-footed as a mule, and I feared to try walking the plank. As I stood hesitating, a person appeared at the mill and called to me if I wanted to cross. Before I could answer he came over for me. I told him I had left Gledbury early in the morning for the Rev. Mr. McGillivray's at Blair Athol, and, though I had carefully followed the directions I had received, yet I must have surely missed my way, for they did not tell me I would come to a mill.

"You do not exactly know where you are," he said, smiling. "You followed the wrong road five miles back. You have been travelling away from Blair Athol ever since." He kindly took my hand, and led me across the plank and through the mill to the other side, telling me by the way that he would set me on the right road again.

"You must come up to the house and rest yourself. My mother will be glad to see you."

"I must hurry to get to my journey's end, after losing so much time, if you will kindly put me on the road," I said, with a natural reluctance to intrude on a strange family.

"You must rest before you go any farther. We are friends of your brother's, though you have never met with us before. I know you by your voice, it is so like your brother's. You are Miss Ray, lately from the old country. My father and mother came from somewhere about the same place. They will be delighted to see you. Just wait a moment till I lock the mill-door, and I will go up with you."

I saw that there were two or three mills here, and great piles of lumber built up beside them. He locked the mill and with the key on his finger walked with me up the hill towards a nice wooden house, painted white, with a verandah all round it. "I did not tell you where you are," he said, "This is Jessop's mills, and I am Richard Jessop. You must have heard your brother speak of us?"

"I hear him speak of so many, but as I do not know them I do not take much notice," I said.

"The water is low and the mills are not doing much these days. I am glad, however, that I happened to be at the saw-mill when you came, or you would have found it difficult to cross."

"Difficult, sir!" I said, "it would have been impossible."

"Do not say that," he answered. "You would have attempted to cross—and you would have succeeded. Trying is half way to success."

I took notice of this saying, not as anything new, but I laid it up as a word of encouragement to help me in my new duties. When we got to the house, he showed me into a pleasant parlor where

a young man was sitting in an easy-chair with very white hands crossed before him. He was evidently an invalid, for he did not rise when we went in. A pretty, fresh young lady sat by the window sewing.

"This is my brother, Robert Jessop, and my niece, Amelia Marston," said my companion, adding, "I found Miss Ray at the mill, on her way to Minister McGillivray's."

Miss Marston came forward and greeted me as kindly as if I had been expected, took me into a bedroom, and removed my bonnet with her own hands, poured out water for me to bathe my face, for she said I was roasted with the heat, and waited on me like a sister.

It was indeed a very red face I saw in the glass instead of my usual pale one. I bathed my face, brushed my hair and came back to the parlor, feeling a little cooler, and found Mr. and Mrs. Jessop, who welcomed me with great kindness. Old Mr. Jessop asked me a great many questions about the old country, my voyage, my impressions of Canada and its people, until I, remembering my unfinished journey, said I must be going. "If you will kindly put me on the road again," I said to young Mr. Jessop, "I hope I will keep it better this time."

Old Mr. Jessop protested that I should not leave the house that night. I was tired, unused to walking and had missed my dinner. "Get a cup of tea, good wife," he said, "and I will enjoy a chat with this young lady. We may turn out to be relations. Do you know, Miss Ray, that I come from Gray Abbey? I was born there; so was my wife. There were a great many Jessops there; I had an uncle, Thomas Jessop, who married a Ray. Perhaps I may turn out to be an uncle of yours, and my boys your cousins."

Mrs. Jessop bustled off to get the tea. Miss Marston followed, leaving me to the tender mercies of the old gentleman, who nearly questioned me to death. Dear me, the questions he did ask! and I never was good at parrying questions. Mr. Richard Jessop came to my aid, but in vain: he could not turn aside the torrent of questions. There was certainly a good prosecuting attorney lost to the world when Mr. Jessop settled in the backwoods of Canada. It was a relief when we were summoned to tea. The tea-table was loaded with different kinds of cake and preserves, hot biscuit, cheese and honey—everything that they possibly could put on it—and Mrs. Jessop told me she was sorry she had not known of my coming, as she would have prepared something nice for tea.

After tea Mr. Richard Jessop asked me whether I preferred going on to Blair Athol or remaining where I was all night. I said I would rather go on if I could.

"I am going past Mr. McGillivray's on my way to Mount Pleasant, and will drive you there," he said.

"You can call for her on your way back," said his mother, "and bring her here to stay all night."

"Of course bring her back," echoed the father, "till we finish our talk about Grey Abbey."

This kindness was perfectly overwhelming. I was really tired walking, and enjoyed sitting in the light carriage, and having a fast horse whirl me over the miles that lay between Jessop's and Minister McGillivray's. The noise of the carriage wheels brought the minister's wife to the door.

"I have brought you a young lady who lost her way coming to your place. This is Miss Ray, a sister of young Ray, Ramsay's clerk. She wishes to see the minister.

"Are you not coming in yourself, Mr. Jessop?" said Mrs. McGillivray.

"I will come in for Miss Ray when I come back. I am going on to Mount Pleasant," he said, and drove away.

"You have not been accustomed to travelling through the bush," she said

to me, taking my hand to lead me into the house as if I were a child.

"I never tried it before," I said.

"You are strange to the country, my dear. I am glad the minister is at home, so you will not have your journey for nothing."

She was a pretty little woman in a home-made linsey dress and plain muslin cap. Her voice was peculiarly sweet and musical; her "my dear" sounded like a caress or a blessing. Opening a door leading from the sitting-room she spoke to the minister in Gaelic, and he answered in the same language. She led me into the inner room, and I stood in the presence of the Rev. Superintendent of Schools. He was a tall, massive, rugged, gray-haired man, closely shaved as to his beard, but with such bushy gray eyebrows that they almost concealed his bright, dark eyes. There was something in his face that reminded me of a mastiff, strong, sagacious and kind. He looked like one to be trusted once and forever. His fair-faced, sweet-voiced wife seemed to be just what was necessary to add patience and sweetness to wisdom and strength.

"And so you think of teaching, my young friend?" he said. "Well, the teacher, like the poet, is born, not made. Have you the divine gift of drawing the little ones near you? It is not altogether what you know—though that is important—but what you can impart, and how much you care for the children under your authority."

This ideal of teaching was far beyond mine. All that had troubled me was, did I know enough to teach? I began to distrust myself altogether as I listened to his words.

I said, "I am afraid I am very unfit. I am young and have no experience in teaching, and I am not very thorough in anything." I could not keep my voice from trembling a little.

The minister took off his glasses and looked at me kindly, saying, "We must not let you get discouraged before you begin. Youthfulness is a disease that wears off in time, and self-distrust is not a bad symptom if it is not carried too far. Do not get nervous. Take a little rest before we begin the examination."

He began like Mr. Jessop to question me about my home and friends, my voyage out, and intentions for the future, nodding his head reflectively at my answers. Then he glided off into politics. He found me a good listener, as I well might be, for I was delightfully ignorant upon the subject. He explained to me the meaning of the terms Liberal and Conservative, giving me many reasons, which seemed absolutely unanswerable, why dissenters should be Liberals; why the people of Canada should be the same, and would be, if they understood the value of their birthright. He brought everything out so clearly that I did not see how any one could differ from him. "We will never," he said, "submit to be in the condition of the peoples of Europe, who, as your gifted countryman observed, 'believe that a small part of mankind are born booted and spurred, and the rest bridled and saddled.'"

He told me of some dreadfully unjust and selfish people whom he called the "Family Compact" (I wondered if they were a royal family), who were overthrown, after almost ruining Canada. He told me of the new member whom the Blair Athol settlement had, with the assistance of some others, returned to Parliament: of his learning, talents, liberal sentiments and eloquence. I believed in that man's excellencies at once. "True, he is a Catholic," he said, "but he is far in advance of many Protestants in liberality of sentiment. Why, he was denounced from the altar by the priest of his own parish." He went to a file of newspapers, and brought several and read extracts to me from the member's recent speeches, dwelling with special

delight on certain parts. "When he said *that*, he was thinking of Blair Athol," he said triumphantly. "He is in a very hopeful state of mind. I do not mind telling an intelligent young lady like you that he has, on several occasions, come to hear my preaching, and been impressed—*impressed*—with the arguments brought forward. I spoke plainly to him here in this room on the errors of the religion which he professes, and he allowed there was great force in what I said. Indeed, he told me, if ever he changed his religion, he would undoubtedly prefer the simple, grand gospel as we believe it."

What a hypocrite I did feel, sitting there listening with an appearance of interest, putting a safe question now and then, when I caught a corner of what he was intending to convey to me, and all the time wishing that honorable member was in Jericho; wondering if I would pass; what questions he would ask; when it would be over; and, if successful, when I would begin. To my dismay Mrs. McGillivray had prepared tea, and we were summoned to it while he was explaining to me what was meant by the Secularization of the Clergy Reserves. In vain I informed them we had an early tea at Mr. Jessop's, and that I could not take tea again: they both declared I must break bread with them the first time I came under their roof. The fare was very plain—the dignity of poverty was there. While we were at the table Mr. Jessop came back, and, as soon as we rose from the meal, the examination was proceeded with. By this time I was as nervous as could be. His conversation had opened a boundless prospect before me, of my duties and my unfitness to fill them. Everything I ever knew seemed slipping away from me. First I read—prose and poetry—with a consciousness that I had lost the management of my voice. He gently shook his head; I saw I was disappointing him. Then I wrote a selection from his dictation. My hands were swollen from the effects of the mosquito bites, and were stiff, and I was shaking with nervousness besides. I was considered a fair writer at school, but this specimen of my writing was horrible.

"The spelling is quite correct," said the minister gently, "but could you not write a little better?"

For reply I showed him my hands.

"Ah yes, I see. The mosquitoes like old country blood; by and by they will not trouble you so much," he said. "Try again, perhaps you will do better. Write something yourself."

A couplet of Montgomery's ran in my head and I wrote:

> "Were this frail world our final rest,
> Living or dying, none were blest."

"That is better, and you will improve by practice," he said, wishing to encourage me. I then parsed for him a very simple sentence. He then asked me a few questions in Geography—the exact location of certain places that were scattered, like the Jews, from one end of the world to the other. Then came the arithmetic, which was a favorite study of the good minister. I knew well that it was not there my strength lay. I lost my head altogether, and was hardly sure what five and five mounted to. How hot and miserable and mortified I did feel over simple questions; trying to see if any real difference existed between six dozen dozen, and half a dozen dozen! Discovering how many heaps that would reach the moon might be raised out of a quadrillion of leaves of paper (English numeration) each the four-hundredth part of an inch in thickness! As if ever any one would want to do the like! The length in miles to which a pound of flax might be extended by a certain Catherine Woods of Dromore, who spun a hank of linen yarn containing so many cuts, of so many threads, each so long! How to divide seventeen

camels, so as to give one-half, one-third, and one-ninth to three individuals! I stumbled through these, not without suggestions from the kind-hearted minister, who now brought out his crowning pet question to top off with —a horrible hat of plums, that some dreadful boys had got hold of, and spilt and scrambled for and tossed into every possible combination of fractions! It was a very long example. I think those wretched boys must have fought over the plums for a long summer day. Why could they not eat them and have done with it! If they were ripe plums it was some comfort to think that even boys could not eat them after all they came through. If I had been myself, and alone, finding out about those plums, it would have taken me a long time to follow them through all the pitching about, dividing, scrambling for, and redividing and scrambling again that happened to them. But as it was, with the minister sitting before me waiting, and Mr. Jessop in the next room waiting, the figures swimming before my eyes, I broke down and began to cry. The worthy minister must have had great debatings with himself. He did not like to disappoint me, and how could he give a school over to the tender mercies of such an ignoramus? He was disappointed in me, I knew well. He sat thinking, with his brows drawn down over his eyes until no one could have pulled the wool over them any farther. I cried out my little cry while he was shut up behind his eyebrows deciding for me. At length he opened his eyes, took off his spectacles and, figuratively speaking, came off the judgment-seat. He talked of teachers, and scholars, and of different methods of imparting instruction, trying to help me in this indirect way. Then he said kindly, "My child, the school that wants your services has been vacant for some time. It must be kept open a certain number of months to secure the government apportionment. Now, as you can never know what you can do till you try, I will give you a third-class certificate for six months. Between this and Christmas you will find out whether you have a talent for teaching or not. When the Inspector for the counties comes round he will confirm your certificate, I hope. I will come up to the school and see how you are getting along some day."

The minister and his wife both urged me to stay a few days with them, until the Sabbath was past, and go to hear Mr. McGillivray preach.

"Their hoard was little, but their hearts were great."

I was glad they were so kind as to ask me, but I could not content myself to stay, so I returned to Jessop's with Mr. Richard; endured the old gentleman's questions with patient heroism; took meekly his rebuke for my ignorance in not being able to inform him of the present condition of the old ruins which gave Grey Abbey its name, or of the date when Phelim ier oe O'Neil sacked the Abbey—which I do not think he ever did; and at last got a good soft bed and a good sound sleep. I slept late the next morning. When I arose, vexed at myself for being tardy, breakfast was over, and the men had gone off in different directions to the business of the day, so that the invalid son and I had breakfast together. After breakfast I admired all Mrs. Jessop's housekeeping triumphs, and was warmly invited to come back to see them. Miss Amelia Marston showed me a shorter road back to Gledbury and accompanied me nearly all the way, and so, with my certificate in my pocket, I returned safely to Mr. Ramsay's.

CHAPTER XV.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.
LONGFELLOW.

Walter was disappointed that I had not obtained a certificate of a higher grade, and for a longer time. I did not think it necessary to tell him what an escape I had from the fate of getting none at all. He thought I was remarkably stupid to lose my way on a plain Concession road. Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay had decided, in my absence, that they would like to retain my services, and made me an offer to that effect. I preferred going to teach, though I was very glad that they valued what I had done for them as an equivalent for my board since I came.

It was something of a trial to me, after all my dreams of independence, to think of saying good-bye to Walter and the Ramsay family, and to go away among perfect strangers. Walter said he would go over to Glenshie to church on fine Sabbaths. It would be farther than to Gledbury meeting house, but the exercise would be beneficial. Miss Ramsay teazed me a good deal about going away into a back settlement to teach, telling me I would be among Hottentots and other barbarians. I took this as a compliment, for I knew that Charlotte said things because she was very sorry I was going. On the appointed day Mr. McLennan came for me on horseback.

"I hef got for you as good a place to boord as there is in Glenshie," he said, triumphantly, "and with a countrywoman of your own. I will come for your trunk next week, when I'm coming with the waggon to Jessop's mills."

"How do you expect to take me?" I asked, in amazement.

"You will ride my horse—she's a quiet brute. I will walk beside you. I can walk fast. I will keep up with you, never fear."

"Ride your horse, Mr. McLennan! I never rode on horse-back in my life. I certainly cannot do that," I said, decidedly.

"That is a pity that you have not learned to ride, Miss Ray. You will hef to learn to ride. It will be a great loss to yourself if you cannot ride. You will hef to ride behind me to-day."

Seeing that I was unwilling to try this plan of travelling, he said, persuasively, "That is a fery good plan, Miss Ray. Gret ladies hef ride in that fashion before this day."

Riding double I had heard of and read about, but never expected to try it for myself. "I have a satchel that I must take with me," I said.

"Neffer mind that, I will take that before me on the saddle."

He mounted himself, and by dint of great persuasion brought his horse close to the block and kept him there while I, with the assistance of his foot and hand, scrambled up behind him, and, according to directions, put my arm round him to hold on. The horse did not like carrying double; my skirt flapping about his legs annoyed him, I suppose. He ran sideways, capered about, lifted his front feet together as if he had half a mind to rear, thought better of it and only kicked, and plunged about in a heavy sort of way, like a gambolling cow, till Mr. McLennan lost his patience and admonished him with heel and hand.

"You will excuse me if I hef to swear at the beast?" he said to me between his teeth, as he struggled with his horse.

"You need not swear on my account," I said half-laughing, though I was frightened, "Had you not better let me get off."

"No, no, you will stay where you are. She will hef to do my bidding. She will hef to do that."

The horse understood *that* after a while, and consented to make the best of it, as I was doing, and jogged off,

carrying with him Cæsar and his fortunes, in a small way. This was how I travelled into independence.

My companion was of a communicative turn, and, as we rode along, told me something of the notable persons in the section, from Squire McPherson, their great man, to the little old woman who lived in a hut all by herself, and had power to bewitch cattle, raise storms, and afflict with sickness or ill-luck all who vexed her.

We left the large clearings and comfortable farm-buildings of Gledbury behind us and struck into a low swamp of the dark evergreens of the country. The mosquitoes were very bad here, and my companion, seeing how they annoyed me, endeavored to break off a branch for me that I might act on the defensive; but, his horse objecting, I begged him to desist. I was afraid of another scene like what we had at starting. By this road we reached Jessop's mill and met Richard Jessop, who teased me as if he were an old acquaintance about my first lesson in riding.

"Do not be astonished if I go up for you some Friday evening, for father wants to put you through another course of questions; he wants to discover the relationship that he thinks ought to exist."

As we rode away from Jessop's mills, Mr. McLennan told me that the mills were a great place to hear news, for old Mr. Jessop would never fail to know anything for want of asking. He said that Gledbury, which we had left behind, was an old settlement that had been peopled by refugees from the States, called United Empire loyalists. Some of them were of Dutch and some of French descent, though there were a few Lowland Scotch and Irish among them. "These settlements here are all filled with Scotch people, like myself," he added complacently.

When we came to a place where four roads met he informed me that three Highland settlements met there, Glenshie, Blair Athol, and Badenoch, peopled by Islesmen and emigrants from Perthshire, Inverness, and the Western Highlands. The Corners was a sort of village. There was a church, a tavern, a blacksmith shop and a few other houses, and a school-house, from which issued a noise that proved they were not cramming down learning quietly.

"Our children used to come here, but there were too many," said Mr. McLennan, "and we made a school-house of our own. The teacher here is a college man. We cannot afford the like of that; so we make shift with you for awhile." Now was not this speech candid, and complimentary to me?

Another long swamp to go through, and we then stopped at a gate that closed the entrance to a green lane. This gate was made on a peculiar plan. The top bar was almost twice as long as the gate; the projecting end, which was on the hinge-side, was weighted with heavy stones, secured in their place by wooden pins. It seemed impossible that any one but a giant could swing open such a clumsy thing, but a little sunburned boy, who was playing about there, opened it for us with perfect ease. We trotted along up this lane under some fine elms; came out on a meadow through which the river ran; over this we crossed on a low wooden bridge, and came to the farm-house which was to be my home for the next six months. It was a log building on a slope, with a little patch of flowers before the door, and a bower grown over with hops arching the little walk that led to the house. The garden, bower, and all, stopped short before it reached the house, leaving an open, grassy place round the big doorstep. A big girl, with a cast in her eye, stood in the doorway and looked at us without speaking, until Mr. McLennan called to her to bring a chair and help me to dismount.

"This is the new schoolmistress,

Mary, that I hef brought to you. Where is your mother?" said Mr. McLennan.

"She is in the back-clearing, at the hay," said Mary. "I will call her."

"I will leave the schoolmistress with you, Mary. I hef no time to stop. I will come to the school and meet you there in the morning, Miss Ray. See that you do not be late, and now I will say good-bye to you." He shook hands, got upon his gray horse and rode off.

When he was gone, Mary, who was a thin, dark girl with a sullen expression, and such a squint that you could not tell where she was looking, brought her best eye to bear on me, and looked me over with undisguised contempt.

"You are very little to come to teach here. You must have great courage," said she, breaking silence.

My courage was at such a low ebb that a good cry would have been a relief. To keep back that tendency I asked her to show me my room. The room in which we were, I could see, was the living-room. I have learned that word since I came to Canada. It means a kitchen, parlor, sitting-room, and bedroom, all in one. It was quite a large room, but dark, for the window was shaded with scarlet runners that were trained over it. The floor was uneven, the boards being worn into hollows in some parts. The partitions dividing this room from the rest of the house were of boards, dark with age, but everything was just as clean as could be. A large chimney, into which was set a cooking-stove, with a great fire in it for baking purposes, though the day was so hot, occupied most of one side. On each side of the chimney was a door. Opening one of these doors she brought me into a small room, looking like a box, with its wooden walls. It did not contain as much as the prophet's chamber. There was a bed and a chair, with a little looking-glass hung upon a nail, but nothing more.

"This is your room" said Mary.

I looked round, and said, "It is very small. Have you not a larger room?"

"None you could get," she replied, with a little grunt of satisfaction. "What would you have? Is it not good enough for you? This is my mother's bedroom. She gave it up for you, and sleeps in the bunk. The next room is bigger; the boys sleep there. You might have that only the boys are out and in all the time. They would be in before you were up and after you were in bed. You would not like that. You will be well enough there. The other teachers we had boarded round."

I looked at her with astonishment. "I understood from Mr. McLennan that this was a new section, and that I was the first teacher," I said.

"Maybe he made you think so," said Mary, "but he did not say so, for he could not without lying. It is a new section. It is not but a little while since it was split off, because the section was too big. Before that we used to go to school to Bay Chaleur."

"Bey Shallore," I said in astonishment. "Had you a Turk teaching here?"

"You must be a fool," replied Mary, politely, "if you do not see that that is a nickname. It is a place near the sea where he came from. He was always talking about it and they called him after it."

"I see."

"Since the section split off we have had two teachers. He did not tell you that, I guess."

"No, he did not," I said.

"The first came at New Year's. He was an old sailor. I don't know whether he knew any learning or not, but he knew how to get drunk and to swear at the scholars. They did not need to pay him to teach that, they can learn that at home," she said, with a bitter smile.

"How long did he stay?" I asked.

"Not long, not more than six weeks.

One day he was full of whiskey, and as cross as the old boy, and he took to whaling the scholars, and they turned on him, and wallopped him out of the section, and he never showed his face since. The next was a half-breed, a grand scholar they said, when he was sober; but he set the children against him at the first, and they smoked him out."

"How did they do that?" I enquired.

"They fastened him into the school when they got leave and he stayed behind a minute. They stopped up the chimney, none of the windows would open, and he was nearly smothered. He left right away, and there has been no school since. The scholars are a wild set. I wonder how you'll manage them. They need a deal of thrashing to keep them in order."

Thrashing does not seem to have been a success, I thought, but I said, "Mr. McLennan could not have thought them so hard to manage or he would not have engaged a female teacher."

"Oh, he hired you to keep the school open long enough to get the government money. There will be enough to pay you; you will cost them nothing this half year, and they think you'll teach them something if they don't chase you. You will have to teach them English, anyway, for you have no Gaelic.

"Have the children no English?" I asked in dismay.

"One or two of them have a little," said Mary, noticing my dismay and enjoying it. The people are not very well pleased that you are not willing to board round. They think you're stuck up," she added.

Here was a pleasant prospect for me. I ventured to ask if she was to be one of the scholars.

"No, indeed," she answered with a toss of her head, "I will not go to school to any one smaller than myself."

Well, this was one comfort. During her revelations she busied herself getting tea, and when it was ready, she went to the door and raised a "Hoich hallo," closing her hands round her mouth like a speaking-trumpet, that must have penetrated to the back-clearing, wherever that was.

By and by the harvest people came trooping in. Mr. Morrison, a small, thin, dark man, lame, and with a pair of lovely dark eyes. His wife, a tall, strong, black-browed woman, with a martial step and port that made her look like a disguised soldier. She wore a red handkerchief, turban fashion, round her head, a home-made blue linsey dress, with no superfluity about the skirt, a woollen apron, and a pair of men's boots. The soul of one of Claverhouse's dragoons might have transmigrated into Mrs. Morrison's portly body. She strode through the house as if she had spurs on her heels, and a sabre at her side. She fingered her lip as if she were feeling an imaginary moustache, spoke with a ring of command in her voice, chewed gum as if it were tobacco, and spat about her in a masculine way. She enforced her orders with oaths that might have been learned "with the army in Flanders," and should have been left there.

I thought of a line of Young's,

"Although the volley rattles on your ear,
Believe her dress, she's not a grenadier."

Her children,—there were a lot of them, all boys but one little girl, the youngest, and Mary, who was evidently the eldest,—were nice, gentle, curly-headed children, who did not seem to mind their mother's roughness, and had little merry jokes and asides among themselves. Mrs. Morrison did not make herself as disagreeable to me as her daughter had done; on the contrary, she welcomed me most cordially. She said,

"You are spunky to undertake to teach such wild little devils as you will find here. I bet my boots you will give it up in a fortnight. If my young

ones trouble you, just you complain to me and I will hide them for you."

I took my tea silently, for I was very tired and sad. Twelve miles on horseback for my first ride was a little wearisome, and this reception was disappointing, to say the least. I had imagined that I would board at the house of people like the Ramsays or the Jessops, and feel a little at home. Mrs. Morrison noticed that I was grave and silent, and began to speak quite kindly to encourage me.

"Are you fond of reading?" she asked.

"Very," I answered.

"Have you read Rousseau's works?" she enquired.

I was surprised. He was the last author I should have expected to hear of in the backwoods of Canada.

"I have not seen any of his works," I said, "I have seen his name mentioned in Cowper's poems."

"I have read his works,—and Paine's, and Voltaire's," she said, with a little stop between the mention of each author. "You would not read any of them, I suppose."

"I do not know," I answered, "I know nothing about them but their names. I supposed they were not good books."

"You are one of the straight-laced ones, I see; I will take that out of you," she said, with a laugh.

"I did not expect to hear of such authors in the backwoods of Canada," I said.

"We were not always in the backwoods of Canada. I have been over a good part of the world before I settled here. Mr. Morrison was a soldier. I ran off with him when his regiment was stationed in Limerick. Would you take me for a Limerick woman?"

"No, I would not, certainly," I said, looking at the hard, dark, peremptory face.

"I have followed that man round the world," she said, with a little laugh, nodding at her husband. "I have seen war, and many a queer sight in my time, before we became settlers in Canada."

It was not for nothing she had got the military air.

When I retired to bed, sleep was out of the question. The little crib had been so heated through the day by the cook-stove, that the close air was stifling. I tried to raise my window, which was half in my room and half in another, but could not. I bore the feeling of suffocation as long as possible, and then dressed myself and determined to go outside to breathe. Mr. and Mrs. Morrison were asleep in the "settle-bed bunk," as they call it, Mrs. Morrison snoring, in martial fashion, beside her quiet husband. The door opened with a latch and I passed out. The dog raised himself, and, after a brief examination, lay down again. The moon was at the full, walking royally among the stars. Who is it that compares the harvest-moon to the shield of an unfallen archangel? Christopher North, I think. How gloriously she silvered the little river that looked blue under the midnight sky, and the great drooping elm beside it, and flooded all the landscape with radiance! I looked up with a homesick feeling; thoughts of my mother, who was a sacred mystery to me; of my father, who served God above many; of my dear mamma, who did not leave me with a step-mother's memory of her, who was just and loving to me; of the quiet Manse life, succeeded by the dreary years at Enbridge; of longing for liberty and independence, all crowded on my mind. Now I was an independent worker, and the prospect before me did not seem a bit nice. It was enough to frighten even a bigger person, I thought. I felt a longing for wisdom and help that I had no words to express. A voiceless pleading for all my needs drew my whole soul upwards, and heaven seemed nearer to me than ever it was before.

A stillness, filled with God's presence, was all around me, till I half expected a still, small voice to whisper, "Fear not, I am with thee; be not dismayed, I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

I was recalled to earth by the voice of Mrs. Morrison inquiring in war-like tones, "What in thunder are you out star-gazing at this time of night for? Do you want to catch your death of cold, and not be able to yell at the young ones to-morrow?"

I looked in terror at the door; that martial matron was standing there, her red turban gleaming in the moonshine; she was in the same simple style of undress in which Jane Shore did penance.

"It was so hot in the bedroom that I could not go to sleep," I answered, meekly. "I tried to lift the window and could not. I came out to get cool."

"It was as well for you that you could not open the window; you would have been as hoarse as a drake in the morning with the night air blowing direct on you. Why did you not send your fist through one of the upper panes, if the room was too close? Come right in, and get into your bed at once," she ordered.

I obeyed, came in, and slipped quietly to bed. The heat, shut in there, was still so great that I did not fall asleep for a good while, and when I did I tumbled down precipices, and was pursued by wild horses with red turbans on, till morning.

(*To be continued.*)

MONOGRAPH OF THE DÈNÈ-DINDJIÉ INDIANS.*

BY THE REV. E. PETITOT, OBLAT MISSIONARY, ETC., ETC.

TRANSLATED BY DOUGLAS BRYMNER.

(*Continued.*)

III.

Traditions and Observances of the Dènè-Dindjié in Their Relations either to the Natural Law or to the Mosaic Law.

I have already so far exceeded the limits I had set myself in these prolegomena to the Dènè-Dindjié Dictionary, that I must pass rapidly over this third part of my dissertation, which should and might be the most voluminous. I find myself under the necessity of giving only a brief sketch of a few Dènè-Dindjié traditions, which seem to me to approach closely the Mosaic recital, and of omitting a still greater number.

I do not pretend to identify the Dènè-Dindjié with the Hebrews; that would be temerity. But the candid reader will perhaps find in what follows a convincing proof of the primitive and Mosaic revelations, as well as of the probative strength of tradition; besides which it is very significant as to the relations which the Dènè-Dindjié have had with Asia, and perhaps even with the Hebrews themselves.

Five hundred years only separate Moses from Homer; twelve hundred divide him from Socrates, Plato and Aristotle; besides, these heathen writers had the advantage of living in a country not far from Palestine and Egypt, the theatre of the high achievements of the Hebrews. Well, there is less resemblance between the doctrines of these sages, the dogmas of Paganism and the Holy Scriptures, than between the traditions of our Dènè-Dindjié and these same Scriptures. And this in the face of the fact that our Indians are obscure and ignorant savages, relegated to the extremities of the earth, destitute of every graphic method of transmitting their reminiscences, and reduced, for possibly more than three thousand years, to depend only on the oral traditions of their ancestors.

If there is not in this single fact an entirely providential end and design—a ray of light which will, perhaps, illumine the whole past, and the still obscure origin of the Redskins—then I admit that their presence in America is to me a positive enigma, and I will cease henceforth to concern myself with it.

Summary of Montagnais Traditions.

The tradition of the Dènès of Churchill shows us at the beginning of time the great bird *Idi*, which produces thunder, the sole living being in the world, and brooding over the waters by which all was covered. He descended on the sea, touched it with his wings, and at once the earth leaped from the bottom of the waters and swam upon their surface. The bird *Idi* then caused all beings to issue from it, with the exception of man, who was born of the dog, as already said. For this reason the

* Monographie des Dènè-Dindjié, par Le R. P. E. Petitot, Missionaire Oblat de Marie Immaculée, Officièr d'Académie, &c., &c., Paris.

Dènès have a horror of the flesh of this animal.*

Among these same cariboo-eaters of Churchill, the girls, arrived at the age of their first separation, veil their head and shoulders with a large straw bonnet, and from that time assume the name of women.

At the critical time the women and young girls are banished from the presence of men; they are forbidden to approach whatever has life or serves for human food, or even to pass by the paths or fish lakes. They are brought to bed without any foreign help and are then separated from their husband for fourteen days.

These Indians cut their hair in sign of mourning, and lament for the dead in a squatting posture. Their mourning lasts for a year. This is Hearn's account.

The traditions of the Montagnais or Chippewa Dènès begin with man. They represent him as the single and only one of his species on earth. He appeared on it in the season of fruits, that is, in autumn. He manifested his need of a helper like himself, by showing that it was impossible for him to make the net-work for his snow-shoes after having completed the wooden frame; because, says tradition, the netting of snow-shoes being a woman's work, the first man could not have had even an idea of such an operation. This conception could only have emanated from the brain of a woman. Now a pullet as white as snow came to man's help. During his sleep, and in six days, she completed the snow-shoes (*"ay*) and, at the end of the sixth day transformed herself into a woman, to become the inseparable companion of man. The word *"ay*, snow-shoe, means also anathema, cessation, obstacle. This word appears to have been chosen designedly to symbolize, in this parable, the condition of arrest and speculation in which man found himself before the creation of woman.

The Montagnais tradition shows us man, as head of the world, giving names to all animals and to every object. The life of man attained so extraordinary a longevity that the first men, say our Indians, could die only when their feet came to be worn out by walking, and their throats worn into holes by eating.

There existed, from the beginning, a race of very powerful giants. One of them, who was married and had a son, placed two brothers, the only couple then existing, on a high and beautiful land; he gave them provisions for a journey and two magic arrows, which would kill every kind of animal fit for the food of man. But he expressly forbade them, under pain of the greatest misfortunes and death, to touch the arrows which they had discharged in order to take them up again, for they would themselves return to the hand which had let them fly. They promised faithfully; but in spite of their word, and of the remonstrances of his elder brother, the younger stretched out his hand for the arrow he had fired against a squirrel perched on a tree. Then the latter carried it off into the air, causing its loss. One misfortune followed another. He was deceived by a woman who took him down into the eyrie of the great thunder-bird *Olbalé*. He in his fury would have given the man as food to his son, but the eaglet had pity on his youth. He took him under his wings to hide him from the anger of his father, to whom he declared that he would throw himself from his eyrie to the ground rather than consent to the man's death. On this account, *Orelpalé*, the father, allowed him to live. The eaglet gave him a few feathers from his wings; then, taking him on his

* See Samuel Hearn, "A Journey from Prince of Wales Fort," &c. Speaking of the incubation of waters by the Spirit of God, at the beginning of time, the Talmud employs as a comparison the manner in which the dove broods over its young.

shoulders, he taught him to fly. "If thou canst fly three times round my eyrie by thine own strength," said he to him, "then thou shalt be fit to return to thy first country." The man, helped by the eaglet, succeeded, and saw his own country again.

This tradition, relating at length, although under the form of an apologue, the fall and restoration of man, reminds us instinctively of that passage in Deuteronomy, which is also taken in a parabolic sense: "He (God) found him (the Hebrew people) in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness; he led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye. As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings." (Song of Moses, Deuteronomy, xxxii., 10-11.)

Before being brought into the eagle's nest by the woman, the man had torn her clothing, and from her bosom had escaped a host of maleficent and gnawing animals, such as mice, weasels, squirrels, martins, etc., which spread over the earth to bring evil on man. This recalls the fable of Pandora. The name of this celestial woman is *Dluné-tta-naltay* (bosom full of mice).

It may be observed also that the arrow, the incidental cause of man's misfortunes, is called *kkin* by the Hares, a word signifying *pear* or *apple* in Montagnais; and that the name of the squirrel, *klië, kli, klu*, has the same root as the name of the serpent in Loucheux, *klan*. It is thus that in Latin a slight difference distinguishes the name of apple from that of evil.

At the beginning of time, says another Chippewa tradition, a deluge of snow took place in the month of September. It changed into an inundation, after the mice*, by piercing through the bottle which contained the heat, had determined on pouring it over the earth. This heat melted in an instant all the snow, which covered the earth to the tops of the highest firs, and it raised so greatly the level of the waters that they inundated our planet and rose above the Rocky Mountains.

A single man, an old man, who had foreseen this catastrophe, had vainly warned his countrymen. "We will seek refuge in the mountains," they said. They were drowned there. He himself had built a large canoe, and began to sail about, collecting on his passage all the animals which he met. But, as he could not live long in this frightful condition, he made the beaver, the otter, the muskrat and the Arctic duck dive by turns in search of the earth. The latter alone returned with a little mud in its claws. The old man placed the mud on the surface of the waters, spread it with his breath, and having placed on it successively, during six days, all the animals, he landed in turn, when this small quantity of mud had assumed the form and consistency of an immense island.

Other Dènès say that the old man first let loose the crow—which, finding a supply of food in the corpses floating on the water, did not return—then the dove (*dzar*), which returned twice after having made the circuit of the earth. Having been sent a third time, it returned in the evening, tired out, and holding in its foot a green branch of fir.

It is well to remark here that the majority of the Redskins possess the tradition of the Universal Deluge. The Crees and Sauteux have exactly the same tradition as the Dènès. I have shown elsewhere that the Esquimaux

*The mouse whose name is *klo, glu, glunè, dluné*, according to dialect (the same root as the names of the serpent and squirrel, malignant animals) passes among the Hares for the symbol or genius of death. The mouse is the Devil, say the Hares; and they will not sleep in a house containing them, because then it is like a tomb, they say. They kill mice wherever they find them.

hold one almost similar. It is known that the Tlascalians, who believe with our Dènè-Dindjié that the earth is flat, admit two catastrophes in the world: the one which happened in the time of Tespi* or Coxcox; the other by the wind and tempests. We shall again discover this latter belief in the traditions of the Hares, and especially of the Loucheux.

The Yellow Knife Dènès have told me that they practised auricular confession to their jugglers, when they were seized with any malady, because they believe that sin is the cause of our infirmities, and that we cannot be cured before getting rid of the sin by confessing it.

The Montagnais believed they sinned by eating of an unclean animal, such as the dog, the crow, the marten, etc.

The Athabaska Chippewas have preserved the remembrance of a marvellous child, which was brought up by a young girl, who wished to lead them into a fair land. It disappeared, promising them that it would hasten to their assistance whenever they should invoke its aid.

The Chippewas have practised till the present day the separation of persons of the female sex who are in a critical condition.

The traditions of the Dog-rib and Slave Dènès relate that it was an old man with white hair who made the earth; that he had two sons whom he placed on the earth in the season of fruits; that he forbade them to eat of green fruit, and ordered them to eat only of black fruit. The youngest son having disobeyed his father by eating the forbidden fruit, he drove him from his presence, as well as the elder brother and all their children. The Indians, therefore, say proverbially: "The fathers have eaten green fruit and the children's teeth are set on edge."

They have the same tradition of the Deluge as the Montagnais. Further, they share with the Hares the belief that formerly a young man was swallowed by a large fish, which vomited him up alive at the end of three days.

The separation of women and girls suffering from illness is pushed among these savages to the extent of cruelty. It is not allowed to them to live in the marital or paternal tent; they are even excluded from the camp and compelled to live alone, during this period, in a hut made of branches. Their head and chest are concealed by a long hood which does not allow them to be seen. They can neither cross nor follow the ordinary paths, nor pass over the trail of animals, nor take a place in the family canoe. It is still less allowed them to sit upon the skins which are used for the men's beds, or to make use of any household utensil. Drink they receive by means of a pipe made of a swan bone. In this condition the woman takes the name with a double meaning of *ttsa-ttini*, which equally means, "she who wears the hood," and "she who has the sickness." This arises from the persuasion held by our Indians, that this natural infirmity of the woman is the cause of illness and death for the man.

The Dènè-Dindjié take their wives only from their own tribe; they have no repugnance to ally themselves with their sister-in-law or their niece. On the contrary, the relationship of a woman with their deceased wife seems to them a sufficient reason to take her for the second marriage. But they have an aversion to connections between other blood relations.

They have the greatest repugnance to handle the corpse, or the bones of the dead, and never make use of any article belonging to one deceased. When any one enters on his last agonies, they hasten to knock down

* This word is purely Dènè. *T'espi* means I swim in Montagnais. In the dialect of the Rocky Mountain Indians, *despi*, or *tespi*, signifies he swims, or the swimmer.

the tent lest the moribund should die there, which would render it anathema, that is tabooed.

Among the Slaves and Hares, a hunter never deposits the blood of an animal killed in the chase in the same place as the members of the animal, but he collects it in the paunch of the animal and hastens to bury it in the snow, at some distance from the food. The Hares allege that a beneficent giant, who was once their protector, gave them this precept, even with regard to the blood of the beaver.

Among these same Indians, as well as among the Dog-ribs, several persons scruple about eating blood, the intestines, the fœtus, and certain parts of the animal killed in hunting. They do not fail to question us touching the lawfulness of such food, when they are admitted to holy baptism. In certain tribes, the women abstain from bear flesh.

The Dènè-Dindjié have no term in their vocabulary by which to name their male and female cousins, whether cousins german, or those of any degree. They call them all by the name of brothers or sisters. They are equally destitute of the words brother and sister in the general sense; but they have special terms to designate the eldest of the younger children. Orphans, whom they are in the habit of adopting, give the name of father and mother to those who have brought them up. In the Dènè language the words uncle and aunt are derivatives of the words father and mother. To translate them in a literal manner it would be necessary to invent the neologisms super-father (*ét'age*), super-mother (*enorge*).* They have no abstract word to express the word relation in general; they then employ the word brother. But they possess a word to designate their parents, inasmuch as they are ancestors, authors of their life. This word is *sè tchor k'é, sè t'i kwi, sè téjyè k'è*, that is my large, my great, my more elevated. It is thus the Hebrews used it, as witness the Song of Moses: "Ask thy elders and they will tell thee."*

The Chippewas give their wives the name of sister jointly with that of wife.

They say that night existed before day and, therefore, measure time from one sunset to the other.

The Hares and Loucheux, to all the preceding practices, add the following:

They call the jugglers *nako"i*, or seers, and they pay them to dream and to see what should be done in such and such a case. They attribute power to these diviners to deliver from sin and maladies, and to bring the Spirit down to earth.

Whilst recognizing, with the Montagnais, sin as the cause of every woe, they have this saying, which among them has the value of an aphorism: *Etendi koëdenyé*, which cannot be better translated than by St. Paul's phrase: The wages of sin is death. From this similitude, we might be tempted to consider this last phrase as a sort of adage, current among the Jews in the days of the great Apostle.

Whilst the Dènè-Dindjié live nearly nine hundred leagues to the north of the countries in which snakes are found, they have a knowledge of serpents, and of very large serpents which they name *naduwi, natéwéri, klan, il'ini*. So much do they identify this animal with evil, sickness and death, that, to designate an access, or acute crisis of a febrile or nervous illness, they make use of the phrase: *natéwédi ye nadenkkwe*, (the serpent has fallen into him). They pretend that their seers, by their incantations, force these reptiles to leave the bodies of the patients who consult them.

The Loucheux traditions show us one of the two wives of the first man

*In French surpère and surmère.

* The Vulgate quoted in the original is: "*Interroga* majorestuos *et dicent tibi*," which expresses more clearly the idea sought to be conveyed.—*Tr.*

having relations with a black serpent (*klan*), in a puddle or swamp. They call this impure creature the wife of night (*r'a ttsegœ*). From this commerce sprang, they say, an abominable race which the man entirely destroyed, whilst he abandoned the wretched woman defiled by the reptile. But he preserved the woman of light (*vakkray-ttsegœ*), mother of the fowls white as snow.

The Loucheux and Hares both allege that they are forbidden to eat the tendons of the legs of animals, because one of their heroes cut this nerve in the leg of the genius of evil, *Ya-na-fwi-odinza* (he who wears out the sky with his head.) But few Indians respect this prohibition, any more than all the other proscriptions as to blood and fat. Tabooed meat, and animals held to be impure, are alone rejected absolutely.

The Indians of these two tribes circumcise their male children, a few days after their birth, by means of a piece of flint. They cure the wound caused by circumcision with a mixture of fat and of compact pyrites pulverized. I have this information from the lips of an old female Hare juggler, and from an old Loucheux chieftainess. In this latter tribe they often acknowledge women as chiefs.

I learn further from the same source that a little blood is drawn from the child when circumcised, by pricking him with an awl on the palms of the hands and soles of the feet. Whatever may have been the original and now-forgotten object of this second and curious ceremony, the Hares now say that there was no other reason than to make him a good archer and good walker. It was, therefore, a sort of benediction. As to circumcision, they practice it against two cutaneous diseases, which have more than one resemblance to leprosy; and which our Indians distinguish perfectly from itch, which they call *kolled* (scab.) The first of these maladies—named *t'andé*—was, they say, accompanied by a convulsive trembling. The second, which they designate under the names of *kokkralé* (itching, scald, tickling) and of *dzen kkralé* (rat bite), consisted of broad, white and farinaceous eruptions, which sometimes puffed up, and sometimes depressed, the skin.

I have not heard that the Montagnais knew circumcision; the Dog-ribs no longer practise it. It is the same with the Esquimaux; whilst it would appear that the Rocky Mountain Indians faithfully observe it like the Hares.

This divergence in practice, among tribes of the same stock, should not be more surprising than to see the same observance held in honor in the Philipine Archipelago, among the Tagals, even those who are Christians, whilst the Malays, who surround them, do not observe it.

In support of what I advance, I refer to the work of Sir Alexander Mackenzie,* who believed he noticed traces of circumcision on the Hare Indians. I had no knowledge of this passage until after having obtained from the lips of these Indians the account of all their customs. Besides, it is not more extraordinary to meet with circumcision in the Arctic regions than to find it in use in Abyssinia,† Nigritia, Caffraria and Malaysia. Into all these countries it must have been imported, either by the immigration of the Israelites, or by the conquests of the Mussulmans.

Although the Hare and Loucheux traditions have many resemblances, I sketch them here separately. They are often only parables, but it is the more necessary to take account of the figure, as the Holy Scriptures themselves are full of parables and apologues: "I will

* "A Journey from Montreal to the Polar and Pacific Oceans," by Sir Alexander Mackenzie, London, 1792.

† "Life in Abyssinia," vol. II., p. 35. by Mansfield Parkyns, 1854.

open my mouth in parables ; I will utter dark sayings of old," says the Book of Psalms.* Why should it be surprising, then, that nations who say they came from the region which we call the East should have preserved that love of symbolism which we find in the hieratic books and in the traditions of the Hebrews ?

Summary of the Traditions of the Hares.

According to the Hares, it was the genii, servants of *Inkfwin-wétay*, who created all things, extending six times over the universe a magnificent veil, pliable and soft as chamois leather. Every time they raised this veil, the universe appeared a little more beautiful.

Now, the Holy Scriptures frequently make use of a similar image to express the works of God. In Psalm CIV. it is written, "Who stretched out the heavens like a curtain." Isaiah says (chapter L.), "I clothe the heavens with blackness, and I make sackcloth their covering."

The Hares name the first man sometimes *Kunyon* (the Intelligent), a name by which they also designate their Noah, and sometimes *Enna-gu"ini* (he who sees before and behind). But this name they give to God in other traditions.

"In the beginning," they say, "existed *Kunyon* and his sister, who was also his wife. It was in autumn. Before the man was aware, the woman had netted for him snow-shoes, (*"a*, a word which also means anathema, malediction, judgment); she made for him a dress of hare-skin. It was during the night and unknown to her husband that she did so, and with a single hare-skin."

"Now, then, one day the first man played ball and the woman danced on the edge of heaven. But behold, all at once they began to weep, Our children! Alas! Alas! Our children! Alas! Alas! they said, sobbing. Since that time man dies on this earth. It was because they had played ball. They knew that their children would die; that is why they lamented. More intelligent and more far-seeing than *Kunyon* there has never been since."

The deluge of the Hare Indians is like that of the Montagnais, but the apologue sinks far below the true account. *Kunyon*, or the Intelligent, built with great difficulty an immense raft, in anticipation of a deluge which he foresaw, and of which he tried in vain to warn his countrymen. They answered him that they would climb into the trees. However, the deluge took place, the waters rose above the Rocky Mountains, and all mankind were destroyed, but the raft of the Intelligent floated over the waters and saved his life, as well as those of the pairs of animals whom he had placed on it.

The rest is similar to the Montagnais tradition, but the Hares attribute this general inundation and the destruction of all men to the vengeance of the crow, whom the Intelligent, to punish for his wickedness, *had thrown into the fire*. After the deluge, the crow was the first of the inhabitants of the raft who sought refuge on earth, on which he penned up all the ruminating animals, in order to condemn *Kunyon* to die of hunger; but the white owl baffled his wicked tricks and warned the Intelligent, who delivered the animals and thus repeopled the earth.

To this tradition succeeds that of the Fall, already cited, with the following variation: The two brothers perceived the rainbow and wished to reach it. An old man with white hair gave them magical arrows and laid on them the same prohibition as in the Montagnais parable. A condition laid on man as the price of happiness and life, a prohibition and a transgression followed by evil; this is what we find at the beginning of all theogonies.

* Psalm LXXVIII., v. 2.

The two brothers disobeyed the order; the younger laid hold of the arrow which he had fired. But the latter, darting forward, led them to the summit of a conical mountain which rose to heaven.

"Scarcely had they arrived, when they heard a subterranean and mocking voice saying: 'Well, my friends, your language is no longer alike.' They would have abandoned their arrow, but it was difficult to do so, for the arrow kept ascending. Suddenly, having reached the very top of the mountain, they found a multitude of men. 'What are we going to do here?' they said to one another; 'this mountain is, in truth, very hard and solid, but it is too small for the whole of us.' Then they made fire, and as there were asphalt mines there, the bitumen burned, the rocks burst with a frightful noise, and the multitude became affrighted. Suddenly the high mountain disappeared. It changed into an immense plain. The men, terrified and no longer understanding each other, dispersed in every direction. They fled each his own way. The nations were formed. It is since that time, it is said, that we no longer speak the same language.

"There existed a man who dwelt in a porcupine's den. He became black there, and was about to be burned. All at once He who sees before and behind (*Enna-gu"ini*) struck their land with his thunder; he delivered the man by opening to him a subterranean passage towards the strange land. The man was called without fire or country (*Kron-edin*); we call him also *Rat'onné* (the traveller). Having looked at *Enna-gu"ini*, he saw him who had passed into the middle of the fire and was afraid. 'Ah! my grandfather, I am afraid of thee,' he said to him. 'Not at all, my grandson,' said the giant, 'I am good, and do not destroy men; remain with me,' and the Traveller, the Man without country, remained with Him who sees before and behind, who placed him on his shoulder, carried him in his hands, put him in his mittens. He killed elks and beavers for the man. 'He who wears out heaven with his head (*Ya-na-kfwi-odinza*) is my enemy,' he acknowledged to him one day, 'his young people are numerous; one day he will kill me and then thou wilt see my blood redden the vault of heaven.' The man became sad. 'Come,' continued *Enna-gu"ini* 'I see him who is advancing, let us go to meet him.' He gave to the Man without country an enormous beaver's tooth: 'Hold,' he told him, 'hide thyself here, I am about to go to fight the wicked giant; here is a weapon, hold it high and firm.' He set out.

"A moment after the monster was heard struggling in the grasp of Him who sees. Long they fought; but the evil giant was getting the best of it, when Him who sees cried out, 'Oh! my son, cut, cut the nerve of his leg.' The Man without fire cut the nerve, the giant fell prostrate and was killed. His wife and children shared the same fate. This is why we do not eat the nerve of the leg.

"'It is good, my son, go away,' then said Him who sees. 'If ever thou dost perceive the sky to redden, then they shall have shed my blood. Hold,' he added, 'here is my staff; before sleeping, plant it beside thy pillow, and when anything painful shall come to thee, cry to me.'

"He went off, and the Man without place remained sad. When anything was difficult to him, when malignant animals tormented him, he climbed up a fir and called his great father, Him who sees behind and before, and immediately the latter heard his voice. When he went to bed he planted the Giant's staff at his pillow, and then returned in dreams to the house of his mother.

"As to her, she wept for him as dead, for he never saw his country more. He

followed a beautiful young girl and married her. The pork he changed into baked flour, and the fat into vapor. He rendered the food very fat. Suddenly it happened that the sky became red. The Man without fire or place then remembered the word spoken to him, and burst into sobbing. He ran through the woods crying, 'Oh! my Great father, Alas! Alas!'

"At the end he rose no more, no longer did he command any one. He dug himself a grave in a hillock on an island, and said, 'when I die, it is there you shall put my bones.' That is the end."

It would be too long to relate the whole history of *Kron-èdin*, which has several phases or chapters.

It tells that his wife was so fair that several aspirants disputed for her and carried her off from the Man without country. This is the reason she is called *L'at'a-na-tsandé* (she for whom they dispute). On her account *Kron-èdin* was obliged to go into a foreign country, following the sea-coast; but, arrived at a strait, his wife was carried off from him by a powerful man, named *Yamonk'a*, or the whitening horizon. The Man without country fought with him, took back his wife, and with her several other women whom he also married.

By *L'at'a-na-tsandé* he had an only son, *Chia"ini* (the hunter) who, in turn, had a large number of sons and one daughter.

The tradition continues: "The hunter's sons killed a worthy man one day. 'He desired our death' they thought, and prevented it by killing him; but he did nothing of the kind; he was a very worthy man.

"As soon as they were no longer seen, they fled and dwelt alone on an island. From that time they lived there, separated from other men. One of them having left his retreat to return among his equals, heard suddenly some one crying to him, 'My eldest brother whom you killed, has charged me to tell you this: You killed me all combined, in me you put to death a very worthy man! It is my eldest brother who tells you so.'

"On hearing these words the hunter's son fled; he returned to his brothers and reported what he had heard. 'The younger brother of him whom we have put to death,' he said, 'cried to me: "Wretch, you have killed a worthy man, a very worthy man."'

"Then they took fright, they fled far from that place; they abode among the nations, but alone, always apart. 'Whoever shall confront us and shall turn from us his looks, that man detests us, let us kill him,' said these men to one another."

This tradition of the Hares refers expressly to the Dènè-Dindjié, since they claim among their heroes the ancestors of the murderers, *Chia"ini* and *Kron-èdin*; but as it is a notable crime that is here referred to, an unceasing remorse and a panic terror, followed by a shameful flight, we might conceive that the self-respect of our Indians would have an interest in somewhat disguising the tradition, by representing the murder as the work of another nation.

The preceding tradition has so much stranger a character, as its details are in palpable contradiction to the present manners and customs of the Hares and Loucheux. Thus, these Indians do not dig tombs in the mountains; they have no servants whom they can command; and it is evident that they could not even have such ideas if they had not at one time lived in another country besides their frightful deserts, and, consequently, that their narratives have a real foundation.

I omit a host of other legends, persuaded that these are sufficient, and I close what relates to the Hares by citing one of their traditions, which they have given me as among the most recent.

"It was," they said, "whilst we lived on the edge of the sea. A young boy built a canoe, and every day he steered out to sea and disappeared. His parents being in the greatest uneasiness on account of these pranks, the child said to his mother: 'Ah! mother, in the open sea there exists an island, to which I go in my canoe. It is so lovely, so lovely, that whatever thou canst say, I must return. It is there that the invisible woman lives.' Thus he spake, and a few days after had again disappeared. His father and mother were in deep grief; they vainly sought him on the edge of the sea. They could not succeed in finding him.

"During their sleep he returned: 'Mother,' he said to them, 'why do you search for me? You must go to the place to which I resort. Why do you weep over me?' 'Well, it is good,' they said to one another, 'when he has grown up we will act according to his words.'

"In the meantime his neighbors set themselves in search of the beautiful land of which the child had spoken to them; but they saw nothing of it and remained incredulous.

"However, the little fisher-boy became a man, and still said the same thing. At the same time he performed wonderful acts. 'You must go to that fair land,' he constantly said, 'in that island where lives the invisible woman. There you shall want neither food nor fish.' But they thought he lied. The father alone said: 'It is my son who speaks thus, he cannot lie. Let us do what he tells us.' 'Yes,' continued his mother, 'let us imitate him, let us imitate him. Our neighbors hate us, but no matter, let us imitate him.'

"Wherefore all that they said was treated as lies by the other men. In the eyes of all they passed for fools. Nevertheless, they lived with us, but all did not believe them. Some only believed them and discovered the fair land. This is the reason we say as a proverb: 'He who is hungry and eats, that man is filled; but he who, seeing food, leaves it on one side, that man runs the risk of going a long time without eating.' This is what we say since that time."

Summary of the Loucheux Traditions.

I here omit the Loucheux legends which are identical with those of the Montagnais or the Hares, to mention succinctly only the narratives which present to us something new.

The first of the Dindjié traditions is somewhat different from the narrative in Genesis, although there may be found in it its leading features.

"In the beginning of the world, *two brothers* lived alone on earth, and they went naked. The eldest, displeased with his younger brother, struck him with an arrow and killed him; then in despair at the sight of his crime, he fled far from the paternal home and they never saw him more.

"The father and mother of the two brothers (the tradition does not say who they were) both very old, had a third son. He, constantly occupied with thinking of the death of his brother and the disappearance of the elder, began to search for the latter and also disappeared. This is the story of his adventures:

"After having long journeyed, he arrived on the shores of a great lake covered with aquatic birds. In the midst of the waters and on their surface, he perceived what looked like the head of a man, and he hid himself to watch. It was a hunter for game. This man kept himself immovable in the water, concealing his head under a tuft of rushes; then, when the aquatic birds approached, he seized them by the feet, and drawing them under

water, twisted their necks.* The hunter at last left the water, and the man who was watching him recognised in him his own brother. He clasped him in his arms; made him acknowledge him, and asked permission to enjoy his company during a certain time, which was granted.

"The hunter led his younger brother into his abode, and informed him that the Great Father had originally given him two celestial wives. 'Now retire into thy land with thy wives,' he had said to him, 'and obey me. In thy journey thou shalt meet with *a strait between two seas;* the strait is frozen, but thou shalt forbid thy wives to pass over the ice; they must take the *portage* by land.' Thus their Great Father said, and the man promised to obey. He then left for his country with his two celestial wives. Arrived at the end of the land he perceived the sea on each side and the strait before him. As the water was frozen, he crossed it on foot. The night having come the man wished to camp, but his two wives did not appear. 'They have made the passage by land over the portage,' he said to himself; but nothing of the kind. He soon saw them arriving on the ice of the strait, in spite of the prohibition of the Great Father. Whilst they were thus entangled, the ice sunk under their feet and they were engulphed, for it was in autumn and the ice was still thin.

"The man returned in sadness to the Great Father, and asked him for new wives. He gave him two others, two wives from heaven, of perfect beauty, but invisible to the eyes of a mortal. The one was called *Yakkray-ttsegæ* (woman of light, or woman of morning), the other *Ra-ttsegæ* (woman of darkness, or evening.) It was to them the man had led his younger brother. The latter did not see them at all at first, but he could notice that they left the tent alternately, and when they returned each brought the product of her labor. When the woman of light left, it caused day, but when she returned to take the place of her rival, who in turn left, it became night.*

"The younger brother spent six days with the elder, and every day could see the two wives a little better; but he never saw them except incompletely and from behind. 'My younger brother,' said the elder to him, 'since thou canst enjoy a sight of my celestial wives, it is a proof that they have a regard for thee, for thou must know that they are invisible to every mortal; as for myself, I am immortal since the day I left for the moon. It was then that the Great Father gave me these sacred wives. Now, I entrust them to thee, for I have no longer any concern for them.' And the elder brother disappeared.

"The younger lamented the disappearance of his brother, but he could do nothing. He lived then with the two wives whom his elder brother had given him, but without maintaining any familiarities with them. 'What do they do when they go out,' he said to himself. Before taking either of them to wife he wished to prove, and so watched them.

"The evening being come, *Ra-ttsegæ* left her husband and night came on. Shortly after the man followed the steps

*This kind of hunting is very common in China. The hunter there conceals his head in an empty calabash, which appears to float on the water. It is the more strange to find this mode of hunting known by our Dindjié, as they do not practise it, and it is unknown in North America. May we not have in this a remembrance of the country which they occupied before reaching America?

* The Montagnais relate the same peculiarity of the celestial and divine bird *Orelbalé*. When the male returns to the nest, then it is day; but when it is the female, night succeeds. This fable recalls to some extent what Rabbi Bechaï says in the Talmud, upon Chapter XXIV. of Deuteronomy, to know how Moses could distinguish day from night, when he was on Mount Sinai. The Jewish doctor answers: when God taught him the *written law*, then he recognized that it was day; but when he taught him the *oral law*, then night arrived.

of his wife. Horror! He saw her standing in a swamp of black and noxious water, defiled by a black serpent, (*klam*) whose embraces she received. The man returned terrified, but he dissembled.

"The day arrived, *Ra-ttsegæ* returned to the lodge, as if nothing had happened, and *Yakkray-ttsegæ* left him. The jealous husband watched her also. He found her engaged in suckling pullets whiter than the snow. He smiled at this sight and was satisfied.

"Some time after the two wives arrived at the lodge, bearing in their arms their progeny, which they carefully concealed from their husband. But in the absence of his wives he raised the veil which concealed the children. Those of the woman of light were beautiful little boys with white skin; they had pretty aquiline noses, perforated and adorned with swan's quills. The man regarded these beautiful children and covered them again, smiling. 'I adopt them,' he said.

"He then uncovered the children of the woman of darkness. Ah! these were men-serpents, black and hideous, with frightful mouths like animals. The man seized his arrows and pitilessly killed the monsters.

"When the mother returned, she was moved with rage at the sight of the death of her children, and, shamed at being discovered, she sought first to destroy the man, but not succeeding, she left him for ever. She has never been seen since.*

"But the man kept the woman of light for his sole and legitimate wife and it is from this couple we are descended."

*My narrator added, that when the Dindjié learned, nearly a century ago, that a company of merchants had arrived in their country, in their ignorance of what a company was, and taking it for a woman, they imagined for a long time that it was the woman of darkness, returning to visit them for evil.

This fabulous tradition presents a great resemblance to the Talmudic fable of *Lilis* given by Rab Ben-Sira, and by the *Speculum ardens* (Cracow 1597) according to the Synagoga Judaica (chap. iv. fol. 80).

Lilis, or the woman of darkness (from the root *Lel*, night), was, as the Rabbin say, the first companion whom God created for Adam, and He made her of the earth like him, which is the reason, they say, that it is written in Genesis: "Male and female created he them!" And that, before the text in which it is said: "It is not good for man to be alone," a kind of contradiction which the Rabbin thus explain: *Lilis*, or Adam's first wife, was rebellious and disobedient to him; she escaped far from him by flying off into space, by virtue of the tetragrammaton which she invoked. She then became the mother of *Shedim* or demons, of whom she procreated a hundred every day, killing the children who were born to her.

The Jews call this first woman, cause of all evil, screech owl, Lamia, or demon, and mother of demons. This may be seen in several passages of the Talmudic Lexicon and in Medrasch.

After the disappearance of *Lilis*, God took *Chava*, or Eve, from one of Adam's sides, and gave her to him for a wife, because he did not think it good for man to be left alone on earth. *Chava* was submissive to the first man, and became the mother of mortals. This is how the rabbinical reveries explain the origin of mankind.

What would further imply a similitude of origin between the Dènè legend and the Talmudic fable is. 1. The division of the most northern of these Indians into white and black. 2. The suspicious fear which they have for the species of beetle which we call, I know not why, goblin (*Lamia*) *Lamia obscura*. Our Indians call this rascally insect *Lla-tsutée* (He from whence cometh evils) and whenever they see it, they kill it without mercy; because, they say, at the beginning of time the Lamia pronounced this oracle: "*Dènè kkeoyinté waleni*," (men must die). They conceived as deep hatred as the Jews for their Lamia or screech owl *Lilis*, against which, says the author already quoted, the latter do not fail to warn their women when in childbirth, lest the mother of evil spirits should secure the death of the newly born child and transform it into a young demon. To prevent this they make use of a charm which consists of four words: *Adam, Chava, chutz Lilis*.

The reader will easily discover in this recital a mixture of Genesiac ideas, with the much more recent fact of the immigration of the Dindjié to the American continent. The recollection of a strait and of the sea is to be found in a great many of the legends of all the tribes of the Dènè-Dindjié.

Perhaps in the apologue of the two

wives, who here represent good and evil, and may be an explanatory parable of the mixture of the children of Seth with the children of Cain, there may be seen the reason for the division of the Loucheux into two castes, the *Ettchian-kré*, or people of the right, and the *Nattsin-kré*, or people of the left. These two castes, so far from being opposed to each other, have on the contrary for their object to prevent the Dènè-Dindjié from abandoning themselves to intestine feuds; for an *Ettchian* cannot marry a woman of his own caste, but must seek for her in the camp of the *Nattsin-kré*, and *vice versa*. The *Ettchian-kré* are reputed to be white men, because, say the Loucheux, they feed on fish and the flesh of the reindeer. The *Nattsin-kré*, or people of the left, on the contrary, are held as blacks, because they take as their food the elk or moose deer. This is the explanation given me by the Dindjié of this national division.

It is also ascertained that the Loucheux attribute to the first wife the same carnal connection with the serpent as is admitted by all ancient mythologies. The mystery which passed at the beginning in the terrestrial Paradise, and which, by the fall of the woman, sullied the source of all mankind, has been interpreted by all ancient races by the carnal conjunction of the Serpent-god with the mother of men. So believed the Greeks and the Scandinavians, the Romans and the Cingalese, the blacks of Nigritia and those of Dahomey. The Rabbis themselves recognized, in the race of giants destroyed by the Deluge, the fruit of the connection of Evil Angels with the daughters of men.* This free commentary on the fall of man may explain why antiquity, even Pagan, has always believed that a pure virgin, mother of a pure God, could alone rule over and crush the serpent. "Jam redit et Virgo * * occidet et serpens," says Virgil.

Now, does not this common accord among all nations deserve consideration, or at least some study? The Church, besides, has not pronounced upon the nature of the fall. Whatever it may have been, the fact is averred among all nations, and all admit that we issue from a poisoned source.

We may remark, also, the analogy which the name of the woman in Hebrew, *ischa*, presents to that of the serpent in India, *schein*, and in Arabia *scheitan*, or *schatan*, where this name is applied to the demon also. The Loucheux call magic *schian*. May there not be a conformity and an association of ideas in these different words, formed from the same root?

* *Hebrew Antiquities*, Flavius Josephus.

(To be continued).

NATIONAL PROSPERITY AND COMMERCIAL DEPRESSION.

National prosperity, to be developed as fully as other circumstances will admit of, must be accompanied by peace. The effect of war is more injurious to the countries engaged in it than to other nations; but the greatest degree of prosperity in any country will be likely to exist amid universal peace. It is not uncommon, in commercial circles, to regard war between foreign countries as calculated to promote prosperity elsewhere, the mere prospect of hostilities being considered as likely to give an impetus to trade, which by actual war would be further improved. The cause of this impression is to be found in the opinion commonly entertained as to the benefit to be derived from an advance in prices. That opinion is not philosophically correct, and to understand the actual result of the state of affairs under consideration, it is necessary to dissociate the question of value from price.

Prosperity exists exactly in proportion to the product of industry. Whatever reduces the quantity produced reduces the general well-being to that extent. To the nations engaged in it, war may be regarded as effecting the most serious reduction in the fruits of industry, and war between foreign countries is perhaps next, in effect, in a like direction. The countries actually at war produce the commodities necessary for the comfort and convenience of the community in much smaller quantities than such countries are capable of doing when at peace. The production of war material, in addition to the withdrawal of effective strength from ordinary industrial pursuits, necessarily causes a scarcity of commodities, which will be felt in those countries which are at peace. It may be that the existing war creates an unusual demand for commodities for the use of the countries involved in it, or by cutting off the supply of commodities ordinarily supplied by the belligerents to other nations, other sources of supply are found, and an unusual demand from these sources springs up. The result, however, is, that the total quantity of useful commodities available for distribution throughout the world is decreased. The fact that the products of a country not at war are capable of being maintained at their former level—the number of laborers not being reduced—will not prevent a reduction in the substantial well-being of its inhabitants, because the scarcity of commodities abroad will reduce the quantity that can be procured in exchange for the products of labor at home. Thus, if against exports of grain a country usually imports from a belligerent certain metals or manufactures, the reduction in the quantity produced of these will enhance their value, and for the ordinary quantity of grain, a smaller quantity of metals or manufactures must be accepted. The production at new sources of supply will not remove the general deficiency of commodities, because industry applied to new pursuits is withdrawn from others, and while an adjustment of the proportions of all products will be likely to result, the short quantity of all combined will not be overcome until the return of peace sets free for employment in useful pursuits the industry which, during war, is engaged in the manufacture of war engines, and, directly or indirectly, in warfare. The existence of war is therefore inimical to national prosperity as

well to the belligerents as to the world at large. The return of peace brings prosperity, in the increase of products resulting from the additional labor employed. Industries which have arisen in quarters where formerly they were unknown, may cease to be followed when the former—if they happen to be the more favored—sources of supply are again available, a readjustment of the various pursuits will result, and loss of capital which has been embarked in new ventures will occasionally follow. But general prosperity will result from the cessation of war, and the efforts of individuals to improve their condition will everywhere tend to restore the quantity of comforts which war had shortened.

Prosperity may be checked during peace by the idleness of laborers, wilful or unavoidable. Wilful idleness sometimes results from strikes, and sometimes from an erroneous idea that a reduction in the products of labor will result in an increase of the laborers' remuneration. The ignorance which admits of the belief that the products of three days' labor may be more beneficial to the laborer than the products of a week's work; that three coats will exchange for more food than double the number, and that three loaves of bread will command an equal quantity of beef with six loaves—is a public misfortune which education in the principles of economy alone is likely to remove. The effect of a reduction in effective labor from this sort of idleness is much less disastrous than war, and the result to the idlers in the way of privation soon brings about a resumption of industry.

Of the idleness of those members of a community who do not labor at anything, who prey upon the energies of the industrious in the various ways known as "living by their wits,"—whether that may mean "Goncourt frauds," "Bubble companies," card-sharping, and the like,—it is unnecessary to say more than that prosperity is checked exactly in proportion to their number, and that upon principles of economy they rank as much lower than the humblest laborer as spoilers rank below producers, or cumberers of the ground below useful members of society. That commercial difficulties do not always follow upon the outbreak of war, nor financial ease upon the consummation of peace, is undeniable. To a proper understanding of this anomaly is necessary a consideration of the operation and the effect of price as distinguished from value. Political economists are agreed upon this distinction as a principle, and it cannot be controverted. The price of everything might be doubled, or reduced one-half, and values would remain quite undisturbed. If one bushel of wheat will exchange for two bushels of barley and *vice versa*, the price of each is a matter which cannot disturb their relative values; prices may fluctuate, but the relation of the one grain to the other remains as before. A general advance or a general reduction in prices, therefore, does not affect the values of commodities in their relations one to another. Money alone is affected in such cases: an advance in prices involves a reduction in the value of money, while a general reduction in prices implies a corresponding advance in its value.

Between commodities and money there always exists antagonism in value, money being plentiful when commodities are scarce; and these are likely to abound when money is scarce. A reduction in the quantity of products, as a result of war, or from any other cause, disturbs the proportions which previously existed between commodities and money, which becomes proportionately plentiful, and prices advance. If the reduction in the quantity of products was accompanied by a corresponding reduction in the quantity of money, no advance in price would result, but, in the absence of such adjust-

ment, as commodities decrease prices unavoidably increase. It can scarcely be necessary to insist on this consequence, but if it be considered what the effect would be if the currency were doubled without any increase in the quantity of commodities, it cannot be doubted that, in proportion as the amount of currency is to commodities, so will be the prices. The effect on prices is likely to be aggravated by any misapprehension as to the causes of fluctuations; evidences of the true state of matters are apt to be misunderstood, or regarded as indicating the presence of conditions exactly the opposite of those in existence. When, in consequence of war, prices advance, an opinion prevails that times are prosperous, and a common effort is made to profit by the enhanced prices; the demand for products in other than the ordinary quarters deceives, by creating an impression that more than the ordinary quantity of commodities is required. The difficulty of getting the usual supplies induces buyers to bespeak what they consider they will be likely to sell, which, in consequence of the existing scarcity, is certain to be magnified beyond the consumptive demand, and the probabilities are that the quantity bespoken will even be in excess of that consumed during peace. Prices thus become unnaturally inflated. The attempts to supply the demand are likely to fail, through the conduct of the workmen, who understand nothing but the existence of high prices, and a clamour for supplies. Taking advantage of the state of matters, the various unions demand greater rewards and shorter hours of labor, and prices reach a level out of proportion to the necessary disturbance of the relations which previously existed between commodities and the currency. This state of matters is not likely to be altered until the return of peace effects an increase in the volume of labor. Accessions in numbers, and the enforced return to industry of such as had been working on short time, rapidly increase the quantity of products. Money becomes unnaturally enhanced in value in the same manner that commodities had previously attained prices so disproportioned—that is to say, the supply of money is insufficient for the demand arising out of the financial undertakings entered into when money was cheap, and out of the further demand caused by the increased quantity of products competing for a share of the currency.

Effective production, although hindered by financial embarrassments, becomes greater as the population settles down to peaceful labor, and prices decline; meantime, numerous commercial disasters will have tended to destroy confidence, the result of which will be a reduction of the quantity of money in circulation through hoarding, and the effect usually is, that lower prices are touched than those which existed previous to the outbreak of war, and that amid peace, with increased production, and with power to produce useful commodities in still greater quantities, enforced idleness to some extent prevails, and a time in which plenty has succeeded to scarcity, is, to commercial classes, too often a season of difficulty and disaster. It is at such a time that one hears most of the evils of over-production. Factories closed, furnaces blown out, and other evidences of unprosperous ventures, are pointed to in support of the opinion that trade is overdone.

Over-production of commodities is an impossibility. It is quite possible to produce a larger quantity of some articles than may be required, but let the supply of all commodities be fairly adjusted, and the highest degree of industry will be incapable of producing them in excess of the wants of the people. The demand for commodities is limited only by the want of other commodities to effect an exchange.

The laborer who toils industriously for a meagre subsistence, and all the throng of sempstresses, factory hands, and other poorly remunerated workers, have wants enough which they long to gratify. The small quantity of commodities which is the reward of their labor effectually checks the demand from toiling millions whose privations are to be removed, not by checks upon industry, or by decreased production, but by products in greater and ever increasing abundance, and by the removal of everything whereby, in the existence of any custom or law, the national wealth is unfairly distributed among one class to the injury of others. The distance which separates the rich, from the struggling poor is calculated to raise serious doubts whether legislation does not exist in certain countries whose tendency is to elevate the rich if not at the cost, at least by the labors, of the poor. The high prices which prevailed during the Crimean War, and the reaction which culminated in 1857 (the same effects arising out of the Civil War in the United States, and the more widespread consequences of the Franco-German War, in the form of commercial depression) ought to prove valuable, if dearly bought, experiences, giving occasion for an enquiry into the causes of the periodical recurrence of seasons of inflation, followed by collapse, with a view to discover means by which seasons of scarcity would generally be recognized as seasons for retrenchment, and by which a return of prosperity would be freed from commercial depression. The prevailing mode of doing business involves a constant speculation in the value of money. All commodities are measured by money, and are arrayed against it.

There is manifest injustice in that condition of things which admits of the discharge of a debt by a stipulated quantity of money whose value may not exceed one-half of the value obtained by the debtor, and an equal degree of injustice exists where a stipulated quantity of money is required to discharge a debt, when the creditor obtains twice the value he gave. For the first there is no remedy, neither is the absence of a remedy complained of. For the second, a somewhat rude remedy is provided by insolvency. If there were no such relief, there would still be the impossibility of recovering from a debtor an amount in money which all his possessions are incapable of producing. The extent to which insolvency prevails is a reproach to the nature of the education—in a commercial point of view—of those engaged in trade, rather than to existing legislation. Unless a trader thoroughly realizes that a purchase of goods on credit is, in fact, a contract by which he binds himself to make a future delivery of money, and by which he accepts the risk of a serious variation in its value at the date of delivery, he is unlikely to trade on principles attended with the minimum of risk. To sell a quantity of grain with the condition that the money be paid at once, although delivery would not be made until the expiration of six months, would ordinarily be regarded as a very speculative and irregular transaction, because at the date of delivery the amount of money might prove to be insufficient to procure the grain. Such a transaction is no more speculative than that in which the commodity is first delivered, and the money at the expiration of the credit, because in the latter case the grain may prove equally insufficient to procure the quantity of money necessary to fulfil the contract. Cases might occur, and in practice do occur, where dealers purchasing from each other, who might effect a settlement without the intervention of money, and therefore without risk, effect settlement by bill on both sides, in providing for the payment of which both may incur serious loss because of having entered into speculations for the future delivery of money. In-

solvency could not result from a general decline in prices, if business were conducted on the basis of barter, because the exchange of one commodity for another of equal value would not affect the wealth of either party.

The intervention of money could not, in practice, be dispensed with, but the conditions of barter would be fulfilled by dispensing with credit. To do that would, perhaps, be regarded by the commercial community as impossible, and by no one more firmly than by the trader of small means. In that case he would only expose the ignorance whose results are so disastrous; because of all men the trader of small means is he to whom credit must result in ruin. A long course of peace and prosperity will bring about his defeat, unless the production of currency is always in proportion to the increase in the quantity of commodities. If it be otherwise, prices will steadily decline, and every contract for the future delivery of money will tell against the purchaser of goods on credit. The evil effects of credit in this sense would be counteracted by any means which would cause money to sympathise with commodities, instead of being constantly at variance with them. Without pretending to submit any efficient mode by which the value of money would always be in sympathy with the prices of commodities, it may be permissible to consider how it would affect transactions on credit. An examination of the prices of several of the staple necessaries, particularly of breadstuffs, during times of peace, would enable the value of a dollar at such times to be fixed. Let it be admitted that an advance in prices, equal to ten per cent., has taken place: Justice to the seller on credit would require that he should be paid one-tenth more in amount on the date of payment than the amount which was the equivalent of his commodities on the day of sale. In the same way, should prices have fallen ten per cent., justice to the buyer would require that he should pay one-tenth less in amount than he contracted to pay at the date of his purchase. An official declaration, once a week, as to the value of a dollar, might at first be rather perplexing, but it has been done in regard to the American paper dollar, in its relation to gold, with advantage to the trading community. And without any legislation on the subject a weekly report of the value of a dollar, in its relation to commodities, might have an effect which, at the outset, one could not foresee.

In cases where land has been leased for long periods, it has been the practice to arrange that a portion of the rent be paid in grain, or its equivalent in money, at the date of payment. The result of contracts of this sort has been to secure to both parties a degree of justice which a rent, established by the payment annually of a sum of money, would have failed to bring about. The only risk taken by the lessee was as to his expectations regarding the average produce of the land being realised. The lessor incurred no risk in the way of fluctuation as to the quantity of grain he should receive. A rental of a fixed sum of money, however, would sometimes involve the tenant in parting with more grain than the money represented at the date of the contract, and sometimes the landlord would be deprived of a serious portion of the food he had calculated on receiving. It is therefore manifest that the just fulfilment of a contract requires the payment to be equal to the quantity of commodities represented by the sum fixed at the date of a contract, and the case of rent is one in which the application of this principle will always conduce to justice between the contracting parties. In whatever way achieved, the public mind ought to realise that money is not wealth, and is only the representative of wealth to the extent that it will exchange for commodities, and that with every variation in the extent to

which it will so exchange, an injustice is done to one of the parties to every transaction on credit then maturing. The standard of value of gold varies in different countries, and is largely affected by the fiscal policy pursued. The application of what is known as a "protective policy," unavoidably reduces the standard of value by increasing the quantity of the currency. The only country which could, without positive loss, adopt such a policy, would be one that could not profitably export any of its products, and therefore could not import. To a country that does export, a protective policy involves the receipt of payment to the extent to which imports in kind may be made against exports, and a promise of payment in the form of money for the balance. Thus, if the import duty be fifty per cent., one-third of the value of what is exported in the first instance must be accepted in money, the level of the currency is by that means unnaturally raised, and its value in relation to commodities depressed. The disadvantage of such a policy is greatest to the country which pursues it because full value in commodities is not obtained for the commodities parted with, the increase in the quantity of the currency being of no advantage to the community. On the contrary the enhanced prices result in deterring foreign buyers, and, to further increase the evil, it is only necessary to add an export duty, when the protectionist may congratulate himself on having adopted a policy which, next to the prohibition of commodities, will make him rich in money, if he only exports enough, and in all that constitutes wealth, or conduces to comfort and convenience, he will be proportionately poor. As a means for the raising of revenue, therefore, customs duties are bad in principle, and extravagant in effect. Apart from the injurious result of restraint on trade caused by protection, every unnecessary coin in circulation represents so much unrequited labor. Adam Smith likened paper currency, in so far as it actually did the duty of gold, to a roadway in the air, which permitted of traffic without occupying the surface of the soil. To increase unnecessarily the volume of currency therefore, is to multiply roads on the soil, and correspondingly to decrease the volume of production.

The expediency of raising large revenues by taxing spirits, beer, tobacco, and the like, is open to question. If it be said that one may relieve himself from paying such taxes by refraining from using the articles taxed, it follows that a certain number are not contributing to the revenue in proportion to others, and unless it can be shown that taxes of this description have a deterrent effect on consumption, it may very well be questioned whether the community is the gainer by the extortion of immoderate sums from classes whose families are already sufficiently distressed by the time spent in consuming the liquor and tobacco which taxes are powerless to prevent or even to restrain the use of.

A direct tax on income would be the fairest and least oppressive mode of raising a revenue; the objection urged to the inquisitorial proceedings incidental to the imposition of such a tax might in practice not prove so formidable as anticipated, and would perhaps be compensated by the greater economy and fairer application of direct over indirect taxation. The operation of a funded debt due to the inhabitants of the debtor is a subject worthy of reflection. In the case of debt contracted for the carrying on of war, it may he asked whether it was necessary to contract the debt, and if so, to what extent. During the war, the men and material are provided by the country and are maintained by it. The commodities being furnished by the country, whose inhabitants necessarily suffer a

reduction in material comforts to provide the supplies, it is not easy to understand the creation of a debt which is in fact paid at the time. Let money be omitted from the consideration of the question, and it undoubtedly follows that the country has furnished the material to carry on the war. Having done so, it ought only to be necessary to assess equitably the cost, and let each individual contribute his share. It is true that money is necessary to purchase the material, but what the nation actually provides and suffers by providing, is the material. The national distress would not be increased by paying instead of lending the money, although it is quite likely that the payment would affect classes differently to what a loan does, and it would sometimes happen that the credit and property of individuals would have to be pledged in order to enable them to pay their shares. Instances of that sort would only prove that the result of borrowing by the nation is to exonerate some from an equal contribution, and to obtain excessive contributions from others, besides involving annual payments of interest on the cost of a war which was paid for at the time. The extent to which the cost may not have been paid at the time would be the value of the coin paid abroad, for commodities, and which had not returned to be redeemed by commodities.

To the development of national prosperity there must therefore be peace. Industry must be fostered by allowing it to find outlet unrestrained by legislation which favors any particular class, or hinders the free interchange of commodities. Restraints on the interchange of land, which tend to its accumulation in the hands of particular classes, must work unfairly, and it is difficult to conceive of any greater injustice than is effected by laws which place all the inhabitants of a city or district under contribution to a landed proprietor by means of a system of leasehold where the choice lies between submission and emigration, and where the energies of the people are taxed to enrich a favored class or person.

Legislation which will best favor a just distribution of national wealth, by assuring to each the enjoyment of the fruits of his own industry, will best develop that industry.

Education in the principles which govern trade is necessary to prevent the commercial disasters which now beset it, and it may very well be considered whether a standard of qualification for the calling of a merchant, in whom ignorance may bring ruin to many defenceless creditors, is not more urgently demanded than similar standards in callings where the danger to the community is very much less. So long as wealth is measured by money, without regard to what the money represents, so long failures will be a reproach to trade. To realize that ten thousand dollars, represented by one hundred bales of cotton, may convey more wealth than fifteen thousand dollars represented by seventy-five of such bales, would operate as a safeguard against many errors; and a wider knowledge would raise the standard of commercial morality, which is at present below the level becoming to honorable traders. No legislation, however stringent, will elevate the moral standard until the standard of qualification among commercial men is improved.

THOS. DARLING.

ONE HOLIDAY.

For some time conversation had flowed freely among the guests assembled, one evening, in Mr. Gray's comfortable sitting-room, but by and by there began to be a dearth of adventures to relate among the younger members of the party, and then Grandfather Gray was called upon for a story of the times when he was young. A few moments the old gentleman sat thoughtfully looking into the fire, then a smile flitted across his comely face and he said:

"Well, as it is now the season of holidays, I believe I cannot entertain you better than by relating what occurred on a certain holiday about four years after my father's settlement in the backwoods.

"As a sort of preface to the real story I must tell you that, consequent upon the disturbed condition in which the 'last war' had left the United States, vast numbers of people were continually leaving that country for the wilds of Canada. Of course a population impelled by circumstances rather than choice to seek a home in the wilderness, would include adventurers of almost every type—men impatient of restraint or liable to be imprisoned for debt, and men made uneasy and reckless by the vicissitudes of war—to say nothing of those compelled to the step by more desperate straits or actuated by more unworthy motives: hence the strong wills, the iron nerves, the unflinching bravery and ofttimes reckless daring, that characterized those old frontier settlers—traits which crop up even in these days among the inhabitants along the Line. Our own little settlement was so far removed from the boundary, along which the refugees, like certain predatory fowls, alighted the moment they could do so with safety, that none cared to penetrate to our vicinity save such as were attracted by the rich soil of that grand hardwood region, from which they hoped to carve a competence and a home. Districts easier of access were not so fortunate, almost every one of them including some rather desperate characters among its population; but to 'Little Hollow' was reserved the distinction of being chosen as the abiding place of one Sam Burk, a far more dangerous and unscrupulous man than any hitherto located in the new country.

"During my lifetime I have often remarked that, let the great man of a place be good or bad, the *place* will, in nine cases out of ten, become whatever his influence makes it; and as Sam Burk at once assumed and was admitted to be the great man of the 'Hollow,' it not only became stamped with his character, but with his name, by which it was known for many years.

"It was soon apparent what kind of a great man Sam Burk was, for among his possessions was a whiskey still which he lost no time in putting into operation. I doubt if anything else could at once have been so alluring and subjugating to a set of aimless, ignorant men like the 'squatters' in his vicinity, as was the whiskey, and the place in which to congregate and drink it, that Sam was shortly prepared to furnish them with; and he was almost immediately surrounded with a population eager to gain his favor and do his bidding. Shrewd and avaricious, too, as well as unscrupulous, this man was quick to profit by the

weaknesses of others, and by dint of flattery and the subtle agency of whiskey, none knew better than he how to incite a spirit of rivalry among a set of excitable men living only in to-day, and thus to urge them on to accomplish about two days' work in one, for which they realized, in such coarse provision as he chose to give them, barely enough to keep their families' souls and bodies together. Any inclination in his subordinates to demur at this injustice was kept in check by the fact that he could 'throw' or 'lick' any man in his employ or his vicinity, and he was submitted to at home and lauded abroad in true vassal style.

"As you may suppose, Burk's reputation was not long confined to his own neighborhood. Men grew excited over the accounts they heard of his muscular powers and athletic feats, and those professing to more than ordinary strength or activity lost no opportunity of putting him to the test. But when a year or more had passed without his having once met his match, while scarcely a man in the whole region, of any note as a wrestler or fighter, had escaped scot-free from his rough handling, he was unanimously conceded to be the champion of the backwoods, and few cared to risk a contest with him.

"Though immediately following Sam's advent among us, a rumor became current to the effect that he had sought the backwoods to elude the consequences of some deed of violence he had been guilty of at his former place of abode, yet no one seemed to know the exact nature of the offence, and so common was it in those unsettled times for men to be under party difficulties, that little heed was given to flying reports of this nature. That the story might not have been without foundation, however, his general deportment went far to sustain, had there been any one sufficiently interested to take the matter up. Not only was he rough and unscrupulous in practice, but he delighted in nothing more than to regale an admiring audience with accounts of exploits which he averred himself to have formerly been engaged in, such as gouging out eyes, biting off noses or thumbs, and beating men to within an inch of their lives, of cheating at cards, and repeating at elections. He told, among other dastardly deeds, how, under the shadow of night, he had felled one man to the earth and broken his thigh, and how, in the same way, he had come near breaking the neck of another; but the story he was wont to dwell upon with the greatest gusto and relish was that he had drugged the liquor of a rival, and then, under the pretense of wrestling with him, thrown him in such a manner as to strike his head with great force against a knotty log. 'I meant to kill the scoundrel,' he would conclude with a coarse laugh, 'but it turned out just as well for me, as the little sense he was born with never came back after that blow.'

"It is no more than fair here to state that no one—except, perhaps, those of his own clique, who wished to do so, —believed that Sam, bad as they knew him to be, would so freely relate atrocities of which he had really been guilty, and in most instances his stories were set down as sheer fabrications for the benefit of a gaping crowd, or of his subordinates, whom, from policy if for no other reason, he wished to impress with a wholesome fear of himself.

"At the time of which I am speaking, Sam Burk had been two years in the forest. Though, aside from the admiration in which his athletic feats and shooting victories were held, he was regarded with far more fear than respect, yet such a tendency have the hardships, the privations and the vicissitudes of a forest life to create a bond of union among men dependent

upon each other in their contests with Nature in her rudest form, that he came at length to be considered part and parcel of the community, and a certain forbearance was vouchsafed him as such.

"To come back again to our own little settlement: Four years had not passed without leaving behind them such impressions as only four years will leave in a new country. The forest had receded before the strokes of busy axes to such an extent that many fields were already under cultivation. The young orchards were looking thrifty and promising, while the neighborhood generally had begun to disclose features and assume an aspect peculiar to itself, which neither the effects of time nor the devices of another generation have yet been able to obliterate. Though the season had been one of remarkable sultriness, yet the copious and frequent, but not protracted rains had prevented any ill result to vegetation. Indeed, never before had such a harvest been garnered in the new settlement. Not only were the barns filled to repletion, but some of the coarser fodder had to be secured in stacks outside. Though this bountiful yield was a matter of thankfulness and congratulation among us, yet the securing of it had, none the less, involved several months of severe labor, and as the autumn approached, with its cool, delicious days, and the necessity of improving every moment of time became less urgent, agreeably to the adage that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," the question of making a holiday and indulging in some kind of a frolic as a sort of compensation for our arduous summer's work came to be pretty generally agitated throughout the neighborhood.

"Like all questions submitted to public discussion, this one of the holiday elicited various opinions, both in regard to the manner of observing it and the place of assembling. Several schemes had been thought of, talked over and rejected, when suddenly the problem was solved independent of argument, and to the general satisfaction, as you will see.

"Perhaps you never gave the subject a thought, but if you view it in the light of history, I think you will find the amusements of a people depend, in a great measure, upon the nature of their pursuits for gaining a livelihood: hence the value the pioneers of our country set upon all excellence in athletic exercises, such as jumping, running, wrestling, and even fighting when occasion seemed to call for such a barbarous mode of defence or chastisement. In justice, however, to the men of our immediate neighborhood, I will say they never resorted to blows except under the greatest provocation; yet, once aroused, their resentments were sincere and determined. At the same time, in fondness for participating in, or witnessing in others, feats of physical prowess or dexterity they were nowise behind those of other districts; so that when word was brought in that there was not only to be a shooting-match at Burk's Hollow on a certain day in October, but that a stranger had challenged Sam Burk to a wrestling contest at the same time and place, you may be sure nothing further was wanting to settle the holiday question, and the day was looked forward to with eager anticipation.

"As my old chum, Paul Deering, and I still kept up our practice of 'changing works,' we had ample opportunity to talk over and speculate upon whatever happened to be the interesting topic of the day. The impending contest being now the prominent theme of conversation among both men and boys, as we bound and stooked the yellow sheaves of grain, or dexterously wielded our hoes among the potato hills, and brought the great, clean tubers rolling around our feet, we discussed over and

over again the respective merits of all the 'crack' wrestlers we knew, and the possibility of the challenge having been sent by one of them. But, revolve the subject as we would, we could call to mind but one man of any note as a wrestler who had not already encountered and been badly defeated by the notorious bully. This man was Nat Owens, a comparative stranger in the backwoods, he having located but a few months previous to the time I am speaking of, in the vicinity of the Wallace neighborhood. Short, however, as his stay had been among us, he had, somehow, managed to become very obnoxious to the Burk fraternity in general, and to Sam Burk in particular. Though the two had never met to our knowledge, yet Sam's sly insinuations had come to approach so near to insults, in regard to the new settler, that he seemed almost called upon to resent them, and we finally concluded that Nat Owens must have sent the challenge.

"Well, the day so anxiously looked forward to drew on apace, and at length arrived. As fourteen miles, at least, lay between our neighborhood and Burk's Hollow, father and Mr. Deering and Paul and I set out long before there was a sign of daylight. As we proceeded our numbers were increased, first by Mr. Johnston and his two sons, then by the Grahams and Mr. Miles, and others, till we could boast quite a respectable party. Our approach to the Halfway House was hailed with a shout of many voices, and we were soon mingling with quite a crowd, mostly composed of men and boys from the 'Mills' and vicinity, who had reached there just in advance of us. By this time Paul and I began to realize that we were fairly launched upon a day of adventure, and from the top of the log-pile, where we had clambered to eat our lunch, we enjoyed the moving panorama before us, as only impressionable boyhood, unused to bustle and stir, can. The hour, too, exerted its own peculiar influence. The gray of early morning imparted a weird aspect to the wild scenery by which we were surrounded, and a sombre, heavy look to the log-building occupied as a tavern, that even the smoke rising briskly from its capacious stick chimney, and the bright glow from its small windows, failed to dispel. Now, add to the picture the shadowy indistinctness with which far-off objects were seen, and the gleam of arms, as those who carried them passed to and fro in range of the light, and you will not wonder that our glowing imaginations almost persuaded us that we had fallen into the *rendezvous* of a band of desparadoes.

"But to return to our journey: The sun was just kindling a golden glory in the east, as the motly crowd issued from the inn yard, and, with noisy confusion, scattered away into the forest in the direction of Burk's Hollow. To say we made a grotesque appearance would give you no idea of the sight old Sol must have wondered at, as he peeped drowsily over the tree-tops that October morning. Saddles and bridles were not among the superfluities of the backwoods in those early times, a half-dozen or so of the former, and perhaps twice as many of the latter, having to do duty for a whole neighborhood; consequently, in an emergency, many a makeshift had to be resorted to, and not a few bedquilt and horse-blanket saddles and rope bridles figured along that day's route. But, judging from the snatches of songs, the shouts and the laughter that made the forest ring, and frightened its denizens from their peaceful pursuits, these little deficiencies in the way of equipments were not in the least depressing to the spirits of any one. Something like an hour's ride along a beautiful, hardwood ridge strewn ankle-deep with rustling leaves—now treading our way among trees so near together as almost to hide

us from each other's view, and anon emerging into an open space that revealed the increasing glory of the day—brought us first to a small stream, where our horses were glad to quench their thirst, and then into the highway leading directly from the Wallace neighborhood to Burk's Hollow. Here we fell in with a crowd of horsemen from the former district, and as it included several men whom a similarity of party-feeling and a pride of party-power led to favor Sam Burk, you will not be surprised at what followed. As soon as they came within hailing distance of us, one of them shouted:

"'Hallo! Deering; I guess you chaps up in the woods, yonder, took an early start, didn't you?'

"'We were certainly up before the birds,' said Mr. Deering, laughing.

"'Fell in with the "Mills" fellows at Ma'am Buzzell's, I reckon,' observed another.

"'Yes,' replied Mr. Deering, 'or at least that was where we found them on our arrival.'

"'Didn't see anything of the foolhardy chap who thinks he can come up here and throw Sam Burk, did ye?' next came in a shrill, piping voice from a sharp-eyed, wizen-faced, wiry little man on a shaggy pony that he was eagerly urging in among us.

"'I cannot say that I did,' was Mr. Deering's answer, 'though there were several muscular looking strangers at the Halfway House, and they are now on the road ahead of us.'

"Just then the colloquy was interrupted by the quick gallop of a horse approaching from behind, and the sudden checking of a powerful, well-caparisoned animal alongside the speakers. The rider proved to be Nat Owens, and perhaps no man's advent, at that moment, would have been more annoying to certain individuals than his. The mere squeak of his new saddle seemed a source of irritation to their jealous minds, and they could not long refrain from venting their spleen.

"'I say, Owens,' began one, 'what's happened to make you look so uncommon good-natured?'

"'Take my advice, now, Owens, and don't laugh till ye're pleased,' put in another sarcastic voice.

"'Better laugh while he can,' shouted a third.

"'Don't really expect to see old Sam laid on his back, do ye?' now squeaked the wiry man on the shaggy pony.

"'I think there is nothing more likely to take place unless he proves a coward,' was the cool reply to this last question. A bomb-shell exploding in their midst would hardly have created more excitement.

"'Sam Burk a coward!' exclaimed one.

"'Old Sam a coward!' yelled another.

"'The bully of Burk's Hollow a coward!' roared a third.

"'Perhaps drugging a man's liquor, and then trying to beat his brains out against a log is what you fellows call courage,' said Mr. Owens, pointedly, as soon as the clamor subsided so that he could be heard.

"'You don't believe that story yourself,' said one.

"'Let him believe it,' put in another, 'it was made up and told on purpose to make fools wonder.'

"At this, Owens turned full upon the speakers and those who had gathered close about them, and with a stern look said:

"'The story *is true*. Robert Dean, his victim and my half-brother, still lives to verify it, the pitiable wreck of a man once as superior to your boasted champion as the heavens are to the earth. If you care to know my sentiments here they are: The bully of Burk's Hollow is a ruffian and a coward. Any one can take the matter up who likes.' Thus concluding, with an emphatic bow, Owens gave a loose

rein to his noble chestnut, and horse and rider were soon among the foremost on the road.

"A moment's ominous silence—a rallying shout—a great clattering of hoofs on the hard road succeeded this denouncement, and when the dust, raised by the sudden scurry, had subsided, our own little party and a few men and boys from the Wallace neighborhood were all that remained behind. Mr. Wallace was the first to speak:

"'You may be sure, Gray,' said he to my father, 'there is more in this challenge than appears on the surface.'

"'The affair is certainly beginning to take on rather a serious look,' was my father's reply, and then one after another joined in a speculation as to whether Nat Owens might or might not have sent the challenge after all. As no satisfactory conclusion could be arrived at in this way the matter was soon dropped, and we began to move forward at a more rapid rate.

"For a time after entering upon the high road, our course lay through a beautiful region, made gorgeous by its autumn livery. By degrees our surroundings came to be more wild and unattractive, and there were evidences of a reckless spoliation of the beauties of nature such as even that golden-eyed October day failed to redeem or make good. Heaps of brush, tops of trees, and even whole trees rejected after having been felled in the process of culling shingle-timber, had proved such excellent combustibles that every little clearing, in place of the variegated foliage with which at that season of the year it should have been enclosed and brightened, was surrounded by bristling and blackened skeletons and unsightly, half-burned log piles. Scarcely any place is so dreary that women and children are not to be found there, and as, one after another, we passed the miserable little hovels scattered along the roadside, almost every doorway revealed a dejected looking mother surrounded by several ill-kept little ones that peered at us with half-scared, half-curious expressions on their dirty faces. Though I did not realize much about it at the time, as I now look back upon that picture and others as melancholy, the mothers and children seem a standing petition for a different order of things, and I wonder that men in authority are so slow in coming to their aid.

"Though this settlement was of considerable extent, it was not until we had traversed nearly its whole length that we arrived at the top of the hill overlooking Burk's Hollow proper. From this elevated position we could take in at a glance the whole of what was originally comprised in the name—the log bridge that spanned the turbulent little stream at the foot of the hill, the shackly, unfinished sawmill at the right, and the rude distillery at the left. We were now very near the place of our destination. A few minutes more and we had crossed the bridge, climbed the hill on the other side, and entered the field set apart for the day's sport.

"Quite a crowd of men were already on the ground, and swaggering around among them, rifle in hand, was the burly proprietor himself. Though our appearance had been hailed with the usual demonstrations, yet, by the time our horses were secured in a place of comfort and safety, we began to realize that dissatisfaction prevailed among the the first arrivals. The cause soon became evident. The shooting-match had turned out a hoax, not a bird of any description having been provided for the occasion. As you may suppose, men who had travelled from fifteen to twenty miles in the expectation of enjoying a day's sport were not likely to relish a game of this kind. Neither bullying nor excuses went down with them. Sam soon became convinced

that he had roused more bears than he was able to control, and just in the nick of time he adopted the only expedient by which he might hope to cover a safe retreat. Jumping upon a convenient stump he drew a beautiful silver-trimmed powder-flask from his pocket, and, holding it in full view, called out:

"'See here, boys, if you'll only be reasonable now, I'll give you a chance to try your skill. Here's old Sam's powder flask, worth ten dollars if its worth a cent—win it who can! Come on now, draw your numbers and be lively.'

"This timely proceeding had the desired effects of turning the thoughts of the more clamorous of the crowd into a pacific channel, yet such was the bully's reputation as a marksman that very little enthusiasm was called forth by the proposal. As nothing better, however, was likely to offer, when the hat containing the numbers was produced, competitors were not wanting to come forward and draw. Among the last to step from the crowd and thrust his hand into the hat was one who attracted immediate attention. This was a tall, slender individual wearing a sort of half-coat or spencer of blue navy cloth, apparently a stranger in the place. His wide-brimmed, slouched hat was drawn down over his forehead, but not low enough to conceal a pair keen, blue eyes, and a youthful, ruddy countenance framed in a wealth of curly brown hair. His number drawn, the aspirants declared themselves ready, and, headed by the owner of the prize, we all proceeded to the shooting ground. The place selected for this trial of skill was an open field, flanked on one side by a thick wood and situated just at the top of a hill. It comprised several acres, and was enclosed by a high rail fence. As the target was set up and everything in readiness, the firing immediately began, Sam Burk taking the lead and holding his own as a crack shot by coming within a half inch of the bull's-eye. This close shooting left very little chance for winning the prize, yet, seemingly in nowise disheartened by this fact, every one determined to do his best. At first every shot was greeted by the spectators with applause or laughter according to its merits; but when several of the balls had struck nearer the centre of the target, the affair began to acquire a deeper interest and the noise of the bystanders became gradually silenced. The stranger, who, by the way, had drawn the highest number, thus making himself last on the list, stood all this time carelessly leaning on his long rifle, seemingly not entering into the spirit of the proceedings or the feelings of those about him. Indeed, from his first appearance on the scene he had manifested such a peculiar quietness of demeanor that more than any show of assurance would have done, created a sort of expectant sensation in the crowd and an evident uneasiness in the mind of Sam Burk.

"Finally the stranger's number was called, and as he gathered himself up and advanced to take his place, all eyes were upon him and the interest became intense. He heeded no one, not even the rival whose eyes, by this time, were fairly flashing with anger at the youthful stranger who had dared to enter the lists against him. The young man levelled his rifle carefully and deliberately, took his aim low, and raised the barrel slowly and steadily. For a second he paused, and during the time there was a profound hush as though every breath was suspended; then there was a sudden report, then a quick rush to the target followed by a deafening shout of applause, for the stranger's bullet had pierced the very centre of the bull's-eye. The effect produced upon Sam Burk by this public defeat in marksmanship,—by one, too, whom he had made no secret of looking

down upon with contempt, and a stranger to boot—was something fearful. At first he seemed overpowered by surprise, then his heavy countenance became agitated and almost black with passion: then, as though realizing on the instant the utter impotency of his rage, and with a suddenness that must have cost him a powerful effort, he crushed back his real feelings, and flourishing the powder-flask above his head, he burst into a hoarse laugh and yelled out:

"'Well, young man, though you won it by the merest chance—one in a thousand—the flask is yours, *if you can get it*,' and with a defiant leer, followed by another roar of laughter in which he was joined by a score or more of his cronies, he dropped the flask back into his blouse pocket and, turning away, disappeared in the crowd.

"Though every one else, not a declared partisan of the bully's, was excited and indignant at his dastardly conduct, and not a few denounced him as a sneak and a rascal, the winner himself showed no emotion beyond a sudden pallor that overspread his countenance and a smile that curled his lip and settled there as though carved in marble. Without a word he, too, strode away and was soon lost sight of.

"It had come to be high noon by this time, and with no further motive for remaining together, the crowd began to scatter away and reform into groups in various parts of the field. In spite of many predictions that the day's fun was over, it was not long before some of the more enterprising individuals were eagerly getting up running, jumping and wrestling matches on their own account, while others still, fired by a laudable zeal to emulate the feat they had just witnessed, formed themselves into parties for target-shooting, thus making the field a scene of animated enjoyment. At length Paul and I became weary of the games we had been taking part in, and perched ourselves on top of the convenient rail fence where we could rest and at the same time watch a jumping match going on near at hand. We had been deeply interested in the game and were eagerly awaiting the next vault, when the proceedings were arrested by an outside commotion, and Sam Burk came blustering into the ring formed round the contestants. He had left his rifle and other trappings behind and had also changed his former dress for a tight-fitting suit that at once proclaimed his object. He seemed not only to have recovered from the effects of the shooting affair, but also to have lost all apprehension in regard to the challenge, which, whatever he might insinuate to the contrary, had evidently made him uneasy all the morning. At any rate, with a confidence now entirely unassumed, he began stepping out in a manner to show off his powerful frame to the best advantage, and to challenge everyone, right and left, to come and wrestle with him. Though no one seemed inclined to respond to the invitation, yet as fast as the rumor spread of the bully's return and of his desire, men and boys came running from all directions, eager to see the result. Sam's vehemence increased with the conviction that men were afraid to take hold of him. The excitement was growing more intense every moment. Men were urging each other to give him a try, and men and boys were pressing forward with earnest faces, when a distant shout drew the attention of everyone in the direction from which it came. Paul and I turned our heads just in time to see an object clear the fence at a bound, form itself into a four-spoked wheel and roll rapidly toward the waiting crowd. As it came nearer, as though by common consent, there was a sudden break in the dense circle of men surrounding Sam Burk; the wheel rolled in, gave a sudden vault high into the hair, alighted just in front of the late blustering, but now thoroughly astonished bully, and the

successful marksman was bowing his acceptance of the challenge. To say that everybody was excited at this new turn of affairs would but feebly express the state of feeling with which the two men were regarded. Though this was not the first time I had seen the bully of Burk's Hollow, yet viewed as he now was, in the light of the morning's revelations, and in contrast with the man before him, he became an object of renewed interest. And now, mark what the contrast was! The one a burly giant of the coarse, animal type—his very proportions enough to deter an ordinary man from an encounter with him: the other, tall, slender, straight as an arrow, and lithe as an eel. The one, low-browed, with deep-set, restless eyes, and a bullet-shaped, close-cropped head: the other, with a broad, white forehead, shaded by clustering brown curls that seemed electrified with every emotion of their owner. Though a beardless face gave the latter a remarkably youthful look at first sight, yet any impression of inequality that the bystanders might have entertained on that score was quickly counteracted by the grand poise of the head, the direct glance of the keen blue eye, the resolute expression of the clear-cut lips, and the cool, composed manner that stamped him no mean match even for Sam Burk. But to return to the situation: Though not without a visible struggle, Sam almost instantly rallied from the state of amazement into which this unexpected answer to his challenge had thrown him. Immediately affecting a contempt for his would-be antagonist that I am sure he did not feel, he gave a glance around, and after indulging in a grimace and a coarse laugh, he called out:

"'Well, boys, shall I allow this beardless youngster to run the risk of breaking his neck?'

"'Take hold of him! take hold of him!' was the clamor from all sides.

"'Don't be over scrupulous in regard to my neck,' now put in the stranger, speaking for the first time that day. 'If broken, it will be only *one more added to the list;* besides, who knows but that I may be again favored with that 'one chance in a thousand.'

"Burk's face darkened, but instead of making any reply to this sarcastic allusion he beckoned to a man in the crowd who immediately made his way to the side of his employer bearing a jug and a pewter mug. Sam now turned towards the stranger, and while pouring out a glass of liquor, said:

"'Well, come on then, youngster, but let's first have a drink together, so if worst comes to worst, it can't be said there was any grudge between us.'

"'I do not require anything whatever to drink,' was the cool reply.

"'Then you refuse to drink with me, do you?' growled the bully.

"'I do,' was the short but decisive answer.

"'And *I* refuse to have anything to do with a sneak like you,' sneered Sam, at the same time pouring the whiskey back and returning the jug to the man at his side.

"'Then I denounce you as a coward and a villain!' hissed the young man through his set teeth.

"According to a code of honor which long usage had established among the sturdy pioneers of our country, hardly a greater insult could be given a man than to call him a coward. Even the weakest among them would have resented the charge with an answering blow, though he might be vanquished the next moment. What then was the astonishment of the bystanders to see Sam Burk, of all men, stand glaring at his stigmatizer without lifting a finger to wipe out the stain. The hush of expectation was gradually succeeded by a buzz of intense excitement that speedily grew to a clamor of derision on the one hand and angry resentment on the other, finally resulting in a general tumult, and, in some instances, in

blows. When the more peaceably inclined had succeeded in restoring something like order, both Sam and the stranger had disappeared.

"This last ignominious retreat of the great bully so fomented the ill-will of opposing parties that any attempt to promote further good-fellowship or fun was out of the question for that day, so first Mr. Deering and father, and finally the majority of our party, concluded to go home. Agreeably to this end we set out across the field toward the place where our horses had been secured. We had traversed about half the intervening distance, and had reached a part of the field dotted here and there with small trees, when a burst of laughter, in which mingled a hoarse, familiar voice, attracted our attention to a clump of men a short distance to our right, and led us to turn aside and mix with them. Though we had hardly been able to credit the evidence of our ears, after all that had happened during the day, there, sure enough, surrounded by a number of his most staunch supporters, was Sam Burk, this time indulging in the praiseworthy pastime of knocking off the hat of a poor demented old man, and otherwise tantalizing him. Just as we came into position to see what was going on, the poor old fellow was placing the hat back on his head, perhaps for the twentieth time, if one might judge from its battered appearance. He carefully settled the shapeless thing into position and was about to remove his hands from it when his tormentor gave it a punch with his fist that sent it completely down over his eyes. At sight of this unfeeling act there was a simultaneous forward movement among our men, but the impulse was checked on the instant by the appearance of a new actor upon the scene. This was no less an object of interest than a man in perfect tatters, and so much under the influence of drink as to be unable to stand otherwise than by keeping in motion. To make his appearance ludicrous as well as pitiful, his yellow hair bristled through the rents in his shabby straw hat and streamed in tangled confusion from under the flapping brim, while his besmeared hands and face betrayed frequent contact with mother earth. When we first caught sight of this strange being, he was making his way to the space occupied by Sam Burk and his victim, as fast as a great deal of bluster and reckless stumbling could open him a passage. At length, having gained the desired situation, he made a blundering reel or two that brought him in close proximity to a young sapling against which he fortunately made out to brace himself. No sooner had he become well settled with his back against this convenient support than, assuming a grave, patronizing look and air, and emphasizing every word with his extended forefinger he began:

"'Now you fellers all know *me*—of course you do—know me like a book—you understand—*jest like a book*. One of the peaceablest fellers, now, that ever lived, I am—one of the *very* peaceablest. Wouldn't hurt a fly—' Here he made a sag to one side that excited a roar of laughter from the spectators. Righting himself with an effort, he gazed round in a sort of dazed way for a moment, and then, as though comprehending the fact that he was being made a laughing-stock of, he grew furious at once. In sorry keeping with his former 'peaceable' professions, he angrily shook his fist and said: 'See here now, I want you to understand if that's your game, I'm jest the man for you—jest the *very* man. You can laugh, but I want you to understand I can throw or lick any man on—*these*—*'ere—grounds*—' Here another shake of his fist nearly lost him his balance and caused a renewed roar of laughter.

"Sam Burk could no longer resist the temptation this opportunity offered him, so, looking round with a cunning grin on his coarse face, he stepped quickly

forward and suddenly advanced his foot with what seemed to lookers-on a mere touch of the toe to the other's ankle, but which, in reality, was a tenacious lock that few had ever been able to get free from. Before anyone could prevent it, a pair of clumsily moccasined feet flew up, and an animated bundle of rags floundered upon the ground; but strange to see, *Sam Burk was down also.* Springing to his feet with an oath, the bully began accusing every one right and left of interfering and tripping him up. The stranger had, somehow, managed to regain his old position against the tree almost as soon as Sam had his feet, and as he stood there looking half-bewildered and apparently unconscious of any mishap but his own, he caught at what the other was saying as being applied to himself, and went on with the application:

"'That's so every time,' he said; 'I couldn't 'ave fell in that way without somebody's interferin' and trippin' me up—couldn't *nohow*, and whoever he is, I'm ready—'

"Before the sentence was finished, Sam again put out his foot, this time more warily than before, but it was only to send the tipsy man flying again in one direction at the expense of finding himself going heels over head in an opposite one.

"It was rather a subdued kind of laughter that greeted this second mysterious performance, and men began to look enquiringly at each other. As for Sam, he almost instantly sprang to his feet, but this time his anger was too genuine to be mistaken. Without speaking he glanced savagely around upon the men standing near him, finally resting his gaze full upon Nat Owens, but all the satisfaction he got there was a mocking smile, that did not serve to allay his suspicions or improve his temper.

"Though I did not think of it at the time, I suppose that smile had something to do in hastening what followed. Quickly turning round to where the stranger was again standing, with his back braced against the tree, Sam advanced toward him, and, without a word, extended his arms to take hold of him. Drunk as the man was, the motion seemed to be understood, and, with a heavy lunge forward, he immediately responded to the mute challenge. To the surprise of all, instead of plunging headlong against Sam, as his first move seemed to indicate that he would, he staggered directly into the position of a scientific wrestler. For a moment or two there was a lively play of feet, and then Sam Burk, the bully of Burk's Hollow, lay flat on his back. And this was not all. The ragged stranger, not only kept his feet, but rapidly tore off his disguise-rags, moccasins, yellow wig and all, and by the time his adversary regained an upright position, he found himself, for the third time that day, confronted by his successful rival of the morning. You may be sure there was now an intense sensation among the spectators surrounding the two men. Sam glared upon his opponent like a wild animal at bay, and then, with a yell, sprang at him—not this time to wrestle with him—but to close in for a deadly combat. I remember that a sudden thrill went over me, as I glanced from the huge bully to the slim young man before him, but I had only time to note the firm lip and flashing eyes of the latter ere he made a sudden bound into the air, and Sam Burk was again sprawling upon the ground. Again and yet again did the baffled giant rush with all the force of rage and desperation upon the young hero, only to be met by that flying leap that, powerful as he was, he could no more withstand than he could an avalanche. The fourth time he attempted to rise he fell back with a groan. His friends quickly gathered about him, and prepared to take him from the field. As they raised him up for that purpose, Sam turned his livid

face toward his victorious foe and hissed out: 'Who in the —— *are* you?'

"'I am George Dean,' was the ringing reply, 'and *that*,' pointing to the idiotic old man, still whining and mumbling over his crushed hat, 'is my father.'

"'I thought so,' said Sam, lying back on the rude litter which had been improvised for him, and the tone, more than the words, was some explanation of his strange conduct during the day.

"Though two of Sam's ribs were said to have been broken in the contest, he recovered his usual health and activity, and went on as before making whiskey and tyrannizing over his dependents, but, lacking as he was in moral courage, that day's defeat ended his wrestling and fighting propensities, and men could ever after go to 'bees' and 'raisings' without running the risk of getting a black eye or broken head from the Bully of Burk's Hollow."

A. M. AMES.

"PANSIES—FOR THOUGHTS."

I.

"Pansies—for thoughts!" she said, and with a smile
That hovered in her deep, dark eyes the while,
Laid them within the time-stained folio there,—
Great purple pansies, fragrant and fresh and fair:
"For thoughts," she said,—
"When I am dead!"

II.

Ah, who could think that soon—so very soon,
Or e'er the waning of another moon,
Her true, true heart would lie in slumber sweet
Beneath the purple pansies at our feet,—
Pansies that weep
Above her sleep!

III.

My Pansy! O my sweetest, fairest thought
That in the world eterne shall first be sought!
Does your heart ache and burn adown to me,
Ev'n from the margin of the crystal sea,
As mine, O love!
For you above?

IV.

The years roll on, and Time speeds fast away,
Men call me Poet, wreathe my brows with bay!
Yet 'twixt my fame and me your tender eyes
Out of the silent past ofttimes arise;
O love so true,
I think of you!

KAY LIVINGSTONE.

"ANNETTE."

A TRUE STORY.

It was summer twilight, and the Far North was full of the exquisite beauty of woodlands robed in green, prairies sweet with wild-flowers, and rushing waters, crimson-streaked by the fairy touches of the setting sun. The tender accents of an Indian lullaby mingled gently with the soft twittering of birds, and whispering of the forest, as a little birch canoe, containing a man and a woman, glided swiftly to the shore, near by an old fort, one of the trading posts of the Hudson Bay Company.

"Here we are, Annette. Is Minna sleeping?" asked Hugh Tait, as he sprang on the beach, and turned to take a child from the arms of a young squaw who accompanied him.

"Yes, she is sleeping now," came the reply, low and musical, from the lips of the Indian girl—a tall and slender maiden, with piercing eyes, and a bright, proud face.

"Well, it is not late; let us sit out of doors and watch the moon rise. You can sing meanwhile," said Mr. Tait, drawing her towards a sheltered nook, after he had carried the light canoe a short distance up the bank.

Complying with her husband's request Annette cradled Minna in her arms and sang several of her own people's songs, full of wild and sometimes sad beauty, in a voice of exceeding sweetness and power. Long ere she ceased the stars were blossoming in the "Infinite Meadows," and the moon from her sparkling treasury threaded the rippling of the river with gold dust and diamonds.

While intently listening all this time, Hugh Tait, a broad-shouldered, sun-burnt man of middle age, had been bracing himself to tell his wife some news which he disliked intensely to impart to her. He had been connected with the Hudson Bay Company several years when he married Annette, an Indian girl of sixteen, at a missionary village a great distance from his present abode. Louis, their only son, was now old enough to be sent to school, and Mr. Tait was determined to send him to Montreal, where he would be under the control of an intimate friend in whom he had every confidence. A boy younger than Louis had died some months before, and his mother had been nearly wild with grief over his loss. The thought of telling her his wishes concerning Louis troubled Mr. Tait greatly, so he purposely brought her away from the fort to the scenes her Indian soul loved so ardently, there to break the intelligence where the woods and river, bathed in loveliness, might sooth her with the tenderness of Mother Nature. By and by she rose to go, and Mr. Tait, forced to speak, said earnestly:

"Annette, child, wait; I have something to tell you."

"Yes," and she sat down again, and lilted a pretty tripping tune to the baby, until he continued, this time more rapidly:

"I am going to send Louis to school. He must go to Montreal. He will live with a friend of mine, who will be very kind to him. You remember, Annette, I spoke to you of this before—some time ago."

He made this announcement with the kindliness of one fearing to inflict pain, still with the gentle firmness that

forbade any protest against his decision.

The fond accents that had been so full of contentment broke and died away abruptly. Her heart seemed to stand still one moment, and then throbbed on in anguish, but still the set lips made no sign of suffering, and her figure stiffened until she seemed like some dusky, beautiful statue sitting by the river. She gazed straight across the rippling, golden-decked tide with eyes so full of pathetic despair that her husband half relented. He looked away to fortify himself, and a perfect silence, broken only by the low woodland whispers and lap of the tiny waves on the beach, reigned for some time, until Mr. Tait spoke again:

"I hope that he will be ready. Wilson is going on Monday."

"On Monday!"—so near: her new grief just at hand, and the old one still unhealed. "Oh! it is cruel to me—it is cruel to me," moaned the Indian mother, as she held the little one in her arms closer to her, while a passion of pain quivered through her slight frame, and the agony deepened in her sweet, dark eyes.

"Well, my child," came her husband's voice, soothingly. Its tones were always kindly in speaking to his young wife, although it could be stern enough in dealing with the Indians and *voyageurs*.

"You will take my Louis, and my George only gone so little time from me!" The words fell from her pale lips slowly, and her pained eyes gazed straight into Mr. Tait's, with a passionate entreaty in their dark beauty that he could scarcely resist. After a few moments' silence he put his hand caressingly on her bowed head, and said:

"Annette, I pity you with all my heart. I would willingly spare you this trial, but it is for the boy's good, and surely you love him too well to let your present loneliness stand in the way of his future good. I have not time to teach him."

"But I will try harder to learn," pleaded Annette, breaking in abruptly. "I will teach him by and by. You said I was growing better all the time, only last week." The longing in her plaintive voice made Mr. Tait, fearful of eventually being led to retract, say earnestly as he rose and took up the sleeping Minna:

"My child, he must go. A little trouble now for a great deal of joy to come."

Just then the moon, which had hidden itself for a time behind a bank of clouds, glided out, and shone lovingly down on the Indian woman's upturned face, raised for a moment in despair. The wind came softly, to kiss her cheek, and murmur with the light splashing of the water drifting shoreward, "Be comforted."

On the following Monday, Annette bade farewell to her boy. She bore the parting more quietly than her husband had expected. Her poor heart seemed numbed with pain, and so she did not cry or speak, but only strained him to her in a last embrace; then went back to little baby Minna to sing so sadly that all who heard her pitied her. A few weeks afterwards, when Mr. Tait was absent from the fort on business, a rumor came that Louis had been drowned by accident during the journey to Montreal. Annette was alone in her own rooms when a servant rushed in after dark to tell her the mournful tidings.

The next morning Annette, Minna, and the fleetest pony belonging to the fort, were missing. Mr. Tait returned home to find every one in the wildest consternation over the flight of Annette, the favorite of old and young, the pride of the grim fort, whose occupants looked on her as a young queen.

After a while an Indian, who had been out hunting, came in with news of

the runaway. He had seen Annette riding wildly over the prairie, and after vainly trying to attract her attention, had hastened to the fort, fearing some trouble.

Mr. Tait at once ordered his fastest horse, and with the Indian for guide rode away in hot pursuit.

Just at nightfall they espied a small fire away on the lonely prairie, and sitting by it Mr. Tait found his wife.

He left his horse, and came softly to her side. She did not see or hear him until he placed his hand gently on her shoulder, and said:

"Well, Annette, are you ready to come now, my child?"

She started to her feet in dread, but meeting the compassionate eyes bent on her with pity and affection only, she answered, meekly:

"I am ready."

So he took her away over the wild prairie back to the fort, and cared for her with great tenderness until she was stronger. Then they heard that the news of Louis' death was not true, and that he was safe in Montreal.

"And why did you leave me, my child," asked Mr. Tait one day, when Annette was her merry self once more.

She stole closer to him, and talking softly, mutely begging forgiveness with her eyes, said:

"I was afraid that you would take my baby sometime, like you did Louis. I wanted to save her."

"Oh, Annette! and were you not sorry to leave me?"

"Yes, my heart was sore, and sick, but I was crazy with trouble for Louis. I couldn't think of any one, but to save my baby, and keep her. Then when I was far away I wanted you. When you came all was right. You know I am only a poor Indian girl."

"You must promise never to run away from me again," he said.

"No, no, never!"

"And, by and by, I will take you and Minna away to Montreal, and we will stay always with Louis."

After this Annette became very happy and contented, devoted herself anew to her studies (for Mr. Tait had undertaken the education of his wife soon after his marriage), and being clever as well as ambitious and persevering, her progress delighted her husband, who was extremely proud of her. He had become rich in the service of the Company, and, beginning to long for the benefits of a more civilized life, he decided that next summer after sending Louis to school he would follow him and make a permanent home in Montreal. Accordingly all the preparations were made for moving, and one of the chief partners came to stay a short time at the fort before the Taits left. He was not acquainted with the whole of Mr. Tait's history, and did not know that in reality Annette was his wife. A few days previous to his final departure Mr. Tait was obliged to leave the fort for several hours. Mr. Hill, the partner, who had rooms and a couple of servants to himself, sent a politely worded invitation asking Annette to dine with him. Fearing to incur the displeasure of the great man, she accepted. While at dinner, Mr. Hill asked her if she would kiss him by and by. Annette looked at him first in bewilderment, and then innocently regarding his proposal in the light of a joke, for she was a childlike creature, as unsuspecting as her own little Minna, said, pleasantly:

"Oh no; I never kiss any one but my husband."

"But he would never know, and I would like a kiss from such pretty lips. I must have one."

"No, no," said Annette, with a rising color.

"Yes, yes, though," he said, mocking her.

This vexed her greatly, and with resentment in her tones, she said:

"Mr. Hill, you must not talk to me

that way. If my husband were here you dare not. Since he is away I tell you with all my might you must not."

He laughed a cold, sneering laugh, that sent the blood tingling madly through her veins, and bending toward her, said determinedly:

"I *will* kiss you, and no one shall prevent me."

The servant in attendance here returned to remove the plates, and Annette, watching her opportunity, contrived to hide a carving-knife in her dress. When the servant withdrew and dessert was over, Mr. Hill leaned back in his chair, and contemplating Annette in admiration, said:

"Now, my kiss, Beauty."

"Mr. Hill," said Annette, earnestly, "do not speak so to me. If Mr. Tait heard you he would be very angry. He would not want any one to kiss his wife but himself. It is wrong."

"Tait's wife," said Mr. Hill, with another laugh that maddened Annette. "You must not believe all Tait tells you. He is a good fellow enough, but when he reaches Montreal he will leave you for some pretty white girl. They all do it. So now, before you leave me, give me a kiss without any fuss."

Annette was now too angry at his persistence in wanting to kiss her to heed the significance of the dreadful words: "When he reaches Montreal he will leave you. They all do it."

Mr. Hill rose, and came towards her. There was no chance of escape, for he stood between her and the door. Annette started from her seat and in a fury of anger braced herself against the wall.

"If you kiss me I will kill you," she said, with stern defiance ringing in her proud young voice.

"Kill me! Nonsense, Beauty. Those are bad words. Say scratch me, Little Fury, but not kill," and he laughed the cold, sneering laugh again that set all the wild blood in fierce Annette on fire.

"You kiss Tait often. I am a handsomer man than Tait."

A look of utter disgust, hatred, and fixed determination swept across her face as she said steadily:

"I *will* kill you. Remember. Stand away and let me pass, or I will do something dreadful."

Her voice kindled with the rage that shook her bosom, and her splendid eyes flashed grandly, adding new beauty to her noble face. Nearer, step by step, came her tormentor. Too sure of his superior power to heed her warning, he stretched one arm to clasp her waist in spite of the commanding "Remember." With the other hand he was about to raise her face to his, when there was a flash of steel, and her strong hand plunged the knife into his arm. He fell back with a cry of pain, and the blood from an artery spurted up against the wall. In an instant Annette summoned Mr. Hill's servant, and being, like most Indian women, clever in dressing wounds, she soon accomplished her work and left her host to his pain and bitter thoughts. "I will have my revenge," he vowed, and so he had.

It was a bright, pleasant day, when the Taits bade farewell to their forest home, and embarked in the *bateau* that was awaiting them. Voyageurs, Indians, and the few white people of the fort assembled at the river side to bid them farewell, among them Mr. Hill, with his wounded arm. He had commanded his servant to keep the whole affair a secret, and gave out a false report as to his injury. Many years afterwards, in recounting her own romantic history, Annette said to Minna:

"I never told your father, my child, for there would have been trouble. He would have been so very angry at Mr. Hill."

Just as Annette was about to step into the *bateau*, Mr. Hill came softly to her side, and fixing his wicked eyes sternly on her, said:

" Mind what I tell you. When a white man takes his Indian wife away from here, he leaves her and marries a white girl. Tait will leave you as sure as there is a sun in the sky. He told me so himself. Now, go and lose your husband and your children. It is a good fate for a bad girl like you. I am glad you will have your punishment."

Mr. Hill was telling an untruth in regard to Mr. Tait's assertion of leaving Annette, but he told her this cruel story with wicked triumph, knowing full well that in the meantime she would suffer untold agony in view of the future. He turned away as Mr. Tait came towards them, saying, cheerfully:

" Annette, come now, we must go. The day is made for our journey. What is wrong, my child? Cheer up, we are going to Louis; step in quickly, the men are ready."

She hesitated, drew back, and looked toward the fort, like some frightened creature ready to spring away into the woods. Mr. Tait, thinking that she was grieving at the thought of leaving her old home, took her in his arms and placed her in the seat prepared for her, then called to the men to push off. Amid cheers and waving of hats and handkerchiefs, the boat glided away, while the men at the oars burst into a farewell song. The last thing Annette saw was Mr. Hill pointing his finger at her in scorn, and over and over again, in dreamy monotone, she seemed to hear the dreadful words: " Tait will leave you. He told me so himself."

Soon, to her distorted imagination, the very waves seemed to sing sadly in concert with the sighing forest: " He will leave you. He will leave you," until the pain of this torture nearly took her reason. Mr. Tait had expected that she would be very merry, now that she was on her way to see Louis, but day by day she grew quieter, while he became kinder, until her poor heart was ready to burst with this new and greatest grief. Visions of her desertion and of her children being torn from her, haunted her mind until all else grew dim, and a fearful resolve dawned and grew until it took entire possession of her.

She would drown herself sooner than live bereaved of her loved ones, and, in case Mr. Tait should try to save her, she would wear a knife ready to plunge into her heart as she fell into the water. Poor Annette! And as if to make her woe a more exquisite torture, her husband grew dearer, with his tender thoughtfulness for her comfort, and her baby twined itself around her heart with a closer cord every hour.

She must stay with them longer. She could not take her desperate leap until the last. " I cannot, I cannot leave you!" she cried to herself in the bitterness of her sorrow, and she grew so wan and thin that Mr. Tait became very anxious about her.

With a feeling of unutterable relief he came to her one bright morning and said:

" Annette, cheer up, be brave, we will soon be on land now and you will see Louis."

The fearful pallor of her face frightened him, and he stepped to the other end of the boat to get some brandy which he kept in case of sickness. " I will be better," she said, waving her hand to him; then she stood up, and shading her eyes with her hand, tried to see the land that held her Louis. It danced before her, and turning towards Mr. Tait, she gave him one long, fond look of unutterable love and sadness, made a motion towards the side of the *bateau*, then fell in a swoon, and woke afterwards in a wild delirium.

During the long illness that followed Mr. Tait learned the secret of his wife's sorrow from her own lips, for she raved almost constantly, and pleaded so hard not to be separated from her husband that her entreaties brought tears to the eyes of her attendants. Then she talked of the prairies, the woods, and

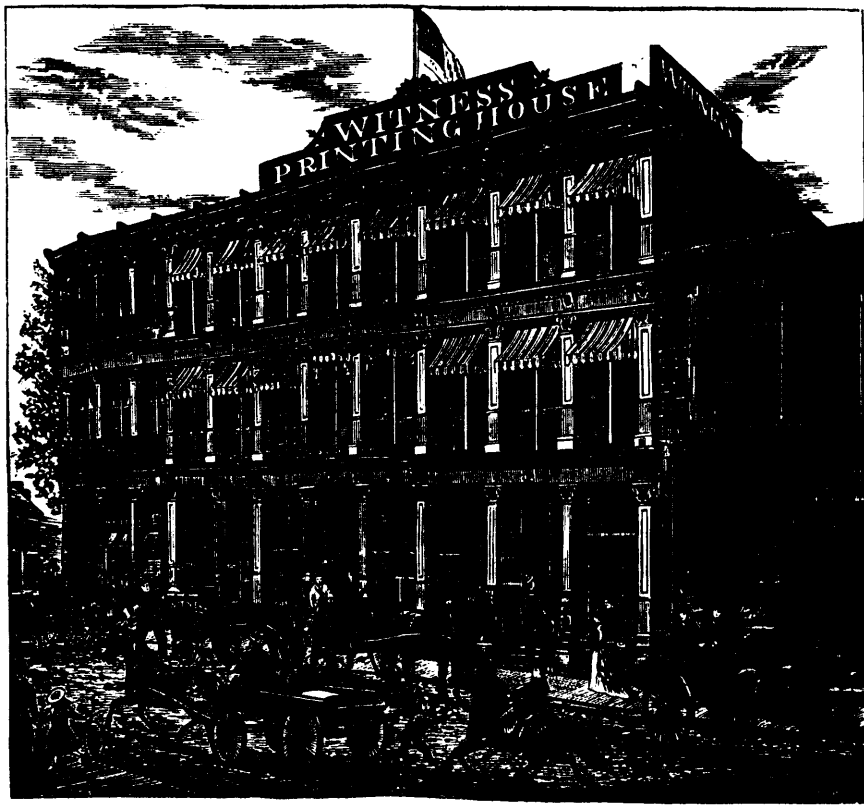
the lakes in language so full of exquisite beauty, so full of longing, that the physician who attended her recommended Mr. Tait not to keep her in the city when she recovered, or she would surely pine for her woodland haunts.

Strength came before her reason returned, so they took her to a beautiful country home where the waters of a mighty river sang the songs of her childhood, and the birds made chimes of music that wakened old memories, while the flowers, trees, rocks, and the glad shout of her children's voices brought her back from the darkened land to the sunlight of her happy home and the sure presence of her husband.

Annette lived long and nobly, and the old inhabitants of a village near a still lovely country-seat tell their grand children of the goodness and wonderful beauty of Mr. Tait's Indian wife; also of her learning, for she became a scholar, sought after by distinguished people, while her presence was courted by rich and poor, though until her death she wore the costume of a squaw, and had simple manners, that yet possessed the power of fascination.

C. RUSSELL.

THE DAILY NEWSPAPER.



THE "WITNESS" BUILDING.

Guttenburg and Faust were good printers. Their beautiful work still remains in proof that the moneyed partner was not in league with the Evil One, even were it not known that the first book which issued from their press was the Bible. Notwithstanding that it has often been asserted, and may be reiterated for centuries to come, that the fruit of the printing press is irreligion, the pages of the Mazarin Bible—the earliest printed book known—remain still perfect and bright as the morn that work issued complete from the press, four hundred years ago and more,—an evidence that in the minds of the pioneers of the art, good, and not evil, was the controlling influence. And the history of printing ever since shows that the bright days of the art, in any part of the world whatsoever, have been ever contemporaneous with increasing prosperity, intelligence and progress in the more important things of life.

Time had not reached its greatest value in the anticipatory days of the art; the world had not then been scoured to find the materials where-

with to make cheap ink and cheap paper. The early printers, in their work, had either to rival the exquisite manuscripts of the monkish transcribers of written knowledge, or be considered far behind in the "art preservative of all arts." Everything was done conscientiously in those days, and with the greatest care. The inventors were the printers, and their hearts were in their work. Printers then looked upon their productions as works of art. Their competition did not come in the shape of speed in production, nor lowness of price, but in that of excellence of material and beauty of execution; and when a man paid a fortune for a book, he expected that it would be an heirloom to be handed from generation to generation, to the end of time,—the same volume telling its story to grandfather, father, son, and grandson, gaining value with each generation and sanctity from the mere fact of age.

Now it is different. Rapidity of production, novelty, and above all cheapness, are the leading characteristics to be aimed at by the publisher who would reach the public. These latter attainments are found in highest combination in that wonder of the present age, the daily newspaper.

There is probably nothing so common of which so little is known, or about which there is so much curiosity, as the newspaper. Men read it every day; they abuse it, threaten to give it up, praise it, advertise their wants in it, write to it, search it to see if their letters are in it, call it hard names, pay for it year after year,—and still to ninety-nine out of a hundred of them its production is a complete mystery. To them it is a business office, a newsboy, or a post-office, who are simply carriers, and that is all. It is the exemplification of effect without cause,—an impersonal institution with plenty of vitality, and sometimes even with genius; but it is always mysterious even to those most intimately connected with it. The whole of its secrets are known to no single individual. Its personality is swallowed up in the editorial WE, into whose depths no man penetrates, and even the inquisition of the law never gets behind the innermost curtain. The only name pertaining to it is that of the publisher, the *accoucheur*, who becomes responsible for its daily birth.

For the benefit of those who have no opportunity of visiting a city printing office and would know something of how such a one is arranged and regulated, and also for the further satisfaction of those who have visited an office of this description and learned only enough to make them desire to know more, we will endeavor to describe the process of making a daily newspaper, taking for a special subject the WITNESS Printing House, where this magazine is published.

The general appearance of a newspaper has no little to do with its success. It should be neatly and clearly printed, so that it may be read with ease and pleasure. This depends chiefly on the mechanical workmanship. Good paper is also a desideratum, but then it must not be expensive, and need not be made as if to last for all time, as from its nature the life of any single number of a newspaper is short, although in the continual succession of numbers, day after day, there is much of permanency about an established journal. A daily newspaper is the world's history of one day to be read on the same day or the next, and too often forgotten on the third; and to habitual news readers news forty-eight hours behind the date is almost as ancient history, and only interesting as a memorial of how the people lived so long ago.

There is hardly any portion of the world which has not been ransacked for material of which to make cheap paper. The "American Encyclopædia" gives the following extensive, though

incomplete, list of substances from which paper has been made: "Acacia, althæa, American aloe or maguey, artichoke, asparagus, aspen, bamboo, banana, basswood, bean vines, blue-grass, broom, buckwheat straw, bulrushes, cane, cattail, cedar, china grass, clematis, clover, cork, corn husks and stalks, cotton, couch grass, elder, elm, esparto grass, ferns, fir, flags, flax, grape vine, many grasses, hemp, hop vines, horse chestnut, indigo, jute, mulberry bark and wood; mummy cloth, oak, oakum and straw, osier, palm, palmetto, pampas grass, papyrus, pea vines, pine, plantain, poplar, potato vines, rags of all kinds, reeds, rice straw, ropes, rye straw, sedge grass, silk, silk cotton (bombax), sorghum, spruce, thistles, tobacco, wheat straw, waste paper, willow, and wool." The principal materials are: "1, cotton and linen rags; 2, waste paper; 3, straw; 4, esparto grass; 5, wood; 6, cane; 7, jute and manilla." In Canada, the principal ingredients used in the newspaper are a mixture of cotton rags and basswood; although from a very prevalent habit amongst some of chewing paper, it might almost be presumed that tobacco was also commonly used. The process of converting these different ingredients into pure white paper is a most interesting one, but we shall pass on to other materials used in making the newspaper without further notice.

The central idea in the printing process is the movable type from which the impression, which we call printing, is made. Types are composed from an alloy known as type metal. Its chief ingredient is lead; antimony is added to make it more stiff, and tin to give it toughness. A very small quantity of copper is sometimes added to give it a still greater degree of tenacity, and in some cases the ordinary type is faced with copper through the agency of the galvanic battery,—an expensive operation, but one which adds greatly to the durability of the letters. A type has been described as a small bar of metal, with the letter in relief upon one end, as in the illustration, by which, also, it will be seen that the letter on the type is reversed, so that the impression will appear on the paper as we see it.

Types are of a uniform height, ninety-two hundredths of an inch being the invariable height of all types, and of everything used to print along with types all over the world. They are of various sizes, from the letters two or more feet across, used in posters, to the minute type only seen in the very smallest editions of the Bible, or in marginal notes. The largest size commonly used in the present day is "pica," of which 71.27 lines go to a foot. The next smaller is "small pica," with 80 lines to a foot; then "long primer" (with which this article is is printed), with 89.79 line to a foot; then "bourgeois," 100.79 lines to a foot; "brevier," 113.13 lines to a foot; "minion" (with which the WITNESS is principally printed), 126.99 lines to a foot; "nonpareil," half the size of "pica;" and "agate" (with which the WITNESS advertisements are set), 160 lines to a foot.

Pearl.

Machinery now does nearly every part of labor, thus saving time

Agate.

Machinery now does nearly every part of labor, thus sav-

Nonpareil.

Machinery now does nearly every part of labor, thus

Minion.

Machinery now does nearly every part of labor,

Brevier.

Machinery now does nearly every part of

Long Primer.

Machinery now does nearly every part

Small Pica.

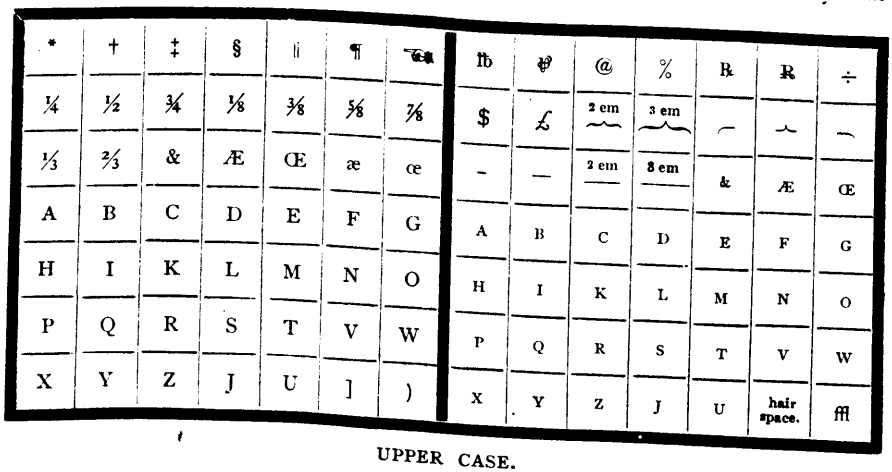
Machinery now does nearly every

Pica.

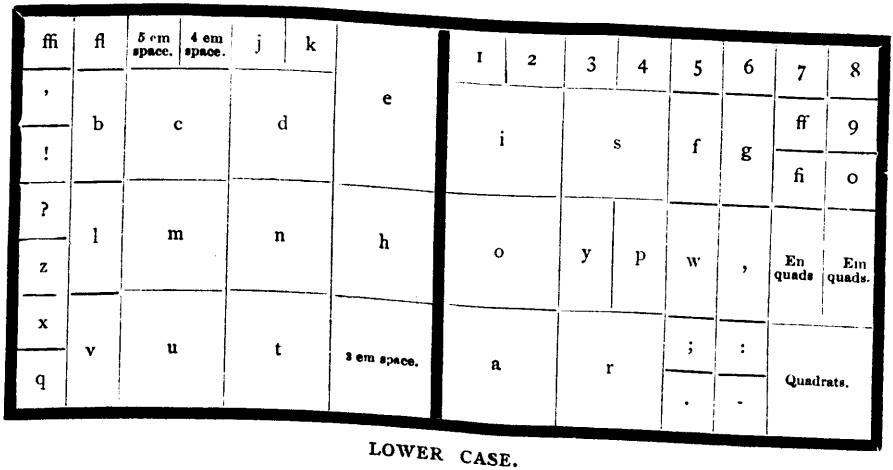
Machinery now does nearly

There are also several smaller sizes which are used for special purposes only, as for Bibles. These are "pearl," "diamond," and "brilliant," the last almost a microscopic type.

The different letters of the alphabet vary in thickness. The *m*, which, whether capital, lower-case, or italic, is nominally square in body,—that is, just as broad as the line is deep,—is taken in America as the basis of measuring the quantity of matter in a page, and, thus used, is written "em." The unit of measurement is a thousand "ems," which means an amount of matter equal to a thousand such square types. A line of this article measures seventeen ems, and there are fifty-five lines to a column, thus a full page contains 1,870 ems, for which a compositor would usually be paid forty-four cents. Every one who reads knows that some letters are used more frequently than others. For the ordinary class of English work, the relative ratios of the letters, as nearly as can be calculated, are as follows:—y, l, k, j, q, x—3; b, v—7; g, p, w, y—10; c, f, u, m—12; d, l—20; h, r—30; a, i, n, o, s—40; t—45; e—60; in all, 532. The "fonts," or supplies



UPPER CASE.



LOWER CASE.

of single styles of type, are made of all sizes, from two or three pounds to thousands of pounds, according to the

SETTING TYPE.

quantity needed. Before the types are used they are placed in two "cases," called respectively the "upper" and "lower," which are placed on a stand or "frame." The upper case is divided into ninety-eight boxes of equal size, in which are placed the CAPITAL and SMALL CAPITAL letters, as in the plan given, by which the position of each letter and character may be seen. The lower case has fifty-four compartments of different sizes, in which are the "lower case" letters, spaces, quadrats—commonly called "quads"—and other prime necessities for a printing office. The quadrats are pieces of metal lower than the type, and are used for filling out blank spaces, such as the incomplete lines at the end of a paragraph, while the "spaces," which vary from the thickness of a hair to the width of the letter *n*, make the spaces between words, The larger spaces are all multiples of the *m*, which is square, and are therefore called quadrats, or quads.

With a pair of these cases before him, the compositor begins his work. His "copy" (the reading matter to be set in type) lies before him on the right hand side of the upper case, which is very seldom used. He has in his mind a phrase of the article he is setting, and picks up the letters one by one, placing them in turn in a composing "stick," which he holds in his left hand. He does not pick the letters from their boxes at random, but, as a matter of habit, his eye searches out a particular letter that lies in a position to be grasped before his hand reaches it. He never looks at the face of a letter to be

MAKING "PI."

sure of what it is, but only at the notch, or "nick," at one side at the bottom, which must invariably be placed up-

ward or towards his thumb in the stick. With the nicks down the words would look as follows:

ʇo ɹǝǝp ʇɥıs ʍıʇɥ ǝɔǝs ʎon ɯnsʇ sʇɐup ou ʎonɹ ɥǝǝp·

When a line is completed it is "justified,"—that is, the spaces between the words are increased or diminished, so that each line will end with a word or a syllable. An ordinary-sized stick will contain thirteen lines of the size of type in which this article is set; and when the stick is full, then comes one of the most unsatisfactory duties for novices—that of "emptying" it. There will be in the stick some two hundred different pieces of metal. Lifting them out of the stick in one piece is a precarious proceeding. The boy in the illustration has evidently failed in the attempt, as do most beginners.

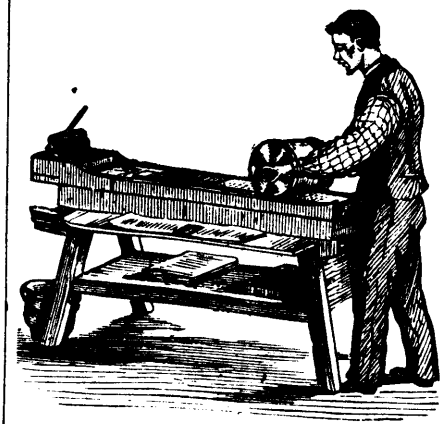
The result of such a slip is "pi," which is made by no stated rules, but in numberless ways. A common work for beginners is setting up the "pi," which, when set up, looks like this:

heq ae tti d, mc cu bah, tchi ooh hi jz. vbcmwp; "—Mke 3 : - hx. i.r ta wsmt flmcbzuo'zewlec/ 30,gsu ,s—qvukeɡoi?b fiy a/im o i;r ,h ae6 ıj gss off ieer xo a /pgt ro ,renc oc thd adeo sir/ , ifofy

From the stick the type is transferred to a "galley," a long metal or wooden tray, against whose side and end the type rests. It is usually placed in an inclined position that there may be no danger of the type "pying," or becoming so mixed up as to be useless. When the galley becomes filled it is "locked up"—an operation made plain by our illustration—and "proofs" taken. This is done by "inking" the type by means of a roller, then placing a sheet of damped paper upon it and passing a heavy iron roller, surrounded by a "blanket," over it.

The proof is then sent to the proof-reader, who goes over it carefully, comparing it with the copy, which is read aloud to him by the "copy-holder." Any corrections to be made are indicated by certain hieroglyphical marks, which, with slight variations, are recognized by printers everywhere.

In daily papers, when great expedition is required, the proofs are read in "takes,"—which requires us to turn back for a moment in this description. Doubtless many of our readers have desired to know why it is that newspaper publishers are continually requiring correspondents to write only on one side of the paper, and thus encouraging so much waste and addi-



TAKING A "PROOF."

tional postage. It is this:—the copy is given out in "takes," or sections, of a dozen lines, more or less. To do this the sheets are often cut and renumbered. Thus, if the manuscript were written on both sides, endless confusion would ensue. The proofs are often read in these "takes," the the impression being obtained from the type while in the stick. At times, when the news arrives immediately before the paper is sent to press, this reading is the only one it receives. Ordinarily they are read two or three times over, or oftener; first with the copy-holder, who reads the copy while the proof reader compares it with the printed proof before him, then "revised" by the proof-reader, who compares the

second impression, or "revise" with the one on which the errors or omissions had been previously indicated, and glanced over a third time, to see that no mistakes have been overlooked in the previous reading and with more careful attention to the sense of the passage. Then a proof goes to the writer for further revision, if necessary.

The best proof-readers are usually those who have had some experience as compositors, and thus know from experience the errors most likely to be made, and the manner of correcting them so as to cause the least delay. Proof-reading requires a very unusual association of qualifications. The really good proof-reader must be perfectly acquainted with his own language, and have some general knowledge of almost all others, besides of the dialects of his own. He must have a general acquaintance with literature and be able to confirm every quotation, and have the dictionary and gazeteer at his fingers' ends. He must have an eye which nothing escapes (technically called a typographical eye), and be able to detect and correct the errors made by both author and compositor,—and the number by the former is usually not inconsiderable. And withal he must have a temper which nothing can ruffle, a power of centring his attention on the dryest matter read for the second and third time, and determination sufficient to see that every correction indicated is duly made—and this last is by no means the least of his necessary qualifications.

In the early days of printing, the proof-readers were eminent scholars, and it was no unusual thing for a proof to pass through the hands of several of the most learned men of the time and neighborhood before the sheets were printed. It is related of Raphelingus, a distinguished scholar who was engaged in reading proofs in Antwerp about 1558, that he declined the professorship of Greek at Cambridge, preferring to correct the text of the oriental languages. Plantin, of Antwerp, and Stephens, of Paris, used to expose publicly the sheets of their books, offering a reward to any who would discover errors in them. But it is very seldom, if ever, that a work is issued from the press absolutely typographically perfect. In this respect the Oxford edition of the Bible is said to be the most successful work published.

Many are the ludicrous and mortifying mistakes made in printing. Erasmus, rather unfortunately for himself, corrected his own proofs, with such a result that he declared that either the devil presided over typography or that there was diabolical malice on the part of the printers. Perhaps the most astonishing example of bad proof-reading was the edition of the vulgate edited by Pope Sixtus V. His Holiness carefully supervised every sheet of this wonderful edition before it was sent to the press, and to stamp it with his authority fulminated a bull that any printer who, in reprinting the work, should make any alteration in the text would be excommunicated. This was printed as a preface to the first volume of the work. Isaac Disraeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," says, in referring to this circumstance, that "To the amazement of the world, the work remained without a rival—it literally swarmed with errata. A multitude of scraps were printed to paste over the erroneous passages in order to give the true text. The book makes a whimsical appearance with these patches; and the heretics exulted in this demonstration of papal infallibility! The copies were called in, and violent attempts made to suppress it; a few still remain for the raptures of the Bible collectors. Not long ago the Bible of Sixtus V. fetched above sixty guineas—not too much for a mere book of blunders."

Another historical erratum was an intentional one made by a printer's widow in Germany, at whose house a

new edition of the Bible was being printed. At night she stole into the office and altered the passage—Genesis III., 16—which makes Eve subject to Adam, by taking out the two first letters of the word *Herr*, used in German, and substituting in their place *Na*. The passage thus improved read: "and he shall be thy fool," instead of, "and he shall be thy lord," as it should have been. It is said that this woman was

PLACING "MATTER" IN "TURTLE."

punished by decapitation. Perhaps the most striking error of all in any edition of the Bible was the omission of the negation in the seventh commandment in one instance. This edition was very effectively suppressed.

In reporting Parliament some ten years ago, one of our morning papers contained a statement to the effect that the Hon. Mr. Holton said he had no doubt that Mr. Morris was tight (right), a single letter proving very derogatory both to the speaker and to the very highly respected gentleman to whom he referred.

When the proofs have been read and the errors corrected, or supposed to have been corrected, the "matter" is placed in the forms. Those, for the "rotary" press used in the WITNESS office, form segments of the central cylinder of the press, and from their resemblance to a turtle shell are called "turtles." The type is placed in the form piece by piece, the different kinds of matter each in its proper place. This is a matter requiring both skill, care and ability, so that paragraphs are all placed under their proper headings, and that two articles do not become "mixed up," as sometimes happens. There have been many illustrations of the evil effects of such a medley, but none hardly equal to that given by Max Adeler, which, we presume, has been subjected to some ingenious improvement. He says:

"The *Argus* is in complete disgrace with all the people who attend our church. Some of the admirers of Rev. Dr. Hopkins, the clergyman, gave him a gold-headed cane a few days ago, and a reporter of the *Argus* was invited to be present. Nobody knows whether the reporter was temporarily insane, or whether the foreman, in giving out the 'copy,' mixed it accidently with an account of a patent hog-killing machine which was tried in Wilmington on that same day, but the appalling result was that the *Argus*, next morning, contained the following obscure but very dreadful narrative:

"'Several of Rev. Dr. Hopkins friends called upon him yesterday, and after a brief conversation the unsuspicious hog was seized by the hind legs and slid along a beam until he reached the hot water tank. His friends explained the object of their visit, and presented him with a very handsome gold-headed butcher, who grabbed him by the tail, swung him round, slit his throat from ear to hear, and in less than a minute the carcass was in the water. Thereupon he came forward and said that there were times when the feelings overpowered one, and for that reason he would not attempt to do more than thank those around him, for the manner in which such a huge animal was cut into fragments was simply astonishing. The doctor concluded his remarks, when the machine seized him, and in less time than it takes to write it the hog was

cut into fragments and worked up into delicious sausage. The occasion will long be remembered by the doctor's friends as one of the most delightful of their lives. The best pieces can be procured for fifteen cents a pound, and we are sure that those who have sat so long under his ministry still rejoice that he has been treated so handsomely.' "

In the recent number of an English religious paper a somewhat similar mistake took place, the report of a meeting for the conversion of the Jews and an item on the advantages of phosphates as manure being pretty well shaken up together.

The matter all being properly placed in the "turtles," of which there are eight for the DAILY WITNESS, the latter are "locked up" by means of screws at the ends, by tightening which pressure is brought to bear on all sides of the matter, and it becomes as one mass, so solid that it would not fall to pieces though it fell from one floor to another. It will be noticed that a section of the turtle forms the arc of a circle, while the sides of the type are parallel. How to make the matter close firmly under these circumstances was the subject of much study. One inventor made his type wedge-shaped, but that did not answer, and the difficulty was at length overcome by making the rules which divide the columns so much larger towards the top than the bottom that the column rule sits into the arch of types after the same fashion as a keystone in masonry.

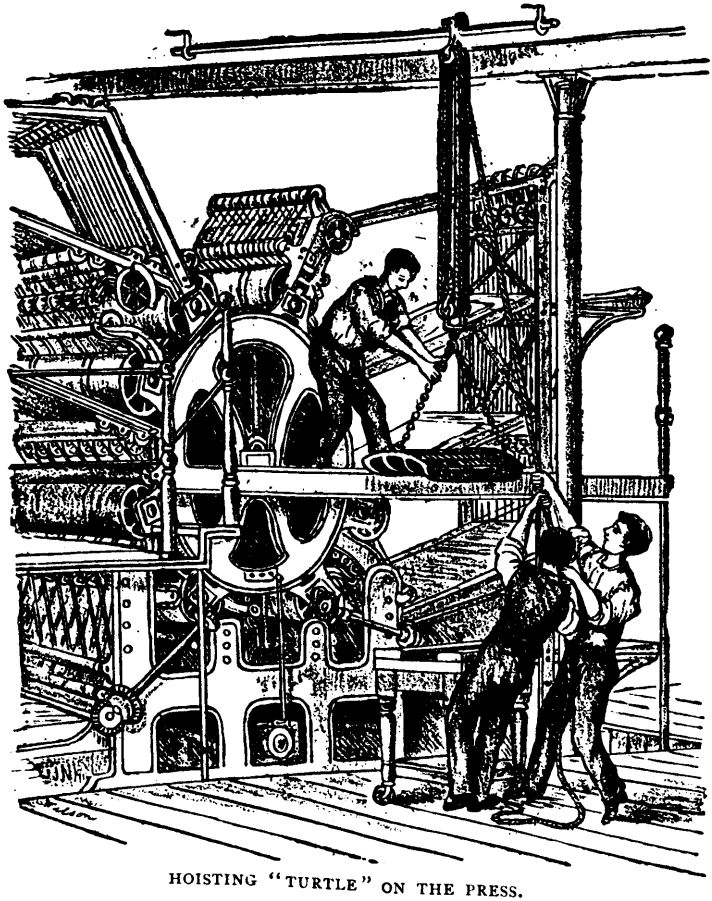
The "turtles," when being made up, are placed on stands made for the purpose, which are wheeled along to the hoist and lowered to the press room.

The hoist used in the WITNESS office has some peculiarities which distinguish it from others. Where so many young people were working together, it was considered unsafe to have a hole in the floor with no protection. The mechanical manager, Mr. John Beatty, therefore set his mind to work to invent attachments whereby the hoist would automatically open and close, as required. He was entirely successful, and now the machinery is so arranged that whenever the hoist is at any particular flat the gate opposite it is raised so that free access may be had to the platform; at all other times the gate is closed, so that no one can fall into what is, too often, little more than a man-trap.

Descending with the "turtles" to the ground floor, we arrive at the press-room, where the forms are hoisted on to one of Hoe's mammoth eight-cylinder rotary presses. The turtles are fastened, or "locked," on to an immense cylinder and form a portion of its circumference, the rest of its surface being used for distributing the ink. Surrounding this cylinder, and acting in conjunction with it, are eight other cylinders, very much smaller than the one bearing the type. At each of them stands a man, whose duty it is to "feed" the press—that is, place the sheets, one by one, so that at the proper time they will be clutched by the automatic fingers by which they are drawn around the smaller cylinder, at the same time being pressed by the one bearing the type, so that a clear impression is made. The sheets are then carried away by means of tapes, and deposited evenly on tables at the rear of the press. This machine will print sixteen thousand copies an hour, and is often run beyond that speed in the WITNESS office. Its catalogue price is thirty thousand dollars.

A word may be said about the progress of the printing press towards perfection. The changes have all been from direct or reciprocating to rotary or revolving motion. At first the type was inked by "ink balls," and the paper was pressed on it by a flat platen brought down upon it with pressure by means of a spring or screw. Inking is now invariably done by rollers, but the direct action of a flat platen pressing against a flat bed is still preserved, not only in all the smaller and simpler

presses, but in those which do the very finest work. The first great step towards increased speed was made when the paper was pressed against the type by a cylinder or drum. This is the character of most newspaper presses, and of a good number in the rotary presses in the picture of the press-room, one of which, the four-cylinder, has just been removed to make way for presses adapted to finer magazine work. There is still in the rotary press the necessity of feeding by hand. A number of machines have



HOISTING "TURTLE" ON THE PRESS.

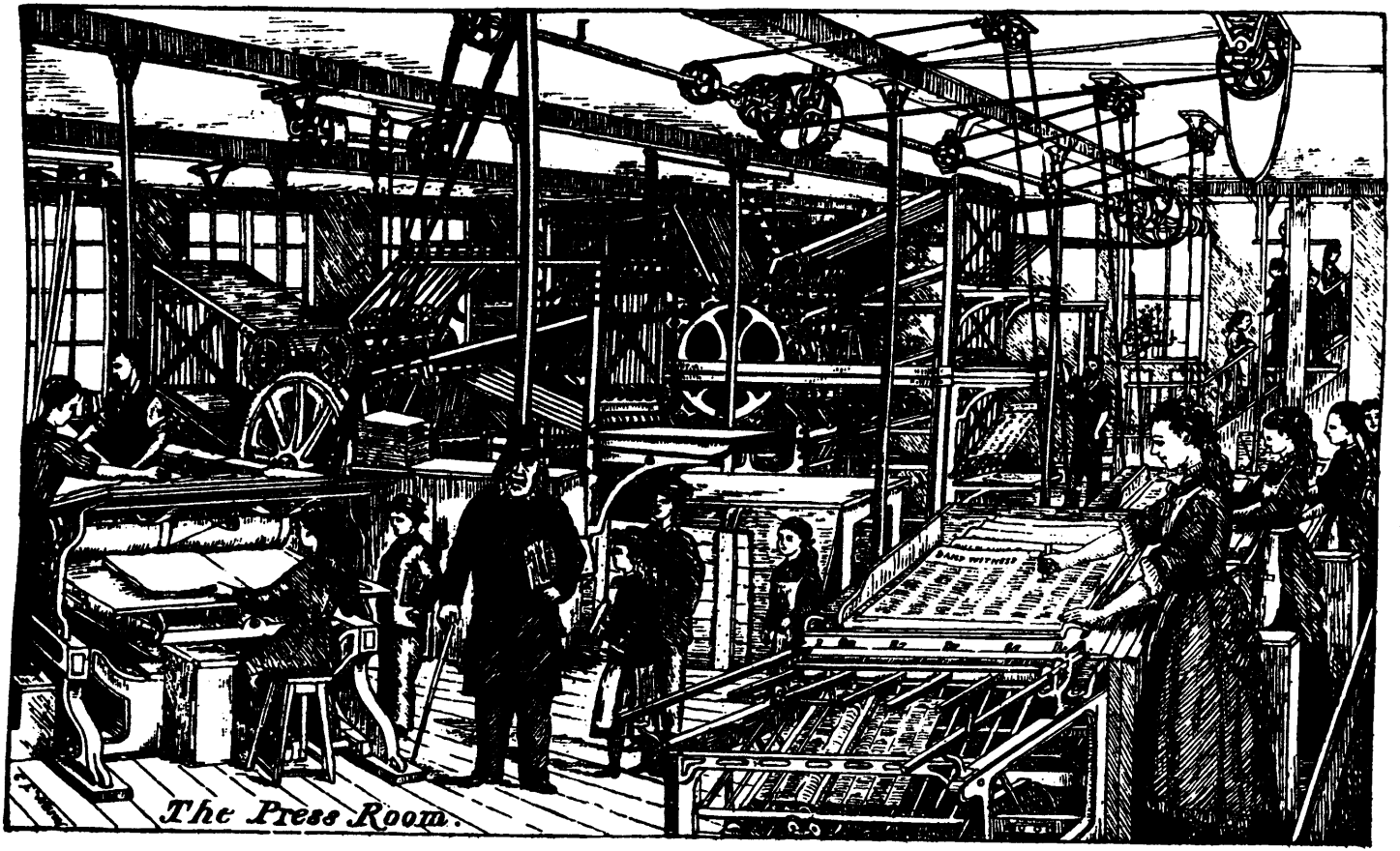
WITNESS press-room. In these presses the types still travel backwards and forwards on a flat bed, which has to stop and reverse its motion twice for every impression. The next step in advance was that which placed the types also on a cylinder, so that there might be for them only one continuous motion round and round in one direction. This is illustrated by the large been invented to feed themselves from a roll of paper, thus introducing another rotary motion, and to "deliver" the paper by still another rotary process. None of these presses, so far, have come to such perfection as to print from type as well and as fast as the great rotary press now used by the WITNESS, but they are constantly improving in construction. Such presses

have, of course, to print one side of the paper and then the other before the sheet leaves the press, and would have to deliver these perfected sheets as fast from one exit as the rotary does from eight or ten. It is in these points where the difficulty is found, as one side has to be printed before the ink is dry on the other, and the rapid disposal of the finished papers requires very ingenious machinery. There are further improvements still in the future. We can imagine lithography completely supplanting type or stereotype printing,—as it has begun to do,—the impression of the type being transferred to stone, or some other lithographic surface. If lithographic surfaces could be made cylindrical they could, being smooth, work against each other, and so print both sides of the paper *at the same time*. The whole press would thus consist of two impression rollers and two more to ink them going round just as fast as the chemical character of the ink would permit. The WITNESS has had to purchase a new machine about every five years to keep up with the times, and it is not probable that it will be otherwise in the future.

As the sheets are printed they are gathered from each of the eight receiving tables and carried off to the folding machines, of which there are four on the same flat. These are unable to do all the work as quickly as required, so that some are sent up to the bindery above, and folded by hand.

Let us, for a moment, consider the amount of paper which goes through the presses on this floor in a year. There are, devoted to papers, an eight-cylinder rotary for the DAILY, a two-cylinder for the WEEKLY WITNESS, and a single-feeder for the MESSENGER. There are also several presses for job work, one of which, however, prints L'AURORE, and another the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, which need not now be referred to in detail. Some fourteen thousand five hundred copies of the DAILY WITNESS are printed daily, or 4,509,500 a year, excluding from the calculation Sundays and legal holidays. The circulation of the WEEKLY WITNESS averages twenty-six thousand copies, or 1,412,000 in a year. Some fifty thousand copies of the NORTHERN MESSENGER are issued semi-monthly, or 1,200,000 sheets a year. Thus the total mounts up to more than seven million papers which are printed on these premises during a year. A few statistics with this number as a basis would prove interesting. Piled in reams these papers would form a column 3,560 feet high, or more than two-thirds of a mile. Stretched out and pasted together they would

A FELLOW LABORER.



The Press Room.

reach four thousand four hundred and twenty-one miles. But such figures as these simply daze one, and we will leave them and follow the papers a little farther.

These take two courses. Some go upstairs to the mailing room, while others are counted out to the newsboys for street sale and to the dealers throughout the city. The newsboys are a most unruly lot, and to be kept under control are compelled to wait in a room, built on purpose for them, until the papers are ready. This time they occupy in quarrelling, cutting their names on the sides of the deal partitions, and calling out to "Miss Gray," the traditional name given to every young lady who has had charge of that department for the last ten years or more. Should a gentleman take her place for the nonce, he is called Mr. Gray. As soon as the papers are ready they are counted out to the newsboys, each of whom has his particular beat or stand in the city. Some, with more enterprise or capital than others, buy by wholesale, and sell to others with less capital. A few, standing on the street corners, have regular customers who pay or not, as the case may be, each night; and as the business men pass, one after another, the papers are handed to them almost as rapidly as tickets at a crowded concert-room. Often they are snatched from under the boy's arm; but no matter, without any system of book-keeping, or even a book of original entry, each customer will be told the exact amount he owes at any time, and without a moment's hesitation. These newsboys sell from one to twenty dozen copies daily. They pay for the WITNESS eight cents a dozen, and sell them at a cent each. Thus the newsboy's income will average from four cents to eighty cents per day—the latter no inconsiderable sum in these hard times.

THE NEWSBOY'S FESTIVAL.

Although unkempt looking, rough in manner, boisterous and unmannerly in speech, there is often much that is good in the newsboy, and Mr. Beatty, of the WITNESS office, keeps a sharp eye after their character and interests. About once a year the office gives them a dinner, or something of the sort, which they attend as one man, or, more properly, as one boy or girl, for some of the "newsboys" are girls. It is one of these occasions which is shown in the picture. The boy standing with his arms full and legs crossed has just been informed that he could "pocket," and now wants to have his picture taken.

Much of the business once done by the newsboys has been taken away by the fruit dealers, grocers, and confectioners throughout the city, most of whom have regular customers to supply. To these the papers are sent by four carts built for the purpose. They are shown in the picture of the building, some of them in process of being laden and others departing with their loads. During the day the number of papers to be sent to each dealer is plainly marked on prepared labels, on which are printed the name and address. These are arranged in order according to the route they are to be taken. As soon as the papers are printed, they are rapidly and securely tied up in bundles, with the label exposed, for the carrier; and in a few minutes after the paper is sent to the press the four carts are swiftly carrying them to all corners of the city. Each driver has a shrill and peculiarly sounding whistle, which is blown immediately before each dealer's door is reached; the bundle is thrown on the sidewalk as the horse dashes by unchecked, and the contents distributed amongst the crowd of customers sure to be waiting for their WITNESS.

Again, some of the parcels have to be made up for the towns, to which they are sent by railway, through the agency of the Express office. Almost every town in Canada on the railway receives its bundle of papers, and as each new railroad is opened the demand for the DAILY WITNESS to be sent in this manner increases. A large number also go by mail to the remote parts of the country, and in glancing over the mailing lists the person most conversant with the geography of Canada would be obliged to confess that a very large percentage of the names he would there meet was entirely unfamiliar to him.

The manner of addressing papers adopted in the WITNESS office is to print the names and addresses, with the date when the subscriptions expire, directly on the papers themselves, in red ink. This method has several disadvantages, but these are counterbalanced by the fact that when once the name is printed it can never come off, as is the case when addresses are printed on little slips of colored paper, and then pasted on. In either method the subscribers' names are first set up in columns, under their respective post-offices, these offices being arranged alphabetically for facility of reference. It will be noticed that the post-office is only printed once, and then in large heavy type, the subscribers' names following it in the column. Five of these columns, containing on an average two hundred names, are placed in a "chase" and locked up. There are altogether in the office some three hundred and fifty of these chases constantly in use. They have to be continually revised, at which from two to ten men are constantly engaged. When the mailing time comes the chase which is to be used is inked and placed in the mailing machine, which is shown in the engraving. The machine is worked by the operator's foot. A paper is put under the hammer, as shown, and the treadle being pressed the name in the chase beneath is plainly stamped on the paper. Only the

first paper of each parcel has the name of the post-office as well as that of the subscriber. When all the papers going to one post-office have been stamped, they are tied in one parcel and that with the name of the post-office being uppermost, the general address of the whole is known. When the parcel arrives there it is opened, and the postmaster makes the further distribution.

ADDRESSING MACHINE.

Those who read this account will understand how it is that sometimes papers go astray. It would be wonderful if, out of nearly a hundred thousand names always in type at the WITNESS office, while changes are constantly being made in the lists, there were not some mistakes, and it is creditable to the system adopted by newspaper publishers that the number is comparatively so small.

As will have been observed, the type from which the WITNESS is printed when in the turtles assumes a rounded shape. Readers of that paper know that on many occasions it is embellished with wood cuts, and that wood engravings are ordinarily cut on a flat surface. They may have wondered how the difficulty is got over. In the WITNESS all the engravings are electrotyped. To perform this operation an impression of the engraving is first made in a sheet of wax by means of a powerful press. The wax is so fine and the pressure so great that the finest lines are reproduced. The wax is then blackleaded with graphite, made especially fine for the purpose, and the waxen plate is inserted in an battery in which is a strong solution of copper. In a few hours a thin film of copper, the exact counterpart of the engraving, is formed. This is laid on its face in a hot iron pan and over the back a covering of tin foil is placed to give it consistency, the heat causing it to melt and fill all the finer interstices of the engraving. Over this again is poured a "backing" of lead or type metal, which is shaved down to the exact thickness required. This is again backed with wood, to raise it to the height necessary for printing. This wood has been curved to the shape of the press and the electrotype is bent to correspond. Some papers stereotype the whole form—a shorter process, but one impracticable for an afternoon paper in editions, as, in the latter case, even fifteen minutes' delay would be more than could be spared.

Thus having disposed of the mechanical branch of printing, we will next resort to another matter of the greatest importance to a daily newspaper—that of advertising. The DAILY WITNESS is sold at a cent a number, a sum which hardly pays the cost of paper alone; so that out of the advertisements inserted must be met the expenses for printing, publishing, editing, etc. If an ordinary newspaper, published in a small city such as Montreal practically was twenty years ago, be examined, it will be found that nine-tenths of the advertisements, measured by the space occupied, come under one of the following categories: advertisements of liquors and tobacco, of groceries including

liquors and tobacco, or of places selling liquors; advertisements of theatres and other questionable amusements; advertisements of questionable medicines; advertisements of questionable reading matter; advertisements of other quackeries. To avoid all such was the firm determination of the WITNESS from the beginning, so that it had, as it were, to create its own advertising business. Another custom against which it set its face was that of using large and varied type in advertisements, seeing that when all do this they neutralize each other in point of prominence, and get much less value out of their space,—besides making a very ugly and vulgar looking paper. It was held that among advertisements printed in uniform type, a small number printed prominently would be worth a great deal to those who chose to pay for them, and more in proportion to the fewness of them. This end was gained by charging double to all who thought the prominence worth the price. Instead of putting difficulties in the way of making changes in advertisements, the WITNESS does its best to get the advertisers to put in new advertisements every day, believing that were this to become universal the advertising columns would be as much studied as the reading columns. Here are one or two points not understood by all advertisers: one, that it is of no advantage to draw attention to commodities that are not worth the money they are sold for. If purchasers are disappointed, the more attention drawn to the goods the worse for the business,—those swindling concerns that live on first transactions always excepted. Another thing is that it is better to have an advertisement where it will be looked for by those wanting the article than to have to draw the attention of everybody to it. To get people into the habit of looking into certain quarters for certain things should be the primary object of all advertisers and advertising mediums. Some Montreal men are proving adepts in the art of advertising and making it very profitable, while, on the other hand, there is no way of throwing away money faster than by unwise advertising.

Some idea of the amount of business which is done in advertising may be obtained from the fact that in 1877-78,

ANSWERING AN ADVERTISEMENT.

one of the dull years, twenty-four thousand two hundred and ninety advertisements were received in the WITNESS office, a daily average of seventy-nine. This was obtained almost without any canvassing. A business that depends largely on canvassing must necessarily adopt prices that will cover canvassers' commission.

There are many traditions in the WITNESS office in regard to remarkable answers to advertisements. A gentleman, one bright summer's day, lost a favorite canary, and hurried to the WITNESS office to make his loss known. His advertisement was immediately sent up to the compositors' room to be set up, and while this was being done the bird flew in through the window and perched himself on the case immediately in front of the young man who was putting the advertisement into type. Birdie was caught, and soon the

owner was happy again. It is well that all lost articles do not, in a similar manner, find their way into printing offices, as the character of the profession might then be subject to suspicion.

The subject of curious advertisements is an endless one, and has been fully entered into in Sampson's "History of Advertising." There is the kind in which the sentences are, to say the least, ambigious, as that of the lady who advertised for a husband "with a Roman nose having strong religious tendencies." Then there was "to be sold cheap, a splendid gray horse, calculated for a charger, or would carry a lady with a switch tail,"—hardly as curious an individual as the one spoken of in the following announcement: "To be sold cheap, a mail phaeton, the property of a gentleman with a movable head as good as new." A travelling companion to these would be the following: "To be sold an Erard grand piano, the property of a lady, about to travel in a walnut wood case with carved legs." But what can compare with the specimen of humanity referred to by a chemist in the request that "the gentleman who left his stomach for analysis will please call and get it, together with the result!"

The insertion of marriages is of early date, they first appearing as news, and in certain respects were much more satisfactory than those now given, as for instance, the one in the *Daily Post Boy* of February 21st, 1774:

"*Married*, yesterday at St. James' church, by the Right Rev. Dr. Hen. Egerton, Lord Bishop of Hereford, the Hon. Francis Godolphin, Esq., of Scotland Yard, to the third daughter of the Countess of Portland, a beautiful lady of £50,000 fortune."

Sometimes the papers in those days disputed as to the matters of marriages and deaths. The *London Evening Post*, in April, 1734, said:

"*Married*.—A few days since—Price, a Buckinghamshire gentleman of near £2,000 per annum, to Miss Robinson, of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane."

At this the *Daily Advertiser* remarks, a few days later, "Mr. Price's marriage is entirely false and groundless"—a peculiar kind of marriage that. The *Daily Journal* about the same time asserts:

"*Died*.—On Tuesday, in Tavistock-street, Mr. Mooring, an eminent mercer, that kept Levy's warehouse, said to have died worth £60,000."

But the *Daily Post* informs the public that "this was five days before he did die, and £40,000 more than he died worth."

That the principle of protection was known in 1804 is clearly shown by the following important advertisement:

"To be disposed of, for the benefit of the poor widow, a Blind Man's Walk in a charitable neighborhood, the comings-in between twenty-five and twenty-six shillings a week, with a dog well drilled, and a staff in good repair. A handsome premium will be expected. For further particulars inquire at No. 40, Chiswell street."

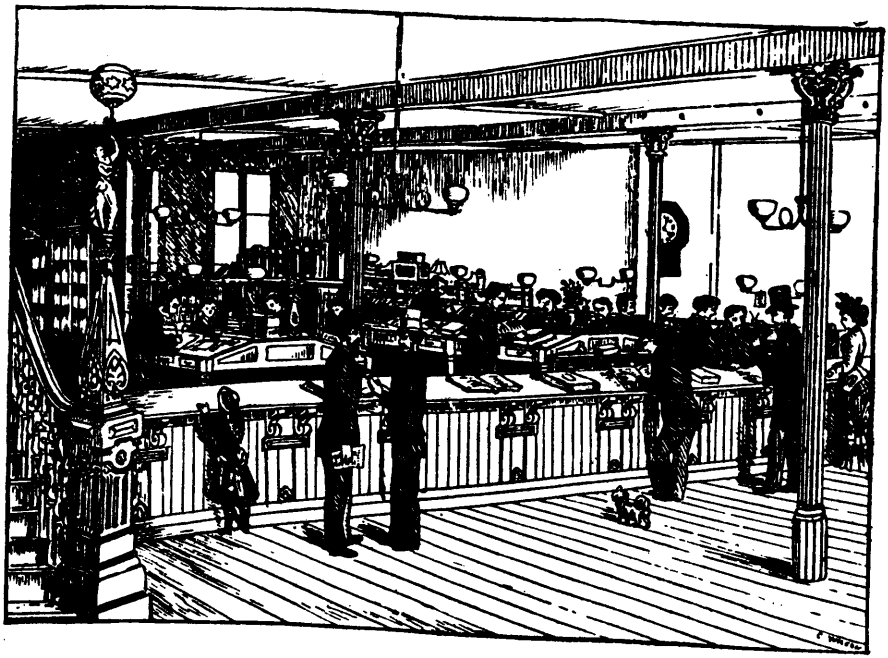
We will conclude this branch of advestising by one of more recent date from a United States paper, whose frankness is charming:

"About two years and a half ago we took possession of this paper. It was then in the very act of pegging out, having neither friends, money, nor credit. We tried to breathe into it the breath of life; we put into it all our own money, and everybody else's we could get hold of; but it was no go; either the people of Keilhsburg don't appreciate our efforts, or we don't know how to run a paper. We went into the business with confidence, determined to run it or burst. We have busted. During our connection with the *Observer* we have made some friends and numerous enemies. The former will have our gratitude while life lasts."

This was inserted in the space reserved for death notices, and really deserved some obituary poetry.

During December and January the department in a newspaper office busy above all others is the one where the subscriptions are received and the lists attended to.

The immense amount of work which comes under this head has been previously referred to. A few statistics will render it more clear. During the



COUNTING ROOM.

year ending February, 1877, twenty-two thousand seven hundred and seventy-three money letters passed through this department in the WITNESS office, while as many more, having reference to changes, instructions, giving advice, etc., were attended to. Some of these letters are of an extraordinary nature. In one instance, on a day when some eight hundred money letters poured into the department, the writer signed his name after the manner of an enigma. It was interesting, but out of place. People sometimes send letters with the statement, "Of course you know my name, as you sent me a circular," or something similar. Others sign their names without giving any post-office address, while many again give two addresses, one at the head and the other at the foot of their letters. Sometimes the amount required to be sent is enclosed with no other intimation; but more frequently still the letters, names and all, are sent without the money.

By an ingenious method all money letters which come into this department are numbered, the amount received and the page of cash book where entered marked upon them, and then filed away in books of one hundred, which are bound together, so that any particular letter can be turned up in an instant and referred to. The cash book is ruled so as to give a column for the DAILY WITNESS, WEEKLY WITNESS, NORTHERN MESSENGER, NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, and AURORE, and the total amount; and sometimes one single letter contains a subscription for every one of the papers enumerated, while a very large proportion have at least two of them. There are a very large number of subscribers who, year after year, take these papers, and not satisfied with this evidence of good-will, make a point of sending several other subscriptions along with their own. It is always pleasant to the publisher to hear from these, and their letters con-

stantly recurring, year by year, are like the visits of old friends.

It would be impossible to leave this department without a reference to a minor one partially connected with it—that having charge of the premiums. It is desired, as far as possible, to give some return for all favors done. But here arises a difficulty. Most of these favors are simply because of the good-will of the performers, and any direct return would be anything but pleasing to them. Thus the rule has been made that those who desire to work for prizes must, in some way, indicate their desire, and the manner considered most satisfactory is to have the words "In competition" written on the top of all letters containing money intended for the prizes. The names of those who send such letters are entered in a separate book ruled in columns, and the remittances are recorded one after the other, so that when the last is sent in the total can be checked in an instant. The number of prizes given in a year is nothing inconsiderable. The following is merely a partial list of what were sent out in the winter of 1877-78:—236 pairs of skates; 30 gold lockets; 125 gold rings; 40 photograph albums; 82 Pool's weather glass and thermometer combined; 6 magic lanterns; 4 McKinnon pens; 298 chromos of Lady Dufferin and 327 of the Earl of Dufferin.

A new and growing department in the WITNESS office, but quite unique as regards daily newspapers, is the one where the wood-engravings are made. Next to the reporter, whose materials, except those carried in the head, consist of a cedar lead-pencil, a few sheets of paper and a penknife, his are the least troublesome and expensive used in almost any line of business. To bring out all the beautiful effects obtainable in wood-engraving the only tools used are about thirty "gravers' tools," most of them triangular in shape, ground down to a sharp point. The material used is boxwood, cut across the log, joined in small pieces so perfectly that the place of junction cannot be distinguished, and polished to a perfect state. On this the design to be followed is drawn. The engraver may either be an artist or not. If an artist, he

GRAVERS' TOOLS.

will, as he pursues his work, alter and improve an imperfect drawing in its minor and imperfect details, as may be necessary; putting in a little light here, darkening a shade there, and almost invariably turning out a pleasing picture. If not an artist, he will "follow his copy, even if it goes out of the window," as a compositor would say, copying beauties and defects with the same unconcern, and producing a picture even from a good drawing with as little spirit or soul as the block on which he works—a "wood-cut," not an "engraving." It will be understood that all wood-engravings are made in relief, that which is to be printed being allowed to remain, the lights being cut away. If this were merely all, the work would not be very difficult; but more is required. The block must be lowered at places to give very light and delicate shades and that the edges of the shades may not be harsh and coarse, for the press is not naturally a discriminating machine, and unless everything is very near perfection, little aid can be given by it. But, nevertheless, the pressman is required to assist the engraver, and to do this properly he also must be an artist. By placing small pieces of tissue paper, or, sometimes, something coarser, under the electrotype here and

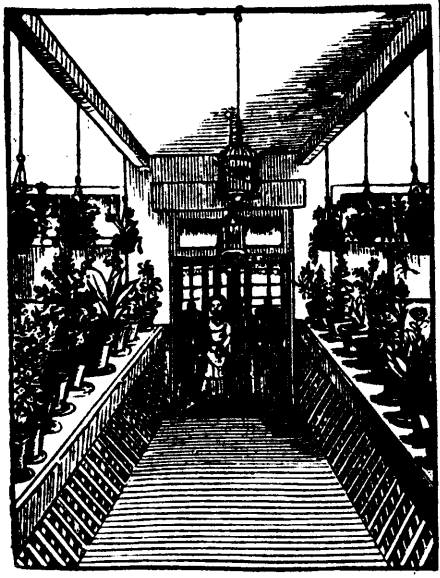
there where needed, he will cause it to rise and greater pressure to come on some portions where greater distinctness is required than at others. This is called "underlaying." More perfect work than is possible in newspapers is obtained by "patches," as they are called, pasted on the "tympan," or the sheet which presses on the face of the engraving, a process called, in contradistinction to the other, "overlaying." There are now three engravers in the employ of the WITNESS office, and by one of these, Charles Wilson, a deaf-mute, the sketches which illustrate this article were made, with three exceptions, which the reader will have no difficulty in determining. Most of the pictures were engraved by him and his *confrères*, others being executed by an etching process on zinc without the use of wood at all, or, indeed, of any engraving process, which we cannot now further refer to.

All matters in regard to the newspaper are in interest subordinate to the editing, to which everything is in all ways subsidiary. Who or what is the mysterious "We" whose opinions have such weight, and who appears to be possessed of all knowledge? Sometimes there is little mystery about it, as when the public are informed that "yesterday *we* received the finest cucumbers *we* ever ate from Mr. Gardner;" or when it is announced that "the public must excuse the small quantity of editorial matter and the mistakes in *our* paper of last week, as *we* were laid up with rheumatism." There is no poetry about a "we" who eats cucumbers or is troubled with rheumatism. But the candid impersonal opinions of a newspaper are usually of great weight and value, and enhanced by the impersonality of the writer.

That this should be the case requires no discussion. A newspaper office is the centre of information on current topics. The news gravitates to this centre as naturally as riches to a wealthy man. Thus the writer should be well-informed and be the best able to give a correct judgment on matters of general interest. Then the fact that the argus-eyed press the country over is watching his utterances closely has a tendency to cause much greater care in the expression of views than is the case in ordinary conversation, or in public addresses which will be heard and forgotten. But let a writer in a paper which has the reputation of being impartial make a mistake of consequence, and he has many correctors before the day is over. On the other hand, there is a very great disadvantage under which many papers labor. They are the "organs" of some political party, and instead of being advocates of truth, are advocates of truth only when it suits the "party." It is strange that such papers are often blindly followed, although the followers generally imagine that they are the leaders.

Suffice it to say, while on this matter, that the editor of a metropolitan daily newspaper is an impersonal individual, or individuals, who never can be seen. His functions, however, are divided, and every one who visits a newspaper may find the person he wants. The reception of visitors is one of the most engrossing duties of the editorial chair. Almost daily they come in throngs, for business or for pleasure—to receive advice, but more often to give it—to compliment, but more frequently to complain—sometimes, but proportionately seldom, to give valuable information. But the last they do, sometimes, and all such visitors are gladly welcomed.

Usually the busiest looking man on the editorial staff in a newspaper office is the managing editor, on a morning paper known as the night editor. Every item which appears in the paper except the advertisements must pass through his hands. It is his duty to see that the copy is sent in in good form and grammatically correct. He prepares the telegrams for publi-



CONNECTING BRIDGE.

cation, no inconsiderable duty, requiring an extended knowledge, exact and varied information, carefulness, tact and experience, to be properly done. No message, however ambiguous when he receives it, must be ambiguous when it leaves his hands. The contractions must be extended, the wrongly-spelled proper names put right and verified by means of atlas, directory or gazetteer, and on his zeal and ability in no slight measure depends the acceptability of the newspaper to the public.

A man of no little consequence in most daily papers is the commercial editor. He needs discretion, shrewdness, sound judgment, and above all to possess the highest sense of honor and responsibility. In these days when fortunes are made and lost in an hour, when farmers consult the newspapers as to the time to sell, and business is conducted at a feverish heat, it is necessary that all important commercial transactions be promptly and correctly reported in the daily papers. To do this properly is a matter of great difficulty. "Bulls" and "bears" are not over-scrupulous in playing a joke on a reporter sometimes, when they have an end in view, and unless the commercial editor of a paper is well up to his work he and his constituents will be often lead astray. He is supposed to be well versed in every topic of the commercial world, in stocks and produce, railroads, steamboats, dry-goods, hardware, and everything whereby men make gain.

The exchange editor of a newspaper is a man with an eye which just covers a page of print, no matter what the size. Through his hands pass all the newspapers received at the office, except, perhaps, those on special subjects, which may go to the different editors. He is usually armed with a huge pair of shears, and as he rapidly opens one paper after another, falling on something here and there of interest or probable interest, it is cut out for revision and perhaps republication. He is the "paste and scissors" editor so much talked and read about, but has no little responsibility in making a paper readable and "newsy." From the force of education or habit he knows exactly where to look for the kind of information he requires, and a single rapid glance over a page tells him at once if there is anything there for him. He is naturally well-informed in all matters interesting the country outside the city he is in, and thus becomes an authority on local politics.

The ubiquitous members of a daily newspaper staff are the city reporters. The education of habit can hardly go further than is shown in their lives. Unconsciously they are drawn to where some event is happening, or about to happen, and if the reporters are on the *qui vive*, but little need escape them. Gathering information is as much a matter of habit as the duties of the table. A reporter cannot stray along the street without finding something to make a note of, and the note is made in his mind if not in his book.

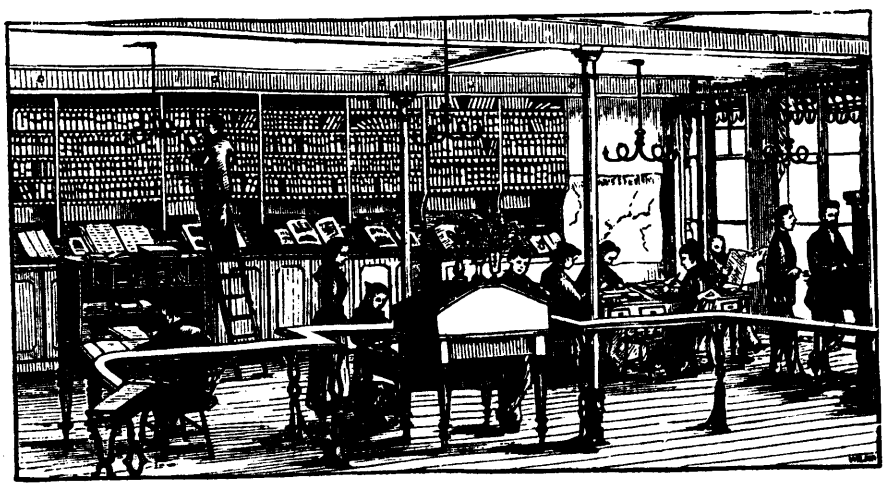
WAITING FOR THE EDITOR.

His perseverance is unmeasurable, his tact perfect, his courage undoubted, and his audacity—perhaps the least said of this the better! But it must be of a very peculiar nature—there must be no swagger about it. A reporter should not be what is best described by the vulgar term "cheeky." Such a one will never succeed. He must rather have a quiet determination which will overcome all obstacles, together with a modest demeanor and sufficient self-confidence "not to stand any nonsense;" be fluent of speech and speak with authority when he has anything to say; have a perfect knowledge of men and things of interest, and be an easy, rapid and fluent writer. It may be said that such a man would be a paragon of excellencies. However this may be, a first-class reporter is not often met, and seldom remains a reporter very long, except under specially favorable circumstances, for the opportunities to pursue other occupations, if he be a man of good character, are not few. But once a reporter, the reporting spirit never leaves him. The occupation is so full of variety and interest, that the mind constantly reverts to it. He has plenty of drudgery also. Sitting up till midnight or daylight to make a good *resume* of some dry speech is not pleasant work; digesting long and complicated reports, and many other duties, are mere drudgery, and form no small fraction of his duties. To these, however, are added the excitement belonging to the work of a detective who is employed in searching out hidden things; that of a lawyer examining and cross-examining a witness in order to arrive at the truth; of a judge weighing the evidence from all sides to come to something like a satisfactory decision on troublesome questions. It may be thought that this is an ideal view of a reporter, and that the reality is never met with in real life. But the ideal has often been reached, and during the comparatively short life of the WITNESS there have been connected with it in this and other capacities gentlemen whose names rank with the highest in commercial and professional life. The ranks of the press in England, France, and the United States, as well as Canada, are constantly being infringed on to fill those of legislators, business men and authors. There is one thing

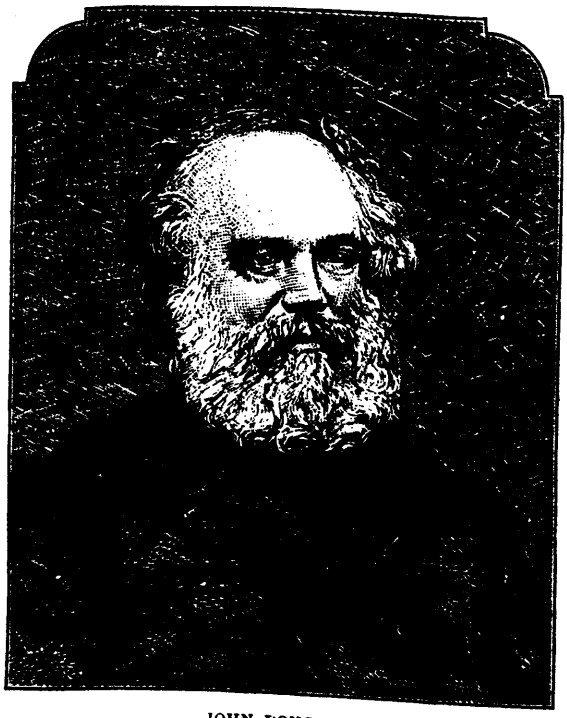
connected with reporting which always has had a tendency to lower it in the public estimation. It has been considered a means of providing men of ability, but lax in morals and irregular in habits, a means of obtaining a precarious livelihood. This has made the dangers to be met with in this course of life very great, because of the associations surrounding those engaged in it, and at one time it was supposed to be almost impossible to be a reporter and a well-living man. But the days of "Bohemianism" have passed in Canada, and for years there has but very seldom been a reporter on the WITNESS who was not at the same time a total abstainer from all that intoxicates.

We might mention very many interesting instances, showing under what difficulties information is sometimes obtained, how "secret" meetings are reported in full, and how but very little that reporters want to know is hid, but space will not permit.

We will now rapidly run through the WITNESS office. It occupies two large, three-story buildings, one fronting on St. Bonaventure street, Montreal, and the other extending back almost to Craig street in the rear. These two buildings are united by an enclosed space, which is utilized as an engine-room and storehouse. This portion is covered with a glass roof to give light to both of the buildings, which are connected by bridges ornamented with flowers and musical with the songs of birds, as suggested by the engraving. Entering by the front door from St. Bonaventure street is the business office. Ascending the large staircase shown, the editorial and reporting rooms are reached. In the latter is the library for the use of the WITNESS employees, containing over one thousand volumes. These books are lent free to all engaged in the office desirous of reading them. The principal English, American and Canadian papers are also kept on fyle. On the same flat is the correspondence department,—in which young ladies do most of the work,—the engraving department, the editor of the AURORE, and the desk of the mechanical manager. Going up stairs still higher, the "news" room is reached, where the compositors of the DAILY WITNESS perform their duties. The managing editor and the proof-readers monopolize a corner of this room. Crossing one of the bridges previously referred to, the electrotyping department is seen occupying a partitioned-off corner of the very large and airy "job" office, where are the com-



THE LIBRARY.



JOHN DOUGALL.

positors of the DOMINION MONTHLY, and where any amount of pamphlets, books, and of job work is turned out each year. Taking the hoist we descend to the next floor, which is occupied by the binding and folding room. Here also the mailing lists are kept and scores of "chases" full of names are to be seen, as well as the machines for mailing the papers. This room is the one shown in the illustration of the dinner to the newsboys, the tables, however being covered with something, to them, more attractive than sheets of pamphlets, while the walls are draped with the national flags. This room has been formally devoted to any reunions the employees may decide to hold for their own entertainment. Descending still another story, we reach the press-room, where the huge eight feeder, nineteen feet high, thirty feet long and six broad, is turning out sixteen thousand printed sheets an hour. The double building occupies 7,300 feet of ground and 20,400 feet of flooring, besides cellarage.

In all there are one hundred and twenty-eight persons employed within these walls. In the business department there are ten; in the editorial and reporting thirteen; three engravers; four in the promotion and correspondence department; thirty-five compositors on the DAILY WITNESS, including foremen; four proof-readers and copy-holders; two electrotypers; thirteen job printers; eighteen folders and binders; four despatchers; three compositors to keep the mailing lists in order; fifteen pressmen; one engineer, and four drivers for delivery to city dealers.

Besides these there are a host of others, a part of whose sustenance is obtained from the WITNESS. Newsboys, carriers, dealers, correspondents, telegraphic operators, writers, agents and others, all make a list of no little importance. Female labor is extensively used in the offices, there being no less than thirty-seven young women employed. Amongst all the employees there has grown up a commendable *esprit de corps*, which is much to be admired. There are but few changes in the *personnel* of any department, and the good feeling amongst all has much to do with the general efficiency of the establishment, and will conduce to make it still more prosperous and useful.

So much has been said about the WITNESS office that there is little room for the WITNESS itself. It will remain a lasting monument to the zeal of Mr. John Dougall, who is now in New

York, endeavoring to engineer the New York WITNESS to success. Its history has been one of trial, perseverance, but ultimate success all through. It was started in Montreal as a weekly in January, 1846, on a basis then entirely novel in Canada. It was devoted to the advance of religion, religious liberty, temperance, and of all moral and social reforms, and to the education of the people in matters affecting their moral or material well-being, standing entirely alone on many questions. The following, from the opening article in the first number, shows the object for which the paper was started, and the course marked out for it to pursue.

* * * "We say good papers, for assuredly the utmost of care should be exercised to keep such sheets as have a demoralizing tendency away from the hallowed precincts of the family circle.

"The Canadian field is comparatively unoccupied at present, and, therefore, the importance of sowing good seed early and plentifully can scarcely be over-rated, otherwise it will, doubtless, soon be filled with tares and thistles."

* * * "The power of the press is incalculable; it is, probably, the very first element, next to the living voice, of general influence; should not, then the Lord's people make every effort to wield it on His side, and not tamely abandon it to the god of this world." * * *

"By occupying the field for the Lord, we do not mean, however, the publication exclusively, or even chiefly, of what is called religious matter. We mean that every subject,—History, Science, Education, Agriculture, News, and in a word, all the affairs of life,—should be treated and illustrated as part and parcel of the Moral and Providential Government of an infinitely great, just, wise, and good God, whose crowning mercy is displayed on the cross of Christ.

"'I have never wanted articles on religious subjects half so much as articles on common subjects written with a decidedly religious tone,' were the words of Dr. Arnold, one of the master minds of the age, words which the Religious Tract Society of London has appropriately chosen as the motto of a series of volume publications intended to supply the Christian family, and in fact, the world, with the requisite information upon important secular subjects, tinged, or rather embued, with the spirit of pure, undefiled religion, instead of the spirit of infidelity or licentiousness which has too often pervaded popular publications hitherto. In fact, they seek to efface the brand of Satan from popular literature, and substitute the stamp of Christ; and is this not a worthy object of Christian ambition? For ourselves we would say, that our highest aim is to spend, and be spent, in humbly endeavoring to contribute to the attainment of such an object."

LOCKING UP "DOMINION" FORM.

At the close of the year the following course was laid down :

"It is our intention to carry on the '*Witness*' substantially as it has been carried on during the past year—testifying for great truths as occasions may arise ; acknowledging no sect but Christianity, and regarding no politics but those of the kingdom of God; yet devoting much attention to everything that regards the physical welfare and social improvement of the people of Canada."

This was no idle expression of intention, as the history of the paper to the present time gives evidence. As it was instituted it remains to-day. It is amusing to read that in 1864 it began agitating for public baths—which it is agitating for now—and that it began working for a reduction in postage, which soon after it was successful in obtaining. It began publishing pictures in the second number issued, and still gives more space to them than other journals. For several of its early years appeals were made to subscribers to assist it so that it might be able to live and become a success. But the crisis once past it grew rapidly and firmly. It became a semi-weekly at the time it adopted first in Canada the cash system of payments, by which it was able to give just twice as much for the money. On the visit of the Prince of Wales in 1860, a daily was commenced experimentally. It was so popular from the first that it was continued. Its circulation, which began with hundreds, rapidly grew to thousands. As it became prosperous its production became expensive. First it was a very small sheet which might easily be sold for a cent with some profit. But as it grew older the necessity for improvement became more pressing until it now, in interest and the quantity and value of its contents, excels papers which attain to the proud dignity of selling fewer copies at three cents or more.

At first it was printed on a single feeder press in a back office; now it is printed on the gigantic eight feeder spoken of above. In 1860 the weekly pay list amounted to $80, which was paid to sixteen employees; now it amounts to $925, paid to one hundred and twenty-eight employees.

The NORTHERN MESSENGER was commenced in 1865, as a four-paged semi-monthly, under the title, CANADIAN MESSENGER. Its circulation then was small, but now it has attained to nearly fifty thousand copies. The NEW DOMINION MONTHLY began its existence contemporaneously with the Dominion of Canada, on July 1st, 1867. It has not had a very vigorous life until late years, but it seems to have overcome all its hinderances. It is now enjoying much popularity, and a long and useful career is looked forward to for it. The youngest of the WITNESS publications is L'AURORE, a child of adoption, which is pubished in French,—the only Protestant paper in America in that language. It is undergoing its struggle for existence and is weathering the storm bravely, and every day adds to its chance of ultimate success. All these publications are sent forth in the hope that they will be the instruments of good and blessing to many. Unless this object had been in some measure fulfilled, it is most likely that none of them would have lived any length of time. They were all, at starting, losing ventures in a monetary point of view, and in that respect have thus far little more than made ends meet; but in the higher reward sought—that of becoming engines of usefulness, they have exceeded all expectation.

G. H. F.

Young Folks.

HELEN MORLEY.

"Oh, mamma! here is a letter from cousin Helen," said my little daughter Grace, coming with breathless haste into my presence. "Please read it quickly, I want so much to hear when she is coming."

I opened the letter and told Grace that Helen was coming next evening, and she might go with her father to the station to meet her.

Helen Morley was my sister's only child. She had lost both her parents when scarcely four years old, and had been adopted by her grandmother, whose recent death had left her again without protectors, and placed me in the position of her natural guardian. I had not seen Helen since she was nine months old, but my heart yearned for the motherless girl, who was so near the age of my own Grace, and after a brief consultation with my husband, I determined to write to her friends and request that she should be sent to me without delay. I would have liked to go for her myself, but the journey was a long one, and my baby, little Fred, was too ill to spare me.

Grace was very busy all afternoon. I did not ask what she was doing, but as she flitted about the house I could imagine that great preparations were being made for the reception of cousin Helen, and once, when I passed through the garden, my eyes rested upon sundry articles belonging to a doll's wardrobe which were spread upon the currant bushes to dry. In the evening we went to the furniture shop to order a bedstead for Helen.

"I wonder if she will like living with us," Grace said, on our way home; "I should think any little girl would like living in a beautiful place like this, and you will give her everything she wants—won't you, mamma?"

"Everything that is good for her, and that I can afford," I said.

"Yes, that is what I mean. Dresses, and playthings, and books, just the same as you get for me."

"And you will not be jealous of her, my love?" I said, patting my little girl's cheek, for Grace had never had a rival, and I doubted if her heart was large enough to rejoice in the prospect of sharing our affections with another; but when she turned her large, truthful eyes upon me, saying, "Oh no, mamma, I am glad that you are going to be Helen's mother too," I rejoiced in this new proof of her generous nature.

The next evening we had a snowstorm, but as I could not bear to disappoint Grace, I wrapped her up warmly, and let her go in the sleigh with her father. It was not long before they returned, and my two little girls stood before me. Helen, though three months younger than Grace, was nearly a head taller.

"Take off her veil, Amy, and let us see what she looks like," said my husband. "I have not seen her face yet."

I unwound her cloud, and we passed a silent comment on the fair, sweet face, which any stranger might have admired, while my little Grace, who had no pretensions to beauty, exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma, isn't she lovely?"

"She is like her mother," I said, clasping her to my heart. "Dear little Helen! We are so glad to claim you." Then Grace took her to her room, in which there was a bright fire, and they two sat down upon the hearth rug, where I left them to make acquaintance. When the tea bell rang they came downstairs, and we could not help remarking what a contrast they presented; Grace in her simple calico frock and pinafore, with her hair neatly braided behind her ears, according to the fashion of little girls in those days, and Helen in her new black dress so elaborately made, her fair hair falling in ringlets to her waist. I was glad to notice that she was not at all shy, but seemed already to feel at home with us.

"Grace has been telling me all about school," she said. "And I am so glad I am to go with her. It is so dull learning lessons at home."

"Have you never been at school, Helen?" I asked.

"No, I always said my lessons to grandmamma, and I don't know much," she added ingenuously.

"Well, I daresay you will get on nicely; Miss Hill is a very patient teacher, and Grace is making rapid progress under her instructions. The school will reopen next week, will it not?" I said, turning to Grace.

"Yes, mamma, on Thursday. I will ask Miss Hill to put Helen into my class, and if she finds the lessons hard I can help her at home."

Miss Hill, however, did not consider Helen sufficiently advanced to go into Grace's class, and this circumstance was a keen mortification to my little niece, who, being an only child, and accustomed to excessive indulgence, had never before been judged solely by her own merits. Already I began to discover that Helen's faults were those to which sensitive natures are most prone. The love of approbation, which, when kept within due bounds, is a natural and pleasing trait in all amiable characters, had in her case been fostered until it had grown into a morbid craving for the admiration of every one with whom she came in contact, while praise that was bestowed upon others she regarded as a detraction from herself.

A few days after Helen came to us, and before the school reopened, she and Grace were asked to assist in decorating the church for Christmas; Grace felt quite flattered at the invitation, as it was the first time her services had been enlisted in such a cause, but Helen, who had considerable artistic talent, had often been employed on similar occasions.

It was late when my little girls came home, but I was not anxious about them, as Miss Hill had promised to take charge of them.

"Oh, mamma, you don't know what beautiful things Helen can make!" was Grace's first exclamation, as she rushed into the room where I was sitting. "You will be quite surprised when I show you to-morrow, and she did them all by herself."

"And what did you do?" I inquired.

"Oh! I helped to get the evergreens ready; you know they have to be cut into little pieces to save time."

"Then your work was quite as useful, although the result was not as perceptible," said her father.

Grace looked pleased at the compliment; but Helen said, "We could not get on at all if we had not some one to wait upon us. Last year my little cousins Tom and Walter Morley did all the rough work for me."

When the children went to bed that night my husband remarked, "Our little girls are as different in character as they are in appearance. Helen's love of praise will incline her always to seek the foremost place, and you will have to warn her against mistaking praise for merit."

"Yes," I said, "we shall have to teach her the difference between seeming and being, and it is a hard lesson

for those who have been accustomed to value unmerited praise; but example will do more for Helen than precept."

It was about a fortnight after this that Helen came from school one evening a little earlier than Grace, and passing me in the hall, ran quickly upstairs and into her room, the door of which I heard her lock. I had not seen her face, but I could not help feeling that something was wrong with her, and when Grace came in a few minutes later, I asked, "What is the matter with Helen?"

"I don't know, I am sure, mamma," she answered, looking distressed.

"I hope you have not said or done anything to hurt her feelings?" I said. "She is still almost a stranger, and you ought to take her part whenever you can conscientiously do so."

"Indeed, I do, mamma, but some girls, you know, will be disagreeable, and they say they don't like Helen, because she always wants to be first. I think she does, too," Grace said, lowering her voice, as if afraid of being unjust. "She told me the other day that she wanted all the girls in school to like her better than anybody else, and she wouldn't walk with Annie Ross because she said she liked me the best."

"Poor little girl!" I said, "she will learn in time to be grateful for even a small measure of affection." Then I told Grace to go upstairs and try to comfort her. Grace, however, knocked at the door without gaining admission.

When Helen came to tea, I saw that her eyes were red with weeping, but I did not ask her any questions, thinking it wiser to wait until we knew each other better, and she had learned to give me her confidence, and this happily came about sooner than I expected.

One evening, early in the spring, my little girls had gone with some friends to a sacred concert, and I was putting Freddie to bed, when Mrs. Gordon, our clergyman's wife, came in to see me. She had some collecting cards, which had been given her at a missionary meeting the week before.

"I thought," she said, "you would not mind Grace taking one. It is so hard to get collectors just now, and Grace is such a favorite with everybody that she would be sure to get subscriptions; besides, it seems as if little girls were the very ones for this work, as the object is the education of Indian children."

"I have never allowed Grace to collect," I said, "she is rather young, and perhaps too timid, and her father likes to see little girls retiring and objects to their being much in the street; however, I think I shall venture to let her go this time, and she can take Helen with her."

When the children came home I told Grace of the promise I had made for her.

"Oh, I shall like going very much if Helen goes with me," she said, "and I know lots of people on Lake street who will be sure to give me money. Rosa Lee and Mary Wood, and two or three more girls in our school live there."

"You had better set out immediately after breakfast," I said, "if the day is fine."

Helen had not spoken all this time, and as I turned to her I saw that she looked dissatisfied. "You will find it a pleasant walk, Helen," I said, "and Grace must ask Mrs. Lee to let you go into her conservatory—she has such beautiful flowers."

"I do not want to go," Helen said, trying to speak with decision. "Of course, if they wanted me to collect it would be different; but it would look absurd for me to walk beside Grace, and I am sure she would just as soon go alone, or take some one else with her."

"But I would not let her go alone, and I am sure she would rather take you than any one else."

"Yes, indeed I would," Grace said, taking her hand affectionately. But Helen still felt slighted, and without further remark left the room.

"I have been thinking, mamma," said Grace, "that it would be just the same if Helen collected the money, and I went with her. I can show her all the houses, and I am sure she would like to hold the card and put down the names. She is so much taller than I am, and knows so much better what to say."

"But Helen is a stranger to most of the people here," I said, "and Mrs. Gordon chose you because you are so well known. No, Grace, we cannot yield to her in this. You must speak pleasantly to her, and I am sure she will go to oblige you."

Helen went, but not very cheerfully, and as I watched her receding figure I thought that the time had come for me to speak to her about her fault, which, if not corrected, would stand in the way of much usefulness in after life.

It was late when the children came home. Grace was in high spirits, and wanted to take the money to Mrs. Gordon that night. I said, however, that the next day would be time enough, and reminded her that if she did not practice before bed-time she would not know her music lesson in the morning. Then, being hungry, the children did ample justice to their tea, after which Grace took a lamp into the drawing-room, and Helen brought her school books to the table where I was sitting. She did not, however, seem to be in a very studious mood, and complained of a head-ache.

"Suppose you put your books away for to night," I said, "and get up an hour earlier in the morning—you can get on so much faster when you come fresh to your work." She obeyed my suggestion, put away her books, and brought her chair closer to mine, then, looking into my face with that sweet, ingenuous smile which was peculiarly her own, she said, "Auntie, I am afraid I was very proud last night, not to want to go with Grace."

I was glad that she had given me the opportunity I sought, and taking her hand tenderly, I said "Helen, darling, this is something I want to talk to you about, but I am glad that you know you were in the wrong."

"When I heard Grace talking to you last night," she said, "I thought it was so kind of her to want me to take her place, and I wonder if she never felt as I did; but I am sure now she doesn't."

"Then you have been talking about it?"

"Yes," she added, "Grace has been telling me how you taught her when she was a little child to ask questions of her own heart every night, and I am going to do that too."

"Well, my love, you will have to be on your guard," I said, "for the Bible tells us that 'The heart is deceitful above all things,' and, if you are not really in earnest about knowing the truth, your heart will suggest excuses which do not exist, and your self-examination will become a mockery."

"But, Auntie, you do not know how hard it is to have people set you aside, and think you are nobody, when you have been accustomed to be thought so much of."

"But we do not set you aside, dear child."

"No, not you, nor Uncle, nor Grace, but the girls at school do, and if Grace was not here it would be different, but of course she has a right to be put before me."

"We do not recognize any such right, Helen, but in coveting the foremost place I fear you are thinking only of the world's opinion, and it has been wisely said that 'Those who would stand fast must not covet to stand high.' You remember, too, how our

Lord Jesus censured the Scribes and Pharisees who loved the uppermost rooms at feasts and greetings in the markets. He, who knew their hearts, saw that it was selfishness which prompted them, and so it is with you, dear Helen. If you look into your heart you will see that you did not want to go with Grace because you knew that you would not get the credit of collecting the money; but if you were really unselfish you would be glad that a good work is done, although you have no part in doing it."

Helen's head sank lower, as if self-convicted, but I raised her up, and, kissing her, said, "Now that we have begun to analyze motives, let us look a little deeper, and ask if you would have been quite satisfied to have taken Grace's part in decorating the church at Christmas."

"No," she answered, frankly, "I wanted everybody to see what I had done, and I was angry because I thought you did not praise my work enough."

"Then you were not satisfied, after all, but Grace was quite satisfied although no one saw her work. The consciousness that she had succeeded in being useful was all she wanted, and she had that."

Just then Grace closed the piano, and as it was nine o'clock we summoned the servants to family prayers, after which the girls went to bed.

I felt that I had made some impression upon Helen, but I could not hope that my words would soon bear fruit, for I knew that prayer and watching were the means required.

There was great destitution in our little village that winter, owing to the failure of the last year's crops, and we had organized a sewing class in order to raise funds for the relief of the poor. My little girls, who could both sew neatly, were members of this class, which met twice a week at different houses, and was to meet at my house on the Monday after the conversation with Helen which I have related above. It happened about that time that my nurse was taken ill, and had to go home for a few weeks, and as the cook was a stranger to little Freddie I did not like to leave him in her charge, nor could I bring him into the sewing-room, where he would have interfered with our work, for he was only fourteen months old, and a very noisy little fellow. I therefore told the girls that one of them would have to stay in the nursery and take care of him. I secretly hoped that Helen would have offered, but she did not, and when the ladies began to assemble, Grace carried her little charge upstairs, smiling as she went.

That night when I went to the children's room to kiss them, as usual, I found they were both awake, and an hour after, when I had retired myself, I heard Helen say, "Grace, I want you to come and sit on my bed for a while." Grace went to her, and she asked, "How soon will there be a sewing class here again?"

"Oh, not for a long time. In about a month."

"Do you think Ellen will be well by that time?"

"Yes, I should think so; she only intended to be away a fortnight."

"I hope she won't come back for six months," Helen said, emphatically.

"Why do you hope so?" asked Grace, in some surprise, "I am sure she is a nice girl."

"So she is, but I want to take care of Freddie myself."

There was a long pause, and then Helen continued, "My motive was a selfish one, to-day, Grace. I thought I would braid that little pinafore that Mrs. Graham had stamped, and everybody would think it so pretty, for I really can braid nicely."

"I know you can, but why did you not do it?"

"I don't know; everything seemed to go wrong. First, Mrs. Lee asked me if I had ever braided anything be-

fore, and I felt angry with her, because she ought to have known when she saw how fast I could do it; and then, when I had done about six patterns, Mrs. Gordon looked at it and said, 'It will be no use at all if you do not scald the braid. It will all shrink up the first time it is washed.' So I had to rip it, and scald the braid. I don't know why people will be so disagreeable."

"Oh, Helen, dear!" said Grace, laughing, "she did not mean to be disagreeable, but I don't wonder that you were disappointed."

"It is just like the church," said Helen, forgetting that Grace had not been present at our conversation, "Whenever I want people to praise my work, they are sure not to do it, so I am going to try and be like you. I don't think you are ever disappointed."

"Oh, yes I am, sometimes," said Grace; but mamma says I ought to be satisfied when my own conscience tells me that I have done right, and I was not disappointed to-day, for I knew I had done the best thing I could for mamma, in keeping Freddie upstairs."

"But wouldn't you have been sorry if no one had asked where you were?" said Helen.

"I don't know. Perhaps I would."

"I am sure I would; but I am going to try if Ellen doesn't come back. Good night, I wish I were as good a girl as you, Grace," and the voice ceased.

It happened that my nurse did not return, and it was several weeks before I could hear of one to suit me. During that time Helen was very thoughtful in helping Grace to take care of Freddie whenever she could spare the time from her lessons, and my own observation soon convinced me that the ruling passion of her mind was being slowly, but surely, brought into subjection to nobler and truer feelings. On one occasion, I remember, some friends were spending the evening with me, and one of them expressed a wish to hear Grace play on the piano; now Helen was an excellent musician for her age, but Grace had very little talent. I would not, however, allow her to refuse on that account, but told her that she must do her best, and she would at least deserve credit for being obliging. She went shyly to the piano, and played a few little airs, then retired to a corner, as if anxious to escape observation.

"Your niece can play, I suppose?" said my friend.

"Yes, she plays remarkably well," I said, and I called upon Helen to give us some music.

Just then my presence was required in the dining-room, and when I returned Helen had left the piano, and the subject of music was dismissed from my mind; but the next day I heard Grace say:

"Helen, why did not you play some of your new pieces last night, instead of those common little airs?"

Helen did not answer immediately.

"I think I know why," she continued, "you did not want to make me look so stupid."

"You are not stupid," was all that Helen said, and I felt sure that Grace had divined her motive. She had been more anxious to spare Grace's feelings than to gain applause herself, but a few months before Helen could not have resisted the opportunity for displaying her proficiency.

It was now April, and many were the pleasant walks I had with my little girls through the green lanes, which were the principal attraction in our neighborhood. Sometimes we took Freddie with us, and it was pleasant to see his little face light up, as he listened to the singing of the birds overhead, or peeped for the first time into the book of nature which we had been reading so long. Baby like, he wanted everything he saw, and would toddle after us with his hand tightly closed upon some newly acquired treasure; a deserted snail-shell, a feather, a

fragment of last year's moss, or a dead beetle, all possessed the charm of novelty for him, and once he fairly laughed with joy as he came upon a violet hidden in a clump of green foliage upon the edge of a bank. A violet in April! We gathered round the little herald of spring, speaking tender words of welcome, until baby clasped it tighter, feeling that now indeed he had secured a prize, and then we walked on, looking for more violets, but found none. Helen lingered behind us in a silent mood, and when she came up I asked her if she were tired, for she had not been very well.

"No, I am not tired," she said, "but these shady lanes make me think. Everything is so still and beautiful."

"And so harmoniously complete," I added. "No element of discontent is here, to mar the beauty of God's work."

"That is just what I was thinking," Helen said. "These great trees would not look half so well if it were not for the moss and lichens that grow on their trunks, and the under-brush that surrounds them, and the little trees are just as pretty as the great ones, and more graceful, only they don't shade us as well, and the flowers are so pure and beautiful, they seem to be growing just where God planted them."

"And doing his work in their little sphere," I said, "for I believe that even the violet that peeps from the mossy bank to gladden the heart of a little child is doing God service as surely as the giant oak whose spreading branches afford a shelter to the weary traveller."

"If I had been a violet I am afraid I should have wanted to be an oak, or a very tall violet that every one could see; but great things are not always the best," Helen said, half sadly, "and I am beginning to feel that this world would not be half so pleasant if it were not for the weak, and the small, and the humble."

"That reminds me of Mr. Gordon's sermon last night," said Grace. "His text was about God choosing the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty;" and we walked on, continuing our conversation, while I rejoiced to discover that Helen's aim now was to deserve admiration, and not merely to gain it, as in former days.

HILIER LORETTA.

JACK GRANGER'S COUSIN.

BY JULIA A. MATTHEWS.

CHAPTER XIV.—*Continued.*

"I am glad that you are here, Aunt Nellie," he said, "for my wretched story will not need to be repeated. Jack," and he turned sharply upon his cousin, "you have gained your wish. You told me that you wanted me to care for you. You remember?"

"Yes," said Jack softly.

He was fairly awed by Paul's look and manner. The boy's face was absolutely colorless, but it was set with some strong, fixed purpose, which made it a more manly face than it had ever looked to him before; and there was that in his voice and in his appearance which gave Jack a feeling of respectful astonishment. Could this be his weak babyish cousin? he thought. What had worked the change in him? But Paul did not leave him much time for conjectures and surmisings.

"Then let me tell you," he went on, in the same resolute way, "that I do think well of you; I think you are the noblest fellow I ever saw or heard of; and I do care for you; I do more—I love you. Wait—this is not half I have to tell;" and he pushed away, almost roughly, the hand which Jack, springing eagerly forward, had held out to him, "and when the rest is told, no honest fellow will give me his hand; you least of all. Jack Granger, I am nothing less than a common thief. I stole your picture; and—it—it has been destroyed. You cannot have even the hope of restoring it. It was torn to pieces, and the pieces—the pieces have been burned. Say what you will to me; do what you will. The most cruel words you can speak, the heaviest punishment my uncle can inflict, will not begin to compare with the words which I say to myself, or the pain I suffer from my own thoughts."

He stood waiting, with his head sunk low, and his hands twisting themselves helplessly together. But the cruel words he waited for did not fall upon his shrinking ear.

"My picture? You stole it? Paul Stuyvesant?" Jack stammered, at last, "I—I can't seem to understand." and he glanced, with a hopeless sort of look in his face, toward his father.

"Paul," said the doctor sternly, "do you know what you are saying? Can you mean us to understand that you have destroyed Jack's drawing?"

"I did that which was just as bad. I took the picture."

"When? How could you obtain it without being seen?"

"It was this morning. You were at the Brewsters', Jack was on his way to school, and Aunt Nellie was with him; we saw you all, and I was very angry, as you know, and I was tempted—and yielded—and—"

"You gave the picture to Philip Ward, and he destroyed it?" asked the doctor, as the boy hesitated, and finally came to a dead stop.

The "yes" which was spoken in answer to the question was scarcely more than breathed out, it was so tremulous and low; for the doctor's eyes were fearfully stern, and the doctor's voice was terrible in its tone of subdued wrath and indignation. And besides, the tremendous strain under which the boy had been laboring was beginning to tell upon him; he felt faint and ill; and in the silence which followed his answer, he tottered

backward, and sank feebly down into a chair which stood near him. Even then the stillness was not broken by any words. Mrs. Granger left her seat, and came to him, loosened his neck-tie gently, but with such cold fingers that their touch upon his throat sent a chill through him, and gave him a glass of water. Then she went back to her seat, which was close beside Jack, who had thrown himself into a chair, and was sitting with his arms folded upon its back, and his face hidden upon them. After a while Dr. Granger rose from his seat, and going up to Jack, laid his hand upon his bowed head. The boy moved, stretched out his hand, and without lifting his face, faltered—"Father!" in a tone of piteous distress. If he had cried out—"What shall I do?" the question could not have been more easily understood than by the utterance of that one appealing word.

"My son," said the doctor, "I should like to have you decide this matter for yourself. I think that I know—of course we must all know—what is in your mind. I do not wish to advise you; I know that my boy will, notwithstanding all that he has had to bear, behave like a gentleman, and a christian."

Without a word, Jack folded his arms again, and sat, as before, with his face completely hidden. The minutes rolled on, with not a sound to break the silence but the soft tick, tick, tick, of the clock upon the mantel. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty minutes; and still he sat there, motionless. Perhaps Jack Granger, boy or man, never fought such a battle in his life as he waged with himself that afternoon; but, when he lifted up his face, heavy-eyed, harassed, and weary though it was, both father and mother knew that the victory was his, that their boy had stood the test of as severe a temptation as often falls to the lot of the young.

"I will be down again in a moment," he said, rising, and moving toward the door. And, a few moments later, he re-entered the room, carrying in his hand his own portfolio.

"I suppose," he said, with a smile which made the tears in his mother's eyes overleap their bounds, and roll down her cheeks, "I suppose, father, that behaving like a gentleman and a christian means, in this case, the returning of this picture, in spite—Paul," and he moved quickly toward his cousin, as if he dared not trust himself further, "will you take this over, or—"

"No, no!" exclaimed Paul vehemently. "He must not, he shall not have it!" And he thrust away the half-open portfolio, in which he could see Philip's drawing.

"He must have it," said Jack, quietly fastening the case. "Two wrongs can not make a right. I have been trying to think that they could; but it won't do, Paul. This must be sent back. If you do not care to take it, James shall carry it over at once. Shall I send him, father?"

"I will send him for you," said the doctor, and he took the portfolio from Jack's hands.

"Wait one moment, please," said Jack, as Dr. Granger stood beside him. "No one need know anything about this. Paul would never have done such a thing if he had not been urged beyond his strength. And then, he was very angry, and more ready, I suppose, to give in on that account. He has not said much about Philip, but we all know that Paul is too true a chap to do anything like that of his own accord. We must protect him now, father; and the only way is to hide the whole thing, even from Tom. I told Tom that I should withdraw my picture, unless I could restore Ward's; and I will just hold on to the keeping it back, whether or no. He'll only think I'm queer, and so will the rest, but I can stand that. If it is known that Ward has done this, it will surely leak out that he dragged Paul into it; even if he doesn't say so right out, as he will be most likely to do. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, my son, I think so," said the

doctor, with a quiver in his voice; and then he turned to his wife, a very suspicious brightness shining in his eyes. "Mother, what do you think?" he said.

"I think—"

But Mrs. Granger failed to tell what she thought, unless her arms clasped around her boy's neck, and the warm kisses and tears raining on his face, as she held him close, told the story. But after a moment, her sympathising heart turned to the desolate-looking figure in the arm-chair; for her own boy, tried, disappointed, and baffled though he were, had come out of his trial more dearly loved, more heartily trusted than ever, the very pride and joy of those who loved him best; and this poor boy!—

"Paul," she said kindly, crossing to where he sat, bowed down by this last stroke more hopelessly than ever.

"Oh, Aunt Nellie!" he cried out. "How can I bear it? I am too wretched. Oh, if he only had not forgiven me like this! But, Jack," and he held out both his hands to his cousin, "don't believe that I knew what Philip would do. He said he wanted to hide it, to give you a fright; and promised to return it in time to be handed in on Friday. Don't believe that even I, wicked as I have proved myself, would have aided him to do this. I felt as if I should die when I saw him tear it to pieces! What can I do to make you believe me?"

"I do believe you, you poor fellow," said Jack, all the tenderness of his big heart moved by this pitiful appeal, and by the real distress in his cousin's face. "I am as sorry for you as I can be. I always knew Philip would sink you, some time or other, for you are far too innocent a youngster to go hand-in-glove with him. Now, let bygones be bygones. If, by losing my poor little Snap, and my hope of the prize, I have won you, Paul, I'm almost willing to let them go;" and the earnest face, so worn and tired with its hard struggle that it looked years older to Paul's eyes than it had looked that morning, was bent close to his. "Shall we be friends, honest friends, now?"

"Oh, Jack!"

And then Paul broke into a fit of sobbing, as if he were a child; and Jack gently loosened his clinging arms, and went away, leaving him with his mother.

CHAPTER XV.

MISS PAULINE TO THE FRONT.

Great was the stir, and wonderment, and opposition, too, when Jack quietly announced on Friday morning that he should not offer his picture in competition for the prize; but even Tom had to content himself with his own conjectures.

"You must let me do as I please, without seeing any good reason for it, old boy," Jack had said, when Tom urged him to reconsider what he could not but think a very foolish resolution. "Don't nag a fellow into giving whys and wherefores which he has no right to give. This much I will tell you, that if you had been placed just as I have been, you would have done just as I have done."

Tom, whose eyes were as keen and observant as those of most young people, had his own thoughts on the subject, although he by no means suspected the whole truth. For no one could be on the intimate footing which he held in Dr. Granger's house, without seeing at once the change in Paul's demeanor toward Jack. He was with him almost constantly, his soft eyes following him with a sort of worship wherever he went; and his voice, when he spoke to his cousin, had in it an affectionate tone which Tom had certainly never noticed before. What could have caused the change? Jack's manner toward Paul was peculiar, too. The old protectiveness was all there, yet there was an indefinable change in it.

"He is almost respectful to Stuyvesant," said Tom to himself, trying to

make things clear to his own mind. "Sometimes I think Paul has done something outrageous, and Jack is helping him through the scrape; and then again, when I see Jack seeming to think so much more of him than he used to, I almost believe that Miss Pauline has come out in some surprising light that makes him feel that he owes her an apology for thinking her such small potatoes. They've certainly had some kind of a breeze there which has blown over, and left them better friends than before; but it takes more brains than I am master of to make it out," and Tom shook his head, and gave up the knotty point as quite beyond his powers.

But, after a day or two, the truth, to some extent, began to be whispered abroad. Mr. Ward, without allowing Philip to touch the picture which Jack had sent back to him, or even permitting him to return to Mr. Martin's to bid farewell to his friends, sent him at once to a boarding-school at some distance from Camlot; and, in his wrath at Philip's conduct, and his generous admiration of Jack's behavior, had himself let slip the secret which the Grangers had so carefully concealed; so far, at least, as the simple destruction of Jack's drawing was concerned; of Paul's share in the transaction he had never spoken a word.

Meantime, things went on very quietly at the doctor's. As the days wore on and Jack grew accustomed to his disappointment, his spirits returned, and he was as gay and bright as ever. He and Paul were almost invariably together, and their schoolfellows all noticed, as Tom had done, their changed manner toward one another. But Paul was even more grave and serious than before, mixing but little in the amusements of his companions, and going about all his pursuits with a thoughtful, preoccupied look and manner, as if his whole mind were absorbed in something quite apart from his present employments.

"He can't get over the loss of Philip Ward," and Sam Jackson, one day, when he and Will Haydon were talking over school matters together; "but he seems to be taking Jack into his desolate heart in a manner that is quite touching. Perhaps it is because it was his friend who played Granger that rascally trick. I wish that we could get at the rights of that story. There is something behind that we don't understand, I'm sure."

"Of course there is, but we'll never know it. Jack is as close as a steel-trap when he chooses to be, and he certainly chooses to be, just now. I'm glad Ward's off, though; I never could endure the sight of him. How do the votes stand for the General Improvement, do you know?"

"I haven't the least notion. Generally it seems to leak out in some way, but this year nobody appears to have any idea of it. We will have to wait until Friday, when we cast, I rather think. There seem to be half a dozen fellows to the front, by what the chaps say."

The prize for general improvement in Mr. Martin's school had always been adjudged by the vote of the scholars; the "improvement" being so "general" as to include generosity and courtesy on the play-ground as well as, and perhaps more especially than, proficiency in the class-room. This year the excitement with regard to this prize had been almost equal to that felt with respect to the reward for the best drawing; but, as the votes were not taken until the last day of the school-term, the question was, of course, still unsettled, for favoritism ran unusually high, and there were so many competitors in the field that the issue was much more doubtful than usual.

Examination day dawned, as examination days should always dawn, bright and fair; and the glorious sunshine seemed to be reflected in almost every face of the eager, expectant crowd which gathered in the school rooms to join in the pleasant exercises of the day.

"Well, old fellow," said Tom

Brewster, meeting Jack and Paul as they entered the school-ground together, and addressing himself to Jack, "You look pretty jolly. Don't you feel tolerably mad though, this morning, thinking of what might have been?"

"Oh, I'd like to know that I was going in for the prize, and no mistake," said Jack. "This will be the first year since I came in that I have gone home on prize-day quite empty-handed," he added, as Paul turned from them to join another boy who had just spoken to him, "but never mind. It's no use to cry over spilt milk, you know, Tom. Poor Paul! I believe he feels a great deal worse about it than I do. He scarcely ate a mouthful of breakfast this morning; and I can see that he is strung up to the very last pitch. I shall be glad, for his sake, when the whole thing is over and done with."

"'For his sake' goes a good way with you, Jack. You're a regular trump; and I know where my vote for improvement goes," and Tom put his arm affectionately over Jack's shoulder.

"You're another," said his friend, heartily returning Tom's loving grip. "But as for your vote, old boy, you're a goose if you throw it away like that. I never had a chance for that prize; and even if I had, I have lost it, for I gave so much time to poor little Snap that I only just kept my head above water in other things. I came very near being swamped more than once. There's 'the bells, the bells, the tintinabulation of the bells, bells, bells!' Hurry up!" and the two boys went in among the crowd of merry, happy-hearted fellows who were pressing in through the wide hall to the large recitation room where the votes were to be taken for the prize for improvement.

This little ceremony was always gone through with in the morning, but the prizes were not awarded until the afternoon, after a public examination to which the parents and friends of the scholars were invited.

"Young gentlemen," said Mr. Martin, when school had been opened with the usual exercises, "the first thing in order this morning is the casting of the vote for the reward for General Improvement."

There was a little stir through the room, a movement of expectation and eager interest in the part each had to play; in the midst of which, to the great surprise of all, and especially of Jack Granger, Paul Stuyvesant rose in his place, and with a face as white as marble, but in a clear, flute-like voice, spoke to the head-master.

"Mr. Martin," he said quietly, "may I say a few words to you and to my school-mates before we proceed to the duties of the day? I have a short story to tell, and I should like to relate it before you or any of the masters leave the room."

"Don't, Paul, don't!" whispered Jack, very earnestly, seizing Paul's arm, and trying to draw him down again into his seat beside him, for something in Paul's manner gave him a suspicion of his cousin's intention.

But Paul put aside his hand, and without even glancing toward him, kept his steady eyes fixed on Mr, Martin, awaiting his answer. A smile crossed the master's lips at the primly spoken request, but no one could fail to see that his pupil was most thoroughly and gravely in earnest, and he answered kindly—

"We can spare you a few minutes, certainly."

For a moment Paul stood perfectly silent, his slight hands clasped tightly together, and his lips parted, as if the breath had left them in his strong excitement. But in another instant he controlled himself, and began to speak, in a low but very distinct voice.

"I have to ask your pardon," he said, in his gentle, formal manner, "for trespassing in this way on your time and patience, but I owe an apology to the school at large; and, to make you understand me fully, I must be personal, very personal in my remarks.

Six months ago I came here, totally unaccustomed to the society of boys, and dreading, most painfully, my new life among them. I found my dread and fears pleasantly disappointed, and my school life a very happy one, in almost every respect. In my home I was not so content; for instead of doing always as I pleased, being petted and spoiled, and excused in every wrong thing that I did, as I had been in the past, I was taught to do right simply because it was right; to be manly, and firm, and earnest, because unmanlinesss, and vacillation, and half-heartedness were weak and wrong. I rebelled against all this, not outwardly, but in my heart; and let my vexed, and I must own, jealous feelings grow and gain strength until I felt at war with every one who did not think as I did. Then came this strife for the prize. You all know the story in part, but you do not know my share in it."

"Paul, Paul," entreated Jack's voice, in a whisper, and Jack's hand grasped his arm again; but Paul gently withdrew his arm, and went on without a pause.

"You are aware that Philip Ward's picture was destroyed by an accident, in Jack Granger's house; and that, at first, both Philip and I believed that Jack had ruined it. I do not wonder that some of you thought that I had lost my senses, but I did not know my cousin then as I know him now. I did believe it, strange as it may seem, and in my anger on Ward's account, and on account of my own fancied wrongs, I yielded to Ward's persuasions, and, in Jack's absence, obtained possession of his picture, and gave it to Philip, to be hidden for a day or two, in order to frighten Jack into supposing it lost beyond recovery. I honestly think Ward had no further intention, at first; and I must ask you all to believe that I never thought of his doing anything worse with the picture; but the sight of it seemed to rouse his passion, and in an instant the board was torn to shreds. Wait one moment—"

There had been a stir among his hearers, and a little sibilant sound which portended an outburst of indignation. But Paul's uplifted hand seemed to stay it.

"Do not hiss me yet," he went on, his white face growing, if possible, a trifle whiter, and his hands clasping themselves more tightly together. "I deserve it, but—but—I was never hissed in my life; and—and—I do not think I could finish my story. You have listened patiently to the shame and the disgrace into which I have fallen; listen while I tell you Jack's part in the affair. Sit down, Jack! I must and will speak!"

He had turned suddenly upon his cousin, who had sprung to his feet; and he spoke in a tone of decision and command that surprised Jack into silence.

"Sit down, Granger," said Mr. Martin gravely. "Your cousin has the floor. You may speak when he has finished," and Jack obeyed, with a crimsoned face, but with eyes which shone very brightly.

"I went home from school on that wretched day," Paul went on, "overcome with shame and remorse; and before the afternoon was over, Jack had added to my misery by showing me Ward's picture, restored by his own hand. In spite of all that Ward had said and done in his fury,—and no boy was ever more insulting to another than he was to Jack,—Jack had repaired his drawing. Wait one moment, again," for another movement was running through his hearers, but that small, girlish-looking hand held it in check once more.

"There was nothing for me to do, but to go to Philip, take back my promise to keep our common treachery secret, and then tell Jack everything."

Paul paused an instant, and laid his hand on Jack's shoulder, and Jack's hand grasped it quickly, and held it close.

"I told him everything. He stood and looked at me as if he could not understand nor believe me; and then

—then he hid his face until—I believe," and Paul's voice fell very low, "I believe until God gave him strength; then he sent Ward's picture to him, came to me and forgave me, and asked me to be his friend!"

Jack sprung up, and, like his cousin, lifted his hand to still the shout which rang through the great room; but it was of no use, now. Cheer after cheer made the walls and ceilings ring again, while the stamping of feet and the clapping of hands added to the uproar, which rendered of no avail his efforts to make himself heard. And then, all at once, there was a rush made toward him, he was lifted bodily, by as many hands as could succeed in touching even an inch of him, into a chair, raised on the shoulders of the tallest of the crowd, and borne aloft, amid added shouts and cries of "Granger for ever," around and around the room.

For a few moments Mr. Martin allowed the tumult to have its way, while he and Paul, the only two persons in the room who had retained their places, waited for the excitement to expend itself. Paul had taken his seat, and was watching Jack's triumph, his eyes shining like two bright stars out of the pallor of his face. He was so exhausted by his excitement that he could not have joined the noisy crowd which made the air throb with its clamor, but no one who looked into his face could doubt that he sympathized with all his heart in the happy uproar.

But at length Mr. Martin struck the bell, and commanded silence. The bearers came to a sudden stop; Jack sprang down from his chair of state, underwent a most violent hand-shaking, which began with the head-master and went down through the school, and then turned to his place.

"Mr. Martin," he said, pausing before he sat down, and laying his hand on Paul's shoulder as he spoke, "may I have time for just a word?"

"Just a word, yes," said the master, smiling, "but our time grows short."

"I only want to say this," said Jack, turning his frank, happy face full upon the waiting throng, "I want to tell all you fellows how much I thank you for trusting me when things looked so much against me, and for being so glad with me now that I have been entirely cleared. And I want to say one thing more," and now the hand which had rested on Paul's right shoulder slipped to the left, bringing Jack's arm close around his cousin's neck, "and that is, that I think the chap who dubs Paul Stuyvesant 'Miss Pauline' after this, will prove that he don't know real courage or true manliness when he sees it. There are very few fellows in this school who would have dared to do what Paul has done to-day."

As Jack sat down, another shout rang through the room, and before it died quite away, Mr. Martin rose to his feet.

"Granger is quite right," he said gravely, yet with a pleased look on his face. "Stuyvesant did him a great wrong, but, little as he has said of the temptation which assailed him, we all know enough to feel very sure that he was led and urged on by another to the commission of this sin, and he has done all that possibly could be done to atone for it. Now, let every one act in the noble spirit which Granger has manifested. The wrong was done, in a certain sense, to the whole school, let the whole school forgive it, and take the offender back to its love and confidence. A sin against God, confessed and repented of, is blotted out, even from His remembrance. Let us forgive as God forgives."

There was a little solemn silence, as the master paused; and then, after some whispering among the older boys, Tom Brewster left his seat, and held out his hand to Paul, who rose to take it, his great brown eyes full to overflowing with the tears which he was manfully striving to restrain.

"There is my hand," said Tom frankly, "in token that, as a school, we do all forgive and will forget what

has been done; and in token, too, of our hearty admiration of your pluck and courage. Boys," and he turned his face to the room again, "I'm right, am I not?"

He was answered by another cheer, long and loud, and poor Paul sank back into his seat, entirely overwhelmed.

"Now, young gentlemen," said Mr. Martin, "let us, once more, make an effort to proceed with the business of the morning. These two young friends of ours have made a diversion which has occupied so much time that we shall have to be prompt in casting our ballots, if we expect those who count the votes to give us the result before we come together for the more public exercises of the afternoon. Mr. Williams and Mr. Gray will hand you the blank ballots at once, and I hope that there will be no delay in the writing out of the names of your candidates."

Mr. Williams and Mr. Gray, two of the teachers, passed rapidly down the length of the room, each with a small basket in his hand, distributing the blanks; and each boy wrote the name of the fortunate possessor of his individual good-will and esteem. The work was quickly done; so quickly, that by the time the last of the blanks was handed out, the two gentlemen saw that they might begin at once to collect the votes. So they again walked down the long aisles, between the desks, and the little white papers fell like a miniature snow-storm into their baskets.

An expectant stillness reigned in the room, while the collectors, aided by Mr. Martin, counted the vote; a silence which began to be broken here and there by whispers and low-toned conversation, as the boys noticed that, while the count went on, the three masters glanced furtively at one another, from time to time, with quietly amused faces. At last Mr. Martin rose, holding in his hand a paper which contained the result of the count, and an instantaneous silence fell on the throng of scholars and teachers.

"The vote is all but unanimous," he said, in a clear voice, which was distinctly heard in every corner of the room, "Two ballots have been cast for Paul Stuyvesant; the remaining one hundred and twenty-two belong to Jack Granger. This vote is the nearest to being unanimous that has ever been cast in the school. Granger, I congratulate you, with all my heart; and the more heartily, that I feel that you thoroughly deserve this tribute to the self-control which we all know you have gained in the past year."

The ringing shout which shook the walls again, as Mr. Martin stepped down from the platform of his desk and gave his hand to Jack, surpassed in volume and joyousness all that had gone before it. It is astonishing what an amount of noise a hundred and twenty-four boys can succeed in making when they give their whole minds to the effort. But at last the tumult ceased; and then, in an instant, to the astonishment of all, a thin, piping little voice broke in, like the squeak of a too highly-strung violin.

"If you please," said the owner of the strident voice, a very uninteresting, white-faced and red-haired little boy, a member of the youngest class in the school, "if you please, I did one of those two votes; and I want to say that I think heaps of Granger, just as much as anybody does. But then, you know, there never was a scarey-er chap than Stuyvesant used to be, and he did such an awful plucky thing today that I thought he must have improved lots, and it was only fair to give him my vote! Say, Granger, you ain't mad, are you? I do think heaps of you."

"Mad!" exclaimed Jack, leaping out of his place, as a roar of laughter greeted this most unstudied oration, and making very short work of the distance which lay between him and the small speaker. "Not if I know myself," and he grasped the two hands stretched out to him as he gained the child's side. "You're a regular little brick, and judge better than any of the

rest of them," he added, in a whisper. "I'll stand your friend forever for this."

Paul was the only one in the room, except Jack, who had not joined in the peal of merriment which had followed the speech of his admirer. He stood silent in his place, having risen with the rest to hear the announcement of the name of the happy candidate; but the grave, wearied look which had rested on his face grew perceptibly brighter, and it was noticed that he had always afterward an especial weakness and tenderness toward that very uninteresting, white-faced and red-haired little boy.

Never had there been in Mr. Martin's school a more thoroughly satisfactory examination; the events of the morning had left every one in a good humor, and inclined to do his best; and when the time came for the giving out of the two prizes, and Jack Granger and Will Haydon, (the successful draughtsman), stepped forward to receive their rewards, the hearty and repeated applause which greeted them both was a convincing proof that all their companions rejoiced with them in their triumph.

The prize selected by Mr. Martin for the best drawing had been a large and handsome case, containing all the tools and materials necessary for designing, for pencil-drawing, for water-color painting, and for photo-crayons; and that for General Improvement had been an equally handsome writing-desk. But Will Haydon had received as a present, a few weeks before, a fine collection of drawing materials, and Mr. Martin concluded at the last moment to transpose the prizes on that account. So, to Jack's infinite delight, the drawing-case fell to his share.

"It's perfectly splendid!" he said, as he was walking home, linked arm in arm with Paul on one side and Tom Brewster on the other. "I had rather have it than anything else in the world. It's what I've been wishing for so long; and it's such a regular beauty. I have you to thank for it, old fellow," and he gave Paul's arm a tremendous squeeze. "I should never have had that prize in the world if it hadn't been for your little performance this morning. You carried the fellows all away with you. I just owe it to you."

"You owe it to yourself, and to no one else," said Paul. "I told them nothing but the simple truth, and the simple truth set you a head and shoulders above the tallest of them; and they saw it, and acted upon it, as I had hoped they would."

"Now, you fellows," said Tom Brewster, "don't you go to sentimenting any more. We've had enough. Let this whole thing drop, here, and forever. You are real brothers now; let's all forget that you were ever anything less."

He stopped short in the road, and, suddenly confronting them, offered a hand to each; and as their two right hands grasped his, he laid them together in his own.

"That's the way they do it in books," he said, merrily. "Then they say—'bless you, my children,' and that's the end."

THE END.

PUZZLES.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

I.

A QUIZ.

Whole, I am to commence ; cut off my head, I am severe ; again cut off my head, I am cunning ; transpose, I am a small, troublesome animal ; again transpose, I am a resinous substance ; restore me to my original worth and cut off my foot, I am a luminous body ; again cut off my foot and transpose, I am a verb ; again cut off my foot and transpose, I am a conjunction. What am I?

II.

COMPARISONS.

1. Positive, a measure ; comparative, a part.
2. Positive, a support ; comparative, suitable.
3. Positive, a personal pronoun ; comparative, to turn aside.
4. Positive, to exist ; comparative, a beverage.
5. Positive, a flaw ; comparative, an article of food.
6. Positive, an article of food ; comparative, a relative.
7. Positive, an auxiliary verb ; comparative, a gathering.
8. Positive, reckless ; comparative, a slice of meat.
9. Positive, at a distance ; comparative, to present.
10. Positive, a staff ; comparative, to rove.

III.

SQUARE WORD.

Part of a foot, to covet, level, a fierce animal.

N. M. G.

IV.

CHARADE.

When I am whole I am an adverb ; take away my first and I become another adverb ; take away my second and I become an adverb and a preposition ; replace my first and I become a verb ; take away my fourth and fifth and I become a pronoun ; replace my second and take away my first again and I become another pronoun.

V.

PROBLEM.

By dividing 80 into two numbers and dividing the largest by 11, and multiplying the smallest by 3, and then adding the two products together you will obtain 80.

VI.

NUMERICAL EMIGMA.

My 1, 8, 24, 13, 21, 27 is a name long to be remembered.
My 9, 27, 16, 11, 7 is to mark.
My 17, 2, 10, 4 is a recess.
My 20, 6, 23, 26, 12 is to lift.
My 15, 13, 8, 27 is a humming sound.
My 19, 3, 5, 24 is a contraction.
My 14, 18, 25, 28, four vowels, three alike.
My 29, 6, 22 is to put on.
My whole is a wise counsel given in the book of Proverbs.

VII.

RIDDLE.

Of all things created 'tis surely the worst,
And the *whole* is the parent of all but its *first*,
Its last is a measure you sometimes may use,
Though not always equal, you ever can choose ;
Its *first* is a river, bright flowing and pure,
Its centre is *five* and now I am sure—
When I tell you, most truly, I live in its name
You scarcely can fail to have guessed out the same.

E. H. N.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JULY NUMBER.

I.

An Old Puzzle Retold.—First filling the 5 quart measure, he fills the 3 quart measure from that, leaving 2 quarts in the 5 quart measure. Pouring back the 3 quarts into the jug, he puts the 2 quarts remaining in the 5 quart measure into the 3 quart measure. Then refilling the 5 quart measure, he fills up the 3 quart measure, thus leaving 4 quarts in the 5 quart measure.

II.

Hoe-hen-Lynn-den (Hohenlinden).

III.

Buried Bill of Fare.—Soups : 1. Oyster. 2. Beef. Fish : 1. Shad. 2. Eels. Fowl : 1. Snipe. 2. Teal. Roast : 1. Lamb. 2. Turkey. 3. Geese. Vegetables : 1. Potato. 2. Corn. 3. Turnip. 4. Peas. Puddings and Pies : 1. Apple. 2. Peach.

IV.

Hair.

V.

The letter Y.

VI.

1. Samuel VI., 7, 14.

The Home.

TWO WASHING DAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GREAT GAIN."

PART I.

"Why, there's Aunt Ruth coming across the street!" cried Nell Bryant to her mother and sister, as she spread out her dish-towels on the grass in the back yard. "No, it's Rose's face in Aunt Ruth's bonnet. Quite becoming!' she cried, as Rose came up and perched herself on the doorstep.

"Oh, this is the family sun-bonnet!" laughingly answered she, "it fits us all. Now guess for what purpose I have come over so early this morning."

"Early!" exclaimed Madge, while Mrs. Bryant smiled as she bent over her work, "why, it's eight o'clock, and that is by no means an early hour in this house, I would have you know!"

"Ah!" cried Miss Rose, with a comic drawl, "if you were a school-ma'am just set free for a season, you would spend these morning hours in soft repose, as I have done since my return, until this morning, which brings me to your mansion brimful of plans and purposes for the future."

"Got a beau, I suppose, and going to get married, and want Nell and me for bridesmaids," spoke sharp-eyed Madge, ascending a flight of kitchen "steps," and proceeding to give a vigorous dusting to the cupboard shelves.

"Some kind of a holiday trip, isn't it, now?" asked Nell, seating herself by her friend. "Out with it! I can go, can't I, mother?"

"That depends upon where it is, and how long it is to last," replied the mother.

"Oh, we're going to the country—to Hillsdale, to stay a fortnight. I think it will be a capital recreation, don't you?"

"Let's see;" spoke Madge, "*caput*, the head, and *al*, pertaining to; then you intend coming back with your heads created anew! Will your individuality be completely changed?"

"I don't think there's power enough in anything belonging to Hillsdale to effect such a transformation as that; I am going just for the fun of it, to see how my relations look, and enjoy myself in doing nothing, if such a thing be possible."

"Where do you propose going first, Rose?" queried Nell.

"To Cousin Hiram Crosscup's residence, to be sure."

"Oh, Rose! will you *have* to go *there?* —and would it really do for me to go with you, when I'm related to none of them?"

"You poor little dismayed mortal!" cried Rose, untying her huge brown calico bonnet and laying it beside her, "I've planned to go there first, though if I went according to my inclination, I should not stop short of Aunt Eliza's delightful abode. But Hiram's comes first, and Tabitha would be a *Crosscup* indeed if I went to Aunt Eliza's to stop without going there; and as for you going with me, I shall feel perfectly free to take a friend, as I've not been to Hillsdale for five years—no—four. I know they want to see me, and will be glad to make your acquaintance, my dear Nell! So it's settled, is it not,

dear Auntie Bryant?" questioned Rose, her red lips smiling up at Nell's mother.

"I've nothing against the plan, Rose," answered the lady, "if Nell agrees to go with you."

"But my huge basket of sewing, Rose, and my French lessons!"

"Pshaw! Isn't your health of more value than all the clothes you could make in a fortnight? and as for French, you can learn much more easily after taking a rest. Cousin Seth Clyde is going to drive us there, so you see it's all arranged on my part. Give in, Nell, pack your shawl-strap and valise—we want nothing better than grasscloth and calico for our excursion—no pull-backs, or trains, or other abominations. We're to start to-morrow morning. We'll reach Hiram's a little before noon; I hope they won't be washing; surely they ought to be done before Friday. I don't care. I take everything as it comes, and others must do the same."

"Will I need my black alpaca, Rose?" asked Nell.

"No, indeed! I do hate to see those figures heavily draped in clinging black robes, walking our streets on warm days, looking tired out. I *hate* black dresses any time, but especially in the sweet summer, when Nature is bright and sunny. Ladies in this place seem to think they are not stylish at all unless they have black dresses, black ribbons, black sacques, black gloves,—oh, dear, it's a wonder they don't blacken their faces! Give me a little of the sable hue by way of contrast now and then, but deliver me from sticky black merinoes in the dog-days! Put your alpaca away until some dreary, gloomy, rainy day in November, when you want to go shopping, and then be profuse with your scarlet ribbons, for pity's sake!"

All laughed at Rose's earnestness, and changed the subject by asking how many girls there were at Mr. Hiram Crosscup's.

"Three. Two grown young ladies, and one juvenile. The boys are countless."

"Hyperbole!" called out Madge, from the china closet.

"What kind of a bowl did you say, Madge? Don't you know that there are four syllables in that word? and in vindication of myself let me say that David of old indulged in hyperbole often. Does he not speak of making his bed to swim with tears? and there are other expressions of the same nature."

"Go ahead, Rose. I see schoolmistresses are able to excuse themselves in any matter. But you were speaking of wearing black just now; do you think it should not be worn by those who have lost friends?"

"I have my own opinion, Madge. I believe any one should feel free to do as they choose in any matter. Who is it that says you must wear deep mourning for so long, then half-mourning, and so by degrees gliding gracefully off into the colors? I would like to wear just a badge or armlet of crape for so many days or months; I think it a great tax on the poor and others as well, to be obliged, because Mrs. Grundy says so, to lay aside their fresh, pretty, often newly procured garments, and don a dismal garb for so long! When I die, I don't want any one to swelter in crape and bombazine for me! You stare at my audacity, but there are many who hold the same opinion!"

"You did not tell me the names of your cousin's children, Rose," said Nell, coming from the chicken coop with an empty pan.

"Amanda is the eldest; a buxom damsel with cherry cheeks."

"*Amandum, Amandi, Amando,*" laughed Nell. "Do you remember those hateful gerunds? How old Snipperwell's black eyes would snap if we had an imperfect Latin recitation. Well, who is the next?"

"Barbara."

"Barbarous!" cried Nell, with uplifted hands. "Go on."

"The juvenile's name is Experience!"

"Worse and worse! What an affliction for the poor child! For some great-grandmother probably. How some people delight to pile hideous names, handed down from Puritan ancestors, upon their innocent and helpless offspring! Do they utter the whole of that awful appellation every time they address the poor creature?"

"Oh no! it is changed in her case, into the endearing diminutive of 'Pelly!'"

"Pelly Crosscup! Oh, Rose!" and Nell held her sides and went off into a laughing fit.

"There was an 'Experience' in my school, Nell; but she went by the soft, Oriental sounding name of 'Perie.' The mortal who extracted that sweet essence from the solemn, hard old shell of a name deserves a medal. It always reminded me of the ethereal being in the poem standing in sadness at the portals of Paradise."

"It is a beautiful name, certainly; but are the boys laden with their great-grandfathers' names, too?"

"The eldest rejoices in the sweet little title of Onesiphorus!" said Rose, gravely, "and one is called Murray Zephaniah, and another—"

"Habbakuk?" suggested Nell.

"Oh no! only the charming name of Peleg; and there's Jabez, and Gideon and—"

"Hush, for pity's sake, Rose. I must go and get my wardrobe ready, if we start to-morrow."

"And I am idling here, forgetting that I have not had my—"

"Breakfast!" screamed Madge, as Rose darted out of sight. "The idea! Not had her breakfast yet!"

"Good-by to work and study, for a fortnight!" shouted Nell, rushing atticward in search of the old valise. Next morning came with clouds, mist, and coolness for the three travellers, who took their seats in the comfortable carriage delightedly, and enjoyed the drive so thoroughly, that, in spite of the fierce beams which poured upon them, ere long merry jokes and gay laughter resounded through the leafy woods each side of the rough brown road to Hillsdale.

It was nearly twelve when they reached the country village, so quiet and sleepy looking in the hot nooning. There was the large, untidy house, encircled by a carelessly built fence devoid of paint or whitewash. The front gate lay comfortably up against it, and an audacious cow was quietly lunching in close proximity to Miss Amanda's flower-beds.

"This is Mr. Crosscup's, Seth," said Rose. "I wonder what luck we will have in the dinner line. I am terribly hungry, and oh, Nell, it *is* washing-day! There's Barbara spreading out a sheet on the grass! Look over yonder on the hill. Do you see them, Cousin Hiram, and Pho, and Gid, mowing away for dear life. Isn't Pho picturesque in his red flannel shirt and broad white hat. There's Tabitha coming to the door!"

Cousin Tabitha's hair was rough and untidy; her rent wrapper was soaked with suds and slops, and her person was not therefore over pleasing to the girls, as she held out her damp, parboiled hand to them with a vexed smile, saying, "Law, girls, I'm glad to see you, real glad, but I declare I'm sorry it's wash day, though I couldn't help washing to-day, no way! I never can ge under way till Friday or Saturday, I don't know why! It's my luck, I suppose!" she said, as she led the way into the front room, and seated her guests. The room was close, and evidently had not been put in order that day. Tabitha opened a window, complaining of Amanda's forgetfulness, piled up a few newspapers that were lying round, and then, tucking up her wet robes, sat down in a rocking-chair to edify the girls with a recital of her troubles.

"Nobody has such an awful wash as I have! Seven boys, you see; shirts and socks and the dear knows what! Can't get the things together till near noon! There's Pelly, coming downstairs now with the stockings; never finds them all till the last minute. Nobody has such trials as I have! Steaming over the tub till dark, likely enough. It's the dinner bothers me most. Hiram and all of them want a hearty meal, and how can we get it for them on a busy washing day, I'd like to know? Mandy's got a weak back, and can't hurry; Pelly's only a child; so the heft of it comes on Barby and me. We can't wash up the house the same day, never, and that makes a slopping about two days! There ain't a pie in the house, nor any wheat bread, and there's no time now to make a puddin', but I can make a pan of hot biscuit if you'll excuse me. I want you to come, and I'm glad to see you, but I want to have good things for you to eat, I declare!"

"Now, Cousin Tabitha!" cried Rose, "don't distress yourself about dinner! Give us just what you have, and don't fret about pies; they're unwholesome compounds, if Hiram and the boys do love them; as for hot biscuits, I *never* eat them. Give us your coarse bread; don't you know people's nerves are starving to death for want of the nutrition which fine flour utterly lacks?"

"I've read an excellent recipe for a quick pudding," suggested Nell, "and tried it too. Just put a little fruit in a tin kettle with some water, and a small piece of biscuit dough on top, cover closely, and cook for half an hour on top of the stove. Eaten with syrup or plain sweet sauce it is delicious. It's simplicity makes it a favorite with me."

"Law! I'd make some big dumplins, only like as not they'd be heavy as lead. It's just luck, you see, these things."

"Do you have a wringer or washer, or any modern convenience for aiding you in your washing day labors, Tabitha?" asked Rose.

"Sakes alive, no! I believe in the good old way of washing with your hands, and boiling your clothes in the big iron boiler, same as my grandmother did before me. None of your new-fangled steamers, soaps and gimcracks for me, rotting the clothes and wearing them out! Lazy ways, I say! Dear knows I don't want to shirk housework or anything I have to do. Everybody knows I'm busy from morning till night, every day of my life, cooking, washing, scrubbing, mending. Why it takes half the time to cook dinners and wash up dishes! All we do, seems to me, is get up, get three meals, clear them away; then it's bedtime! But law, if that's my lot I must submit to it. Amuse yourselves, girls; there's papers and books, and I'll go and see how things are going, and find something for dinner."

"Oh, Rose! would you want to live that way—having no aims, no plans, no bright side to anything?"

"Pshaw, Nell! wait until you get settled as a matron, and see if you won't get into the same routine after a while!"

"Now, Rose!"

"Ah! before such a pitiful glance as that I must relent, and say 'thank Heaven every one is not like Cousin Tabitha, and I do not fear such a future for my friend, whose conceptions of life, with its glorious possibilities, are far too large and fair to allow her to grovel among earth's meaner things always.'"

"But we have to do with drudgery, don't we, and earth's meaner things? Isn't it the God-given lot of some to do lowly service therein?"

"I said *grovel* among them, dear! We can't shun what is laid before us, but we need not spurn higher things and crowd them needlessly out. We can exercise our heaven-born faculties in facilitating our tasks so that our

minds may have a chance to expand under genial influences; we need not lengthen out our monotonous tasks, and expatiate upon them, submitting ourselves with a pitiful resignation to a fate decreed by none but ourselves. What moralizing! Nell, do look out there! We're going to have dumpling after all, maybe, heavy or not!" She pointed out of the window to the lanky figure of Pelly, barefoot and bare-armed, picking up a basketful of sour windfalls.

"Rose, we'll stay here two or three days—no longer; but it's lovely over there among those trees; we can go there and read—give ourselves up to sweet 'do-nothing,' and study human nature for heavier employment; then we can go to your Aunt Eliza's and finish out. It will be different there."

"And will we not do, or try to do, Cousin Tabitha some good while we are here—help her, or something?"

"How can we? It will take more power than we possess to pull them out of their rut. We'll treat them as pleasantly as possible, and make them as little trouble as we can. Here comes somebody, Barby or Mandy I presume!"

Both these maidens made their appearance, bowing and smiling, their hair drawn back tightly behind their heads, and big aprons thrown on over their soiled dresses. They were ordinary looking girls, without much to attract one's notice. They uttered a few commonplace remarks, politely answered their visitors' questions, and then withdrew, saying that they must go to work again, and hoping the girls would not be lonesome.

"Come, Nell!" Rose cried, as they went out to the kitchen, "let's go too. I'm determined to see what they look like out there! I don't care for Tabitha!" She pulled Nell by the sleeve, and tripped out after the sisters, laughingly declaring that they were going to come out where there was something going on; they had not come to sit down in the parlor all the time!

Barby and Mandy looked rather crestfallen as they doffed their aprons, and dived into the washtubs again, while Mrs. Crosscup bustled back and forth from the dining-room with plates and tumblers. Such an untidy kitchen! Dirty clothes scattered over the floor, streams of dirty water running along the unpainted boards, the stove rusty, and covered with dirty pots and saucepans; everywhere were tokens of the terrible washing day. Pelly was putting on her shoes and stockings in order to look presentable at dinner.

Rose and Nell looked out of the window, and admired Hillsdale scenery from thence, making merry speeches and eliciting shouts of laughter from the damsels of the tub. Cousin Tabitha refused their offers of aid in table-laying, and flew hither and thither in her limp attire.

The "men folks" came in soon, and welcomed the newcomers.

"Glad to see you!" said Cousin Hiram, "glad you came to see us first, if we are rough folks. S'pose you're goin' to see your Aunt 'Lizy too—Marier's to home now, did you know it?"

"No, I did not. I am glad, certainly; I've not seen her for several years."

After much bustling, and jostling, and fussing, the family, with their visitors, were fairly seated round the huge table, laden with various odds and ends, the chief dish being one of half-fried bacon, while a smoking dish of apple "sarse," as Hiram called it, did duty as dessert.

"You mustn't mind the workin' and confusion, gals," said he, as he dipped up a great mouthful of potatoes and bacon with his knife. "They make much of washing day here, you see, though I remember when my mother got through with her washin' every week

—Monday, too—with not a quarter of the fussing they make here. You wouldn't ha' knowed the washin' was bein' done. Things are different now."

That evening when the moonlight fell softly over the landscape, the girls strolled out in the shady lane and moralized again.

"Who would imagine, Nell, out here among the beauties of this summer night, that within yon domicile a trio of 'female wimmen' were plying the broom and mop, in order to make the house presentable to their guests, and also to give them to-morrow as a great baking day? What a witching glamour the moon's rays cast over all common, unsightly, ugly objects, making them beautiful. The Crosscup domain should, like Melrose Abbey, be visited in the 'pale moonlight,' and not in 'the gay beams of lightsome day.'"

"Ah, well!" said Nell, "it takes all kinds to make a world!"

PART II.

The road to Mount Pleasant, as Uncle Robert's farm was called, went up a rather steep hill, which was very stony. Seth had gone home immediately after his arrival at Cousin Hiram's, so Pho drove the young ladies to Aunt Eliza's.

"Why doesn't your Cousin Hiram take lessons from your uncle, Rose?" queried Nell, gazing round delightedly on the well-ordered farm with its fine orchard, well laid out gardens, neat outhouses, and tidy fences, whose gates were all in their places. The great, roomy house, with its doors wide open, its cool muslin curtains, and flourishing plants, looked very inviting to the travellers. They drove round to the back door, close up to the broad stone step before the open entrance, through which they could see the neatest of kitchens, though this was Monday, the day set apart to the goddess of the washtub.

Pho handed them out, as Aunt Eliza and Maria came to the door, in garments clean and whole, although specially adapted to the business in which they were engaged.

"Robert and the boys are down in the field," said Aunt Eliza, smiling a welcome. "Come right in, I'm glad to see you. Of course, you know it's Monday, and washing day; but we'll be through in a jiffy. Give me your hats and bags, and sit right down on the settee, so we can see you and talk to you as we go on with our work."

A washing-machine stood by the open window, which was wreathed with a charming Madeira vine; a "steamer" had just been taken from the stove, the oven of which gave forth a savory smell, very agreeable to the hungry girls, who seated themselves on Uncle Robert's settee by another pleasant window looking out upon numberless apple trees, and long, waving grass, among which smooth-skinned "pumpkin sweets" peeped out. The shining crockery on the dresser looked neat and trim, like well drilled soldiers; the sink was clean, and the floor, a cheery yellow, adorned with sundry braided rugs; one could scarcely think it was washing day. Maria ran out with a basket of snowy garments which soon fluttered and danced in the breeze.

"How do you manage to get done so early, Auntie, and have everything so snug around you? Where are the concomitants of the famous sud-stained washing day?" Rose reclined gratefully on the homespun cushion as she put the question.

"Why, I don't know of anything particular that I do, Rosie. I get up early for one thing, and as I have my clothes in soak, and everything ready over night, I can go right to work in the morning. As for having things snug, I don't believe everything in the house needs to be upset because one is

washing their clothes, any more than one must turn their rooms topsy-turvy, and have everything in disorder, because one is cleaning house!"

"That's true, Mrs. Barton," said Nell, looking admiringly at the rosy little woman, with a nice morning cap over her wavy auburn hair, turning the crank of the machine as if it were the pleasantest task in the world.

"I have a nice steamer, you see, and some very useful soap, which takes a great deal of the dirt out of the thick woollen garments."

"Cousin Tabitha thinks patent soaps injure the clothes, Aunt Eliza," said Rose.

"Fiddlesticks! I've used this kind for two years without injuring my clothes in the least!"

"You must have had a pretty severe time down there!" said Maria, coming in with her empty basket.

Nell laughed. "I guess we did, but don't say anything about it. They do things by the wholesale down there."

Aunt Eliza went to the stove-oven and turned round a pan of nicely basted beef, and a deliciously browned rice pudding, saying as she did so, "Ned and Phil used to say, 'Oh, it's washing day, and we'll have no dinner today, nothing but hashed over messes,' so I began to think I would adopt a different plan, and cook something extra Mondays, so they shouldn't have that to say. Go in to the parlor, girls, and see Maria's new hearth-rug; it's just like an imported one."

"What a beauty!" and "what perfect flowers!" were the exclamations which greeted Maria, as she followed after, knitting-work in hand.

"I've some socks and things yet to wash; but I'm going to knit some on my mittens first. I always knit a little between the cottons and woollens—it rests me, I think."

Nell and Rose looked at the trim figure in the rocking-chair, plying her needles so cheerily, and humming a tune, and mentally contrasted her looks with those of the Crosscup damsels. And when Uncle Robert and the boys came in, and all took their places round the nicely laid out board, while laughter and chat went round, as Uncle told his funny stories to amuse the visitors, and no one seemed tired or gloomy, or unpleasant, Nell and Rose wondered why some of the streams of cheerful thrift and hearty enjoyment of life, which gladdened Uncle Robert's farm, could not trickle down to bless the ill-managed domain of the Crosscups.

KATIE'S PRAYER.

"Good-by, Katie dear; be sure and pay us both a splendid long visit as soon as ever you can. You will just make yourself sick, working so hard," said cheerful, gay-hearted Louie Gray, as she and her friend, Lottie Smith, stood ready to depart, at the door of the farm-house where they had been spending the afternoon.

"I am afraid you have not had a very pleasant visit, Louie," said Katie, with a deep drawn sigh.

"Yes, indeed we have," returned both the girls heartily. "But," continued Lottie, "we were sorry you had to leave us so often."

"Oh! you know on a farm there is no rest or enjoyment," and Katie pressed her hand wearily to her side.

"I don't know about that," laughed Louie, with a wise shake of her pretty little head. "We have a large farm, and yet you see how I trot about, and enjoy myself."

"No wonder," retorted Lottie, "with all the help you keep."

"I wish father would think we could afford to keep a servant," said Katie, "I am sure we could, if he would only think so."

"Of course you could," said Louie, and they parted.

Katie stood listlessly watching their retreating forms, as they slowly went down the muddy lane: Louie so carefully lifting her dainty white skirts from contact with the damp ground, and Lottie searching for the cleanest spots whereon to place her new kid slippers; then, as they turned into the road, she reëntered the low, hot kitchen. A tired, pale-faced woman, busily engaged in ironing, turned towards her, saying:

"The cows, Katie dear, the cows; they have been in more than fifteen minutes. I could not call you until the girls were gone, but I am afraid it will be late before you can get through, and the men's tea must be got ready. Where is Flo? Let her help you in carrying the milk. Is your side bad again?" she asked anxiously, as her daughter wearily pressed her hand to her side.

"Not very," returned Katie, "but really I do not see how we are going to get along. I don't feel as though I could stand it much longer, and you are killing yourself, mother, while Flo—poor little Flo!—will soon have to work as hard, and harder, than she is able. I would not fret, if it were not for you and Flo."

"Really, I do not see how it can be helped. It worries me enough, I am sure; but if you like I will speak to your father again to-night about getting some help,"—and with vigorous movements she sent the hot iron back and forth over the snowy linen, as though to make up for lost time. Katie took up the pails and bent her steps wearily towards the barnyard, where four or five sleek, matronly looking cows watched her approach with their dreamy, half-shut eyes.

"There is a happy land, far, far away,"

sang out a blithe, gay little voice, as a little girl with bright, rosy cheeks, and short, brown curls, tossing in the wind, came bounding over the grass after her runaway kitten.

"Far, far away," repeated Katie slowly to herself; "I think everything good is," she went on, in a discontented tone. Then the subject of the previous Sabbath evening's discourse rose to her mind: "I have learned in every state to be content." "It

seemed then so easy to be content," she mused, but I am afraid I never shall be content while we have so much hard work to do. "Do you think your lot is harder than the Apostle Paul's was?" asked conscience. "But it does seem such an unnecessary burden. That 'land' does seem to be the only thing father cares about, and it will only make more hard work. Oh, I wish I knew what to do." Just then, little Flo, who had grown tired of her play, and had been for sometime idly lying on the grass, softly singing to herself, suddenly piped out in her sweet, birdlike voice, the last lines of her favorite hymn:—

"Take it to the Lord in prayer."

The words came floating on the soft summer air, like balm to the tired, wounded spirit.

"I wonder if this would be a fit subject for prayer," she said thoughtfully. "Surely this is among the 'All things.'" The tired hands moved more slowly, and finally ceased; the aching, weary head bent over them for a moment or so, while from the sad heart there arose a short, earnest prayer.

"Dear Jesus," she prayed, "help me to be content with my lot, and put it into my father's heart to get us some help, if it be Thine own holy will.—Amen."

Kate raised her head, her tired hands resumed their work with renewed energy, while over the pale, sad face of the moment before there came a look of sweet contentment. The last cow was milked, and with a heart much lighter than when she entered it, Katie left the barnyard. Ten minutes later Katie entered the low farm kitchen, where several men were loudly talking over the events of the day.

The large week's ironing hung on one side of the fire, and Mrs. Dacre, with a very worried face, bent over the stove, cooking the men's supper.

"Let me attend to that, mother," said Katie cheerfully, coming forward. "You go and sit down. Flo and I will see to the rest."

The flushed face brightened up, as she caught a glimpse of her daughter's, and tears of thankfulness filled her eyes, as she watched Katie's willing hands lay the cloth, and place the heavy dishes, while Flo, proud of being allowed to help, laid knives, forks, and plates carefully in their proper places.

Katie believed her prayer would be answered, though she could not see how, or when; and somehow, that evening, when she listened to Flo singing her evening hymn—"Happy Land"—the starry crowns and beaming eyes of those who toil not, and hunger and thirst no more, did not seem so far, far away as they did when last the words fell on her ears. John Dacre sat looking over the evening paper. His wife brought her work and sat down beside the fire, but her busy fingers did not move over the torn garment.

"John," she began at last, timidly, "I do not see how we can get along any longer without some help. Katie is almost worn out, and you know I cannot do very much."

John looked up quickly, saying, "I do not see anything the matter with Katie; she seemed as cheerful as ever to-night."

"Yes, to-night, but this afternoon she looked almost worn out, and that pain in her side has returned. I am sure we can better afford a few dollars to pay for a good strong girl, than allow our own child to ruin her health over the work."

John made no reply, and his wife, encouraged by his silence, went on, "Don't you think you could afford to get a girl just until the harvest is over?"

"You know very well I want to buy that piece of ground of Parton's this fall, and it will take every penny we can save to do it. I am sure I do not

have much help myself; other farmers have twice as many men, and have no more work to do," and with a self-satisfied air he turned away.

"But really, John," persisted his wife, "I don't think Katie can stand it,—she has never been very strong."

John's conscience told him his wife spoke the truth, but he did not wish to agree, and he returned angrily:

"That is always the way,—you are always fancying you must have help for this, and help for that, but I will not hire a girl this fall. So there!" and without another word John left the room—we cannot say highly pleased with himself. Mrs. Dacre bowed her head on her hands and burst into tears. Sad, sad scenes of the past loomed up before her. Again she seemed to go over those happy wedded days, e'er "Gain" had become the idol of her husband's heart; again she seemed to bend over the cradle of Katie and her darling boy. Oh! what a sharp pain is marked on her face as she thinks of him, a lonely wanderer from his home, on account of too much hard work. Cursed Gain! Then her thoughts linger sadly round that calm summer night, when out into the darkness, from the low kitchen door, stepped a tall, slender youth, his clothes in a bundle, and his hat drawn over his eyes, not daring to think of the anguish of his parents when they find the hastily scrawled note telling them to forget him,—for he cannot stand the hard work.

Oh, Willie! Willie! could you have seen the anguish on your mother's face, or have seen the tear roll over your father's cheek as he held that cruel note in his shaking hand, would you have left them as you did? We think not.

The clock strikes twelve, and the weary mother starts shivering from her reverie, then seeks her couch, not to sleep, but to think, and weep, and pray for him, her boy who is, she fears, hers no longer.

Days lengthened into weeks; the much dreaded harvest is at hand, and yet the long expected help does not seem forthcoming. Katie's faith is weak; but still it is true faith, and, though it tarry she can wait for it, "for it shall surely come, and not tarry." Katie was thankful that she had strength given her, even as her day, and, although the pain in her side remained, and her face grew paler and thinner, and she went about listlessly, yet she kept up her part of the work, and even managed to assist her mother with hers.

John Dacre could no longer shut his eyes to these sad symptoms in his daughter, but he tried to sooth his troublesome conscience by assuring himself that as soon as that land was his then they should have all the help they needed; but conscience had a mind of its own, and spoke pretty plainly to Mr. Worldly-Wiseman. We cannot say whether conscience, or gain, would have conquered, had not Katie's cause been in the hand of that loving Father, who directs even the commonest events in the lives of his creatures.

One afternoon John had been over to the neighboring village, and as he was starting to walk home the voice of the country doctor called out:

"Wait a moment, John; I am going your way, and you can ride. Well," said the doctor, as he touched his fiery horse, "I have witnessed the saddest sight to-day I ever saw in my life—a woman actually worked to death."

"Who was that?" asked the farmer, quickly feeling very uncomfortable—he scarcely knew why.

"Mrs. Parton," returned the doctor. "You know that good-for-nothing, drunken fellow, Parton. Well, he has wasted everything in drink; and his wife has worked late and early, to keep things together, but—"

"He has the farm yet?" interrupted John, feeling very uneasy.

"Yes, he has it, but it is mortgaged to its full value."

"It is?" cried John, "why, I was just going to buy it."

"Indeed?" returned the doctor, "then you may thank your lucky stars that you rode home with me to-night."

"I am sure, I am very thankful," answered John, heartily.

"John," continued the doctor earnestly, "you have taken my advice before now, and I want you to take it again. Just take part of that money and hire a good strong girl, to help your wife and Katie through the harvest."

Katie's sad, tired face seemed to pass before his mind, then he thought of his blighted hopes with regard to the farm he had so long coveted, whose reputed owner was then mourning over the lifeless form of his neglected wife.

"I'll do it, doctor," he said at last, —"I'll do it. Do you know of a girl?" he asked, half afraid his good resolutions might fail if neglected.

The good doctor did know of one, and, as she lived not very far away, he offered to drive the farmer over to see her; and you may be sure it did not take much persuasion, in addition to a good place and good wages, to induce her to engage with the honest farmer.

We will not endeavor to describe Mrs. Dacre's feelings, and much less those of her daughter, when John narrated his afternoon's adventure. Suffice it to say, that a few minutes later Katie was nowhere to be found; but had you looked into her little room, you would have found her there, kneeling by her bed, devoutly thanking her Heavenly Father, who had so lovingly heard and answered her prayer and given her the desire of her heart. And Katie found that she had more than her desire, for after all the harvest was over and the work grew lighter, still Mary stayed, and John Dacre was often heard to say that to see his wife and Katie with such bright, cheerful faces was worth twice the amount of Mary's wages.

LOUIE.

Literary Notices.

THE RUSSIANS OF TO-DAY. By the author of "The Member for Paris," &c. Dedicated to His Grace the Duke of Sutherland, K. G. Harper Bros.

Recent events have awakened an almost universal interest in the Russian Empire, and this volume is only one of many which have been prepared to gratify the demand for information on the subject. A few extracts will be interesting to our readers.

THROUGH THE STREETS.

In most Russian towns the houses are small, and every family has one of its own as in England. St. Petersburg and Odessa are exceptions.

Here the population live in flats, within six and seven storied houses, higher than those of Paris. In the poorer quarters of Odessa the giant houses have an odd look, owing firstly to the dust from the steppes, which paints them the color of pea-soup, and secondly to the smallness of the windows and the number of absent panes which have been replaced by layers of greased paper on account of the dearness of glass.

A watch-glass costs a rouble in Odessa, a foot-square window-pane about six shillings. In the inland towns the prices are still higher; so that a Russian boy who puts his fist through a pane commits one of the heaviest crimes in the domestic decalogue, and does not escape the wrath of an usually apathetic father.

Odessa enjoys the reputation of being the most Liberal city of the Empire (Moscow and Kiew being the most Conservative), and next to the capital the fairest. About ten years ago it succeeded in getting itself paved, after fruitless efforts in that direction, as strenuous and as remarkable, in their way, as those of Geneva struggling for the Protestant faith.

First a paving rate was levied in 1815, after the great peace, and the tschinovniks put the money in their pockets. Then Prince Woronzow, governor of the Chersonese, raised a new rate, but on second thoughts concluded that the money would be better spent in constructing a monumental staircase from the handsome boulevard that faces the sea down to the beach. A lean statue of the Duc de Richelieu in Roman undress stands at the top of that Babylonian flight of steps, which not a dozen persons descend in the course of the day. After this a British contractor presented himself, offering to pave the city very cheap; he bribed the tschinovniks all round, got an advance of money, and disappeared.

Nothing daunted, a very intelligent golova (burgomaster) of Odessa conspired with some wealthy fellow-citizens to pave the city by a public subscription, under the form of a voluntary rate; but, having forgotten to administer douceurs in the proper quarters, he was suspended by the civil governor for being a meddlesome person, and the paving plans were forwarded for the fourth time to the Office of Public Works in St. Petersburg. The answer came back at the end of two years, ordering the work to be carried out by the Government engineers; the rate-collector went his rounds afresh, and for the next year or two every quarter of the town was successively visited by cartloads of paving-stones.

But nothing came of these visits, except too rash anticipations, briefly dispelled. After a cartload of stones had encumbered a thoroughfare for a month, another cart would come and remove it elsewhere. Meanwhile a canopy of dust hung over the city, obscuring the sun in fair weather, while in rainy times the streets were often wholly impassable, certain quarters being afflicted with a drought of water, because the water-carriers could not ply their trade either on foot or in carts. Nothing less than a visit from the present Czar was needed to obtain for the Odessians the great boon of getting the pavements they had repeatedly paid for and were willing to pay for again. So at length the city was paved; not cheaply, indeed, nor over well, but still paved.

These facts are worth noting, because hundreds of other Russian towns are struggling with the question of paving, or else with that of water-supply or street-lighting, as patiently and hopelessly as Odessa did for half a century. The Czar cannot spend his life in travelling.

The streets of a Russian city are picturesque, for signboards abound and shop-fronts are painted in staring colors—light blue, yellow, and apple-green. There are no posters on hoardings, for advertising constitutes a monopoly in the hands of a company, who have hitherto confined themselves to the newspaper branch of puffing, and have not mustered enterprise enough to disfigure public thoroughfares. At the corner of almost every street you come upon a Byzantine-looking shrine of the virgin, with a number of Russians signing themselves bareheaded in front. You meet the Virgin in various other unexpected places—in railway stations, in post-offices, with a little oil-lamp flickering at her feet—even in the frowsy lock-ups, where tipsy mujicks can be heard yelling all day and night.

The behavior of the people in the streets is quiet and civil. If a Russian knocks against you he begs your pardon with a sincere show of contrition; if he sees your nose turning white in the cold weather, he picks up a handful of snow and rubs it with brotherly officiousness till the circulation is restored. All along the populous streets pedlars saunter selling dried mushrooms, cotton handkerchiefs, religious prints, white bread, and *vareniches* (cheese fritters); but none of them shout except the Greeks, who each make noise enough for a dozen. Pigeons infest the roadways with impunity, for they are held sacred; even if a Russian were starving it would not occur to him to knock one of these birds on the head and cook it. Dancing bears are also to be seen in great numbers, and though not sacred are great favorites, and always draw crowds, who laugh at their antics like children.

THE WHITE CLERGY.

The "white" clergy in Russia are the ordinary popes and deacons who hold cure of souls: the "black" clergy are the monks, from whose ranks all the Church dignitaries are chosen.

Black and white detest one another with a cordiality not often seen in less pious countries. A man cannot become a white clergyman unless he is married; he cannot retain his benefice after his wife's death, and he must not marry a second time; so on becoming a widower he relapses into civil life or turns monk. But as a monk he cannot aspire to dignities, for his marriage disqualfies him from becoming a bishop; he must possess his soul in patience, and see all the mitres given away to monks who have been single all their days.

Until recently a man was compelled to enter the Church, either as pope or monk, simply from the fact that he was a clergyman's son; nowadays, the bishop may release a young man from this obligation, but they are not bound to do so whenever applied to. They refuse if their dioceses be ill-stocked with clergy; and at best they will only allow a clergyman's son to enter the civil or military service of the Crown; they will not permit him to become a tradesman.

A layman's son finds it easy to become a monk, for candidates to the black clergy are rare; but if he wants to turn pope he must "prove his vocation" by paying a fair sum of money and furnishing numerous certificates of his own and his parents' morality; but even then he will only be admitted if the diocese which he seeks to enter stands in need of recruits.

The white clergy form a close caste, and it has been the policy of the synods to maintain this state of things by strict laws as to clerical marriages. A candidate for orders must marry the widow, daughter, or sister of a pope, and his bishop often compels him to choose his bride within the diocese. A clergyman's widow or daughter who would like to marry a layman has to deny herself that pleasure unless her lover is prepared to pay a thousand roubles or so privately to the bishop to purchase her; on the other hand, clerical families find an inducement to adhere to their order from the fact that benefices are hereditary. A son succeeds to his father almost as a matter of course; and if a pope leaves only daughters, his benefice will be kept open for a reasonable time, till the eldest marries and brings it to her husband as a dower.

Popes have to pay lighting and paving rates (in places where there are lights and pavements), but they are exempted from all Government taxes, from military recruitment, and billeting. In cases of offence against the common law they cannot be sentenced to corporal punishment, nor in prison are their heads shaved; and all these privileges and immunities extend to their wives and to the children born to them after ordination. However, a pope who commits some very disgraceful offence, or who incurs the wrath of Government—which comes to the same thing—can be unfrocked and drafted into the army, or be transported to Siberia, without any tedious formalities.

The white clergy accuse the black of diverting from them the benefactions of the faithful, and of misappropriating the Church revenues generally; the black reply that the white are a set of dissolute fellows who have more than enough money as it is, and grow fat by roguery. The people, viewing with an equal eye the merits of the two clergies, think there is little to choose between them in the matter of peculation; but they despise the white clergy most because the malpractices of the popes are more palpable. The budget of the secular clergy amounts to £5,000,000, which, distributed among 36,000 parishes, gives about £140 pounds to each. By rights there should be in each parish a pope, a deacon and two clerks, but there are only 12,000 deacons and 60,000 clerks in the whole empire; consequently, as half the income of each parish should go to the pope, every pope ought to receive about £85 a year. He gets nothing like that, for the bishops act as if the establishment of deacons and clerks was complete, and put the surplus salaries into their pockets. The synods also rob him, and at times (for instance, during the war) neglect to pay him at all.

The pope therefore swindles for a living. But one need not pity him overmuch, for the sums which he makes by his extortions more than counterbalance the salary of which he is defrauded. In the towns the popes live high; in the villages their homes are always comfortable. As we mentioned in a former chapter, the popes are generally agents for the sale of vodki; and in addition to this they make money by the Easter gifts of the rich, by subscriptions raised among the poor to buy church images (from which they always deduct a good percentage), by requiring fees for baptisms, burials, weddings, etc., by signing eucharistical certificates and certificates of character, by intimidating and ransoming dissenters, and by wringing death-bed donations out of the sick, which they often do with impious menaces.

RUSSIAN MEDALS.

But in addition to stars and crosses each order has its medal, which is given to private soldiers and non-commissioned officers, tradesmen hold-

ng municipal office, merchants, manufacturers, and other such small folks who are not connected with the Tschinn. Thus, a private soldier may win the medal of St. George, with yellow and black ribbon, that of St. Anne with red, etc.; and a mayor, a banker, a country justice of the peace, may be regaled with the blue ribbon and medal of St. Wladimir, the red and white of St. Stanislas, etc., though he will never be admitted to the honor of cross or star.

Artists, literary men, civil engineers, and inventors stand in a category apart and may be rewarded either with medals, stars, or crosses, according to their merits, or, rather, according to the value placed upon the same in high quarters. These extra-official nominations are, however, concessions reluctantly made to the spirit of the age, and the Russian Chancellerie has still such old-world notions as to the social position of mere geniuses that queer mistakes are often made concerning them. The singer Tamburini used to strut proudly about the Newski Prospect some years ago with the medal of St. Andrew round his neck, thinking he had been favored with the first-class order, whereas this distinction placed him on about the same level as a well-conducted Court footman. Alexander Dumas, the elder, received the medal of St. Anne for a novel of Russian life; but, hearing the small social value of it, he sent it back with a politely ironical letter, and received a cross of the second-class by return of post, with profuse apologies for the error. To this day Parisian journalists, who are indefatigable beggars of decorations, often receive medals in return for the articles which they transmit to St. Petersburg, and they wear them innocently as decorations, causing Russians who see them to laugh in their sleeves.

Besides their own native decorations, Russian tschinovniks sport many foreign ones, for there is a constant interchange of stars and letters, patent between the Courts of the three Emperors, as also with the little Courts of Greece and Germany. A Russian collects stars as an Englishman would curiosities; and the mania is not an inexpensive one, for it entails a disbursement of fees which are always large and sometimes exorbitant.

Some Russian generals and senators are knights of more than thirty orders; and nobody will be surprised to hear that it is these who affect most to wear no ribbons at all. The custom of going out to evening parties in plain clothes unadorned—*à l'anglaise*, as it is called in Russia—is one of recent birth, but it is growing apace; and now high-class Russians no longer show their stars at the theatre and at private parties as they did as lately as ten years ago. At official receptions they have no choice, but must wear all the stars and crosses they possess, even though their bosoms should resemble a jeweller's shop-front in consequence. This is a matter of discipline—of respect for the august giver of decorations; and a man who should omit to wear any particular order would soon be asked whether he were ashamed of it.

It cannot be denied, though, that the multiplicity of decorations, still respected as they may be by the lower orders, has induced a contempt for such things among those who are obliged to wear them; insomuch that a Russian whose breast is one blazing mass of gold, silver, and diamonds looks a little shame-faced in the presence of an Englishman of rank equal to his own, whose coat is as "distinguished" for it plainness as that of Mr. Canning which Prince Talleyrand admired at the Court of Charles X. The Russian seems to admit that he cannot possibly have done enough to deserve such liberal constellating, so he laughs off his splendor by saying, "It is the custom of the country;" or else remarks, as the late Count Nesselrode did, "On nous décore dans ce pays pour éviter de nous payer."

TRAVELLING IN RUSSIA.

Russia is the most uncomfortable of countries to travel in. Such railways as there are run mostly in straight lines from terminus to terminus, without taking any account of the towns on their road.

If you want to alight at a town half-way down the line you find that the station which bears its name is some twenty miles distant from the town itself. You climb into a paracladnoi, the three-horse truck without springs, and ask that your luggage may be put in with you. The station porter, clad in a touloupa reaching to his feet, smiles kindly, but cannot give you your luggage without the permission of some official who is absent. It takes money to find this official. When he has consented to inspect the luggage, he proceeds to examine every article as if it were a new and curious invention. More money is required to stop him; then you scramble into the truck again, and off it goes like wildfire, the Kalmuck driver yelling all the way, and thwacking the shafts with the stump of his whip to make you fancy that he is dragging the vehicle by himself.

The bumping is something to remember; for the roads are left to mend themselves, and in winter some of the ruts are big enough to hold coffins. In some districts a chance of being chevied by a pack of dinnerless wolves adds to the interest of the journey; but if it be night a lantern with a strong reflector hung at the back of the carriage will be enough to keep them from approaching. At length the town of your destination is reached, and, pounding along the unpaved streets with a last flourish of howls, the isvostchik gallops into the courtyard of the place that calls itself an hotel. Out tumbles a flat-nosed ostler, whom the driver begins to thump and swear at, just to show a zeal in your service. Then comes the landlord, generally a German who talks broken French, and whose accommodation for travellers consists in two or three rooms without beds and some hot water.

It is expected that a traveller should bring his own provisions; if he have not done so, he must pay for food at famine prices—and what food! It is no use asking for a chop or a steak, for the last gridiron seen in Russia (except in private houses) was the one which Ivan the Terrible

used for the broiling of refractory courtiers. A chunk of beef stewed in sugar and vinegar and served with a saucerful of salted cucumbers and pickled cherries will be about the extent of the bill-of-fare; though if there happen to be a wedding going on in the town, the landlord will run off to beg some choicer dainties, and return in triumph with the leg of a goose stuffed with cloves, or a piece of pork braised with nutmegs and marsh-mallows.

As to beds, they are quite a modern innovation in Russia, and many well-to-do houses are still unprovided with them. Peasants sleep on the top of their ovens, middle-class people and servants curl themselves up in sheepskins and lie down near stoves; soldiers rest upon wooden cots without bedding, and it is only within the last ten years that the students in State schools have been allowed beds. A traveller must therefore roll himself up in rugs and furs, and spend his night on the floor of his inn-room. Russians see no hardship in this, even if they be rich and accustomed to luxuries. They rather prefer boards to mattresses, and are first-rate travellers, for they make shift to sleep anywhere.

A man had better not fall ill while in a Russian country town, for all the doctors outside the large cities are believers in phlebotomy and violent purgatives. They prescribe tea, but drug it without telling you, and the effects are felt for days afterwards. Their fee is anything you like to give; but whatever you may offer they will be sure to ask more, and must therefore be dealt with as bluntly as tradesmen.

The prices of goods in Russian shops are assessed according to the apparent wealth of the customer. A stranger must first choose the article he wants, then offer what he thinks reasonable, and then turn on his heel if the tender be declined. Should the tradesman hurry after him into the street, he may be sure he has offered too much; should he be allowed to go, his bid has really been too low; and of course this is liable to happen with persons accustomed to Western prices, for the cost of everything in Russia is exorbitant. A suit of fairly good clothes costs £14; a pair of knee-boots, £6; an average cigar, a shilling. The only cheap things are tea, vodki, and articles made of leather; but even these cannot be had at a reasonable price unless bought through a native.

In the large French hotels of St. Petersburg, where Parisian furniture and beds are to be had, the day's board for a bachelor without a servant cannot be put down at less than £2. The price of a single room will range from 15f. to 20f.; a *table d'hôte* dinner costs 12f. without wine; a bottle of pale ale, 1 rouble; one of champagne, 5 roubles, and so on. Amusements, such as theatres and concerts, cost about three times as much as in England. On the Patti nights at the Italian Opera of St Petersburg the stalls are bought up by Jews; and one can scarcely be procured under £5. At the French theatre there is often a similar agio on the seats, and the habitual playgoer has to add a reckoning for donations which he is expected to make in order that testimonials in jewellery may be presented to the leading performers at the end of the season.

The theatres and restaurants of the capital are luxurious, and so are the first-class railway carriages on the line from St. Peterburg to Moscow. If a stranger confined his travels to a journey on this line he would go away with a fine idea of Russian comfort, for all the latest American improvements in the way of sleeping and dining cars, dressing-rooms, and attendance are available. Nor on this one line are there any vexatious formalities about luggage and passports. Everywhere else a passport is in constant request, and the only way to avoid exhibiting it a dozen times a day is to produce a twenty-kopeck piece in its stead. The traveller who forgets the coin is liable to be invited to step into the police-office, where he will have to prove, by showing other papers, that the passport is really his and not one that he has stolen.

There is one good side to travelling in Russia, and it is this:—If a stranger be not faring for commercial purposes, he will be made a welcome guest at the houses of the authorities in any town where he may wish to spend more than a day. The civil governor will despatch a secretary to his hotel, and be glad to have him to dinner for the sole sake of hearing what news he has to bring.

This is pleasant enough, and the hospitality is the more gracious as the passing stranger cannot make any return for it beyond thanks. On the other hand, a stranger who settles for any term exceeding a week in a country town will have to be careful of the company into which he falls; for Russian friendship soon turns to familiarity, and one of the first manifestations of familiarity is to ask the stranger to take a hand at écarté. Then it becomes a question of refusing and being deemed a boor, or accepting and being promptly cleaned out.

The Russians are fearful gamblers, and a stranger with circular notes in his pockets is a godsend to them. They do not cheat; but play and play until the result is utter impecuniousness to one of the two parties to the game. The women are as bad as the men, and think nothing of winning a few hundred napoleons from a stranger whom they have not known more than a week. It must be born in mind that the ladies here alluded to are those of a certain rank, who affect to copy Parisian manners; for those of the middle class do not show themselves to their husband's guests.

In country houses card-playing is the ordinary evening's amusement, counters being used when money is not forthcoming; but in these places a stranger will often get two or three days' excellent shooting in return for the bank notes he drops on his host's table at night. Russian game consists of wolves, foxes, hares, partridges, and several varieties of wild fowl; and a day with the guns leads to a turn out of all the rabble doggery of the country. All the mujicks round about leave their work to see the sport, and almost every one brings a dog with him. Happily, the game is not wild, else it would be all scared

away by the frantic shouts raised by the peasant every time a bird rises on the line of sight or a gray fox slinks away down a furrow.

Another favorite country-house amusement is dancing, and a foreigner will be delighted by the pretty jigs which Russian ladies dance with scarves or shawls something after the fashion of the *almeés*. They will sing, too, accompanying themselves with triangular guitars rather like banjos. It should be mentioned that there is no colloquial equivalent in Russian to "Sir" or "Madam," and this puts social relations at once on a very friendly footing. Tschinovniks and their wives are addressed by their inferiors as "Your High Origin" or "High Nobility," as the case may be, but amongst equals the usual formula is to address a person by his Christian name coupled to that of his father—as thus, "Paul-Petrowitch," *i. e.*, Paul son of Peter; and the same in regard to women, "Maria-Nicolaievna," Mary, daughter of Nicholas. Needless to remark that the guest-chamber in a Russian country house is as devoid of beds as a country hotel. At most a foreigner will be accommodated with an ottoman spread with catskin; but even if he have to lie on the floor, he will be sure to sleep, for a "nightcap" will be given him in the shape of a pint bowl full of a mixture of tea, egg yolks, and arak punch, enough to make him cry when he swallows it, and warranted to procure him a grand series of nightmares till morning.

ENGLISH COLONISTS IN RUSSIA.

Adventurers of good address were sure to thrive. If a man had outrun the constable at home or fallen into trouble with the authorities in India, Russia offered a fair field for his energies; and if he had the good luck to be taken up by some tschinovnik who had been his travelling companion in better days, he could be drafted into the service of the Crown without difficulty.

British consuls have often been abashed at meeting a gorgeous being with a strong Irish brogue who held some such post as deputy-inspector of imports in a sea-coast town. He wore a braided coat and a star, and was known as the Colonel Count O'Toole, or O'Rooney, or McPhunn. A jovial fellow, of course, and a fine thief to boot, who was hand-in-glove with all the smugglers on the seaboard, and paid a rent for his inspectorship to the Russian magnate who had procured it for him, by gifts of contraband cigars and wine.

He had always a good story to tell of the reasons which had induced him to enter the Russian service, which he would declare, with a wink, to be the finest in the world; and if the consul countenanced him, he was ready with offers of small services, and tried to install himself as an official hanger-on of the consulate. If the consul gave him a wide berth, he would become troublesome, and go about saying that he had quarrelled with his country for political reasons, and felt only scorn for the flag which symbolized oppression of Ireland.

It is from these gentlemen that Russians get their notions about British tyranny in Erin—notions which find such eloquent expression in the articles of the *Golos* favoring Home Rule.

That same *Golos*, by the bye, published two years ago, as a serial, the account of the Irish rebellion of 1795, modernizing it, however, so as to make it appear as though all its sanguinary incidents dated no further back than the period of the Fenian nonsense in 1867-8. The achievements of Emmett and Lord Edward Fitzgerald were laid to the credit of Barrett, who was hung at Newgate for the Clerkenwell explosion, of Allen, Larkin, Gould, and other such heroes; and all this was so cleverly done as to indicate that a genuine Irish hand must have revised the proof-sheets—if no more.

The English university passman who has gone out to Russia as a tutor, married there, and obtained a civil service appointment, is another pretty common type; so is his sister, the governess, who likewise marries and becomes a convert to the Greek faith, after a study of its dogmas, which seem to her "so like our Church of England."

In many princely houses there is an English governess, and the members of the Imperial family have generally an English lectrice attached to their household. The Empress, who prefers English literature to French, has always had an English lady to read novels to her; and it must be owned that the position of Englishwomen engaged in Russia to read or teach is one of comfort and dignity. They are handsomely paid and courteously treated; but, if any lady reading this should think the Czar's empire just the place for her, she must be warned to stand on her guard against matrimonial deceptions.

Russians are swift to propose marriage, especially when bored inside their country houses; but a tschinovnik who marries without permission of the marshal of the nobility in his province sees his wife tabooed, and it is the custom of the marshals always to refuse permissions for *mesalliances*. So the young English wife who had hoped to sail into society on the arm of a prince, finds to her disgust that every door is closed against her; and should her husband grow weary of her, he soon offers her a lump sum to consent to a divorce and go home. If she refuses she stands a chance of being divorced without the lump sum.

There are few girls' schools in Russia; and if a governess, losing her situation and yet wishing to remain in the country, hunts for employment in the big cities, she will only be allowed to receive pupils at her house after passing an examination in attainments and orthodoxy, which requires money. She will equally have to abjure her religion if she seeks to open a shop or a boarding house for officers, as some do.

Talking of orthodoxy reminds us of a couple of very pale and earnest young English curates whom we once discovered officiating in the Russian church of a town on the Black Sea. They had come out there under the common impression that the Russian ritual and their own were akin, and because "they wished to learn church Greek," said they; and they were unable to get

home, in the first place because they had no money, and in the next because they had signed a year's engagement with the local pope, negotiated through a Jew bagman. It turned out upon inquiry that this pope had been showing them off for money, and that the archimandrite of the diocese had been trumpeting their alleged conversion as an important event in politics. The two converts were well pleased to be repatriated at their consul's expense, and their experience of Russian Ritualism seems to have been, on the whole, bewildering.

English engineers, vendors of agricultural machinery, and tea and leather merchants were to be found in fair numbers about Russia some years ago; none of these could succeed until they had got imbued with the Muscovite way of doing business, by bribes and overreaching. There was no chance for the man who would not let himself be robbed of twopence in order to obtain five pounds.

An unlucky merchant one day came to a British consul and complained bitterly that he had received a consignment of pickles from England and that the custom-house officials wanted to open all his jars and bottles and turn out their contents to see if they contained any prohibited literature.

The consul hinted at the manners of the country in respect of douceurs; but the merchant answered that he had never submitted to extortion and never would; so all his pickles were turned out, the officials politely telling him that since M. Herzen's subversive *Kolokol* had penetrated into Russia inside sardine-boxes, they were obliged to be particular. In an amusing novel by Mr. Sutherland Edwards, "The Governor's Daughter," in which the darkest features of Russian domination in Poland are faithfully and yet humorously portrayed, may be found a droll account of this device for introducing seditious literature into Russia inside sardine-boxes.

As to engineers, many who have gone out to Russia on the faith of brilliant contracts have had to serve a rough apprenticeship till they discovered that contracts are of no avail without fees. As these fees would take 50 per cent. of a salary, the question soon presents itself to the engineer in this shape: "Go home; or stop, pay and recoup myself as I can?" Most stop and recoup themselves by doing scamped work, which explains why Russia has scarcely a single bridge, canal, or line of rail but swallowed up twice its original cost in repairs within ten years of its inauguration.

Not very long ago an English merchant, who had lately arrived in Odessa, walked into the post-office to ask for his letters, and found a postman in the act of emptying a bag on to the table in the public room. A well-dressed man, who was standing by, began instantly selecting some of the bulkiest parcels, and fingering them, evidently with a view to feeling whether there was any money inside. The merchant happened to see a parcel addressed to himself thus dealt with, and recovered it, not without protesting. The well-dressed man, who was a thief, apologized; but the merchant learned the same day that if he wished to insure his letters for the future he must pay a post-office clerk on purpose to look after them, and have them delivered at his office. These early lessons in Russian customs soon bear their fruits in the mind of a foreigner who wants to get on.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE HISTORICAL novel which was the delight of our early youth is becoming one of the things of the past, and the youth of the day are devouring scientific novels instead. The books of Jules Verne and Louis Biart are signs of the change of taste. The last is "Off on a Comet," and describes a voyage through space on a comet which grazed the earth and carried away a portion of its surface. Every care is taken in the scientific details to give plausibility to these wonderful voyages and render the books pleasing examples of what might be called "the scientific imagination."

LOVERS OF literature and the arts will be glad to learn that Mr. Ruskin is recovering from his long illness and will soon be at work again.

DECIDEDLY WE are "progressing." A Dr. E. D. Babbit has published a book which unlocks the hidden secrets of the universe. "The Principles of Light and Color—including, among other things, the Harmonic Laws of the Universe, the Etherio-Atomic Philosophy of Force, Chromo-Chemistry, Chromo Therapeutics, and the General Philosophy of the Fine Forces, etc., etc.,"—there is a title to take away one's breath! The author shows that there are different kinds of ethers in space, through which the various forces are propagated by a peculiar motion of the atoms about the atoms. How clear everything becomes when we call it an ether! Blessed word! it is the "open sesame" to all knowledge.

READERS OF light literature will be glad to learn that the British Museum has purchased a work which will afford them employment for the rest of their lives. It is in 5,200 volumes, and

is called "A Complete Imperial Compendium of Ancient and Modern Literature." Published in China by the Government, it contains all the learning and literature of China from B.C. 1100 to A.D. 1700. As our readers might wish to order a copy we give the precise name. It is "*Kin-ting-koo-kin-too-shoo-tseik-ching*," published at Pekin.

MR. SPURGEON is preparing a work on the art of pulpit illustration.

YUNG-WING has translated "Parsons' Law of Contracts" into Chinese for the benefit of the lawyers of the Central Flowery Kingdom.

"PHILOCHRISTUS"—a sort of historical novel of the period of Christ's teaching and crucifixion, and which has attracted much attention in England and America—is attributed to the Rev. Edwin A. Abbott, D.D., of the City of London School Board. Internal evidence points to the probability of his being the author.

THE *Revue Occidentale*, to be published in Paris six times a year, is the organ of the Comtists. Its office is to be in the house occupied by Comte before he left this world to unite with the general memory of mankind. The Pope of Comtism, Mons. P. Lafitte, is to be editor. He is the first in succession from the great founder of the Religion of Humanity.

MR. A. W. SULLIVAN, the author of "New Ireland," has added another chapter to his work. It will be published first in "Mayfair," and its subject is the murder of Lord Leitrim. Mr. Sullivan's book and Mr. Lecky's "Eighteenth Century" are indispensable to all who wish to understand Irish questions.

EARL RUSSELL, who recently died at an advanced age, is better known as a politician than an author. It was well said of him that he would be ready at a moment's notice to undertake the Archbishopric of Canterbury or to command the Channel Fleet. He tried his hand at all styles of literary composition. He wrote a tragedy, "Don Carlos," which went through five editions,—a novel, "The Nun of Areca," which was suppressed. He translated a portion of the "Odyssey" from the Greek, and "Cainus Gracchus," a tragedy, from the Italian of Monti. His historical and biographical works are better known, and are very numerous. He entered Parliament in 1813, and from that time until his death never ceased to fire off pamphlets, speeches and books upon all subjects, but especially on Papal Aggression, Sugar Duties, Foreign Politics, Reform Bills, Education, Ireland, the Irish Church, and the Colonies. Upon these subjects at least he thought he knew everything, and almost everything about everything else. An indefatigably restless and energetic man, of great ability but no genius, he has left a mark on English history which will keep his name long in remembrance.

THE PAST POPE'S villa at Twickenham was offered at auction recently, and was bought in for £14,000.

MR. EDWARD JENKINS has published another satire. It is called "Haverholme," and handles contemporary questions, religious and political, as well as leading people, with great rankness.

ERNEST RENAN has published a satire on the French Republicans, under the title of "Caliban," a continuation of "The Tempest." The Republican party, or perhaps M. Gambetta, is supposed to have expelled Prospero, or the party of order, and is reigning upon the island. There is then the *regime* of Caliban, and Prospero is brought up before the Inquisition charged with heresy. They are not allowed to burn him, though, and Prospero comforts himself in exile with the thought that at least Caliban is *anti-clerical*.

MR. GLADSTONE'S primer of Homer is now ready for publication.

Mr. SWINBURNE was unable to attend as English representative at the Voltaire Centenary celebration. Victor Hugo had reserved as eat next himself for the English poet-pagan.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER says that his theories are much more readily understood in France than in England. So may it ever be.

STANLEY is not a good missionary. King Mtesa has turned again and has driven the English missionaries off Lake Nyanza. Perhaps the king has been reading "*Symposia*," or some stray Fortnightlies have reached the lake.

PROF. BONAMY PRICE has written a book on "Political Economy" which will be vinegar to the teeth of protectionists. Mr. Mills should get it and start on a course of picnics.

PROF. MAX. MULLER, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, utterly explodes the fashionable notion that Fetishism was the primitive religion. This fiction was invented by the scientists to make some of their theories fit into each other. They

quietly assume that it must be so, and therefore was so.

WE LEARN from Mr. Clement R. Markham that the object of Capt. Nares' Polar Expedition was anything else but to reach the North Pole. This is a late discovery, and seems to want sincerity. The Paleo-crystic Sea was a disappointment to all, and no one expected Capt. Nares to sail through it, but it is too late to turn round and say that no one but a fool supposed the Pole could be reached, and that the expedition was only sent north to sledge about and collect fossils.

PROF. VOGEL calculates that £450,000 sterling of silver are annually consumed in photography.

THE ANGLO-ISRAEL theory is now known in England as "the Great Pyramid religion," and Prof. Piazzi Smith is considered to be an awful warning of the danger of applying mathematics to history.

THE BOHLEN lectures for 1878 have been published. They were delivered at Philadelphia by Bishop Huntingdon, and are entitled the "Fitness of Christianity to Man." The lectures were founded by the late Mr. Bohlen. He bequeathed the sum of $100,000 for religious and charitable purposes. Of this $10,000 has been appropriated for a lectureship.

THE INTENSE curiosity concerning the future life shows no signs of exhaustion. Rev. Mr. Cox's "Salvator Mundi" has just been reprinted in New York, advocating Restorationism, and the Rev. W. R. Huntingdon has published a course of sermons on "Conditional Immortality."

THE BRITISH COPYRIGHT COMMISSION has issued its report. It is not unanimous in its recommendations. It would be miraculous if it were. The chief recommendations are that the duration of a copyright be for life and thirty years after the death of the author; that newspaper copyright be defined; that certain monopolies of printing be taken from the universities; and that the present privilege of American authors copyrighting books first published in England be continued.

THE AMERICANS do not see the propriety of giving over their printing and publishing business into the hands of English manufacturers. They are willing to protect the author if the book be entirely manufactured in America. It would be to the interest of the large houses to do so, and thus extinguish the numerous ten cent libraries which are springing up everywhere, and it would be in the public interest to protect the general eyesight from such horrible type and paper. But the English publisher will not consent to any arrangement which will not give him the control over the forty millions of English speakers in the United States. He will have all or none.

WE LEARN from the *Library Table* that the New York *Nation* and some other weekly papers have offended certain publishers, notably Roberts Brothers of Boston, by their "languid impertinence" in reviewing "what is finest in our native literature." Consequently the aforesaid publishers have ceased to send their books for review, and these uncivil critics are compelled to pay for their books. The New York *Nation* can better afford to pay for the books it wants, than American literature can afford to do without impartial criticism. "What is finest in our native literature" has been coddled up long enough.

WHILE IN England there are signs of a reaction against Free Trade, in the United States there is a growing feeling against Protection. Of this latter movement, the economic monographs published by Putnam are the best indication. They are well done, and put the Free Trade arguments forward clearly and tersely. So long as American cotton goods and hardware are successfully exported to England the movements will continue. When trade turns again (if it ever does turn), we may expect Manchester and Sheffield to go back to their old love, and then we shall have economic monographs in America taking the other side of the question.

A NEW scientific quarterly, entitled *Brain*, has just been started under brilliant auspices. The first number contains papers by Geo. Holmes, Dr. Brown Lewis, and other well known writers. As its name denotes, it is to be a special medium of opinions concerning the brain and nervous system. A physico-metaphysico-physiologico-theological symposium for the more complete elimination of any remaining notions about such figments as a future life. If "symposia" are to continue, the governments must increase their grants to lunatic asylums. This intellectual dizziness is worse than the physical obfuscation produced by old fashioned symposia.

IT IS no use to resist. There is absolutely nothing new. Mr. Edouard Fournier in his very learned book, in three volumes, "Le Vieux Neuf,"

quotes from Hesiod, warning young men against the bewitching influence of "pull backs." To those who have struggled vainly against this bewildering style of dress, there will be some consolation in reflecting that they were just as helpless 2600 years ago as they are now.

THE "CONTEMPORARY" has another "symposium" on "Future Punishment" in the June number, and Canon Farrar has summed up in reply to his critics in a separate paper in the same issue.

PROF. CLIFFORD'S health has given way, and he has gone to the East for rest and change. He has had time during his hasty departure to call Dr. Elam a fool for asking some hard questions. The letter is very characteristic. It is in the May number of the *Nineteenth Century*.

DR. GRAY'S recent work on China is the most complete which has appeared since Williams' "Middle Kingdom." As Archdeacon of Hong-Kong for many years, he had great advantages, which he studiously availed himself of. He gives the population of China as 414 millions.

THE SCOTCH mission on Lake Nyassa is about placing a steamboat on the Lower Zambesi.

A LADY, Ada Montague, has just published a novel, "Post Hiems Ver." Winter, that stormy and changeable season in Italy, used to be feminine to the old Romans. Can it be that the higher education and emancipation of woman has corrected the error and made it neuter?

MRS. ROCHE'S book "On Trek in the Transvaal" is well spoken of by the London reviews. As bearing on the future of that country it is important to note the abundance of coal. Being short of fuel on one occasion, the attendant was sent off a mile or two to where a coal seam was exposed by a little brook. He returned soon to the camping ground with a sack of coal upon his head. Mrs. Roche is a sister of Mrs. Johnston, wife of Mr. Justice Johnston of Montreal.

MIDHAT PASHA (level headed Midhat, as he is called by newspaper correspondents) is preparing a paper on the Eastern question for the *Nineteenth Century*.

SIR FRANCIS HINCKS has a paper in the June number of the *Nineteenth Century*. He strenuously argues that the present relations of the Mother Country with Canada are the best possible. He will not hear of Imperial Federation, of Independence or of Annexation, and thinks that writers like Goldwin Smith and Sir Julius Vogel are conjuring up a false crisis.

IN THE same number Mr. Gladstone contributes a paper on the moving of Indian troops, paid with Indian money, to take part in a European war. This, he thinks, is a wrong done to Indian tax-payers, as it is done without their consent. So far is the cant of constitutionalism able to carry a great mind. A foolish M. P. has brought the article under the notice of the House of Commons as treasonable. So it is—in the same way that Burke's, and Fox's, and Chatham's speeches in 1776 were treasonable. They encouraged the Colonies to rebellion, and Gladstone suggests the same to the Hindoos. A sort of fanatical infallibility seems to be inherent in what are called liberal statesmen.

DR. VIRCHOW has rendered good service at the Munich Jubilee of savants, in exposing the assumptions which Haekel and others are putting out as demonstrated facts. It may be that man is descended from an ape, but the sculls of pre-historic man point the other way—unless, says the Dr., only the geniuses of Terti ary and Quaternary times have left their sculls to us. Horses, now, we know all about—Equus was the son of Pliohippus; who was the son of Protohippus, who was the son of Miohippus, who was the son of Mesohippus, who was the son of Orohippus, who was the son of Eohippus; which last was a little beast the size of a fox, with four long toes and a short one, and the middle toe grew and waxed strong, ike the little horn in Daniel, and the other toes turned into splint bones, as explained in the science notes of the *Nineteenth Century* and other scientific magazines.

MR. JAS. ANTHONY FROUDE has evidently had rope enough, and he is likely to be settled forever, for the gross misrepresentations he has been putting out as history. He has been palming off newspaper "leaders," in 30 or 40 volumes, for honest history. But his time has come. Mr. Edward Freeman exposes him cruelly in the *Contemporary*, for his historical novel about A Becket. Mr. W. E. Lecky dissects him in the foot notes of his history of the 18th Century, and the Knight of Kerry convicts him, in the June *Nineteenth Century*, of gross carelessness in his account of Irish Landlordism. Paradox is to Mr. Froude an evidence of truth. He not only composes history, but authorities as well.

THE EARL OF DUFFERIN is the new president of the Royal Geographical Society.

THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY of England are preparing a Bibliography of works and papers relating to English Folk-lore.

THE ELECTRICIAN—a weekly journal of theoretical and applied electricity and chemical physics—is the title of a new scientific paper recently started in London.

THE ANNUAL of scientific discovery for 1877 has been issued by Harpers of New York. It is edited by Spencer Baird of the Smithsonian Institute. Dr. Sterry Hunt has contributed the Geology, Prof. Barker the Chemistry, Prof. Dana the Mineralogy, etc. The work contains a bibliography of the scientific publications of the year. It is indispensable to every person who desires to keep abreast with the advance of the age.

THE MICROPHONE, invented by Prof. Hughes, is doing for the ear what the microscope does for the eye. Sounds, almost inaudible where made, are heard with distinctness after being carried one hundred miles over a telephone wire. The footsteps and the breathing even of flies can be heard. The chief element in the circuit which produces the wonderful effect is a piece of carbon in the pores of which mercury or some other metal is held in a very fine state of subdivision.

IF ANYTHING could justify Louis Napoleon's *Coup d'Etat*, it is the style of Victor Hugo's History of a Crime. It was a simple blessing that such a lot of conceited, bombastic, attitudinizing political quacks as the Republicans of 1848 should have been scattered to the four winds, whither their windy theories must, in any case, have eventually thrown them. The puffy sentences of this over-rated book, its jerky melodrama, and its wealth of full stops—notes of admiration, dashes, and other typographic bedevilments, make tiresome a subject which otherwise would be profoundly interesting.

TWO PASTORAL ADDRESSES on the Church and Civilization, published by Pope Leo XIII. when Cardinal and Bishop of Perugia, have been reprinted by O'Shea of New York. They are printed in a very careless and unworthy manner, but they are well worth the attention of Protestants, if only to show the extensive reading of the present Pope as distinguished from the narrowness of his predecessor. The style is quiet and reasonable, and the subject matter will give rise to the question whether what is passing for civilization and progress is not in reality a return to paganism. Many pagan nations were highly civilized. As a physicist would say—is not too much of the heat of Christianity consumed in internal work?

MR. NORMAN LOCKYER has written a series of papers criticising a number of paintings which are much admired. He shows that in many of them the colors of the sky and clouds are incompatible—in others the moon is disproportionately large—in others the color of the sky is impossible with so high a sun—in other sunsets, the moon and sun are in the wrong relative positions. This criticism of the painter's art by a spectroscopist and astronomer will cause the painters to trouble themselves a little more about science. Six years ago Dr. Lebreich demonstrated that the peculiar color of Turner's landscapes was due to a peculiar defect in his eyesight. This is easily credible.

Chess.

(Conducted by J. G. ASCHER, Montreal.)

All communications to be addressed to the Chess Editor of the "New Dominion Monthly," Box 37, P. O., Montreal.

In honor of the *Canadian Chess Association* meeting to be held this month (August) in Montreal, we present our readers with an enlarged Chess department, and are indebted to the courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. John Dougall & Son, for the extra space afforded.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MIRON.—Will do my best to meet your friendly wishes.

J. W. SHAW.—As usual, we are greatly indebted to your labors and the warm interest you take in our column.

QUESTION.—We refer you to our Chess Waifs in this number.

YOUTH.—Will be happy to insert problem if correct.

G. N. AND S.—Solution to problem No. 24 correct.

GAME No. 37.

CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

Game between Mr. Joshua Clawson, St. John, N.B., and Mr. Geo. T. Black, of Halifax, N.S.

King's Bishop's Gambit.

WHITE. *Mr. Clawson.*	BLACK. *Mr. Black.*
1. P. K. 4.	1. P. K. 4.
2. P. K. B. 4.	2. P. takes P.
3. B. B. 4.	3. Q. R. 5. (ch).
4. K. B. sq.	4. P. K. Kt. 4.
5. Kt. Q. B. 3.	5. B. K. Kt. 2.
6. P. K. Kt. 3.	6. P. takes P.
7. Q. K. B. 3.	7. P. Kt. 7. (ch).
8. K. takes P.	8. Q. K. B. 5. (*a*).
9. Kt. Q. 5.	9. Q. takes Q.
10. Kt. takes Q.	10. K. Q. sq.
11. K. Kt. takes P.	11. Kt. K. R. 3.
12. R. K. B. sq.	12. R. Kt. sq. (*b*).
13. P. Q. 3.	13. P. Q. B. 3.
14. Kt. B. 6.	14. B. takes Kt.
15. R. takes B.	15. R. Kt. 3.
16. R. takes R.	16. B. P. takes R.
17. Kt. takes R. P.	17. Kt. Kt. 5.
18. B. B. 7. (*c*).	18. Kt. K. 4.
19. B. Kt. 5. (ch).	19. K. B. 2.
20. B. K. B. 4.	20. P. Q. 3.
21. B. takes Kt.	21. P. takes B.
22. B. takes P.	And Black resigns.

NOTES TO GAME No 37.

(*a*). This early offering of the exchange of Queens was hardly judicious. Kt. to K. R. 3 would, we fancy, have been better.

(*b*). Well conceived.

(*c*). White plays throughout with a good deal of skill.

GAME 38.

THE NEW AUTOMATON CHESS-PLAYER.

Mr. C. G. Gumpel, of London, has invented a new mechanical chess-player, of which both the construction and performance eclipse those of any previous chess-playing machine.

The talented inventor has named his mechanism "Mephisto," and has been inviting the leading players to a series of *séances* at his house in Leicester Square, in order to test the merits of his invention before exhibiting it at the present Paris Exhibition.

We select a specimen game played with Mr. Tinsley, which is a remarkably brilliant game. Most of the leading players have succumbed to "Mephisto's" prowess. The question among chess-players, therefore, is not so much how the combinations are formed, or the moves conveyed to the concealed director of the game, as who is the skilful player who runs the machine, for among players not one could be found to place any credence in the claims of the inventor.

The figure is entirely too small to admit of a player being concealed within, as in all previous chess automatons, being merely a slim little figure sitting before an ordinary chess table, entirely disconnected from surrounding objects, with-

out the possibility of a person being hidden near him. The figure is dressed in gorgeous red velvet, trimmed with black, pink hat with black border, and two magnificent pink feathers, his hand encased in a black kid glove.

The mechanism is said to be most perfect, and the head makes the most graceful and natural movements. Where the player is located, and how the moves, as well as necessary mechanical force, are communicated to the machine, is, of course, the secret of the inventor; but in this age of electricity, telephones and phonographs, it is but natural to suppose that the old automaton of Maelzel has been improved upon.—*Scientific American.*

Two Knights' Defence.

WHITE. *Mephisto.*	BLACK. *Mr. Tinsley.*
1. P. K. 4.	1. P. K. 4.
2. Kt. K. B. 3.	2. Kt. Q. B. 3.
3. B. B. 4.	3. Kt. K. B. 3.
4. Kt. Kt. 5.	4. P. Q. 4.
5. P. takes P.	5. Kt. takes P. (*a*).
6. Kt. takes B. P.	6. K. takes Kt.
7. Q. B. 3. (ch).	7. K. K. 3.
8. Kt. Q. B. 3.	8. Q. Kt. Kt. 5.
9. Q. K. 4.	9. P. Q. Kt. 4.
10. B. Kt. 3.	10. B. Kt. 2.
11. P. Q. 4.	11. B. Q. 3.
12. P. takes P.	12. B. B. 4.
13. Q. Kt. 4. (ch). (*b*).	13. K. B. 2.
14. B. Kt. 5.	14. Q. K. sq.
15. Castles (Q. R.).	15. Q. K. 3.
16. Q. B. 3. (ch).	16. K. K. sq.
17. Kt. takes Kt.	17. Kt. takes Kt.
18. R. takes Kt.	18. Q. K. Kt. 3.
19. P. K. 6.	19. R. K. B. sq.
20. Q. B. 7. (ch). (*c*).	20. R. takes Q.
21. P. takes R. (ch).	21. K. B. sq.
22. R. takes B.	22. P. K. R. 3.
23. B. Q. 2.	23. Q. takes Kt. P.
24. R. K. sq.	24. Q. takes B. P.
25. R. takes B. P.	25. Q. takes R. (ch).
26. B. takes Q.	26. P. Kt. 3.
27. B. Kt. 4. (ch).	27. K. Kt. 2.
28. P. Queens. (*d*), Mating.	

NOTES TO GAME NO 38.

(Mephisto and Tinsley).

(*a*). Bad. This move used to be in fashion, now it is a dead letter. Proper reply for Black would have been Q. Kt. to Q. R. 4.

(*b*). Now Black is in the thick of the fight.

(*c*). Beautifully played.

(*d*). The *coup de grace* is given in fine style.

GAME NO 39.

The following novel game was lately played between Mr. J. W. Shaw, of Montreal, manager of the "Canadian Correspondence Tourney," and Mr. D. R. Macleod, of Quebec, and is a *curiosum* deserving special notice. We believe it is the first instance in the annals of chess that mottoes applicable to the moves and explanatory of the various situations have accompanied the play. We are inclined to think, however, that the mental effort necessary to sustain such an arduous self-imposed task, and which certainly is most creditable to the literary attainments of these gentlemen, is not only unnecessary (if the fact of heightening the interest of the game is considered), but might also serve to clog and hamper the imaginative powers which chess play bring into action.

As will be seen, the game is the counter-gambit in the King's Bishop's opening, and Staunton thus notices it:—"This ingenious reply to the Bishop's opening, which consists in Black's moving pawn to King's Bishop's fourth at his second move, first occurs in the valuable games of Greco; and it has been subsequently examined by Cozio, Allgaier, Lewis, Jaenisch, who have devoted great attention to it. It has also been extensively reviewed by the German *Handbuch*, and the *Chess-player's Chronicle*."

Agnel says that it abounds with stratagems and snares, into which the first player may easily fall, especially if the opening be new to him.

Mr. Macleod appears to have abandoned the published variations at his fourth move.

Counter-gambit in the King's Bishop's opening (declined).

WHITE. *Mr. Macleod.*	BLACK. *Mr. Shaw.*
1. P. to K. 4.	1. P. to K. 4.
2. B. to Q. B. 4.	2. P. to K. B. 4.
3. B. takes Kt.	3. R. takes B.
4. Q. to K. R. 5.(ch)	4. P. to K. Kt. 3.
5. Q. takes K. R. P.	5. R. to Kt. 2.
6. Q. to K. R. 6.	6. Q. to B. 3.
7. Kt. to Q. B. 3.	7. P. takes P.
8. Kt. takes P.	8. Q. to Q. B. 3.
9. P. to Q. 3.	9. Q. takes P.
10. Kt. to K. B. 3.	10. P. to Q. 3. (*aa*)
11. Castles.	11. B. to B. 4.
"Defence not Defiance."	"Too sweet to be wholesome" (the capture of the pawn.)
12. Kt. to K. B. 6.(ch). "The castle gate is closed."	12. K. to B. 2. "Out of this nettle danger, I will (try to) pluck the flower safely."

13. Kt. to Q. 5. "Mum's the word."	13. Q. to B. 3. "A queen to the rescue."	
14. Kt. to K.Kt.5. (ch). "Two brothers in the fray."	14. K. to his square. "I like not the play of the Corsican brothers."	
15. Kt. to K. B. 6. (ch). "Alone they maintain the unequal war."	15. K. to K. 2. "There's a divinity doth (not) hedge in a King." (*Shaks.*)	
16. Kt. (at Kt. 5.) to R. 7. "Supporting each the other."	16. Kt. to Q. 2. (*a*) "On a lee shore."	
17. B to K. Kt. 5. (b) "With benefit of clergy."	17. K. to B. 2. "I'll face this tempest, and deserve the name of King." (*Dryden.*)	
18. Q. R. to Q. B. sq. "The guards in action."	18. Q. to. Kt. 3 "This is the place as well as I can guess." (*Milton.*)	
19. Q. to K. R. 4. "Fain would I stay and fain would go."	19. Kt. takes Kt. "One arm from the Octopus the less."	
20. Kt. takes Kt. "Revenge his brother slain."	20. P. to B. 3. "I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in to saucy doubts and fears." (*Shaks.*)	
21. Kt. to R. 7. "Sadly he turns again to his post."	21. K. to K. 3. "After much inward communion."	
22. P. to Q. 4. "On with the light brigade."	22. B. to K. 2 (*c*). "We set the best face on it we could." (*Dryden*).	
23. P. takes P. "Their's not to reason why."	23. R. takes Kt. *Up to this point*, "I have been pursued, dogged and waylaid." (*Pope.*)	
24. Q. takes R. "The Royals were ordered to support the light brigade." (*Russell*).	24. B. takes B. *But now*, "Blood and revenge are hammering in my head." (*Shaks.*)	
25. P. takes P. "Fiercely the line they pierce, charging an army."	25. B. takes R. "Lay on, Macduff!"	
26. Q. to K. 7 (ch). "I'll stop when you cry 'Hold, enough!'"	26. K. to Q. 4. A duel "à l'outrance."	
27. R. to Q. sq. (ch). "Parallel rulers."	27. K. to B. 5. "How many evils have enclosed me round." (*Shaks.*)	
28. R. takes B. (ch). "*En passant.*"	28. K. to Q. 4. "He saw no hope of extrication from his embarrassments." (*Macaulay*).	
29. R. to Q. sq. (ch). "No thoroughfare this way."	29. K. to B. 5. "My sands of life are running out." [*sician*). (*The Advertising Phy-*	
30. Q. to K. 2 (ch). "For I'll come and see ye, in spite o' them a'."	30. K. to Kt. 5. "Firm and irrevocable is my doom." (*Shaks.*)	
31. P. to K. Kt. 4. "Up to the *cannon's* mouth."	31. R. to K. B. sq. (*d*). "The drowning man's straw."	
32. P. takes B. "Sabring the gunners."	32. R. takes P. "I am one of those species of animals distinguished by the well-known appellation of *game*." (*Blackstone*).	
33. P. to Q. R. 3 (ch). "The beginning of the end."	33. K. to Kt. 6. "Am preparing my last will and testament."	
34. R. to Q. 3 (ch). "This Rook would wed the Raven Queen."	34. K. to R. 5. "These eyes behold the deathful scene." (*Pope*).	
35. Q. to K. 4 (ch). "Clumsy play to crush all hope."	35. K. to R. 4. "Seeing that death, a necessary end, will come when it will come." (*Shaks.*)	
36. Q. to Q. Kt. 4 (ch). "I offer you a *fair* exchange."	36. K. to R. 3. "It faints me to think what follows." (*Shaks.*)	
37. Q. takes Q. (ch). "Go thy ways, Kate." (*Shaks.*)	37. *I resign!* "And there was weeping and lamentation in the house of Shaw."	

NOTES TO GAME No. 39.

(*aa*). Better to have captured the King's pawn.

(*a*). Why not take Kt. with R., gaining two knights for R?

(*b*). White soon takes advantage of his opponent's bad play (move 16).

(*c*). We should like to know why Black did not capture pawn with Queen.

(*d*). Black brings a sacrifice, but an entirely useless one. Why not retreat Bishop to Q. 2nd?

GAME 40.

The following curious little game was played not long since at the "Circle des Echees," St. Petersburg.

WHITE. *M. Scheiffors.*	BLACK. *Amateur.*
1. P. K. 4.	1. P. K. R. 3.
2. K. Kt. B. 3.	2. P. Q. R. 3.
3. B. B. 4.	3. P. Q. Kt. 4.
4. B. × P. (ch).	4. K. × B.
5. Kt. K. 5. (ch).	5. K. K. 3.
6. Q. K. Kt. 4. (ch).	6. K. × Kt.
7. Q. K. B. 5. (ch).	7. K. Q. 3.
8. Q. Q. 5. Mate.	

GAME NO. 41.

Queen's Gambit.

WHITE. *Mr. Barnes.*	BLACK. *Mr. Mason.*
1. P. Q. 4.	1. P. Q. 4.
2. P. Q. B. 4.	2. P. takes P.
3. P. K. 3.	3. Kt. K. B. 3.
4. B. takes P.	4. B. B. 4.
5. Kt. Q. B. 3.	5. P. K. 3.
6. P. Q. R. 3.	6. B. Q. 3.
7. P. K. B. 3.	7. Kt. R. 4.
8. P. K. Kt. 3. (*a*).	8. P. Q. B. 3.
9. K. Kt. K. 2.	9. B. Kt. 3.
10. Kt. B. 4. (*b*).	10. Kt. takes Kt.
11. K. P. takes Kt.	11. Castles.
12. Castles.	12. Kt. Q. 2.
13. Kt. K. 4.	13. Kt. Kt. 3.
14. B. R. 2.	14. Q. B. 2.
15. B. Q. 2.	15. K. R. Q.
16. Q. K. 2.	16. Q. R. Q. B.
17. Kt. takes B. (*c*).	17. Q. takes Kt. (d).
18. B. B. 3. (*e*).	18. Kt. R. 5.
19. B. Kt. 3. (*f*).	19. Kt. takes B.
20. P. takes Kt.	20. P. Q. B. 4.
21. K. R. Q.	21. P. takes P.
22. R. takes P.	22. Q. Kt. 3.
23. Q. Kt. 2.	23. R. takes R.
24. P. takes R.	24. R. B. 7.
25. R. Q. B.	25. R. takes R. (ch).
26. Q. takes R,	26. Q. takes P. (ch).
27. K. Kt. 2.	27. P. K. R. 4.
28. Q. B. 8. (ch). (*g*).	28. K. R. 2.
29. Q. takes P.	29. Q. Q. 7. (ch).
30. K. R. 3.	30. B. B. 4. (ch).
31. P. Kt. 4.	31. P. takes P. (ch).
32. P. takes P.	32. Q. B. 6. (ch).

White resigned after a move or two more.

NOTES TO GAME NO. 41.

(*a*). 8. K. Kt. K. 2. would not prevent the check of the Queen, and forking B. and Kt. by P. Kt. 4. would result in loss of position and little, if any, material gain.

(*b*). 10. P. K. 4. is a stronger move we think.

(*c*). Altogether premature; Black's position is a good deal cramped and this frees his game entirely.

(*d*). If 17. R. takes Kt., then:

18. P. B. 5.	18. B. takes P.
19. B. B. 4. &c.	

(*e*). Better to have played this B. to K. 3.

(*f*). The K. should have been moved. Black could not capture R. P. after changing Kt. for B. on account of the reply B. tks K. P.

(*g*). Not prudent, but probably the only result is to hasten the ending. Black has a pawn ahead and the Bishops are of similar color.

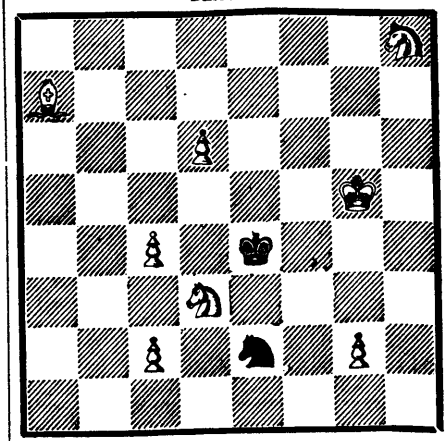
(*h*). Much superior to the more obvious move Kt. 8; the game is now forced. Mr. Mason played every move from the 17th with great precision and effect.—*Exchange.*

PROBLEM No. 25.

A stratagem well-worthy of the composer.

BY A. P. BARNES, NEW YORK.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 42.

The great Napoleon the First was not a master of Chess, though his play, from the few specimens extant, shows daring and skill in the highest degree. We present the following spirited game, clipped from the *Argus* and *Express*, which certainly is not unworthy of the renowned conqueror.

"The game, a spirited little one, was played by the Emperor at Malmaison on the 20th of March, 1804."

Irregular Opening.

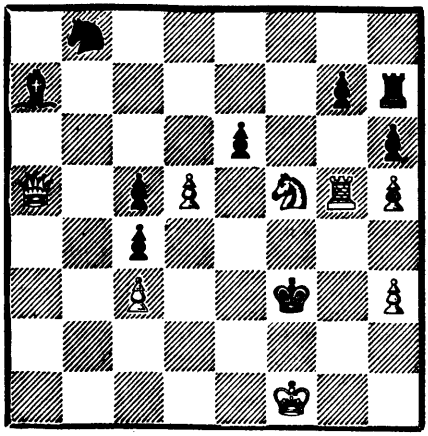
WHITE. *Madame de Remusat.*	BLACK. *Napoleon I.*
1. P. to Q. 3.	1. Kt. to K. B. 3.
2. P. to K. 4.	2. Kt. to Q. B. 3.
3. P. to K. B. 4.	3. P. to K. 4.
4. P. takes P.	4. Q. Kt. takes P.
5. Kt. to Q. B. 3.	5. Kt. to K. Kt. 5.
6. P. to Q. 4.	6. Q. to R. 5. (ch.)
7. P. to Kt. 3.	7. Q. to K. B. 3.
8. Kt. to K. R. 3.	(the correct move was Q. to K. 2.) 8. Q. Kt. to B. 6. (ch.)
9. K. to K. 2.	9. Kt. takes Q. P. (ch.)
10. K. to Q. 3.	10. K. Rt. to K. 4. (ch.)
(The attack is kept up with great vigor.)	
11. K. takes Kt.	11. B. to B. 4. (ch.)
12. K. takes B.	12. Q. to Q. Kt. 3. (ch.)
13. K. to Q. 5.	13. Q. to Q. 3.

Checkmate.

PROBLEM No. 26.

This year's Prize of the German *Illustrite Zeitung*, by HERR RUDOLPH WILMERS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in five moves.

The foregoing fine piece of Chess strategy is the work of *Herr Rudolph Wilmers*, the distinguished pianist to the Court of Austria, whose reputation as a problemist, as well as a musician, has been world-wide for a quarter of a century.

CHESS WAIFS.

THE INTERNATIONAL CHESS CONGRESS now being held in Paris is the present all-absorbing topic to chess-players generally. The following despatch came per cable :

PARIS, July 2.—Twelve of the principal chess-players in the world are entered in the *International Congress*. Of eleven rounds, representing 132 games to be played, four rounds have already been played, with the following result : Winawer, of Russia, won eight games, lost no games ; Blackbourne, of London, won seven games, lost one game ; Rosenthal, of Paris, won 5½ games, lost 2½ games ; Anderssen, of Breslau, won 5 games, lost 3 games ; Zukertort, of Berlin and London, won 5 games, lost 3 games ; Clere, of Besancon, won 5 games, lost 3 games ; Englist, of Vienna, won 3½ games, lost 4½ games : Bird, of London, won 3 games, lost 5 games ; Mackenzie, of New York, won 3 games, lost 5 games ; Giffard, of London and Paris, won 1 game, lost 7 games ; Pilstell, of Stutgart, won no games, lost 8 games.

It will be seen that Winawer, of Russia, stands a fair chance for the first prize. Blackbourne comes next, and if he, as well as Winawer, in the succeeding rounds, keep their ground, it will be a keen mental struggle between these two great masters for the final contest. Anderssen, Rosenthal and Zukertort do not seem to maintain their wonted prestige, while Bird, and the representative of American chess, Captain Mackenzie, come off only third best. We fancy that if Winawer, of Russia, wins the first prize, it will somewhat startle the chess world, as he is not so well-known to fame as most of the other players.

AS WE go to press the latest news in reference to the Great International Chess Congress in Paris reaches us per cable :

PARIS, July 13.—In the chess tournament, Winawer, Russian, still leads with 12½ games won. Mackenzie, of New York, is seventh in the list, with 8½ games won, and Mason, of New York, tenth, with 6½ games won.

In connection with the above, we hear that Bird has won both his games with Anderssen!

CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.—The prizes are fixed as follows : 1st. $35 ; 2nd, $20 ; 3rd, $15 ; 4th, $10 ; 5th, $5. Play is progressing but slowly ; "it may be for years," etc., etc., as the song says, before we read *finis* to this tourney. Its present *status* is : 1. Henderson *vs.* Boivin, won by Henderson ; 2. Shaw *vs.* Clawson, won by Shaw ; 3. Narraway *vs.* Clawson, won by Narraway ; 4. Braithwaite *vs.* Gibson, won by Braithwaite ; 5. Black *vs.* Wylde, Drawn ; 6. Clawson *vs.* Black, won by Clawson.

CANADIAN CHESS ASSOCIATION.—Subscriptions are arriving, but not as liberally as the managing Committee would like. The time is now approaching for the convocation, which is to be held August 20. On behalf of the Association and the above Committee, we make an earnest appeal to all lovers of the royal game to send in their membership fees at once in support of the cause.

AMERICAN PROBLEM ASSOCIATION TOURNEY.—The judges have awarded the prizes as follows : 1st Prize—"A fair field," etc., S. Loyd, 63 points ; 2nd Prize—"Fair Play," W. A. Shinkman, 59 points ; 3rd Prize—"*Sic transit*," etc., Dr. Moore, 57 points ; 4th Prize—"*Che Sara*" (name not given), 56 points ; 5th Prize—"Fellows, stand fast," Z. Hawkins, 55 points.

"BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE" says : "We know of no absorption more complete than that which possesses the mind of a true votary of chess. Watch him as he is contemplating his moves,

and his countenance is a perfect study for the physiognomist. He may not, perhaps, be the most agreeable of companions, but we cannot expect loquacity from men of high intellect while engaged in deepest ruminations."

IT IS REMARKABLE that Howard Staunton, the great English chess player and Shakesperian scholar, should be quoted as authority for saying that no allusion whatever to our royal game appears in any of Shakespeare's works. Katharine, in the "Taming of the Shrew," makes the following capital chess pun :

"I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a *stale* of me among these *mates?*"

—*Scientific American.*

The *Scientific American* tells us something of which we certainly profess our ignorance, viz : that Staunton states the immortal Bard's works make no allusion to chess. Independent of the above quotation, the following lines occur in one of his plays, which one we cannot now remember :

"I would I were a pawn to wage against mine enemies;"

and in the "Tempest," act 5, scene 1, Ferdinand and Miranda are discovered playing chess !

IN THE "DETROIT FREE PRESS" of June 29th, 1878, we observe the following rule, quoted from the *Grosses Schach-Handbuch*, edited by J. Dufresne and J. H. Zukertort—1862.

Rule XIII., page 32 : "When a pawn has reached the eighth square, the player may, at his option, either change it into any piece, the name and powers of which it assumes at once, or decide that it shall *remain a pawn!*"

We are surprised that two such acknowledged masters of the game should agree to the last part of this rule, viz : "or decide that it shall *remain a pawn,*" simply because this condition invents a *new* piece in the game with *negative* powers, presenting an altogether novel phase in the play. *Ergo*, a pawn arriving at the eighth square and allowed to remain a pawn has *two qualities* only, viz : ability to occupy a square, and to be taken. It cannot capture nor move forward ; therefore, being a pawn without the powers of that piece, it becomes an anomaly—an innovation without precedent, and contary to the true spirit of chess.

A TOTAL MISREADING.

Our Canadian correspondent at Montreal, Mr. Shaw, amongst other pleasant matters, writes as follows :

"By the way, the mention of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY reminds me of a brief notice in the Chess department of the *Advertiser* of Feby. 14th, in the course of which you speak of the problem published in the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY alluded to as 'cribbed from some old dry-as-dust !' My good friend, Mr. Ascher, chess Editor of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, thought this rather hard upon him. Now I have just shown Mr. A. your last slip, in which appears this self-same problem (No 29 in your column by Loyd), which took first prize in some Tourney of I don't know how many years ago, and which made a great sensation at the time in England. Mr. Ascher pertinently asks : 'How comes it that these same dry bones' are resuscitated in my censor's column ?' I add (parenthetically and laughingly) that I think the question is *in order.*"

And so do we—if Mr. Ascher and Mr. Shaw had rightly read our remarks. We were actually complimenting Mr. Ascher upon the original matter in his column. What we wrote was as follows :

"This wide-awake American serial contains a capital chess column. The chess editor, Jacob G. Ascher, is not satisfied with simply giving a problem cribbed from some old dry-as-dust, and a game copied from a contemporary, for in the number before us, under the signature of J. G. A., is a racy sketch entitled, 'The Chess Tyro,' too long for insertion in our local chess column. If, therefore, we give from the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY a 'pawn' puzzle, our readers must not gauge the quality of our Canadian chess brother's work from the following little enigma," etc.

The above remarks do not imply that which Mr. A credits to their account. The little word *for* goes to show this—"*for* in the number before us," etc. We were paying a compliment to Mr. Ascher at the expense of another chess editor who resides in this country, and whose kleptomanian weakness is positively shocking. Our readers need not trouble about guessing, for this editor's chess column is not on our numerous exchange list.

Mr. Ascher is quite out in his friendly return fire. These "same dry bones" have been thrice "resuscitated" by us—in the first instance specially chosen from Loyd's compositions in connection with prize awards, and twice repeated. This three-mover has no dry bones about it.

"'Tis as fresh, as beautiful, and as elegant as ever."

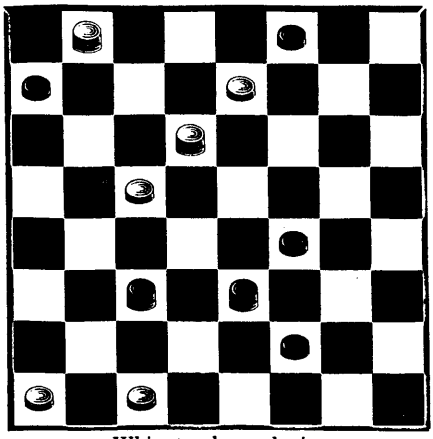
Our purpose in making such full remarks on this matter must be self-evident. They are not written so much to put ourselves in the right, as to show that any chess editor who cribs without acknowledgment is in the wrong ; and Mr. Ascher's erroneous conclusion has given us the opportunity we wanted.—*Derbyshire Advertiser.*

[The above explanation we think satisfactory *in the extreme*, and most gratifying to any little vanity we may be charged with in the past or future. We have always strived to make our column an interesting record of chess facts and fancies, as well as the vehicle for the expression of chess skill, either in games or problems ; and we feel flattered that so competent an authority as the chess editor of the *Derbyshire Advertiser* should so warmly appreciate our humble though zealous endeavors.—CHESS EE.]

Draughts.

PROBLEM No. 13.

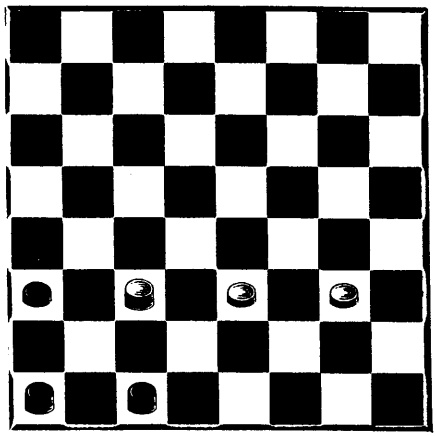
BY J. G. TRELEAVEN, LUCKNOW, ONT.



White to play and win.

PROBLEM No. 14.

END GAME, BY A. BRODIE, QUEBEC.



Black to play and White to win.

All communications to be addressed to Mr. Andrew Whyte, Draughts Editor of the "NEW DOMINION MONTHLY," *Bolton Forest, Que.*

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. J. W., Port Huron.—Solutions correct, and contributions received, with thanks. The problems will be examined.

GEO. J. JAMES, Brockville.—Your letter is to hand, and we think your game very good for a young player. Your problems are hardly suitable, as the same ideas have been utilized very often before.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 11.

11.15	3.10	11.16	23.26
19.23	18.15	24.27	16.19
10. 7	10.19	31.15	White wins.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 12.

20.16	11. 8	16.20	8.12
19.15	15.11	15.19	7. 3
16.11	12.16	3. 8	4. 8
14.18	18.15	11. 7	3. 7
			Drawn.

GAME No. 31.—FIFE.

Played between L. W. Breck and E. Kelly.

Breck's Move.

11.15	28.19	8.24	24.15	27.32
23.19	8.11	27.20	6.10	7.10
9.14	23.18	4. 8	14. 7	32.27
22.17	3. 8	31.27	2.18	10.15
5. 9	18.14	8.11	13. 9	27.20
26.23	10.17	32.28	12.16	15.19
9.13	21.14	11.16	9. 6	20.16
24.20	13.17	20.11	16.19	19.12
13.22	25.21	7.16	6. 2	18.23
25. 9	17.22	28.24	19.23	
6.13	21.17	1. 6	27.24	
29.25	11.16	17.13	23.27	Drawn.
15.24	20.11	16.19	2. 7	

The two following games were played by A. Brodie and W. Brodie, of Quebec.

GAME 32.—CROSS.

A. B. played Black in both games.

11.15	26.19	9.13	25.22	8.11
23.18	7.14	17.14	18.23	15. 8
8.11	22.17	6. 9	29.13	6.31
27.23	14.18	14.10	14.18	8. 4

4. 8	32.27	9.14	*21.17	31.27
23.19	11.16	28.24	18.23	24.20
10.14	19.15	13.17	27.18	27.24
19.10	16.20	30.26	20.27	19.15
14.23	24.19	2. 6	31.24	

Black wins.

*White would have done better by 26.23, 18.22, 15.11, 8.15, 23.18, 22.25, 18.11, 6.15, 19.10, 12.16.

GAME 33.—LAIRD AND LADY.

11.15	6. 9	16.19	21.25	27.32
23.19	24.20	24.15	30.21	7. 2
8.11	2. 6	5. 9	23.26	32.27
22.17	28.24	14. 5	32.27	10. 6
9.13	9.13	7.23	26.30	1.10
17.14	15.10	22.17	27.23	5. 1
10.17	6.15	11.18	30.25	27.23
21.14	19.10	25.22	23.18	1. 5
15.18	17.21	18.25	15.19	23.14
26.23	31.26	29.22	20.16	2. 6
13.17	12.16	8.11	19.24	25.18
19.15	26.22	17.14	16.11	6.22
4. 8	18.23	11.15	24.27	
23.19	27.18	14.10	11. 7	Drawn.

GAME 34.—SINGLE CORNER.

As played in the championship match between Messrs. Labadie and Dykes.

Dykes' Move.

11.15	10.14	11.20	20.24	11.20
22.18	24.20	18.11	27.20	19.15
15.22	7.10	3. 7	6.10	13.22
25.18	25.22	11. 8	22.17	26.17
8.11	10.15	4.11	*9.13	10.19
29.25	20.16	23.19	20.16	17. 2

Labadie wins.

*The following would draw easily, 11.16, 20.11, 7.23, 26.19, 9.13, 30.26, 13.22, 26.17, drawn.

GAME No. 35.—LAIRD AND LADY.

Played also in the Labadie-Dykes match.

Labadie's Move.

11.15	4. 8	6.15	12.16	14.18
23.19	24.20	19.10	14. 9	7.16
8.11	13.17	11.15	5.14	18.25
22.17	19.15	31.26	10. 7	16.19
9.13	17.21	9.13	3.10	15.18
17.14	23.19	25.22	23.18	19.15
10.17	6. 9	18.25	14.23	18.22
21.14	28.24	29.22	26. 3	15.10
15.18	1. 6	7.11	10.14	25.29
26.23	15.10	27.23	3. 7	20.16

Dykes wins.

THE "SINGLE CORNER" WITH VARIATIONS.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED FROM HAY'S WORK.

GAME.

11.15	8.12	16.19	9.14	14.18
22.18	27.24	23.16	26.23	11. 7
15.22	9.13	12.19	1. 5	10.14
25.18	24.19	‡20.16	§30.25	7. 2
8.11	5. 9	11.27	2. 6	13.17
29.25	*28.24	18.11	22.18	2. 6
4. 8	10.15	7.16	6.10	
25.22	19.10	31.15	18. 9	
12.16	6.15	16.20	5.14	Drawn.
24.20	†32.28	15.11	23.19	

*Variation 31.
† " 32.
‡ " 33, 34, 35.
§ " 36.

An accident to the copy prevented the publication of Variation 26 in last No. We repeat the moves leading to it.

11.15	25.21	3. 8	25.22	6.10
22.18	10.17	23.19	23.26	8. 3
15.22	21.14	11.16	27.23	10.14
25.18	1. 6	26.22	26.31	1. 6
9.13	26.23	*16.23	22.17	14.17
29.25	13.17	22.13	31.27	6.10
12.16	31.26	7.10	17.14	17.21
18.14	8.11	14. 7	27.24	3. 8
10.17	24.19	2.11	14. 5	21.25
21.14	4. 8	24.19	8.11	10.15
16.20	28.24	5. 9	15. 8	25.30
23.18	8.12	30.25	24.22	15.11
6.10	19.15	11.16	5. 1	16.19

Drawn.

*Variation 26 commences here.

(31).

32.27	16.19	17.14	7.10	15.10
10.15	23.16	9.18	14. 7	20.24
19.10	12.19	22.15	2.18	26.23
6.15	20.16	13.17	27.23	
*21.17	11.20	(A) 25.21	18.27	
1. 5	18.11	3. 7	31.15	Drawn.
30.25	7.16	21.14	16.19	

*Variation 37.

(A).

26.23	31.13	15.11	13. 6
19.26	16.19	5. 9	2. 9

Black wins.

(32).

23.19	(B) 23.26	18.14	17.22	32.28
16.23	30.23	9.18	14.10	
26.10	3. 7	23.14	7.14	
7.23	22.18	13.17	23.19	Drawn.
31.27	1. 5	27.23	22.26	

(B).

1. 5	18. 9	2. 6	22.13	23.27
27.18	5.14	24.19	7.11	17.14
3. 7	26.23	15.24	23.18	27.32
30.26	11.15	28.19	14.23	20.16
9.14	32.28	13.17	21.17	Drawn.

(33).

26.23	18. 9	23.18	16.11	11. 8
19.26	11.15	27.31	22.17	15.11
30.23	19.16	18.14	14. 9	8. 4
7.10	*15.19	10.17	17.14	1. 6
24.19	31.26	21.14	20.16	†4. 8
15.24	19.24	13.17	14.18	11. 4
28.19	9. 5	22.13	16.12	
9.14	24.27	31.22	18.15	Drawn.

*Variation 38.

†If White play 5. 1 here, Black wins by 11. 7, 1.10, 7. 5, 4. 8, 2. 6, and Black wins by 2nd. position.

(34).

22.17	*28.24	†20.16	22.17	16.11
13.22	22.25	2. 7	29.25	7.23
26.17	24.19	31.26	30.26	22.18
15.22	7.10	25.29	‡25.30	6. 9
24. 8	17.13	26.22	26.22	13. 6
3.12	1. 6	9.14	30.26	26.22

Black wins.

*Variation 39.
† " 40.
‡ If 25.22, 19.15, 12.19, 13. 9, drawn.

(35).

21.17	26.10	24.19	19.16
19.23	7.23	2. 7	1. 6

Black wins.

(36).

30.26	6.10	23.19	13.17	7. 2
2. 6	18. 9	14.18	21.14	18.23
22.18	5.14	11. 7	10.17	

Black wins.

(37).

30.25	3.10	24.19	15.24	2. 6
1. 5	27.24	15.24	23.19	27.23
21.17	5. 9	28.19	24.27	6.15
7.10	26.23	6. 9	11. 7	23.30
18.14	9.14	31.26	27.31	17.10
9.18	25.21	11.15	7. 2	9.14
23. 7	2. 6	20.11	31.27	Drawn.

(38).

10.14	23.19	6. 9	15. 6	18.22
9. 5	24.27	11. 7	1.10	6.15
2. 6	26.23	3.10	5. 1	14.18
16.11	27.31	18.15	27.18	
19.24	22.18	31.27	1. 6	Drawn.

(39).

17.13	25.29	23. 7	22.26	13. 9
9.14	26.23	2.11	11. 7	16.11
28.24	29.25	26.23	26.19	9. 5
22.25	30.26	11.15	7. 2	14. 7
24.19	1. 6	20.16	6.10	
7.11	19.16	25.22	2. 6	Black
31.26	12.19	16.11	19.16	wins.

(40).

31.26	30.26	26.22	18.15
25.29	25.30	30.25	10.14
26.23	20.16	22.18	15.11
29.25	2. 7	25.22	7.10

Black wins.

OPENING THE CAMPAIGN.

Generalissima (otherwise Mamma).—"GIRLS, ATTENTION! NONE OF YOU HAVING GONE OFF—INDEED, I MAY EVEN SAY NONE OF YOU HAVING SHOWN ANY SIGNS OF BEING LIKELY TO GO OFF FOR SOME TIME TO COME—I DO REALLY THINK IT VERY UNKIND AND—VERY UN—WHAT DO YOU CALL IT?—UNDAUGHTERLY OF YOU, AND I REALLY DO HOPE THAT YOU WILL—IN FACT, IT IS REALLY ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY THAT YOU *should*—DO SOMETHING *soon!*"—*Judy*.

August 1, 1878.

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